

THE HISTORY
OF
GEORGE GRANT STAPLES

I, George Grant Staples, the eldest son of George Tunis, and Margie Robins Staples have finally at the age of sixty-five years seen the importance of starting to write a history of my personal life and writing about some of the happenings and events that took place during my life time. Not realizing the importance of keeping a daily diary I am writing from memory, from pictures and dated documents.

A Prophet of God Spencer W. Kimball, has strongly admonished the membership of the church to write their personal history. My good wife Erma Shaw Staples has seen the importance of this and has kept over the years, pictures, news paper clippings, accounts of the activities of our children in school and church. Erma has just completed a book of remembrance for each of our children, Max, Connie and Dee. We are completing one each for ourselves. These books have some very interesting pictures in them.

I have just completed reading the history of Walter J. Lindsay written by his eldest son Clyde W. Lindsay.

My early life was part of this history as I was born at Eden, Weber County, Utah in the Walter J. Lindsay summer home, 28 November 1912 at 8:20 PM, attended by Dr. H. E. Robinson M.D. of Huntsville Utah. Claude my only brother was born the 20th December 1914 in Ogden Utah. Muriel, my only sister was born the 2 October 1919 at Eden, Utah in the Walker, Stallings home, attended by Dr. Shields of Huntsville. The Lindsay summer home is now owned by the Lewis and Mary Fuller family, the first house East of the new Huntsville Stake Center Chapel. John A. Fuller one of the early settlers of Eden, and a neighbor of Walter J. Lindsay acquired this property after Walter J. Lindsay became bankrupt.

My earliest recollections were of Eden and life on the Lindsay Land and Livestock Company Ranch which consisted of about three townships or 175,000 acres located in Weber, Cache and Box Elder Counties.

My beginning on this ranch originated from Elsinore and Scipio Utah. Father was born at Mesa, Maric County Arizona the 5th of Feb. 1886 and Mother was born at Scipio, Millard County, Utah the 21st Dec. 1890.

Father's Mother, Ruthetta Gardner Staples died the 21st March 1896 at the age of 33 years, leaving a family of six young children. They were living at Elsinore where several of the George Staples family had settled. Father and his brother Carl went to live with their uncle Lee and aunt Tillie Staples. They had some good experiences and received excellent training while living with their Uncle and Aunt.

I met aunt Tillie at Elisnore in her home when she was ninety three years old, she remembered Father and Carl, and said Father was a quite obedient boy. I remember Father telling about herding cows at Elisnore during his youth, how he would gather the neighbors cows every morning and herd them along the foot hills and in the canyons until evening, then would deliver them back to their owners. This was called community cow herding.

Grand-Father James Tunis Staples soon bought a farm near Idaho Falls where some of his relatives the Gardners lived and farmed. He moved his family up there from Elisnore. It was while living there that Father got a job with the Lindsay-Bitton Livestock Company.

While visiting with Clyde Gardner at Idaho, a cousin of Fathers, the summer of 1984, we learned something about Grand-Father Tunis and his farm near Idaho Falls. We later learned Eugene Steveson who married Etta, Fathers oldest sister bought the farm from Grand-Father when he could't finish paying for it. Stevenson then failed to pay Grand-Father.

Father had put a lot of money into this home and farm, but got nothing for it. I can remember faintly as a youngster when this happened because Grand-Father shipped his piano by rail to Eden and Mother said this is all Father got for all the money he put into the farm.

In talking to Wells Robins from Scipio, a good friend of Fathers in their youth, Wells mentioned Father was sending his money home from the time he got his job until after he was married.

When Father was about seventeen, he went to the feed yard of the Lindsay-Bitton in Idaho Falls and asked Lew Bitton for a job. Lew looked him over and said "you are rather small for this kind of work, how old are you?". Father said " give me a chance I can do the work. Lew gave him a job and assigned him to a team and wagon to haul feed to the cattle and sheep. Father was a good hand with horses, having gained good experience from his Father and his uncle Lee.

Father took excellent care of his team and outfit. One of his secrets to make his horses shine, was rubbing them down each morning with a kerosene rag after he had curried and brushed them.

As Walter J. Lindsay visited his feed yard he noticed the young man driving the well groomed team of horses and always being on the job early. That spring W.J. asked Father if he would come to Eden and work with the sheep. Father accepted and it wasn't long until W. J. made him foreman over the sheep outfit of Lindsay-Bitton Livestock Co., who run twenty-two bands of sheep.

Walter J. Lindsay's wife Adelaide Bronson from Huntsville Utah,

died 7 Dec. 1894 and about six years later married my Grand-mothers sister, Annie Thompson. a full cousin to Adelaide, his first wife.

My Mother, Margie Robins came to Ogden and Eden to work for her Aunt Annie in the Lindsay home, as there was a large family. Uncle Walt, as Mother called (Walter J.) was always kidding her that he had a fine young man working for him with the sheep, and he wanted her to meet him.

One day this came about and after a courtship in the horse and buggy and on horse back for some time George Tunis Staples and Margie Robins were married in the Salt Lake Temple, 20 Dec. 1911.

Mother spent her first summer living in a sheep camp wagon at Jones Cabin, which was the mountain summer head quarters for the sheep and cattle outfits. She would live in Ogden during the winter while Father went to the deserts with the sheep in Box Elder county and Nevada. Mother told me that one time just after I had learned to talk, Father came home to Ogden from the desert to visit us; I was sleeping with Mother and when it came time to go to bed I said to Mother don't let that man sleep with us. Father was away from home a great deal of the time.

Some of my earliest recollections are of the Lindsay summer home at Eden and the large ranch there with the corrals, ranch house, and bunk house and the large barn and buildings and the activity that went on with the cattle, horses, sheep, mules, burrows and hogs.

The Four-Mile Ranch near Avon Cache Valley was also a ranch I spent much of my time during my early life. This ranch was a shearing place with large sheds and corrals to shear the sheep before they departed for the summer range and also a head quarters and jump off point for some of the livestock headed for the winter range and the winter Ranch Conner Springs, Box Elder County.

W. J. Lindsay had a saw mill in Davenport Canyon, Cache County with an estimated fifteen million board feet of standing timber. The lumber from this mill came through the Four-mile Ranch. There was also several hundred acres of dry farm on the bench land connected to the ranch with wheat as the main crop, although alfalfa hay grew very well here. I will never forget the blacksmith shop and the blacksmith and the large horse barn that could stable one hundred head of horses and a hay rack loaded with hay could be driven down the center isle of the barn. I can remember Father always warning me not to go in that barn without him as I might get kicked by a horse. There was always a lot of activity at this ranch, teams and

outfits coming and going, sheep and cattle coming and going.

Hyrum Brown and his family had a ranch joining the Lindsay Four Mile Ranch on the South and the Nicholas' had a small farm on the west. We became good friends with the Browns and bought milk from the Nicholas'.

I remember riding a roan mare at the Four-mile Ranch that was very gentle but hard to get going and when she started it was usually in the direction of a hawthorn bush for the purpose of scrubbing off her rider.

Life at the Four-Mile Ranch was very exciting. At times Mother, Claude and I lived in a tent pitched on a grassy spot just across the the river from the ranch house so we could be close to where Father was working. The tent had a board floor and boards along the walls. A foot bridge with hand rails spanned the river at this point. It was fascinating to stand on the bridge and watch the water go by.

Father gave Claude and me each an orphaned lamb to feed and as pets. One becomes attached to these little woolly lambs as you feed and care for them; they will follow you around like a dog. One day while we were away some one stole our lambs. I remember how badly we felt. Every spring when the new lamb crop came, we always raised a couple of lambs for pets and to sell in the fall. We became to attached to them to use then for mutton chops. As the lambs become older some of them would get playful and start bunting us, especially the Rambelets that had horns. I'll never forget one Rambelet lamb as he got older was not only playful, but he became mean in his bunting. One day I was out playing and he got me unawares, knocking me to the ground, and every time I got up to run to the house he would knock me down again. If I laid still on the ground he just waited for me to get up again. He wouldn't go away. I called and called for help and finally Mother heard me and came out with the broon and rescued me. The lamb soon had to go.

A novelty to me was the coffe grinder attached to the wall of the Four-Mile ranch. I used to like trying to turn the handle to grind the coffee beans for the ranch cook. My folks never used coffee, the ranch used a lot of it and bought large sacks of whole coffee beans.

One fall we were at the Four-Mile Ranch as the sheep were leaving for the winter range, when an unexpected snow storm came and almost snowed us in. It turned cold and windy, drifting the snow. Mother, Claude and I needed to be taken to Ogden before Father left with the last herd of sheep for the winter range in Nevada. The only way out was by team and sleigh. Father fixed the front end of a bob sleigh

with a box and canvas cover over bows to make the trip to Eden over the Cache Valley divide. Mother heated some rocks in the oven of the cook stove and wraped them in burlap sacks to keep us warm on the trip. we left early one morning for Eden. I'll never forget the anxiety of that trip. The snow kept getting deeper as we traveled to the summit of the Cache Valley divide. Several times the sleigh tipped on its side as we crossed the snow drifts in the narrow road. The going was slow and the horses were getting tired. It was dark before we reached the home of Clinton Robins, a cousin of Mothers who lived at the mouth of Wolf Creek in Eden. We stayed that night with Clinton and his good wife Lucy Shupe Robins and their family.

The next morning Father took us to the Rail Road station in Eden to catch the street car to Ogden and from there to our Grand-Parents Merien and Rosabelle Robins home in Scipio.

The Clinton Robins farm joins the G. Grant Staples farm of today on the East. Everett Robins, Clintons brother bought Clintons farm and Everett and his wife Marba Ferrin raised their family there. Roy Ogden bought from Everett and raised his family there. Jessie Ogden, Roys youngest son and family live there at the present time.

Some of my early experiences were at the Connor Springs Ranch, Box Elder County, about twelve miles west of Corine. This ranch was a large winter quarters where a lot of wild hay was harvested and stacked and the medows provided grazing as the winters were usually mild here. This was also a station for the sheep traveling to the Nevada desert by way of Kelton and Hogup. Most of the cattle were wintered here. I remember the large number of hogs kept on this ranch for a few years. At the height of W. J.'s ranching empire he kept six thousand hogs. Walter J. Lindsay got the idea that hogs would do good on the tullies that grew in the marshes on the Conner Springs ranch. He built hundreds of small "A" frame farrowing houses for the sows and new born pigs. Some of these farrowing houses were still standing out in the medows until about 1938. W.J.'s plan was to farrow the pigs at the Conner ranch and when they were old enough trail them to the Four-mile and Eden Ranches and let them fatten on Oak Acorns with a grain supplement. Robert E. Fuller of Eden, tells of helping drive hogs down Ogden Canyon to the Ogden Stock yards for W.J. Lindsay.

I remember those squealing pigs at Connor and Father always warning me not to go beyond the yard fence or the pigs would eat me up, and that was absolutally right. Another event that stands out in my mind was one night about dusk one of the cowboys, Jim Hales roped a Bob Cat

on his way back to the Connor Ranch and brought it with him. The cat was exhausted but when the rope was pulled up tight around his middle he let out a hedious cry and hissed. That sight has stayed with me.

Some of my most pleasant memories of ranch life as a youngster was durning the summer months at the Jones Cabin summer heard quarters. Mother would ride with Father through the mountains visiting the sheep camps. I rode a gentle brown horse named Old Hogup with a rope around his neck and through his mouth for a bridle and a pack saddle with a blanket for a seat. Claude on a pillow with Father. Most of the herders were Spanish Basqs. Father could speak some Spanish but could understand them fairly well.

As Claude and I grew older, I learned a good lesson in obedience and to listen to my Parents, while we were riding through the Mountains. It was a lovely fall day and the secenery was beautiful as we rode along the narrow trail. The wild berries were plentiful and as we passed lushious bushes of elder berries I would reach out and grab a few and eat them. Father and Mother warned me not to eat Elder berries until the frost had touched them or they would give me the stomach ache. The lushious looking berries was to much of a temptation and I kept on popping a few into my mouth as we passed new and more tempting bushes. Then it happened, I became deathley sick and started to vomit. I would fall off my horse and lay on the ground and vomit some more. Mother would hold the brow of my head while I expelled the berries and everything else I had eaten. She helped me back on my horse and said we had to keep going so as to reach our destination before dark. It would'nt be very pleasant riding along a brushy trail after dark. The bouncing of the horse made me sicker. This continued on until we reached the cabin. I felt sick enough to die but couldn't. I have'nt eaten Elder berries since.

Another lesson in obedience I learned was not to play with fish hooks, as my parents had warned me of the danger. One day Kay Lindsay, son of Clyde Lindsay, and Eldon Lindsay, son of uncle Walter J. Lindsay and I were playing out in the barn at the Lindsay summer home, we found a fishing pole with a line and hook belonging to Kays father Clyde. Kay was going to show us how his Dad cast the line when they fished. In the process he hooked me in the top of the head and Oh how that hurt. Needless to say it took our Parents to get the hook out. The hook had to be pushed through far enough to cut off the barb and backed out. I had a sore head for a long time.

Another lesson I received was after we had moved to the Pritchett

Farm in Eden, and Clyde Lindsay and his family was visiting with us. Kay and Eldon both being about my age had ridden their horses over to our place. I asked Father if I could ride my horse with them. He said yes if you won't race your horses. We all said we would't. It was fun riding through the pasture which had tall cotton wood trees and a creek running through it. The middle fork of the Ogden river ran through the South East end of our pasture and we splashed water on each other riding our horses through the river. This got tiresome so we decided to ride up the middle fork road toward the mouth of the canyon. After exploring this area for awhile we decided to go back home, as there was some home made ice cream waiting for us.

As we were riding along three abreast, Kay said "my horse is the fastest" and started out on a run. Eldon and I not wanting to be out done joined in and we were soon racing down the road. My horse was soon out in lead, but the lane that turned left into our place was coming up fast. I pulled my horse up as much as I could, but it wasn't enough, as she made the turn into the lane she scrubbed my left foot against the corner post which had barbed wire around it. Needless to say the wire cut two large gashes in my ankle. It took my parents a long time to get the bleeding stopped. I still carry those two scars today. It was a good lesson to listen to what your parents say.

Some of my happiest memories was visiting my Grand-Parents Merien R. and Rosebelle Thompson Robins at Scipio. Our stay was sometimes extended while Father was away with the sheep. I was christened and blessed in Scipio by Bert L. Robins, Grand-Fathers brother. Grand-Mothers youngest daughter, Faye and I were about the same age, so we were the best of friends through out our lives.

In 1970 Erma and I stopped in Scipio and took pictures of my Grand-Parentd home. A young couple from Scipio had just bought the home and lot and was remodeling the inside and installing a fire place. They were gracious and showed Erma and me what changes they were making. It really brought back fond memories going through the rooms again of this stately old mansion. My Grand-Parents built this home shortly after their Marriage. The home was piped for carbide lighting and beautiful fixtures hung from the ceilings, but I can't remember the lights working.

One of the best memories was the delicious food Grand-Mother always prepared and the large walk in pantry where all the goodies were kept. There was a sliding window in the pantry to the large dinning room and living room. There was also a bath room off the kitchen with a metal lined tub. The most beautiful room called the parlor was off the main

entrance and the foyer and the stairs to the top story. The parlor was off limits to the kids and was used to receive guest and special occasions. The panio in this room really attracted me as well as the banister on the stairs leading to the upper bed rooms. I had the privilege of sliding down this banister and sleeping in the feather filled mattresses in the up stairs bed rooms. My Grand-Parents bed room was down stairs next to the parlor.

The well in the the front yard with the old wooden bucket attached to a pully and rope stays in my mind. This supplied cool water for the home and the animals kept in the lot adjoining the home lot. A large hallowed out log served as a watering trough for the animals.

The home was surrounded by tall beautiful silver maple trees and a green lawn. A small irrigation ditch went past the front of the lot. A well kept pole fence surrounded the home lot. The under ground celler was also a necissity in those days, and I can remember the thick cream that was skimmed from the pans of milk placed in the celler to cool. This cream was used to make butter and for house-hold use.

There was a creamery in Scipio and a good store to buy candy; Grandma would let Faye and me take some eggs to the store to trade for candy. There was a wood porch in front of the store and a hitching rail for horses along the side. There seemed to always be some men setting on the this porch whittling and visiting.

There was also a hotel in this small community owned by one of Grand-Mothers sisters. The town was laid out in blocks and the farm land was outside the town. I can remember riding to the fields with Grand-Father in the wagon and horses. One eventful day was after Grand-Father had finished irrigating and there was some carp in the ditch that had come down from the reservoir. Grand-Father showed Faye and me how to get these carp out of the water in the ditch. We really had fun but got wet. Our greatest conquest was catching a large carp, when held on a pitch fork handle held on our shoulders, its tail touched the ground. Grand-Mother baked this carp and it made a delicious feast.

I can remember going to church in Scipio and Grand-Father was in the Sunday School Supertendency. It was a must to dress up in our very best on Sundays, but I detested wearing those short knee pants. I guess that's what makes me unhappy to see My Grand-Sons wearing short pants. I made sure our Sons Max and Dee didn't have to wear them, although it is still a custom among some people today.

I also remember going over to Uncle Bert Robins place, Grand-Fathers brother to get my hair cut. His clippers were dull, as they pulled a

hair once in awhile. Father cut my hair up until I started to high school. Another home art was half soleing shoes. Grand-Father Robins had a set of shoe auls which consisted of a tall slender stand so a boot would slip down over it and different size auls to fit the shoes or boots. Father also had one of these shoe repair kits at home; how well I remember having the holes repaired in the soles of my shoes. Sometimes it was necessary to cut a piece of card board or some other material to put in my shoes to cover the hole until Father could do the half sole job.

Grand-Father Robins was a good rancher and livestock man. Grand-Mother told me on several occasions of her early experiences in Nevada where Grand-Father was manager of the Cumeried Ranching Company of Nevada and Idaho. A story that always stayed in my mind was about an old Indian Lady who was left by her tribe to die because she was old and blind, as this was an Indian custom. They left her a tepee by a large cedar tree and went on their way. Her death would probably have been much sooner, but the ranchers left food, and Grand-Mother was one of the people who tried to be kind to her. As time went by this Indian Lady was tending an open fire and her dress caught fire and her life still ended in tragedy. Grand-Mother was a very kind and loving person and an excellent cook. Grand-Father was kind and attentive, but stern and wanted things done right. He loved his family and wanted the best for them by being a strict parent.

One of the memorable trips our family made to Scipio was to help celebrate the completion of their new recreation hall. They celebrated with a parade, rodeo, dance and the whole bit. This happened sometime after we had settled on the Pritchet Farm Father had bought in 1919.

Father and Mother, Earl Thompaon and Ray Thompson, Grand-Mothers brothers who lived in Eden, decided to take their families to Scipio for this celebration. Earl had a model T Ford, Ray a Dodge and Father a Chevrolet. These cars were open with canvas tops and side curtains. We went as a caravan to Scipio, taking the whole day to make the trip. Much of the way was gravel roads and dusty. This was a happy reunion with our Grand-Parents, Uncles and aunts and friends. This trip was different from the trips Mother, Claude and I made to Scipio to visit our Grand-Parents. Father or uncle Walt usually took us by horse and buggy to the Ogden rail road station where we boarded the train for Southern Utah. We left the train at Juab station near LaVan. Sometimes it was a long wait for someone to pick us up. It was usually uncle Kenneth Robins in their 1915 Dodge car; before that by horse and buggy.

My earliest memories of life was mostly with grown up people, except when visiting my Robins Grand-Parents. I never knew my Staples Grand-Parents as Grand-Mother died when Father was ten years old. The first memories I have of Grand-Father James Tunis Staples was when he came to visit us after we moved to the Prittchet farm in Eden. He usually visited us before going to Idaho for the winter. I'll never forget when he challenged me for a foot race from the barn to the house. I thought he was to old to run, but he beat me. His lower right eye lid drooped and I asked him what caused it. He said a stick flipped up and hit him in the eye, early in his life, which caused him problems with the eye lid. This made me consicious of possible sticks flying up and hitting me in the face, espically when cutting wood. One of the stories he told me about his youth was an accident he had while playing with some of his Indian friends. They were playing with bows and arrows and Grand-Father accidently shot an arrow that hit his friend on the side of his face and entered his mouth. The Indian boy ran home crying. It frightened Grand-Father and his parents as they were afraid the Indians would get mad and go on the war path, but nothing serious came of it. Grand-Father also told me about his freighting on the Santa Fae Trail.

In 1984 I was able to get a history of Willian H. Staples an uncle of Fathers who lived in Knosh and Elisnore and who was with his Father George Staples when they were sent to help settle Airzona by President Brigham Young. Will speaks several times about (Tune) James Tunis his oldest brother when they were growing up and their experiences with the Indians. He told of Grand-Father Tunis freighting on the Santa Fae Trail driving a 36 horse hitch. Will commentated on how generious Grand-Father Tunis was.

The early part of my life was spent mostly with grown and older people on the Lindsay Land and Livestock Company Ranch. Claude my only brother, two years younger, had the same experiences as I, but our dispositions were different.

Father and Mother had become good friends of Hyrum Stallings and his family. Hy Stallings was a very successful rancher in Eden and owned several homes in the community. Father and Mother rented different homes from Hy durning the summer months so we could be close to Fathers work. Hyram Stallings and family lived down at the forks of the road in a red brick home. The road forked here to Ogden Canyon on the West and to Huntsville on the East. George McDonald and his brother William had a slaughter house at the foot of the hill just before the road forked. There was a nice spring of cold water here. The Rail Road

Station and stock corrals were also close by.

Some of the homes I remember living in was the old Colvin home off the road to the East and the Walker home Hy Stallings bought after Daniel Walker built a new home near by. After we lived in the old Walker home for sometime and bought the Pritchett farm, Hy Stallings and his family moved up here from the forks of the road in 1920 until Hy died in Jan 1935. Hy had bought the new Walker home in 1925 and his oldest son James R. Stallings and his wife Judy McEntire married in 1931 lived there and raised their family. Mack and Rena Graham Stallings now live in the old Walker home where we lived for sometime and where my only sister Muriel was born 2 Oct.1919.

While living here we were neighbors to the Daniel Walker family. The Walkers were fine people and were good to us. I played with their son Clyde and their grand-children, Ray and Ruby Frew. Laura Walker Frew mother to Ray and Ruby was really kind to me. Years later , after Mr. Frew died, My wife Ermas' uncle William Shaw married Laura Walker'Frew and we visited with them several times.

I will never forget an experience I had with Clyde Walker. He was older than I and asked me if I wanted to go fishing with him down at Spring Creek. Mother said I could go but I wasn't old enough to have a fish hook. After a short time at Spring Creek, Clyde caught some nice fish. We sat down by a shady bush near the stream to clean the fish. After they were cleaned, Clyde thought he should catch some more,so we moved on down the stream. He soon had all the fish he wanted and sat down to clean them. Fish were plentiful in those days and easy to catch. When Clyde reached in his pocket for his knife it wasn't there. He remembered he had probably left it back where he cleaned the first fish. We went back to the bush and searched all around in the green grass, but we couldn't find the knife. Clyde was just sick because his folks had just given it to him for a birthday present. He said "lets kneel and pray so we might find the knife". We knelt down and Clyde prayed and then we searched all around the bush and along the creek, but the knife wasn't to be found. We knelt down and prayed again and searched all over again, but to no avail. We went home feeling very sad, espically Clyde, for losing his prize pocket knife. It took me until later in life to see why the Lord probabley didn't help Clyde find his pocket knife. He was rather young to own a knife. I didn't realize this until my young sons wanted a pocket knife. A knife is dangerous in the hands of young people and even older people. I have cut my fingers and hands many times with a pocket knife and I remember Father jabing a knife in his leg

while dressing out a deer.

I am grateful to my Mother for teaching me to pray at her knee. This is one of my earliest recollections. My first prayer was "Father in Heaven, please bless Papa, bless Mama and help me to be a good boy, in the name of Jesus amen". Mother also taught me to fold my clothes and put them with my shoes on a chair or the treadle of the sewing machine before going to bed. I am grateful to my Father and Mother for their example, and the training and experiences they have given me.

Father and Mother decided to leave their job with Walter J. Lindsay and establish something permanent for themselves and family and be settled in a place so we children could go to school. While living in the old Walker home, Father rented land from Jesse M. Wilbur, the Black Smith of Eden, who owned considerable acres of land. Father rented land and farmed until after World War One.

I can remember the day when the war ended and the people were celebrating with joy. I also remember a flu epidemic after the war and Father became very ill. In those days people were isolated and quarantined in, so the disease would'nt spread.

Roy Fackrell a neighbor to the South of us did the chores for Father while he was sick. The people of Eden have always been good friendly people and good neighbors. Ray and Carloine Graham Thompson lived on their farm across the street to the West of the Walkers. Ray was a brother to my Grand-Mother Rosebelle Thompson Robins. He was born and grew up in Scipio and came to Eden to work for Walter J. Lindsay.

There were several relatives who left Scipio to work for Walter J. Lindsay. Ray, Earl, Jim, and Henery, brothers of Aunt Annie and her niece Margie Robins and her brother Stanley Robins. Cousins to Mother, Cliton and Everett Robins and Ira Robins. Clinton married Lucy Shupe and Everett married Marba Ferrin, both Eden girls. They bought farms in Eden and raised their families there. Stanley married Lillian Shupe from Eden and they raised their family in Ogden. Earl and Ray married Eden girls and settled in Eden and raised their families there. Jim and Henry settled in Plain City and raised their families there. Ira Robins a cousin to Clinton also raised his family in Plain City.

After World War One Father and Mother purchased the Alfred Pritchett farm in Eden. Farms don't come up for sale very often in the Ogden Valley, but the Pritchett farm next to the Hyrum Farrell ranch, which was part of the W. J. Lindsay property came up for sale. It bordered the middle fork road on the North and joined the John Bachman ranch on East, and extended South to the Middle Fork River and the George Burrows

property. There was a dead end lane from the Middle Fork Road on the West property line that led past the Pete Shupe home; later the Earl Thompson home, back to the Pritchett home that sit on the brow of the hill that dropped off overlooking the Middle Fork bottom land.

Father and Mother bought this home and eighty acres of land in the spring of 1920. McBride owned the place before Pritchett.

Our lives changed somewhat now we were settled down on a farm and our living was to be made from this land and enough money to pay off the debt. Father got a loan from Dr.A.A. Robinson for ten thousand dollars at 10% interest. We really had to scratch at times to make the loan payments.

In 1923, Father and Earl Thompson gathered goats for W. J. Lindsay. Walt was in financial problems and was selling all he could to pay on his debt. I remember we got a Billy Goat out of the deal. We did'nt keep him very long because he was always in the garden.

Dr. H.E. Robinson who had bought the John Bachman farm on the East of our farm, had a young Donkey shipped to Eden in a crate and asked us to care for it. We fed it milk on a lambs bottle until it could get by on grass. It fallowed us around like a dog. It too had to go as it raided the garden also.

At about this same time W.J. wanted Father and Earl Thompson to farm the Hy Farrell place for him. This was a lot of land and envolved a lot of work. I remember driving four horses abreast on double harrows around those large parcels of land.

Grand-Father Robins had given us a Jersey cow so his Grand-Kids could have good rich milk. We called her Old Nan and she was very gentle so I learned to milk her early in my life. We gradually got more milk cows and bought a cream separator and sold cream and fed the skim milk to pigs and lambs. We got many orphaned lambs from the Lindsay Ranch and raised them on the bottle. We just could'nt get away from the sheep.

It was now that I really began to enjoy the horse that Father had given to me for my very own. She was a beautiful mouse colored mare showing Arabian breeding, but turned grey as she grew older. One hard winter while Father was on the Nevada Desert with the Lindsay sheep, he roped seven young wild horses and tamed them. My mare was the preferred choice of the seven. Horses was very important in those days as they were the main source of transportation and used for farm and ranch work. There were very few tractors and cars in those days.

