

personal history of
Theo Woodrow Pollock
born April 6, 1916



Woodrow and Denor

The following pages are the transcribed tapes recorded by Theo Woodrow Pollock describing his life from 1916 to 1964.

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Life of Theo Woodrow Pollock

TAPE 1

Way back in the year 1916, on April 6th, there was a baby born to Ellinor Matilda Davis Pollock and Samuel L. Pollock. My name is Theo Woodrow Pollock. I'd like to make a tape to give some information to my grandkids and great grandkids as years go by.

My Dad and Mother reared 14 children - their names, from the oldest to the youngest,

Emery, Blaine, Edith, Leda, Mildred, Jimmy, Lorraine, Cleora, Wilma, Dora, Verl, Violet, Austin, Woodrow,

Mother and Dad were married in the St. George Temple. Dad was 21 years old and mother was 17 years old; and right promptly they decided to take up a homestead down south in Kanarraville about six miles, southwest actually; and they built a log cabin there. Later on they bought a brick house up in Kanarraville. We lived up there in the wintertime and in the summer time we lived down in Dry Creek where their log cabin was.

I'll have to record this tape strictly by memory because I never kept a diary or journal.

The first thing I can remember about my life, I guess I must have been about 3 years old. We lived in this old house in Kanarraville; it was an old fashioned house with real high ceilings about 11 feet high and mother put me to sleep in this bedroom.

The light was shining through the door of the living room; we didn't have anything but kerosene lamps and it made it kind of dim in there. I'd look up on the ceiling and there was some plaster broke off, and it made a shape or some kind of figure up there, and it looked like a

wild animal to me, I thought it was a bear (I'd heard the kids talk about bears) - so I would fuss and cry until Mother came in and calmed me down to get me to sleep. But I remember how scary it was. Another thing that is pretty clear in my mind from that time; my brothers and sisters older than me would go up back of the house, in the sagebrush, and hunt for what they called tones, in the springtime. They were little plants that came out of the ground with two fern like leaves that lay flat on the ground and a little purple flower would come up from the middle of it. That was a sign of spring because just as soon as the snow melted they would come up and bloom. I must have been pretty small because I remember how hard it was for me to make my way through the sagebrush to try to keep up with the older kids. Most of my memories are when we lived in the old log cabin south of Dry Creek, south of Kanarraville; anyway, we called it Dry Creek. There are a lot of good memories there - I remember one time we had some big shade trees in front of the house, old Cottonwood trees, and we liked to get under those trees and play around in the summertime. Austin and Violet decided they would get Dad's old camp stove, a little light stove that he used to take with him shepherding to build fires in when he stayed in the tent. They were going to cook us a little dinner there I guess. Violet took the lid off and laid it on the ground, I came tripping along barefooted, never did wear shoes I don't think, but I hit that hot stove lid with my big toe and burned it. Nobody had any sympathy for me and told me I was a big baby and all that. But I proceeded to go in the house, got in the drawers and found an old jar lid. The jar lids for canning fruit in those days; they had these jar lids that were made out of zinc and they had a glass liner inside them so the fruit wouldn't be poisoned by the metal and then they had this rubber that screwed down on the lid; well, anyways, I got that jar lid and it was only about inch deep and about 3 inches in diameter. We had a wash beside of the house, we called it a wash, and it was where the floods had washed a big gutter in the ground. There was a spring down in the bottom where we got our water and we had made a trail made down there - it was a pretty steep trail - it was about 10 or 15 feet down there I guess. I hopped down there and got that jar lid full of water and climbed back up the best way I could and would stick my toe in that water - boy did it ever feel good. Then when it started getting warm and hurting again I would dump it out and go down and get me another lid of water. I done that, I guess for maybe an hour,

and it got to feel somewhat better so I decided to give it up. From that day to this I can't figure out why I didn't go down there in that creek and stick my toe in the water until it felt better instead of climbing up and down. Down there by that spring there was a wild rose bush hanging over the bank and it had a bird nest in there (every year it had a bird nest in there) - we called them picky birds - they were really King Birds - and every time I would go down there, them buggers would come after me and land on my head and pick the heck out of me. Later on when the little birds were almost ready to fly off, I went down there and got three of them and took them up to the house and got a pasteboard box and cut some holes in it and put the birds in. I was going to keep them but Mother made me take them back down to the nest; she said it was mean to take them away from their mother. I sure did feel bad about that because I really wanted those birds.

