

Personal History  
of  
Sheldon B Grant

It was a wintry day in late January 1916, in the small town of New Harmony, Utah.

A young man of 25 had left his expecting wife and 2 year old son at home and had gone to herd sheep to earn a livelihood for them. The man's name was George Albert Grant.

He had hired his cousin, Rulon Taylor, a boy of 14, to help his wife while he was away. Rulon chopped wood and brought it in the house and did other chores that would help Mrs. Grant. She had just turned 20 years old that month.

Rulon slept in the kitchen to help if Mrs. Grant became ill. On the afternoon of Jan. 25 Clara Naomi Farr Grant bundled up her young son, Afton Farr Grant, and was packing him down to visit her husband's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Carbine Grant. They lived about 3 blocks away.

She had to cross a large wash that ran through town. As she was going down to the bottom of the wash, she slipped on the wet ground and fell. She got up, went back home, and went to bed. She thought she would be alright.

She woke up about nine o'clock that evening and knew that her baby was to be born. "She woke Rulon and told him to go down and get Grandpa and Grandma", as she was having a child. Rulon started to build a fire. As her pains were getting worse, Clara said, "Rulon, what are you doing?!" Rulon said, "I thought you were cold, so I'm building a fire!" Clara said, "You go down and get Grandma and Grandpa. Tell them I need them!" Rulon said, "Aunt Clara, I can help you, just tell me what to do!" Clara said, "Rulon Taylor, you go down and get Grandma and Grandpa this minute!" Well, Rulon finally went, and Clara was relieved. She thought she would have to tell Rulon what was really wrong. Rulon arrived at Grandpa's and told them "that Aunt Clara was sick and needed them."

Grandpa got the team and buggy, went up, and brought Clara and Afton down to his place, "where Sheldon B Grant was born about 11 p.m.", three weeks early.

Mother told this to Vada and I: She said "that I looked like a young robin, I was so skinny!"

It wasn't unusual for babies to be born without a doctor in those days. Grandma had another woman to help her. They called these women midwives. "And they were really skilled in the art of delivering babies." It wasn't until years later that Clara had gone to the Hospital for the first time to get one of her babies.

The nearest doctor and hospital were 20 miles away. Almost all of the travel was by horses: "buggy", "wagon", "riding". A few cars were owned at this time: Model T Fords, Buicks. The cars were slow, the roads rough. It would still take about 2 hrs. to drive to Cedar City, even if you could get access to a car.

Well, needless to say, "Afton was sure proud of his new brother." He would go to the crib, lift up the blanket, look in, and say, "Bud." He couldn't say "brother" and started to say, "budder", then finally just "Bud." Well, needless to say that "I am called "Bud" to this day," and I don't mind a bit.

Mother told us that when Dad got the word, he rode horseback all day and night in the rain to get home. Now I suppose he had to come from "Hurricane Valley", as that is where most of the sheep and cattle wintered. That area is south of Hurricane and just on the edge of the "Arizona Strip."

Mother also told us that she had to watch Afton, as he would run into the bedroom and grab the blanket and pull it off of me. "As it was winter time, she was afraid I would get sick."

When I was near 1 year old, (still crawling) before I could walk, I crawled to the fireplace and picked up a hot poker, used to stir up the fire. Well, I got burned real bad on my right hand. To this day I have the scar to prove it.

Then there was the time Mother was hanging curtains. "I was just a toddler at the time." There was a saying "Sit down, you're rocking the boat." This came from a song. Some of the words were: "Sit down, you're rocking the boat. Ta! Ta! Sit down, you're rocking the boat." (Clap) (Clap) (meaning clapping your hands.) Well, as Mother was hanging the curtains that day, she was standing on the table. I started to cry and say, "Down Mommy Rocky Boat."

Then there was the time when we had a mother cat with a litter of babies. Mother had left me outside to play. I was about three years old at the time. After a time she heard me talking, and wondering who I was talking to, she came out to investigate. I guess I had filled a tub with water and was baptizing the kittens. Now some of them were almost drowned. I would pick one up and say, "Name a Jesus, in you go," then do another

one. The kittens were trying to get away from me but were so far gone were unable to. Of course Mother put a stop to that.

Then there was the time I was walking in my sleep. "As I had a habit of doing this," Mother used to watch me close. I had got out of bed and went outside. Now this wasn't unusual, as we didn't have inside toilets, but when I didn't come back in, Mother came out and said to me, "Come back in the house." I turned around and came back in. Mother said to me, "Get back into bed." In those days everyone had a big trunk. I went to the trunk, raised up the lid, and got in. As I was sleeping with my brother Afton at the time, I said, "Afton, move over." Of course when Mother heard me say this, she knew where I was. She had to come and get me and lead me over to the bed. I never woke up.

Another time I was walking in my sleep happened in Salem, Utah. I woke up from this one and was a frightened boy. I was 8 years old at the time. 1924. We were staying with Great Grandma Evans. The train tracks were about 50 yards west of her house. Us kids used to watch the train as it went by. The Depot where the train used to stop was 6 or 7 blocks away. "This night I woke up and was just 1 block from the Depot." "Boy, did I run for home."

While we were there that summer, Aunt Nelda got us a job thinning beets. I remember the first day I earned 50 cents. "Boy, did I think I was rich." As we had to pass a small store on our way home, Aunt Nelda asked us if "we would like to buy a treat." Afton and I "agreed we would." I remember we bought an ice cream cone and a large lollipop (the biggest one I had ever seen) for about 5 cents total. After that, we would go to this store quite often. It was only a short distance from where Grandma Evans lived. Great Grandma Evans was blind. At first I was afraid of her, but after we had been there for a few weeks, I wasn't afraid anymore.

After I had grown older, I learned that Grandma Evans had become blind only in her later years, as did Grandma Farr (her daughter). They both had diabetes in their lives.

Grandma Farr was living in Spanish Fork, Utah at this time--1924--with her husband, John Franklin Farr. They had two unmarried children at this time: Franklin, the only boy, and Nelda, who was the youngest child. Uncle Frank wasn't at home much that summer, as he spent most of his time working in California. Grandfather had a brother who lived in Spanish Fork also. His name was Vaughn. Afton and I would spend a lot of time visiting at his place.

As far as I know, Uncle Vaughn never had a family. I think he was married once. At this time he was living alone in Great Grandfather Farr's house. This place, Uncle Vaughn's home, was about 8 or 10 blocks from Grandpa Farr's place. The house was a nice red brick home on North Main Street.

I remember that I was 8 years of age at the time, because I should have been baptized that summer. We had left for northern Utah soon after school was out in New Harmony. We stayed all summer up there, and came back just in time to start school that fall. As it was too cold to be baptized, I wasn't baptized until the summer of 1925. I felt bad about this--more on this later on.

We had a cousin, Bert Bramell. Bert was in his late teens at the time. Afton and I thought Bert was quite a grownup fellow. One day we were at Uncle Vaughn's place. The streetcar tracks ran down the center of Main Street, in front of Uncle Vaughn's.

Bert had told us that he was going to Salt Lake City by streetcar. I should explain what a streetcar is. It is a single train-type car, that ran on tracks, powered by electricity. On top of the car was a long arm; on the end of the arm was a pulley. This pulley made contact with the wire that ran overhead along the train tracks. Sparks would fly as the train moved along.

Now this was a fascinating sight for a country kid, who hadn't been out of New Harmony until this time. I marveled at the electric lights. We still had the old kerosene lamps at this time in New Harmony.

Back to what I started to tell about Bert. I suppose Bert was going to show us what a grown fellow he was. Well, he did something (that to me now) seems pretty stupid. He waited until the streetcar was about a block from where we were standing. Then he started to run at an angle, grabbed the handrail, and swung aboard. Now these street cars run pretty fast. Bert could easily have lost his footing and been pulled under the train. "I am sure glad that Afton and I were too "dumb" to try that."

There was a mulberry tree in the back of Grandma's lot that had a swing put up in it. Us kids would spend a good share of our time there. I remember how good the berries used to taste. There was Afton (age 10), Sheldon (age 8), Glenn (age 5), Wilma (age 2), our cousins, and their friends.

Mother's sister, Zella Tervott, lived in Payson with her husband and family. Her husband's name was Morris, and they had a son that was about Afton's age. His name was Maurice. Payson is about 10 miles from

Spanish Fork, and only 3-4 miles from Salem, so we could walk over there when we were staying at Grandma Evans' house. I remember picking tomatoes, turnips, and other good things out of their garden. Us kids liked to eat the raw turnips best.

Salem was known as "Pond Town". There was then (and still is today) a pond of water at the west side of town, by the side of the road that ran from Spanish Fork to Payson. I remember Aunt Nelda saying, "What do you want to do today? How about us going over to Pond Town." Now that was the place where we got the big lollipops, so we were more than ready to go.

In those days the streets were dirt (or gravel.) I remember they used to sprinkle them in Spanish Fork to keep the dust down. They used a truck with a tank of water. They would do this about once a week, and it was done by the city.

We had a baby sister born on July 2, 1924. "I suppose that is one reason why we were up there." Family records show Ina was born in New Harmony. If any of mother's nine children were born in a hospital, it would have been her (Ina). I have a good idea that this baby was also born at home, just like the rest of us.

I remember how afraid Mother was of whooping cough. Whenever we were at movies or other public gatherings and Mother heard someone coughing, she would bundle up the kids and leave. "I didn't have whooping cough until I was married and had children of my own." Now this was a dreaded disease for young babies, so you can see why Mother was concerned.

I remember when we came back to New Harmony, we rode the train to Lund, Utah. From there we rode in an open-topped car to Iron Springs, Utah. Iron Springs was about half way between Lund and Cedar City, and played an important role in travel of people coming and going from Southern Utah communities to Lund.

The train didn't come to Cedar City until 1927. When that spur of the railroad was put in, Iron Springs still played a role, and a depot was put in. (built) It was a shorter distance for many people to go there, rather than go to Cedar City to catch the train.

"I do not remember how we came from Iron Springs to New Harmony." As team and buggy was still the main way to travel, that is the way we went, most likely. Aunt Emma was telling Vada and I that Dad was afraid he would have to sell the saddle to get us home. Aunt Emma told us this

October 1977.

"Home From Spanish Fork"

One day in early summer 1920 Mother had left my younger brother Glenn outside to play. Glenn was 18 months old at the time. Mother had told Shirley Neilson and I to watch Glenn. I was 4 and a half years old, Shirley about 2 and a half. After a little while Mother came out of the house, and Glenn wasn't in sight. Now I suppose that Shirley and I had been so busy playing that we had forgotten Glenn.

Mother was always worried about the wash that ran along two sides of the lot. In the spring of the year large streams of water came down the wash. This was caused from melting snow in the north mountains. At this time--mid June-- the high water was gone, and the wash had very little water in it. That was why Mother had relaxed somewhat about keeping us kids away from it. When Mother couldn't find Glenn right away, she ran down to the wash and looked over the bank. There was Glenn laying face down in a small pool of water.

The bank of the wash was about 15 feet deep at this point. There was a small trail down the bank. Glenn had gone down the trail to the bottom. The sand was wet and deep. As Glenn had trouble pulling his feet out, he just fell forward on his face.

Mother started to scream as she ran down the trail. She grabbed Glenn up, put him over her arm face down, and started to slap him on the back. As he showed no sign of life, Mother started for the first help she could find. Frank and Lottie Kelsey lived down the wash a little way. Mother ran screaming down there. Lottie came out when she heard her. As this was haying season, all the men were out in the fields. Lottie told Mother she would run for help and went up the street screaming, "Clara's baby has been drowned!" At this point Aunt Emma Neilson came out. Emma ran one way (when she found out what was wrong), Lottie another.

Emma could see Dan Barney working in his garden. As she ran screaming, he heard her. Now Dan knew something was wrong; he jumped the fence and ran to meet Emma. When Dan found out what had happened and where Mother and Glenn were, he lost no time getting down to Lottie's.

I remember seeing "Glenn laying face down on the kitchen table and Dan working on him." I will never forget how frightened I was. "Dan Barney saved Glenn's life that day. There is no doubt about that."

The house that is on the old lot now is not the place where most of my brothers and sisters were born and raised. There were two houses on the lot when I was born. The old house that was once on the lot many years ago used to be the Post Office. Dad and Mother used to live in that, then Dad moved a smaller two-room house on the place. It was put next to the old one. I remember that you could go out the back door and step directly into it. The older kids--Afton, Sheldon, Glenn--would sleep out there when the weather was good. It wasn't kept up and was finally torn down.

I remember when I was six or seven years old and used to ride the horse for Grandpa Grant to cultivate the corn and other crops. Now this was during the school vacation, and being just a kid, I wanted to play with the other boys. One day I was playing outside, and I could hear Grandpa out by the front gate. He called, "Sheldon." When I heard him, "I crawled under the old house and hid." Mother came out to look for me. After a while she told Grandpa I wasn't here, and he rode away. I peeked out and "could see Grandfather ride his horse around the corner and go down the street looking for me."

Grandpa didn't find me that day, but he didn't give up on me. I am grateful to this day that Grandpa had the wisdom and patience to keep after me. I didn't know it at that time, but what was to be my life's work started when I first rode the horse on the farm. I wouldn't have the job I have now (Superintendent of Grounds at Southern Utah State College) if Grandfather had given up on me. (More on farm work later.)

One day a few of us kids were playing down in the bottom of the lot. The play started to get quite rough, and we started to throw things at each other. I remember getting hit on the head with a sharp rock. I believe it was Afton who threw the rock that hit me. Anyway, he was the one who got the licking (by Dad) for it.

The rock was small and it had a sharp point on it. When it hit me, about 3 inches above my right eye, it stuck there. I have a deep scar to this day. As I look back on some of the things that happened to us kids, I marvel that we made it through those early years.

We didn't have any apple trees on the old lot when we were kids. Uncle Roy had trees, also Uncle Jim Neilson. We could get what we could eat at their places.

Merlin Kelsey was my good buddy when I was growing up, and he would take me down to his place to get apples also. I remember one tree in particular that was very tasty; it was a "golden sweet." Merlin would take

me to his grandfather's place too. His Great Grandfather, "Francis Prince", had an orchard north of his house (where Verl Kelsey now lives) with good apples, also an orchard over in the field east of the dry field ditch. There were peaches, pears, apples, apricots, cherries, grapes, and other fruit.

You would think with all the fruit around that you could get for the asking, you wouldn't have to steal any. Yes, us kids used to steal fruit from people.

Bro. Schmutz, who lived just across the wash from us, had a tree or two of apples that we couldn't resist. We used to play in the wash a lot and would watch for a chance to partake of these apples. Bro. Schmutz would get real mad at us kids, too. Maybe that was one of the reasons we used to steal from him.

We decided one day that we would all go and get some apples. We went down the wash to the tree west of Brother Schmutz's house. As you couldn't see the house from the bottom of the wash, we thought no one could see us. There was Sheldon, Ilene, Glenn, and Shirley. I don't remember who went first to get the apples. I do remember that we all crawled under the fence and were picking apples off the tree when a very gruff voice said, "I've got you this time." If you ever saw a bunch of kids run for the fence, it was us. The first to the hole under the fence made it alright, that was myself and Ilene. We pulled Glenn through, but Bro. Schmutz grabbed Shirley before we could get her through. All we could do then was run for help.

Well, needless to say, Bro. Schmutz didn't hurt Shirley, and we didn't go stealing apples for a good long time. (Not from that tree at least.) We used to give Bro. Schmutz a bad time; not only would we steal apples and melons, but we would throw rocks at the roof of his barn. We deserved any punishment we received for the mean things we did as kids. The kids nowadays are ten times better than we were then.

As we grew older, I came to respect Bro. Schmutz and worked for him off and on. He was a very honest man and treated his help good. At the close of each day he would pay you in "silver."

### "School Days"

\_\_\_ Fall of 1922 was the first day of school for me. I had been dreading this. The day before school was to start "Dad" was cutting my hair. I was bawling. He told me to shut up and to sit there and get my hair cut. I remember how the "hand snaggs" (clippers) pulled--the more you jerked

or pulled away, the harder they pulled. Anyway, he told me I needed to get my hair cut so I would look nice.

Now getting my hair cut was only part of the trouble. I just didn't want to go to school and told him so. He told me I was going to school, and I just as well make it easy for myself and go willingly. Well, I thought about it the rest of that day and decided I wasn't going. The next morning I told "Mother" and "Dad" I would run away before I went to school. Now they knew this was an idle threat and had been pulled before, but rather than make a fuss they told me to go this morning, and if I did not like it I would not have to go back (that day.) I thought I could stand it for half a day.

Now all of us kids (my brothers and sisters, myself) were neat and clean when we went to school or church. We may not have new clothes, but what we had were clean (and mended) and maybe bleached out from much washing (by hand, I might add.)

The schoolhouse was on the lot across the road from Lyle Prince's home. It was a one room building, front facing south, with a belfry on top with a bell to tell you when to come to school and to bring you back in from "recess," one in "mid-morning", one in "mid-afternoon."

We would line up outside 5 minutes before school, and the teacher would tell us to come in. As we entered the building, the boys went to the right, the girls to the left, through a area where we could hang our coats, hats, etc., also a boys restroom and a girls restroom with a "supply room" in between.

As this was the first day of school, nobody had been assigned a desk.

Now 8 classes were being held in this one room. The room was about 30 by 50 feet. (Total building 30 X 70 feet?) 1-2-3-4 grades were held in the north part of the room (1/3 of room) with a curtain between. The south part of the room (about 2/3) 5-6-7-8 grades. "Susie Taylor" was the first grade teacher. "Elmer Taylor" was the teacher for the upper 4 grades. Mother told me one time that when I came home for lunch I was really excited. "Well, how was school?" I told her I needed to eat fast and get back, as "Mrs. Taylor told us not to be late. We had 1 hour for lunch. By cutting through the lots: Grandpa Grants, "Uncle Pen" Taylor's, you could cut off 1/3 of the distance to the school house. Well, needless to say, I was waiting on the steps for school to start. I can recall that day.

