

BIOGRAPHY OF GEORGE TUNIS 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 hertiage and indeedoprowd of my family. They have brought thegreatest satisfaction and joy and happiness into mine and my beloved wife Ermas lives. My greatest personal possession is:attestimony 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 advociate with our Father in Heaven. That the Father and His Son Jesus Christ appeared to Joseph Smith and the Gospel of Juses Christ was restored through the Prophet Joseph Smith. I know this Gospel is true and only through its ordances 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 privilage 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 Davine 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 & Covenants Sec. 9 VS 8. Satan will try to influence our thinking.

The lives our Children are living gives Erma and I a lot of good feelings toward 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 durning my life time by working with people and working with animals I have found how valuable these things are. My experience with annals 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 wouldnt 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 doesn't 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, children Max, Connie and Dee and 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 easy go does't bring appreciation.

Appreciation is a good thing to learn and apply. Appreciation 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. 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 Everlasting 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 K. and our lovely Grandchildren. I know I can not reach Eternal life and Exaltation without them.

With gratitude, appreciation and Love.

George Grant Staples

23 Mar 1987

Individual Record

FamilySearch® Ancestral File™ v4.19

Henry STAPLETON (STAPLES) (AFN: 1DV6-K9)**Sex:** M[Pedigree](#)[Family](#)**Event(s):****Born:** CA 1768

England

Died: 10 Feb 1822

Redmarley, D'Abitot, Worchester, England

Parents:**Marriage(s):****Spouse:** Ann TAYLOR (AFN: 1DV6-LG)[Family](#)**Marriage:** 21 Jan 1793

Claines, Worc., England

Spouse: Ann TAYLOR (AFN: FP1D-SR)[Family](#)**Marriage:****Submitter(s):**[Details](#)**About Ancestral File:**

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BIOGRAPHY OF GEORGE TUNIS STAPLES

written by his son George Grant Staples

George Tunis Staples was an outstanding Livestock Man, Rancher and Family man. He was known by ranchers and livestock men through Utah, Idaho, Oregon and Wyoming. He bought herds of sheep, horses, herford bulls and buck sheep in these states. He was known for his honesty, and admired for his way of life and his sense of justice in dealing with his fellow men. He was not only a good judge of livestock but of men also. He rarely become angry and had great patience with his family and his fellow men.

He had an uncanny knowledge of the range land he was involved with which took in several townships. He knew how the sections were laid out and where most of the corner markings were located. He had studied the maps and retained this information in his head and could tell you the numbers of the sections and where they lay.

He tried to teach this information to his sons and Matt Browning but it didn't sink in to well. I have ridden horse back with Father when he was showing other ranchers where some of their corner sections were and where the section lines were laid out.

Father was a diplomat and arbitrator and on occasion had to discharge men, but he did it in a way that many came back and asked for a job later.

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.

I am grateful for noble parents and what they did for me. First for the privilege of being born in the New and Everlasting Covenant, and having a feeling of love and security in our home; learning to pray at my Mothers knee and taking my turn saying the family prayer, kneeling at the breakfast table with the chairs turned with the backs to the table.

I know Father was a praying man because I have seen him on his knees in secret prayer before retiring at night. Never did I hear Father profane or use abusive language, or did I ever see him drink tea or coffee or liquor. He not only taught honesty and good living but practiced it.

in writing this biography of Father it is requiring living in the past as I do not have a written record to accomplish this. Several pictures taken by Mrs Dortha Browning and her son Matt while Father was working for them and kept by Mother, and a few pictures taken by Jimmy the Basco while Father was working for Walter J. Lindsay helps somewhat to bring to mind some of the things that happened during those times. Many of the things I write are as I remember them and as told by my parents.

George Tunis Staples was born 5 Feb. 1886 in Mesa, Maricopa County, Arizona, the third child and oldest living son of James Tunis and Ruthetta Gardner Staples at that time.

In a Mesa news paper clipping "Mesa's Past" obtained by my son Dee while he was attending Arizona State University tells of two George Staples families, father and son, the Thomas Stapley and Hubers families coming to settle in Mesa Arizona. It tells of George Staples Sr. later giving some land for the building of a little red school house. This would have to be my Great Grandfather George Staples and his oldest son George Ammon Staples who lived there. James Tunis, my Grandfather, the second son of George and Lauretta Rappleye Staples, married Ruthetta Gardner the 14 Dec 1881 in the St George Temple, Washington County Utah. Ruthetta Gardner, my Grandmother was born 25 Dec 1864 at Willow Creek, Juab County Utah. Their first child Tunis was born 3 Sept 1882 at Inverury, Sevier County, Utah but died shortly after birth.

James Tunis and Ruthetta must have soon thereafter moved to Mesa Arizona where his father George and his brother George Ammon and other families had been sent by P resident Brigham Young to help settle Mesa.