We always had three work horses and three or four saddle horses, and more if there was a need for them. Feed was a major item so horses

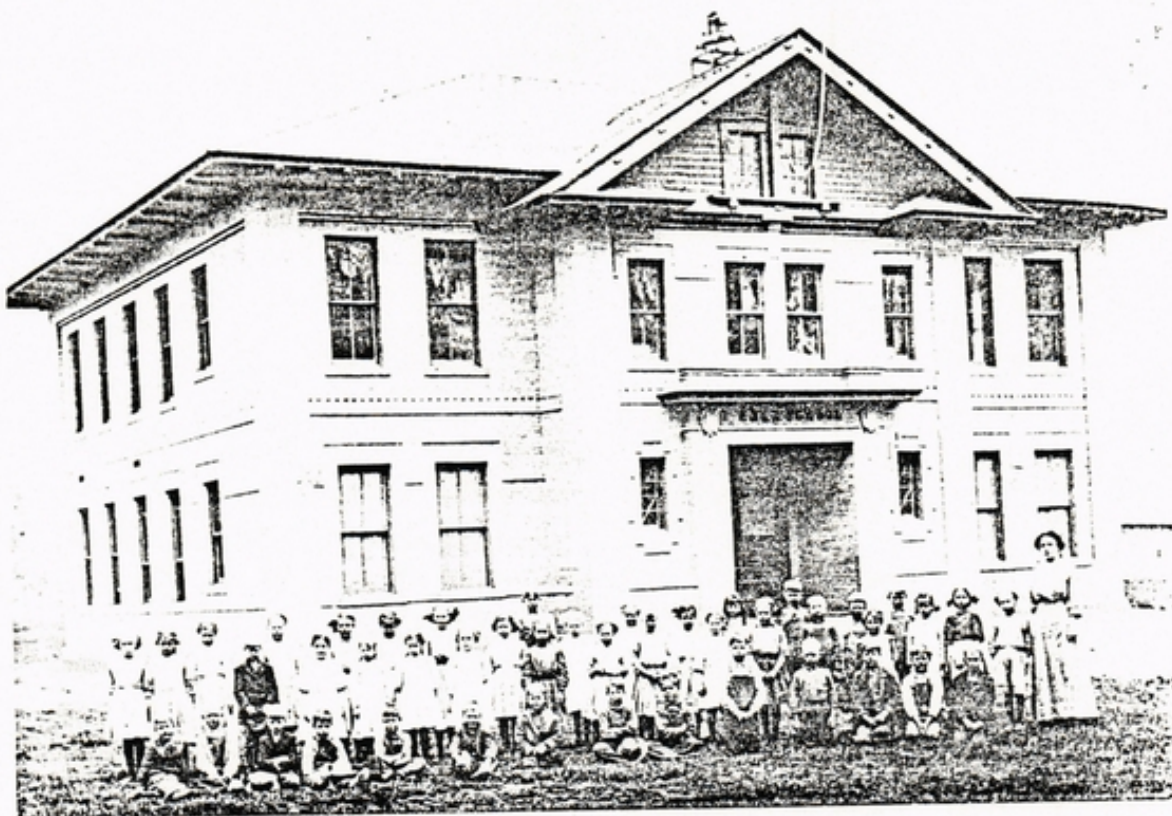
were not kept if they were not needed. A beautiful span of mares was our main team; one coal black named Bess and the other Old Star, a light bay with a star in her forehead, their weight was between 1650 and 1750 lbs. each. They were very gentle and good to pull. Old Star was the best on the derrick rope used to pull hay up into the barn or on the derrick pole. Old Mary our third work horse was a beautiful black mare weighing about 14 lbs. She was very gentle and was used as an all around horse. She was used as the third horse when plowing, harr-owing or leveling and some times used as the derrick horse, and usually driven on the buggy and surrey and sometimes ridden in the mountains. The surrey was used most of the time to travel to school during the good weather months.

Old Buck was our main saddle horse, a beautiful buck skin with a dark strip down his back and dark mane and tail. He was an outstanding saddle horse, very gentle and a good cow horse. We also worked him on the buggy. I can remember leaving Eden with Claude and Mother early in the morning with Old Buck hitched to the buggy headed down Ogden Canyon to get fruit on 12th street in Ogden City. I also remember John Wheelwright livery stable and wood yard on Kiesel avenue between 23rd and 24th street where we often left Old Buck to be fed and watered while we shopped. John Wheelwright was a good friend of Fathers and this friendship continued over the years.

Driver Brothers Drug store on Washington Avenue between 23rd and 24th street on the west side was a land mark in Ogden as a meeting place for many of the farmers throughout Weber County. The Driver Brothers were very friendly and accommodating. I am grateful for my experiences on our family farm at Eden, I learned to work and its importance in ones life.

School is an important thing in ones life also. I regret that I didn't take more advantage of schooling. I will never forget my first day at school in the Eden School House where a huge bell on the roof called the kids to school on time. Due to school board policy I couldn't start school until I was almost seven years old. One had to be six before school started in Sept, and I wasn't six until Nov. 28th.

My first grade teacher was Annabelle Fuller, who later married John Wilson from Eden. She was a kind sweet lady with a lot of patience. There were only six children in the first grade the year I started. I being the only boy and five girls, Laverna Burnett, Melba Montgomery, Edith Montgomery, Gertude Graham and Fern Carver. George Ferrin was held back in the second grade so we went through school together.



Eden's yellow brick school built in 1910 and used until 1946. Picture was taken about 1912

"If you would at last prevail, try, try again." And "Life by the yard is very hard, but inch by inch it's a cinch!"

A study of the autobiographies of that day show that their penmanship far outshaded some of the scribbles we see today from some supposedly learned men. Perfection was really stressed.

In 1910 Eden citizens decided it was time for a bigger and better school house. A two-story yellow brick imposing edifice with five large rooms was constructed in the center of the block on the main street of Eden. The community life centered around the school.

Impressive graduation exercises were held when the students finished the eighth grade. The entire county graduated together in the Ogden Tabernacle. Then afterwards, each class went to a photographer's studio for a class picture. The serious-minded girls in white ruffled dresses and the boys with bow ties clutched their precious diplomas, tied with blue ribbons. The pictures still tucked away in parents' albums remind us of a long ago era in school history.

When a student finished eight grades or the Fifth Reader, he could, if he had the courage, take an examination. If he passed it, he then, if he had the money to do so, could attend the Weber Academy in Ogden.

The first day at school was a good lesson in discipline by the Principal, Miss Kelley. The school yard had a net fence in front with a gravel side walk leading to the store on the West side of the school property. Each day an old gentleman by the name of Teddy Fuller, a bachelor, used to make his daily trip past the school to the store. This being the first day of school everyone seemed full of excess energy and some of the older boys teased Teddy as he went past the school by pulling his coat tail and hanging on. This happened during the morning recess. When the bell rang for getting back to school, every one had to line up four abreast in front of the school and march to their class room. As we entered the front double doors, Miss Kelley touched several boys on the shoulder as they passed and told them to go to the office on the second floor immediately. I was one of the boys, and as we marched up the stairs there were several long willows lying at the head of the stairs. As Miss Kelley entered the office after us she had the willows in her hand. We got a good lecturing on good manners and being disrespectful to older people. She pointed her finger at me and said I was a by stander but interested in what was going on, and being my first day at school I would'nt get a willow. Then the fire works started. Miss Kelley took each boy by the arm and wore that willow out down to the handle on the seat of his pants as he danced around in a circle. There was a willow for each boy, all got his share.

Since starting to write about this indicant, Erma and I went out to dinner with William B. Clarke and his wife Edna. Bill started school at Eden one year before I did. We spent most of the evening reminiscing about our school days and early life in Eden. Bill verified the willow event and said he was one of the boys who got the willow along with Mont Robins, Seymour Fackrell, Orlo Carver, George Ferrin and probably others.

School at Eden was interesting but sometimes tiresome. I had very good teachers and liked them all. Annabelle Fuller taught me in the first and second grade and Vilot Stallings the third and Mable Holt the fourth. I'll never forget the operetta Miss Holt directed for the Eden School when I was in the fourth grade. I was a teddy bear and had to be dressed in a suit with only my face showing. Mother made the costume and dyed the material brown. I had to learn a teddy bear dance and dance across the stage. The night of the show everyone was dressed in their costumes and waiting in the wings off stage to do their part. Being cooped up in this suit with only My eyes, nose and mouth showing I got sick. I was able to do my part, but what a relief to get out of

that suite.

When I started school the electricity had not reached our part of the valley. Our only means of light in the home was kerosene lamps, and for out side use, the kerosene lantern; the same type of lantern used by the rail roads in making their signals at night.

I learned to read by the kerosene lamp, just before the gas lantern with the mantles become available, which was a great improvement. They also gave off considerable heat, but the mantles were very fragile.

Earl Thompson our neighbor, also got a gas lantern about the same time we did. In the stable for the cows and the horses, there was usually a hook or wire attached to the ceiling to hang the lantern. The Thompsons hung their gas lantern on the hook used for the kerosene light. As on of the boys walking above in the stable pushing down hay for the cows, caused some dry hay leaves to trickle down on the hot lantern, setting the barn on fire. They were able to get the animals out, but the barn burned to the ground. The neighbors shared their hay with the Thompsons to feed their stock that winter.

Our means of transporation to school was walking, riding a horse, horse and buggy horse and surrey and a sheep camp with a stove in it. Father owned a sheep camp and this was delux transporation for us to school, to Church and dances. The stove kept us warm and there was plenty of room as the center was removed making seats on both sides. In the winter the camp was on a bobsleigh and the summer a wagon.

My brother Claude drove the team and sheep camp to school for the (East String) Middle Fork Area getting \$90.00 for the school year, paid by the Weber County School Board. There was a shed at the school where we stabled the horses for the school day. There were usually three teams in this barn; one from String Town on the South and one from the North. I'll never forget one occasion, right after Claude started to school, we rode my grey mare. This morning we had arrived at the barn in back of the school and I dismounted and waited for Claude to get off. He just sit there, so I pulled the bridle off the horses head and was going to lead her into the barn and tie her up. Just as the bit slipped from her mouth she whirled and started running for home. I had the bridle in my hand and all Claude had to try and stop her with was the hackamore we used to tie her up with. She paid no attention to this halter, so all Claude could do was sit up and ride. He was a good rider but could'nt stop his mount; she ran all the way home, over two miles. Claude got another bridle and rode back to school, but was late.

On another occasion we were riding this same mare to school one morning and it started to rain. Claude always rode in the saddle because

it was his and I rode behind. He put her on the run and we soon arrived at school, but instead of going in the West gate where the horses were supposed to go, Claude turned in the main gate and rode up the wide side walk and then turned off to the side, and back to the barn, as it was a bit shorter.

Mr. Layton Galbraith, the principle saw us from the up stairs office window so he came out the back and gave us a good lecturing and made us ride our horse back and then through the right gate, even though it was raining. We never rode our horse up the side walk again.

While I was in grade school a tradgey happened in transporting children to school. Ray Thompson was hauling the children to school from String Town or the South part of Eden, when one morning the side of his wagon box collapsed letting the children fall to the ground. They were standing, leaning against the side. The fall broke the neck of one young girl named Mable Jordan; she died immediately. There was really sadness in the town.

The School Board bought a new wagon box with a cover on it and seats along the sides. After that they required every one who hauled children to school to have their outfit up to standard.

The men teachers I had at Eden grade school were Mr Carl Borkland, Mr E.K. Mills and Mr McKee. Some of the Principles I can remember were Mr Banks, Mr Grow, Mr Packer, Mr Neal and Mr Layton Galbraith. Mr Galbraith was a great Athlete and had a good report with the students.

It was'nt all work and study at school. We had one hour for noon and two recesses for play. Base ball was our main game and I played mostly second base. We played basket ball in the dance hall owned by the L.D.S. Church, located next to the school house on the East.

Prisoners base was a common game boys and girls played together. I got my nose broke playing this game. Lyle Bachman and I collided while guarding our prisoners. My nose hit his forehead and got bent off to the side. It took a long to stop my nose from bleeding. The next day Dr Shields was making a house call to see Aledia Thompson who was ill with cancer. Mother took me over to the Thompsons, who lived close and Dr Shields straightened my nose. It really hurt when he pushed it back into place.

Marbles was a popular game, but hard on the knees and made holes in ones pants and toes of our shoes. The best marble shooter usually ended up with most of the marbles.

Ice skating and sleigh riding was a great sport in the winter. The snow was always deep back in those days and usually crusted after the first part of January. After the snow crusted it was sport riding

a sleigh or toboggen on some of the steep hills. Skiing was'nt as popular then as the skii bindings had'nt been perfected and the skis were of poor quality. Another thrilling sport was cutting shiners with a team of horses and a bob sleigh. A popular place for doing this was in front of the country store at the intersection where there was plenty of room. The roads were always snow packed and slick. Some people kept their horses shawed with ice corks so the horses would'nt slip on the icy roads,espically when pulling heavy loads. The art of cutting a good shinner was coming down the road at a fast pace and then turning the horses sharply and then keep them turning in a circle. Many a person has been thrown out the back of the sleigh box or over the snow bank if the sleigh should hit into the solid snow bank. Some teams and drivers become very professional at cutting shiners.

Horses were essential in the winter as well as the summer. The roads had to be cleared of snow by teams and a huge "V" shaped plow. It took at least six teams to pull the plow and up to twelve when the snow got deep and drifted. Father was usually called to work on the plow, as his team was large and good to pull. The roads were snow packed all winter with six or eight inches of slick snow and ice. When spring came this packed snow became soft and the few cars that traveled the roads made deep ruts and at night these ruts would freeze and a car traveling down the road could'nt get out of these ruts to pass another car coming from the opposite direction. Everyone had to carry an ax or pick to cut a turn out to pass, or back up to a side road.

It was an exciting time when we bought our new,1920 Chev four door car. Cars in those days had a canvas top and open sides. Curtains with eyeson glass sewed in for view out had to be snapped on when the weather was bad. These curtons were carried under the back seat and handy so they could quickly be installed when a storm came up.

Mother decided she would learn to drive the car, so Father let her take the wheel one day on our way home from Ogden. She did fairly well until she had to stop after driving into the yard. She put her foot on the brake, but did'nt push the clutch in with her other foot. As a result She kept on going and through the board gate. Fortunately the the gate bent enough for the latch to slip out and the gate sprang open without any damage to the gate or the car. Brakes on cars in those days were mechanical and not as effective as the hydraulic brakes of today.

Mother got along driving fairly well for sometime, until one day she was coming home from Primary with a load of kids, and as she approached the top of the hill at Robert O. Grahams place the car could'nt make it in high gear and she had to shift gears. You can imagine what

happened, Mother missed the second gear when she tried to shift, and got excited. The car stalled and started rolling back wards down the hill. In her excitement of trying to put on the brakes and steering back wards the car drifted off the road and down the embankment and through the fence and into Robert O. Grahams pasture. There was very little damage and no one was hurt, but that ended Mothers driving career. I soon learned to drive and took over the job of being chauffeur. There was no driver license or age requirement in those days.

Hand pumps, were the means of getting drinking water from the two wells on our place. This was an improvement over drawing it with a bucket. There was a wind mill at the barn, but it was difficult to maintain so we used it very little; until a strong East wind blew it over. The water for the livestock at the barn and corral had to be pumped by hand. When the electricity was brought out the East Middle Fork road to our place, Father had a new well drilled with a three inch casing and an electric pump installed, which was really an improvement, although we didn't have the water piped into the house.

At about this time, Grand-Father Merien Robins gave Mother a car load of range cattle for her inheritance as she was the oldest child and didn't get a chance to be sent away for an education as did the rest of the family.

I'll never forget Father making that trip to Scipio to get the cattle. They were loaded on the train at Lavan and shipped to Ogden. Father rode in the Caboose to attend the cattle. I drove the car with Mother, Claude and Muriel to Ogden to pick up Father. It was late when he arrived, so we had a long wait. It was my first time driving the car to Ogden. The next day the cattle arrived by rail to the Eden stock yards and we unloaded them and made the drive of about three or four miles home. The cattle were wild, just off the range, but we were good enough Cowboys to handle them. They were cows and calves, and when it came time to wean the calves we had to build a good corral to keep them separated.

Our Parents gave each of us children a heifer calf, and these heifers multiplied over the years, and when Father sold his homestead to Brownings we each had about thirty head of cows. This gave us all a good start in life besides receiving a good bringing up. Being in the ranching business gave us all an incentive to work and do our share.

About the time we got the range cattle from Grand-Father Robins, Father decided to file through the homestead act on a section of range land, 640 acres. He knew where the best government land was located close to our farm. Forty acres was available at the mouth of Gertes

Canyon. The round mountain was within this forty acres. The other six hundred acres was on the top of the mountain at the head of Wellsville Canyon and Mary's Hallow. This was prime range land. A time period of five years was allowed to improve the land by building a cabin and such improvements as fencing and corrals and living on the land so many days each year. If these requirements were met at the end of five years the Government deeded the land to you.

It was an exciting time working on this project. Father and Helan Tracy a carpenter, and a good friend of the family built a cabin at the mouth of Gertesens Canyon and at the foot of round mountain. A large rocky ledge protuded out from the base of round mountain, near the Gertesens Creek. On this good base the cabin was built with a great view overlooking beautiful Ogden Valley. A good net and barbed wire fence with cedar posts was built across the south part of the forty acres, and going north on the west and east sides up to the steep ledges. This helped keep the cattle from drifting down out of the mountains. Due to the rough terrain and rocks it was a big job fencing this area. There was a trail and somewhat of a wagon road from the Browning Ranch to the cabin, but over a period of time we improved this trail into a road good enough to drive our car up to the cabin.

Father was working for Brownings as Ranch Superintendent before we completed improving up on the homestead; many times after the days activities we spent the night at the cabin. Claude and I pitched a tent below the cabin near the creek and selpt there. The babling creek lulled one to sleep. That creek was good fishing and a good supply of willow grouse lived in the area. Those were pleasant and good times to remember.

When Father applied for certification that he had completed his requirements for his homestead, William(Billy) Colvin a neighbor had filed an objection, saying Father had'nt lived there enough to qualify. A hearing had to be held, but the Judge ruled in Fathers favor. Brownings attorney Roy Young, testfied in Brownings behalf that we had lived the required time on the homestead because we traveled past their ranch house to get to our cabin. Billy Colvin had told around that he was going to file on our homestead after we lost it.

Not many people were aware of where government land was available under the homestead act. Father had told Hyrum Stallings where a section was available up Goodel Canyon on the west mountains. His son James Stallings filed on this section and received his approval sometime after Father Received his. Jack Montgomery from Liberty Utah improved up on a section in the North Fork area under Ben Lomand Peak about the same time.

There was plenty of work on the Staples Ranch; being the oldest son I had the job of irrigating, mowing the hay and running the jackson fork in unloading the hay in the barn and with the swinging derrick on the stacks. Durning this period Father had Aaron Tracy build us a new barn and new derrick and do some repairs on the house. James Stallings did the electric wiring in the barn and insalled a good pole light for outside lighting. It was good to have cement flooring through out the stables. There was stalls for ten cows and four horses. The horse stalls had wood flooring laid on the cement to make it softer for the horses to stand on. There were two closed in box stalls in the west end of the hay storage part. The barn was eighty feet long, a delux building for those times. It still stands today in good condition, owned by the Robert H. Hinkley estate. Father also built a machine shed with a double garage west of the barn; this also was a delux building.

I got some good training in irrigation while irrigating under Fathers tutorship. The eighty acre farm was rather uneven and had a side hill about the length of the farm facing the south and the middle fork river. I had to ride a horse up to the Billy Colvin farm, about a mile east to get the water. We had a thirty-two hour water turn once a week, coming six hours later each week. There was plenty of water in the early part of the season, but deminished about to nothing by the end of August.

The most interesting thing about irrigating was the number of fish and their size that came down the irrigation ditch durning the month of June. Every time I turned the water there usually was several fish flopping in the receding water. The latter part of May and the first part of June was the time when the spawners were returning from the head waters of the Middle Fork of the Ogden river back into the deep waters of the Utah Power and Light Company power dam located on the river where Culter Creek intered the river. There was a hotel and resort there, called the Pine View Lodge. It is unbelievable the size and number of fish that came down the irrigation ditch each year. The fish were all Cut-throats and the largest fish I caught was eight pounds dressed. After Pine View dam was insalled the fish soon disappeared. The Fish and Game planted Hybred trout in the resevoir and they don't reproduce, and many of them went down the pipe line and were chopped up in the generators at the power house on twelfth street and canyon road.

The only means we had of turning the water from the river for irrigation was cutting a huge cotton wood tree and pull it across the river and anchor it. As the water receded we hauled wet hay and manure to shut the water off tight. Durning the spawning period there were enough fish getting past the tree in the river to keep the spawning

cycle going.

One morning, the year before we built the new barn, I received a sad shock when Father went out to the barn to do the chores and there lay my grey mare dead. She was tied in the first stall as she had'nt been feeling well. She had served us well.

Father soon bought Claude and me each a wild yearling colt that had been captured off the Nevada deseret. Mine was a sorrell striped faced mare and Claudes a bay stud with black mane and tail. They turned out to be good horses and we enjoyed riding them. I raised a colt from my mare that turned out to be Fathers top cutting horse. I later sold him to Brownings for 225.00 dollars, a good price for a horse in those days. The Government was still buying remount horses and he qualiied, but I wanted him to still be around.

Our horse pasture was on the east end of our farm where the river run through the south east corner. There was tall cotton wood trees and numerous choke cheery, current and berry bushes. The west part of the bottom grounds was clear of brush with several spings and the pasture was more lush. Claude and I took turns going up to the horse pasture to bring the horses to the corral and the barn to get ready for work. In the late summer it was common to see bear tracks in the dusty path by the gate, left by a bear raiding the berry bushes. This made one a bit concerned if Mr Bear might still be in the pasture. It was common to see deer and coyotes in the early morning passing through the bottom pasture. We could see out of our kitchen window over looking this area. We always locked the chickens up at night and did'nt turn them out until sun up, because if we did'nt a coyote usually grabbed one as it left the coop just at the break of day. Even in the day time if a chicken wandered to far from the barn she might be snatched by a coyote. It was not uncommon to see a mountain lion track in the sand along the river bed. In the early spring we could hear the mountain lion cry at the mouth of Gertesen canyon, just north of our place where they preyed on the deer.

Claude was more of a cowboy than I, and when he went to the pasture for the horses he took a bridle and caught old Buck and rode him bare back, bringing the horses on a dead run down to the barn. Father warned him not to run the horses so fast down through the pasture where hoof holes were made by the stock feeding on the wet ground. In the fall the ground dried up and these hoof marks hardened. Then one day it happened, Claude was hazing the horses as fast as he could get them to go and that was fast because he had Old Sport our faithful dog helping him. Old Buck stepped in one of those holes with a front foot and it did'nt

come out soon enough an Old Buck fell head over heels with Claude flying through the air. He lit clear, but broke his right arm just above the wristjoint. We were all out in the yard and saw it all happen. Dr Shields set his wrist but didn't do a very good job as it took a long time before it looked straight.

Old Sport our faithful dog was as part of the family. We got him as a pup so become very attached to him. He was completely coal black with a silky coat and erect ears and a good disposition. He got his name because he sported so much at night. This was almost his down fall, because one morning right after Father got up, and this was always just at day light, Old Sport was having convulsions on the front porch. Father knew immediately what was wrong, Sport had eaten some poison meat that had been set out for coyotes. Father cut off his tail to make him bleed, it was thought that bleeding a poisoned animal helped him to survive. Old Sport made it but that didn't cure him from wandering. The next year he came up missing and we thought he was gone for good, but low and behold one morning he showed up with a coyote trap on his left hind foot dragging a short log. It took a super effort to drag that log so far, because the government trapper usually set his traps along the foot hill, as well as the poison bate. Needless to say Old Sport lost his paw, and didn't prowl so much after that. Being his hind paw, it didn't handicap him very much. He carried his leg part of the time, but when he got down to working he run on the stub. To see him out in the distance he looked and traveled like a small bear.

He was one of the best cattle dogs I have ever seen. All the Cattle Men that knew him wanted to get a pup from him. Hy Stallings raised a pup just about as good as Old Sport, son like father.

Claude and I really appreciated Old Sport; without him it was impossible to catch Old Buck our trusted saddle horse in the pasture. When the dog was with either of us we could walk right up to Old Buck and bridle him. Once in awhile he would try us and start to run, but all we had to do was say "get him Sport" and Sport would have him by the heels in two jumps, so Buck would stop and face us rather than the dog. Old Sport probably saved Fathers life once by viciously biting on the heels of a mean gurnsey bull owned by our neighbor Joseph Eggleston. The bull had crushed the fence to get with our herford cows. Father saddled up his horse and took a pitch fork and was going to drive the bull back home. When Father tried to separate the bull from the cows the bull charged his horse hitting him in the rear end trying to up end the horse. Sport jumped in and started biting the bull on the heels, causing him to whirl on the dog. Sport then socked his teeth into the

bulls nose and hung on. The bull tossed Old Sport off to the side, but by then Father was jabbing the bull with the pitch fork putting him on the run for home. I watched this happen and was thinking about the story Father told his family about his Grand-Father being killed by a bull in Elisnore. One of Sports best qualities was obedience to command. He stopped immediately when commanded or motioned down. He fallowed at the heels of your horse when driving cattle and on command would go into the thick brush and bring the cattle out.

One morning two coyotes were passing through the field close to the barn, so we set Old Sport on them. Sport routed them for a short distance and then the coyotes would turn on him, one to his head and the other to his heels and sent him back to us. He tried it a couple of times, but two coyotes was to much for one dog.

If you layed a coat or some item down and pointed to it and said watch, no one could touch that item except you; He was a good watch dog. We lived down a lane off the main road, and no one who entered our yard could get out of their vehicle without our help. Sport was not visicious, but the second you touched your foot to the ground he had you by the ankle. He did'nt bite hard but pinched your leg. The neighbors could come around, but not strangers.

Hyrum Stallings used to come out to visit us a lot at night in his Ford coupe, but always honked his horn so we could call Old Sport back. In the early spring Hy would come quite often to see when the frogs had started to crook. There was a spring just below our home where the frogs congregated. The snow seemed to go early in the Middle Fork area and when the frogs started to crook it was a sure sign of spring. It was music to the ears after a long hard winter.

The year of 1929 was an important event in our lives because Ruby Staples, a cousin came to live with us. She was a cute little blond about six months older than our sister Muriel. Her Mother died and her Father Carl, Fathers brother remarried and placed his children in different homes. Ruby was a sun beam in our lives, she was always pleasant and tried so hard to please. Muriel and Ruby really become sisters and I have always considered her as my sister. She grew up to be a lovely woman and was a beautician after graduation from high school. She married Lyman James Arbon the 17 Dec. 1938 and they have two children Jim and Ilene.

There was always something to do on the farm. I hunted ground squirls with a flipper and sling shot until I got a used single shot 22 rifle. I practiced shooting ground squirls along the side hill in our pasture. The squirls become so numerous at times it became necessary

to poison them as they were destroying the crops.

In the winter and spring the badgers would dig into the hill for the squirrels causing more damage. One night the irrigation water broke loose and run down one of these badger holes and created a huge wash in the side hill. It took years to fill it up, but served as a place to bury trash. I got the idea I could trap some of the badgers with the trap Old Sport dragged home. I wasn't a very good trapper, because the trap was usually set off when the badger came out of his hole pushing dirt in front of him. One day I caught one going in his hole by the hind foot. I didn't know it was impossible to pull a badger out of his hole, because he puffs up. I pulled and pulled on the trap chain until off came the trap with one of the badgers toes. I kept going until I finally caught one and skinned and stretched the hide. The pelt brought one dollar, ending my career trapping.

