

Duchesne, Utah
Feb. 9 1968

Mr. & Mrs. Newell Snow
Jensen, Utah

Dear Brother & Sister;

It has been quite a while since I received your letter but I keep putting off writing and I can't say that it is for the want of time. I guess it is just lazyness.

I can't find your letter so I hope I can answer all of your questions. The mine was the Bromide and it was principlly a copper mine though there was some ~~XXX~~ Silver and Zink in it. When we lived at the Moore place we had some ore samples around but after we mover to the Vernon place I can't remember s eeing them. I don't know anything about the dishes only of seein them at home and I didn't know that they were mothers until last year when Howard ask me if I had one of them. Then he told that each of us should have gotten one of them ~~xxxx~~ and that they had belonged to my mother. I told him I never got one and he said he had two and I could have one but I never did get it.

Father had a gold nugget on a stick pin I don't know who got it or whare it went but one day I ask him about it and he said that my Mother had taken care of some man when he was sick at the mine and that the next time he saw the man was after Mother was dead and the man said I have a present here for your wife and Father told him that Mother was dead and the man said I'll give it to you if you will never sell it or give it away so Father took it and never had it cleaned of anything done with it except the pin fastened on it.

The first time I can remember seeing Father was when we were almost to St. George there was some River that we had to cross and a Young Fellow was driving the Stage. There was a flood in the river and Aunt Winnie was scared then Father and this boys Father came upto the opposite bank and they kept waving to this boy showing him whare to drive. I guess we made it OK all I can remember is this big streem of muddy water and the two men on the other side waving .

I can't remember much of Father in St. George except it seemed he was gone a lot. Then I can remember once he took all of us upto Pine Valley and we stayed at some peoples Home all night.

When we were comming back to Vernal I can remember when Orin Alice and I were almost Gassed in a hotel room in Salt Lake and He and the hotel man came in the room and were talking and of our getting off the stage at Grandma's in Naples . One Christmas eve not long after that when we were living on the place in Naples, Aunt Winnie took us toa party at the church house and when we came home there was a light in the house. Father had come home from working on the canal on the resevation and had brought a cedar tree for a Christmas tree, it was the first Christmas I can remember.

When we moved to Measer It seemed that Father was gone a lot to work and I had a lot of the Farming to do with no one to show me how and I just blundered around doing the best I could but Father never made fun nor critized the way I had done them he just tryed to show me the better way to do it.

We never had to work on Sunday more than to take care of the water and the cows but I can remember one Sunday when there was some sickness going ~~and~~

*Don't know where the mine was in 1890 or 17
and that's right well this is with what history I can find
with the place was more than the two years I can remember
true*

*Don't know where the mine was in 1890 or 17
more than that*

around and there wasn't any church meetings. Father and Alley Anderson had had some kind of trouble I don't know just what but they weren't the best of friends but this one Sunday morning when we had had breakfast Father said to me We don't work on Sunday much but there isn't a church today Mr. Anderson cut that big patch of hay and now he is sick in bed I don't think it would hurt much if you put the harness on the horse and went and raked it for him it will be dry tomorrow. You won't need to go to the house the rake is there in the field. After that Father and Mr. Anderson ~~was~~ became good friends. At that time he wasn't active in the church but he became active and was later president of the Elders Quorum and ordained me and Elder.

Father was always concerned about the welfare of his neighbors. He always saw that the widows had their crop in even if he had to leave his own. If there was a call for ~~voluntary~~ labor on someones house or a road or church he was always there.

Father wasn't what you would call a good horseman He had good horses was ~~agood~~ a good feeder and never abused his cows or horses. One time I don't remember the year but it was in April and we were out of hay and Frant Caldwell needed some hay to put his crop in. The only place there was any was in Lapoint so this morning Frant, Father and I left just as it was getting light with three outfits the ground was frozen hard but by the time we got loaded and started back it was beginning to thaw and the farther we came the deeper the mud and the harder the loads to pull. At last Father pulled his load to the side of the road and said we'll just put four head on one wagon and come back for the other one in the morning. He tried to get Frant to unload half of his but he wouldn't. Frant had a small white horse that was getting old and a large young mare. The old horse was getting tired. Frant had them on an even doubletree Father tried to get him to take one of ours that had an off set and give the old horse a little of the advantage but Frant wouldn't do that. Then when we came to the hills Father offered to take our one team back and help him up but Frant wouldn't do that so we would just pull a head a ways and then sit and wait for Frant to catch up. Frant wanted us to go and Father said no I wouldn't go leave you out here in the night but I wouldn't be guilty of treating an old horse like you are treating that one. I think this made Frant mad but he didn't say anything until we got to the canal then he said you just as well go on I am going to leave my load here which he did. The next day as Father and I went back for our other load of hay he kept ~~commenting~~ commenting how sorry he felt for that old horse.