Edith and Leda had been down to California for school or working or something. Anyway they came home one year and we had an old red hen that was a favorite because it laid brown eggs, and all the other chickens laid white eggs. And we thought she was all right - it was an old Diamond Red - meanwhile while they were down in California the chicken died and we just took it down in a big patch of rabbit brush and threw it out there and scattered feathers allover - I insisted that Leda go down there with me where the feathers were to show her that the old red hen had died, I guess. They all laughed because I insisted they go down and look at those feathers. I didn't know what they were laughing about.

* Down at that old log cabin they had what we called a cellar; they had dug a hole in the ground about 8 by 10 foot square and as I remember they had cedar posts laying across it and then some cedar boughs and straw covered up with dirt - which made it pretty nice. It was always nice and cool down there and Mother put up some shelves down there and we always had a bunch of cows to milk, maybe 11 or 12 cows to milk everyday; had lots of milk and we would set the milk down there in big flat pans about 3 inches deep and 10 to 12 inches in diameter and then let the cream raise, then skim it off with the skimmer, then drink the milk, use the cream to make butter and cheese. Us kids would get them big homemade loaves of bread, the big fats ones, take a big butcher knife and saw us off a big

hunk of bread and would sneak around down to the cellar and slap that bread down in a pan of milk and the cream would stick to the bread. Then we would open the big sack of sugar (we had big 100 pound sacks of sugar sitting down there that was used for canning fruit and stuff like that, for making jelly). We would stick the bread down in the sugar and it would stick to it - man was that every good eating. That sugar and that homemade bread I'll never forget how good that was! (It was fine if we could get away with it though - Mother would kind of keep an eye on us and I think the main thing she didn't like - she always hollered about dropping cream in the Xsugar sack and it made hard lumps).

X Dad built that old log cabin by bringing timber from Dry Creek Canyon; dragging it out with a horse, would put a chain on it and drag it out there. He made it in two stages. We used that for quite a while I guess when they were younger but by the time I came it was bigger because they put another log cabin right beside it, about three feet away, and they even put a floor in it, a wooden floor, and that was a lot better than the old log cabin, but we used both of them. In between these two log cabins they continued the roof right across, then they just put plain old barn boards up (1 x 12) on the sides of this three foot portion of it and they used it as a pantry - kept canned foods in there and dry goods, groceries and stuff. One day Austin was in there fooling around and he saw this knot hole in this board and he decided to go to the bathroom instead of going outside - so he stuck his little dinkus in there - it wasn't long before he started hollering somebody better come here, somebody better come here - then Mother went in there to see what was the matter; she saw what he was doing and the old rooster had a hold of it on the outside and was pulling on it - I guess he though he had a big X worm!

It seemed like Dora was always the ringleader of the bunch. One night about dusk, well it was almost dark, she said she would give me a penny if I could race around the house - she said she would go one way and I would go the other - and the one that could beat back to that point would win, well if I beat she would give me a penny - but of course, if she won I wouldn't give her anything. We took off and I got around to the dark side of the house and I saw this big old ugly ruins sitting there on the chair - it had a big ugly face and I got scared and I took off back around the other way. R nearly had a run-

away. Dora had that thing made up - she took one of Ma's old dresses and some other old clothes and tied them on that chair - then took a pillow case and tied a string around it to make it look like it had a head on the top; took some charcoal out of the stove ashes and made this ugly face.

I had no idea I was going to run into something like that - it just scared the living wutz out of me. When I mentioned I had a run-away, in case you don't know, that was when a team of horses would get scared and got loose and would run-away with the wagon - they usually tear the wagon up - hitting posts and trees - so everybody tried to avoid the run-away.

* Another thing Dora would do; we had kerosene lamps - they weren't much light - but we used them all the time - it was all we had in that old log cabin - she would take a sheet and tie it up like a movie screen; then she would put up a little table on the backs of two chairs; then she would tell the kids she was going to have a show. We would all get in front of it - the light would be shining from the back and it would make a shadow on the sheet. She would get somebody on that table and say she was making out like somebody was going to the doctor - and she would say well, you're in really bad shape - we're going to have to operate on you: then she would take a big butcher knife and saw through the belly and she would take a saw like she was cutting through the breastbone and take her hands like she was pulling it apart and start taking stuff out of there - sometimes she pulled an old shoe, or a pair of scissors out of there - inside of this person - just all kinds of stuff like that.