Father and Mother always had a large garden, and besides the vegetables there was a raspberry patch and a gooseberry patch that required cultivation and weeding. Claude and I took turns riding the horse that pulled the two handled cultivator controlled by Father. As we got older Claude rode the horse and I handled the cultivator. This caused a lot of contention between Claude and me, because he wouldn't make the horse go slow enough and I was bounced around by the cultivator. He wanted to hurry up and get finished. It seemed Claude and I had days when we were fighting. It was one of these days that Father came home while we were going at it. That is the only time I can remember Father ever giving us a whipping. He cut three good sized willow switches that grew along along the ditch in back of our house. He gave each of us a willow and said "now go to it." Claude rapped me a light one across the legs and I rapped him a light one. Then we each received a good rap by Father as he said "harder." He had to rap us each only about twice and then we got down to being earnest. The harder Claude hit the harder I hit and soon the willows were worn down to the handles. Now Father said "if you are going to fight I will referee it this way. We got along fairly well for a long time after that.

After the new barn was built we always milked ten cows, separated the the milk and sold cream to the Weber Central Dairy and fed the skimmed milk to the pigs and lambs. We always raised about twenty lambs on the bottle. Having worked for W. J. Lindsay we had no problem getting the orphan lambs. Mother raised chickens and turkeys and churned our own butter. Every fall a pig or two was butchered for winter meat and the lard rendered out for cooking. All the fat and tallow from butchered beef and mutton was kept for making soap. Soap making was a ritual each

each fall, and Mother developed a good recipe for home made soap.

Hay baleing was carried on at a limited scale because it was slow and tedious. Father, Earl Thompson and Joseph Eggleston all neighbors went in together and bought a horse baler. A team of horses powered the stationary baler with a man pulling the hay from the stack or barn, another man fed the baler and another threaded the wires and tied the bales and stacked them. A boy was needed to keep the horses going steady. There was a good market for good baled hay. I can remember baled hay being loaded on the rail road at Eden.

Threshing time was the important time of the year, a sign the harvest season was about over. It was a huge effort to get the grain ready for the grainery on the farm or to the mill. First the grain field had to be cut with a binder, tying the straw and grain into a bundle. The field had to be cut before the grain was to ripe so the heads wouldn't shell out. The bundles had to be stood up in groups or a double row so that if it rained the water would run off. Usually it was a long wait for the threshing machine to come, because there was only one machine in the town. Some farmers stacked the bundles in large round stacks to keep the grain dry until the thresher came. Those farmers who were lucky enough to have the thresher early and no storm came they could haul the grain bundles from the field to the thresher, saving a lot of work and time. The grain was bagged in one hundred lb burlap sacks if sold at the thresher or hauled to the grainery in half full bags.

The straw was blown into a huge pile for winter bedding for the livestock. If the straw was stacked it was really a dirty job for the man on the stack. It took a lot of help to thresh so farmers traded work helping each other. The thresher was powered by a huge steam engine and had a whistle like the rail road steam engine. It was a thrill for any youngster to toot that whistle. The thresher and steam engine made so much noise it was difficult to get some of the teams close enough with the wagons to pitch the bundles into the thresher.

Threshing was not only hard work for the men, but the women really had a lot of work cooking for such large threshing crews. The women of the community tried to out do each other in serving the best meal. The noon meal was all that was expected, but oh what scrumptious and delightful meals we had at threshing time. They were comparable to ward reunion dinners; all the meat, potatoes, vegetables you could eat with hot rolls and all the trimmings topped off with cake, pie and jello and home made ice cream.

Ice cream was a delicacy in the summer, as ice was scarce. There was an ice house about a mile from our home at the mouth of Middle

fork on the Shupe Farm, one in Huntsville on the Winters farm and one at the Pine View Lodge where Wheeler Creek emptied into the Utah Power and Light Company reservoir. In the winter when the ponds froze over, the ice was sawed by hand into square blocks and hauled to the ice sheds and packed in saw dust. With plenty of saw dust packed around it the ice would last all season. A lot of ice was hauled from the Pine View pond to the ice sheds in Ogden. Another way to get ice for ice cream was carrying it out of the mountains on the pack mules. Rock salt was carried by pack mules to the cattle on the summer range. Drifts of snow in the high country would last until late july, so we would deliver the salt and fill the pack bags with snow for the return trip. We would get home with enough snow for a freezer of ice cream.

We had plenty of good cream because we separated the milk and sold the cream to Weber Central Dairy. Before that Mother churned the cream and sold butter. I did my share of churning the cream with a hand churn. I still have mothers butter moulds.

Logging was some of my experiences also. Father having access to red pine timber on the W.J. Lindsay ranch took a few orders for hay dereks. Some of the best derek poles were found in the Red Pine Basin of Middle Fork. The poles for a good derek would bring \$50.00. It was a big days work to leave home at day light and travel over half way up Middle Fork canyon and turn right into Browns Hole and climb a steep ridge into the Red Pine Basin near the top of the mountian. The choice straight trees had to be selected, felled and trimmed. Then came mine and Claudes job to drag the trees out of the basin and down the ridge to the bottom of the canyon where the wagon was left. We took our third horse Old Mary on these trips so each of us could have a horse to drag trees with. When all the trees were down to the wagon and ready to load, a skid was cut;secured to the side of the wagon wheel and a horse was used to pull the heavy trees up onto the wagon. After securing the load with chains, then began the long hard trek home, some times taking until dark.

Other logging trips was up to the head of Gertesen canyon to get logs for our winter supply of kindling wood. We didn't take a wagon but each rode a work horse an dragged one tree each home. Huge quaking-aspen trees grew at the head of this canyon and many of them died from worms or old age. After they dried they made excellant kindling wood to start fires in the cook stove and front room heater. This was a rough trip because the canyon was steep and rocky and the trees being dragged would often catch on the rocks.

Claude and I sawed these trees into even blocks to fit the stoves with a two man cross cut hand saw. It was my job to split the kindling

and have them behind the stove for making the morning fire, and Claude's job to have the coal bucket full of coal or the wood box full. If I failed to have the kindling there, Father required me to get up and do it before he made the fire, so I rarely failed doing this job.

A few logging trips were made during the winter months up Middle Fork, a short distance above the first fordge, on the south side of the canyon, just under the ledges near the top, grew a nice patch of red pine trees. When the snow became crusted, Father would cut some good derek poles and we would skid them down the steep mountain side to the bottom of the canyon, where we loaded them on the front end of a bob sleigh hauling them home, dragging the ends in the snow.

Another long day, but an interesting trip was hauling a load of loose hay down Ogden Canyon, to be delivered in Ogden to a feed store or a livery stable. Ogden Valley hay was considered choice hay. The hay was usually loaded on the hay wagon the day before, after the wheels had had been well greased for the long trip. I can remember making some of these trips before the road was oiled. It was better to use a lighter team for these long trips, as it was very hard on the large heavy teams. I'll never forget one morning, Father hitched Old Mary our trusted third horse and a white horse he had bought from the Ogden horse sale to the loaded hay wagon that had been left by the side of the barn. The ground was a little soft and the white horse balked, refusing to pull. Father hurriedly harnessed Old Bess, who was trustworthy to pull, and hitched her to the white horse's neck. I mounted up on Old Bess to guide her and Father took the lines and gave the command to go. The white horse reared and refused to go, but had no choice. When he threw himself I just kept on going dragging him along until we were on solid ground. We put Old Bess back in the barn and started on our way. The white horse never refused to pull after that.

One of the cash crops grown in the Valley was peas, and we grew our share of them. It was really hard work but the pea harvest was over by the 24th of July. Irrigation was critical in making a good pea crop. The art was applying the water not too soon, but just at a stage before the vines suffered for moisture. If this could be accomplished the vines blossomed evenly and produced a good crop. Pea vines were difficult to cut and the horse drawn mowing machine was the most common method. A man or a boy had to follow behind the sickle with a pitch fork and rake the vines off to prevent clogging. Then the vines had to be moved over for the next swath of the mower so the peas just cut wouldn't be crushed. A few farmers bought pea harvesters that had rotating arms that removed the vines from the sickle and deposited them in piles.

These harvesters did a good job but were difficult to maintain.

It was important to get the peas to the vinery before losing moisture. This was best accomplished by cutting the peas late in the evening and loading them at day light the next morning. The vineries didn't operate in the after noon. It was also important to get the peas harvested before they become too old. The pea companies had field men who advised you when he wanted the peas cut. Van Allen and Del Monte were the major pea companies in the Valley. The field men tried to order the peas into the vinery so every one wouldn't be there all at once. If someones peas was coming on fast he usually tried to slip in an extra load or two, thus causing delays. At times there was a line waiting at the vinery, which caused frustration for some people, and there was some confrontations and even a fist fight or two. The Eden pea vinery was located where the present power company sub station stands. There were roads from three directions coming into the vinery, and I have seen men whipping and pushing their horses to beat a neighbor for a position in the line. Stacking the pea vines was a big project. The pea company usually contracted with some farmers to stack the vines in one huge stack. A side ramp of vines had to be maintained so the horse used to pull a slip for placing the vines could climb to the top of the stack. One pea season the side ramp gave way near the top and the horse fell to the ground, breaking its leg.

One summer George M. Fuller asked Father if I could help him in the pea harvest. We had our peas in and George M. needed help, as he had thirty acres of peas. With that many acres it was necessary to stagger the planting dates. Father let me take a team he had bought for a Greek sheep man, so I helped George M. for ten days, having to be in the field by day light. This team was good to pull, which was necessary as the fields were wet and soft, and the loads heavy. Some times it was necessary to double up teams to get out of the field. I got five dollars per day for me, the team and hay wagon. It was necessary to keep the wagon wheel spindles well greased because they were the hub and spoke type. The fifty dollars for my work went a long way for clothes and school that fall.

After the pea harvest was over the pea company and Farmers put on a celebration by having a baseball game between the farmers and the pea vinery workers. The pea company furnished all the soda water every one could drink; it was free choice in a large ice filled tub. Every one had a great time. Pea growing eventually faded away in the Valley due to the change in the method of grading the peas and competition from the North West. In the beginning it was a finger squeeze test, then the

pea companies developed a machine that registered the pressure it took to push a series of wires through a small container of peas. If there was only one hard pea in the box, the pressure reading went up and the whole load of peas was given a low grade. This type of grading caused many growers to quit the business. Eventually the pea growing business went to the North West where peas were grown on dry land farms. Portable vineries were developed so the peas could be harvested in one operation. It took large fields to accommodate this equipment.

In about 1926 George M. Fuller rented from Brownings the farm ground they acquired from the Lindsay Land and Livestock company and I worked for George M. hauling hay.

It wasn't always work on the farm, there was some time for play. One of the sports many of the young boys were involved in was trying their skills in rodeoing. Berk and Wells Thompson a couple of years older than Claude and me who lived neighbors and were also second cousins took every opportunity we could get to try our luck at riding the yearling cattle of our parents. There was a limit to how much we practiced because it run the fat off the cattle. One day we were practicing and I was being cut out of my turn, so the next calf we roped I jumped on its back before they got the sursingle strapped around its middle tight. The calf jumped and the sursingle came loose leaving nothing for me to hang onto. Needless to say I was unloaded in a hurry going up into the air and landing on the back of my head and shoulders, knocking the wind out of me. It seemed for ever before I could get my breath and when I got up there was a catch in my shoulder. It must have cracked a rib because it took a long time to heal.

Another sport was swimming in the rivers. North Fork had some very good swimming holes and we used them frequently. One Saturday afternoon a group of Eden boys went swimming on the North Fork when the river was quite high. We always rode our horses down to the river swimming holes located in Hy Stallings or Hy Carvers pastures. After getting tired of swimming, some-one suggested we find some calves to ride; but where. Finally Seynour Fackrell said his Dad had some yearling heifers in a pasture just down the river a ways. That was all we needed, so off we went. Those heifers had never been ridden before, so gave us a challenging contest. Right in the middle of having a great time, Mr Roy Fackrell showed up on the scene. He had heard the commotion, as his farm and dairy was near by. Needless to say he was angry, because they were some of his prize guernsey milk stock. He gave us a good talking to and said he was going to report us to our Parents, which he did. This stopped our

rodeoing for sometime.

Bishop Virgil B. Stallings heard about this and later that summer he organized a rodeo for the boys of Eden, furnishing his stock and corrals with a good audience. We had a great time and thought the Bishop was a great guy.

Other good times I can remember in my youth was the Ward Reunions, when all former residents and ward members were invited together for a feast, program and dance. There was no charge for this event and the food was plentiful and delicious.

The Fourth and Twenty Fourth of July celebrations were outstanding, with exciting contests for all. One Fourth of July celebration I tried so hard to win some of the contests, but wasn't doing very well until the greasy pig contest came up. A large group of boys lined up in a row waiting for the pig to be greased with lard and ready to be turned loose. He was set free a good distance from the boys. As the starting whistle blew the pack was off and going. I wasn't in the lead, but the pig cut out around the leaders and back past me, as he did I grabbed him by the hind leg and held on. I didn't even get my clothes greasy. He was a nice prize, and after Father furnished the feed for him until he was ready for market, I got the money.

Another interesting contest was seeing who with a pitch fork could throw a bundle or burlap sack stuffed with straw the highest over a pole suspended from two trees. The pole was raised each round of tries, until the contest ended between the last two contestants. Leonard Fuller and John J. Wilson were the top bundle throwers with John Wilson usually being the champion. The prize was usually a new pitch fork.

One of the best outings I can remember was provided by Father and Earl Thompson for their boys after having finished putting up the first crop hay. Father and Earl loaded a wagon with supplies, food, tents, etc and a few bales of hay and headed up the Middle Fork of the Ogden River for a camping trip. Harold and Earl Thompson Jr. second cousins from Plain City was invited to go with us for a few days trip into the mountains. It was a long trip up Middle Fork to the forks where Browns Hole turned to the right and Shupes Canyon to the left. After traveling up the road to Shupes Canyon we encountered steep places and had to tie our laso ropes to the wagon and with our saddle horses help get the wagon up the steep grades. Sometimes we would only make it a few feet and then rest the horses before going again. We finally reached a good camp ground by a spring under the towering peaks of the Middle Fork Range. Father and Earl put up our tents and left us to ourselves.

In a few days they would come and get the camp. We didn't have the best cooks in the world, but everyone pitched in and helped make it an enjoyable time. The first night we were late getting to sleep, as we were all telling tall bear stories and we knew there were bears and mountain lions in the vicinity. The Plain City boys stayed near by as they were not used to the high country and wild animals.

The next morning after a hearty breakfast we decided to scale the mountain leading into White Pine Basin. It was very steep and we had to lead our horses in places. In reaching the top, we came into a beautiful pine and quaking-aspen forest boarding Marys Hallow and White Pine Basin. We came upon some cattle feeding there. Our first thought was to have a rodeo. There was a good horse corral on the ridge in White Pine Basin, so we headed the cattle for that corral. We didn't know the brand, so didn't know who the cattle belonged to. The first critter really bucked, being fresh off the range. The next critter Berk Thompson roped and caught it by the front leg and when it came to the end of the rope it broke the leg. This ended our rodeo.

We then explored some of the wide open ranges on top of this mountain, rolling rocks over some of the steep ledges and watching them bounce and leap the length of the canyon. The first day was spent exploring the La Platte mines and the country around there. Another day and morning of our cooking, we were ready to head for home. We spent the second day exploring the country around the head of Wolf Creek, Wellsville canyon and Gertesens, and then headed for home down the first right hand fork of Gertesens. It was good to get back home to Mothers cooking and a soft bed.

After Brownings took over the Lindsay Land and Livestock Company, they were always after Father to work for them. They were having problems with the Basq herders. Fin Little the sheep foreman was afraid of the Basq herders, so he carried a 45 cal. revolver on his hip when he rode in the mountains. Mr Beason, the Superintendent asked Father if he would come and fire Big Ben one of the herders who had beat up on one of the other herders, who had infringed on his range. It was common for jealousy and trouble among the fourteen herders, because some infringed onto the others territory. Most of the herders were afraid of Big Ben, because he was big and mean. After he had nearly killed one of the herders, Mr Beason decided Big Ben had to go, but no one dared fire him, so Father was asked to do the job.

I will never forget how concerned we were at home when Father left alone to go do this task. He didn't seem concerned because he had worked

with Basq herders most of his life as sheep foreman for Walter J. Lindsay and had helped Brownings by showing the herders where their grazing territory was. When Father confronted Big Ben, Ben surmised what Father was there for, because he had a large rock in his hand and threatened Father if he came any closer. With persussion and reason, Big Ben came along peaceably. Father also fired the herder Ben had beat up, because he had infringed on Bens grazing area. When this happens it is easy for the two sheep herds to mix, which causes a lot of work and trouble. We were glad to see Father return safely, bringing the two herders to the Eden Ranch. Father seemed to always be in command in any situation, and didn't back down from challenges. He was firm in his convictions and very just.

Mr Beason didn't stay with Brownings very long and Chet Walker a banker from Idaho took over as superentendent for sometime. It seemed that there was always some sheep being lost. I can remember riding with Father hunting for lost sheep. He knew the range like the palm of his hand and knew how to track and fallow signs as good as as Indian. It was essential to find the lost sheep as soon as possible, because the coyotes were numerous and muderous on the sheep without a herder. I learned much from Father on these sheep hunts and the value of Basq herders. They stayed close to their sheep and slept close to them at night, keeping a fire going.

Father finally decided to work full time for Brownings and rented his farm to Rulon and Nana Thompson Folkman. We rented Chloe Fullers home in Eden and lived there for a short time.

Now that the farm was rented , I worked some for Brownings durning the summer at the Eden Ranch. I mowed hay with an older man, Seymour Graham who had the choice of the new mower and a fancy team. I fallowed behind his outfit for over thirty days of continueous mowing. I had the responsibility of my team, mower and hay knives(cicles). Durning the noon hour we had to resharpen our knives, and after work sharpen them again ready to start in the field at 7:00 A.M. the next morning.

That fall I had the privilage of going to market with the early fall shipment of lambs to Chicago. Seymour Graham was in charge of the lambs on the train. They were loaded at the Eden rail road stock yards. There was ten car loads which made a full train for the electric motor car that made the run to the Valley.

We left the valley late in the afternoon, and then I recalled the story Father had told about the runaway train he had ridden with W.J. Lindsay and others down that same track with ten cars of lambs years ago.

It was a relief when we reached Ogden, but then the long wait while the train was being made up for the trip back East. It was pre-arranged that the ten cars of lambs be next to the engine, so they wouldn't be affected so much by the jerks and braking of the long train. The rest of the train was made up mostly of produce and fruit from California, requiring several stops for ice.

We finally got started up Weber Canyon about 10:00 PM. It was a long slow ride to the summit with two helper steam engines pushing on the Caboose where we were riding with the conductor and brakeman. We could stretch out on the side benches and get some rest going up Weber Canyon to the summit, but when going down the other side of the Continental divide it was different. The Engineer had to continuously apply the brakes to keep the train from gaining too much speed. Every time the brakes were applied the slack in the car couplings banged down the line of cars to the caboose, where we received a good jolt. It was impossible to sleep because we were continually sliding on the seats. Once the Conductor stepped across the car just as the Engineer hit the brakes. The shock almost threw the Conductor to the floor. That's when I learned an Engineer was called a so and so hogs head.

The next morning the Conductor made a fire in the small stove and made some coffee. When I turned down the coffee he made fun of me for being a Mormon and asked how many wives my Father had. He then delighted in telling dirty stories.

When we reached Omaha Nebraska we had to unload the sheep and have them fed and watered. It was amazing to watch the professional sheep handlers count the sheep off and back on the cars. One counter could count a full ally as the lambs passed by. We asked him how he did it. He said he saw sheep in groups up to seven and added them as they passed, pressing a tally machine for every hundred. When loading the lambs the handlers had trained goats that led the lambs into the cars. The goats walked to the far end of the car and waited for the car to fill and then pushed their way back to the door. The lambs had to be on feed and water over night, so we took a taxi into the city and stayed in a nice hotel. It rained that night and I had never seen it rain so hard.

The next stop was at the Iowa State line where we changed Engines. It was a different railroad so the Engines and Caboose had to be changed along with the Personnel. The new Engineer let me ride up in the engine with him while the transfer was being made. He was very nice to me and explained the controls of the engine. This was really a thrill, riding in the largest steam engine used by the rail roads.

I was really impressed by the huge corn fields in Nebraska and

Iowa, there were fields of corn as far as the eye could see, and the corn in Iowa was so tall it was unbleaveable. The number of cattle in the fields and feed yards through Nebraska, Iowa and Illinois was hard to believe. The final stop was Chicago, where we unloaded the sheep into the hands of a commission house, John Clay and Company. The Chicago stock yards was larger than I had ever imagined.

We were met by Chet Walker the Superintendent of Browning Livestock Company and by taxi was taken to one of the better hotels in Chicago. The next day Seymour and I tried to see some of the big city. I was overwhelmed by the sky-scrapers and so many people and the crazy taxi drivers. They drove like wild Indians, darting around the electric trolley cars and heavy traffic. We walked along the shore of Lake Michigan and was going to see the zoo but never reached it.

That afternoon the lambs were sold so Mr Walker bought tickets on a delux passenger car with sleeping births, and we headed for home. I had caught cold riding the the Caboose, so felt miserable on the trip home, even though we had a good bed and food.

The lambs brought five dollars per head and the freight had to be paid from that. The next trip Seymour had to stay in Chicago for two weeks before the lambs were sold.

It was a good thing the first shipment sold so fast because I had to be back in time to register for High School.

I was excited, this being my first year, and the change in attending a large school, and riding the bus with the Liberty students. The Weber County High School was a new building, and the class before used the building before it was completed. I started the fall of 1928 and graduated the spring of 1931.

I rode my grey mare about 1½ miles to the forks of the Middle Fork-Eden Road, called Enock Fullers corner, and tied her to a power line pole and boarded the bus to Weber County High School in Ogden, Washington Avenue and Twelfth Street. It was rather cold in the winter waiting for the bus after riding a horse that far carrying a trombone, my lunch and books. The bus had no heater, so it was a cold ride down Ogden Canyon. Egar Holmes was the bus driver and the students really liked him. He soon modified his bus with the exhaust pipe running along the floor. This gave us heat, but frosted up the windshield. The windshield whipper was hand operated, so it was difficult to keep the windshield clear.

When Claude came along driving the grade school camp wagon, he picked up my horse and fed her with the team at the school barn. After school he dropped her off at the same pole, and I had a ride home.

There were six-hundred students attending Weber High that year, a large group compared to the number of students at the Eden School. I signed up for a general high school course, foregoing the agricultural course the school offered. I felt I knew enough about agriculture from working with my Father.

High school was a fun time as well as a learning experience. I wasn't good enough in athletics to play foot ball or get on the bashed ball team.

Practice was after school and I couldn't stay late as I had to be home to help milk the cows. There was short periods when Father was away working for Brownings. I wanted to play Church M.I.A. basket ball, and one couldn't play church ball and be on the school team. There wasn't so much competition in Church ball so I got to be a starting guard and played most of the time. There had been inter school baseball competition through out the county junior high schools and I played second base for the Eden School team and became acquainted with some of the county kids. We had relatives my age in Plain City.

Bishop C. Alex Hogge was my Bishop during the teen years of my life, with Everett Robins and Warren Stallings as Counselors. Bishop organized a band in the Eden Ward with the help of Mr. Simpson, a music teacher and music store owner. I was encouraged to play the Trombone. I bought a used trombone for fifty dollars from Mr Simpson and took a few lessons for one dollar per lesson. Bud Thompson played the saxophone, Orlo Carver the base saxophone, George Ferrin the trumpet, Seymour Fackrell the drums and others the cornet, clarinet and base horn. We always serenaded the town at the Fourth of July celebrations. George and I got good enough that we were asked to play in Church a few times.

George and I joined the band at the Weber High School and I played third Trombone. Verl Shaw was first Trombone, Kenneth Anderson second, Grant Staples third, and Abbot Grow fourth. We had a lot of fun playing at the foot ball and basket ball games. We always marched and played at half time and always had good seats at the games, besides always having a special bus for the band. We had beautiful band suits with white trousers and red capes trimmed in black and fancy red and black caps, the school colors.

I'll always remember some of the times I walked home after the games at night. The bus dropped me off at Enocks Corner, the place where I tied my horse when catching the bus. It was to long of a time to leave the horse tied to this pole, so Claude would take her home after school. That two mile walk was rather scary at about midnight. There were few homes along the way and when crossing minnow creek and Gertesens creek, I was usually on the run, knowing this was where the wild animals roamed. It was common to see bear and mountain lion tracks along these creeks. If there was a bad storm I usually stayed with George Ferrin over night. That trombone served a good purpose; Max used it during his Junior High School. Orlo Carver borrowed it for one of his boys for a short time. It was a good horn and had an excellent tone. Mr Aldon Pettigrew, my band teacher at Weber High School looked me up years later and bought

My trusty trombone for his Nephew. It had an excellent tone and was still in very good condition. I give my Parents the credit for teaching me to take care of my belongings. I have tried to teach my children the same especially when driving the car.

The bus ride through the Ogden Canyon was enjoyable during the Fall and Spring months when the weather wasn't so cold and the scenery was beautiful. There wasn't much traffic in the canyon back in those days and there wasn't a Pine View Reservoir.

One spring morning, Pete Holmes the brother of our regular bus driver Egar was driving the bus when a near tragedy happened. There had been a lot of snow that winter and the river was running high, overflowing the banks and covering the road in several places in the canyon. Pete not as experienced as our regular driver hit the water going to fast and it splashed up over the windshield obstructing his view. He drifted to the right hitting the mountain wall tipping the bus over on its side. If he had drifted to the left the bus would have gone into river. No one was injured, just scared. I happened to be out of school that day so missed the near tragedy.

I am glad I took Seminary three years and graduated. Bro. Floyd Eyre and Mr Banks were good teachers. My Senior year I had filled most of the required subjects, and for elective subjects took auto-mechanics, commercial art, typing and tried to take Spanish, but was refused as it was a required two year course. Auto mechanics was a real crowded class, but I learned the fundamentals which really paid off later in life. I had some choice teachers during High School and have enjoyed their friendship over the years.

I wasn't much for going out with the girls and didn't do much dancing until I was out of high school. I had very few dates with girls during my high school career. Clara Orton from North Ogden asked me to the Junior Prom girls dance.

The school system seats the pupils by surname alphabetically in the class room and the "S" s usually sit toward the back of the class room. In several of my classes there happened to be three lovely girls who sit next to me. Erma Shaw, from Pleasant View, Florence Spaulding from Plain City, and Ema Sorenson from Riverdale. Erma seemed to be the friendliest and borrowed my fountain pen occasionally. I didn't date Erma until we were out of High School and met her at the White City Ball Room.

I still have and prize my high school year books and the 50 th year high school reunion book.

Sickness caused me to miss a good part of a term each during

my Sophomore and Junior year. My Sophomore year I had mumps, first on one side and later on the other side, with complications causing a long stay out of school. The next year I had a critical attack of appendicitis and after the operation it took a long time to heal. A few years after that, my Sister Muriel took sick with appendicitis and hers broke before she could reach the hospital. Doctor Wickstrom, a country Doctor and not very professional did the operation and didn't give her much chance of survival, as penicillin was not in existence then. He didn't even do a good job sewing her up.

Mother was a very spiritual woman and through our faith and prayers, and the anointings and blessings given Muriel, she recovered after a long struggle. Muriel our only sister was the apple of my Parents eye, and she became a little bit spoiled.

As it became time to graduate from High School, a career had to be considered. I had received literature from several trade schools and became interested in an Electrical School in Chicago Ill. This was during the Great Depression, and it was difficult to go on to school. This school had made some very attractive offers.