Father hired a lot of men and teams in his life but he never let men abuse their horses.

I never went camping with father but once and that was when the Uintah Stake had their first outing as scouts and I guess you would call it a Fathers and son outing. Father was appointed as sort of guide and camp supervisor. I must have been about Fourteen or fifteen and our wagon was the lead wagon most of the time I drove our wagon and Father rode the saddle horse going back often to see that every one was coming along ok We went beyond the Ashley Twins some place where Father used to camp when he was ranger. It was a bad road after we passed the Flume mill ~~mill~~ but the park was beautiful it must have been not too far from Lake Shore. Father handled the camp nice and I enjoyed being out in the Mountains with him.

Father visited the sick a lot and enjoyed it. One time he told me that he had always wanted to be a Doctor but didn't get the chance. It seemed to me that no matter who was sick around the ward they always sent for Father even ~~when~~ before they did the Doctor. When Father died Aunt Winnie ask me

to go settle ~~for~~ with Doctor Rich for the two house calls that he had ~~made~~^{made} and get a Death certfic and also to settle with Mrs Dillman-Swain for the use of the Hurse for the ~~funeral~~ funeral. I went to Dr. Rich he wrote t the certfic and then I ask how much I owed him he said nothing I said ther was two house calls and we are not on charity. He looked at me with a stern glint in his eye and said do you know how many times I have gone to a home to see a patient and found your Father there and I said no. He said n neither do I but they afe to many to count and he wasn't giving out charity he was just helping people now get going. When I went to Mrs. Swain she said that man has ridden one the front seat so many times I would be ashamed to charge for him rideing in the back and she was crying by the time she got to the last words.

When Uncle Phil Stringham was so bad with poison from getting shot in the leg he wouldn't let anyone stay in the room but Father

Fath er was strictly honest and about the only time I ever ~~re~~ remember of him ~~xsaying~~ saying anything about another person would be when in contempt ~~he would~~ he would say he isnt honest or his word isn't any good or he cheats or lies.

I remember one time comming into Kelly's store in Jensen ~~one time~~ with ~~xxxx~~ several other fellow. We had to have a tire and we sure didn't have any money. So we told Mr Kelly that we were working but hadn't gotten a pay day yet and we had to have this tire to get back to work (ehich was the tfuth) Mr. Kelly brought out the tire made up the bill then started asking who ~~xxx~~ each of us were I was about in the middle when he got to me I said I am ~~Vene~~ Vene Colletts boy he went no farther he just said will you sign this bill and I said yes He said if your Vene's boy that is good enough for me.

When Father Died Wiley ask me if I knew of any bills that he owed and I ~~xxx~~ said the only one I know of that hhe was worrying about was to Andrew Vernon for some hay and I think it was some whare near a hundred dollars The next time I saw Wiley he said are you sure Father owed Andrew Vernon and I said I am sure because it was less than a month ago that he told me he did why?

Wiley said I ask Andrew and he said Father didn't owe him anything and I told him that I was quite certain Father ~~xxx~~ Did and Andrew said I say he doesn't and that is between he and I.

On the day of Father's funeral I had gotten my Mother^{in-law}'s car to take the Pall Bearers in as I drove upto the house Maime Hacking came up and said do you have a ride for the Pall Bearers and I said yes she said you just as well park it I always said I wanted the honor of hauling that man to his furnal and the cemetary it look as though I can't so I'll haul the men that carry him when you get ready there is my car and I'll drive it and she started to cry.

Well I could write a lot more but I know this ^{is} more than enough so if you want to use any or all of ~~use~~^{use} your own judgement

Clela is having a bad time with her nerves again. To long of a winter I hope by next year I can sell out and go where it isn't so cold.

Renae is back in South Carolina again. They went from Boise to California and back through the south to miss the snow so we didn't get to see the baby. They will be going to Seattle some time this summer or early fall

Bore Byrona Clela

Write Say. He expects our children to live in the house. It is money a little but now hope it will be the property. There is money that I picked this.