In the history of his life, H. William Staples an uncle of Fathers, tells of the trip to Mesa Arizona and their encounter with the Indians. They left on this trip the latter part of Nov. 1881.

Lauretta Ellen was born 31 Aug 1883 and George Tunis born 5 Feb 1886 at Mesa. The next child Joseph Levi was born 20 Dec 1887 at Thistle, Sevier County, Utah. Jenette was born 2 Dec 1889 at Central, Sevier County, Utah. Carl Joshua was born 1 Nov 1881 at Annabelle, Sevier County, Utah and Rye was born 15 Sept 1894 at

at Elsinore Sevier County, Utah.

After a few years due to the extreme heat of the Mesa Arizona summers and health reasons the Staples families moved farther North and ended up in Elsinor, Sevier County, Utah. Father's mother Ruthetta Gardner Staples at the age of thirty two died 21 May 1896 at Elsinore, leaving a young family of six children. Father was ten years old being the oldest son. Father and his brother Carl went to live with their Uncle Joseph Levi (Lee) and Aunt Matelda B. Anderson Staples at Elsinor.

Father received some good training by his parents and often spoke of his Mother. He also received some good training while living with Uncle Lee and Aunt Tillie. Father learned early how to handle horses and cattle. He became the community cow herder. It was the custom to have the cows gathered each morning by a cow herder and graze them in the foot hills canyons for the day and return them to ranchers and farmers at night. Father recognized as a reliable herder had that job for some time. One of the stories Father told was about one of his uncles, I am not sure, but thought it was Frank, one of the younger boys of George Staples, who got a little roudy one night and began riding his horse in and out of the saloon. Father was standing among the spectators and Frank rode by and picked him up and swung him in behind the saddle; the horse started to buck, but Frank held him on and furnished some excitement for the crowd. Some one went for the Sheriff but before he got there Frank was long gone.

Father always talked about Uncle Lee, Aunt Tillie and how good they were to him and Carl. One fall Erma and I took a trip to Zions Park and stopped in Elsinore and inquired about Aunt Tillie Staples. The store keeper in Elsinore, a relative directed us to her home. She was living with her daughter Anna Laura and husband who had lived in California and moved to Elsinore for retirement. Aunt Tillie was in her nineties, but remembered Father very well, and said he was an obedient and quite boy. He had attended school through the fourth grade.

James Tunis bought a farm near Idaho Falls and moved his family there. When Father was about seventeen he inquired at the Lindsay-Bitton feed yard at Idaho Falls for work. Lewis Bitton told him he was rather young and small for that kind of work, but Father asked for a chance to prove himself. Lewis hired him and

gave him a black team of horses to drive for feeding cattle in the feed lot. It wasn't long until Father proved himself. He was an early starter, kept his horses fat and shiney and the harnesses clean and oiled. He told me one of his secrets of having his horses shining was rubbing them down with a kerosene rag every morning after currying them.

One day Walter J. Lindsay from Ogden Utah, co-owner of the feed yard was looking the operation over and noticed Father at work. He was impressed with the way Father handled his team and the way they looked. Walter J. inquired of Lew Bitton; "who was that young Man driving that shiney black team?" Lew told Walter J. the story and said he was a good man. Walter J. needed a man with his sheep operation and got his partner Lew to let him offer Father a job with the sheep. Father accepted and came to Utah to work for Walter J. Lindsay. It wasn't long until he became foreman for W. J's sheep operation.

At the peak of the Lindsay Land & Livestock Company operation they run as many as twenty two bands of range sheep or about 65,000 head. I remember Lewis Bitton and two of his sons, Willard and Lewis Jr. who were about the same age as Father. George Bitton, a brother to Lewis Bitton Sr. lived in West Weber, Weber County Utah and our families were well acquainted with each other. Lewis Bitton Jr. died Dec 1980 at Grace Idaho. He and my brother Claude dealt together in the cattle business.

Walter J. Lindsay's oldest son Clyde W. was about the same age as Father and they worked together for W. J. Clyde wrote a autobiography of his Father entitled "Daddy Lindsay" and a collection called "Tell us a Story" in which he mentions Father many times. Some of the things he mentions in these two books brings back to memory some of those happenings as Father had related them to his family.

Walter J. Lindsay controlled a large empire and Father and Mother were envolved in this operation. W.J.'s holdings included the Eden Ranch, 4-Mile Ranch Birch Creek Ranch, Connor Springs Ranch, Promotory Ranch, Blacksmith Fork Saw Mill, Wilson Lane Feed Yard, Idaho Falls Feed Yard, Garland Feed Yard, Ogden Wood Yard, Washington Meat Market, and Elite Market.

His ranches contained 3085 acres of irrigated land and 7455 acres of dry farm,

63,514 acres of range land and 100,617 acres under lease connected to the owned land. There was an estimated fifteen million board feet of standing timber connected to the Blacksmith Fork Saw Mill. At the height of the company operation they had twenty two bands of sheep, three thousand range cattle, six thousand hogs and three hundred horses. At the four feed yards up to twenty-five thousand sheep and four thousand cattle were fattened each year.