That spring the Brownings were relying more and more on Father in the operation of their Livestock Company and all of a sudden they offered him the Superintendent job with his pay doubled up to 225.00 dollars per month and a car furnished and his board. He took the job, but there was several problems that had to be solved. They were having trouble keeping steady men and the company was operating in the red. They were having problems keeping a reliable man to operate the commissary and drive the truck. Father said he needed me to be the truck driver and operate the commissary. The starting pay was fifty dollars per month with board. That sounded good as money was hard to come by during this period. I had to start work the day school was out, May 1931 by driving the truck down from Jones Cabin to Eden. That was a harrowing experience as the brakes were almost useless, being worn out. I had two near accidents before reaching home. I soon tightened the brakes when I got where there was some wrenches. I was immediately pressed into service with a tight schedule until things smoothed out some. Father taught me and helped with everything I had to know. The first thing that made the job more pleasant was a New one and one half ton Reo Speed Wagon truck. It was really a good truck built for that kind of work. The color was rather loud, a bright yellow.

That fall the lambs were trucked from the head of Beaver to the Ogden Stock yards, a first for that area. Two decks of lambs were

hauled per truck or about 80 to 120 lambs per load, depending on the size of the truck. Before that the lambs were separated from their mothers at corrals at the head of Gertesén canyon and trailed that same day to the Eden Ranch, and the next day to the railroad yards at Eden. I had been on many of these lamb drives before starting to drive truck.

One of the first big challenges was getting the supplies out to the sheep herds and ranches. This was a must every two weeks, because some foods were perishable. Each herder and ranch sent an order every two weeks early enough so they could receive their groceries on the 1st and 15th of each month. I used these orders and figured them into case and bulk lots, and spent one day buying from whole sale houses. The bulk and cased groceries were unloaded into the commissary house at Eden. The commissary was a long room adjoining the blacksmith shop. I was the only one besides Father who had a key to this building. Cooking utensils and equipment were also kept here.

When the sheep herds came out of the mountains in the fall, after the lambs were shipped, the herders moved into sheep camp wagons. All the equipment used in the mountains had to be repaired and stored so rodents couldn't chew holes in it. This included wall tents and tepees for fourteen herders, and pack saddles and bags for four camp movers. Each mover cared for three to four herders, requiring him to pack the groceries and sheep salt to his assigned herders. The pick up stations were at Jones Cabin, Four Mile Ranch and Eden Ranch. The mover had to keep shoes on his four horses or mules and on the herders horse. He had to move the herders camp into fresh feed when needed.

The required cooking equipment for a camp was two dutch ovens and frying pans and a couple of kettles, with the trusty coffee pot. A sour dough crock was a must with two wooden cupboards that would fit a pack saddle hanging balanced on each side of the horse or mule with the bed roll lashed in the center. Two sturdy five gal. milk cans, a water bucket, wash basin, and dish pan was also necessary, with hand and dish towels. The five gal. cans was a must when making a dry camp.

Most of the camp movers and herders were good cooks, but the quality of their sour dough bread varied, and their mulligan stew was all about the same, good, made from lamb in the summer and mutton in the winter. The vegetables in the stew was limited to spuds, dry onions, garlic and canned vegetables and tomatoes. The Basq herders liked dry codfish and used plenty of garlic. There was always a kettle of either, dried apples, peaches, apricots, prunes, or rice and raisins in the camp. The coffee they made would almost hold the spoon up. There was always canned jam to go with the sour dough bread, and canned milk.

Eggs had to be packed just right, especially when carried on a feisty pack horse. Bacon, cornflakes and cheese was part of the camp menu. Lamb chops was a delicacy when the lamb crop began to mature, and the stew was more tasty. A meat saw was necessary to cut up the lamb and mutton, along with a butcher knife. Cups and plates had to be the unbreakable type and the utensils stainless steel.

I had to keep plenty of sheep salt at the three stations, so this took several trips per month. The salt had to be in fifty pound berlap bags so it could be transported by pack horse to the sheep. I had to keep rock salt at the three stations for about five thousand cattle. The herders didn't get to town very often, probably two or three times a year, so it was up to me to buy their tobacco and some clothing. I learned it was best to buy the tobacco by the case wholesale and hold the money for it out of their check each month. It was difficult to collect money when I paid for it, because I didn't see them very often.

There was never a dull moment with this job. With that many sheep there was always some straying away and getting into other sheepmen's herds that bordered the Brownings land. It was a good will policy among sheep men to notify their neighbors when they went to their corrals with a herd of sheep. This gave everyone a chance to pick up their sheep that may have strayed, and a good time to visit. It seemed like I spent a lot of time looking through other peoples sheep, as I had the truck to haul them home. Some times whole herds would mix if the herders become lax. This was serious, and sometimes herders lost their job over this. Each herd was branded different and had at least one black or more per hundred for counting purposes. A good herder always counted the blacks as the herd left the bed ground at the break of day. If there was a black missing he knew there was several whites with it. He notified his camp mover, so some one could find the lost sheep. I have ridden with Father many times looking for lost sheep. They were sometimes found in a small band off by themselves, sometimes the coyotes had killed a black, and sometimes the lost sheep had wandered off into another herd. An alert herder knew if he had stray sheep.

It was a policy of Father to count the blacks of each herd periodically, and sometimes he counted the whole herd. I once in awhile helped him do this and kept track of the hundreds. Before the tally machine became available I picked up a pocket full of marble sized rocks and as Father called out one hundred, I moved a rock from the left pocket of my Levis to the right pocket. When the herd was counted I knew how many hundred there was. It takes at least three people to accurately count a herd of sheep on the range, unless there is a barrier or a

ledge, so the sheep had to pass between the ledge and the counter.

Basq herders seemed to be more conscious about their job, and didn't want to go to town as often. It seemed they wanted to save their money and some day retire and go back to their home land. The American dollar was worth a lot more in their country. Each herder was supplied with a rifle and shells. They used a box of shells every two weeks for protection from the coyotes, bears and mountain lions. The coyotes were plentiful and a deadly menace to the sheep. The reason for the tepee was for the herder to sleep near his heard. There was a bell attached around the neck of at least one hundred ewes per herd, and if during the night the sheep started to move or a disturbance occurred, the hurder could hear the bells and was up looking for the cause. If there was an intruder he shot his rifle a few times, hoping to scare the intruder away. The next morning there may be signs of a lamb being dragged away.

The Company hired a steady trapper and the government usually hired a trapper for a large area. If there was plenty of dry timber near the bed ground, some of the herders usually kept a fire going most of the night. Having started work in the Spring of 1931 I got in on the end of the lambing period and helped with the docking of the lambs, and branding the herds and getting the move completed from the sheep wagon to the tents. Each herd had to be corraled in portable corrals, and as the lambs were docked they were branded and ear marked. The brands were registered with the state so each sheep outfit had a different brand. It was my job to have the brands there, the raw linseed oil, lamp black, red and green mineral powder to make the paint. The paint was cooked on a open fire and kept warm so it would penetrate the wool. All the time the sheep operation was going on the cattle had to be worked also.

It was my job to get the black leg vaccine and the syringes clean and in good working order and the brands ready. After some tutoring from Father it fell my lot to do the vaccinating, and I took my turn doing castrating too. The truck and I had to be to all of these activities so I was kept busy. J.M. Wilbur made a special dehorner that worked very well and saved a lot of time.

In the Spring, after the sheep were all taken care of for the summer months, and the cattle were turned out on the lush mountain range, there was a breather for a few days, but the haying season was soon coming up. The camp wagons had to be brought together and checked over for the next winter. The food suplies left in the camps removed,

the horse blankets gathered up to be repaired for the next winter. It was a must to have a least three horse blankets for each winter camp outfit. There was a commissary wagon pulled behind each camp wagon with two fifty gal. heavy gauge galvanized barrels attached to the sides of each side of the wagon to haul camp water. If there was enough snow it was melted in a number three galvanized tub for camp use and to water the horses. If there was no snow on the desert the water had to be hauled long distances. The commissary wagon had to be maintained with wooden bows and a canvas cover. The wagon wheels had to be checked closely and if there was signs of deterioration, the wheels had to be removed and hauled to the Eden J.M. Wilbur blacksmith shop to be overhauled and painted. The canvas covers on the camp wagon had to be in good condition to with-stand the winter storms.

When the haying season started, it was continous from the middle of June until the latter part of August. The hay was stacked loose in large stacks of at least thirty tons. Thousands of tons of hay was stacked at the three ranches, Eden, Connor Springs and the Fort Ranch. My job was to keep haying supplies on hand, moving haying equipment and work horses from ranch to ranch.

I'll never forget a problem I had one trip from Eden to Connor Springs with six large work horses in the truck with their harnesses on. When I stopped at the stop sign at Twelfth Street and Wshington Avenue, one of the horses in the middle of the truck started to crowd the other horses and slipped and fell down lying under the other horses. I couldn't get him up, so pulled in back of the Weber High School and found a low spot with a mound near the foot ball field, dropped the tail gate and unloaded the horses. After getting the horse up and tied securely I loaded the rest of the horses and was on my way. About every day was a learning experience.

The first winter working for Brownings was one of the hardest winters on record, cold weather, deep snow and high winds. Brownings had three herds of sheep in Nevada, south and west of Wendover, four herds on the Promotory desert. I traveled with Father in the truck over the same routes he had traveled horse back and with wagon and team.

The sheep got along rather well the early part of the winter, with enough snow to keep the feed moist and enough snow to melt for water. Soon after Christmas it started to snow and didn't let up. The sheep soon became snow bound and it was necessary to haul corn to the starving sheep. I will never forget the winter of 1931-32. Father went with me on most of my trips to Nevada. We loaded the truck with sixty, one hundred lb bags of corn at Parley Farrells Grain Co. at 8:00 A.M. and

and headed for Wendover Nevada, through Salt Lake City to about 17th south and then west to Tooele, Grantsville, Lake Side and then that long straight stretch across the barren salt flats to Wendover. The time you arrived at Wendover depended on how the road was and how much head wind there was. I have driven across that barren stretch most of the way in second gear. One trip a front wheel bearing burned out at Centerville and made us run late. Another trip, being alone I had a rear tire go flat, in the middle of the barren salt flats, after dark. A passing vehicle was a rare thing at night in those days. I had the equipment to change to the spare wheel, but first the jack wouldn't raise the heavy load high enough to get the wheel off, so I used my trusty pick and shovel and dug out under the tire enough to change the wheel. If we didn't have time to make it to a sheep camp, we stayed at the Railroad Hotel, the largest part of Wendover at that time. I don't know which was the best place to stay, at the hotel or the sheep camp. At the camp it was three in the bed and one on the end gate of the truck placed across the benches near the stove. At the hotel, the rail road tracks were parallel to the building, and several trains during the night high-balled through, heading west. The Engineer was making a good run at a hill west of Wendover, some passenger trains and some freights. The freights rarely stopped and when they went by it just about vibrated you out of bed.

We had a relief herder with us on one trip and Father and I slept in the back of the truck with a canvas pulled over us. The temperature dropped down to 30° below zero that night, but our bed roll was always prepared for such an emergency. The next morning we had to pull the truck with the camp team to get it started. Being out in the wilderness a great part of the time it was necessary to keep the truck in tip top shape. Father always went with me when taking supplies to the camps in Nevada. He knew where the herds would be. I had to load the truck so each camp would get his right order. There had to be enough oats to feed the horses for two weeks. One problem was carrying three five gallon cans of kerosene for the camp lamps and lanterns over those rough roads and not get any oil on the groceries and grain. The camp tender used some of the oil to start fires in the camp stove. The Basq herders usually gathered some pitch pine branches during the summer, and took it with them for making fires in the winter.

There was times we didn't have to take the truck and a load, so went with Father in the Company car to check on the operation. One late afternoon we left Connor Springs Ranch for home, the roads were snow packed and a high wind blowing, causing small drifts of snow to

form across the road. We were cruising along with no problems from the small drifts forming in the road through the slough area west of Little Mountain. Just as we passed through a small cut at the edge of the slough a larger drift loomed up in front of us which caused the snow to fly up over the windshield and the packed snow pulled the car off the road into the deep barrow pit. We were really buried in the snow; shoveling didn't help very much.

There was a sheep herd at Little Mountain, so Father walked over to the camp and got the herder to bring his team of horses to see if he could pull us out. The team wasn't very good to pull, so didn't even budge the car. There was nothing else to do but walk back to Connor Springs Ranch and get help. There was no passing cars, so Father insisted he go for help, having to walk in a blizzard over five miles to the ranch. In about two hours he returned with Gene Miller, foreman of the ranch and two men and two teams of horses. They led the horses behind Genes car. Those good horses had to get down and pull to get the car out.

We were soon on our way, but more trouble developed, the car sputtered and stopped about half way through Corinne. It finally started again but kept sputtering as we nursed it into Brigham City. Luckily the Buick garage was open all night. The mechanic soon found the problem. When the car went off the road some cold snow came up into the warm engine cracking the distributor cap. We were lucky to get to Brigham. It was 1:00 AM when we left Brigham City, but finally got home. I developed a bad cold from that ordeal. Father was tough, it didn't faze him.

We shoveld tons of snow that winter getting through snow drifts. We were snowed in for two says at one of the sheep camps in Steptoe Valley Nevada. It snowed about one foot that night on top of the already packed snow and then a high wind came up, making it impossible to see or move. The second day the sun came out and everything was so white you couldn't see where the road was. We made the first tracks along the highway, the only way I could tell the location of the road was by judging the distance it was from the telephone poles. It was about fifty miles to Wendover and we didn't meet any traffic until about twenty miles west of Wendover. The traffic was stalled there because the cuts through the hills for the road were drifted full of snow. They were waiting for a snow blower from Salt Lake City to open up the cuts. Father said lets go up the ridges and around the cuts, which we did with much snow shoveling through the barrow pits.

That new Reo Speed Wagon was a good snow going truck, with oversized tires, single wheels with heary duty chains and two good pilots.

We made it into Wendover to the hotel just before dark, but Father was snow blind from being in the bright sun and snow all day. I had to lead him to the hotel. We packed his eyes with wet tea leaves that night. The next morning he could see again, so he bought some dark glasses, and we headed for Eden and more feed.

The next day we headed for Promotory to check on the sheep and cattle there. The road over Promotory pass was closed and the rail road was closed on the pass also, because two engines were trying to open up the tracks, when the head engine jumped the tracks and tipped over down the hill killing the Engineer of the lead engine.

We had to ride horse back from Connor Springs Ranch to the Browns Ranch (Fort Ranch) about twenty miles. This was a long cold ride and about half the distance through deep snow, breaking the trail.

There were two herds of sheep snowed in on the north end of Promotory and Rozel flats. Father had the camp mover cut a huge cedar tree and drag it by team making a trail for the sheep to fallow. The snow was too deep for the sheep to travel without help. The sheep were moved to Browns Ranch where there was stacked wild hay and less snow. Father always kept an old house at Rozel Rail Road station filled with corn just for these kinds of emergencies. This was the winter most of the wild horses died from starvation on the Promotory mountain range, and many on the Nevada desert.

The next few days we were back in Nevada with more corn for the snowed in sheep there. I couldn't haul corn fast enough by truck to the Nevada herds, so Father had a rail road car full of corn shipped to Wendover and put on a siding so we could haul to the sheep from there. Many sheep men begged Father for some of that corn, because their sheep were dying for lack of feed. Father let them have what he could spare. This was during the great depression and sheep men were in trouble financially also. When we left the rail road by truck, loaded with corn, about eight or ten small trucks followed us as we broke a road through the deep snow out to the sheep on the desert.

The experiences I had with Father have become more than priceless over the years. He was a great teacher. During the ten year period I worked for Brownings, I had a host of different experiences. Father bought thousands of tons of hay through out the Penrose, Thatcher, Boswell, Tremonton and Corinne area. He carried a Company check book and paid for the hay as he measured it. He gave advance payment to those who needed it before the hay became settled in the stack for measurement. I helped Father with the monthly pay roll which included

about seventy five regular men, sheep herders, cowboys, and ranch operators. Durning lambing season and haying time, the pay-roll doubled. Father usually wrote pay checks for the part time workdrs.

It was interesting to me to watch what happened durning the ten year period I worked for Brownings. Young Matt Browning wanted to learn the Ranching Business, so Claude and I benefited from Father by listing and observing while Matt was being taught.

The great depression was on and money was very tight, making it almost impossible to borrow money. Fat cattle sold for four cents per pound on the hoof and lambs about six cents. The government paid twenty dollars per head for cows, but they had to be destroyed.

Father run a tight operation, and Marriner Browning said they kept out of the red and soon had a profit, instead of losing money, as durning Chet Walkers time. Father operated the Company without using Foremen which eliminated overhead and much jealousy.

Matt Browning didn't like sheep and wanted to run just cattle. Father pointed out to him, that it was necessary to run sheep to more fully utilize all the range land. Sheep could range into the steep canyons and feed for a couple of days before coming into water. Cattle didn't graze these hard to reach places and watered daily. It was an old time notion sheep and cattle were not compatible on the range. This notion goes back to the old days of the west when cattle and sheep men were at war with each other, many losing their lives. Durning the period Father supervised the Company, Brownings run five thousand cattle and about thirty thousand sheep.

There is always something that needs attention in a large livestock operation. It was a feat to move that many sheep and cattle from the winter range in Box Elder County to the summer range in Cache and Weber County, and in the fall back to the winter range.

Until the Taylor Grazing Act was passed by the government curtailing grazing on government land, three herds of sheep were taken into Nevada and grazed as far south as the Ibapauh Indian Reservation. This free grazing was a benefit for the livestock industry. Many small operators could use government land both summer and winter. If there was the right amount of snow on the desert the sheep did very well, because the snow supplied enough moisture the sheep didn't need water. But if it was a dry year and very little snow the sheep suffered from lack of water, and it would become necessary to haul water by tank and water them in troughs. The winter of 1931-32 saw many small sheep outfits leave the winter range with only their horses and sheep wagon, their

sheep had all died from starvation, the snow being too deep and feed too expensive and too difficult to transport to save the sheep.

Shearing time in the spring was a busy time and was accomplished at Rozel, near the winter range, Four-Mile and Eden ranches, near the summer ranges. It depended on the weather and type of spring each year as to where the shearing was done. If it was an open spring, the shearing was done at Rozel, and if the spring was late, the shearing was done at Four-Mile and Eden after lambing was completed. After shearing, the sheep had to be branded again. This had to be repeated in the fall because the brands became faint from the sheep being in the brush and tall vegetation during the summer.

It was an interesting process to watch the shearing of over fifteen thousand ewes. Enios Marriot was a shearing contractor who did all of Brownings shearing. He furnished about twenty professional sheep-shearers and the machinery to do the job. The shearing sheds and corrals were permanent structures at Rozel and Four-mile with rafters to support the machinery and canvas covering. With ten shearers on each side of the building there had to be pens for incoming sheep and outgoing sheared sheep. The company had a man counting the sheep sheared by each shearer. A fast shearer could shear one hundred or more per day. The wool was bagged in three hundred pound burlap bags and stacked for shipment. There was a high stand that held the sacks so a man could tramp the wool so it was compressed. It was a big day with a large crew to load the wool into rail road cars headed for Boston, the best wool market. Sometimes the wool was routed to the west coast and transferred to ship, to be shipped by way of the Panama canal to Boston. It was cheaper this way and the wool took on moisture from being on the sea.

There was a shearing shed at the Eden Ranch also. Some years the stormy spring weather made it necessary to shear after lambing. There were usually two herds lambing at Eden. These herds were trailed from Connor Springs to Brigham City to Ogden, and up Ogden Canyon to Eden. There were a great many herds of sheep trailed up and down Ogden Canyon. Some of the sheep men coming this way were, Collard, Green, Anderson, Byrom, Swan, Marriot, Churnes, Cobabe, Davis and others.

If it was a late spring and the snow was slow in going, the sheep had to be held back from the summer range as long as possible. Brownings always planned to start lambing the fifth of May, and some years the feed was sparse on the lambing ground, which was the lower slopes of the mountains. I have seen snow storms come the first part of May, killing many lambs at birth. If a lamb can get up and nurse, it has a good chance to survive. If the mother has not been sheared the lamb has

a more difficult time in finding his dinner. It is best to shear before lambing, but there is a risk, especially if a cold storm comes up right after shearing; the ewes being heavy with lamb and the loss of their winter coat, become chilled and sometimes many die.

Spring is a welcomed time for the livestock man, but wet cold weather is a hazard. Mud was my worst problem; the supplies and feed had to be taken to the camp outfits regardless of the weather. While the snow was melting the roads became very soft and muddy. Many times during these periods I loaded the truck in the evening and left about 2:00 A.M. in the morning so I could get to the camps and back to graveled roads before the sun melted the frost from the ground. It was common to put the tire chains on two or three times a day. They were heavy chains so I couldn't travel very well on hard surfaced roads. Several times the road gave way and I became stuck. The only way to get out was unload and shovel, and carry sage brush to make a road to high ground. Contending with the weather is always a challenge to Livestock Ranchers and Farmers. It was a race with time when the snow was late going. Father sometimes had two herds at a time on the road just a few days before lambing, one herd going up Ogden Canyon and the other going up Brigham Canyon. It was my job to follow these herds and pick up the ewes and lambs dropped on the trail. When I got a load, I headed for the ranch the herd was going to, and unloaded the lambs and their mothers in a corral and headed for the other herd. While I was on the road one of the herders loaded the mothers and lambs in the wagon pulled behind the camp wagon until I got back. This wagon was called the maternity wagon for the time being. Shed lambing was carried on for a few years, lambing in March and April. The shearing sheds were utilized for this operation. The early lambs brought a higher price, but the Company discontinued shed lambing as it wasn't that profitable.

Cattle being Matt Brownings favorite hobby, the cattle herd was increased requiring more cowboys and horses.

I was kept busy and wasn't much interested in night life, having the convenience of living at home with my parents. Father and Mother had rented the farm to Rulon and Nana Folkman, and we were able to rent Chloe Fullers home in Eden, two and one half blocks from the J.M. Wilbur & Son Blacksmith shop, where I parked the truck inside during the winter. I was able to play basket-ball with the M.Men team that winter and had a good time. Just before Christmas one late afternoon, Orlo Carver and Ralph Clarke stopped by and asked me if I wanted to go to Ogden with them to a dance at the White City Ball Room. This ball room was an outstanding entertainment center for the area north of

Salt Lake City. I hadn't been much for dancing and wasn't too excited, but with a little persuasion and having asked my Parents opinion, I decided to go. That was a turning point in my life. There were hundreds of people at the White City ball room and in those days, and it was the custom to exchange dance partners. The popular girls usually had their dance card full by intermission. Young people from all over Weber County came to the White City. I was fortunate to see Erma Shaw at this dance, and after a dance and renewing our acquaintance from high school, I asked Erma for a date for the next Saturday night. Orlo and Ralph had dates with girls from the town of Willard, Ralph, (Ike) Eliza Harding, and Orlo, Robertta Nicholos.

We made a lot of trips to Willard from then on, sometimes to Willard to get the girls and back to Eden to a dance, then stopping in Ogden for something to eat and back to Willard. This made a long but enjoyable evening. It took Orlo longer to say good night than Ralph and I. We usually dropped Erma off at her home in Pleasant View before going on to Willard. Ralph and I were always after Orlo to hurry up in his good night kiss, because it was cold waiting in the car. We really had a fun time during our courting days. There was a lot of miles put on our Parents cars, making those trips to Pleasant View and Willard. Gas was 23 to 25 ¢ per gal. and oil 10 to 15 ¢ per quart. A good meal cost 35¢ and a hamburger 5 ¢ . There was always good dances going on throughout the County. The White City was the most popular and they gave a new car away, about every six months. A new car could be bought for less than 1000 dollars, a Chev or Ford for around \$ 600 dollars. Dances were more fun in those days, because it was customary to dance with a different girl each dance.

Ralph ended marrying Eliza Harding, and Orlo lost out, his girl later married Lewis Storey from North Ogden. I courted Erma a bit over one year before asking her to marry me. After she consented we took her Parents for a ride one Sunday afternoon and I asked their permission to marry their daughter.

Erma and I started out with an Eternal Marriage. We were married in the Logan Temple, the 20 July 1933. We took a one week honey moon through Yellow Stone National Park. Our first night was spent at the Bannock Hotel, Idaho Falls Idaho. The next day we traveled to Driggs Idaho and over the Teton pass and into the park. The roads were gravel but well kept. It was really a beautiful sight and view over the pass, but breath taking looking down from the many switch backs. Our first night in the park was spent at Old Faithful in a log cabin. Erma cooked our first breakfast on a wood burning cook stove. The next day we went

fishing in a row boat at Fishing Bridge, but caught only one fish. That night we went to the bear feeding station at Old Faithful camp ground and watched the grizzly bears come into the feeding grounds, just before dark. A Ranger was there explaining the habits of the bears to the crowd of people setting behind a fenced area. The Ranger had many of the bears named. It was an exciting sight to see those large Grizzlies meander into the arena where the garbage was deposited from the park camp areas. There was several fights between the bears over their choice of garbage. We spent one night at Mammoth Hot Springs and did a lot of swimming. The side trips through the park was enjoyable, the huge water falls and the scenery was fantastic and there was so many wild animals to see. The black bears were along the side of the roads all through the park, begging for food. It was beautiful weather, and a trip to be remembered.

The week of our fiftieth wedding anniversary we returned over the the same route we had taken fifty years ago, but traveled from the west gate of the park to Cody Wyoming. and stayed there one night and visited the Cody museum the next day. This was a very interesting trip, as things had really changed in fifty years. The roads were so much better and the bears had disappeared and there were more people every where.

After our honey moon trip we came back to Eden and lived in a sheep camp wagon I had cleaned up and painted and parked under a huge shade tree close by my Parents home. We lived in this sheep camp until fall, when my folks moved to Ogden for the winter, and we moved into the home. Erma traveled with me in the truck to most of the places I had been to carry on my job.

After the hard winter of 1931-32 we had a drough winter and summer. The fall of 1934 was so dry the springs in the mountains began to dry up. The cattle were gathered early and put in the large fields at the Eden Ranch. There was a short supply of water in the fields, as the springs had dried and the water from Gertesen Canyon wasn't reaching the ranch. We dug out all the springs the best we could to develope as much water as possible. As we were doing this above the High Farrell medows, I walked up the hill a few rods to a formally wet spot, to a lone white willow bush and probed under the roots. When I forced the crow bar about its full length into the pete moss soil, a stream of water gushed out along the bar. By installing a two inch pipe and a number of large watering troughs the cattle had sufficient water.

Everything seemed to be alright while getting ready to wean the calves, when all of a sudden, calves started to die. A Veterinarian was called in and he declared an epidemic of black leg. Calves were

dying like flies, and it was the largest and the fattest calves that were dying. Father immediately prepared to move the cattle to the Connor Springs Ranch. At that time the best route was over the North Ogden divide to the hot springs at the Weber-Box Elder line.

That was a large herd to move all at once; all the available Cowboys were hired to help. I had gone ahead and rented a field from Roy McKay just beyond the County line. It was starting to get dark while going through North Ogden, but was dark before we got through Pleasant View. We hung two kerosene lanterns on the rear of the commissary wagon and I followed a short distance behind in the truck and hoped the traffic would slow up. The main highway was through North Ogden and Pleasant View, but the traffic was light in those days. Everything was going all right until a Utah-Idaho Central bus came barreling through and crashed into the rear of the herd. It didn't seem like he even applied the brakes, but one yearling heifer went under the bus bringing it to a stop. The impact killed several cattle, and mostly bulls as they were some of the stragglers. One critter came up over the fender and slid along the side of the bus, breaking out the windows. The herd had to be kept on the move, because it was still about a mile to the stop over field. There was a lot of excitement for a while, but no one was injured, and a bus was called out from Ogden to take the passengers on their way.

We finally reached the field, and as the cattle filed from the highway into the field, they bunched up, blocking the highway. I parked the truck a good distance up the road, and with a red handkerchief wrapped around a kerosene lantern, tried to stop the traffic. Some cars stopped, but others just sped on, until that sea of cow eyes showed up in their car lights, then they came to a screeching stop. There were no other accidents that night. The calves stopped dying the minute they started to move from the environment of a contaminated field. The black leg spore lives in the ground and its cycle was not understood. It was comical when it came to settling for the damages of that wreck. The Brownings owned both the cattle and the Utah-Idaho Central Bus line, so the losers were the insurance companies.