That was what we had for entertainment. One time Mother and Dad decided to go down to Hurricane, it was about 35 miles from our place - go down there with a team and wagon - it would take all day to go down there and then another day to get back.

One day in between to pick the fruit and they brought back a bunch of peaches one time. Mother was going to can them and put them in the back room of this old log cabin. Next morning she got up and she got her bottles all ready and was going to can the peaches - she had them covered up with a sheet and had us kids go out with some buckets to get some peaches and bring them in to her - we went back in and told her there were no peaches there. There was nothing there but two tubs of shelled corncobs. Us kids, we didn't think anything about it, but Mother said well I know what happened - it has to do with trade rats - trade rats would steal the peaches and they

wouldn't take one unless they leave something in its place. The corncobs were the handiest things they could find out by the barn and they would put them in there. So we had to hunt for those peaches - find out where they did leave them went outside and found a hole underneath that part of the log cabin that had a floor in it - we got a shovel and dug a hole under there - though we would probably have to crawl under there - there were peaches under there all right! We had to sneak them out of there - washed them off, and canned them. While we were under there, I think it was Violet, she found a few coins - two or three nickels and dimes - so we thought we should take a better look - so we all got to digging around in the dirt and we found quite a few coins. There were even quarters. I think we had about three or four dollars. Mother and Dad said that somebody must have lost their purse under there and these rats found it and took it under there sometime over the years. We all thought that was a gold mine under there! I connected gold with being rich so I though we had found a gold mine.

Never heard tell of screen doors back in those days - those old log cabins got pretty hot in those days so you would leave the door open because there were very few windows in them. So we would leave the door open and the chickens all ran around outside and they would come into the house and we would have to shoo them off - Mother would take the broom to them. I remember that real well. One day an old rooster came in there; flew up on the table and landed with his butt-end on a sheet of fly-paper - it came in sheets about 16 inches long and 10 inches wide, real sticky, the flies would land on it and get caught and they would take it a burn it up. But that rooster - when he got that fly paper on him - he took off with it dragging and we could hear him flopping around and he went off through the barnyard and we could hear all the chickens cackling and running and even the cows were running with their tails in the air. That another thing stayed on my mind for a long time!

My Mother got me a felt hat one time - it was red - boy I was proud of that hat - I wore that hat all the time - it was kind of a floppy hat. One night I went with Dora to bring the cows in - we were riding the horse - and we went down to the end of the wheat field because we thought we heard some cow bells - they always had bells on the cows so we could hear them a long ways off so we would know

where the cows were - but they were somebody else's cows in another pasture. So we started back home - took a ^{short} cut off through the wheat fields - I was behind her on that horse and she was going pretty fast and my hat flew off - we didn't stop to look for it because it was getting too dark - and the wheat was pretty tall any ways. Anyway we never did find that darn hat - I was really sad about that. Well, to finish this story - in the fall of the year when the thrashers came up - they had a big crew of men who came around and thrashed the wheat and barley - when they came up there to bring the wheat in - they cut it with a binder - a binder is a big machine that they pulled with three or four horses that had a big cutting blade on the front of it and it cut the grain and then had a conveyor belt that carried the grain back up to the other end of the machine and then a big arm would reach out with the binding twine (hemp string) on it and tie it up in bundles. Then they would chop it in the fields and stand it up in the fields to dry - it had to be real dry before they could bring it in to put it in big stack fields around the barn. Well, anyway when these thrashing machine men came they had one run by six horses - but they go around in a circle and turn a big wheel and it had a big belt on it to run the thrashing machine - they would throw the wheat bundles in it at one end, it would chop it all up and grind it pretty much and shake all the seeds out of it - which was the wheat and it would go down a pipe and the fellows there would catch it in a burlap sack and carry it over to the granary, dump it out and come back to get another sack. This one guy went to throw a bundle of wheat into the thrashing machine when he spotted something red and pulled it out - he said hey look what I found - a red hat in this bundle of wheat - I said that's my hat - we were always around there watching them do the grain. He said~ well, if its your hat - what will you give me for it - I said I can't give you anything - I don't have anything to give you- - he said =well I'll tell you what, I'll give you this hat if you promise to see that I get an egg for breakfast in the morning. Mother always cooked them one or two eggs for breakfast anyway - that was no big-deal - but I remember I went out and chased a chicken off the nest and I got an egg to be sure that guy got his egg so I could get my hat back! I was really happy about my hat.