"Susie Taylor" taught us in the first and second grades. I will attempt to name them here. Girls: Sylva Prince, Fern Prince, Ilene Neilson, Faye Mathis. Boys: Maxwell Prsbrey, William Dostalek, Paul Dostalek, Preston

Pace, Sheldon Grant.

When we were in the 3<sup>rd</sup> grade, the lower 4 grades were moved to the church house and "Helen Gardner" was the teacher. "Now" the church house was on the lot where our present church is. The building that was the church then was moved about 1951. Reed Prisbrey bought it and moved it to a lot south of the Lyle Prince home. His widow "Doneva" is living there now (1987).

I remember "Clark Pace" was "sparking" Miss Gardner. He must have been the "eligible bachelor" of town, because he was courting Verna Cox, who was our 4<sup>th</sup> grade teacher also. Ha. When Miss Cox was teaching us, we were back to the "schoolhouse", and the curtain was used to separate the classes. I don't recall just when the addition was built on the west side of the schoolhouse, to be used by the 4 lower grades. I do not believe I went to school in there.

My fifth grade teacher was "Elmer Taylor." Now the 4<sup>th</sup> grade teacher was having trouble with one, "Merlin Kelsey." To solve the problem, they just promoted him to the fifth grade, where a man teacher was.

Elmer Taylor did not teach the upper grades long after this. He left to take care of his livestock, and Kenneth Cannon finished the fifth and sixth grades. Mr. Taylor was a good teacher but a firm one. He would not allow any "goofing off." I recall one time "Maxwell Prisbrey" getting a little too smart for his britches. (Mr. Taylor would use a ruler and rap our hands.) Well, "Maxwell" was not behaving as he should, so he got the "treatment." He left the room bawling, heading for home. Mr. Taylor didn't say or do anything. After a little while, he decided to go after "Max." He got in his car (a model T coupe.) Now Maxwell must have heard him coming and ran into the blacksmith shop of Uncle "Reese Davis" one block west of the school house, but "Mr. Taylor" found him and brought him back.

At this time, from "Uncle Reese's" house to the blacksmith shop was a row of box elder and locust trees (big trees.) The shop was in the southeast corner of the lot. From the shop in front of the "Albert Mathis" home (now belongs to "Wilma Pace") to the Edmund C. Grant home was a row of huge box elder trees--a good place for a person to hide behind. ("Maxwell Prisbrey" was a son of Henry and Zina Prisbrey. They lived in the home that later became the "James I. Prince" residence.)

Merlin Kelsey and I were in the same grade now, although I was 1 year older. A friendship was formed between us that lasted many years. We were raised just across the street from each other. We would fight "for" and

protect one another; yes, even fight "with" each other. But we would make up and it never cooled our friendship. More on this relationship (later pages.)

Ken Cannon was a firm teacher. He was boarding with Aunt Sarah Davis (mother of Vilo Pearce and also James Lorenzo Prince.) I remember one day "Rex Prince" showing off in school. As we had four grades in one room, we had to be quiet when the teacher was occupied with one grade or other. Rex should have been quiet, as it wasn't his class the teacher was instructing at the time. He kept heckling the person in front of him. You could see Mr. Cannon look down at him. He told Rex to quit and get back to his studying. Well, Rex just kept on, when he thought the teacher wasn't watching. He was also encouraged by other students.

Well, Mr. Cannon walked down to his desk. I can't remember what he told Rex, but Rex looked up at him and just grinned. That wide grin he always had on his face, at times, got him in trouble. Mr. Cannon reached out and got a hold of him. Everyone but Rex could see he was in trouble. He got shook a little bit. Ken let him go and started away. Looking back, he could still see Rex grinning. "Back he came." Rex just looked up at him and grinned all the wider. Mr. Cannon said, "Get that chessie cat grin off your face." Well, did he do it? NO. Ken reached down and grabbed him again. We all thought Rex would get slapped. It wasn't uncommon for a teacher to lay hands on a student in those days. After getting lifted out of his seat and put back in "not gently" about 3 times, Rex lost his grin. I, for one, thought he got off easy.

Now Mr. Cannon saw Rex at home as well as at school. Rex was living with his Grandpa and Grandma Davis at the time. What was going to happen when Ken went home that night? Knowing Uncle Reese and Aunt Sarah as I do now, I wasn't a bit surprised that nothing came of it. It would have been wrong to make Mr. Cannon board somewhere else.

"Lenzie Sullivan" taught me in the sixth grade. He was the second best teacher I had. I remember how he would take the kids to the "hot springs" (at Hurricane) to swim. He also was my first "Boy Scout" teacher.

All of my schoolteachers (except Susie Taylor) came here from various places, (mostly from St. George.) I don't recall Ken Cannon teaching Scouting. Lenzie was a good Scout teacher. The boys nowadays have an advantage that the kids in my time never had. If we had an advantage, we never knew it or took advantage of it. Lenzie was my "Scoutmaster" when I became a Tenderfoot scout.

I can thank my mother for this certificate--(a Tenderfoot scout certificate.) She gave it to me one day when I was about 50 years old, (soon after I was released as Bishop.) I carried it in my billfold for years. Of late years, it has been with our Book of Remembrance.

The L.D.S. start the boys out in Scouting in the "Primary." By the time they are 12, they are well along. Some are "Eagle" scouts by the time they are 14. Not so when we were kids.

"Le Roy Condie" was my eighth grade teacher. I would have to say he was my "best teacher." He was a boys man; rugged, handsome, the outdoor type, a natural. I learned more from him than anyone. I became a "Star scout" while he was here in New Harmony, just 2 ranks short of becoming a "Eagle." It was my own fault I didn't make it. Those last 2 ranks were hard to come by at that time. We had the encouragement from him. I would give quite a bit now if I could put a certificate of "Eagle" in this book.

Roy--he had reached the rank of "Life scout," one rank from Eagle, and could never go any higher because he had gone beyond the cut-off age. As I recall, the age is 16 now. "Boys", become a "Eagle" before you are over-age. When you get well along in life, you will be glad you did, even more than you do now. Yes, yes.---

"Roy Condie" took us scouts on many overnight camps--places you could walk from town. We would take our packs with bedding, grub, cooking utensils, etc. He taught us how to cook meals, how to survive in the wilds, how to track animals: deer, cattle, horses, coyotes, the difference between cat tracks and dog tracks, etc.

I was told once in a Bishops meeting in the stake, "Bishop, if you have a good boys man in your ward, no matter where he is serving, take him and put him teaching the boys. That is the first and foremost important calling you could make." I believed it then, and I still do to this day.

"William Dostalek" was one of my buddies while we were growing up. I didn't see him very much during our school years. They lived on a farm 5 or 6 miles southeast of town--rode horseback to school each day. "Bill" was 1 year older than I. "Paul" was 1 year younger than me. We were in the same grade.

They would bring their lunch to school, which was mainly dry rye bread. Now, I hadn't been raised on rye bread, or even whole wheat. This rye bread (whole) was a dark brown, almost black. They offered me some at times, but I wouldn't take it. One day I tried some. You know, it was "really

good." I could see why they could get by with it.

It isn't unusual to see that kind of bread in our supermarkets today--"Bohemian." Both their parents were from "Bohemia." (More on them later.)

Maxwell Prisbrey was a buddy also. They moved away from New Harmony about the time we graduated--moved to Bingham, Utah where "Henry" (his father) had employment in the copper mines.

I had other friends when we were kids. The families came and went. Some stayed a short time; others stayed several years. I will mention some on later pages.

### Early Days on the Farm

Dad was herding sheep and shearing sheep and goats in my early years. My farm experience, I got from my Grandfather "Edmund Carbine Grant", Uncle "Roy Grant", "Uncle Jim Neilson", and others whom I worked for.

Grandpa Grant was my first teacher. I would go with him to the farm south of town on the "Joe Lee" creek. I was about 7 when I first rode the horse for him to cultivate the corn. I was young enough I couldn't climb on the horse, (even with the harness on.) He would have to lift me on. He had a team named "Rob" and "Bess". Now Rob was the slower and more steady of the two. I got my training on him.

We used two sets of reins when we were cultivating or making rows. One set would be looped around the "harness", just tight enough that the horse couldn't reach the corn and "nibble", although he would continually try. The other set was used to guide him down the row. It was a struggle to keep him from eating the corn or walking on it.

Grandad only had 13 acres. Some of this was hay, some pasture. The rest--about 8 acres--was planted into corn, beans, and potatoes.

It was about an all-summer's job. I didn't have to water, haul hay, or cut and haul corn. Therefore, I wasn't there every day. I do not wish to "brag" about it, but it seemed to me I worked on the farm more than any one of the grandsons, although at one time or other they all worked there.

My brother Afton was two years older than I; therefore, he got the chances to work for someone who would pay him. My younger brother, Glenn, (3 years) didn't work until later. My cousin "Keith Neilson" worked with his father. "Kent Grant" worked with his father, "Roy." Grant and Lorraine Condie lived in Cedar City and were here at times. John Condie,

their father, was married to "Nell Grant" (Eleanor.)

LeRoy Grant, Eleanor, Emily (Emma), and George Albert were the oldest of the Grant children. Dad had the most boys, and besides was gone most of the time, so it was natural the brunt fell on me. At first I resented it, but as the years went by, I used to "glory" in it.

When the fall rolled around and it got cold enough to kill the pigs, we would get together as one big family. Dad would be home most of the time then. It still seemed that "Sheldon" was the only name I heard. I was too small to help dunk the pig in boiling water or to help scrape the hair off, just the right size to do most of the running around. "Sheldon, would you run down to the house and get a clean pan." "Sheldon, would you get another knife." "Bring up the rope hanging on the back porch." "In the barn is a singletree (used to hang the pig). Would you get us that?" It went on and on. Ya!

Dad didn't raise a pig or have a cow to milk. We would get skimmed milk from Grandad. Who! went down each night (3 blocks) to get the milk? (You guessed it.) Afton would get the chances to go to the Ranch 8 miles north of New Harmony to help Uncle Roy during the summer. My chances came later on, however.

The Goddard Ranch was owned by "Sid Goddard." Uncle Roy owned some meadowland next to it. The Ranch is a beautiful place--640 acres (more or less)? Mostly meadow land, some land to raise corn. Only a high water right. It is 6000 ft. in elevation, nestled in a valley just north of the Pinevalley Mountain; Stoddard Mountain on the north, North Mountain (or Harmony Mountain) on the east. When we were kids, the only way to get there was by wagon and team or horseback.

Uncle Roy and Uncle Sid went into partnership even though they had separate places. Thus, it was known as the Goddard Grant Ranch. Uncle Roy had purchased the Clarence Goddard place joining him on the west.

Uncle Sid died in 1925. I would have been 9 at the time. I do remember him and the pet deer they had at the Ranch. I think they got it as a "fawn". I remember it as a 2 pointer. I remember them telling about it laying in front of the fireplace. I do not remember whether it caught its hair on fire or was just getting too hot. Anyway, it jumped up and "crashed" through the glass window.

Uncle Sid would stay at the Ranch during the winter. They had a big barn which they filled with hay, also "shocked" corn. He would feed the livestock when it snowed deep enough to cover the grass in the meadow.

I think they also had pigs, besides cattle and horses. They had permits to graze cattle on the forest during the summer months. That allowed them to save some of the meadow, to cut for hay.

Uncle Sid never married, that I know of. He willed the Ranch to Grandma Grant before he passed away. Uncle Roy still managed both places. I don't believe anyone stayed at the Ranch in the winter after that, maybe for short periods, though. Uncle Roy took up a homestead on the area just south of the low part of "Harrisburg" (west side.) He would take his livestock down there for the winter, back to the Ranch in the Summer--about six months each place. (More about this later.)

I didn't spend all my time working for Uncle Roy and Grandpa. Uncle George Prince had a place just north of Grandfather's. He also had two boys--Pratt, 8 years older than me, and Marion, 10 years older. I had chances to ride the cultivating horse for them and get paid, like 25 cents a day. I was helping Pratt one day. We had been working hard for about 4 hours. We had brought our lunch. He said, "Let's go eat." After we had eaten, Pratt remarked, "Let's take a rest." Now, I had been riding all morning and was not tired. "Wouldn't it be alright if I went down to the creek," I asked him. "Sure, go ahead," was his answer. "I will call when ready to go back to work."

I had fished in the creek many times before. There were some "suckers" in there--some dark ones, also some red-sided. My mother liked any kind of fish, even "carp." Yuck!! I used to take home the biggest suckers, about 10 inches. I tried several good holes. I would take off my shoes and socks, pick out places under the bank or willows, reach under and try to catch them with my hands. We used to put a round length of wire in the mouth of a gunny sack to make a net. This worked in the more shallow water.

As I reached under a grassy bank, I felt fish, but none big enough to catch and take home. I had been wading around in the water until I was wet to my crotch. The water was getting deeper, and I was getting wetter. I felt what was the biggest fish I had ever caught in the creek before. The water was riley (roiley), and I couldn't see what was there. Finally I felt a large fish that didn't move when I touched it. I took both hands, one back of the gills, the other towards the tail. I managed to get him out of the water and waded ashore. To my surprise, I had a "Rainbow Trout" about 14 inches long.

I wanted to yell at Pratt, but didn't. I took the fish far enough away that he wouldn't flop back in the water. I wanted to try once more. I was able to

catch one more almost as big.

I took the fish to where Pratt was. He told me it would be OK to keep them, as the creek wasn't closed to fishing. Now I was real proud, because I had never seen a "Trout" in the creek before, let alone catch one.

Farther upstream, next to the Pinevalley Mountain, there were some trout, but they were small native. You seldom seen one more than 10 inches. Pratt said he thought they came out of Lawson pond, a big pond "Uncle Alex Pace" made on his place next to "Lawson Hill". That was stocked with "Rainbow Trout." In later years, I seen trout caught in that pond that was 2 feet long, or better.

"Uncle Independence Taylor" (born on the 4<sup>th</sup> of July) was a neighboring farmer to Granddad. "Uncle Penn", as we called him, and Grandpa would visit over the fence between them. They had a good relationship.

May I say at this time, I was raised to respect my elders. Never did I refer to my father and mother as the "old man" or the "old lady." Older people in the town who were very little relation or no relation at all were referred to as "Uncle" or "Aunt". There were exceptions to this rule, or people who moved in or out of town who didn't or hadn't lived here a long time. But they were referred to as Mr. or Mrs., Bro. or Sister. We would get mad at our elders at times, but we respected them for what they were and are. Don't get me wrong, I was no angel when I was growing up. I did many things I'm ashamed of.

Grandpa would turn the water for "Uncle Penn." He, in return, would turn it for Grandfather. "Uncle Penn" didn't always have a rider to cultivate his crops. Grandpa would let me help him. At times, he would have his granddaughters help him.

Uncle Penn had a beautiful team of horses: two dappled grays. One was a mare, the other a gelding. He was called "Bird" and was envied by many men for his pulling ability. He would weigh about 1400 lbs. Once in a while an exceptional horse comes along, and he was that and "much more." More about this horse later.

It wasn't all work when we were kids. There was time to play, even time to get into trouble.

As kids we could hardly wait for it to get warm enough to go barefoot. Mother used to tell me she could find me when I was barefooted because I had a crooked foot. My foot turned out at the ankle and sharply to the left

at the toes (right foot).

Speaking of odd feet, I had a distant cousin with two toes on each foot that were tied together--the same toes on each foot. They were called web feet (I think.) He should have been a good swimmer, and was also easy to track when he was barefoot. His name was "Bud Slade." He had a brother just younger than him named "Bill."

Some of us kids: Bud and Bill, Shirley, Ilene, and others I can't remember, were riding a buggy down the hill just east of Grandpa's house. This was about 1925, during the summer. The main way of travel was by team and buggy or team and wagon. Uncle John Condie had left one of his buggies in Grandfather's lot. It was a two-horse buggy, therefore bigger than the one-horse. The tongue was broken out of it, all seats were gone. About all that was there was 4 wheels and "running gears." (chassis)

We had put some boards on it to sit on, tied a rope on the front axle, each side, just inside of both wheels. This was used to guide it. We usually had two kids holding the rope, as the wheels were hard to turn. We also used our feet. "Pull on rope. Push with our feet."

The hill was steeper than it is now, and the buggy went down pretty fast. As one would be pushing instead of pulling, the buggy would weave back and forth down the hill.

"Now this was great fun." Kids were gathering, wanting to ride. The fun ended when I fell off and was run over. "Oh, I wasn't hurt much", just bruised up, skinned, and had a broken "collar bone." Well, needless to say, that stopped the fun.

Then there was the time about 4 of us boys were playing in "Uncle John Condie's" old house. They had moved to Cedar and abandoned it. The house was on a lot just west of "Jeff Hollow." At that time the road out of town went north of the house. If the house was there today, it would be in the middle of the "present road", south of where Leland Taylor lives now.

I do not recall who all was there. "Max Prisbrey", myself, and 2 others. Someone looked out the window and said, "Here comes Freddie Hermonsocks." Now Freddie Hermonsocks was one "Fred Daley", a young man 16-17 years old, who worked for Lester Iverson and sometimes for Ashby Pace. Us kids gave him a bad time. He, in return, gave us a lot of trouble. As he was some 5 or 6 years older than us, we thought of him as a big "bully."

Someone piped up, "I'll bet no one dares to call him "Freddie Hermonsocks."" We all called him that behind his back, but never to his

face. As there was 4 of us and we had the safety of the house, we felt quite brave.

Well, no one took the challenge. I could see Fred was going to ride by; he was on horseback, evidently going down to the field. I got brave and hollered, "Freddie Hermonsocks!" He stopped and looked all around, couldn't see anyone, and started to ride on. I screeched, "Freddie HERMONSOCKS!" He whirled around and headed for the house on a run. Someone bellowed, "LET'S HIDE!" I couldn't see any good place to hide. I ran out the back door and headed for "Jeff Hollow."