That fall Erma and I rented an apartment in Ogden, close to the Goodrich Tire Company Garage, Washington Avenue, between 26 th and 27 th street, where I parked the truck. Browning Chev Garage was across the street. We lived in the Washington Arms Apartment up stairs next to the Chev Garage. We soon found out the apartment was infested with bed bugs, so moved to another apartment on 26 th and Grant Avenue. A three room apartment unfurnished could be rented for twenty to thirty dollars per month.

The next spring the family that was cooking at the Eden Ranch moved, so Father asked Erma and I, if we wanted to move into the Eden Ranch house, and Erma cook for the men. We accepted, but it intailed a lot of work. There was always three to twenty men to cook for seven days a week. Durning the haying season there was up to twenty five men and always no less than three. There was always the irrigator and a line rider and anyone that dropped in. Matt Browning ate there many times durning the summer and Father also dropped in for dinner often.

There was no water at the Ranch house, no refrigeration and I had to cut wood with an ax to cook with. The water had to be hauled to the house from a spring a good block below the house in a fifty gallon wooden barrel mounted on a skid drawn by a horse. There was always a cow to mild for cream and milk for table use.

Breakfast was 6:00 AM sharp, dinner 12:00 and supper 6:30 PM so the men could start work at 7:00 AM. There was a steel triangle hanging from the edge of the porch and this was struck several times, calling the men to meals. The bunk house was about one hundred yards east of the ranch house.

The first thing I did to improve things was install a faucet in two fifty gal. galvanized barrels and built a platform on the north side of the house, the height of the truck bed, so I could haul the water from the spring in the truck I drove, and unload the barrels on the platform, so water could be drawn from the faucets instead of dipping the water from the barrels. I also made a screen covered box with a door, and covered it with burlap and mounted a bucket with a small hole in the bottom so a small amount of water dripped onto the burlap, keeping it wet. This keep the butter from melting and the milk sweet for one day to the next. I found and purchased a electric cream separator and separated the milk every morning for table use. This saved putting the milk in pans and sitting over night so the cream could be skimmed for use. I had to butcher a mutton once a week for fresh meat. Beef was available durning the winter months. The commissary was next door which made it convenient for canned goods, dried fruits etc.

Durning the haying season it required extra help to cook for so many men, so Ermas sister Phylis helped the first season. The first year cooking at the Ranch was a new experience, and hard work. That winter Erma cooked for two men, Claude Staples and Berk Thompson who fed six hundred yearling steers at Eden. The hay was hauled by bob sleigh and hay rack from large stacks of loose hay. The hay was difficult to pull from the stacks as it was compressed from the weight of so much hay. The cattle were fed twice a day, early in the morning at the break of day light and again at early evening. The snow was deep and the

weather cold, so it took a lot of feed to keep the cattle healthy and growing. It was a common occurrence to have someone drop in for the noon meal especially Father who was looking after the operation. When the weather was good, Erma sometimes prepared dinner and let Claude and Berk serve themselves, while she accompanied me on some of my trips to the Ranches and sheep camps.

We cooked at the Eden Ranch three summers, and the last summer moved to Ogden that winter and lived in an apartment, where we enjoyed central heating and the inside toilet and bath.

A good forty acre farm came up for sale at Penrose Utah, and having saved some money, we decided to buy this farm. It was on the main highway and near the Connor Springs Ranch and had a good water right.

Mr Lorenzo Anderson who lived in Brigham City was anxious to sell this farm, as his wife had just died. We made a good down payment and Mr Anderson carried the note. I was able to rent the forty acres to Perry Stanfield, who owned a farm to the west of our place. He plowed it all in one piece and changed the ditches so it watered from the head ditch and one through the center, making two twenty acre plots, which was a good arrangement. He planted it all into alfalfa, getting an excellent stand, which lasted for all the time we owned the place. He sold all his surplus hay to the Brownings (Bar B Company).

Mr Anderson didn't approach me for more money, but sold the note to Mr Dick Davis an attorney in Brigham City. We finished paying for the land to Mr Davis.

In March 1937, Erma went to Medesto California to take care of her Mother after the birth of Sherell. She was gone for a month, which seemed like a long time to me. I missed her and was glad when she came home. During that period I almost met my demise. I was staying at the Connor Springs Ranch while the calves were being branded and dehorned and vaccinated. While driving the calves; they were almost yearlings now, into the corral, one critter broke back and tried to get away. It came by me so I took after it to put it back into the herd. I was riding a green broke horse and as we out ran the critter and went to turn it back toward the herd my horse run into the critter and fell over its back. The last thing I remembered was flying through the air. The next thing I remembered was looking for my horse. The witness, Father and others said I landed clear of the horse, but his hind parts came over and landed on me knocking me out for a moment. That put me out of commission for awhile. The next day Father took me to Ogden, to the company Doctor for xrays. There seemed to be no broken bones, but the ligaments in my left knee was damaged and the muscles

in my right shoulder pulled. The Doctor put my knee in a cast so I could't bend it.

I got over this crash before Erma got home. Later years after an xray a Doctor told me I had a crack in the post of my neck, where the head fastens to the body. He said my neck had almost been broken at some time. I was able to drive the truck with the cast, even though I could't bend my left knee.

April 4, 1938 was a blessed event in our lives, as we had been looking forward for the birth of our first child, and we were overjoyed when a son was born. He had a struggle getting here, but we were grateful all was well. I had the privilege of being at Ermas side during the birth process. This was a great change in our lives, there was no pampers in those days and we didn't own a washing machine.

The first thing Father did was buy his first Grand-Child a pinto Shetland pony colt and a saddle. We lived in Father and Mothers home that winter, with no central heating, but Max stayed healthy all winter. Claude and his first wife Myrtle Darney Staples lived in a trailer next door. They had no children so Max got an over supply of attention.

With the beginning of a family, one reviews his commitment to responsibility and his goals. One needs to act in a manner that his children would respect and feel a need to fallow. We wanted to plan for something we could call our own hame. We hadn't owned a car up until then, because the truck I drove supplied us our transportation unless we went out on the town. Father was gracious with his car and encouraged us to use it. Horace Jeppenson, one of Brownings workers had bought a Plymouth coupe and couldn't pay for it, so I bought it from him for \$600 dollars. It was almost new and turned out to be a good car, and we really enjoyed it.

In the fall of 1939, to our surprise Louis Jones put his place up for sale, consisting of thirty acres and a fairly new home. He wanted five thousand dollars total, but cash for his equity. There was a loan for two thousand dollars on the property with the Federal Land Bank at four percent interest and twenty years to pay. We had saved \$2500.00 dollars so needed \$500.00 to close the deal. It was difficult to borrow money during those days. I went to the First Security Bank, where I knew one of the Bankers, for a \$500.00 dollar loan. He said he knew Father and would loan me the money if Father would co-sign the note with me. Father agreed and we got the money and bought the place.

This was my first learning experience in dealing with banks, the title companies and abstracts. We were able to assume the Federal Land Bank note. This was indeed a happy day for Erma and me, to have our

own home and farm. The home was modern with a furnace and central heating, which made it delux living for us. We were used to out side toilets, bathing in a tin tub and washing dishes in a dish pan.

The place needed a good cleaning, so we really scoured the place from top to bottom, by taking out the linoleum and sanding the floors through out the house. After cleaning and painting the inside, we installed venetian blinds, new linoleum and rugs. It was almost like moving into a new home. There was no lawn or trees around the house, so we had to start a beautification project.

As it became colder, we really enjoyed the furnace, and plenty of hot water. We had a problem keeping the heat uniform.

Everything was going fine until one morning Max woke up with the croup, he had a fever and his breathing continued to become more difficult. We became worried, so about noon we bundled him up and took him to Mothers place in Ogden and called Doctor Smith, who was our baby Doctor. His office being near by, he made a house call with in the hour, and his diagnosis was a membrane croup which causes a swelling in the throat, and could be very critical. Max was really having a difficult time to breath. The Doctor told us to immediately get some benzene crystals, a hot plate and tea kettle and put a sheet over his crib so the steam from the tea kettle would keep moist steam and air in the crib. It didn't take us very long to get this accomplished. The Doctor said he would be back in two or three hours to check on him. He said that if Max got worse he would have to take him to the hospital and insert a tube in his throat and a nurse would have to be with him continuously, to keep the tube clear of mucous. The chances of survival for an enfant that age was slim. We felt devastated, but Mother said she would call Brother Keller of the Ogden Stake High Council, a friend of hers to administer to Max. He worked as an accountant for the Ben Lomand Hotel which was close by, so he came right over. Mother always had a bottle of consecrated olive oil in her home. Brother Keller asked me if I was an Elder, and I told him I was, so he handed me the oil and asked me to annoint Max. I had never performed this ordance before and told him I didn't know how. He said that alright I'll show you how. I had to repeat the prayer after him. After the annointing we both layed our hands on Max's head and Brother Keller sealed the annointing. That gave us a lot of confidence.

It would be an hour or so before the Doctor would be back, so I decided I would hurry back to Eden and do the chores and come back to Ogden for the night. I had some time to do some serious thinking while traveling to Eden. When I got there I went to the bedroom and knelt

in earnest prayer. I promised the Lord if He would pull Max through this ordeal I would devote the rest of my life to helping build His Kingdom. When I arrived back to Ogden and Mothers home, Max had improved considerable, and by the time the Doctor came back to check on Max, his breathing had improved enough the Doctor said he wouldn't have to be taken to the hospital, but said to keep him in the steam tent.

The next morning Max wanted to get up. He had improved so much we took him home the next day. We were really thankful.

That spring I was still working for the Bar-B-Company, so we rented our farm land to Glen Fuller our neighbor boy. He was a ambitious young man and planted potatoes the first year. He raised a good crop, but his brother Jack lost the end of his index finger in the potatoe planter. Potatoes is not only hard work, but the price was cheap that fall, so Glen wanted me to take potatoes for rent payment, which I did. There was a room in the basement with a window to the outside, so we filled the room through the window. I sold the potatoes that winter to Earl Wilbur, who owned a grocery store. We did well on the potatoes.

There was one cow and one horse that came with the place, but the horse was hard to catch and balky, so I sold her. The cow was gentle, so we kept her for a family mild cow. We kept Max's shetland pony in the barn and corral with the cow that winter. He was becoming gentle and fun to work with. One morning when I did the chores he wouldn't eat and acted dumpy. The next day he wasn't any better, so we called the Veterinerian. He said the pony had been poisoned, probably lead poisoning. He asked if he had access to any paint. We looked around, and sure enough there was a one gallon paint can that had been discarded against the barn. The pony had reached through the fence and licked enough paint to poison himself. He died in a few days.

The winter before, we let him winter with the saddle horses, sheep camp pack horses that were not used durning the winter. He became notorious, because he was the boss of the hay mangers. If a horse challenged him, he started kicking, and being so small he would kick the horses in the stomach, putting them on the retreat. Connor Springs Ranch, due to the warmer weather and plenty of spring water the horses were fed there.

The spring of 1940 was a dramatic year in our lives. The Brownings had decided Matt Browning had learned enough about ranching to take over the managment of the Bar-B- Company. Father had taught him well over the years. When Marriner Browning solicited Father to be Superintendent for them, we were improving up on our homestead. Our cattle herd had increased, so the homestead land worked real well with our eighty acre farm to raise feed for the cattle in the winter. If Father went to work

hours spent ~~so far~~ 54 years on case under
remember sheets DAD

- (1) Bonding w/ DAD - Group. Page 55
- (2) Taught me how serve the Lord
Served faithfully. 7th Comm 1943
Bishop 1961-1967
- (3) Taught me to work -
Barking on 4th July, 14 rangers vs Bantall
- (4) Learn to love Bros & Sis later age
- (5) Prayer we can set around a table
- 200 years from now

for then, it was agreed between Marriner and Father that the Bar-B-Company would run our farm along with their Eden Ranch and let our cattle run with theirs. It was agreed that we could maintain about 120 head. Fathers brand was /S , lazy bar S . mine was rafter S and Claudes /S was lazy bar S bar. This arrangement had worked out satisfactory for the ten years I worked with Father for the Browning company.

When Brownings announced Matt was taking over the management of the company, Father was informed that his and my services were no longer needed. It come all at once, and without any indication of any change. We were given two weeks to separate our cattle from theirs and make any necessary transformation. Marriner insisted Father sell them our home-
stead. I objected to this but Father let them have it for what they offered, five thousand dollars. Any one acre would bring \$5000 to day. We never knew why the sudden change, but Marriner after seeing our cattle after they were separated from theirs, commented to Father, is that all the cattle you have. We came to the conclusion, Brownings must have thought we were running more cattle than was agreed upon. Marriner Browning, when he asked Father to take over the management of of the company, told Father they would buy him a nice cattle ranch, when it came time for him to retire from the company in behalf of his devoted efforts, service and expertise in their behalf. The only compensation they gave Father was the Chev coupe he drove for the company, and it was about worn out. The would be ranch was not mentioned.

It was indeed a blow to Father, for the rug being jerked out from under him after over forty years service to that Livestock Company. It was a sudden blow to me, but it turned out to be a blessing to get away from a seven days a week job.

I went to running our farms and Father run his. I rented Arthur Stallings farm of thirty acres and the Penrose place. I had to hire a man in Penrose to irrigate. I bought a Oliver 60 Tractor and mower and Arthur Stallings let me use his baler to bale my hay. I think the reason Arthur rented me his farm was because the alfalfa was depleted. I plowed the whole place and planted it into oats. It was a fairly good place to irrigate, so I had a bumper crop of oats. We got a wind and rain storm just before the oats ripened, and the heavy storm and wind layed the crop down in every direction. I couldn't get any one to cut the oats with a binder, because they were laying down so bad. There were no combinds available in the valley; in fact the threshing machine was mostly used in harvesting grain. I scouted about in the lower valley for a tractor drawn combind, couldn't find one. Doctor Frank Wikstrom

was our Doctor, and I was telling him about our plight. He laughed and said let me sell you a combind. He had taken a small International combind in on a bill. It was only a four and one half foot cut, but was just the right size for my tractor. It hadn't been used very much, so I bought it. This was a new experience operating a combind.

It was our salvation to get this thirty acres of oats harvested. I had to drive in low gear and cut going one way to pick up the grain. This took twice as long to do the job. Considering, the harvest turned out real good, over seventy bushel to the acre. Reed white Grain Co. bought the oats sacked in the field. The combind had a platform for the grain to be sacked and the bags sewed.

Arthur Stallings said he wanted to run his place next year, because he thought I had made to much money that year. I used Arts truck and baler to harvest the hay at Penrose. I hauled the tractor on the truck and towed the baler. I purchased a curler attachment for the mower knife that curled the hay in a row, instead of raking it. This worked very well at Penrose because the hay cured faster at Penrose than at Eden. I sold the hay to Ernest Eging in Slaterville, he had a large dairy herd of Jersey pure bred cows, and bottled the milk there. I was able to hire Evan Brown with his truck and with Arthur Stallings truck, we hauled the hay to Slaterville and stacked it in Ekins barn.

A young man from Penrose wanted to buy our forty acres in Penrose, so the next year we sold it to him, with a \$650.00 dollar profit.

Working for yourself was a pleasure, but more challenging. Farming and ranching is not a easy life, but has its many rewards. Learning to work, being able to breath good clean air, and enjoy the sunshine, although the sun gets very hot while working in the fields or the garden durning the heat of the day. It is great to enjoy the great outdoors, with the streams, the swimming holes, the fishing, hunting, and raising animals, working with good old Mother Earth, plowing, harrowing, leveling, irrigating, raising crops for food and to sell for a lively-hood. Its a hard life, but a soul rewarding one. You seem to live closer to God in being envolved with His creations.

It seems a farmer or rancher never has enough captial to keep operating, so it is necessary to borrow money for machinery, seed, fuel etc. We had been used to a monthly check for the last ten years. When the harvest was over and the crops sold, it seemed there was just enough money to make the machinery and land payments, but not much money to live on durning the winter, so I looked for a job for the winter months.

The first part time job I got was the fall of 1941 at the Ogden

Ordance Depot Clearfield, a temporary job for thirty days, loading five hundred pound bombs and cannon projectils headed for England. United States wasn't at war then, but Hitler was invading Europe and we were shipping arms to England. After thirty days I was terminated, but jobs were becoming more plentiful because of the war prospects. Amalgamated Sugar Company was hiring men, so I went to work for them, with Gainer Bachman and Arthur Fuller at Wilson-Lane ware house, where sugar was stored in huge stacks of one hundred pound burlap and cotton bags. The sugar came by rail, still warm, from the Layton and Northern Utah sugar factories. This was hard work, but lasted only durning the beet harvest and factory runs.

This was where I got my Social Security number, because durning the ten years I worked for Brownings they didn't pay into Social Security for their employees. Civil Service advertised for heavy duty truck drivers, so I applied, filling out the necessary papers. In about two weeks I was called to report to work at The Utah General Depot, which was just being built. There were four drivers hired from the Civil Service Regester at this time. I was glad to get this job and get off that sugar stacking job. The sugar company was paying forty cents per hour, and the truck driver job paid eighty cents per hour, that was good pay in those days. We were paid by the United States Quarter-Master to start out, but after the United States of America got into World War Two, we were transfered to the United States Corps of Engineers, with Lt. Elmer Ward from Willard Utah, as our Army Supervisor.

I was assigned to a fairly new two and one half ton G.M.C. dump truck for a few months, until the truck boss found out I was hired as a heavy duty truck driver from the civil service regester, he re-assigned me to an older five ton White dump truck. I drove this truck durning the time the Utah General Depot was being built.

War broke out with Japan and we were in World War Two. Sometimes we worked seven days a week and twelve hours per day. We received overtime for all over eight hours and overtime Saturdays and Sundays. I was getting up at 4:00 AM and milking four cows and sending the milk to the Weber Central Dairy, and operating the farm. I irrigated at night and Erma changed the water in the day time. The money was rolling in, and we soon paid off our morgage to the Federal Land Bank and bought a new 1942 Chev Two Door sedan, but had to get it through the black market, because the government had frozen the sale of new cars. We needed a new car even though we had to pay a premium for it. The Government had frozen the sale of all new vehicles and farm tractors, and rationed them. They also rationed gas, food and about everything

essential to the war effort. Because we had a tractor and operated a farm and drove to a defence job we had plenty gas ration tickets.

We were doing good but working hard, Erma always prepared a good breakfast for me and a lunch bucket full of good sandwiches and cookies and a thermo full of milk. I had to leave for work by 6:00 AM to be on the job by 7:00 AM.

We recieved a special blessing May 20, 1942, Erma gave birth to a lovely baby girl, everything went fine. Connie surely was the Sun-Shine of our lives. We were attending church regularly and enjoyed it. I had been called to be a counselor to George Ferriin, President of the Fifth Quorum of Elders in the Eden Ward, and a Sunday School teacher. Soon after that I was called to be President of this Quorum, 1941, as George had moved to Wilson Lane.

That was the beginning of a great experience, and a challenging one. It was also the beginning of many trips to Ogden, to the Ogden Stake Center. The Ogden Fourth Ward Chapel was the Stake Center for Ogden Valley, all the wards from Washington Avenue East to the foot hills and Twenty Fourth Street North to and including North Ogden and Pleasant View. The Lord must have taken me for my word, from my commitment when Max was sick, so he was giving me an opportunity to serve. There was a Stake leadership meeting in Ogden each month, which included all the ward and stake leadership. The Elder Ouorums of the Stake had an assignment at the Dee Hospital to administer to the sich each month. This was indeed a learning experience.

I was beginning to feel comfortable in my calling, when one Saturday I went over to the Fuller Mercantile store to get some epon salts or raw linseed oil for a sick cow. Leonard Fuller was the store owner and President of the Seventies Ouorum. He didn't have any of the things I needed, so I started to kid him about; what kind of a country store was he operating and was rather peristent in telling him. He said " I'll take the wind out of your sails. I have been called to be Bishop of the Eden ward and want you to be my second Counselor." He did take the wind out of my sails, I couldn't say a word for a few moments.

Samuel G. Dye, President of the Ogden Stake soon interviewed me and later 23 Jan. 1943 I was ordained a High Priest and set apart as second Counselor to Bishop Leonard Fuller of the Eden Ward by Elder Thomas E, McKay and J. Pierce Graham was set apart as first Counselor.

I'll never forget the first Sacrement Meeting I had to get a program for and conduct the meeting. I was scared beyond words and had a hard time to get them to come out. This was a great experience, Erma and I were thirty years old and had a lot to learn. Bishop and

his wife, Phyliss were just like parents to us. I received my Patriarchal blessing by Samuel Martin, 24 April 1944, which gave me motivation to never give up in my effort to serve the Lord.

The construction work in building the Utah General Depot was completed, so the U. S. Corp. of Engineers moved to another project. I didn't want to transfer, so resigned my job and just farmed that summer.

That fall I went out to the Depot and applied at the Motor Pool for a driving job. Arthur Fuller was a night dispatcher, so I asked for a swing shift and later got on the grave yard shift, which worked out good for me with my other commitments. This was an interesting job, driving bus, one and one half ton trucks, pickups and sedans. Troop trains were continually going through Ogden. We bused Military Police to and from the Depot to Ogden and hauled supplies for the troop trains. There were prisoners of war, Italain and Germans, who had to be transported around on the Depot.

When the war was over, there was a lot of lay offs. There was some job openings in the Ordance Supply Section, but mechanical experience was required. I took the written test and qualified as a mechanic helper, W.B. grade five. This was the beginning of a mechanical career with Civil Service. I had taken one year of Auto-Mechanics in High School, which helped me to pass this test. I liked this job which was a good learning experience. The war being over, a lot of equipment was being shipped back to Utah General Depot for processing, repairs and storage. There was a mass of equipment on about twenty acres of blacktop, stored in the south west corner of the Depot, next to the Marriott Ward Chapel.

Max was old enough to be a great help to his Parents. He helped his mother turn the water in the irrigation ditch when I was away. Connie was taking an interest in helping her Mother, and was a pleasant and cute little girl with long curls that bounced up and down as she skipped along.

Another exciting and happy day in our lives was April 23, 1946, when Dee, our third child blessed our home. Everything went well with the easiest birth Erma had gone through. Dee was born with white hair, long enough to be cut.

The Ogden Valley Soil Conservation District office was located in Huntsville under the direction of Leon Sorenson, and I was elected to be supervisor from the Eden area. We met once a week at night and planned the projects to be carried out. I leveled some of the land on the east side of our farm, costing \$236.00 . I served as a supervisor for ten years, receiving a Certificate of Award from the State Soil Conservation Committee, signed by Governor Clyde, and A.M. Jorgensen

committee chairman.

I was blessed with an attractive and hard working wife. Erma kept the house spotless and the kids clean and shining, and the yard clean and trimmed. We had leveled the yard and planted grass and many trees, and she always had a beautiful flower garden along side the vegetable garden. She bottled the vegetables and dried the corn after it had been cut from the cob. I always got a deer and she made and bottled mince meat for delicious pies, besides bottling peaches, pears, apricots and apples.

When spring came there was a lot of work to be done, so I quit my job and farmed that summer. That fall I went back to the Depot and tried to get back on my old job. The personnel department said they were not hiring. I didn't give up, so walked down the hall to the Ordnance Supply Office and to My suprise there sit the Major over the operation. He recognized me and asked what he could do for me. I told him I would like to go back to work for him. He said come on lets go, get in the jeep and I'll take you out to the shop and fill the paper work out later. I was lucky to get back on this job, so decided to apply for a permanent position. I liked our two Army Officers and the two shop foremen, and if you was willing to work and learn, they helped you to get ahead. I soon become a Junior Mechanic W.B. grade eight and sometime later W.B. twelve with a permanent status.

Everything was going fine until a disaster struck the Ordnance Supply Section. The painters had put some cans of paint to close to the furnace and they exploded and set the whole processing shed on fire. All that was left was the repair shop. The Army Brass decided to close down the Ogden operation and send all the vehicles to the Tooele Depot. Our shop needed inspectors to fill out the paper work and inspect the vehicles for transfer. Walter Burnham and I were sent to the Ogden Arsenal for two weeks training. We were then made Inspectors W.B. 16, and stayed with Ordnance Supply until it was closed out, about Oct. 1948.

The Depot Personnel Department transfered Burnham and me over to the base Maintence shops, in the automotive department, but we had to take a cut down to a grade WB 8. I worked there for about four months and the shop foreman over material handling equipment asked me if I wanted to work for him, so I transfered from the automotive to the material handling section in the same shop. This put me back up to a WB grade 12 with more money. I soon worked up to a WB grade 15 June 1949.

Durning the Korean War a night shift had to be added and I was asked if I would be foreman over the night shift of mechanics for the material handling equipment. This worked out fine for me.

We bought a new 1950 Buick four door sedan just before the new 1951 models came out, and also decided to remodel the house and add two bed rooms on the south end of the house. We had a bumper crop of wheat from the farm that fall, and the price was good, which gave us enough money to do this job. Carpenters were hard to hire do to the Korean war, so we had to take a crew of three, to get one one man. They were poor carpenters, but finally got things closed in. A storm came and they didn't show up, after the weather cleared, so I called and they still didn't show up. I paid them up and said I would finish the work myself. I had the winter to do this work, even though I knew it would be hard work, and I would have to learn how to hang and finish sheet rock and paint. I would sleep until 8:00 AM and then work on the house until I had to leave for work at 3:00 PM for Utah General Depot.

I got the inside finished by spring in time to do the farm work. We had to install a blower to the furnace to force the warm air into the bedrooms. That fall we decided to build a new lounging shed for the cows and a new two car garage closer to the house. We were considering increasing our dairy herd. James Tanner built the shed, and we finished it in November 1953. Max had his sixteenth birthday April 4, 1954, so we bought him a used 1940 two door sedan. That was the in car at that time. We had Robert Huddleston of Huntsville, put a new engine in it for \$183.34, which made it a good car. We also put a heavy hitch on it for the horse trailer, making good use of the ford.

The Bishopric of the Eden Ward was reorganized with Boyd Storey as Bishop, Orville Graham first Counselor and John Wilson second Counselor. Bishop Leonard Fuller was called to the High Council, and I was soon called and set apart to the Ogden Stake Senior Aaronic Priesthood committee. This was a new experience, meeting in monthly meetings with the stake family and being assigned to visit different wards.

Frank Clarke had sold his home and farm to (Josip) Sowerdock from Rock Springs Wyhomng, a unmarried young man who wanted to stay out of the army. He and his Mother lived there until after the war, then he put the place up for sale. We wanted to enlarge our farming operation so was able to buy this place of about seventy five acres.

We farmed this place for one year and got a chance ot sell the home, barn and sheds and forty acres to a railroad man, Reese Housley and his family. With the help of the Soil Conservation Service we levelled the rest of the land and changed the irrigation system, making it a very choice piece of land. We planted it all into alfalfa getting a very good stand. It was a hassel to get some one to bale the hay when it was ready, so we bought a fairly new three man Case Baler and a

side delivery hay rake, so we had to rely on no one to get our hay up. Erma pushed the wires through the bale needles and I run the blocker and Max or Connie drove the tractor. It was really a dirty job setting on that baler, but we got our hay up in good shape and had no problem selling what we didn't need for our livestock.

Erma, Max, Connie and Dee are really good workers and we were a good family farming team. Max and Dee soon took over milking the cows, as we bought a good used Surge Milking machine. We had bought some Jersey cows and was thinking about building a new modern milking parlor.

A up to date milking system was needed to sell grade "A" milk. There was a dairy mens convention called at the Weber Central Dairy to discuss the future of dairing in Weber County and the state inspection system. I attended that meeting and came home discouraged at what it would take to sell grade "A" milk. We decided to sell the Jersey cows and buy some milking Short Horns, a dual beef and milk strain of cattle, and just sell grade 'C' milk and raise some beef. This worked out fine, as the boys milked the cows and took the milk check and I kept the calves and raised them for beef. We bought some regestered short horn heifers and a bull from Mr Bingham from Morgan.