Some of W.J.'s foreman were George T. Staples Ray Thompson, Louis Felt, Henry Thompson, Jack Blair, Horace Turner, Jim Allen and Helan Tracy.

It would be note worthy to mention Aaron Tracy, a former President of Weber Academy of Ogden, while going to school herded sheep for Father. Aaron was a brother to Helan Tracy. Helan did a lot of carpenter work for Dad after we bought the Alf Pritchett farm at Eden. Helan was an expert in building hay derikes.

Mother, Margie Robins, a niece to W.J.'s second wife Annie Thompson, my Grandmother Rosabelle's sister, worked in the W.J. Lindsay home for about four years.

W.J. told mother he had a fine young fellow working for him with the sheep outfit. He was was always talking George Staples, George Staples. He finally brought George home and introduced him to Margie Robins, my Mother. The result after a courtship on horse back and in the horse and buggy they were married 20 Dec 1911 in the Salt Lake Temple.

I remember Mother telling about her first summer of married life living in a sheep wagon at the Jones Cabin the summer head quarters for the sheep outfit.

Some of my earliest recollections is living in a sheep wagon at the Jones Cabin in the summer and riding with Father and Mother through the mountains visiting the several sheep camps. I can remember riding a horse named Old Hogup with a pack saddle and a blanket folded for a seat. Mother told of the many trips she took with Father horse back. Father carried Claude on a pillow over the horn of the saddle on several trips. We have a picture of one of these trips as Claude and I grew older.

Walter J. Lindsay depended on George T. Staples a great deal giving him the responsibility of the sheep operation.

The spring of 1981 Erma and I visited Wells Robins at Scipio, and taped the

conservation. Wells was 92 and working in his garden and his mind was sharp as as ever. He had worked for W.J. Lindsay during his youth and was well acquainted with Father, being about the same age. Wells talked about Father and his association with him. Father was with the sheep and Wells was herding cattle at the Four Mile Ranch in Cache Valley. Wells lived in a sheep wagon and had a large tent to stable his horses in. His job was to watch for timber rustlers, watch the machinery at the ranch and keep the cattle from drifting off their range.

W.J. stayed with Wells occasionally on overnight trips and gave him some good advice about life. W.J. "Don't lend a good friend money because he will try to avoid you. Never let a man quit work as an enemy; if you have to fire him, give him a bonus and wish him well." Wells said W. J. was a plunger and Lew Bitton was very conservative.

Father had this same philosophy about men, and in the forty years he worked for and managed the sheep for Lindsay-Bitton and was Superintendent for the Lindsay Land and Livestock Company, later the Bar-B- Company, he hired many men and had to fire some, but I don't think he had any enemies.

Wells Robins spoke very highly of Father saying he was a good worker and tended to business. He said W. J. and Lou Bitton didn't seem to pay much attention to the sheep outfit and left it all to George Staples to take care of. He knew the sheep, the range, the men and how to handle them, and they trusted him. Wells said he had never met a more accommodating, smooth acting, good natured honest man than George Staples. He always rode good horses and took good care of them. Wells related an incident when Father was cooking dinner on the open fire when his horse, a beautiful grey gelding he thought the world of, came up to the camp fire; Father flipped a small stick to scare him away, but the stick hit the horse in one eye causing him to become blind in this eye. Wells commented on how badly Father felt about this, but he still kept him as one of his favorite horses.

Wells also commented on his knowing Aaron Tracy, who became President of Weber college after putting himself through college by herding sheep for Father. Wells would visit Aaron over in the La Platta mine country where he was herding sheep.

Wells also commented about his conversations with Father about his family.

Grandfather James Tunis who never remarried after his wife Ruthetta died was buying a farm near Idaho Falls and Father was sending most of his check to help pay for the farm. Wells said Father was still sending money to be applied on the note after he was married. I can remember as a youngster after Father had bought our farm from Alf Prittichet that Grandfather lost his farm in Idaho. Lee and the girls were living with Grandfather at this time. Wells said they were evidently living a little high and when Father stopped sending money they lost the farm. I can remember a Piano that was shipped by rail from Idaho Falls to Eden. I can remember Mother saying that was all Father got for the money he put in that farm. I never did hear Father talk about it. I understand Eugene Stevenson who married Father's older sister Lauretta Ellen bought the farm from Grandfather Tunis, but failed to pay for it.

I can remember some of the events in Father's life he had related to his family while sitting around the coal heater in the front room of our Eden Ranch Home. His bout with mountain fever while on the Nevada Desert. His hospital bed was in a sheep wagon camp. The sheep herders didn't think he would ever make it. The time a sheep camp tipped over on him while trying to keep it upright in the long and hazardous pull up the Danish Dug Way in Mautua leading to Cache County and the summer range. Of the night Father was sitting in the Hotel at Kelton when someone poked a rifle through the window and shot a man sitting across the room. The killer was never found.