On the bank of the wash was an old outdoor "privy". I ran in there and locked the door, thought I was quite safe. Soon I heard heavy footsteps. Someone (I knew it wasn't my "brave buddies") grabbed the door and shook it. I was really frightened. I knew I was had, fully expected to be pushed into Jeff Hollow. With much shaking, the door gave first, and there stood Fred. He looked 7 feet tall. He said with a loud piercing voice, "SO YOU'RE THE ONE," grabbed me, and about shook my eye teeth out. He didn't hit or slap me, but I felt he might, tucked me under his arm, and walked back toward the house. No one in sight. In a panting voice, "DON'T YOU EVER CALL ME THAT NAME AGAIN." You bet I was bawling, and in a very weak voice I said, "I won't. I won't."

Well, he let me down, got on his horse, and rode off. To my knowledge, that was the last time I repeated that name where he could hear me. Ya!

Afton was herding a bunch of sheep, ewes, and lambs for Bro. "Elmer Taylor." This was before Mr. Taylor went into the "Angora goat" business. I was about 10. Afton would be 12. The home Mr. Taylor lived in is the house across the street, now belonging to Bill Brown of California.

Mr. Taylor owned all the ground on the west and south of the road up the canyon from the Dostalek home to the crossing of "Pinto Creek" (first crossing north of town), west to where Bro. Fenn built the big home that burned, south to the fence between Joe Comp and Verl Kelsey, thence east to Howard Huntsman's house. "Brother Kirker" owned all the ground from there to the forest fence. Anyone could graze on that. It was public domain. And Mr. Kirker was homesteading it.

Mr. Taylor's home was the only one on that ground. Mr. Dostalek's home was the only one on the north of the road.

Afton, however, was watching the ewes and lambs close to town. I would go up to see him just before noon. He would send me down to the house to pick up his lunch. I didn't mind that because I liked Mrs. Taylor,

and besides, the homemade bread and jam was really good. She always made enough sandwiches for both of us. Afton got paid for watching the sheep. All I got was my "belly full." If you could have seen me then, you would say I hadn't missed many meals. Mmmmmmm.

Preston Pace was one of my buddies. Their place was the big two-story house on the corner south of the church. On the property was the old church house (northeast corner), a good-sized grove of locust trees on the south. About halfway down the lot and on the east side was another building. The Relief Society met in this building, and it was used for scouting activities, also Primary. We also knew it as the tithing office.

Back of the building was a granary, also a barn to store hay received as tithing. Tithing was paid in "kind" in the early days and was still accepted.

In front of the church was a row of locust trees, all the way down to the Pace lot. In front of the Pace's was a row of big box elder trees. I should say huge, because they were that, some up to 5 feet through. This was a good place to play, lots of shade, also places to hide.

There was a boys bike at Pace's, belonging to Preston's brother, "Leslie." It had flat tires, but I learned to ride a bike on it. None of Dad's boys ever owned a bike, as I remember. I had a chance once in a while to ride other kids' bikes.

What I remember about Preston was the times he took me up to their farm and the "Lawson Spring" pond. I was baptized in this pond, and the water was "COLD." This pond was stocked with fish, and we could fish there (with permission.) The "Lawson Spring" was a good one (still is.) The water was used to water the Pace farm (Alex & Lemuel's), Gottlieb Schmutz's, and J. L. Prince's. When the water wasn't used, it was turned into "Joe Lee" creek.

The big trout would come out into the ditch to spawn. Preston said we could try to catch them but not keep them. At times we caught some. I remember one time we caught one 2 feet long; would weigh 10 to 15 pounds.

At this writing, the springs (2) are still there, but the pond is filled in.

Preston's birthday was May 8, 1916--mine January 25, 1916. I would go with him to the Pace farm, on the New Harmony bench. This place has a class B water right and comes after the "town" and the "dry field." More on the Pace farm later (and my association to it.)

I was reaching the age where I was offered work (11). Bro. Antone

Prince had a farm northeast of New Harmony at the foothills of "Harmony Mountain." (We called it North Mountain.) Only in recent years has it been called Harmony. "Uncle Antone" had "kidded" his goats. (He ran a big herd of "angora" goats.) The dry herd had already moved to North Mountain. He asked Dad if I could help move the nannies and kids up to mix with the dries. Dad asked me if I wanted to go, as I would get "paid" for it. I agreed. I would need to stay up there for as long as I was needed. He had a herder up there--"Johnie Pearson" by name. I would be helping him.

Now a goat herd travels quite a distance in a day's feeding and comes back to camp and a "bedding ground" at night. My job was to be to see that the nannies and kids, especially the kids, were kept together and with the main herd (if possible.)

I stayed up to their place. They had a home there and did not live in town. At daylight the next morning all hands and the cook got ready to move the herd, armed with cans strung on a wire, and a stick. The goats were in a corral up in the cedars. Now this was where the "kids" were staked down during kidding season. They did not go out with their mothers when they were gone to feed. However, they were turned loose sometime before and went with the mothers out to feed. Anyway, it was time to mix the herds.

Uncle Antone had a horse ready, as when the herd left the corral, they would be on the run. The cans were to get the kids to leave. Talk about a circus--the kids were allowed to stay in the enclosure when first turned loose. Now they had to leave the corral. If they had to (?) no one had told them, for many didn't leave. With the help of Clayton, Virginia, myself, and even "Aunt Vilate", we finally got them out of the pen. As it was always a problem to move a herd like this, it took us a good hour (maybe more) to get all the critters far enough away that the kids didn't try to run back.

We made "Kelsey Mare" Hollow by noon, named after a Kelsey who was camped there one time and lost a mare. (She died.) I presume it was "Uncle Orren Kelsey." He is listed and buried in New Harmony cemetery. Born - 1852 Died - 1924. I was only 8 years old when he died. I do remember him. There is a Abigail Finch Kelsey buried in the cemetery who was born - 1823 and died - 1892, could be his mother. Anyhow, the story came to me as I have it here. It could have been Uncle Orren's father (?) Or brother (?) Yah!

We let the goats rest for about an hour and then "moved them out." We didn't crowd them after that, as we had plenty of time to reach the main

herd that day.

"Johnnie Pearson" was a pretty nice guy and treated me good. After a day or so, the goats mingled together pretty good. The young ones were keeping up quite well. We tried to keep the fast ones curtailed enough so the young wouldn't run themselves to death. A young sheep or goat learns pretty fast, especially where their "dinner table" is.

Johnnie played the "banjo" and had his with him up there. I remember how good the music sounded. Also "How Loud".

"Ammon Stringham" was herding the "Schmutz Brothers" herd. He had the east side of Bumblebee Canyon, we had our herd on the west side of the canyon. The canyon got its name from someone getting "stung" with a bee. "Well, can you think of a better reason?" --- --- ---

Now it would be a calamity if the herds mixed. We had it made up that when one or the other was grazing the canyon, the other would have their "flocks" going the other way. If the herds were to mix, all of them would have to be brought off the mountain to a corral that had a "chute" (I've seen this happen.)

One day as we were sitting on a ridge (Johnnie and I), he said to me, "Do you know "Lester Ivie?" "Do you mean Lester Iverson?" I piped up. "He's the one I mean. Is he going to marry your Aunt Gladys?" he questioned. "How should I know?" I said meekly. "Well I don't like him beating my time.- -Here I am up to the herd, while he is stealing my gal!" Isn't that a dumb thing to do, say those things to a 11 year old kid! I thought.

He asked me this question several times on different days. I had been up there almost a week, was getting homesick, and didn't like him pumping me on a subject I knew very little about.

He got mad at me because I wasn't doing my work like he thought I should. He was "cussing" me out and would not let up. We were away from camp, and the herd was giving us a lot of trouble. He told me I might as well be home, for all the good I was doing. I took him at his word, went back to camp, picked up what few things I had, and headed down "Bumblebee Canyon" for home.

When I reached home, Mom asked me, "What are you doing home? How did you get here?" "I walked off the mountain," I replied in a subdued voice. When Dad heard about it, he didn't say much. I'm sure he went to Antone about it. To my knowledge, I never got any pay. It wouldn't have been much, 50 cents a day, maybe \$3.00-\$3.50. I shouldn't have been paid, as I never finished the job I was hired to do.

Anyway, Merlin Kelsey was glad to see me. Also Max Prisbrey and Preston Pace. Once in a while I saw the Dostalek boys.

Mr. Dostalek had purchased the property where the Dostalek home now stands. They had been tearing down the home on the homestead south of New Harmony (about 5 miles from town.) They were trying to get a house built before school started that fall.

Mr. Dostalek was working for the "State Road" at times. Some of the men of town were helping build the house. Kids helped their parents and other relatives during those days. The Dostalek boys were no exception. William--12 Paul--10 George--about 5. All helped move the lumber from the farm to town by team and wagon. There were a few model T Fords at that time, but the main travel was team and buggy or wagon.

The first house built was two large rooms, (the south part of the present Dostalek home.) A "root" cellar was dug north of the house. This was done by digging a hole 10 X 12, 12 X 16, etc., depending what size you wanted. Some were lined with cedar post. Most were about 6 feet deep, some a little deeper. Some in town were lined with rocks and cement, with cement floors. There was usually a one-room frame building which covered the cellar. This was used for a washroom. Some of them are still in use today.

The Dostalek cellar was lined with cedar post. For a roof, longer cedar poles were used, laid up gable type, side by side. Over the poles was put a thick layer of straw about 1 foot deep, then covered with dirt. The entranceway was made ramp style, with steps of flat rock, board, or cement. At the bottom of the steps was a door, on floor level. Some of the entranceways were covered, others not.

At about this summer, I was up to the Dostalek place. William had just recently got his hair cut. He kept asking me if I wanted to have his "mom" cut my hair. "I don't think so," I replied. His mother cut the boys hair with "clippers" only, just as close to the head as the clippers would cut. Now it didn't look bad on Bill and Paul, because they always wore their hair that short. But me, "no way." Bill kept urging. His mother said, "William, he doesn't want his hair cut." By now you must know me well enough that I usually stuck my foot in my mouth. I remarked that I would let her if she would cut it the way I wanted. I was really proud of my hair and didn't really want it short. "O.K., if she cuts it about an inch long, let's do it." Mrs. Dostalek started cutting, with William supervising. I had thick, dark brown hair. As I remember, I wore it about 2 inches long.

Before I hardly realized it, I was finished, "or rather, my hair was." I felt

up there, and I was "BALD." Well, needless to say, I started "bawling." Mrs. Dostalek stated, "I'm sorry, but that's the way William wanted it."

I ran home to tell Mom about it. Her remark was, "What in the world happened? Who cut your hair off?" Whimpering, "Mrs. Dostalek," I got out. "You look skinned." was her reply.

Soon I looked in the mirror. There stood a red-faced boy with the top of his head "WHITE". Now the tears really came. I was so ashamed of how I looked. "Mom" (good old Mom) came to the rescue. She took one of her old stockings, cut the top off, tied a string around the top, turned it inside out. It made what we later call a skull cap. We used it to help keep our hair in place, when training it to go straight back.

I wore this skull cap under my hat or whatever headgear I wore. You know, it took my hair 6 months (so it seemed) to grow long enough to comb. (Normal hair growth is one inch in 60 days) Barber speaking!

I went on a trip to the flour mill at Hurricane with Granddad by team and wagon. He raised "white flint" corn. This was late fall of about 1926. I remember it was cold. We camped out 2 nights in making the trip. One night (first) at Anderson Ranch, next day to Hurricane.

Grandpa had about a thousand pounds of shelled corn. We traded the corn for flour and whole wheat mush. Everyone in those days stored a years supply of flour. We also had corn ground for "corn meal." Even though they had stores in town, most everybody raised what they ate: flour, cracked wheat, corn meal, meat, fruit, eggs, milk, all kinds of vegetables: melons, squash, potatoes, beans, butter, cheese, etc. If you didn't raise it, you traded for it. All fruit was either canned, bottled, or dried, as was vegetables. Dried corn was a treat.

After we had done our trading, we started back home. 30 miles, all uphill. We made it to "Pintura" by dark, cooked our supper, and went to bed.

Grandpa did a lot of freighting in his early days in New Harmony. He took good care of his horses. After taking the harness off, he rubbed them down and put a blanket on them, fed them grain, then hay. After they had cooled off, he gave them a drink of water. The care of the "horses" came before anything else, no matter how tired or hungry you were.

You always slept together for warmth. The bed was rolled up in canvas. When you rolled it out, you had the tarp (canvas) under you and over you. If it rained, you just pulled the tarp up over your head. If it rained for a long period, the bed was moved under the wagon.

Grandad was a good cook, always carried a grub box and everything needed to cook on an open fire. We had bacon and eggs for breakfast. "Have you ever tasted homemade bread dipped in the frying pan (after cooking bacon and eggs?)" Then while still warm, cover with molasses. "Umm umm."

The story goes that Grandpa was freighting one time from "Lund, Utah." He camped one night where another freighter was. They shared supper together. When it was time to go to bed, on a very cold night, Grandpa suggested they sleep together for warmth. The man replied, "You don't want to sleep with me. I'm lousy." "Ah, so am I," Grandad said jokingly.-- The next morning he was." Now body "lice" are hard to get rid of. With much washing and ironing with a "Hot" iron, Grandma was able to get rid of them from the bed and Grandpa's clothes.

I went on another trip with Grandpa the next spring to Cedar City to do some trading. We loaded the wagon with corn, beans, etc. Grandad would spend time in the winter shucking corn that had been "shocked" in the stack yard, corn that was hauled from the field in the fall.

The corn was cut with a "corn cutter"--a hoe with a handle about 2 feet long. You would cut 2 rows at a time, cutting it into small piles cross-wise of the rows. When you had cut enough for a load--usually some four to six rows--the wagon with a specially built "rack" would be brought. The rack was made of long poles (pine) about 20 feet long. The wagon was stripped to the running gears. This corn rack was put on. You had a regular "wagon bed" for most work. You had a "hay rack" to haul hay, a corn rack to haul "corn", a wood rack to haul "wood", etc. At this time I was too little to cut corn.--More on this later--

We loaded the wagon the day before. All we had to do the morning we departed was put the "grub box" and bed roll in. You could go from the yard, straight across the "school lot", and meet the road going out of town. We had reached the road and were going down the grade into "Jeff Hollow". A car, a coupe--I don't recall what make--stopped. As we pulled to the side of the road, a man said, "Hello, Dad." Now I didn't know the man, but I saw on Grandpa's face that he didn't like the situation. "The car moved on." Grandpa turned the wagon around and headed back to the barn. As we reached the corral fence (pole) he stopped the wagon, wrapped the lines around the brake lever, got off the wagon, and tied "Rob" to the fence with a rope.

He hadn't said a word; his face was like a "thundercloud." I was still on

the wagon seat. He looked up at me. With a quivering voice he said, "Go up to Uncle Jim's. Tell him that "Uncle" Bill Long wants to see him." He started toward the house walking fast.

I jumped off the wagon. Cutting through Uncle Penn's lot, I was at Uncle Jim's place in about 3 minutes. As I reached the wash--there was no bridge there then--I could see Uncle Jim at his corral. I ran up there. He saw me coming and started towards me. I told him that "Uncle Bill Long" wanted to see him. Without a word to me, he started down the wash on a "jog trot." I sat down to rest. Now I knew that "Aunt Gladys" had been married to Uncle Bill and lived in "Salt Lake City." She also had been separated from him and had been living at Grandpa's and Grandma's place for a long period of time. Her son from a previous marriage, "Blaine Whitehead", 5 years younger than me, had been here with her. "Uncle Jim" was about 6 feet 2 and weighed around 220 pounds. I could see why Grandpa sent for him.

I went back to where the wagon was--avoiding the house. In about 1 hour, Grandpa came back, untied the horses, we got on the wagon, and started for Cedar. I could tell that Grandpa was upset. It was some time before he broke the silence.

I don't recall of ever seeing Uncle Bill again, and Aunt Gladys and Blaine stayed here.

We made it to "Hamilton Fort" that night and camped there. I really enjoyed being with Grandfather. He explained things to me about his times freighting, showed how to hitch up a team, even let me drive them.

The next day we went on to "Cedar City." This was the first time I remember of being in Cedar. It really was a thrill.

I remember the day I was "baptized"--July 5, 1925--by "Donald Schmutz" in the Lawson Pond--a warm day, but the water was sure cold. I was "confirmed" by James E. Taylor, at age 9 1/2 instead of 8. I have been behind ever since, yah! -- confirmed July 5, 1925 also.

I remember going on Lawson Hill for "snow flowers" many times. This was a must every spring. They were called snow flowers because they came out as soon as the snow melted in the spring. They loved the cool weather and would fade as soon as it warmed up. I have seen them as early as the 15<sup>th</sup> of February. The school classes would go up there, also the Primary classes. Even the Scouts.

The "Big Pine tree", still a landmark, was "THE" place to go. In the early history of New Harmony, it tells of "John D. Lee" wanting to build a home

close to the "Big Pine." This was never done, but he did build one about 1 mile east. When I was young, you could still see the foundation of the house. Across the "Lawson Creek" south of his home, is the cemetery where the children killed in the collapse of the walls of Fort Harmony are buried.

### "Homecoming"

A homecoming was held here in New Harmony late summer of 1928. All people who lived or had "roots" here were invited, along with people from surrounding towns--which was many. Tents were set up all around town and nearby out of town. To prepare for this event, an outdoor "dance hall" was built. Thomas Cottom, from St. George, was the contractor. Thomas J. Pearce came up here to help on the project.

The floor of cement was poured first--is still there today. Much care was taken to finish the surface. A good-looking wire fence already was around the church lot, but to protect the floor, a picket fence was built around it. An orchestra stand was built on the west of the floor. This had a roof over it, was open on the side next to the floor.

Now the floor could be finished. This took several days. They would treat the cement, then drag bales of hay on it. Then came the wax. When it was ready for the first dance, you could see your reflection on the floor.

The fence was a blue color--about a robin egg blue. The name--"Bluebird Pavilion"--what else?