* Uncle Henry and Aunt Alice had a house across the valley - it was about a mile and a half I guess up to the mouth of the canyon and we

used to go up there to visit with them - there was nobody else around - they all had kids about the same age as ours.

I always like to go play with George and Denora - we had to walk up there - I was only about 4 years old at this time. Leda would say run along like a good little boy - put your head down and run and I thought I had to have my head down - and I would run and run and run. Then after we would play all day we would have to walk home again. I would be pretty tired by the time we got back home. For a little four year old I suppose that would be quite a trip.

When I was about 5 years old I remember I was always getting sick - real bad sick. At the same time Verle had a ruptured appendix - he didn't know what it was at the time - but there was an old doctor in Cedar who would come down in his horse and buggy. His name was Dr. Green - and he doctored Verle with Linseed oil and flushed him all out so he wouldn't get gangrene because they didn't know what they could do with a ruptured appendix then. While he was there Mother had him doctor me and he said I had bronchial pneumonia or real bad bronchitis; he gave me some green medicine to take, I remember that pretty green medicine - and his name was Green and I thought that was why they called him Dr. Green, because he gave green medicine.

How dumb can a kid get?

We used to make our own fun. If we could possibly get a hold of old Model T tires we would roll them, push ahead of us with our hands, and roll them down the street. I couldn't keep up with the other kids because I would be coughing all the time - I had the darndest cough all the time - I would get out of breath and would have to stop. I remember how I used to envy them because they could keep going and I couldn't. This lasted until I was 15 years old - that bronchitis - I would be sick about two weeks then well about week; all the way from the time I was five until I was 15 - for ten years there - they thought I was going to die several times.

I would like to go back just a little bit. There was a time when Mother and Dad were first married and they took up this homestead. They had a section of land, however much that is, filled with sagebrush and big tall rabbit brush that was about 5 feet high - so thick you could hardly get through them. Dad had to take an ax and

cut all that brush out - at least cut out enough so they could raise a garden, some potatoes and corn and stuff to eat to keep them through the winter time. And during the winter time too he would work at getting this brush off the property; he finally got a team of horses and a railroad iron about 10 or 12 feet, a big heavy steel iron, put a chain around each end of it and drug it with the horses. He would pull them out by the roots and after they dried he would gather them all up and burn them. He finally cleared all that land. Of course, some of it wasn't cleared until the older kids got big enough to help so that made it easier on him.

I remember when the kids would take me up back of the house in the brush to look for tones (tone is a little flower that would come out early in the Spring - its got some flat leaves that lay flat on the ground then a little purple flower grows out of the middle). But they always came out as soon as the snow melted - so we would look for them to see if it was just about spring. I always wanted to go hunting tones!

I guess I should tell you a little about our Christmas's. Like most families then, we would go out in the hills and cut us down a Christmas tree; bring it in and set it up in the house and start decorating. We decorated with popcorn and paper chains and snowflakes we would cut out of paper. We never had any store bought decorations. Mother would usually try to rake up 10 cents apiece to give the kids (to draw names out of a sack) to buy presents for each other. I don't know whose name I got but when I went to the store to buy something I saw this big glass Christmas tree ornament - it was beautiful. It was all different colors, painted with gold paint - a really pretty thing - so I bought it for my drawing, it cost 10 cents and I took it home and hung it on the Christmas tree. When it came time to open the presents the next morning - whoever I got - they didn't have a present. I told them that was their Christmas present. It was the prettiest thing I had ever seen in my life - that gold glass bulb hanging on the one side of that Christmas tree.

One time I went to buy Mother a Christmas present and I didn't know what to buy her.

I saw this little tea strainer about 3 inches in diameter - you just set it over a tea cup to drain the leaves out of the tea when you pour it. In those days we didn't have tea bags - you just used tealeaves and

let them soak, then strained them off. I took it home in a little paper sack and tied a piece of red ribbon around it. I asked Mother if she thought she could tell what it was - she said no she couldn't tell me what it was. I was so anxious to let her know what it was I asked her if she was going to have tea on Christmas day. She said yes, and started laughing; I guess she knew what it was.