Father's life never seemed to be dull. Clyde W. Lindsay as I have mentioned in his writings tells several stories including George Staples in them. I will relate some of the stories as Clyde tells them. I can remember him telling many of these stories. Clyde's account would be more accurate as he was about the same age as Father and they were both there.

In the winter of 1901-02 Father was with three herds, ten thousand ewes of Lindsay-Bittons on the Kelton desert known as Hogup mountain when they became snowed in. Father telegraphed W. J. Lindsay about their plight. "Snowed in, no relief in sight, must have corn". W. J. sent his son Clyde with a railroad car of corn to Kelton. Father met the train with a Four Horse team and sleigh.

They left Kelton about 4' O clock PM loaded with fifty bags of corn headed for the first herd about thirty miles away over a treacherous road. It was bitter cold 30* below zero. They wanted to get the feed to the sheep as soon as possible.

It was a long trip, they had to take turns running behind the sleigh to keep from freezing to death. The last ten miles were up hill and slow going. Jimmie Landa, the Basco herder heard them coming and came out to met them. He drove the last half mile and insisted Clyde and Father walk and keep moving as they were becoming drosey. Arriving at camp Jimmie blanketed the steaming horses and then helped Clyde and Father thaw out. He wouldn't let them go in the warm camp until they had rubbed their hands, feet and faces with snow for about one half hour. Jimmie kept them covered with quilts and blankets and helped rub them until they could feel circulation, then he let them go into the warm camp. To Jimmie the Basco, Clyde and Father were grateful because he probably saved them from frozen feet, hands and ears.

Another near fatal tragedy was in Ogden Canyon. W.J. Lindsay, George Staples, Jim Thompson and Jimmie the Basco were riding in the Caboose behind ten car loads of lambs headed for Ogden rail road yard and then on to the Eastern market. Near the mouth of the canyon the grade of the railroad becomes steep and full of curves. The brakes on the electric motor car that pulled the train failed and the train rolled down the canyon picking up speed. What seemed to be a sure tragedy ended up as a miracle. The train was traveling at a unbelievable speed when the three last cars jumped the track, but still remained upright and hitched to the train. These last three cars dragged along ripping up the ties and road bed for some distance before the train came to a stop due to the resistance of the dragging cars.

It was not always troublesome times, there was time for fun. The bears in the Jones Cabin and LaPlata mine country were killing sheep quite often. One night a bear came to the camp where Father and Clyde Lindsay were staying and ate some of the mutton they had hung in a tree. It was a custom to hang the mutton in a tree at night and let it cool and then wrap it in the bed roll during the day. This method kept the meat cool and fresh. The bear stood on his hind feet and ate

what meat he wanted. Father and Clyde knew Mr bear would be back the next night for more meat so they dug a pit under the spot the meat would hang, covered it with branches, leaves and top soil and got ready for Mr. bear

Sure enough during the night he returned, and as he reached up for the mutton fell into the deep hole. The next morning they decided to tie the bear up and haul him on a horse over to Jones Cabin and make a cage for him. The bear was a half grown cinnamon, weighing about one hundred seventy five pounds. It was a hassle to get two ropes on him and stretched out so they could tie his legs and put a canvas over his head so he couldn't bite. They wrapped him in a horse blanket and tried to load him on a mule. The mule refused to let such a thing be loaded on his back. They had to go over to another camp and get Old Buck a very gentle horse who after being blind folded let them load the bear on his back. It took a lot of tying to the pack saddle to make the bear secure for the trip to Jones Cabin.

After arriving at the cabin where there was a cool spring, they built a cage out of green Quaking Aspen logs. It took a lot of work, but was a thrill when they turned the bear loose into the cage. They kept him that summer at the cabin for show.

Another incident happened with a bear one day as W. J. , his son Clyde and Father were riding in the La Plata mining country and caught sight of a bear across a canyon about one quarter of a mile away. Clyde and Father wanted to go after the bear. W. J. said he would stay there and direct them as they crossed the canyon into the brush. Clyde and Father soon spotted the bear and approached it from two directions. When they got close the bear stopped eating berries and stood up on his hind legs to look around and seeing his plight plunged down through the brush with Father and Clyde after him. When a bear gets crowded in a chase he usually bounds up a tree & that is just what this bear did. After having treed the bear they discovered they didn't have a gun with them. Clyde stayed to hold the bear up the tree while Father rushed back to camp for a gun. He returned in about fifteen minutes just as W. J. caught up. A good shot right between the eyes brought the bear tumbling down out of the tree. W. J. said "this beats all, you guys hunting bear without a gun". Clyde indicated he and Father were about seventeen years old at this time.