As I remember, the "Sam Cooper" orchestra played for the first dance and every dance held that summer. After the Homecoming, which lasted several days, dances were held once a week, and drew large crowds from St. George, Hurricane, LaVerkin, Toquerville, Washington, Leeds, Kanarra, Cedar, others. The hall was filled to capacity all that summer and for many summers after.

I remember the fourth of July and the celebrations that took place then. They were nothing compared with what took place at the "Homecoming." Meeting in the morning, visiting, cooking, baking. Can you imagine what it took to feed all those people who came. Hundreds and hundreds of them. A few of the meals were free, but for the most part people either had to prepare their own food or they could buy it.

Rows and rows of tables were set up on "Aunt Sarah's" lawn, on the corner across the street from the church. There most all meals were served. That area was the center of attraction.

By the "Bluebird", "Uncle Will and Aunt Laurene Taylor" had a hot dog stand. This had been built at the time the dance hall was. It was screened-in and had a roof over it. It was used for many years. You could buy hot dogs, hamburgers, all kinds of drinks, candy, popcorn, etc.

The streets were dirt then. You could have all kind of sports: foot races, horseshoe pitching, games, pie eating contests, gunny sack races, three-legged races (to name a few), even horse races. These would start in front of the Edmund C. Grant home and run up by the church house.

Ashby Pace was a "jockey" in those days. The races were 2-3 hundred yards; no starter for the race--the riders would decide how to start it. Of course, the idea was to get an even "break", either by walking the horses up to the starting line or by walking them ("back") to the race track, then turning at the starting line.

All kind of methods were tried, but regardless of which one was used, "Ashby" always got the head start. If one rider decided he was too far behind, he could say "no start", and they would start over. Here is where the word "jockey" really came in. "Nobody" out-"jockeyed" "Ashby Pace." Many tried, but few, if any, ever did! That was the point; just one second head start could mean the race. Now an "even" break was what they were looking for. No one could expect to be given a head start. If you were "quicker" and "smarter", you could--maybe--get that split second advantage.

"Ashby" wouldn't ride a race unless he was strapped on. No saddle was used. A rope was put around the horse's "girth" (front part of horse, back of front legs). The legs of the rider were drawn up, a rope was put over the thighs, down over the ankles, and tightened. You were really tied on. Now the rider could concentrate on the race without having to think about falling off the horse.

Ashby was just a quicker, smarter, better rider; thus the advantage. In his case, you were betting on the rider, more than the horse.--More on racing later--

The Homecoming was an exciting event, not only for the adults, but the young also. After the noon lunch, it would quiet down for awhile to give people a rest--maybe take a nap, or just visit. The sports was one of the biggest attractions, these went on from about 3 p.m. to 6 or later. After time out to do chores, eat, etc., it would be time to get ready for the "DANCE"--the gala affair of the day.(--Sam Cooper played later--)"Earl J. Bleak" orchestra from St. George played for the Homecoming dances--3 nights:

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday. They came up during the day for the first dance; went around town "serenading" to all the camps also. They put a piano on a wagon with most of the musicians--to get everyone in the "mood" for the first dance in the "Bluebird."

Some of the town "clowns" rigged up a wagon with a horse and a mule for a team and followed them around, playing mush--Jim Neilson playing the guitar and Frank Kelsey playing the fiddle. Now I knew "Uncle Jim" played the guitar real well. I have never heard Frank Kelsey play. "Aunt Emma" told me this. A good time was had by all.

The Homecoming committee was James D. and Emma Nielson, James I. and Edna Prince, Ashby W. and Verna Pace, Antone and Vilate Prince, and others. This committee would schedule all events. All meetings were held in the "Bluebird", as well as all dances. Uncle Roy Grant killed a beef and distributed meat to all the camps.

Harmony was the first settlement in Washington County. Located on Ash Creek, north of the "Black Ridge"--1852. Second settlement--Fort Harmony--1854. Here, about 1 mile west of I-15 freeway, on the south side of the road to New Harmony. Here both Kanarra creeks and New Harmony could be used to irrigate, thus sustaining more people. A "FORT" of "adobe" brick was built. It had to be abandoned because of excessive rains. The walls "caved in." Part of the inhabitants went to the site of "Kanarraville"; the rest went west to settle "New Harmony"--1862.

Kanarra and New Harmony people have always been friendly. They played a big part in the Homecoming. To get together and "celebrate" was the reason the Homecoming was held.

A friendship was started--if not at this time, soon after--between "Rulon Taylor" of New Harmony and "Cecil Parker" of Kanarra. There may have been others. It was these two who kept the sports going between the two towns for many years.--More on this later--

I remember a romance between a New Harmony boy and a Kanarra girl. They were together almost constantly during the Homecoming. Although I was just 12 and a half, I can still see them. Marion Prince, the boy, had a two-door "Durant" touring car. He would go to "K Town" and get the girl, "Lola Williams." They would sit so close together while in the car, people would say, "She is going to push him out the door."

"Uncle Reese Davis" was "constable" at this time.

The "Dance Committee": Vilo Davis, Marion Prince, Elmer Taylor,

George F. Prince, Lula Mathis, Edna R. Prince. They made all the arrangements for the orchestra, took tickets, sold soft drinks, hot dogs, ice cream, etc. The dances were held once a week after the Homecoming. Earl J. Bleak had more than one orchestra and was much in demand. When he couldn't be up here, "Alfred Morris"--who played for him--would bring the orchestra to New Harmony. After Earl J. Bleak quit playing for the dances, an "orchestra" traveling through played here for several years--The "Sam Cooper Band"--or orchestra. Earl J. Bleak played good music. "Sam Cooper" played better; maybe because by this time I was going to the dances. Sam really packed them in, because he was playing in several other places around the area. People who really liked to dance followed him. After Sam Cooper, the Neil K. Boyter orchestra from Cedar City played here.

"Outdoor dance halls" really came into their own after the "Bluebird" was built. The "Cobble Crest" in Kanarra, "Star Light Garden" at Anderson Junction, another one in "Parowan". I don't recall the name of that one, as I never went to dances there. Traveling was a problem for some of us. I did dance at the other three. Also the one at "Hurricane" a few times. --More about this one later--

### Summer of 1934

When I was about 18 years old, a certain girl came to New Harmony to visit at Clarence Englestead's. Her name was Lorraine Neilson. She lived in Hurricane. Her mother was a sister to Clarence. How Lorraine was a very pretty girl about 17 years old. Before the summer was over, I had a case on her.

I thought she was the prettiest girl I had ever seen. She was tall and slim with dark blonde hair, and eyes--man, were they ever something to see. I was falling in love with a girl for the first time in my life.

Well, she stayed up here for several weeks, would go to the dances in the "Bluebird". The song "Margie" was played by the orchestra, and I would sing to her while we were dancing, only I would say "Lorrie" instead of Margie. "Ain't Love Grand."

Later that early fall, Karl Roundy was bailing hay at the "Grant Ranch", and I was up there helping. He knew I had a case on Lorraine. One day he said to me, "How would you like to go to Hurricane with me when we get through here. Maybe you could see Lorraine while you are down there. I need to haul some wood. You could help me do that. Anyway, you could

stay with us for as long as you like."

So I went back with him. Stayed there for about a month, went to the open air dances there. Lorraine was a popular girl, and I couldn't get to dance with her only a few times each dance night. I did see her at her home a few times.

I would go with Karl to Gooseberry Mountain for wood some 15 miles east of Hurricane. We would stay over night and bring back a big load of wood.

Jim Cornelius from Virgin was going with Lorraine. He had a car--was very good looking--what chance had I, living 30 miles away and afoot.

I recall before deer season that fall I went with Dad to Hurricane to bring back a few horses for the hunt. As I was leaving town with the horses, I stopped at the Neilson home. Saw and talked with Lorraine for awhile.

Not long after I joined the CCC--March 1935--I was to a dance at the Dixie College. Lorraine was there with "Jimmy Yates." I found out they had been married for about a week. Man, was I ever heartbroken. I felt like "Uncle Roy" must have felt. One time he told me he had been going with a "Williams" girl from Kanarra. He said, "I just knew if she married anyone else I would die--couldn't live without her"--but he did live, and so did I.

I remember being with Dad at the sheep herd in "Comanche Canyon" when I was about 13. We were camped at the lower, main spring--the spring that has a cement ditch, used to water ground in New Harmony. This was after "lambing" time. Have you ever seen the young lambs getting together--as many as 50 to 100--running, bucking, jumping, playing. Quite a sight.

The "sour dough" biscuits and "mutton", wow! Dad was a good cook at the sheep herd. I don't recall him doing any cooking at home. You know a young boy growing up is always hungry. I was no exception. Climbing the hills in "Comanche" canyon was great fun. Also it took a lot of energy. There was always food--such as it was--to nibble on.

I stayed with Dad for some two weeks that summer. We gradually moved the sheep up the canyon until we were camped at "Paradise" flat, on the top of "Pinevalley" Mountain--northeast side. By this time it was getting late June. We would see "pine hens" quite often. "Yes, even tasted some." This was my first recollection of being on Pinevalley Mountain. From the higher points, you could see "New Harmony", "K" Town, the "Red Cliffs"--Kolob fingers, even part of "Zion Park". North you could see the

"Grant Ranch." We saw "deer" almost every day.

Dad said "Sabastian Aurnig" was going to come up and replace him for the 4<sup>th</sup> of July "holidays." Now I couldn't see why anybody would want to miss the 4<sup>th</sup>. Dad explained that Bro. "Aurnig" wanted to do some prospecting, and this was a good way to get paid while he was doing it. Now the "saying" goes that he--Sabastian--had found a rich vein of "gold". He had took some samples off the bank of a wash, west and north of New Harmony. At the time, he was quite sure it was loaded with "GOLD." But he kept the sample hid, and the news quiet. Later on, he had it assayed. Sure enough, it was "RICH." The years had passed, and he could not find the place again, though he searched in vain over the years.

Now floods came down. Most all washed around New Harmony at times. The "Lode" had been washed away, or had been covered up. "Uncle Albert Mathis" and "Lorenzo Prince" claimed that was a "true story."

Pioneer History says one time when "Brigham Young" was going from "Salt Lake City" to St. George, he stopped his buggy on the rise where the old Highway 91 intersects with the road to New Harmony--4 miles east of town--pointed west to the "Pinevalley Mountains", and said, "One of the richest "gold" mines in the world will someday be found there." Could it be that Bro. "Aurnig" had located part of it?

At "Valentine's Day" some of us mean kids would "Tic Tac" on "Bastian's" windows. We would take a large empty "spool"--used to wind thread on--notch around each end, wind a heavy string around the spool, put a stick through the hole, put it against the glass window, and pull hard. It seemed like it "shook" the whole house. Mostly we used it on the doors, I don't recall of ever breaking a window out--we might have.

Brother "Aurnig" was an old man who had never married. Worked at odd jobs around New Harmony during the summer, "prospected." Good friend of "Uncle Albert Mathis" and Bro. Ashby Pace. He lived in a small one-room "shanty" on the Pace property, east of Boyd Pace's "garage." He would go south to "Logandale", Nevada for winter months by "team and buggy".

I saw a wagon once on the 91 highway. To it was hitched a "span of mules." The wagon was loaded almost to capacity. On the back of the wagon was a large sign which read, "I'm Going Where the Wild Geese Go." That's what Mr. "Sabastian Aurnig" did. Yes!

When Uncle Albert went out of the "goat business", he had a tall "silo"

on his farm east of New Harmony. Reed Prince and Lyle--and others--cut it into sections and moved them to New Harmony. Vivian Prince still has one of the sections on his place. One was moved to the "Clarence Englestead" property, south of the Pace property. Mr. "Aurnig" lived in that in later years.

Uncle Albert told me one time that he was hard up for money and was telling "Bastian" about it. The next day, he brought Uncle Albert a large sum of money--"all cash." Said to him, "You can pay me back when you can." I believe that Mr. "Aurnig" saved 90 cents on every dollar he made. But he didn't put it in banks. The story goes that he had money buried all over--this I doubt.

As we grew older, us kids came to respect this "old gentleman." He was thrifty, kept himself clean and neat. He always bought Levis a few sizes too large for him and would wash them before wearing--this was because they would shrink. He said they would wear longer. He would boil his clothes to clean them--which reminds me why...

One day Kay Prince, Merlin Kelsey, myself, others were in front of Aunt Sarah Davis's. Kay said, "Here comes Bastian. Now for some fun." "Bro. Aurnig" was coming up the street. He was not a large man, maybe 5'7" or 5'8", wore suspenders to hold his pants up because they were too large. He always wore a wide brimmed hat. A corncob pipe--self made--was in his mouth almost constantly. He wasn't bow-legged, but both feet turned outward when he walked. As he approached us, there was a twinkle in his eyes. We passed the time of day with him for a few moments. Finally, Kay in a laughing voice said, "Bastian, were you ever lousy?" His eyes got as big as dollars. His pipe started to move up and down. "Tell us about it," Kay urged. "Russian Lice," Mr. Aurnig croaked! "Yes, I had them." He told of seeing people "so lousy" that even while dressed in their Sunday best, you could see them crawling around on their shirt collar. I don't remember all he told us, but it was enough to know that he had really been affected.

Now I do not believe he "WAS" at this time, but he always boiled his clothes and did everything to keep from getting them again. He was a fun person to be around and liked kids, especially if they were doing the right things. As we grew older, I wondered why we did those mean things to him.

In checking records, Bro. "Aurnig" was 51 when I was born. He would have been 66 or 67 at the time he told us about the "lice." Did I say an old man? 67 isn't old!

There was another man in town who was Bro. Aurnig's friend. His

name was "Ezra Hayden." He boarded with "Frank P. Kelsey", worked some for his room and board, trapped for fur-bearing animals, also took on odd jobs around town. He may have taken some sheep-herding jobs--I don't recall. "Uncle Ezra" was a fun person to be around. "Did I ever tell you about being in Kokomo?--pacific northwest," he bellowed. "Well, I've seen hail stones as big as baseballs," he grinned. "I was caught out in the barn one time, didn't want to spend the night there. So I put a powderbox over my head and run for the house. When I got there, the box was matchwood," he bellowed. "Could I tell you the time I was in louse?" he laughingly said. "NO, that one was enough," we all said hastily.

"Uncle Ezra" and Sebastian individually were fun to be around; get them together, and there was never a dull moment.

### "Old Tray"

Dad always had a good sheep dog when herding sheep. Sometimes he owned the dog, others were owned by whoever he was herding for.

Now a trained dog is very personal, and Dad would never leave his at the herd when he wasn't there. Therefore, when Dad was home or was shearing sheep, the dog was at home also. We were told to look after the dog--make him stay home, and never let him run with other dogs, especially those who ran in packs. Many a good dog has been ruined or killed when allowed to run at will.

A good sheep dog is a "rare breed", or I should say, not all breeds make good dogs for herding sheep. The "English Collie" is one of the best breeds.

Dad has owned other dogs that were not good herding sheep. These we could spoil or handle them any way we choose. I remember 2 dogs that became family pets: one a bird hunting type, the other a mixed breed--part "Airedale", part "hound". "Tray" was a beautiful animal. He was called Tray because he had three black spots down his back. A white long--not too long--haired dog. Had long "curly"-haired black ears. His sides and legs were "curly" also. The black spots were about the size of a "salad plate" and evenly spaced from his shoulders to his hips. A beautiful dog, to say the least. Loved by many and envied by most. Being a bird dog, he loved to chase chickens, turkeys, ducks, etc., was always getting into trouble because of this.

People let their chickens run loose in those days. I remember how much fun it was to hunt eggs in the woodpile, barns, sheds, haystacks, etc. If

nests were found and the hens were "setting", these you left alone. Some of these nests of eggs would be marked with a lead pencil to tell which eggs to leave in the nest.

We fully expected that "Tray" would either be poisoned or killed. We kept him tied up at night and watched him close during the day. One day in a crowd, I heard Bro. Schmutz say, "That's too pretty a hide to be running around." In those days, rugs were made of "goat hides", sheep, etc. Also, hides were used to cover the bottom of chairs, also were put over the backs of chairs, davenports, etc.

After we had "Old Tray" for about 3-4 years, he came up missing. We hunted him everywhere. Because we couldn't find him, we thought someone had stolen him. Now this dog would stand out in a thousand dogs, so over the years we kept a watch wherever we went, had others watching and looking also.

One day Dad brought another dog home. This dog was as ugly as old Tray was beautiful. He was a young dog, not much more than a pup. We had a lot of fun with him. He didn't do much to get into trouble. He did pack meat bones, pig, cow, and deer heads home. Kept us busy cleaning up the lawn and yard. Yes! Yes! We called him "Toge." He grew into a big dog. Was always fighting other dogs--we taught him this--could lick about any dog he ever tangled with.

One time we were up by "Uncle George Prince's" barn. The dog was with us. "Pratt Prince" was there. They had a big black dog. He and "Toge" (Toe-ug) had fought before, were about even. Well, needless to say, they started to fight. I've never seen a more "vicious" dog fight. After a short time, we tried to part them. Not wanting to lose an arm or a leg, we could not get it done. We hit them with sticks, no use. They soon started to tire. We knew they would fight to the death if we didn't do something. Finally, Pratt grabbed his dog by the back legs. "GRAB YOURS!" he screamed. We did, and they seemed glad it was over. After this experience, we watched them whenever they were near each other.

Old "Toge" became one of the best deer hunting dogs I ever seen. If he was with you and you wounded a deer, just put him after it, and it hardly ever got away. He knew how to hold one at "bay" until you got there. That was the "mongrel" in him. A good cow or sheep dog would go for the heels. Not "Toge". He always went for the head; thus could turn a deer. The deer would try to "hook him" with his horns. The dog would hardly ever get hurt. He saved many, many deer from going off somewhere and dying and you

never finding them.