Ermas Mother Jose, was visiting with us and rode over to Morgan when we bought these cattle. She got sick that night, saying she couldn't breath in that high altitude. We took her down to Venice's home the next morning, but she didn't feel any better. They took her to the hospital, but she died two days later from a heart attact. This was a sad time.

Our cattle herd increased, so we thought we needed a dog to help handle the cows. Claude gave Max a female border Collie and we raised a pup from her that was sired by a dog Earl Thompson owned, that was related to "Old Sport" the dog my Father owned when I was about the age of Max. This pup grew up to be as good a dog as "Old Sport", even better because he had a more gentle disposition. Max named him Blackie, and he was really Maxs' dog, because he could call him from any-one in the family. Old Blackie was almost human, as he responded to command or motion better than people. We could send him down into the pasture to bring the cows up to the barn for milking. He didn't hurry them unless you whistled and then he dropped back and fallowed along. One evening he missed one cow that must have been lying in the brush. We motioned for him to go back, and it was only a few minutes until he came out of the pasture with the cow.

It was a sad day at our house when Old Blackie was hit by a truck and killed instantly. This happened while Max was on his Mission to

Japan. We had an ideal pasture for cattle, with two streams of water running through the lower end, Gertesan Creek on the east and Minnow creek on the west. There was enough brush for good shade. The pasture connected to the corrals and sheds which were on a side hill sloping toward Minnow creek. This made good drainage from the corrals.

Every thing was going fine until the Bureau of Reclamation decided to raise the Pine View Dam. A survey was made and people told how much land they would lose and how much the Bureau would pay for it. No one would agree to the price per acre and the damage to the remaining part of the farms, so the Bureau started condemnation proceedings against the farmers. Les Olsens case came up first, and he received a good settlement. The Judge refused to let the Bureau use Olsens income tax returns in the case, because he said they were private information.

Glen Fuller, a young attorney whose parents property joined our pasture on the west told us we should let our case be tried next, so we let him represent us. I'll never forget that ordeal, the attorney for the Bureau, Edward Skeen grilled me on the witness stand for an hour, and Judge John Walquist had allowed the Bureau to requisition our income tax records for three years, and called our attorney Glen Fuller down for expressing his views on the case. The Judge said, if the jury awarded us more than he thought was appropriate, he would throw the case out on account of attorney Fullers remarks. When Edward Skeen made his final summation, he expressed his views even more than Glen Fuller, and the Judge said nothing. The jury did award us about twice the amount the Bureau had offered us. We had to meet with the Bureaus attorney Edward Skeen to receive the check for the land they had taken. Skeen made the remark, he was sorry a nice young struggling couple like us had to be one of the first in court with the Bureau over this issue.

We didn't know what he ment until sometime later when George M. Fuller settled with the Bureau, getting twice the amount per acre as we received and he had the same amount of acres in dispute as we did, and the land adjoined ours, being exactly the same quality.

The Bureau didn't go to court with any more farmers after our case. They decided to increase land values. We knew then, that Glen knew what was happening, and used our case to inhance a good settlement for his Dad.

We needed to replace the land that was taken from us, so we started looking. I lost all respect for Judge Walquist and it was difficut to not be bitter to ward our neighbors.

Laurence Jones had decided to sell his farm that joined our Clarke farm on the east. I had asked Laurence, if he ever decided to sell his place, please give us a chance to buy it. He gave us a chance all right

but had offered it to George Stallings also, who was looking for land because he had lost some acreage to the Bureau also. Laurence got me and George bidding against each other. Finally I went to George and told him I wasn't going to bid against him, and if he wanted the land, go ahead and take it. George smiled and said no you take it, it joins your property and I don't like the drain ditch that runs through the place. Laurence soon came back to us saying we could buy the place, so we soon made a deal. This gave us sixty two acres all in one piece. We didn't get enough money from the land for Pine View Dam, so had to borrow money to make the deal, because Laurence wanted cash.

This required more work, but Max and Dee were willing helpers, and became good irrigators, having to get up in the middle of the night to change the water. There was a large barn and sheds on the place and the old house Laurence and his family had lived in. We moved the cows up to the new place and installed the milking machine there, and drove back and forth to do chores. There was plenty of room in the barn to stack our hay, and the warm springs run through the corral, water for the stock.

We were also busy working in the Church, Bishop Storey had called Erma to be President of the Young Ladies, in the Mutual Improvement Association. She had been in the Primary Presidency, and had taught Primary and Sunday School and was teaching in the M.I.A. when this call came. She was President for about five Years. Bishop Storey called me to be President of the M.I.A and over the Young Men. Erma and I worked together for a short period and She was called to be in the Presidency of the Relief Society. Mary Christensen was called to be over the Young Women, and I worked with her for a few years.

In 1960 I was called by the Stake Presidency to be High Priest Group Leader, with Ephriam Storey as First Counselor and Orville Graham as Second Counselor.

April 16 1961 I was called to be Bishop of the Eden Ward and ordained by Elder Theodore M. Burton. I had asked for Preston N. Spencer and Frank Hopson as my counselors, who had served as Counselor when I was President of the M.I.A. They were set apart with Joseph Christensen and Lowell G. Stallings as clerks.

We served in this calling until Aug 20 1967, when we were released in Sacrement Meeting. I had been sustained as an alternate High Councilor to President Laurence S. Burton at Stake Conference Aug 13 1967. I was set apart as a Alternate High Councilor, by President Laurence S. Burton Sept 18 1967 and then set apart as a High Councilor to President Burton by Elder Mark E Peterson Oct. 29 1967 and served in this calling

until Aug. 12 1973. Soon after I was called by President Glen Holley to be High Priest Group Leader in the Eden Ward again, with Fred I. Robins and Carl Lund as Counselors and Preston Spencer as secretary. We served until the Eden Ward was divided, and Erma and I were assigned to the Mountain View Ward. In the new ward I served as Sunday School President, High Priest Group teacher and later as Sunday School teacher trainer. Erma and I were elected as 1981 Sweet-Hearts at the Mountain View Ward Valentine Ball and was awarded a huge heart cake and red roses.

Erma and I was able to attend the Dedicatory Services of the Ogden Temple 20 Jan. 1972. We had to have a ticket issued by the Bishop, to admit us to this glorious occasion. The new Temple was indeed a blessing for the Ogden area. We previously had been assigned to the Logan Temple.

President Halverson of the Ogden Temple, had a big job staffing the Temple. Lena Christensen was President Halversons private secretary and Erma was chosen to be a supervisor to Sister Halverson, over the receptionist. She served for one and one half years, driving the canyon alone, having to be at the Temple every day by 5:00 AM. President Wright was over the sealing department and needed workers, so he called Erma and I to work every Thursday at 9:00 AM. to do sealings. I was still High Priest Group Leader in the Eden Ward, so I called one other couple and one male witness to help Erma and Me, and we served until Dec. 3 1981, doing mostly marriages. In as much as we were in the Temple, I was called to work in the Baptizm department, and served as a recorder from Mar. 6 1975 until Dec. 3 1981. After doing marriages Erma and I did one and sometimes two Endowments before I had to be in the Baptizm Department by 3:00 PM. Erma usually did another Endowment while I was doing Baptizms.

Many blessings and good things happened to us durning these years, our children were good students in school and so very willing to help on the farm. It brought us a lot of joy when our two sons accepted calls to go on missions for the Church. Max serving in Japan May 1958 to Jan. 1961, and Dee serving in the Netherlands June 28 1965 to Dec 21 1967. Connie was so willing to help and excelled so very much in school and music. She attended Utah State University and Brigham Young University, getting a degree at B.Y.U. in business and secondary education. Max came home, after serving an outstanding two year mission in Japan, and attended B.Y.U. getting a degree in chemical engineering. and later his Masters Degree at the University of Utah.

Dee survived a terrible car accident in Holland an fulfilled an outstanding mission, coming home and attended Weber State College, receiving a degree in Business Manangement, and with a scholar-ship,

received his Masters Degree at the University of Arizona.

We are really proud of our children and their spouses and our Grand-Children. Our children were all married in the Temple. Max served as Bishop of the Midvale Fifth Ward for five years, and Dee is presently serving on the High Council of his Stake, Connie is Organist in her ward, and Erma and I are doing Temple work in the St George Temple and Darin G. Staples is on a Mission in Montana.

It is difficult to write this history and keep things in sequence, as I was working at three jobs. Punching a time clock for twenty nine years working for Civil Service, operating our farm, and working in the Church. The Church jobs were the most important and more rewarding.

I have recorded events and happenings on the farm and Civil Service up to 1950, so will pick up there and tell about some of the things that happened on the farm and the Civil Service jobs. Being a non-veteran of World War two and Koren War, I was always on the reduction in force list when there was a cut back in the work force. I had reached the top grade, WB 18 in the wage board category, but when a reduction in force came I was usually bumped by a veteran and was transfered to another job that required comparative skills. This become discouraging at times, but it gave me a wide range of experiences and skills, also becoming to know a great many new people. I had become used to the work in the Utah General Depot base maintenance shop and had been foreman over the night shift in maintaining the base material handling equipment.

When the Koren war was over, the night shift was discontinued, so I was put on the day shift as assistant foreman WB 18. This didn't last very long, as there was a big reduction in force, and I was transfered to a different building which was a huge brick warehouse with several large bays in it. My new job was still working on material handling equipment, but was assembly line work, which becomes more monotonous, and the work slacked off at times if the planners had not lined up enough work and procured the parts. If the work slacked off, we were loaned out to other projects. I have operated heavy duty sewing machines repairing huge army tents, drove fork lifts for ware-housing Army Material and etc. I was promoted from the assembly line to the next bay where the fork-lifts were reassembled, after they had been refurbished. This was a more interesting job, but didn't last long, as the assembly line project was going to be phased out. I received a reduction in-force notice 30 Nov. 1954 and then an amended notice to remain in work status for thirty days. In this period of time I was given the status of a Millwright WB 5315 grade 16. I was offered the opportunity to transfer over

to the Engineering Department of the Army into a new building that repaired diesel caterpillars, cranes etc., all heavy equipment, or transfer to Hill Air Force Base, where there were some WB-15 mechanical job openings. I chose to take the job at Hill Air Force Base, because the future looked better there. I had to terminate from the Utah General Depot, US Army, before I could transfer my years of service to the Air Force. I was hired into Hill Air Force Base 21 Jan. 1955 as a Maintenance Mechanic WB 15. This job required top secret qualifactions, so I was investigated for this status, and I heard no negative reports. All the mechanics in our department had to qualify, as our work required us to enter into all buildings and operations on the base to perform repairs and maintenance work. Our base pass badge with our picture on it, our number and code for secret had to be carried at all times. My number was S64700 for base identification.

I liked this job because of the varity and different jobs each day, and the opportunity to travel through out the base. The symbol for the operation was (BARS) Base Commander Installations Division of Maintenance and Repair Branch and Shops and Structure Section. This job lasted for about three years and then a big reduction in force took place. Myself and three other nonveteran mechanics received letters of reduction, offering us jobs on the base, but at a much lower grade. After conferring with Utah State Representative Laurence Burtons office, we appealed the cut to Civil Service in Denver, on the basis that the cut was excessive. Denver reviewed our case, but said we were non-veterans so had no recourse. We had to take a forty cents per hour cut. It's difficult to get justice from the establishment.

It was discourging to be transfered to another branch, and having to start all over again at the same grade I started out with Civil Service as a mechanic, WB grade 5 , and with all new people. This Branch was the AFLC, OOMA Maintenance Department Shops Division, Vehicle and Equipment Repair Branch. I was classified as Power Ground Equipment Mechanic, who serviced and repaired equipment that supported Air Craft. It took sometime to get acquainted with these new people, but we had an excellant boss, Gail Woodward, who looked out for his people and showed no favoritism. It took me awhile to earn my old grade back, but I was able to take the assistant foremans place when he took leave or was sick. This helped when the work load increased and a work load scheduler was needed. Woodward wanted one of his men to fill this position, which was a GS-7 rating. The man he wanted did not want the job, so I was his next choice. I qualified in experience, but some college education was required for a GS-7 rating. Woodward worked with

Personnel, and they gave me the job if I agreed to a cut in wages. I agreed, but it turned out to be only one cent per hour. GS grade workers are paid on the yearly basis or per annum. The effective date of this transfer was 15 April 1862. This was a pressure job, but I was glad to get it, as I had reached the top grade in the Wage Board category and was tired of working in the grease and dirt. This position title was Production Controller (Scheduler) Automotive Electrical GS-7 per annum \$6180.00. I was given an office with a secretary and two People to operate the parts room, and technical order file. My Boss Danny Walters and a planner, Myron Forbes and a secretary were in another office. It was my job to keep enough work in the shop to keep the mechanics busy and get the equipment back to the users. I also had to issue a work orders authorizing the work to be done and a time schedule for the time allowed to do the job.

This new Job happened almost a year to the day since I was made Bishop. The two phones on my desk were almost continually ringing, people wanting to know when their equipment would be ready to go. The phone at home usually started ringing as soon as I arrived at home, wanting to know something about Church work. There was never a dull moment. People at work knew I was a Bishop and really kept an eye on me. Our shop and office was in a huge metal building near one of the Air Plane runways, making it very noisy and hot. One hot after-noon I went to the soft drink dispenser to get a cold bottle of orange drink, but all that was left was coke, so I bought a bottle of coke, and just as I opened it, the old welder pulled the curtain open on his booth and said, "Bishop I know you are under pressure, so a coke once in awhile won't matter". From then on I made sure I didn't drink coke.

October 11, 1964, my status was change from Production Controller (Automotive-Electrical) to (Misslles-Aircraft). Our shop was receiving work to support the Minuite Man Missile program along with the Air Craft support. My wages was raised to a GS 7 step 7 making \$7250.00 per year, but meant more work for me. As time went by and the work load increased again, I got another raise to \$7511.00 and clasified as Production Controller (General). The Directorate of Maintenance decided to contract the maintenance of Air Craft support equipment to a private contractor to be stationed on the base. I was glad to get away from this equipment, and was reclassified as a Production Controller (missile Mechanical), being paid \$7987.00 per annum

This was a big change, because the Directorate of Maintenance Production Control Division went completly under a computer program. Everything was controlled by the computer as far as production of end

items and ordering parts and ordering the end items into the shop for repairs. The computer print out showed the exact number of end item in the shop, which run into the millions of dollars.

I had to learn a new language to be able to read and understand the computer print outs, and had to project the work to be produced every two weeks in advance on a computer print out. At the end of two weeks the computer picked up your production from the computer cards that were turned in with the repaired and finished pieces of equipment. The Chief Controller got one of these print outs along with my Boss and the shop foreman, so it was there in black and white how well you were doing in your job for those two weeks.

I must have performed well enough because on 3 July 1966 I got a promotion to a GS 9 step 3, \$7987.00 per year. This position was designated as sensitive I.A.W. A.F.R. 40-202 and excepted from competitive provisions of merit promotion plan I.A.W. A.F.R. 40-335; promotion due to job enlargement. I didn't have to worry about reduction in force so much after this. There was reductions in force at times but they missed me. It effected my Bosses who were GS 11 supervisors. My first supervisor or (chief) was Danial M. Walters, then Charles J. Eddy, and Delbert Iverson, and last Robert Carlisle. They were all good Chiefs.

My best notifiaction was 26 Mar 1973 when I received an increase in salary to \$13,548.00 per annum. I had earned it, the willing horse gets more work piled on him. The MISTR program print outs increased so much, it made your head swim to read them all. I had fifty to sixty end items or pieces of equipment to repair and manage in the MISTR program, which was in support of the environmental control system of of the (LGM) or Minute Man Missle. There were manangers in another branch that had direct contact to the Minute Man silos through out the West. Those managers were always in contact with me as to the production schedule of their items. If there was a break down in the system there was a readiness problem at the silo. I had received a few phone calls from the Military Officers from the silo complex, anxious about the repairs of some of their equipment, they didn't want a shut down of their silo. They had by passed the item managers, and this made the managers look bad. I was always able to meet their needs, even if it took cannibalizing from two or three items to get a good one. Some times the managers had miss calculated the failures of their item and had not procured enough parts. I had a good working relationship with the managers and the shop foreman and the mechanics and was able to meet the requirements of the item managers for support of the missles in the Western States. Our whole operation was moved from the metal

building by the Air-craft runway to a large brick warehouse on the west side of the base, which was part of the old Ogden Arsenal. Our operation was added to the missile transporter operation, already in this building. The Scheduler, Roy Endo shared his office with our operation, and our Chief and his staff was in the next bay. The key punch office for the computer was across the street.

The car pool I rode with had to change our route and enter the base at Clearfield. When it was my turn to drive, one of the fellows drove my car up on the hill where most of them worked.

The Chief kept pilling work on me, by giving me special work orders for items that were one time repair requests. I had up to forty special work orders to monitor besides the MISTER program. Finally I was given some help, Mike London was given the special project on Photograph Vans.

I was getting close to sixty years old and began to think about retiring, as a new ruling was made that one could retire with full retirement with thirty years of service and sixty years old.

My eyes were beginning to bother me from so much reading of candy strip computer print outs and my back from sitting at a desk so much. The kidney stone in my right kidney was bothering me, so I went to Doctor Alvin Cobabe, who was practicing then, and had a good check up. There was some infection in my urine and the stone in my kidney had grown some since my last xray. He called it a stag horn stone.

My Chief, Robert Carlisle had signed a request for a step increase in wages, which came through April 24 1973 for \$13,936.00.

When Carlisle took his annual leave he asked me to fill in for him, which I did for a few times. I had to do my work regardless, and couldn't do his work and mine too, so I asked him to let me pass, which he did. I always took my annual leave in about two days at a time, because no one did my work while I was off. If I took more days it was too difficult to catch up. By this time I had thirty days annual leave each year and didn't have to punch the time clock, which I enjoyed. We had to schedule our leave time ahead, and the Boss approved of me taking short leave periods and spreading them out through the summer. This helped me in doing my farm work.

After Jan 1974 I decided to retire and applied for a medical retirement. The retirement notice came through 19 Mar 1974 with a salary of \$14,603. This was a reduced figure, because I didn't have a full thirty years service. I had one full year of sick leave built up, and would have lost it if I hadn't applied for a medical retirement. The Old Doctor assigned to the Base retired just before I did and he was very liberal in giving medical retirements. The new Doctor was a complete

turn about, and said I had to present a medical slip from my Doctor each month to the base infirmary. I visited Doctor Cobabe each month for a year, giving him seven dollars for each visit. My full wages continued, until my sick leave was used up.

It sure was a good feeling to be retired, I had been in a routine of getting up so early each morning and starting on the road at 6:00 AM to be on the job by 7:00 AM. It was so good now to wake up at that early hour and just turn over and go back to sleep.

I have written about my career in the Church and Civil Service, so will write more about our career as farmers. The first year we owned the Frank Clarke place, I decide to plant seven acres of peas, which turned out two tons per acre, a good crop. I had bought special guards for the mower sickle and some curlers that rowed the pea vines over so they were free from the tractor for the next swath, which worked out very well. I used two rubber tired hay wagons, hooked to-gether and pulled by our Oliver 70 tractor to haul the peas to the vinery. This was the last year we raised peas.

I had bought a good looking roan saddle horse and thought the kids could ride him, but he was to frisky for them. Claude knew I was looking for a gentle horse, so he traded me a good and gentle grey mare for the roan. She showed Arabian breeding, resembling the mare Father had given me when I was a youngster. The kids really enjoyed Old Goldie and decided they wanted to raise a colt. Goldie was bred 7 July 1956 and foulded 9 June 1957 with a beautiful little black colt with a white blaze face and two white socks on the hind legs. We were all excited with this event. Goldie gave birth to another foul in 1959 which was sorrel, a full sister. When these colts grew up we used them for riding horses and to work to-gether pulling a bob sleigh in the winter and a wagon in the summer.

Erma was working in the lunch program at the Valley School in Huntsville and could bring home the food garbage, which amounted to about three five gallon cans full of peelings and food the kids didn't eat. This was a lot of nutritious food, so I decided to go into the pig business. The first sows I bought were Chester Whites, but I soon learned Yorkshires, a bacon hog brought a better price. I bought some pure bred weaner Yorkshires from Fred Clifton, who had a large hog farm where the David O. McKay Hospital now stands. We were soon in the pig business. Horace Manning was getting out-dated milk and cottage cheese from the Weber Central Dairy, where he worked, and was buying weaner pigs and feeding them out. Horace and I one day was talking about our pig operations, and he suggested that he take all the weaners I could

produce at the going price and he would finish them out. We struck up a deal, so 17 Nov 1956 I delivered one litter of nine weaners to Horace. 5 Mar 1957 I delivered to Horace fifty six weaners from six sows.

I bought a hammer mill from Harvey Burnett that he hadn't used for some time, and a tractor belt from Arthur Stallings, he had used on his stationary hay baler. I ground our choicest hay, usually the third crop into fine alfalfa meal and mixed it with the school garbage. This was a good diet for sows, because they were very prolific, with litters averaging ten to twelve piglets. One sow, her third litter had nineteen live piglets. After the third litter I sold the sows because they became to heavy and laid on to many of their little ones. I always had about six young sows ready for farrowing.

One winter there was a pure bred pig sale at the Ogden Stock Yards, and Fred Clifton talked me into entering three bred sows. One of them brought top price of \$300.00 dollars, going to Utah State College Four-H program. I received a letter later, stating they were pleased with their purchase, as the sow had eleven healthy piglets.

We didn't stay in the pig business very many years, because Horace Manning decided to raise his own from the breeding stock I let him have, and the health department had passed an ordinance requiring all garbage had to be cooked immediately before feeding. The bottom dropped out of the pig market so we sold all our pigs and was out of the business in 1960. I sold one stag hog that weighed 717 lbs, bringing \$82.45. The sows that were sold usually weighed 400 lbs, bring 14.00 per cwt. and choice barrows 18.50 per cwt.

The cows we sold during the year 1960, weighing 1100 to 1200 brought 14.50 to 15.50 per cwt. Sept. 15, 1960 we sold barley for \$1.93 per cwt. and wheat at 1.66 per bu. The sale of seven calves weighing 220 to 305 lbs each, brought 22.75 to 25.75 per cwt.

Aug. 21, 1961 we sold 41,540 lbs. of wheat at 1.77 per bu. and 6,000 lbs of oats at 2.70 cwt. One set of horse shoes cost \$1.60.

The Forest Service advertised pine poles for sale in the Uintah Forest, south of Evanston Wyoming, in the Mill Creek Area. Dee and I decided to purchase four hundred poles for posts and corrals. We had to cut and pile them, so they could be loaded on a truck. The areas to be cut were marked by the Forest Service, so we couldn't cut just anywhere. There was a marked area close to the road, with trees just the size we wanted for posts, so we cut one hundred trees down and then cut them into eight foot posts. We had to go back off the road farther to get the rest of the poles. We found a patch just the size we wanted for

corral poles. The trees were so thick it was hard to get them down after they had been cut, even though they had branches only at the very top. We stayed there over night and soon had our trees cut and stacked.

We borrowed Boyd Storeys one and one half ton truck with a hoist on it, and hauled all the trees down to the main road. We brought a load home with us, and hired Steve Winchester from Morgan to haul one load to Eden for \$70 dollars. It was snowing in the Unitahs the day Stev brought his load out. We thought we could go back and get the rest of the poles, but it continued to snow there, so we had to wait until spring. When we went back some one had stolen our load of poles, which was a common occurence, as told to us at the ranger station. We had plenty of poles and posts that came in handy over the years, even though we didn't get all we cut.

In 1962 we bought a almost new Ford Sedan, black with yellow trim, from a Air Force officer who was being transfered. It turned out to be a good car. October 3, 1962 we bought a used 800 series Ford Tractor from Walter Ewell, 5650 W 3575 S. Hunter, who was selling his farm for a subdivision. That turned out to be a very good tractor, as we are using it today, 1988. We also bought a used 3/4 ton Chev truck from Mont Robins for \$150 dollars, knowing it had a bad engine bearing. Glen Ralph replaced the bearing for \$35.50, and we got a lot of use out of that truck.

In 1963 we sold Arthur Murry five acres of land on the east end of our first place, and sold 62,100 lbs of oats to Parley Farrell Grain company for \$2.05 cwt or \$1273.05.

We bought Connie a used car from Frank Hopkins, a 1960 Simca sedan, so she could have transportation while going to school at the BYU.

In 1965 we sold Lorenzo V. and Melba Colvin one acre of land for \$300 dollars, that was on the main high-way and connected to their farm. They were planning on building a new home up on the hill where their old home was, which only had a narrow unimproved access road. When I made them the offer to sell them a acre for \$300 dollars, they were on our door step the next morning with the cash.

In 1966 we sold five acres of land to Dean and Norma Darbey for Twelve Hundred dollars per acre.

August 19, 1966, Boyd Carver invited me and Preston Spencer to accompany him on a fishing trip into the Teton Wilderness area for a week. I had just bought a new 3/4 ton Chev truck for \$2412.00 dollars, from a dealer in Kemmer Wyhoming, so we decided to go. I built a rack for the truck that hauled two horses nicely, and borrowed Earl Christensens two horse trailer. I invited my boss Danny Walters to go with us,

because he was an expert fisherman and tied his own flies. It paid off, because we really caught fish. There was fourteen of us on this trip, including Boyd and his youngest son Rodney and his older son, Larry and his son. It rained on us most days, but we were prepared for it, and had an enjoyable trip, seeing some beautiful country. We left our trucks at Turpin Meadows and packed in twenty six miles to the head waters of the Yellow Stone river, where trout fishing was fabulous.

While we were gone, Erma painted the new shed we had built, and kept things going on the home front.

In 1971, we bought a new Quasar Moterola Television from Deamer TV for \$659.95, and a new 1971 Cutlas Supreme Coupe for \$4000.00 dollars from Mehan Oldsmobile. Erma got her first eye glasses from Dr Nelsen for \$59.00 dollars, and I took a face skin treatment for sun leasions from Doctor Dickens.

In 1972 we sold the LDS Church three acres of land for ten thousand dollars for the new Liberty-Eden Church. The wards had to pay fifteen hundred each for their share of the cost of the land. I wrote a check to the Eden Ward for \$1500.00 dollars and the Liberty Ward \$1500.00, so they had to pay nothing for the building site.

We paid Howard Halderman \$2628.14 for installing new cabinets and sink in the kitchen of our old home. May 16, 1973 we attended the Calgary Stampede and toured across Canada and stopped at Belveue Washington to visit Connie and her family. When we got home from this trip, we started work on planning for a sub-division. We paid Ralph Bird \$570.00 and O. Neal Smith \$100.00 for surveying work. Dee wanted a lot to build a new home. We had sold Derek Warnes five acres of land for a new home at fourteen hundred dollars per acre. When he started his home, he asked us if we would release one acre from the contract, so he could get a loan for his home. He had paid enough to cover the acre. We didn't know what effect this would have, until Dee applied for a building permit. The Weber County Planning Commission, said we had sold three lots, there-fore we had to apply for a permit for a sub-division to sell any more lots. We were perturbed, but went ahead and planned the whole place into a sub-divison. The County aproved the whole sub-division, but suggested, we develop it in ten lot phases. We followed their advice and it worked out good for us, because we could leave the rest of the land in Green Belt for farming, with a much lower tax rate. When the land is sub-divided the taxes are rolled back for five years at the lot rate. We had to pay the roll back for the first ten lots, which was a considerable amount. We had to put in our own water line and get a written statement from the Eden Water Works that they would sell us

twenty water openings. Jack Miller signed the statement for the county, but said he was going to build another reservoir, and would like us to pay for all twenty openings at \$500.00 dollars per opening. We borrowed the money to pay for the twenty openings and the installation of the pipe line. Miller required us to install six inch PVC pipe from the Patio Springs Road to the east side of our sub-division and a four inch line the rest of the way. We had to install fire hydrants and valves at three stations. The LDS Church needed water so they agreed to pay one thousand dollars to extend a four inch line from our six inch line to the Church House.