I can not resist relating an incident similar to this that happened many years later in the same area. My brother Claude Staples and Orin Kimber were riding through this area looking for cattle when they came upon a bear in a trap one of the sheep herders had set. Claude could remember the story Father had told about his venture with a bear in this area. So Claude and Orin decided to haul the bear on a pack horse to Jones Cabin. You can imagine how spooked the horses were while Claude and Orin got two ropes on the bear so they could stretch him out. They made a muzzle out of wire tying his mouth shut. You can also imagine the time they had in getting the bear on a pack horse they borrowed from one of the sheep herders. They had to tie the horse up about as much as they did the bear to get him to let them load such a odd pack. They got him to Jones Cabin alright and put a chain around his neck and turned him loose at the large horse watering trough. The bear climbed into the trough to cool off from the long hot ride, his breathing had been restricted from the wire around his nose. The bear never did get out of the water and died shortly after.

I heard about this escapade and with my young son Max drove up to Jones Cabin to see the bear. Claude and Orin were not there, they were out riding the range so all we got to see was the bear hide stretched out on the wall of the cabin.

A few years previous to this, Father and I hunted bear with Matt and Biglow Browning in the LaPlatte country. Father was the guide knowing the country well and where the bear wallows were. This was beautiful country, steep canyons, thick timber, plenty of water and berries. We saw bear occasionally but could never get a good shot. We could find the bear wallows in the thick timber near a wet spot or a spring, but the bear would get out ahead of us.

Another bear story as recorded by Clyde Lindsay and including Father was when automobiles first came to Ogden. Carl Zeemer, a friend of the Lindsay family came over to the Lindsay home to show off his Fathers new Stanley Steamer. The Lindsay boys got a thrill and a scare of their lives as Carl showed off his Dad's new car by driving thirty five miles per hour and drove straight for a tree just barley missing it to give his riders a thrill. It was weird feeling going so fast after being used to riding in a horse drawn rig. Clyde vowed to get even with Carl.

A few weeks later Clyde ~~planned avvendette camping trip with Father in the~~ mountains and asked Carl to go along. Carl, a city boy was excited about the trip.

After riding into the high mountains they made camp by the trail in a timber covered canyon. Clyde and Father had planned their strategy. They casually mentioned that there were bears in this area and they prowled around at night sometimes, but there was nothing to fear if you laid right still if one came by. After a luscious meal they turned in for bed shortly after dark. Carl's bed was at the back of the tent, Clyde in the middle and Father near the tent door. When Carl had fallen asleep, Father eased out of bed and quietly slipped away a short distance from the tent. He started crackling the brush.. That was a signal for Clyde to awaken Carl, asking him if he could hear that. Carl said "yes what is it?" Clyde whispered "I bet it's a bear, lie right still. Carl was breathing hard as the noise came closer. By then Father had reached the tent growling like a bear & scratched on the wall of the tent. Clyde jumped up yelling "a bear a bear let's run". Clyde flew out of the tent and dashed down the trail with Carl right on his heels. Father followed right behind them still growling. Carl soon passed Clyde so Father and Clyde knew their prank had worked, so stopped and started to laugh. When they called to Carl that it was only a prank, he couldn't hear them because he was too far down the canyon running for his life. Then Clyde and Father realized the seriousness of their prank, Carl was bare footed and undressed. They went back and dressed and started down the canyon calling and looking for Carl. They found him about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile down the canyon perched in a quaking aspen tree bruised and bleeding and crying. They were then sorry for their prank.

Father during his life time had many experiences with bears, mountain lions, bob cats and coyotes, they are all mortal enemies to sheep and cattle men. Father told of a old female bear and her two cubs at night getting into a herd of ewes and lambs on the bad ground and killed forty head. after the old bear ripped open the ewes the cubs would lick up the ewes milk. The sheep are trained not to leave the bad ground at night so a bear in the middle of the herd had a picnic. Father related several stories of meeting a bear with her cubs on the trail in dense timber. The mother bear usually stands up on her hind legs and shows her

teeth and growls warning you to get out of the way. It's no trouble to get out of the way because your horse is spooked and ready to retreat.

Riding through the mountains at night sometimes becomes rather scary. Father told of riding up a canyon in the dark when his horse snorts and whirls back down the trail. The horse refuses to proceed up the trail so Father nudges him up the mountain side and around what was frightening the horse, and goes on his way.

The coyote is a vicious killer among sheep, he bites and tears, but makes a sport of killing by getting the sheep to run and then runs up along side grabbing the sheep by the throat and setting all fours cutting the throat and flipping the sheep end over end. I have seen coyotes do this on the range and in the pastures. A shot from a gun usually scares them away for a short period.