One day Mother asked me to go over to "Amelia Schmutz's" and buy some aspirin. Now Sister Schmutz would sell bread and aspirin, etc, would buy the aspirin in bottles--500 pills to the bottle--then resell them. She was always helping people when they were sick--more on her helping later. She didn't want Bro. Schmutz to know about her selling bread, medicine, etc. So she would try to hide this from him.

When I was sent over there, I was careful not to let Bro. Schmutz know what I came for. This day he wasn't around. As I went over there quite often, Sister Schmutz knew why I was there. She would let me know if her husband was or wasn't in the house. The aspirin was easy to conceal. You could put those in your pocket. The bread she would wrap in newspaper. This you could put under your arm. The loaves were long and maybe looked like a bundle of newspaper. Anyway, I packed a lot of newspaper home over the years. Yah!

Brother Schmutz would always use the back--kitchen door--to leave or come in the house. I would always use the front door. This day Sister Schmutz looked in the cupboard in the kitchen, but the aspirin bottle was about empty. She said, "I will check in the front room." I followed her in there. "Not any here," she remarked. "I'm sure I have some in my bedroom," she volunteered. As she went through the door, she left it open. By then, I was standing by the front door. I don't know why I looked through that door, which led to the west side of the house, but I did and got the shock of my life. There hanging over a big rocking chair back was the hide of "OLD TRAY." I almost fainted. She gave me the aspirin. I paid her and left.

Now I wouldn't think of saying anything to her about the dog. If there ever was an "Angel of Mercy", it was her. As I was going home, I thought to myself, "Should I tell Mom? Should I tell Dad? What to do?" You know, I don't believe I told anybody about it for some time. Why should I. It had been several years since Old Tray came up missing.

Early summer of about 1927 was the time of the dedication of the Ash Creek bridge. This was the first "major" bridge construction to be built on Ash Creek, was the major project on the 91 Highway over the "Black Ridge."

The "first road" to "Dixie" was built from Fort Harmony, over the "Hog's Back" by "Sawyer's" spring, on to "Leap Creek", to "Pintura", then south.

There was a road--or I should say trail--which wagons traveled, up "Taylor's Creek" (built by John D. Lee) to Lee Pass, on to the "Laverkin Creek" by the foot of "Timber Top" (Kolob finger), finally coming out at what is now the city of "Virgin." This was, to my knowledge, the way to get from Harmony to "Pipe Springs."

The "second road" to get to Dixie from Harmony was built on the east side of "Ash Creek", close to the bottom. This was a "dugway" type road, around the gullies that drained into Ash Creek from east mountain, and came out at Snowfield. This was the road I first traveled with Grandfather when we went to Hurricane. Automobiles also traveled this road until the highway was built over the Black Ridge. The road went over the Hogs back to the "Thorley Ranĉh", then on to the "Ash Creek road."

No cars traveled the road by way of Leap Creek. The wagons had to be let over a ledge with ropes. Have you heard of Peter's Leap? Here is a short explanation. Peter Shirts was contracted to build the first road. When he got to the canyon where the wagons had to be let down with ropes, someone said, "Well Peter, how do we cross this canyon?" "Leap it," Peter growled. That is how Leap creek got its name.

I recall going to the "dedication" of the Ash creek bridge. This was a full day's outing. We traveled by wagon some 10 miles from New Harmony. That would be 20 miles round trip. A wagon loaded as this one was could maybe make 3 miles an hour. We left early and came back late. "What a celebration." What a crowd! Next to the "Homecoming", and the President of the United States coming through Kanarraville, this was the highlight of my early youth. After about 60 years, this bridge is still in use.

What a thrill to see President Harding--I believe--close up. He passed through K-town on his way to St. George. The President's visit came before the homecoming, I'm quite sure.

The road to Cedar City from Kanarra went northwest of town, across the valley to the foothills. Around the foothills was another road that went to "Iron Springs," then on to "Lund." This was the road the freight wagons used, from Lund to Kanarra, New Harmony, and points south. "President Harding" came by train to "Lund," then by motorcade to St. George. He was to visit Cedar City on the way back north. I recall seeing the cars coming across the valley toward town. Expectations were really high. A large crowd waving flags.

The electric lights came to New Harmony in 1927. I recall of seeing the line of poles as we were coming back from visiting "Lawson Hill." The

correct spelling for "Lawson" is Lossen. The hill was named after Lossens who came to New Harmony from Fort Harmony.

The power line came into New Harmony south of town. A transformer station was about 100 yards south of "Leavitt's" mobile home, next to the fence line, west of the road. The line went east of there, on the fence line north of the Dallen Jesson home, all the way to the "Hog's back." That was the main road used in the early settlement of New Harmony. The first water ditch from Joe Lee creek to Fort Harmony followed this same route.

The main street of early Harmony was the street south of the church house. The first store, Harmony Co-op, was located between Boyd Pace's and Ashby Pace's homes. I remember that store--have a story to tell about it later--

There was 2 roads out of New Harmony at this time. The road south over the "Hog's back" was used to get to St. George. And the road east--where the present road goes to get to Kanarra and Cedar City. However, about half-way from the old Pace home, on the Harmony bench, and the cedars, the road turned northeast, went by the Schmutz Bro.'s shearing corral. It wasn't long after we got the electric lights--3 years more or less--until the present road was first built.

When the lights were installed, you had one ceiling outlet, a cord that hung down with a bulb on the bottom, a knob above the bulb. You would reach up and turn it on. I recall, by standing on my "tip toes" I could only reach--touch--the globe but couldn't turn on the light. Some of the more well-to-do people had switches by the doors, but not at our place. If you care to see the house I spent my early years in, go down to the Gardener Schmutz home--home west of the church. Go over to what is left of the old barn there. The house faces west but runs north and south. How mother ever raised eight kids in that little house, I'll never understand.

I was about 20 years old when the present Grant home was built. Sharon is the only child who never lived in the old house.

It was a new world when we got electricity. My hair hurts every time I think of getting it pulled for getting in front of the "coal oil lamp" and casting a shadow over Dad or Mother, who were trying to read or sew.

Dad and Mother and the girls would sleep in the larger of the two rooms. The boys would sleep in the kitchen, or smaller room. When we boys were big enough to work, we were gone from home most of the time, thus relieving the crowded conditions. I recall of sleeping a lot at Grandad's, Uncle Roy's, other places. However, at times we were all there.

I recall my early years in Primary and Sunday School. I do not remember my Primary teachers. I do know I was a "Boy trail builder," and the song we used to sing-- "Oh, we are the boy trail builders, Out west where the sunset glows", etc. We held Primary in the old "Tithing Office Building" part of the time. In summer it was held outside. Primary was held on a weekday.

Sunday School was held in the morning, Sacrament Meeting in the afternoon, M.I.A. on a weekday also. Two of my favorite teachers were "Eva Schmutz" and "Melissa Hammond." "Eva Schmutz" was an excellent teacher for young kids. She was also a school teacher and worked with the lower grades. "Aunt Liss" worked and taught all grades--ages--throughout her life; in the summer on the woodpile back of church, winter in her home, 1/2 block east of the church. Sister Schmutz also took her class to her home, just across from the church.

When I was sustained as Bishop of the ward, "Aunt Melissa" came to congratulate me. She said laughingly, "Haw! You got your testimony on the woodpile, didn't you." "You know, she was right."

#### "Fishing Trip"--about the summer of 1930

I would help "Merlin Kelsey" at times on his place. Merlin told me one day that his dad was going to let him and Verl take the team and wagon. "We are going to go down to "Mill Creek" and fish for a few days," he said. "When are you going?" I asked. "Just as soon as we weed the garden and the corn patch," he remarked. "Would you like to go?" "Sure," I said quickly. "I'll help you if it's O.K."

It took us about 2 days to get all the weeding done, with the help of Kay Prince and his brother Rex. Another day to get ready. Bedding, grub box, fishing tackle, hay and grain for the horses, tent, etc. were all loaded into the wagon.

Bro. Frank Kelsey had what you would call the "Cadillac" of wagons. He had bought a new wagon a year or so before this. "Schuttler" running gears and "Moline" box. The wagon bed--box--was long and tall, tight enough to haul grain or shelled corn; a spring seat in front, with a brake lever you could operate by hand from the seat. The wagon and chassis were painted green, the wheels yellow. Green trim on the yellow wheels, yellow trim on the green box. An attractive, sturdy, sleek wagon, to say the least.

Also, he had a good team of horses. I'm not sure we took the team.

"Bird" was one, off or not. Now "Bird" was purchased from Uncle Penn Taylor--after he had decided to sell--because he wasn't using him all the time. Bro. Kelsey had been trying to buy Bird for some time--as were others--and I'm sure Uncle Penn received a very good price for him.

In checking the records, I find Uncle Penn would be 76 at this time. One thing I would like to say about "Uncle Penn." I heard him say one time that as a young man when he came to this valley, that the cedars weren't on the Harmony bench at that time, and you could gallop a horse all the way on the bench from west to east without the horse breaking its stride. You could not do that now, even with the fences gone, because of the washes. Most of the washes we have now were caused since then. The flat was covered with grass, and the water from "North Mountain" would spread out. Yes!

As I recall it, "Bird" and a smaller black gelding was the team we took to "Mill Creek."

Verl, Merlin, Kay, Rex, and myself left Harmony early morning. We had to travel 26 miles--more or less--if we were to make it in one day. We went south over the "Hog's back", past the Thorley Ranch--rest stop--on to the bridge over Ash Creek. Here we had a hard gravel road over the "Black Ridge", used by cars and wagons. We made it to "Pintura"--14 miles--about noon. Time to eat lunch, feed and water the team. While some were getting the "grub boxes" out, Verl and others were unhitching the team. We all learned early in life that you took care of the horses first, no matter how hungry you were.

Kay Prince was the oldest one of us, about 17. Verl was 16, me 14, Merlin and Rex 13. A young group of boys, as standards are measured today. In those days boys were earning all the money for their support, clothes, spending money, even some on food and other items before they were 13 years old. Boys who worked on the farm for their Dads earned those things through work. Some of us worked for others for cash.

I wish to add a note here on this subject. When I was 13 years old, I worked for a prominent man of the town during spring and early summer. He owed me some 3 weeks pay. When I got through for him, he didn't pay me. It went on for a month or more--still no pay.

One day after Dad came home from shearing in "Wyoming"--about the 4<sup>th</sup> of July--I told him about it. He told me to go to the man and ask him for it. "Dad," I said, "I want the money but don't like to go to the man about it." "You go ask him for it. Maybe he has forgotten about it." Dad remarked,

"He will pay you. If he doesn't, come back and I will go back with you." As I started for the man's place, I thought to myself, "I sure wish I was as sure as Dad is about it."

Well, I asked the man for the money he owed me. He didn't say anything for several minutes. Then he said to me, "Didn't your father make very much money shearing?" Wasn't that a queer question to ask a young kid? I didn't answer him; it wasn't any of his business, or mine either. I just stood there and waited. After a while, he went to his desk, made out a check, and handed it to me. I didn't even look at the amount, just put it in my pocket and left. It was many years before I worked again for that man.-- Why was it you had to ask for pay?

We went south of Pintura about 1 mile to the road that says "Browse," then west toward the "Pinevalley Mountain." We had some 10 miles to go--all uphill--to get to "Mill Creek." About 3 miles later we came upon a patch of sand--blow sand--some 100 yards long. Verl said, "Can we make it through that?" Now we had a good team of horses, but they had traveled some 18 miles that day. Should we try it?

We got off the wagon--the team needed a rest anyway--walked through the sand. It came up above our ankles. Now we were worried. If we pulled into that and got stuck, it could be as long as a week before anyone came by. Verl and Kay both agreed we could make it. We had one of the best pulling horses in all of Southern Utah. The wheels were wide, and this would help.

We went back to the wagon, hooked the "stay chain" to "Old Bird's" side of the "doubletree." He loved to pull and wouldn't quit as long as he could stand up. Verl got on the wagon. "When I start the team, all of you push," he said hopefully. "And keep pushing until I say stop." He spoke to the team, and they started forward. When their feet hit the sand, they seemed to leap forward and really dug in. We could hardly keep up, let alone push. When "Bird" hit the end of the stay chain, he knew what to do. All Verl had to do was keep the other horse doing his share. When we reached the end of the sand, we were leg-weary. We all patted and rubbed the team. "Old Bird" seemed to love it all. What a "HORSE." I had admired this horse on several occasions; now I had nothing but love and respect.

About a mile up the road, we came to another patch of sand. This one wasn't so long. We didn't even get out of the wagon. "NO TROUBLE AT ALL."

The ridge we were traveling on--above the sands--soon narrowed into

a "hogsback." You could look off into a deep canyon on the left; on the right was a much deeper canyon, down which the creek of water flowed. Spooky, to say the least. "Whew!!" We were happy to be over that portion of the trip.

Soon we came to the "forks," where "Harmons" Creek went off to the left, "Mill" Creek to the right. We stopped the wagon here, rested the horses. There seemed an "abundance" of fish in both creeks.

"Do we camp here?" we asked Verl. "No, I would rather go on to the head of Mill Creek," Verl replied. "How far is that?" one of us muttered. "About 3-4 miles," joked Verl. Kay spoke up. "We would have more privacy there. We could fish down the creek. Here we would have to fish upstream, which is harder to do." We all agreed, got back on the wagon, crossed the bridge. In some 15-20 minutes, we came upon a cabin built close to "Harmons Creek." "Whose cabin is that?" someone yelled. "Dad said it belonged to Joe Simmons," Verl declared, "and we are not to stay there or molest it in any way."

Now "Joe Simmons" operated a service station and beer joint at the forks of the road where the Hurricane, LaVerkin, and Toquerville road left the 91 highway, just south of Anderson Ranch. Joe Simmons was considered a tough nut, had been picked up for "bootlegging." You bet we didn't want to go near that cabin.

The road turned right. We took it up over a ridge. We stopped to "breathe out" the team. When we reached the top, Verl stopped and said, "From here, the grade is about level. We should be there in less than 1 hour. The sun was about to go down. As we were close to "Pinevalley Mountain", we would have about 2 hours before dark. We made it, and set up camp by dark. Now the horses could rest for 3 days while we fished.

The grub boxes were packed with food that took little preparation. Plenty of homemade bread, cake, and fruit (bottled), bacon and eggs, canned meat (pork and venison), potatoes, pork and beans, etc. Oh yes, fish--if we could catch them.--Yah!

You know, we caught a lot of fish but didn't cook many. We all had at least 1 gallon can that "honey" came in, with a tight lid. The fish were small; you rarely caught one more than eight inches. But they were "chunky." By cutting off the head, the fish would lay across the bottom of the can. Some of the cans were 1 and a half gallon. Put a layer of fish--after cleaning--then a layer of salt, then another layer of fish, and so on. We were tired after setting up camp and eating supper. Went to bed early.

We would be fishing at first light.

We had brought bait with us--worms. At dawn we were ready to fish. It is hard for 5 people to fish a stream. Some of us went upstream, the rest down. As we left without breakfast, we agreed to be back in camp in about 2 hours. Verl said before we left camp, "Fish slow, watch out for snakes, and don't get lost. Stay together as much as you can. Sneak up on the fishing holes; if the fish see you, they won't bite."

We all set out and started to fish. Someone yelled, "I've caught one." Another piped up, "Me too." It wasn't long until everybody had caught a fish. When we came in to eat breakfast, each one had 6 to 10 fish.

We killed several "rattlesnakes" on this trip, seen lots of deer. The coyotes would howl at night sometimes. We didn't see any coyotes, as I recall; we did see a few bobcats.

We ran out of bait, but had a shovel along and could dig some more worms.

Kay Prince was a fun guy to be around. Never a dull moment with him. That trip was the first place I heard him tell about the "Russian Lice." We would sit around the campfire at night telling jokes and just having fun.

We had our tent pitched under a big "box elder" tree. It was nice and cool. In the middle of the day, we would take naps. When we tired of fishing, we would hike up the face of "Pine Valley Mountain." We were camped close to the foot of it.

The time went fast, and we knew Verl would be heading home soon. One moonlit night we were all in bed talking and "cracking jokes." Kay piped up, "Anybody want to have a shirrtail parade?" "What's a shirrtail parade?" someone asked. "Come on, I'll show you," Kay said, laughing, and jumped out of bed.

We had all brought a pair of long-legged, long-armed underwear. These we used for warmth. Rex and Merlin followed suit. The three of them were parading around in the moonlight. Quite "ghostly", to say the least. Verl said to me--we were still in bed--"Should we join them?" "Might as well." Soon all five of us were parading single file round and round under the stars and moon. After a while, Verl remarked, "I think it is about time we were heading home."

The next morning we broke camp and were on our way home. We made good time going back down and were to "Pintura" before noon, rested the horses, there had our lunch. There was a store and service

station in Pintura at this time. "Lute" and "Daisy Allsbury" operated it. We could buy some treats there.

I would like to say here, while it is on my mind: one day a year or so before this, I went with Dad to "Pintura" in a model T Ford car to get some peaches. We spent most of the day and brought fruit back for several families in town. We had the car loaded pretty heavy. We stopped for gas, and Dad went inside to visit Lute and Daisy. I stayed in the car. After some time, I got tired of waiting and walked inside the station. On seeing me, Daisy yelled, "YOU GO BACK TO THE CAR." "Kids have big ears," she added. Boy, did I scoot out of there. I remember this as if it was yesterday.

We arrived home safe and sound from this fishing trip. The horses were tired. It was a hard pull from Pintura home. Now they could rest for a few days.

### "Old Sailor"

"Uncle Orren Kelsey" had a horse called "Old Sailor. He would pasture him with Merlin's father, Frank Kelsey. Old Sailor was easy to catch, so us kids would ride him a lot. Merlin said it would be alright, and was with us when we rode him. Sometimes as many as three of us would ride him at the same time--always bareback--therefore, we had many spills. The one in front was the last to fall off, so he usually landed on top.

One day we were riding him by the "pond." We would be 13-14 years old at the time. The "Pond" was used to catch a small stream of water from a spring on the property. The bank of the pond was about 6 feet high, went around about 2/3 of the hillside. You could wade out from the upper side, or dive in from the lower end-- 6-7 feet deep.