* We were down at the shepherd's with Dad one Christmas holiday; counting the sheep wagon - it was actually just an old covered wagon with a canvas over the top of it. It was by Uncle Wally's house (they weren't living there anymore). Dad would keep going out to the barn and spending some time out there. He wouldn't let us go out there to see what he was doing. On Christmas morning we found out what he was doing - he had whittled out some runners out of oak and made us a sleigh - he took real good pains with it - and boy we loved that sleigh. That was one of the best Christmas's.

Christmas was always a good time around our house. One summer Blaine and Austin and I used to go down to Sawyer Springs or Ash Creek we called it. There was a family of Bohemians lived down there - ? Doslix? Was their name - they had some boys William, Paul and George - they all played the accordion - and their Dad played the accordion too. They let us try to play the accordion and we got where we could play part of the tune on it and we really loved that accordion. That summer Mother saved up enough money (when she found out we loved the accordion so much) to buy us an accordion - it was about \$7.50 in the Montgomery Ward catalog. She got it for us for Christmas. I remember I stayed home all day that day learning to play that accordion. By the end of the day I could play three or four tunes on it. I'm not talking about a piano key accordion - it was one of those squeeze-box accordions that had the button keys on it. ~~I could play three or four tunes on it. I'm not talking about a piano key accordion - it was one of those squeeze-box accordions that had the button keys on it.~~

PLAYING ACCORDION!

(My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)!! !

(Bring Back My Bonnie to Me)!! !

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* One time Mother or Dad got a pair of used ice skates from Glade Berry - they were some people who had quite a bit of money I guess - but anyway she gave them to me for Christmas - they clamped onto the sole of your shoe, they had a little key to clamp them on there with and they wouldn't stay on my shoes because the soles kept coming off - the shoes were so wore out - so I took some baling wire and wired clear around the shoes and skates by twisting the wire with a pair of pliers to hold them on. We had lots of fun skating but we would get our feet all wet and real cold and one day we went into Wilfred Berry's mothers place to get warm and she opened the oven door to let us get our feet warm and she noticed my shoes were all wore out. She gave a little kind of giggle like she always did - and she went in the other room and came back with a pair of little work shoes, high top shoes, and they were in pretty good shape - but Wilfred grew so fast he outgrew them so they were ^{still} real good - and they just fit me! So then my skates would stay on good and my feet would stay warm. Boy I was just as proud as a peacock with those shoes - to get a pair of shoes - even if they were used - and in good shape - we appreciated everything we could get like that because we didn't have anything to speak of. There were just a lot of little things that I have memories about that stick with me - I guess they will forever. We used to go to Kanarraville once in a while for birthday parties that one of the kids in town had. At my age there were only about 8 or 10 kids all together that was my age in the whole town that had birthday parties. One of the main games we played, when I was about 8 or 10 years old, was Chewing the String - if you haven't played Chewing the String you ought to try it. You get a piece of string about 2 feet long, put each end in your mouth - one in your mouth and one in the girls mouth - then you start to chewing on the string and wadding it around your tongue and it gets shorter and shorter till you got up to the end, then you would get a kiss. We called that Chewing the String and that was one of the best games we ever played!

* Speaking of those kind of games - we used to play another one called Catch Kiss but that was after we got a little older - maybe about 12 or 14 years-old. We would get the girls all together and we would start them down the corn rows - big tall rows of corn way over your head - there were big patches - oh I guess a quarter of a mile long -

we would give the girls a head start and if we could catch them we would get a kiss. Boy that was really the best game I had ever seen...

*** I remember Mother used to plan a big fishing trip about ever so often - we would go down to Sawyer Springs and she would get in that fishing pond - in the creek there where the water was a little deep around the trees and rocks - she would get an apron and she would scoop it down in the water and scoop it up and have a bunch of minnow fish in there. We would take them back home and she would cook them all up in the frying pan but she would cook bones and all because they were so little they were only about 2 or 3 inches long. But she loved fish so much she ate those dog-gone things bones and all. Of course, I didn't care for them - I wouldn't eat them at all.**

Mother used to tell us a little story about when she was courting Sam L. - before they were married - said they were down at Sawyer Springs one time - that was a beautiful place by the way - they were walking along arm and arm when they saw this little water snake came racing up the path and they didn't get out of the way quick enough - and Dad said Ellner, you better go on - I got to stop here - I think that dang thing went right straight up my leg and he had to stop and get it out. But he still didn't get very excited - he wouldn't dare pull his pants down till she got out of site. *sight*