Father was not only knowledgeable about the Livestock and Ranching business, but he understood men, their feelings and desires. It was a pleasure for me to work with him and for him. When I graduated from high school May 1931, Father wanted me to be the truck driver for the Lindsay Land & Livestock company, later named the Bar B Company. He was the Superintendent of the company and I was happy to work for my Father, starting out at fifty dollars per month and board. When Claude graduated from high school he also went to work for the Bar B Company with the cattle. Matt Browning wanted to learn the Livestock and Ranching business; Claude and I were about the same age as Matt so we learned right along with him.

When Father became Superintendant of the company he received two hundred twenty five dollars per month and board and was furnished a Buick coupe and gas and car maintenance. He had been receiving one hundred twenty five per month as an adviser.

Chet Walker who preceded Father was paid six hundred per month, but that was before the great depression of 1929-30.

The spring of 1931 I started working for Father and the winter of 1931-32 was one of the hardest winters on record. Brownings had three herds of sheep on the Nevada desert and four herds on the Promotory desert. I traveled with Father over the same routes in a new truck that he had traveled horse back with team and wagon. The hard winter, deep snow and extremely cold weather kept me busy hauling corn and supplies to the snow bound sheep. Father went with me on many

of these trips and we slept in the sheep camps with the herders and camp movers. I put one tail gate of the truck next to the camp bunk spanning the camp and slept no close to the stove and Father slept with the herder and camp mover. Three in a bed was rather crowded. One night Father and I slept in the back of the truck because we had an extra man, a relief herder with us. It dropped down to 30 degrees zero that night and the next morning we had to pull the truck with the camp team to get it started. Being out in the wilderness a great deal required keeping the truck in tip top shape.

We shoveled tons of snow that winter getting through the snow drifts and out from being stuck. We were snowed in for two days at one sheep camp because of the high winds with a foot of new snow on top of the already deep snow. It was a terrible blizzard making it impossible to see or move. The second day the sun came out & every thing was so white and bright you couldn't even see where the road was. We made the first tracks along the highway and 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 for the road through the hills were drifted full of snow. They were waiting for a snow blower from Salt Lake City to open the cuts. Father said let's go up the ridge and around the cuts. This we did with much shoveling through the barrow pits.

The Browning company had furnished a new 1931 one and one half ton Reo Speed Wagon truck with over sized tires and single wheels with heavy duty chains. That was a real good truck and could really buck the snow. We made it into Wendover to the railroad hotel just before dark but Father had become 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 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 on Promotory pass was closed and the railroad was closed on the pass also because two engines were trying to open the tracks and the head engine jumped the tracks and tipped over killing the engineer.

We had to ride horse back from Connor Springs Ranch to Browns Ranch about twenty five miles. This was a long cold ride and half of the distance was through deep snow.

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 through the snow with the camp team making a road for the sheep to follow. The snow was too deep for the sheep to travel without some 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 Railroad Station full of corn just for these kinds of emergencies.

This was the winter that most of the wild horses died from starvation on the Promotory Mountain range and many in Nevada.

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 railroad car full of corn shipped to Windover and put on a siding so we could get it to the sheep from there. Many sheep men begged Father for some of that corn because their sheep were dying from lack of feed. Father let them have what he could spare. When we left the railroad loaded with corn about eight or ten small trucks followed us as we broke a road through the deep snow out on the desert.

The experiences I had with Father have become more than priceless over the years. He was a great teacher.

Father homesteaded a section of land, six hundred forty acres while working for Brownings. Part of that homestead was at the mouth of Geertsen Canyon and the rest on top of the mountain in Wellsville Canyon near the now Powder Mountain ski resort. We made a road good enough to drive our car up to the cabin at the mouth of Geertsen Canyon. We had some good times at that cabin while improving up on this homestead.

Father gave his three children a good financial start in life by having a family livestock operation because of the homestead and his farm. Brownings were very good in allowing us to do this while working for them, but we did it after hours.

Mother was very supportive in this project even though we were sleeping in wild country.

Soon after Father accepted the Superintendent job for Brownings he had many

challenges and problems to solve. in the transaction of Brownings foreclosing on Walter J. Lindsay and taking over the large operation there was much disaray and many people took advantage of this. People were cutting their timber, turning cattle and horses onto their range and sheep men feeding over their property lines.

Father was well acquainted with these people and friends to many. While working as an adviser to Brownings he solved the problems of people turning their cattle on the Eden range. Hurum Stallings a good friend of our family was one of the larger Eden Ranchers who let his cattle run on Brownings range. Father solved this problem with no ill feelings. He helped Hyrums son James file for a homestead on the west mountains where they run their cattle for years after that. The cattle men justified themselves for turning their cattle on the Browning range because there was government sections scattered through out the range, but they failed to recognize that W. J. Lindsay had built his empire by buying up all the ground that had water on it, thus controlling all the land.

it was more difficult in solving the problems at other ranches. Tom Davis let his cattle range from his East side of Promotory mountain ranch over to the west side and down onto the Browns Ranch(Old Fort) an excellant winter range and meadows. it took several cowboys, but the cattle were rounded up and pushed back onto their own range. Father explained the situation to Tom Davis and things eventually smoothed out and Davis kept his cows home.

it wasn't so easy with the boys from Randoff, they threatened Father when their cattle were pushed back. They found out Father didn't scare very easily so they kept their cattle on their own range.