Merlin suggested we ride him in the pond. I had never seen this done before--as I remember--and didn't think much about the idea. "Ah, come on. We will only ride him in the shallow part." With a little urging, we decided it would be OK--if we stayed in the shallow end.

Well, needless to say, we started to get wet and decided to take our clothes off and put on a pair of pants cut-off just above the knees that we kept hanging on the bushes to go swimming in. Now we were really having fun. Someone piped up, "Let's ride him out deeper." We were all pretty good swimmers and thought it would be alright. With much kicking and urging, the horse obeyed. Our feet were soon in the water. We started to

kick and splash.

All at once it seemed like the whole bottom of the pond had dropped out. Down went the horse's rump, up came his head, and we slid into the water. We could see the horse swimming. He turned around and headed for shore. We quickly followed and caught the horse--this was great fun--and we decided to try it again. Only this time we rode one at a time, slowly urging the horse out to deep water, one hand on the bridle ring, the other grasping the mane.

"Have you ever rode a swimming horse?" "Wow! What a thrill!" Old Sailor was a gentle horse, or we might have been kicked, drowned, or both. We even got brave enough to grab his tail while he was swimming. "You know, I believe he really sensed we were having fun and enjoyed it also."

We did this on several different days, until our dads heard about it and put a stop to it. Kids, take heed. Don't be foolish. Only one other time I rode a swimming horse. --I will tell about this on later pages--

### "Maury Graham"

In the early 1930's, a plane crashed in this area. The "pilot", "Maury Graham", was last heard of being north of St. George, on his way to Salt Lake City. He was carrying the mail from "Los Angeles." This was in the middle of the winter. His plane, a one-seater, open cockpit, two-winged.

Everyone was on the lookout for the plane--as it happened during a storm. Search parties didn't get out in the higher elevations. All of the south portions, mountains, were searched first, from St. George to Kanab. On good days, planes would fly over Harmony and "Pinevalley Mountain." The search went on for days and weeks. As I recall, the plane went down about January 20, 1931.

The activity picked up about February 15<sup>th</sup>. You could get higher up on the mountains. The planes came regular on sunshiny days.

One day as we were watching from the store--"Reese Davis" store--on the corner north of the Eldon Schmutz home, east of the present church, "Grant Hale"--married to Josephine Kelsey, daughter of "Uncle Orren Kelsey"--was in a crowd and piped up, "That plane is on Pinevalley. I'm going up there and find it," he whispered. "There is a reward out for it," he said. "I heard it on the radio." There was radios in town, but not many. Someone declared, "Grant, how are you going to get up there?" "I have snowshoes, and I can get on top," he declared hopefully. "It would take you

all day just to get up there," someone muttered. "How would you get back in the dark?" "I would stay up there," Grant returned. "You would freeze to death up there," Max Pace said. "No! I wouldn't," Grant volunteered. "I know how to survive in the snow. I'm going up in the morning," he muttered and left the crowd.

Now Grant Hale was the bragging type, and nobody really believed he would try it. The next day about noon, some of us were at the store talking. A plane was flying over the mountain. Someone said, "They must think the plane is really up there." "Grant must think so," another returned. "He left to go up there early this morning." "He must be crazy," someone else declared, "to tackle a thing like that."

Now Max Pace was in the crowd. He was a fun person to be around. He was a cartoonist, so to speak, painted "signs", houses, etc. He could draw anything. He didn't say much, just took a sheet of paper out of his pocket and started to draw.

We were all talking and looking at "Pinevalley", hoping we would be able to see "Grant" up there. All of the face of the mountain was covered with heavy snow, we guessed up to 10 feet in places. We all thought Grant was out of his mind to attempt such a foolhardy thing as that. Pretty soon someone started to laugh. Max had finished his drawing and passed it around for all to see. It was a rough sketch of "Pinevalley"--hills, trees, etc. Up in a big pine tree was a man. At the bottom of the tree was a "mouse." In bold letters, Max had written:

**"GRANT HALE CAMPED FOR THE NIGHT"**

After one or two nights on the mountain, Grant came back home. He didn't find the plane. Now "Pinevalley" is a huge mountain, with many deep draws, high rough ridges. It would be like hunting for a needle in a haystack to find a plane--by one man--on that mountain. You would just have to "luck" onto it. Grant said, "I'm going back up there when the snow melts a little more." "I still think it is up there," he added.

Well, the hunt went on the rest of the winter. Spring came and went. Still no one found the plane. Search parties went out from time to time. Summer came--still no plane was found. The reward was still on. The mail was very important that the plane carried. Would it have been destroyed? Six months had gone by.

One day in late July or early August when all the snow had melted on the higher elevations, the mystery was solved. A sheep herder tending his flock came upon the missing plane--not on Pinevalley--In a deep

canyon between "Kanarra Mountain" and "Cedar Mountain", some 10 miles east of the course the doomed plane should have been flying, is where it landed--pretty much intact. The authorities were notified, a search party was sent to the scene--Sheriff's posse.

The pilot was not with the aircraft. Evidence showed he had stayed with the plane or near it for a few days. Now the search for "Maury Graham" started. Several miles down the canyon--south--they found him. It looked like he had tired, sat down to rest, fell asleep, and froze to death. He would have been weak from hunger and traveling in the deep snow. In going down the canyon, he passed within 1 mile of a shepherders cabin. The cabin had plenty of wood and food. Had he found it, he may have survived!

One day Merlin, Verl, Kay, myself and others were in front of "Uncle Reese's" store. "Max Prince" was there in his Model T Ford pickup. We were having the usual fun time with Max. In the bed of the truck was his painting equipment--everything to paint a house. Max jokingly said, "I'll bet none of you can lift that bucket of "white lead" out of the truck."

Kay Prince, being the oldest of us, about 18, reached in and lifted the bucket out. Now "white lead" is heavy. It was used to mix paint. Just add the color and thinner, and the paint was ready to use. Verl Kelsey, about 17, also lifted out a bucket. We were talking about 60 pounds plus per bucket.

Now a 17 year old boy used to hard work could lift that without much trouble. Max said with a smile, "How far could you pack it?" "Anybody?" "I could carry it 200 yards," Verl spoke up with feeling. Max grinningly replied, "Bet you caint carry it home without setting it down." "If I do, could I keep it," Verl asked. "Sure," Max replied. "If you pack it to your front gate without setting it down."

Now Verl lived a full city block away, had to cross the wash and go up a steep hill to get to the gate. Without another word, Verl picked up the bucket--in his arms--and started for home. Max watched him for a while, then got in his truck and started to follow slowly. The rest of us watched and waited.

Verl seemed to be having trouble. We didn't think he could do it. After some time, they went out of sight down the wash. About 30 minutes later, Max came back in sight, drove around the block--past us. He lived on the lower street. We thought that Verl must not have made it home.

Later we found out that he made it to the bottom of the hill without setting it down. There his troubles began. Max watched him from the bottom, couldn't see how Verl could possibly make it up that. Soon Verl had "inched" his way more than half way, then 3/4 of the way. Just before he reached the top and about 20 feet from the gate, "Max took the bucket from him." You know, I still can't "believe" Max would do that.

One day at about noon time--late June or early July in the late 1920's--an accident happened that shook the little town of New Harmony.

The second cutting of hay was being harvested. "Uncle Alex Pace" had some 300 acres of alfalfa on the Harmony bench. Most of the area from the "Old House"--excluding a huge barn, stock yards, sheep sheds, corrals, some 200 acres east of there, some 100 acres directly south and west.

On good years, New Harmony "creeks" were booming with water. I recall the time when hay fields started west of New Harmony--"Francis Prince" farm, next "Elmer Taylor's", Brother "Gottlieb Schmutz's", northwest and northeast. All below what is called the dry field ditch. Next came "Uncle Penn Taylor's", east of town. Next, "Schmutz Bro.s"--Andrew, Eldon, Donald, then Uncle Alex Pace and "Clarence Englestead." Almost continuous hay fields from west of town, all the way around and out to the home just west of the cedars.

This day most hands were eating lunch or resting. In those days, the work day started soon after sun-up, would stop at about 11 a.m., start again about 1 p.m., to give the horses time to eat and rest. Also, that was the hottest time of day.

Myself and "Maxwell Prisbrey" had been down to "Preston Pace's" and were heading home to get something to eat. It was a warm, humid day--a few clouds in the sky. We had just about reached the church house corner when a "THUNDEROUS" clap of thunder jolted us. We seen no lightning, no rain, and just one huge "BOOM", nothing more.

We had never heard anything so loud, before or since. All was quiet after that shock. We looked back down the street. We could see the hay hands at "Uncle Alex Pace's" come running out from the house and from under the big trees in front. "Dad" and "Henry Prisbrey" were among the workers helping Uncle Alex and were resting on the porch. We had seen them when we left there. We hurried toward home instead of going back down to where they were.

Before we reached the wash by "Bro. Schmutz's", we heard a running

horse. Coming around the corner by Dad's place was a horse and rider. The horse had a harness on, the rider was whipping the horse. We could quickly tell by the gait, it was a draft horse and had been harnessed to pull a wagon or some other farm machinery. When he passed us, he--the rider--screamed, "Andrew Schmutz has been struck with lightning. Where are some men folk?" he added.

"Down to Alex Pace's," we volunteered. He put the whip to the horse and raced down the street. In a very few minutes, a carload of men came up the street in a cloud of dust, around the corner by Dad's, and up through town. (We had Model A Fords.) We could see that "Henry Prsbrey" and "Dad"--Bert Grant--was in the car. After about 1/2 hour, the car came back down the street and stopped at Bro. Schmutz's--just east of the wash. We could see them carry a person into the house. Was he alive? Or dead?

Now the nearest "doctor" was at Cedar City, 22 miles away. There was only one telephone in town. Cars were slow, and the roads were poor, many not even graveled. The doctor was called and soon on the way. It would take about 1 hour--at best--to get here.

By now a crowd was gathering at the Schmutz home. You could hear "Andrew" screaming. I do not recall the man's name who reported the accident. Anyway, he came out of the house carrying what was left of "Andy's" clothes--the shirt in shreds, the pants--bib overalls--were worse. From the hip pockets down, just a few "threads." All that held the rest of the overalls together was the "suspenders."

Someone spoke up tearfully, "Tell us what happened." In a quivering voice he said, "It was terrible." Then he went on to tell the story. He, Andrew, and Eldon--Andy's brother--were hauling hay from the field northwest of town. "Andrew" was driving the team and wagon. Eldon had gotten off the wagon to open the gate into the Schmutz property. The team and wagon went through and stopped for Eldon to close the gate. Then came the "BOLT OF LIGHTNING."

"The left horse was killed instantly. Dust was in our eyes. You couldn't see anything. I was knocked off the wagon." You usually sat on the outer edge of the wagon, with your feet hanging down. "Soon I heard Eldon say, "Unhitch that other horse and run for help." While I unhitched the horse, Eldon was opening the gate he had just closed. Andy was slumped down in what was left of the front end of the wagon. We thought he was dead."

Now it just happened that "Dad" and "Henry" had been reading what to do in case of lightning when the word reached them. When they reached

the scene, they went to work. I have heard people say that Henry and Bert saved Andy's life that day. Eldon had already raised Andrew's head, as the "vomit" was choking him. He was still unconscious when help arrived. Now Andrew was a man of few words and seldom "swore." Dad said, "We were sure glad when he started to cuss."

Can you imagine the pain from the burns on this man's body? Needless to say, he "came to" for short periods and was never really conscious for many hours, even after the doctor arrived. I'm sure when he really came to, he quit "swearing."

### "Boy Scout Jamboree"

Late May of 1929, an outing for scouts was held on the college campus in Cedar City. I recall of attending it. "Aunt Sadie" and "Uncle Roy Grant" took me and Kent--their son--to it. They had a 1928 Chevrolet sedan. We took everything we would need to camp out. We were there 2 days and nights.

The big pine trees that are there now, between the outdoor theatre and the "old Gym", were about 3 feet tall. Little did I know that I would be tending them and planting more.

It was great fun to be with that many "scouts and leaders." This outing was held for the "Zion Park District," all of Southern Utah from Beaver to the Arizona border.

This was to be my first and last Jamboree. We really learned scouting there: knot tying, games, camping, cooking, hiking, backpacking, first aid, outdoor survival, archery, signaling, to name a few. Oh! yes, "tree climbing," hide and seek.

Lenzie Sullivan was our Scoutmaster. I earned my Tenderfoot badge while there. I don't recall any tents. We slept out under the stars. We did have grass to sleep on. At that time there was no buildings on the campus east of the Gym, Old Main, Old Science, and two other buildings straight south. There was plenty of room to handle a large crowd. In those days, they did not cut the grass. It was grazed by sheep and cattle.

We went to the "Tabernacle"--where the present Post Office is--on Main Street for our "Court of Honor" and other special meetings.

When "Uncle Roy and Aunt Sadie" came to get us, we did not want to go home, we were having so much fun. It was raining when we broke camp. Glad that the storm didn't spoil our camping out. By the time we go to Kanarra, the snow was coming. It had rained throughout the night in

New Harmony but had not reached Cedar until we were about packed. Uncle Roy said "that the ruts on the Harmony road were deep. If we are to get home, we better hurry." We stopped at the "Riley Williams" service station in Kanarra. He said to Uncle Roy, "You aren't going to try to get to New Harmony." "We have to," Uncle Roy returned. "We better hurry on." "My brother has plenty of rooms you could stay in," Riley said, pointing to a big 2-story house across the street.

In the early days--and still in those days--no weary traveler was ever turned away, and we were no exception. We stayed at the Joseph A. Williams'--I believe--that night. The next morning it had stopped snowing. About noon, we started for home. The ruts were so deep on the Harmony bench that the car would drag on the bottom. With much backing up and going forward, we did manage to get home without completely getting stuck. Many cars have been left mired in mud on the Harmony road.

"Uncle Jim Taylor" was the first mail driver I can remember. He lived and owned the farm south of town, what is now part of the "Glen Leavitt" ranch. "Uncle Jim" drove a 2 horse white-topped buggy. Hauled the mail from Kanarra to New Harmony. The "Post Office" was in the George F. Prince home. As he would go around the corner at Dad's place, us kids would grab onto the back of the buggy. Uncle Jim would not let on he knew we were doing it. However, he would put the whip to the team and try to outrun us.

It would be an all day's job to make the round trip. You needed to have a good team of horses. There were a few times--in the winter--when the mail never left town and no mail came in.

Grandpa Grant and I would sometimes go down through "Uncle Jim's" to get to the field. This was closer. "Grandad" and "Uncle Jim" were half brothers. As we went by the house and on to the creek, we would stop and pick cherries. There were a row of some 10 trees. You could pick them while sitting on a horse.

I do not remember much about the time "Uncle Jim" and Aunt Lottie lived on the farm. All of their children were born before they moved into town. Their home in town was just south of the "Robert Goodwin" place. The cellar over the fence south was theirs. That property is now owned by Verl Kelsey.

"John H. Messer" bought the Taylor property after they moved to town.

He also owned a farm (ranch) in the area known as "Quitchoapa." I recall the time Dad worked for Mr. Messer. --more about that later--

Mr. Messer had a son named "Malcomb." He lived on the farm in New Harmony. As I recall, Mr. Messer was a builder, lived in Cedar City. I worked for Malcomb sometimes during the haying season. He had some good horses and new equipment--all horse drawn. He would cut the hay, and I would rake it, then both of us would "pile" it. The hay was put into small piles, one to the left and one to the right, making rows you could drive a wagon between. By doing this, you could load from both sides. You "piled" hay, but you "shocked" corn.

Malcomb was good to work for; besides, he paid you without having to ask for it. He also drove a new car, a 1931 Chevrolet sedan, was very popular with the girls, also the young men in town. There were very few cars in town available to the young set.

One time a group of young people--all boys, as I recall--were coming home from a dance in Kanarra. Coming along the east side of the Harmony bench, their lights went out. "Now what do we do, Malcomb?" someone asked. "Just go on," he returned. "It is quite moonlight. We'll be O.K." At first they went along slow, but soon they were picking up speed. Someone yelled, "Slow down. You can't see where you're going." "I can see good enough," Malcomb shot back. "Besides, nobody will be on this road." "CRASH." He had just ran into the back of a wagon. Now teams and wagons used that road as much as cars.

No one was hurt very much in the car, but the car was about "totaled." They could hear someone groaning by the wagon. The car had hit one of the wheels of the wagon. There, sitting in the middle of the road, was "Brother Schmutz," with the iron rim of the wagon wheel wrapped around his neck.

Rulon Taylor, and I believe Lyle Prince, were two of the guys with Malcomb. I have heard Rulon tell this story, and I think Lyle also. Anyway, they were all frightened. Some went for help while the rest helped Brother Schmutz. He was bruised up pretty bad.

The wagon was loaded with coal. "Bro. Schmutz had been to a coal mine east of Kanarra. Instead of camping out another night, had decided to drive on home.

The "fourth of July" was the "highlight" of my young years. A dance was held in the "Bluebird or the "Cobble Crest" the night before, would last until

the early morning hours. Then just at daybreak someone would set off some "dynamite", several blasts, to be sure everyone was awake. Then those who had been celebrating would go home and go to bed. Others would get up and get ready for the day's activities. Flag raising at sunup, chores done, and anything else to prepare for the day's activities. A meeting at 10 would last until about noon. Lunch and a rest period.

When the sports started, that was the fun part of the day. First, races for the little kids--like they still do today, only more of it--then on up to the older kids. After the foot races, games, contests, etc., the more serious part of the celebration started. Matching foot races--betting a little--also horse races. I recall a fellow by the name of "Jimmy Jones." He was a friend of "Mason Rencher" and came over here from New Castle or Enterprise. He rode a sleek black horse and could outrun most horses owned around here.