*** I drove my first car when I was about 9 years old - I remember Austin trying to teach me how to drive it - it was a Model T Ford and what a hard time I was having doing it - I was too short - I couldn't get down to the brake pedal. Those Model T's - in case you haven't driven one before - that was something else - they weren't like cars are today - they had three pedals on the floor - and one was the brake pedal - the one in the middle was reverse and the other was low or neutral - it was used for low and neutral both - and then the emergency brake acted as a brake and half way down would put it into neutral - or if you put it all the way down it would put it in high gear if you weren't pushing the other brakes down. So it was quite complicated if you didn't know how to do it. But first to drive that car you had to get out in front and get hold of the crank - the crank didn't come out - it just stayed in there - you would have to hold your thumb back when you cranked it because if you didn't, sometimes it would backfire, it would kick and a lot of people got their thumb broke - so you got in the habit of pulling your thumb over your forefinger so it wouldn't**

break it off. Anyway, it had a choke - you would reach over and find the choke by the radiator, it was just a wire with a loop in it - pull it out and choke it until it coughed a little bit then push it back in till it would start. There were notches on there - then the gas feed was on the other side - you would put it down about half way on the notches - then you would get it started and get in it - in order to get it to go you would push your foot on the outside pedal - first off, you would have to put the emergency break lever down about half way - that would put it in neutral - then you step on the right hand pedal on the brake - down on the floor rather - it wasn't the brake - it was low gear. If you would push it half-way down it would still be in neutral, if you pushed it all the way down it would be in low gear and you would start creeping along. Then when you got to go fast enough you just let your foot clear off and put your emergency brake clear down and it would go into high gear. Then you could chug along. It just had two gears, low and high. But in order to go in reverse you would have to put your foot on the right brake, that would stop the car - and then you would push the left hand pedal down half-way, that would put it into neutral - then you could push the middle brake down and that would put it into reverse and it would go backwards. Overall it was pretty complicated. We never had a gas feed on the floor - you would have to use the gas feed on the steering column to go chugging along. They didn't have much power either but we made out with them. It was an awkward thing to drive. One time when I was about the age of 10 or 11 (along there somewhere), Verle was up in the West mountain herding sheep for old Don Smoot; fellow from New Harmony, had a bunch of goats up there - he was herding goats not sheep. Mother wanted to go up and visit him and Verle wanted me to stay a couple of weeks with him to help him herd those goats. I remember she was going to ride the horse and that was unusual for Mother to ride the horse especially a straddle horse - that was unheard of - they always rode side straddle - the women in those days didn't straddle a horse like they do now, and it wasn't nice; but anyway, she figured if she had some pants on, or overalls, denims of some kind she would be o.k. She hunted around and finally found an old pair of striped bibbed overalls that old Al Farley had left up there for some reason or another. She crawled into them and they just fit her - and pretty darn good too - I remember how we laughed at her, she looked so funny - she had kind of a pot belly anyway and it stuck out in those bib overalls and she sure looked stout. Anyway we got

on this old horse, Blossom we called her, she was a family pet; went up to West mountain. She visited the rest of the day - it was about ten miles away from our house. She left about sundown to go back home - I guess she didn't get back home till way after dark and she was by herself.

One morning we got up to get some breakfast and Verle decided to make some hotcakes - cooking them on an open campfire. He told me to go into the tent and get the bucket of honey; they had half-gallon buckets of honey, and to set it on the fire because it would go on the hotcakes better if it was melted down a little. So I got the honey and set it on the fire - and me not knowing anything about it, I just set it on the fire and all of a sudden the thing blew up and blew the lid off the can and it landed on one of the old goats backs and stuck to her and scared the heck out of her - she took off and scared all the rest of the goats and they stampeded and took off over the mountain. We had our breakfast and ate our hotcakes and then took out after those goats. It was way in the afternoon before we ever got around them. We chased them all morning and into the middle of the afternoon, but we finally got around them and we just barely got them back to camp where we were supposed to have them by night. We were gone all day - didn't even have any dinner. That's one little experience I had.