The most difficult situation was getting the horses and cattle offthe Rozel flats. Years ago wild horses had roamed the flats, but the hard winter of 1931-2 ended the wild horses on the flats and in the Promotory mountains, they died from starvation, and what few survived were captured or shot.

Several dry farm ranchers turned their horses out on the Razel flats, but Lew Whitiker owned the larger herd and some cattle that grazed on Rozel.

The time was set and a huge roundup was made and the horses and cattle were driven to Lew Whitikers ranch with a notice through the sheriff to keep them off.

Lew Whitiker was unhappy about this and filed a law suite aganist Brownings.

He lost the suite so that was the end of horses on the Rozel flats.

it amazed me that years later i had occasion to be envolved with these men and they had no antimosity to ward Father.

i had the privilege of going with Father to buy and measure hay for the company. Durning the ten year period 1931 to 1941 he bought and measured thousands of tons of hay through out the Penrose, Thatcher, Boswell, Tremonton and Corine area. Father carried a company check book and paid for the hay as he meassured it. Hee gave advance payments to those who needed it until the hay had become settled in the stack for measurement.

Part of my job helping Father, besides running the commissary was making up the monthly pay roll to send to the office. It was usually for seventy five men mostly sheep herders, cowboys and ranch operators. During theelambing period and haying time the payroll was one hundred fifty men. Father usually wrote pay checks for the part time workers.

It was interesting to me what happened during that ten years period. The depression was on during 1931 and money was really tight, it was almost impossible to barrow money. Cattle sold for four cents a pound for fat steers 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 showed a small profit, instead of losing money as durning Chet Walkers time.

During Fathers operation of the company he didn't use a foreman which eliminated overhead and much jealousy. Matt Browning didn't like sheep and wanted to run just ^{Matt} cattle. Father pointed out to him that it was necessary to run sheep to more fully utilize all of the range Sheep could range into the steep canyons and feed for a couple of days before coming into water. Cattle never grazed these hard to reach places. It was an old time notion sheep and cattle were not compatable on the range. This notion goes back to the old days of the west when cattle and sheep men were at war with other, many losing their lives. During the period Father supervised the company, Brownings run five thousand cattle and about thirty thousand sheep.

It happened the spring of 1941; Marriner and Matt Browning felt Matt was

experienced enough to run the company themselves, So Father was relieved of his job with no Compensation for over forty years service except the worn out company car he drove. Marriner had promised Father and mentioned it several times that he would set him up on a nice ranch, with a cow and calf operation when it become time for him to retire. This didnt happen and Marriner asked Father to sell him our homestead, six hundred forty acres for five thousand dollars. I tried to persuade Father not to sell it but he did with no strings attached. This land is worth over one quarter million dollars today as some of it adjoins the Powder Mountain skii resort.

It was indeed a blow to Father after forty years of service in helping to build that empire, working for Lewis Bitton , Walter J lindsay and Brownings. He felt somewhat like W. J. Lindsay when Brownings foreclosed on him.

I lost my job also at the same time, but had bought thirty acres and a home in Eden from Louis Jones, just across the road from the old W. J. Lindsay summer home where I was born. Our farm and Fathers was less than one mile apart and I also owned forty acres at Penrose , Box Elder County, but sold it a few years later.

Father rented a pasture west of Brigham City for a few years and raised cattle. We had a nice two horse trailer built which came in handy. We worked together helping each other. I bought a small Oliver tractor with a seven foot mower which really mowed hay, but I couldn't get a good plow due to the war.

As soon as tractors were available Father bought a large Oliver tractor with a good hang on plow. When the dealer delivered it Father was really proud of his new iron horse. I drove it to open up a piece of land he wanted plowed. After a few rounds I turned it over to Father and he made a trip up the field and back, but when it was time to turn around he pulled the lever and the plows came up out of the ground but there wasn't much room to turn near the corral and one wheel run over the cultapacker that was parked near the fence. The tractor bounced, which excited Father, and he started to yell "woe, woe" pulling back on the steering wheel. I about split laughing, but was no laughing matter to Father. He soon got the tractor under control and went to plowing.

I got a job through Civil Service driving truck for the government while the

Utah General Army Depot was being built, but continued operating my farm and working with Father on Saturdays and after work.

My brother Claude continued working for Matt Browning as cattle foreman. Matt had a foreman for every phase of the business, a complete about face from the way Father operated the company. They sold all the sheep and bought several cattle ranches in Montana and started wheat dry farming on Promotory and Cache Valley. They bought so much machinery they had to have a full time mechanic and helpers to keep it operating. Matt later put Claude in charge of their huge operation.