The horse was so gentle, "Jimmy" would ride him around through the crowd before and after a race. The races were run up the street, from east to west. I recall someone saying, "Now watch Jimmy Jones!" and taking a bunch of firecrackers out of his pocket. The firecrackers came in a bunch of about 50 tied together by the fuse. He lit the first fuse and threw it under the horse. "Corncutter"--the horse's name--jumped when the first one went off. Jimmy lost his hat but not his seat. "Bang" "Bang" "Bang", it went on and on until all had went off. But little "Jim Jones" never got threw off, though no one expected him to stay on. No one in the crowd was hurt. And no one owned up to setting the firecrackers off. And the sports continued.

After a few horse races were run, and while the horses were resting, the foot races would start. Some of the fastest foot racers were Reed Prince, Lyle Prince, Jim Prince, Lester Iverson, Ashby Pace, others. Foot races, horse races, went on until about sundown. Time out for chores, then a dance at night.

Did the fourth of July end with the going down of the sun? No! Races were matched by "Rulon Taylor" and "Cecil Parker" for the 5th of July in New Harmony, starting about 3 p.m. The sports fans of the two towns--Kanarra and New Harmony--would go to work by sunup, take a noon about 10, go back at 11, and quit by 3 p.m.

Did the fourth of July end with the going down of the sun? No way! Races were matched for 3 p.m. in Kanarra on the 6th. Did it stop then? "Are you kidding?" Races were matched for 4 p.m. in New Harmony on the 7th.

By now, everyone knew or thought they knew who was the fastest men in both towns. Some of the fastest men in Kanarra were: Jay Banks, Cecil Parker, Clayton Williams, Max Williams, Glade Berry, Lalif Wood, others.

Foot racers were brought into Kanarra from Cedar, Parowan, etc. Foot racers were brought into New Harmony from Pinto, New Castle, Beryl, Enterprise, etc.--even St. George.

When did the celebrating of the 4<sup>th</sup> of July stop? Well, it slowed down by the twelfth and ended about the 15<sup>th</sup>, but the training of horses and foot racers went right on to get ready for the 24<sup>th</sup>. Then it all started over. Now this wasn't done just one year. "Cecil Parker" never did marry that I know of, and Rulon Taylor didn't marry until he was 36-37. Now Rulon kept right on with his sporting all through his life.

The first time I saw "Jack Moyle"--from Beryl--come here to race "Reed Prince." Reed wasn't fast enough, so those backing Jack thought, to win. The talking about it and betting went on for several days. Rulon was backing Reed and was getting all the bets he could handle, as were others in town.

Of course the day of the race "Cecil" was there, as were others from Kanarra. Some of them were betting on Reed. A spot was prepared east of town--but not out of town, by the "schoolhouse."

"Lester Iverson" had been beat by "Jack Moyle", and Reed had also won at times from Lester, and been beat by him, too.

The race was to be 125 yards--Jack wouldn't run a shorter race. The time for the race was here. "Could Reed beat him?" Someone asked, "Rulon, can Reed win this race?" "Easy," Rulon returned. "What makes you so sure?" "A little bird told me," Rulon said with a wide grin. "I've seen them both run. Jack is fast, but Reed is faster."

As quite a sum of money had been "wagered" on this race, a pistol was fired to start. If one runner got too much of a start, another shot would be fired, and they would come back and start over.

"Bang!" the race was started. "An even break." The first 50 yards about even, the next fifty yards Reed a little ahead. As far as Jack was concerned, the race was over then. "Reed won"--going away--.

In the spring of 1931--I had just turned 15--I went on my first herding job--away from home. Dad had been shearing sheep on the "Arizona Strip", south of "Wolf Hole." They started shearing out there early in March and would work up to New Harmony and Cedar City. "Reed" had been shearing with them out there. Had told Dad they needed a boy to help with

the lambing season for about three weeks.

When Dad got home, he asked me if I wanted to go. He told me I could make enough to get my teeth fixed. I had cavities between two of my front teeth; it would take more than a couple of fillings. I had been told that the only way this could be done was to earn the money myself. So I agreed to go. I had been earning all the money for my clothes and other things for 3-4 years.

Mother got my clothes ready, and Reed picked me up in a 1930 Model A Ford coupe. He had earned the money shearing sheep, and this car was his. He would be 24 at this time and had the reputation of being one of the best sheep shearers around.

I knew we were going south of St. George somewhere. As we were going down over the "Black Ridge", Reed was singing, "Tomatoes are cheaper. Potatoes are cheaper. Now's the time to fall in love." When we left St. George, I said, "Where are we going?" "Out to Mokeack Mountain," Reed replied. "How far is that?" I questioned. "Some 15 or more miles," Reed returned. The road was rough, and the going was slow. It took us about an hour to get to camp.

Lyle Prince, Reed's brother, and "Pole Pollock", from Kanarra, were lambing the sheep belonging to James L. Prince--Reed and Lyle's father. Lyle would be 22 at this time. Pole was a married man. Reed and Lyle were both single.

"Pole" had been herding sheep all winter. Herds were mixed during the winter-- 2-3 owners. After shearing in the spring, each owner would lamb his own herd. "Pole" stayed to help the Prince's. After lambing, the herd would be moved to New Harmony.

Pole was herding the "drop herd," which consisted mainly of "ewes", with some dries. The lambing herd was also known as the "wet herd." Lyle was looking after the "ewes" with newborn lambs. Now this method of "lambing a herd" can't be done with two men, if you want a good percent of lambs raised. My job was to herd the bunch already lambled out. This allowed Lyle to gather the ewes with young lambs and bring them to the bunch I would be herding.

What water the sheep needed was available at "Mokeack Spring," located about 1/2 mile west of the camp wagon. The sheep were watered about every 3<sup>rd</sup> day. They could get most of the moisture needed from weeds and plants--mainly "Sacarty"--Filaree

Pole had the main herd south of the spring. I never saw him, except at

when he brought more ewes and lambs to mix with my bunch.

If the weather was cold and dry, the feed would be short and thin; the sheep would be hard to handle. If the weather was warm and wet, the feed would be tall and thick. I have heard sheepmen say, "They had seen the "Sacarty" with runners 3 feet long." When this happens, sheep could go without water for a month.

The days were long--daylight to dark. Sometimes the sheep would lay down and hunt for shade--middle of the day--you had a break. You could even make it back to camp at that time.

Lyle would do the cooking for the evening meal and would take turns with Pole for breakfast. If you wanted a lunch at noon, you would have to take it with you. Lyle could make good bread. He would mix it at night. In the morning he would mold it into loaves--4 to the pan--put it on the bed, and cover it with a cloth.

I came into camp around midday. "What did I do?" You guessed it. "I put both elbows in the ready-to-bake bread." I left the camp and went back to my herd, dreading to see Lyle when he brought the next bunch of ewes and lambs. He said to me, "If you want to sleep, pick somewhere else besides the bread." I thought about it the rest of the day.

I was the first one in that night, was careful not to get close to the breadpan. There isn't much room in a sheep wagon. I even went back outside. Nothing to do but wait for the others to come in. It was getting dark. I went back in and lit the lamp, then reached across the bed for a magazine. "You guessed it." I put my elbow in the bread again. If it hadn't been dark, I would have headed for St. George.

When Lyle came in, he built a fire and started to get supper ready. He must have sensed something was wrong--when the oven was hot enough, he uncovered the bread and put it in the oven--he didn't say a word. I was hoping it would come out all the same size. "No such luck." The end of one loaf--where I had put my elbow--was small. Still no one said a word about it.

If they had said anymore about it, there would have ben one herder short. Teeth or no teeth, I would have left next morning. "Maybe Lyle and Pole had talked about it and decided to let me alone." They needed me, that was for sure.

I had been out to the herd for about two weeks, was getting more homesick each day. "Even the sheep began to look like people back home." The heaviest part of the lambing was done, and the job was

getting less and less work. The feed was good, and the sheep contented. I could even take time off from herding them. I only had one more week to go and sure hoped they would come and get me soon. I was to go home the next time Reed came out.

One day I walked by the spring--a green murky color. You couldn't drink it because of the "alkali." We hauled our drinking water. Was brought out to us in 50 gallon barrels. I would go by the spring just for something to do.

This day, as I approached the spring, I heard a "hissing sound." I looked toward the noise and saw a "large lizard" about 20 inches long--standing some 6 inches high. Now I had heard of "Gila monsters" and that they were "poison" if they bit you. This one had a black body with red legs. The tail, which was long and thick, was black and red. Rather a pretty "BEAST", if you viewed it from a distance--which I sure did.

Reed came out just about the time I had been there 3 weeks. Boy, was I glad to get home.

Soon after that, I got my pay--I don't recall how much. Dad took me up to Cedar to get my teeth fixed. Dr. "John Beal" was the dentist I went to. He ground the cavities--my first time at a dentist--made 2 gold inlays, and I had money left.

The large one had to be cemented in several times, the smaller one stayed in. I had them both replaced 50 years later--after I lost the large one. It came out one day, and I put it in my pocket. When I got home that night, I didn't have it. Dr. "Paul R. Lunt" put enamel fillings in. I have had very little trouble with those.

About this same summer, Frank Kelsey took Verl, Merlin, and I on a fishing trip to "Grass Valley." I had been helping there on the farm. He had a Model A Ford 2-door sedan. To get there, we went up the canyon, past the "Goddard Grant" ranch, on to the "Page Ranch," then to "Pinto," turned south there. Grass Valley is some 5 miles north of "Pinevalley." Frank left us there, went back home. "Mason Rencher," married to "Anabelle Schmutz", lived there. They had a nice home on a "Small Ranch"--100 acres more or less. We took our camp, pitched our tent in the Rencher's back yard.

"I recall the cool water." Mason had a well you could dip water out of. Also a nice stream of water ran through the property. This is where we fished.

"Mason" was a fun person to talk to. They sure made you feel at home.

"Anabelle was always bringing us something to eat, even invite us in to eat with them. "Vivian", their oldest girl, was 3 years younger than Merlin. Of course, we didn't notice girls then. Besides, we came to fish and spent most of our time doing that.

One day we were fishing and had gone quite a way downstream, had left the Rencher place and was on the "Moss" property. I heard someone talking but went on fishing. In a loud voice, someone said, "WHERE YOU FROM?" Now I knew who "Sam Moss" was, but this wasn't Sam. Mason had told us to watch out for "Frank Moss"--who was Sam's brother. "He is a little slow in the head," Mace said, "but harmless."

I didn't answer the question. The loud voice again, "WHERE YOU FROM?" "Harmony," I replied. By then, "Frank Moss"--for it was he--was just across the stream from me. "Are you a Schmutz?" he questioned. "NO." "Are you a Taylor?" "No, I'm not." "Well, you're not from Harmony," he grumbled, and went on up the stream.

"Mason" had some good horses, also quite a few cattle, good meadowland, milked several cows, had chickens, ducks, pigs, other farm animals. We would help milk the cows at night, but not the morning milking. We were fishing at daybreak.

"Mace," as he was known, was a storyteller and a horse trader by nature; you had to get up pretty early in the morning if you beat him in a horse trade. In those days, you either raised your horses or you "swopped" for them. "Mace's" father-in-law was always complaining about getting beat in a horse trade with him.

I recall "Bro. Schmutz wearing a "coon skin" cap. In a crowd one time, someone asked him where he got it. "Whump," he replied. "The only time I beat Mason in a horse trade was when he threw that cap in as a sweetener."

One day right after lunch, we were sitting in the shade, and Mace was telling us stories. Pointing west, he said, "I helped build the tunnel through that hill." Now the tunnel he was talking about is used to this day to get water from the Pinevalley creek to Pinto and New Castle. "Mace" told us it took several years to build. "I would like to tell you about a mule we had," he drawled. This mule was used to pull the rock out of the tunnel, after "blasting." The rock was loaded on a small car that ran on a track. Mules were used because they were smaller and could get around better. You could hook them to either end of the "ore car."

This mule had made so many trips in and out, that he was turned loose-

-they didn't have to lead him. They would load the car, then start the mule out. Someone on the other end would unload the car, send the mule back in. "This worked pretty well," Mace remarked, "except for one thing." A whistle would blow for quitting time at noon. Wherever the mule was when the whistle blew, he would "stop." "And you couldn't budge him," Mace said laughingly, "until you unhitched him." The same thing would happen at night.

Mace whispered, "Have you ever seen a dead mule?" No one answered him. "Well, I asked "Bid Price" that once," Mace declared. "Do you know what he told me?" "I heard of a dead mule once," Bid answered; "So I rode a horse 40 miles to see that dead mule. When I got there, the mule had been shot 7 times," Bid added with a grin.

### "Typhoid Fever"

The typhoid fever was rampant in New Harmony for a few years. Mother had it and afterwards lost all her hair. Joe Adair had it; he too lost his hair. Dad was away from home quite a lot. Mother stayed in Cedar when she had it. They didn't keep people in the Hospital, as I remember.

After Mother was well, then I came down with it. We began to wonder if it would go all through town. Of course they gave shots for it. There were 6 kids in the Grant family: Afton, Sheldon, Glenn, Wilma, Ina, and Dallas. Mother and I were the only ones to get it.

I remember Sister "Amelia Schmutz" bringing over food, mainly fruit juices, every day. She would come about 9 a.m., then sometimes in the afternoon. She was an "angel of mercy", that was for sure. She only weighed 90-95 lbs. "A petite cute little lady." She would come to the door but never came in. She knew how to take care of the sick and would instruct Mom on how to care for me. Mom was the only one allowed in the room.

The fever was so high, 103-105 for 2-3 weeks; that is why your hair came out. I lost mine also. When it came back in, it was "curly."

"Grandpa Farr"--John Franklin--was working in "Rockville", by Zion Park. He would come to visit. I remember talking to him through the window. I was in bed for about 3 1/2 weeks. When I did start to get up, I had to learn to walk -- all over.

In the spring of 1932--I would be 16 at the time--"Uncle Albert Mathis" asked me if I would come herd for him. He had a herd of "angora goats"

south and west of "Harrisburg." "Golden Taylor" was herding for him. They would winter on "Goosbury Mountain" east of Hurricane. In the spring they would work north, in time for kidding season in New Harmony. They were to shear them on the Harrisburg bench. "Uncle Albert" would summer on "North Mountain" but would kid them on his place, northeast of town.

They were holding them here until the shearing plant arrived. Golden had other commitments. I was to help through shearing and stay until the herd reached New Harmony.

About 12-1500 head in this herd. Half "nannies", half "wethers"--male goats with their manhood taken away. The male goats would shear more because of their size and were better to eat. They would shear twice a year.

At this time, "mohair" was the rage. They used it in upholstery for cars, over-stuffed furniture coverings, etc. It was better looking than wool and would wear longer. Sheepmen had sold out and bought goats because of the demand for "mohair."--More about this later--

We arrived at camp in the evening--I was soon to learn why. I had herded goats before, but never camped out alone. Golden wasn't in camp when we got there. "Uncle Albert" said to me, "You are to stay here with Golden until he shows you the ropes. Tell him I will be back 2 days from now at dusk to pick him up." He left some supplies and took his leave.

Just before dark, I could hear bells; the herd was coming in. The camp was in a sheltered spot on the south side of a ridge. Soon the camp wagon was surrounded by goats. I didn't leave the wagon. Can you imagine what 1500 (more or less) looked like. Golden with the dog came behind the herd.

"May I add a bit of humor here?"

The story goes of a certain sheepman wanting to sell his herd. He couldn't go with the prospective buyer to inspect the flock. Told him where it was and to go look them over. When the man came back, he said to the owner, "There was one critter with that herd I had never seen before." "What was it?" the sheepman remarked. "What did it look like?" The man replied, "Well, it had a long beard, was dirty, and smelled awful."--He had seen a goat. The sheepman said laughingly, "Don't mind him, that was the "herder."

Golden, with that big grin on his face he always had, came toward the

wagon. I was happy to see him, but not happy to be there. "Did Albert bring you?" he said, grinning. "Yes," I replied. "I'm to take your place. You're to teach me all you can in two days. He will be back to get you then."

"Let's go in and light a fire and get some grub." Well, I sure could use some. Golden had boiled some meat--goat, of course--the night before. To this he had added some potatoes. He now put that on the stove to heat. He had some baking powder biscuits, also some rice and raisins. This was our meal, and not bad at that. There was a good supply of fresh meat in camp, this was our main source of food. Also canned corn, peas, tomatoes, macaroni, salt, pepper, and, of course, coffee, milk, and sugar.

After the dishes were washed, he started to get the meals ready for the next day. "You will have to cook what you want each night--for the next day," he volunteered. "Start it, but do not stay up late cooking. Finish cooking it in the morning. All the daylight hours, you will be with the herd," he warned.

"Will the goats leave during the night?" I questioned. "No! but you better be ready to go at daybreak." "How do they get water?" I asked. "We have had some good rains lately," was his answer. "They get what water they need from holes in the rocks. Also from the early morning dew on the leaves."

"If you want to eat a lunch, take it with you. You won't be back until night." Boy, was he ever right. "Keep the dog with you at all times," he said. "You can't keep the herd together without him." Two days passed fast. I wasn't looking forward to being alone with the herd.

As it was getting quite warm, the herd didn't run too fast. They hadn't been sheared, and that helped. Now it was too much bother to keep a horse, and he wouldn't have been much good anyway; the country was too rough. Red hills, rocks, and sand. Oh yes, some feed. The goats had to travel long distances to find fresh feed. We wouldn't let them get too high up because it was too rough. When I look at that area now--as we go back and forth on the freeway--I can't believe I herded goats in that "rough terrain."

All the Taylor boys: Rulon, Warren, Golden, and Kelsey, were good walkers. It was nothing for them to travel 20 miles in a day's herding.

Uncle Albert came back the day he said he would. "We will be shearing in a week or ten days. I will be here a day before we start," he stated. Left supplies, then he and Golden departed. I was alone for the first time at a goat herd. Golden had told "Uncle Albert" I could handle them and not to

worry. I had made up my mind I would do my best.