Starting March 9, 1973 we paid the Weber County Planning Commission \$91.00 for a sub-division print, Ralph Bird \$570.00 and O. Neal Smith \$100.00, and Byron Strawn \$18.00 for a platt plan linen. Ralph Bird \$265.00 for finishing the surveying.

March 31, 1973, I bought a 1949 Chev stub nosed 1 1/2 ton dump truck from Charles Story for \$300.00 dollars, that had been used at the Ogden Union Stock yards. It had 12,000 miles on it, but had bent and scraped fenders from maneuvering through the stock yards. I did some repair work on it, enough to pass State inspection and hired Ray Peterson from Huntsville, with his 5 ton dump truck and DC4 Caterpillar loader to haul road base gravel for our sub-division. I hauled along with him, letting him load my truck. He said we could save time, if I loaded my own truck. He showed me how to operate his loader, and it worked out real well. I paid Ray \$937.80 for the gravel he hauled for me. I hauled a lot of the road base with my truck, sometimes when he wasn't hauling, which saved me a lot of money. I hauled some gravel for Ray to places he had a hard time getting his truck into. This paid for the use of his loader to load my truck.

I had graded up the road with my plows, blade and tractor, and made new ditches, so each lot had access to irrigation water.

I paid the Eden Water Works Company in 1973, \$4552.87 for PVC pipe and fittings, and Mack Stallings \$612.00 for digging trench, and \$265.00 for labor laying pipe.

On June 16, 1975 I paid Fife Rock Products \$7560.00 for hauling in the fine gravel base and packing it and applying a black top finish. I had paid W. R. White Co. \$356.72 for culverts.

The alfalfa hay on our farm was getting sparce, so we plowed the whole farm and re-seeded it to new alfalfa. I bought the seed from Hal Mason from Plymouth for \$270.00, which turned out with an excellant stand. July 8, 1976 we received from Earl Christensen \$4,123.69 for first crop hay and August 25, \$1924.23 for second crop. Earl always

baled and bought our hay, as long as it was good quality. He always paid for the hay as soon as it was in his barn.

August 5, 1976 we got a loan of \$8500.00 from the Bank of Utah at 9 1/2 % interest for thirty days to pay Eden Water Works for seventeen class 'B' water-stock.

Edward Moyes bought his building lot April 12, 1977 and Stephen Spencer, his lot Oct. 13, 1977. Our first crop hay July 12, 1977 brought \$ 5543.36 and we stored the second crop in Judy Johnsons barn.

We bought a used Massey Furgsen tractor with loader from Scott Whimpey from Morgan for \$6500.00, and had our under-ground gas tanks filled, 423 gal at 54.9 per gal., \$232.00.

Dee bought Wm. Carvers John Deer tractor and equipment for \$650.00, April 1978. In 1978 Earl Christensen paid us \$3026.46 for first crop and \$2000.00 for second crop hay, but we had to pay for the swathing and baleing out of that. We had rented the Fred Froerer property, joining our farm on the south, and sold 37,410 lbs of wheat for \$1963.02, or \$3.14 per bu.

Larry Tech bought their home and lot from Dee, April 10, 1978. Nov. 3, 1978, I paid Froerer Corp. \$300.00 for the rent of their land and F & J associates \$300.00 for a quit claim deed to us, for a narrow strip of land their surveyor said our fence was over on them.

Eden Water Works had decided to extend their water line along the East side of the highway and wanted to extend our line that run past Dees' home to connect with their line. We decided to install a new culinary water line through phase two of our sub-division and hook on to the Water Works line at the highway, thus making full loops tied to-gether. I paid Eden Water Works \$2679.50 for 1,817 ft. of four inch PVC pipe at 79¢ per ft, and for one fire hydrant, fittings and valve. Mack Stallings \$830.00 for digging trench.

April 16, 1979, I paid the Eden Water Works \$1000. for the pipe line of East String extension, four connections at \$250.00 each and \$384.61. for my share of the main line installation.

Jan. 2, 1980, Sheldon Nelson paid us \$21,993.41 for the last lot we sold in phase one of our sub-division.

July 1980, Earl Christensen paid us \$3107.00 for our first crop hay and \$3562.00 for our second crop. We paid Ken Rogerson \$862.75 for baleing 2200 bales of first crop hay and \$816.00 for swathing 41 acres July 6, 1980.

We sold two Holstien steers, one weighed 1190 lbs and brought \$55.75 cwt., bringing \$663.42. The other one weighed 1070 lbs at 56.50 cwt, bringing \$604.55. We had butchered two others that weighed about

the same for family meat. We needed a new car, so Aug 25, 1980 we paid Peterson Motors \$7793.13 for a new four door Pontiac Phoenix.

A 1978 Chev 3/4 ton pickup was advertised in the news paper for sale, so we looked it up and it was almost new with very low mileage, so we made a deal with Ray Citte Inc. He took our Oldsmobile for \$1200.00 and we paid him \$5078 for the truck.

We had sold our saddle horses, so had to replace them. I found a good looking registered quarter horse owned by Debra Absher of Hill Field Air Force Base. I was able to buy him for \$500.00. I found a registered Arabian gelding in Utah, and bought him for \$700.00 from Carl Osborn. He was a real gentle horse and well trained.

We paid Marlin Jensen \$520.20 for Estate Planning, Feb. 3, 1981. Sherman Baily had some Holstien-Durham cross yearling steers for sale, so I bought six for \$2024.00 and pastured them on the lower place.

Liberty was putting in their irrigation sprinkling system and I got a chance to buy from Hadfield Irrigation Systems, Lehi Utah some four inch sprinkling pipe. I bought 1280 ft. for \$1.25 per foot, almost new pipe and risers, hoping I could develop a system for our farm.

Saturday, Jan. 6 1979 was a very special day. I had the honor and privilege of speaking to the funeral services of Olga Smith Graham, a dear sister to both Erma and I and our family. Erma was ill with the Flu and could not attend. After the services, Wayne the eldest son shook hands with me and commented that they were well pleased with my remarks and thought I had said the right things about their Mother and the family. This made me feel good, but what climaxed the day was when Dee dropped in home after the services. I had just arrived home and was telling Erma about the funeral when Dee entered the room. He broke down in tears and said he could'nt help being sentimental but embraced me and said how proud he was of me and what I had said at the funeral. He then embraced his Mother and said how much he loved her. This is one of the great rewards of Parenthood. We reminisced about our association with the Graham family.

Wed. 31 Jan 1979, gives us a ray of hope for some warmer weather. The month of Jan. has been a very cold month with several days of snow and very little sun shine. It seemed impossible to have it so cold and still snow. The temperature remained below zero all month and dropped down to 36 degrees below zero a few nights. There has been a lot of homes with frozen water pipes this winter and the heat bills have been high.

Max called and said one of the fellows he worked with was selling

his two snowmobiles and trailer and wanted to know if we would be interested. Erma and I went down to Maxs' in Bountiful on Saturday and tried the snowmobiles out with Max and his children on the mountain in back of Maxs' place. It had just snowed and there was a foot of new snow to play in. His friend wanted \$1000 dollars for the two sleds and trailer. After he took them back to his place, Max and I talked it over and decided to offer him \$850, as one of the snowmobiles engine cut out once in a while. The next day Max made the offer to his friend, but the friend said he was going to offer them for \$950 but would take \$900. Max bought the snowmobiles, with him and Dee paying \$250 each and Erma and me paying \$400 so Connie and her children could have a interest in them. We now have a family project to make use of the beautiful snow here in Eden.

February has been the month for snowmobiling, Max and his family came up and we tried out the snowmobiles, pulling a large tube behind. The kids had a ball, the snow was firm and the tube was easily pulled. We are really proud of Max and his family. He and Gay are doing a fine job in bringing up a good family. We are proud of Max and his accomplishments as Bishop of the Midvale Fifth Ward. He was ordained 24 April 1972 and served five years.

Sunday, 4 Feb 1979 was a rewarding day. The High Priests of the Eden Ward was assigned by Bishop Brent Satterthwaite to speak in Sacarment Meeting. I was the group leader with Fred Robins first counselor and Carl Lund second counselor with Preston Spencer secretary. Fred spoke on why do Genealogy? Carl spoke on why write our Personal History? and I spoke on why do Temple Work? Doctor Blain Belnap, commented after the meeting, that he was impressed to start doing some temple work.

Thursday, the 8 of Feb. was also a rewarding day. Every Thursday of each week was Ermas' and my day at the Ogden Temple. We met Dee and Margo there at 11:30 AM and went through a session together and had dinner after, in the Temple Cafeteria. Dee then told us he had been called to be Elders President in his Ward and Margo adviser to the Young Women. Dee had been finance clerk and Ward Clerk since moving into their ward. We are proud of Dee and Margo and their family and their service to our Lord and Savior.

February 24, Trinas' birth day, Connie, Trina, Kristen and Trinas' girl friend came up and stayed over night and the next day Dee and Margo and their family came up and we really gave the snowmobiles a work out. A foot of fresh snow had fallen the night of the 22 nd and the road in front of the house was snow packed, so the kids had a ball

driving up and down the road. I made a trail around the field with the best snowmobile, but the kids would get stuck in the snow if they got out of the trail. Dee, Margo and Connie each took their turn.

March 10 1979, Max, Gay and their children came up for another snowmobile cruise. Everything went fine until Marla, driving with Max seated behind her, got a little over confident and gunned the snowmobile just as they went over the snow bank from the road into the field. The snowmobile surged into the air, and Marla got excited and turned the steering and landed head first into the ditch where the water was the deepest. Needless to say Marla had to change clothes and Max dump the water out of his boots. It was a fun day.

Saturday, the 17 March 1979, Dee and Margo and the kids came up to do some snowmobiling before the snow went. It was a warm sunny day with 18 inches of soft snow, but it was good snowmobiling. Brooke and Summer had fun riding with me and their Dad. Margo and Dee had fun racing each other around the field. The snow is going fast, Spring seems to be in the air although it snowed six inches last night. The snow was so heavy it caused many power outages. The power went out at 3:30 AM on Staples Street and didn't come back on until 9:30 PM Saturday. We cooked on the gas camp stove and the fire place in the family room kept us comfortable. The gas lantern came in handy for light that night.

Ermas' back problem was getting worse and the Doctor said she had arthritis, or a arthritic back. Cold weather does'nt help this condition. We had talked about buying a trailer and spend a winter in St George. A thirty foot trailer came up for sale by owner in the paper that sounded good, so we looked it up. It was one year old and in excellant condition. A retired railroad man had bought it new to do the same thing we had in mind but he had a heart attact and had to sell the trailer. He made us a good offer, so we bought the trailer and spent our first winter in St George. We liked StGeorge and the weather but not trailer living. We had been in the warm climate for two months and was really enjoying ourselves, no snow or ice and the people were friendly. We got to meet some of our relatives and many of our old high school friends. We explored the region and enjoyed the beautiful scenery as well as spending two days a week in the Temple. We had more company while in St George than at home in Eden. Ruby and Lyman was three trailers from us and we really enjoyed being with them. We took several trips together. Connie, Tay and Kristen visited two days and Dee and his family was coming down on the 25th for three day, but an emergency arose and we had to go home.

Max called Saturday night the 20th and said Claude was in the

Logan Hospital in the psychiatric ward, Leah had him committed. Max said, Doc Poulsen, one of Claudes ranch buyers, who lived in Maxs' ward was going up Sunday to see Claude and see what he could find out what was going on. I called Max Sunday night and he said Doc Poulsen found out Leah had said Claude had become violent so she called the cops and had him committed. We found out later that they could hold him for only twenty four hours and could release him, but Leah filed a complaint and had him evaulated by two Psychiatrists, who she was acquainted with. Here is the beginning of a dramatic story. Durning the interviews of the Psych. Claude responded very unfavorable; you know Claude and what he would say in answer to some of their silly questions. He accused Leah of having a relationship with their 84 year old neighbor and the Psych. thought Claude was having hallucinations, so gave him drugs that reacted on him causing him to fall several times, injuring his hip. In the meantime there was a hearing scheduled before a Judge to determine his sanity. Walter Mann had been Claudes attorney for years, but wanted to be neutral because he was a friend of Leah also. Mann appointed George Dains from Logan to represent Claude. While Claude was still being given drugs, Dains interviewed him and the questions he asked up set Claude so he fired Dains. In the mean time he was taken before the Judge and was asked to count back wards and he could'nt, and said he never could. I guess Claude could see his plit, so asked for his attorney. The Judge called Dains , and he came right over. He told the Judge he had been dismissed from the case, but Claude wanted him reinstated and he needed time to prepare. The Judge delayed the hearing until March second. I don't know if Claude realized how close he came to be declared incompetent, and his life and whole estate in the hands of Leah.

I got this information 10°clock PM the 21 first and could see the seriousness of the situation. I asked Max and Dee if they would go to Logan and look at the situation. If I left Monday, I could'nt get there as soon as they could, so they visited Claude the 23rd and found him the same old Claude, but not fully aware of the seriousness of his situation. They visited the attorney and convinced him he should become more interested, and if he was going to represent Claude, he should be convinced of his competence. He agreed. They also saw the psychiatrists reports, and become very disturbed. I I called the evening of the 23rd and got this information, so left the morning of the 24th for home. Dee and and I went to Logan the 25th and spent most of the day with Claude at the hospital and his attorney at his office. By this time the attorney was convinced of the competence of Claude. The Attorney, Dee and I talked with Claude at the hospital for some time, and Claude told him he wanted a divorce, and the Attorney agreed to take the case. But I said, first lets get Claude out of this hospital prison and these charges settled. The Attorney agreed.

If Leah could get those charges through, it would strip Claude of all his dignity and self respect and impose a stigma on his son and grand children, as well as the rest of his family. After we left Claude, with him agreeing to come to my place until we could find him a place stay, we went back to the Attorneys office and he made some phone calls, and came to the opinion Leah and her Attorney would drop the charges. We left feeling a little encouraged and went to the hospital to say goodbye to Claude. As we got off the elevator we came face to face with Leah. She really had a startled look on her face to see me. Her first remark was "how did you find out, who told you?" I didn't answer right off so she repeated herself. I finally said I found out from a man in Salt Lake City. She insisted to know who it was. When I told her, she wanted to sit down and talk, I'm sure to justify her actions to me. We went into a waiting room and Dee and I listened to her ramble on for forty five minutes. She said that the night she called the cops, they had been arguing about her going out to get him some medicine to calm him down. She said it had to be liquid in his drinks so he didn't know that she was giving it to him. She rambled on about their sex life and how he had accused her of being unfaithful, and how ridiculous he had become, even to the point of holding her down by her wrists. Dee and I just listened and shook our head. She said she was going to try and get Claude to come home with her.

We left and on the way home decided she might talk Claude into this. The more I thought about it the more concerned I became.

The next day Max and Gaye came up to let their kids go skiing, so Max and I went up to Logan to see Claude and if he had changed his mind. He said he had just listened to her ramble on, but nothing had changed. We went back to the attorneys' office, and he took us in without an appointment. After talking for awhile, the attorney called one of the Psychos. and talked to him while we listened in on the intercom. He said they had come to the conclusion Claude had some kind of syndrome from alcohol. The attorney asked him if he thought Claude had been analyzed while under drugs. Psycho. said yes. The attorney asked him if Claude was alright now, and he said yes. Attorney, "could you release him now? Psych. "yes". Attorney, "will you call the hospital desk now?" Psych. " Yes ". Max and I walked out the door to get Claude out of the Hospital. We had gone a few doors down the street and the office girl called us back, as the Psych. had called and said he couldn't sign a release until the Judge had signed a certificate. The Attorney tried to get in touch with the judge, but he was out. The County attorney was out also, so there was nothing that could be done until after the week end. " Disappointed."

We went back to the Hospital, and there sit Leah arguing with Claude. He had told her he would'nt go home and she had to pay the hospital bill, because she had put him there. She had removed one half of their ready cash from the Box Elder Bank, \$10,500. I told them I did'nt want to get involved in their problem other than to get the incompetency charge dismissed, because he was as competent as he had ever been, considering his age. She said, she would go out while we talked, but I'm sure she heard everything we said through the intercom, as she was at the nurses station. Claude was very reluctant to come and stay with us, but we convinced him it would be only until we could get him situated where he wanted to go. He agreed to stay with us if we could get him released, He had to have a definite place to go before the Judge would release him.

Max and Dee had communicated with Doug several times and tried to get him interested.

Erma went with me and we got Claude released March 2nd at 4:00 PM. with the signatures of the two Psychos, Leah had hired and the Judge who heard the preliminary hearing. His sanity and competence is proven with a certificate. When we got home I had to carry Claude on my back with his arms locked my neck down the basement steps. Hopefully we can make him feel welcome.

Thursday the 4th I took him in a wheel chair to see Doctor Clayton Gabbert an Orthopedic Surgeon and Fractures. He was a partner with Doctor Marian J. Haslam who helped Dee with his back problems. Dee liked him very much, but Haslam wasn't available for two weeks. Doctor Gabbert had a cancelation today at 11:30 AM so took Claude right in. The exrays showed his hip socket and bones all right, but probably a muscle injury.

Doctor Gabbert got an appointment in the physical therapists section of the Dee Hospital for Tuesday the 9th of March. He gave Claude a treatment and got him walking with a walker.

Claude called his Attorney and wanted him to file for divorce. We went to Logan Monday the 5th to talk with Attorney George Daines and get the paper drawn up. Daines said he would file the papers Monday March the 8th. It will be a battle !

We have enjoyed visiting with Claude this past week. We have talked about everything from the first thing we could remember until the present. We have had a good relationship these last few days. Claude entered the Mc Kay-Dee Hospital Center for Rehabilitation Tuesday Mar. 9 1982 at 11:30 AM. They said they would keep him there for a couple of weeks to get him walking again. Stephen Spencer, our neighbor is a therapist in this department.

Leah visited Claude at the Rehab. center, but all they did was argue. I had a difficult time in finding a good retirement home, but with Max's help we found a newly built retirement home in Bountiful, a very nice place. We got Doug interested in visiting his father. Max, living close by visited him often, as did Connie and Dee. We all went to dinner one night, Doug and his wife and our family.

Claude was doing fine, taking morning walks every day. We had him up for dinner one day and I got him to drive my truck. It gave him some confidence, so he wanted to buy a Ford Bronco. I took him to Brigham City, because he wanted to change his bank accounts, and while there he drove some cars and ordered one. I had taken him to Logan to see one of his friends, Lorin Anderson, and to get his divorce papers finalized. I thought everything was going fine, the attorney George Daines had everything worked out between Claude and Leah in a settlement and the papers drawn up. Leah's attorney Brent Hoggan had not finished his part of the paper work, so it would take another day. George Daines said he would call us when the paper work was ready.

The next call I got, was from the retirement home in Bountiful, saying Claude had checked out with his wife. Leah had found out where Claude was staying, and in one visit sweet talked him into going back to her. In a few days Leah called and talked to Erma, telling her they were in love again and had been in Salt Lake on their honeymoon.

The next time I saw Claude that summer was when he came driving into our driveway in a new Ford 3/4 ton pickup truck. He said let's go for a ride up Beaver Canyon. I made a mistake in going with him. After traveling for awhile, he tried to justify his going back to Leah. The longer he talked the more I became upset. I shut him up by saying, "You sure made a jack ass and a fool out of me, after what she did to you, and the effort I went to in getting you out of being committed. You are just like an old cow who has fallen into a bog hole up to her neck and some one comes along and pulls her out, and after she is helped up, she flops back into the bog." I asked how dumb can you get, you are always telling me to think, just think. What has become of your thinking? He finally said, why are you so mean to me?, so I kept still.

We traveled up Beaver Canyon and across Ant Flats to the Hard Ware Ranch, when I said, let's turn around and head back. He said, now we are this far, let's go down Black Smith Fork and over the Cache Valley Divide. When we got to the mouth of the canyon, he turned toward Logan instead of Avon. I knew then, what he was up to, He drove into their yard and honked the horn, and Leah came out. He said, get in and drive, we are going to Eden. She hesitated, but got in behind the wheel and we headed for Eden. Claude bossed her, trying to make the impression he

was in command. When we got going up the canyon, he took the wheel, telling her she was scratching the truck by driving to close to the brush. They said, they were going to Wickenburg Arizona, for the winter, where they had bought a winter home.

That spring, shortly after we had returned to Eden, after spending the winter in St George, I called Claude at Logan, Leah answered the phone, but said Claude was not there. I said I would call back later. Looking back, I should have driven up to Logan and checked on him.

A few days after that, I got a call from Jess Cook, from Avon, saying Claude was missing. We were getting ready to leave for Logan, when we got a phone call from Leah, saying Claudes walking cane was found on the bridge that crossed the Logan river, that run through their property and past their yard and home. We were soon in Logan and listened to the story told by Leah. While walking to the bridge, Leahs' sister told Erma, about how Claude could'nt get out of the bath tub the night before and she had to get someone to help her get him out. This was a repeat of a year ago, so draw your own conclusions. There was some new planks by the bridge, and Leah said they were going to put a new deck on the bridge, and she wanted it done now, but Claude wanted to wait until the water receded, as the water was very high; the year of the rivers flooding in Utah. She told us she had gone to the hair dresser and returned about 11:00AM and Claude was not there. There are three thing that could likely have happened. I have my own idea of what took place. What is Yours ?

There was an article in the Logan news paper may 27 1983 and on Channel Two News about a man drowning in the Logan river, and his body had not been found. The Sheriffs department made an extensive search along the Logan river for Claudes body, but with no success.

We drove to Logan and fallowed down the river where we could drive in the car. The river was flooding over its banks covering pasture and farm land. It looked like it would be impossible to find a body in those raging waters.

Three days had gone by when we received a call from Leah, saying they had found and recovered Claudes body. A young boy was walking along the river a short distance down stream from their home, and saw a body lodged in some brush along the river bank. It was Claudes body, and what a miracle he lodged there, and not down stream covered in a gravel bar. Leah said they couldn't have the funeral until after a atopsy had been performed in Salt Lake City. Low and behold, the next thing we heard, there was going to be a grave side service, right away, with just a few friends. Our family went to the Mortuary early and asked the Mortician if we could view Claude, as the casket was closed.

He opened the casker for us, and we were preparing to have a family prayer, when Leahs sister and husband showed up. She was disappointed Leah wasn't there, and immediately called her. Her sister was a religious person. Leah and her family soon arrived, giving us the cold shoulder, but Max offered a family prayer.

Even though it was a grave side service and no funeral announcements, there was a huge crowd of ranchers and cowboys present.

I immediately called George Daines, Claudes attorney and asked him if he would get me a copy of the atopsy report of Claude, and I would pay a retainer fee. I never heard from Daines, so I am sure there was not an atopsy performed, as there wasn't time.

My Family and I tried our very best to help Claude. Erma had the brunt of the work, she had to cook for him and serve him down stairs, and wash his clothes. He quit drinking coffee, liquor and smoking cold turkey, which was an accomplishment. He was doing fine until he went back to Leah and his old ways.

I have gone into detail about this drama, because I wrote to my sister Muriel, in Hawaii, about what was happening so I reproduced this letter for this writing.

A disappointed Brother and Family, G. Grant Staples

I will go back to the bottom of page 81 of this writing and go on from when Dee and his family was coming to St George to visit us in the trailer. We had returned to St George after the time consuming drama in Logan. We spent the rest of the winter driving around the color country enjoying the beautiful scenery and looking for what was available in housing. Green Valley was just getting started, but we didn't like their plans. Jay Ence had started an eight unit townhome complex just two blocks from the Temple. One unit was completed, so we could see what it looked like. It was just what Erma wanted so we put \$500 dollars down on unit #3, 26 April, 1982. We didn't have enough money to pay for all of it, but when we got back home, we talked to Randy and Ruth Ann Bushell. They had been after us to sell them the acre lot just North of their home. We offered it to them for \$20,000.00 with s culinary water stock and three shares of irrigation water. They took it, so we were able to pay cash for the townhome. We paid Jay Ence Constrúction Company \$56,459.00 May 14, and closed with a check for \$715.00 dollars June 11-82.

Sept 9, 1982 we sold the cattle we had bought from the Bailey Bros., April 3 1981 for \$2024 dollars. After wintering them and summer pasture, they brought us \$3036.54, a fair return.

We sold the snowmobiles in Feb. 1983, after some times with the family. The Whitaker Construction Company was doing some work for John Laub and the Eden Water Works close by, so I got Whitaker to enlarge our pond for \$150 dollars, Nov, 2 1983.

1984 was a busy year, as I spent a lot of time in trying to develop an irrigation sprinkling system for the Wolf Creek Irrig. Co. It looked like everything was going fine; we had the signatures of over 75% of the stock in favor of the project, and the approval of the Utah Water Resource Board had approved the project, and committed up to \$50,000 dollars for twenty years pay back, with out interest. Their Engineering Dept. had drawn up the plans, platting the route of the pipe and the sizes required.

We had a special stock holders meeting with the Soil Conservation Engineer, Dick Wright explaining the project and its advantages. Liberty had just completed their sprinkling system. I was able to get the Soil Conservation Service to agree to let Dick Wright, their Engineer, do the Engineering for us, and it would be without cost to us.

We had an agreement with the First Security Bank and John Laub for one acre of ground for a reservoir site, without cost. I had applied, and received approval from the ASCS for \$20,000 to build the reservoir and pipe the water from the warm springs well to the reservoir. This \$20,000 dollars was a grant from the ASCS.

About this time, Kent Fuller and Clyde Sowers took a petition around to the stock holders, telling them they could never pay for the project, that it would'nt be profitable, and by scare tactics got about 50% of the stock to sign the protest against the project, and took it to Salt Lake City to the State Water Resource Board for a stop on the project. The Water Resource Board sent me a letter, saying this had happened on several of their projects so they would have to require us to have a formal meeting of the stock holders and have another vote.

In the mean-time I received a letter from the ASCS cancelling the \$20,000 grant. I applied for a percent of the grant to put the pipe line from the well to the Wolf Creek irrigation ditch. They turnd it down also, but there was a provision for an appeal, so I filed an appeal and the ASCS committe came up and looked over the project and approved \$5,000 dollars to help pay for installing the PVC across the golf course. As soon as the approval came through, we hired Mack Stallings with his back hoe and I used my tractor and dump truck and we put a 6 inch PVC pipe under ground across the golf course to the irrigation stream. When I left the Wolf Creek Irrigation company all bills had been paid and there was money in the bank.

A special stock holders meeting was called to vote on the project. In a highly tensioned meeting the project was voted down.

My term of office as President of the company expired that fall 1984. and Kent Fuller was elected President. He had joined forces with John Laub, so all we had accomplished in getting our water out of the well, the reservoir site and pressure system was for naught.

1985 was a good year, with more time to do some of the things I had put on hold for so many years. With no responsibility for the Wolf Creek Irrigation Company, I had more time to plan our own irrigation system.

Some important and happy events took place during this year. Dee was called to the High Council of his Stake and I had the privilege of ordaining him a High Priest in the Melchizedek Priesthood 14 May 1985, and stood in the circle as Stev Bailey a member of the Stake Presidency set Dee apart as a High Counselor. Margo was the leader of the Young women in their Ward.

I was able to get a little bit accomplished this summer, as Lynn Satherwaite was renting both the upper and lower places. The first thing I did was lay underground, 120 ft. of 12 inch and 8 inch PVC pipe from the irrigation ditch across Homer Hopkins property to our fence line. This made it possible to irrigate the side hill on the North, which had not been watered before. The next project was build a fence of about 1600 ft, between our property on the South and the Froerer subdivision.

The next project was to plan and install 3400 ft. of 6 inch PVC pipe to sprinkle irrigate our property. This entailed draining the pond, and installing 600 ft. of 8 in. PVC pipe from the pond to a point low enough to drain the pond through a 8 in. valve, into the drain ditch. Then 2800 ft. of 6 in. PVC and valves was to be installed, 36 in. deep to the north and south sides of the sub-division to supply water for the surface pipe and sprinklers.