In about a week I started getting pretty homesick. That was an awful feeling - I couldn't stand it any longer - I had to go home. Couldn't stay the two weeks but I did stay a couple of more days but I just kept getting sicker and sicker. Verle took me out on top of the hill there where I could see our house down at Dry Creek couldn't see the house but I could see the trees - so I knew where it was. He said you just go right down this canyon till you get out on the flat land then you head straight for the house. I started down the canyon and turned around to look and Verle was sitting on a rock there, crying. He hated to see me go but I was too homesick, I couldn't help it, I had to go. I started down that canyon, I got partway down and I heard something in the brush and I took off and I thought oh, man, a mountain lion is after me for sure. Me being just ten years old, I ran as hard as I could down that canyon until I got so give-out I couldn't even breathe and I had to stop. And when I sat down to rest I guess God told me that was a deer instead of a mountain lion because I relaxed then and went on home. I never got home till about dark that night but I was sure glad to get home!

TAPE 2

* One time we were over to the old cement house - the new one that Dad made - they used to have thunderstorms and there would be so much water that came out of the hills that it would cause a big flood to go down through Dry Creek Canyon - that wash was about maybe 100 feet across it - and one of those plugs would come out of there and it would have trees and rocks and everything else - with a big front on it about ten feet high - and then when that passed over the water would be so high and flooding coming down there - it would be five or six feet across that thing - going like thunder - you couldn't even think of standing up in it. But Jimmy Duncan and Leda (that's Dora's two kids, Jimmy was the oldest, and Leda was the next oldest we called her Little Leda) - well they started back across that wash and the flood was coming and they saw it was coming. Jimmy could outrun it because he was bigger - Jimmy got clear across and looked back and Leda was only half-way across and there was a little kind of island out there and he told her to stay on that island, climb up on that big rock (it was a rock about the size of a car). So she climbed up on that rock, poor little thing, she was, I think, 4 years old then. It was really a scary time and that water came up higher and higher and it kept coming up and she was sitting there looking into the flood coming down the stream, with muddy water splashing in her face and it just almost took her off that rock. We didn't know what to do - Jimmy and Verle were both there. They went and got one of Dad's big rope he used - they were one of the main things he used around the farm - it was about 300 or 400 feet long. So Jimmy tied it around his waist and got upstream about 50 yards and Verle had the horse there and we tied the rope to the horn of the horse and let it go a little at a time. Jimmy went down that creek trying to make his way across there. He finally got over to the rock where she was - and he held on to her and held on to the rock. Fortunately the flood started to recede and go down. We waited until it had gone down enough that we could hold onto the rope and have Jimmy get back out of there. We were all in hysterics - I'll NEVER forget what scared people we were about that little girl being in the middle of that flood.

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Another time we had another little experience similar to that. Blaine was riding this little pony we had - it was a nice little pony - I forget what her name was Braidy I think we called her because her mane looked like it had been braided - it was so curly. He was trying to chase a bull - we had a big Jersey bull that had long horns on him - and he was headed for a bunch of stray cattle and he wanted to go with them. Blaine had Jimmy Duncan behind him on the horse - and that darn bull - he couldn't head him off and the bull started putting his head down and started bumping the horse. So Blaine. Used his head - he went over to this big oak tree and let Jimmy Duncan get off so he wouldn't get hurt. He told him to stay in that tree. So he still tried to chase that bull - and that bull turned around and he got that poor little pony underneath his front legs and just tore a big huge hole in there about 12 inches across - the flesh was just hanging off - but that horse wouldn't give up - he still chased that bull home. And then after he got him in the pen he went back and picked up Jimmy. I guess Blaine was only about 8 or 10 years old then. That was quite an exciting time too.

* Us kids use to love to go down to stay with Dad at the sheep herd - he had a little herd of sheep. Of course, sometimes it would be very far from home, maybe a couple of miles are all, but he still had to stay out there with the sheep. I remember one winter we were down there staying in the sheep wagon with Dad. We would wade around in the snow and slush in the spring of the year and get all soaking wet. Then we would get in the sheep wagon and they had a little stove in there and somehow or other Dad had some baling wire tired onto the stovepipe to hold it from falling over - a piece of baling wire stretched across there. We would take our shoes and socks off and lay them on there - and our pants too so they would dry during the night and we would all get into bed with Dad. I would get on one side and Austin on the other - I guess it was Austin and I that were there then. He would read to us - he read Bat Boy's Diary - and oh, I thought that was a wonderful book. It was about a little kid that was awful mean and in mischief all the time. Dad, I remember he couldn't read very good; he would have to figure out the words sometimes. But anyway he made it awful interesting. And you know, I really appreciated my Dad for that. I JUST LOVED HIM for the little things he did.