Father Couldn't get the Browning Ranch out of his system and rode on the cattle round ups several times. He developed a rough spot under his ear which bothered him because he picked and rubbed it a lot. He finally went to Dr. Jr. Rich who burned it with an electric needle. The rough spot went away but a lump soon formed. Dr. Rich operated and removed the lump but the incision failed to heal, the Doctor implanted some radium seeds in the gland of his neck. Father suffered terribly from radiation treatment throughout the summer. He had been operated on that spring. While this was going on he put his Ranch up for sale and that fall sold it to Mr Anderson from Salt Lake City who had bought a large tract of land in Huntsville.

He received thirty thousand dollars for about three hundred twenty aced which was a fair price at that time. Robert H. Hinkley presently owns the Old Homestead and made it into the Eden Pony Ranch.

Father and Mother moved to Ogden that fall giving up the Ranching business. His feet and ankles had begun to swell and he had a hard time getting his cowboy boots on. He didn't own a pair of shoes, only a pair of laced boot shoes for dress.

Late that fall after Thanksgiving a heavy snow storm came, a signal to make a last back ride into the mountains looking for cattle that had been missed on the round up. Father wanted to go with Crook Taylor who was who was making this last round up from the Eden Ranch. I'm sure he figured this would be his last ride. I can see why Father wanted to make this ride because I have been with him in the past on some of these trips searching for stranded cattle. The snow is deep and the going slow, but the objective is to ride to the highest ridges and peaks. The view is spectacular, everything completely white and with a pair of field glasses

one can see any tracks that might have been made in the fresh snow. There is a peak at the head of the right hand of Geertsen Canyon where one on a clear day can see into four states, Utah , Whyoming, Nevada and Idaho.

Father wanted to take this last view of the vast range of mountains that had been his home for so many years. They brought two yearling steers home that had been stranded in the deep snow at the head of Geertsen canyon.

That was Fathers last ride, he came home tired and never left the house after that. He soon become bed ridden and weak. Mother stayed at his side and dressed the sore and removed the flem from his throat.

I stopped in after work on my way home to the Valley each night for the last couple of months. Father never complained and always had a positive outlook. He said that when Spring comes and I can get my feet on the green grass I'll be alright. Dr. Rich made regular visits to the apartment, 2330 Adams av. Ogden Utah.

One of the tender moments I had was one evening as I stopped in after work Father asked if I would administer to him. This was the best thing I was ever able to do for Father in my life.

He soon passed away at his apartment in Ogden 8 April 1949, the conclusion of the life of a great and noble man.

Marriner and Matt Browning sent a signed tribute to Mother for the funeral.

" George Tunis Staples faithful associate of J. M. & M. S. Browning company has passed on to his well earned rest and reward, and we who have been associated with him for so many years desire to acknowledge his worth and pay honor to his memory.

Throughout the years we have come to know and value highly his sterling qualities of upright manhood. He was an honest man, honest with himself and with all others. He did not seek after material wealth or specialized knowledge through higher education, but rather he sought and found those everlasting, satifying inner riches which are gained through upright living and consideration of the rights of others and their welfare. He was always appreciative of kindness and fovors bestowed upon him and sought ways in which to reciprocate.

His religion was epitomized by his honesty, sincerity and consideration of others.

He knew right from wrong and his whole life was based upon right without display by way of any creed.

And so we say to those bereft, we are proud to have known him intimately and to have had the privilege of calling him friend.

And we resolve that this tribute be spread upon the minutes of the company and that a copy be signed by the Officers and sent to his family."

Dated this Fifth day of May AD Nineteen hundred and forty nine.

Marriner A Browning, President

Attest:

Matt S. Browning, Vice President

Father was a loving Grandfather to his grandchildren, he was really proud when his first grandson Max was born and he immediately bought him a pinto shetland pony, and a new saddle and bridle. By the time Max was old enough to ride the pony, it died from paint poisoning, so Father let him ride his top cow horse, Old Shinner.

Connie was the apple of Father's eye, his first granddaughter, and he wanted the best for her. Muriel's oldest son Gary about the same age as Connie, while visiting from Hawaii helped brand the calves while he and Connie sat on the corral fence.

When Dee came along he showed more interest in horses than Max, which pleased Father. He would sit in our front room trying to teach Dee to rope his foot.

Dee and Kanani were not old enough to remember Father.

Money can not buy the good name and legacy Father left to his family.

I am grateful to Father, George Tunis Staples, and Mother Margie Robins Staples for being my parents and the training they gave me and my brother Claude and sister Muriel and sister-cousin Ruby.

Life on this beautiful earth is a period of learning and preparation for a better and advanced life to come, and if I fall short it will be my own fault and neglect, because Father and Mother gave their children everything necessary to help them obtain a better life here and the life to come.

It has been gratifying to write about a devoted Father.

With deep gratitude and Love

George Grant Staples