After talking it over with Max, Dee and Connie, we decided to go with the project. I had signed up with the ASCS and Soil Conservation District and they would match cost of sixty percent, up to \$3500 dollars.

W.R. White started delivering the pipe Nov. 1 1985 and we started laying pipe Nov 12 and finished Nov 17 1985. This was a very gratifying project, the whole family was involved. Connie and Tay placed the pipe along the trench, and Tay helped keep grade. Max, Dee and I layed the pipe, leveled and bedded it. Later I tightened the valves and back filled the trench with the tractor, after Dick Wright, the Soil Conservation Engineer had approved everything. He drew up his plans for the ASCS to approve from our plans. The only time we used the Engineer, was to get his approval and stake the grades. The day after we finished it started to snow, and there was 18 in. by Thanksgiving.

This project was one of the most enjoyable I have accomplished.

It was a family project, where every-one was so willing to participate. It was such a pleasure to work with our two sons in engineering and laying out and installing this system. Connie and Tay were so willing to travel from Sandy to help, and Erma, willing to put on a great feast each day to feed her crew. It brought back memories of when we were all younger, struggling to pay for our home and farm and meet the challenges of life. Connie was such a good daughter, willing to help her Mother in the house and work outside, mowing the lawn, weed the flowers and drive the tractor, to bale hay. Max and Dee were good workers, willing to milk the cows, irrigate and haul hay. .

Before taking on this pipe line project, Dee had planned a fishing trip into the back country north of Roosevelt and Duchesne. He said, if I would go, he would furnish me a good horse, and all I had to do was bring along my bed roll. I could'nt resist this offer. Dee had just bought a new four horse trailer, so Dee, Eric Storey and I loaded up the horses for a four day vacation. We packed old Raff, and the horse Dee got for me to ride was perfect, a large strong horse, gentle, well trained and a pleasure to ride.

It took one day to get to our camp by a beautiful lake; we arrived there and got settled before dark. We were on the edge of a beautiful meadow, with plenty of feed for the horses.

Von Covengton and his son and a nephew were with us, they had been there before. We spent the next two days fishing several lakes in the area. The fishing was good, we caught all we could eat and brought some home. The weather was perfect, warmer than usual that time of the year. The scenery was very beautiful, with lakes under peaks that towered above the timber line, and lush meadows around the lakes. It was the rockiest country I have ever been in, it seemed like the pines were growing out of the rocks, even though there was a dense forest.

The trip home was a long day, arriving home after midnight. This was a very pleasureable trip and vacation, time to visit and be with Dee and Eric. The vacation was over and I had to get busy on the water line for irrigation.

St George, Ut

14 Dec. 1988

Dear Muriel:

I am feeling good today as I write this letter, but I have had considerable physical stress the last few months. Everything probably worked out for the best, when looking back on the series of events. This will likely be a boring letter, but I will tell you about how things happened. The last of August, we attended a ward party at the Liberty park, where there was an abundance of good food. The next morning I began to feel sick with a pain in my back on the right side. I thought my colon was acting up. A few years back, Doctor Merrill Wilson of the Cown Cancer Clinc in Salt Lake City diagnosed the pain in my back and side, as diverticulosis of the colon.

The pain progressively got worse, and I tried to vomite but nothing would come up. I rolled on the floor for a day and ate aspirins to get relief. The next morning the pain subsided a little, so I rtied to get an appointment with Doctor John Lowe, but he was out of town for a week, but his nurse recommended Doctor Dennis Sobatka. By the time I got to see him the pain was bearable, but he sent me to the McKay-Dee Hospital for tests of the colon and stomach. This required the cleaning out process, and the longer I went without food the better I felt.

I went into the Ogden McKay-Dee Hospital on Sept. 1, 1988, and these tests turned out OK. This did'nt solve the problem, so I told Dr. Sobotka about the kidney stone that showed up on previous exrays by Dr. Cobabe in 1972 and Dr West in 1976, and showed him the reports. He sent me back to the hospital for a cat scan of the kidney. I had to go through the cleaning out process again.

The next day the technician operating the cat scan machine, could'nt find a kidney stone. I showed then the exray report I had shown Dr. Sobotka, so another Doctor was called in and he could'nt find a stone either, so with some question, he ordered a flat exray, which showed a large stone in the tube from the kidney to the bladder. Dr Sobotka said the stone should come out immediately, as it could cause damage to the kidney. He recommended us to Doctor Cambell, a Surgeon. We checked him out, and he would have to use the facilities at the L.D.S. Hospital to remove the stone by shock wave Lithotrispsy, so we decided to go to Salt Lake City and see Maxs' Doctor, Dr. Hal Bourne.

Max got us and appointment, and I went in for exrays again. Dr Bourne said I had a large triangular stone lodged in the tube opening from the kidney, and needed to be removed immedialely.

I went into the L.D.S. Hospital on the 17 Oct and had the stone blasted by sound waves. Dr. Bourne said he would go up the uninary tract and try and push the stone back into the kidney, where the best results

could be obtained. It turned out successful, but took 1200 blasts to pulverize the stone, normal is 800. The Doctor left a tube from the kidney to the bladder for free travel of the stone fragments to the bladder. I passed the fragments for about three weeks. Max, Conne and Dee were at the hospital when this took place, as I was in the hospital over night. After the operation the Doctor got the family together and told them I had more serious problems than a kidney stone. In the examination he found I had a hard spot on my prostate, and felt sure it was malignant. He set up an appointment for a needle biopsy of the prostate and a bone scan. This took most of the day in the hospital.

The Doctor got the results, and set up an appointment with me and the family to explain the ramifications of the results of the biopsy and bone scan. The bone scan was good, but the prostate biopsy showed a malignancy of 4, in a scale from 1 to 10. The Doctor felt sure he could get all the infected area. He had the family meet in his office, because Max told him I might not go through with the operation, as I was beginning to feel good after getting rid of that stone. Max was right, because I was feeling better than I had felt for a long time, and I would just as soon let the cancer take its course. With the persuasion of the Doctor and the family, I decided to go ahead with the operation.

The Doctor said we would need three pints of blood and suggested I give my own blood. This took three weeks, and three trips to the LDS Hospital, and during this time I was feeling better each day.

The date for the operation was set, but I hated to go, as I was feeling so good. I did not feel so good, when I was released six days later with a tube from my bladder to a bag fastened to my leg, and so sore I could hardly move. I had this bag for a couple of weeks, and when it came time to remove the tube and bag I had a fever, so the Doctor had to give me some stronger antibiotics to get rid of the fever. I had a few rough nights, sleeping in a chair one night. I soon got to feeling better, but had to wear a diaper, as I didn't have control of bladder. I went back to the Doctor Dec 12 and he released me, saying I doing fine, but wanted to see me Apr 15 when we came back from St George. My water works is improving each day and hopefully I will soon throw away the diapers.

Our family Christmas party will be held at Dee and Margos' home on the 17th of Dec. and we will leave for St George the first of next week. Our family has been super to me and Erma, and we really appreciate them. In looking back over the events of these last few months, I'm sure these things didn't just happen. I carried that stone for over 17 years, being told by Doctors it was too large to come out, so just let it lay there. The stone did move and probably extended my life by

by the Doctor finding more serious problems and correcting them.

The Gospel of Jesus Christ is true, and I more fully appreciate what Christ went through for us. Hope you are feeling better and can enjoy some good health. With Love Grant & Erma.

PERSONAL HISTORY OF GEORGE GRANT STAPLES

Birth	28 Nov	1912	Eden, Weber County Utah	
Blessed	4 May	1913	Bert Leroy Robins	Scipio, Ut
Baptized	4 June	1921	George T. Staples	Eden Ward
Confirmed	5 June	1921	Virgil B. Stallings	Eden Ward
Deacon	8 Feb.	1925	W. John Wilson	Eden Ward
Teacher	16 Jan.	1927	Leslie Scott	Eden Ward
Priest	23 Jan.	1930	C. Alex Hogge	Eden Ward
Elder	23 Mar.	1931	Albert B. Foulger	Ogden Stake
Endowed and married to Erma Shaw in the Logan Temple				
Married	20 July	1933	Joseph R. Shepherd	Temple Pres.
High Priest	23 Jan.	1943	Elder Thomas E. McKay	Eden Ward
Second Counselor to Bishop Leonard Fuller				
Set apart	23 Jan.	1943	Elder Thomas E. McKay	Eden Ward
Patriarchal Blessing				
	23 April	1944	Samuel Martin	Ogden Stake
Bishop Alternate	16 April	1961	Elder Theodore M Burton	Apostle
High Council	13 Aug	1967	Pres. Laurence Burton	Ogden Stake
High Council	29 Oct.	1967	Elder Mark E Peterson	Apostle
Released				
High Council	12 Aug.	1973		

	Other Positions Held	Ward	Stake	Set Apart
	Second Counselor of Elders Quroum	Eden	Ogden	1940
	Sunday Teacher	Eden	Ogden	1941
	President of the Elders Ouroum	Eden	Ogden	1941
	Second Counselor to Bishop Leonard Fuller	Eden	Ogden	1943
	Member of Stake Senior Aaronic Priesthood Comm.		Ogden	1953
	Presidnt of the YMMIA	Eden	Ogden	1954
	High Priest Group Leader	Eden	Ogden	1960
	High Priest Group Leader	Eden	Ogden	1979
	Sunday School President	Mt.View Huntsville		
	High Priest Group Teacher	Mt.View Huntsville		
	Sunday School Teacher Trainer	Mt.View Huntsville		

Business and Professional Record of G. Grant Staples

Worked on Fathers farm and attended school.	1919	1931
Truck Driver and operated their Commassary for the Browning Land & Livestock Company.	1931	1941
Heavy Duty Truck Driver, Civil Service, Utah Gen. Depot	1941	1943
Automotive Mechanic, Civil Service, Utah Gen. Depot	1944	1955
Maintenance Mechanic, Civil Service Hill A. F. Base	1955	1961
Production Controller, Civil Service Hill A. F. Base (Automotive Electrical) (Missiles-Aircrat Ground Complex) (General) (Missile-Mechanical)	1961	1973
Retired from Civil Service at Hill A.F. Base	19 Mar	1974

Operated my own farm of 80 acres with the help of My wife Erma, daughter Connie, and Sons Max and Dee.

Received a Special Ten Year Service Award Certificate from the Ogden Valley Soil Conservation District, signed by Governor Clyde and Ariel M. Jorgensen, chairman of the Utah Committee.

1940 1972

Genealogy Line

FATHER		
George Tunis Staples	Born 5 Feb. 1886 Died 8 Apr. 1949	Mesa, Arziona Ogden, Utah
MOTHER		
Margie Robins	Born 21 Dec. 1890 Died 7 Jan. 1970	Scipio, Utah Ogden, Utah
GRANDFATHER		
James Tunis Staples	Born 29 Apr. 1860 Died 19 Sept. 1930	Lehi, Utah Idaho Falls, Idaho
GRANDMOTHER		
Ruthetta Gardner	Born 25 Dec. 1864 Died 21 Mar. 1896	Willow Creek, Utah Elsinore, Utah
GREAT GRANDFATHER		
George Staples	Born 8 June 1834 Died 31 Oct. 1890	Red Morley, England Elsinore, Utah
GREAT GRANDMOTHER		
Lauretta Rappleye	Born 23 Mar. 1839 Died 12 Dec. 1916	Huston, Adams, Illn. Elsinore, Utah
G. GREAT GRANDFATHER		
James Staples	Born 18 Jan. 1810 Died 8 Apr. 1874	Bath, England Salt Lake City Ut.
G. GREAT GRANDMOTHER		
Sarah Limbrick	Born 14 Aug. 1804 Died 24 May 1889	Chettenham, England Elsinore, Utah

GENEALOGY LINE		Birth	Married	Died
George Grant Staples	Self	28 Nov 1912	20 Jul 1933	
Erma Shaw	Wife	19 Oct 1913		
George Tunis Staples	Father	5 Feb 1886	20 Dec 1911	8 Apr 1949
Margie Robins	Mother	21 Dec 1890		7 Jan 1979
James Tunis Staples	Grandf	29 Apr 1860	14 Dec 1881	19 Sep 1930
Ruthetta Gardner	Grandm	25 Dec 1864		21 Mar 1896
George Staples	Grandf2	8 Jun 1834	22 Feb 1854	30 Oct 1890
Lauraetta Rappleye	Grandm2	23 Mar 1840		12 Dec 1916
James Staples(Stapleton)	Grandf3	18 Jan 1810	12 Apr 1830	8 Apr 1874
Sarah Limerick	Grandm3	14 Aug 1804		24 May 1889
Henry Staples(Stapleton)	Grandf4	10 Jul 1768	21 Jan 1793	10 Feb 1822
Ann Taylor	Grandm4	1771		16 Jul 1848
Henry Staple	Grandf5	8 Feb 1735	14 Aug 1763	11 Mar 1820
Ann Powle	Grandm5	1738		
Henry Staple	Grandf6	3 Sep 1704	19 May 1735	
Elizabeth Boulcot	Grandm6	1707		
John Staple	Grandf7		11 May 1690	
Elizabeth Baynes	Grandm7			

I, George Grant Staples am grateful for my hertiage, for my testimony of the divinity of Jesus Christ and the opportunity to serve in His Church under the direction of a true Prophet. I am born of goodly Parents, who taught me the Gospel and gave me an opportunity to participate in His Church. I am grateful to my forebeares, who accepted the Gospel. My Great Great Great Grandfather, James Staples born 18 Jan 1819 in Bath England, was the first to accept the Gospel of Jesus Christ Of Latterday Saints. He sent his oldest son George to America in 1850, with the John Banks family. George became ill with moutian fever on the trip to Salt Lake City and was'nt expected to live, so was left with a fur trader who gave him to a Squaw from the Sioux tribe of Indians. His foster Indian Mother nursed him back to health.

In 1851 James sailed for America and arriving in Salt Lake City found hid son George had been left behind. He emmediatley left for Fort Laramie Whyo. in search of his son. He had learned a white boy had been seen with a tribe of Sioux Indians, and it was'nt long until he found George, well and strong. It took some trading to get George back. The rest of the family, wife and four children sailed for America in 1852, arriving in Salt Lake City two week before father James arrived back with son George.

James Staples was head stone and brick mason for President Brigham Young. He worked on the Salt Lake Temple, Salt Lake Theater, Eaglegate and other historical buildings buildings. He also worked on the Parliament House in England.

George farmed, worked with and fought Indians, and helped build up Zion. He was called by President Brigham Young to help settle Dixie. Thirteen children were born of the marriage of George and Laretta Rappleye Staples.

My Grandfather, James Tunis Staples, was born in Lehi Utah, He freighted on the Santa Fe Trail and farmed

George Tunis Staples, my Father was born 5 Feb 1886 at Mesa Arizona. His Mother died 21 Mar 1896, leaving six children, with George being ten years old, the oldest boy, and Ellen thirteen, the oldest girl, and Rye two, the baby. George and his younger brother Carl lived with their uncle (Lee) Joseph Levi and aunt Mathilda Staples of Elsinore Utah for a few years, until James Tunis bought a farm near Idaho Falls and moved his family up there. George soon went to work for the Lindsay-Bitton Livestock Company at Idaho Falls.

Margie Robins, My Mother came to work for her Aunt Annie Thompson, wife of Walter J. Lindsay, owner of the livestock company father worked for. Father and Mother met while Father was sheep foreman, and Mother was working in the Lindsay summer home at Eden Utah. They were married 20 Dec 1911 in the Salt Lake Temple.

I was born in the Lindsay Summer Home at Eden 28 Nov 1912 at 8:20PM attended by Dr. H.E. Robinson. Lewis Fuller, at present owns the old Lindsay Summer home. Mother spent the summers with me and my brother Claude, two years younger than I, in the mountains or on one of the ranches with Father. Durning the winter we moved to Ogden Utah while Father went to the Nevada desert with the sheep. He roped and tamed a young mustang mare from the Nevada desert and gave her to me for my first horse. She was a beautiful animal, showing Arabian breeding; probably a decent from the Spanish conquests.

My first recollections was of Ranch Life with older people, sheepmen, cowboys, and ranchers and visiting with Grandfather Merien Richard Robins and Grandmother Rosabelle Thompson Robins at Scipio Utah.

When I became old enough to enter school, Father and Mother left their job with the Livestock Company and bought a farm in Eden Utah so I could go to school. It was at this time that my only sister Muriel was born, 2 Oct 1919 at Eden Utah. I attended grade school at Eden, with Annabelle Fuller Wilson as my first teacher, and then four years of High School at Weber County High, graduating in the spring of 1931.

Father was offered and accepted the job of Superintendent of the

livestock company he had worked for before, but under the ownership of the Browning Family. He was anxious for me to go to work for him as soon as I was out of High School. I worked with my Father for ten years, and learned much about the livestock business, and had many experiences in the wide out doors and with Mother Nature. Father taught me many things and set a good example. It is unusual in the livestock business, but never did I hear my Father profane, never did he use tobacco, liquor, tea or coffee, and in our travels over the northern part of Utah and in Nevada and Idaho, livestock people respected Father, and many commented, that I should live as my Father, which I have tried to do. He was a very kind and patient man and honest in his dealings, and very professional in his field. He was'nt much of a Church goer due to his profession, but he truly lived the Gospel.

Mother was the one who took the children to church, and my first recollections, was her teaching me to pray at her knee. She has a strong testimoney of the Gospel and has helped me greatly in gaining my testimoney.

I married Erma Shaw of Pleasant View Utah 20 July 1933 in the Logan Temple. We have three fine children, Max Grant Staples born 4 Apr 1938, fulfilled a mission in Japan for two and one half years, and graduated from the BYU with a degree in chemical engineering and received his Masters Degree at the Univeristy of Utah. He married Gaye Record of Salt Lake City and they have three daughters and one son. Max is now serving as Bishop of the Midvale Fifth Ward.

Connie, born 29 May 1942, graduated from BYU with a degree in Book Keeping and Secondary Education, and married J. Gary Eyring, they have two daughters.

Dee Richard Staples born 23 Apr 1946, fulfilled a mission in the Netherlands, graduated from Weber State College and received his Masters degree in Business mangement from Arizona State Unineristy. He Married Margo Preece of Roy Utah, and they have one daughter. Dee is now serving as ward clerk of the Eden Ward. All three children were married in the Temple.

Erma, my beloved wife, has really been a help mate. Besides working in the Church she took the largest responsibilty of the children, as I was on the go, working for Civil Service, working in the Church and operating our farm.

Through my teachings and experiences, I have learned to appreciate the good things of life. I am enjoying the fruits of my forefathers labors and my families efforts, and the modern conveniences of this great age. I feel I have lived a rather full life and have received much joy and satisfaction. I have not accomplished anything spectacular

but have tried to be consistant. One of the goals I set and accomplished as Bishop, with the help of two good Counselors, Preston N. Spencer and Frank K. Hopson, was to send every young man on a mission as he became old enough. We realized this durning the six an one half years we served in the Bishopric of the Eden Ward.

I enjoyed my calling as a member of the Ogden Stake High Council for six years as much as serving as Bishop of the Eden Ward. I had the privilage and pleasure of serving under Presidents Laurence S. Burton, K. Gunn McKay and Keith G. Jensen.

It is a great experience to be engaged in helping to build the Kingdom of God. I have learned to love people and be interested in their welfare. I prize my testimoney and my family as my greatest possessions. The Lord has been kind to me and our family, and I cherish the experiences I have had in the Church and the material world.

It has been a great experience to be taught at the feet of the Prophets and Apostles of Jesus Christ over the years. May I be able to be true and faithful to the end.

Prayerfully

George Grant Staples

G. Grant Staples

TO MY BELOVED FAMILY:

This is G. Grant Staples speaking to his Children and Grandchildren about some of the things that means most to me in my life. I am proud of my heritage and indeed proud of my family. They have brought the greatest satisfaction and joy and happiness into mine and my beloved wife Ermas lives. My greatest personal possession is a testimony and knowledge that God our Father in Heaven is real and lives, and we can communicate with Him through prayer. That Jesus Christ is His Son, our Elder Brother, our Savior and Redeemer and advocate with our Father in Heaven. That the Father and His Son Jesus Christ appeared to Joseph Smith, and the Gospel of Jesus Christ was restored through the Prophet Joseph Smith. I know this Gospel is true and only through its ordinances and living the principles and commandments can we obtain Eternal Life. Its principles can help us in our daily lives.

Our destiny is in our own hands, our free agency gives us the privilege to make our own decisions, and the critical thing is in how we make these decisions. We can make them on our own, or with Divine help, and help from our Parents or Elders. We are required, at times to make snap decisions, but if we are living for it, we can receive help. The process to help us make good decisions is found in the Doctrine & Covents Sec 9 VS 8. If we make our decisions on our own, Satan will try to influence our thinking.

The lives our children are living gives Erma and I a lot of good feelings to-ward them and their spouses for the way they are teaching and bringing up our Grandchildren.

Learning obedience is one of the most important things we can acquire in life. Obedience to our Lord and Saviors teachings, obedience to our Parents, to our teachers, our employers and to our own goals and aspirations. Learning to work is another good habit to acquire, and learning to like to work, and accomplish something worth while.

I am grateful my Parents and Grandparents taught me the value of obedience and work in my youth, and during my life time by working with people, and working with animals I have found how valuable these things are. My experience with animals and the laws of nature in the wide open spaces has also taught me about obedience and work. A horse or a dog is not of much value if it is not obedient and won't work. I have raised and owned some very good horses and dogs in my life time, and it is a challenge to teach and get them to respond to your wants and needs. After some training, I have had very few animals that would'nt respond to being obedient and work, but those that

would'nt had no place on our family farm.

I am grateful my Parents taught me the value of being honest and seek to be honorable. If a person is not honest in his dealings and does'nt tell the truth, he loses his honor and respect and trust among his friends and acquaintences.

What I have acquired and accomplished durning my life time, I give credit to the help of my wife Erma, our children Max, Connie and Dee, and to my parents for giving me a good start. I have found the harder you struggle for a good thing and acquire it, the more you can appreciate it. Easy come and easy go does'nt bring appreciation.

Appreciation is a good thing to learn and apply, espically to our Father in Heaven for the plan of life and salvation, for this beautiful earth He provided for us, the handy work of His Son our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ in the creation of this earth and the beauty there in. For the part our first Parents Adam and Eve had in this great plan. For the great atoning sacrifice our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ made for mankind, for Him taking upon Himself our sins and the sins of the world, and for Him giving His life to redeem us from death.

I am grateful for the privilege of coming to earth at this period in time, when the Gospel has been restored in its fullness, when there is so much enlightenment and conveniences here for the good of mankind. For the privilege of being born of goodly Parents under the New and Ever-lasting Covenant of the Gospel. We should all be grateful for what our Parents have provided for us. For the start in life they gave us, for nurturing us through infancy and starting us on the road to make a good life for ourselves. Appreciation and gratitude enriches our own lives and the lives of others.

My greatest asset is my lovely and devoted wife, Erma and our three outstanding children, Max G., Connie and Dee R. and our lovely Grand-children. I know I can not reach Eternal life and Exaltation without them.

With gratitude, appreciation and Love.

G. Grant Staples

January 23, 1989

Dear Mom and Dad:

I have finally finished editing and typing this history that you wrote about Grandfather Tunis Staples. I am sorry that it has taken so long to complete. Summer typed the first draft. After that, I reworked it some and finally got it to this finished copy. I really only worked on the spelling, the grammar and some of punctuation. I left most of the ideas just as they were because I thought that it was so well written. I really think that you did an excellent job in researching and writing the history.

By no means did I correct everything, because I simply do not have the ability to properly correct all of the English, but I did the best that I could. I felt it important to get the history in the best possible form, because I felt that you had done such a nice job writing the history, that I thought that you would want to distribute copies to many members of the Staples family, and therefore, have it in its best possible grammatical form.

So please read the typed copy against your original hand written form and see if I made any mistakes in writing what you intended to be said. You may even send a copy to Connie and Max and let them proof read it and make any corrections, because I have the history entered into my computer and I can make any changes or alterations in just a matter of minutes then reprint the corrected copy in a matter of five minutes. So if you wish

to make any changes, please let me know.

I personally benefited alot from the history because I really got a feel for how the generations of the Staples, since James of England, all fit together. For the first time I understand who belongs to whom and when they were born, when they died, how they died and and what they did. When we come to St. George next month, I would be interested in looking at some of the works from which you received some of the information.

Also, Mom, I really enjoy that personal Book of Remembrance that you put together for me. I refer to it quite often. I used it to check names and dates for this history. I have used information from it for talks I have given. Most recently, I used the Duty to God Award information you assembled to encourage the young men in the ward to try to achieve the award. I really appreciate what you do for me.

I am including an article from the Standard Examiner that discusses water user rates for a secondary water system in Kaysville. I was impressed because the rates are fixed for parcels of ground an acre in size and the rates begin at \$200.00. You may want this as a comparison to know what the value of the water is that you are delivering from your pond to the neighbors.

Everything seems to be okay here on the home front. Everyone is reasonably healthy. Encouragingly enough is the fact that Alexa seems to be remaining healthier during the winters than she use to. In years past, she was always sick. This year, she has done remarkably well (knock on wood), and she is in school around all those germs. We are real happy and hope that

she is out growing that constant infant sickness. We cannot wait to let you see SaDee. She is so darling. She is at the age where she is walking and is climbing and is into everything. She is nearly always pleasant and laughs and smiles alot. She is a real joy.

Tara just got her report card and got all A's except two B+'s. She tries really hard in school. Tara is a very honest person. She will not cheat. If she is to read a book, she will not report it read if she just skips over the pages. If she reports it read, then she will read every page. It is nice to see that kind of honesty. She is also playing basketball this year and she really enjoys it.

Brooke was asked by the stake president to speak in stake conference. She gave about a seven minute talk about tithing. She did a tremendous job. She acted very confident. She is very busy. She is taking piano, cheerleading at school, playing on a city and a church basketball team, and still finds time to talk on the phone and do home work. She gets alot done with her time.

Summer is still living a busy schedule. She spends alot of time with her school drill team practices. She performs at all of the games and is really a talented dancer. When you consider how many kids go to Layton High (I think about 1800) and that of all of the girls that would like to be on the dance team that Summer is just one of about 16 girls that regularly performs. Also, Wayne is taking the missionary lessons. He is on the third lesson and seems very sincere about what he is doing. He really is a good kid. Perhaps his taking the lessons is an answer to prayer, for I know that Summer sure likes him and I think that

they believe that they are meant for each other.

We have two nights free lodging at Park City this week and free ski passes. Therefore, as a family, we are going to stay at Park City for two days this week- Friday and Saturday. We will all have an opportunity to ski on a beginners hill for part of a day. It should be fun. We will be careful. We cannot pass it up, for most of the package is free.

Then we hope to come to St. George about the third week in February. I will check with you to see how you are doing and if you are well enough to receive us. We will agree on a good date.

The snow has really been deep. several deer are wintering in the trees around our place. There is a herd of about 10 that is wintering in the trees next to my horse pasture. I cannot see were they are eating any hay, which surprises me. By the way, Max and I had a rather enjoyable day going up to get hay. Everything went well. We got the tractor chains and dug the snow out and got the truck to the barn and loaded up 56 bales of hay. I had a good time working with Max. You have taught us that there is pleasure and joy in work and that is especially true when doing it with those for whom you care alot.

The church work keeps me busy. I shall perform my first marriage on 4 Feb 1988. We have had a number of people go on missions and that has been rewarding. There are still alot of problems, but we seem to do okay.

Work is slow. I am only building one home. We hope for an improved year, but I am not very optismitic. Some how, we seem to make it. We are being careful with expenditures. Good

budgeting is important. Margo can squeeze alot of mileage out of a dollar.

We love you and care so much about you. We hope that you are happy and are doing well. We send our love.

Love,

Dee