One day Blaine and I were going over to the cornfield to hoe some weeds in the corn and we started across this wash. In case you don't know what we call a wash, it is where the floods have run down through the valley and tore out a big deep gully about 8 to 10 feet deep but made straight-off banks on it. We were going across this place one time because we saw some coyote tracks, a lot of them around there, and we noticed this hole about as big around as a water bucket and we decided there must be some coyotes in there. So we went back home and got a shovel and a burlap bag. We went down there and started digging in there to enlarge the hole so we could get in there. Blaine was smaller than me so I let him go down there - of course, that wasn't really the reason I let him go down there, but he thought it was. We got that hole big enough that finally he got hold of one of those little coyotes and he brought him out. We managed to end up with three of them. We took them out and put them in the sack and took them home with us - we were going to raise them for pets. We turned around and looked and here came that old coyote behind us. She wouldn't get real close but she was following us because she knew we had her babies. We took them up and put them in a little pen on the back porch of the house, we had a little screened-in porch. Went to go to bed that night and went to look at our coyotes and they were bouncing around in that pen, whining to get out. We noticed that down through the garden lot was the old coyote - she was pacing back and forth across the fence. She wouldn't get inside the fence but she sure was eyeing them coyotes. She did that for a couple of days but finally she left. Our little coyotes - we gave one to a schoolteacher - Russell Call - he wanted to raise it for a pet. The other one we gave to somebody - I don't recall who. But we kept one and we had him for our pet - and have him for a dog - shoot, he got about half-grown and he started killing all the chickens around there. He wouldn't eat them - he just liked to kill them. , So we had to get rid of him - so Dad got the rifle out and took him out in the back of the yard and shot him.

One day we were fooling around in these washes and Laron Williams had a herd of sheep down there. There had been a big rainstorm. We looked down in this hole in the wash there and there was an old sheep stuck in the mud. So we tied the horse up on top of the bank there, it had a little ditch that ran down into the wash. We tied the horse up not knowing that it was right over that ditch. I was down there trying to get that sheep out of that mud - I had almost got her

out and that dang hot water came down over me and liked to have drowned me. I got out of there as fast as I could. That old mare she had lifted her tail and started wetting and it came down through that little creek - so I got wet on allover - I sure was mad at that. By the time I got home it was almost dry - boy if that wasn't a mess. I sure was glad to get into the creek and get that washed off! One time old Joe Hasmonleet came by the ranch; he wanted to leave his sheep wagon there; he was a cattleman but he had a sheep wagon to stay in. So he left it there and us kids got in there and found a quart can of strawberry jam so we took a pocket knife and cut the lid out of it and we took some bread out there to have bread and jam. That was real good stuff! We never got strawberry jam. Mother got after us and told us to get out of there so we didn't go back in there for jam anymore. But one day I saw her going out around the barn in the brush hunting, gathering eggs and I noticed she went around back of the sheep wagon and then around to the front and crawled up in there. So me and Blaine decided to see what she was doing - we peeked through the cracks. She was in there sitting on the bed and she had a piece of bread and that can of jam - making herself a jam sandwich too!!★

★ My mother, she was a character, I tell you. One time Madge and Violet (Madge Stapeley was a friend of Violets that lived about a mile or two away) got together and went down to where old Laren Williams had left his sheep wagon for a while - it didn't have many groceries in it - but they ate some of what was in there. There was a ten-pound sack of sugar in there - so they took it home and Ma said what are you going to do with that? And Violet said we're going to make a whole bunch of candy and have all the candy we want to eat for a change. She said you're not either - your stealing that sugar and you're going to take it back. So they started to take the sugar back and they got about 30 feet from the house when she called them back and said well, being as you already got it you can leave it here and I'll use it to can my peaches with.★

★ When I was about 14 years old I would take that Model T Ford and take Blaine, Lorraine and Cleora up to school. I think Cleora was in the first grade. I was only 14 years old and wasn't very big to drive that old Model T. We would get stuck in the snow and have to dig it out and push and we would manage to get there. I remember when