I was too busy to get lonesome. I had made friends with the dog. I could send him as far as he could see me. I had learned how to whistle real loud. When I sent the dog to turn the herd, "I would whistle" just about the time he reached the leaders. After a few times of this, I could "whistle"--without sending the dog--and they would turn back. This way, I could save the dog and myself a lot of steps each day.

The days came and went, and I lost all track of time. I didn't keep track of the days because I wasn't sure when "Uncle" would be back, and I had all I could do without worrying about that.

I was lonesome, but I didn't get homesick. Most of the time I could see cars and trucks on the old 91 Highway. "Yes," and even some teams and wagons. "Uncle Albert" had a Model A Sedan, 1929 model. You could spot them a long way off.

I wouldn't take water with me when I left camp, because there was water in the holes of the rocks. Soon all the small places went dry. And if I wanted to drink, I would drink where the herd did. Some of the holes were 10-15 feet across and 2-3 feet deep. We never ran out of water, but the places to drink were getting thick and "green," if you know what I mean. I would only drink when I was real thirsty.

"Uncle Albert" came back about the 8th day. "We will be moving the herd to the shearing corral tomorrow," he told me. There was a separating and holding corral on the "Harrisburg bench," used by the herds going north and south. "Weather permitting, we will be shearing day after tomorrow", Uncle said. Our camp was about three miles from the place to shear. We had been herding west and north, saving the feed east toward the corral.

We let the herd graze slowly the next morning, and they "filled up" by the time we reached there. The portable plant was being assembled. The goats were put into the corral, and the separating began.

With all the activity going on, the goats were hard to handle. They also sensed the shearing process--it was going to be a long hard day.

"Uncle Albert" was to run the chute gate. The dog would help me bring a bunch up. I was having a lot of trouble keeping them going through. Some of them would turn around in the chute, these you would have to turn around. Instead of staying by the chute and keeping them going through, Uncle would come back where I was. Soon the chute was empty--they had all run back out--we would fill the chute back up. Uncle would go back to

the gate, and they would start through. Then some would turn around and try to get back out.

Instead of turning those around, Uncle would come back to where I was. I would leave what I was doing and go back up, turn those in the chute around. "Uncle Albert" would be just standing there. Now he was a good businessman, but when it came to manual labor, he just didn't have it. Anyway, we were trying to do the work of 3-4 men. This was a busy time of the year, and help was hard to get.

This went on for some time; we weren't getting many through. I was losing what little "control" I had. Finally I said, "Uncle Albert, you need to be up by the gate. If we get them started, maybe the dog and I can keep them going through."

Well, they did start through, but not for long. Pretty soon Uncle came back where I was. The chute was full; he just wasn't doing his job. I said, "Damn it! You are not doing your job!" Well, that was the wrong thing to say. I never saw a man get redder in the face. I thought he was going to explode. When he could speak, he said in a loud voice, "These are my goats! I'll run them any way I want!"

What did I do? Well, you "ought" to know me by now. I yelled, "Go ahead and run them. You don't need me!" I turned and left the corral. Maybe he thought I would come back. He didn't say anything more to me. All the clothes I had worth anything I was wearing. My coat was on the fence. I picked that up and headed north.

"Uncle Roy Grant" had a homestead about 2-3 miles away at "Harrisburg." I started for that. No one was there; they had moved their livestock back up to New Harmony.

I was 25 miles from home, and it was mid-afternoon. "What to do?" Then it dawned on me. The Schmutz Brothers: Donald, Andrew, and Eldon, had a camp by "Anderson Ranch", about 6 miles up the highway. If I could catch a ride before I reached there, I could get off at the Harmony road and walk in. If not, maybe I could stay with whoever was herding for "Schmutz Brothers." They had a shearing plant east of New Harmony and wouldn't be going up there this soon.

I didn't get a ride by the time I got there. I could see their herd before I reached the gate to their property. I walked up the road for about a mile and came to their camp.--No one around. I sat down to wait for the herder, whoever he was. Andrew usually did the herding--He was a widower. The other brothers were married and stayed on the farm. They had some cattle

and 3-4 thousand goats.

Just at dusk, here came the herd. Soon after came Andrew, a man in his middle forties. He was surprised to see me but didn't ask any questions. "Could I stay with you tonight?" I got out. "Sure. Are you going to New Harmony?" he asked. "Yes." "Donald will be here tomorrow," he declared. "You can ride to New Harmony with him." Now I was relieved. It was still 19-20 miles home.

Andrew was a man of very few words. We had supper, washed the dishes, and got ready for bed. "You take the back of the bed," he told me. That was the last words he spoke to me that night. Andrew blew out the light and crawled into bed. I believe he was asleep the minute his head hit the pillow. --Then he started to talk--"SNORE". I never heard such sounds. This went on all night. If I fell asleep at all, I do not remember it.

The next morning after breakfast, Andrew told me I better stay in camp--so I would not miss Donald. "Tell him I'm alright, and give him the list of things to bring next time." The goats were leaving the bed ground, and Andrew went with them.

Donald had a home in St. George, also one in New Harmony. He would spend the winters in St. George, summers in Harmony.

Donald came early, left supplies and a note telling Andrew he would check with him on his return to St. George. We were soon on our way to town.

I knew I wouldn't get paid for my 2 weeks work--when I left "Uncle Albert," he was really in a mess. And he shouldn't pay me. I just wrote it off as experience.

Spring was on its way when I reached New Harmony--plenty to do--Haul manure for the garden. Grandad would let me use his team and wagon, and I would get the manure from his place. After hauling the manure--which took me several days, I plowed the lot. Now you don't plow an acre of ground with a plow you walk behind in a few hours. The horses had to rest quite often. I was sure glad about that.

Now I was doing something I enjoyed doing, and I might add "good at." The gardening fell to me most of the time. Afton was with "Bishop Elmer Taylor" on the Arizona Strip, where he ran his goats in the winter; wouldn't be home for a few weeks.

I would like to add here that Schmutz Bro.s ran 3-4 thousand head of goats, Antone Prince 1000 plus, Albert Mathis 1200 plus, Elmer Taylor

1300 plus, Joe Adair 500 plus, George Schmutz 1200 plus, Roy Grant 200. That would be a total of 10,000 goats in and around New Harmony. They used all of the east half of North Mountain and all of the East Mountain from Kanarra to Toquerville--summer range--moved south in winter.

They would all shear in the fall at Schmutz Brothers shearing corral in New Harmony. The spring shearing would be done mostly on the trail from winter to summer range.

There was work available on the town ditch. After that work was done, the water would be turned in and you could get work irrigating. I soon made up the money I lost herding for "Uncle Albert."

Also there was time for play. I took work with the sheep and goats, not on a steady basis. I left that for the Taylor boys, the Adair boys, others.

Dad would herd sheep for "Uncle Alex Pace" after the shearing was done--that was why the raising of a garden and helping Mom usually fell on me.

When I wasn't needed at home or didn't have other work, I would go up to the Ranch and work for "Uncle Roy."--Not for pay, just for my board. He always had good horses; it was a pleasure to ride them. The times I spent up there, I could never forget.

We always took a 2 hour noon. You could either sleep or read. Sometimes "Aunt Sadie" would read to us. Never a dull moment around Aunt Sadie. She was one of the grandest ladies I ever knew.

"Uncle Roy" was a person who made friends easily. He always had a man or two working for him. Fellows who were down and out and needed work would come to him, wanting to work for their board until they could find steady employment. Now "Uncle Roy" would pay them something, but they were willing to work just for their board. This was at the height of the "Great Depression"; it was hard to find steady work. --More on this later--

### "Harmony Kid"

There was some good horses raised in New Harmony. The Government had a "Remount Stallion" stationed here; Frank Kelsey took care of him. All colts that would pass inspection, the army would buy. This helped the horse breeders during the depression.

But what really turned around the horse business in town was when "Uncle Roy" brought in a "Thoroughbred"--race horse breed--"Stallion." A beautiful horse about 1100 lbs., sorrel in color. From him came not only some good saddle horses, but race horses too. I remember one that Lester

Iverson raised, named "Harmony Kid." He was a fast horse. When he was two years old, "Rulon Taylor" kind of looked after him for "Let." He would win most races he entered in.

Now this bothered "Cecil Parker," because he had lost to Rulon quite a bit of money, betting against "Harmony Kid." He would continually try to find a horse to beat "Kid." When the horse was three years old, Cecil matched a horse with the "Kid" that he was sure could beat him. Cecil said the horse was raised in Kanarra, but nobody bought that. Most everyone thought the horse was brought in from Cedar. "Lalif Wood" of Kanarra raised the horse, so Cecil said. This was between the 4<sup>th</sup> and the 24<sup>th</sup> of July, 1933.

The race was to be run one half mile, 880 yards. A "special racetrack" was made in the fields north of the road on the New Harmony bench. The property where the track was to be built was owned by "Orson Hammond," now owned by "Clyde Hunt". It was east of the "Old House."

"Harmony kid" was stabled in a barn on the "James E. Taylor" lot.-- Robert Goodwin's home is on the spot now. People would come by and admire the horse. The other horse, a filly, was at the "George Wood" home in Kanarra. Lalif Wood was looking after it. A day or so before the race, the "Wood" filly was brought to New Harmony, and they were stabled in the same barn, on opposite sides.

I remember being there when someone said, "Harmony Kid is going to get beat. And by a FILLY." Uncle Jim Neilson remarked, "There is no way that Kanarra horse can win." The mare looked sleek and fast. But the "Kid" looked bigger and stronger, and besides, "Ashby Pace" would be up on him. "Lalif Wood" was to ride his mare.

The racetrack was a straight track, not the oval track like the one they use now. It had been farmland and was graded down smooth and firm. Both horses had been worked out on it and knew the lay of the land.

The day of the big race arrived. A huge crowd was on hand. People lined the track on both sides for about 100 yards from the finish line. Now people betting on the "Kid" and those wanting him to win began to worry. The mare was older and had been raced under these conditions. Kid, being younger, would be unpredictable. People wanting the Kanarra horse to win could maybe help by waving and screaming--those are the "breaks" of horse racing.

The race was to be "self-started." Here, the edge was with the "Kid." I have said it before, and I will say it again. Nobody could get the head start

on Ashby Pace. The "smart" money was on him.

Lalif and Ashby were about the same size--no weight advantage. Both were tried and true riders. "Who was going to win?" We were soon to find out. The horses were mounted and started toward the starting line. Expectations were high. The crowd was noisy. When they reached the place of start, it looked like a mile instead of half a mile. The horses walked up to the line and started--only to go back. This went on for several minutes.

Someone said, "Why don't they start?" Another remarked, "They won't until they get an even break." Someone yelled, "They are coming." The yelling and screaming started, mostly by the backers of the "Wood" mare. You couldn't see a thing.

Soon the noise died down. Someone exclaimed, "Move back. Move back." The crowd moved back. Now you could see why the crowd from Kanarra was quiet. "Harmony Kid" was well in front and entered the lane of spectators, was running as if he didn't know they were there. The cheering for the "Kid" started as he went by in a cloud of dust.

"Rulon" was a happy man. Why shouldn't he be! His pockets were bulging with money. "He wasn't the only happy one." After this race, the horse racing really started to pick up around New Harmony. --More on this later.--

In the fall, after deer season was over, I went to Lund, Utah with Dad to haul wood--the year was 1932. We took an "International" truck that belonged to "Uncle Roy." Why did we drive that 60 miles--one way--for wood? Because the best wood in the country was being hauled from there. The trees were "juniper"--called cedar--had died many years before and hardened. It was almost as good as coal and much cleaner. Hundreds of loads were taken from that area each year.

We would leave before daylight and try to be at the wood gathering area by first light. It was usually dark before we got back home.

Now the truck would haul some 3 cord of wood. You could drive to most of it. Some of it was still standing, but you could push it over easily or pull it down with the truck.

I began to get sick to my stomach. Dad said I was probably hungry, and to eat some of the lunch we had brought. This didn't help much. I really didn't feel like working, but if I didn't help Dad, we would have to leave with a small load. So I kept on working.

We finally finished loading and made it back to Lund about dusk. We stopped there and got some gas and a few treats. I didn't feel much like eating but did manage to eat an apple. With the truck loaded, it took much longer to get home. When we reached there, we just parked the truck--were too tired to try and unload. I told Mom I didn't want anything to eat and went to bed.

Early the next morning, I awoke with a terrible pain in my stomach. Mom asked me where the pain was. I replied, "Right in the middle, low down." She gave me something to ease the pain. It didn't help. The pain kept getting worse. They called the doctor, "Dr. Macfarlane." He said to bring me to the hospital immediately and he would meet us there.

I do not recall who took us to Cedar City--we didn't have a car. I'm sure it was "Frank Kelsey" or "Aunt Sadie." They both had cars and were always taking people who were sick. --More on this later--

When we reached the hospital, the doctor was there. He examined me, gave a test, and said, "We are going to operate immediately. It is the appendix." and gave orders to get me ready. Now I had never been in a hospital before, let alone taking ether--what a smell! The nurse said, "Breathe deep," after putting a heavy layer of gauze over my mouth and nose. I could feel them pouring the liquid on the gauze.

When I awoke, the terrible pain was gone; but I was still sick to my stomach. I asked Mom, "Did they take out my appendix?" "Yes," she replied. "They ruptured as soon as they were removed. You are going to be alright."

In those days, they made you stay in bed for at least a week. (Nowadays they get you up the next day.) I had been in the hospital about 4 days, when I had a visitor I never expected to see. Standing in the door was "Uncle Albert Mathis." He came over to the bed and said, "How are you getting along?" "I'm getting over this real fast," I assured him. "I've been thinking for some time I should pay you for herding," Uncle declared. "You don't owe me a thing," I returned. "But I do," he retorted. Taking a check out of his pocket, he leaned over and whispered, "You get well real soon." I could see tears in his eyes. "I'll tell you," mine weren't dry either. I thanked him as he left the room. The money paid for my hospital stay. I was in there for some 7 days.

I had forgotten long ago about the pay. I'm sure "Uncle Albert" had thought about it often. It had been eight months since I quit him that day.

A day or two before I left the hospital, Dad came in to see me. I told him

about the check. He said to me, "We will find a way to pay the doctor. I've already talked to him. Don't you worry about it." Then he declared, "Look out the window." On the bed of Uncle Roy's old truck was the biggest bull elk I had ever seen. "Where did you get that?" I exclaimed? "Verl and I have been hunting on Cedar Mountain," returned Dad. "We have to go back another day. Verl Kelsey has a permit for a cow (elk)."

When I had been home from the hospital for about 3 weeks, "Merlin Kelsey" asked me if I wanted to put out some traps with him. --This was late November.--

"What could we catch?" I asked. "Bob cats, foxes, maybe some coyotes," Merlin answered. You could get \$1.50 for a fox, \$3.00 for a bobcat, and \$4.00 for a coyote. Merlin said, "Could you furnish some traps?" "Dad has some. I'll ask him," I volunteered. "I've already asked my dad," Merlin declared. Dad also told me he had some "bait" I could use.

We put a trap line west to the pine tree, then around the foot of "Lossen Hill." Then on north to "Archibell" Hollow, and ended at the foot of "Bald Hill." We checked out the traps every other day for some 6 weeks. "What did we catch?" Two kingtail cats, \$1.00 each; 3 foxes; 2 bobcats--\$6.25 each. Well, at least it gave us something to do. That ended our trapping career.

A fellow by the name of Jack Sullivan came here to work for "Uncle Roy." He stayed here for several years, was a good hand with the livestock. He had bought a gray horse from "Uncle Jim Neilson," named him "Kid."

Now Jack was a handsome man in his mid-twenties, wore a ten gallon hat, cowboy boots, and spurs. He also had a good saddle--other rigging. When he was on "Kid," dressed in his best cowboy duds, he was a striking man. Looked like a movie star. Had all the girls "swooning." Was the envy of all the young men in town. Like to work with the cattle and horses, but shied away from the heavy farm work.

Uncle Roy operated a big ranch, some 800 acres. Had a permit to run cattle on the "forest," would take the herd south in the winter--"Harrisburg." Jack loved those cattle drives and riding the range in the summer. Uncle Roy was a good hand at breaking horses. Always had a "bronco" or two he was breaking. Jack helped him with those.

Jack always wore soft leather gloves, had small hands, as smooth as

a girl's. Rosy cheeks, flashing black eyes, was always smiling, showing a set of perfect white teeth. The girls always told him he should have been "a girl"; he was as pretty as one."

The Ranch was the site of many outdoor camping trips and parties. Uncle Roy milked about 10 cows, and most of the young people liked to help with that while they were there. Jack even helped, when there were girls around.

Rulon Taylor liked to go with all the popular girls in town, was always trying to beat Jack's time. And especially if it was a new girl in town. One summer Rulon was herding goats for Elmer Taylor on the "Hogsback" southeast of New Harmony. At a dance one night in the "Bluebird" (Jack wasn't there), Rulon asked "Erma Condie" if a few couples would like to come out to the herd for a bake oven supper and party. With Jack out of town, Rulon thought this would be a good time to get even with him. Erma told Rulon she had a girlfriend coming to visit her. Could she bring her along? "Sure," Rulon agreed quickly. "Could she be my date?" Rulon added. "Of course," Erma replied sweetly.

Rulon had fallen for the trap being set for him so easily. Now Jack being out of town was part of the plot the gang hatched to pull on Rulon. Jack was to leave town and let it known around town that he would be gone for some time. They had even hinted to Rulon that the gang would like to come out for a party.

So the stage was set, and the night of the party Jack was back in town. Not as himself, but was to be dressed as Erma's girlfriend. Karl Roundy was going with Erma. The rest of the crowd went out early to help Rulon get things ready; they told Rulon that Erma, Karl, and the girl would be out later.

Rulon questioned, "What does she look like?" Someone said, "She has black eyes, and a peaches and cream complexion. Also brown hair (Erma's wig.) She is about the size of Erma." "Is she fun to be around?" Rulon asked. "She is shy, doesn't talk much. She is very pretty."

By now Rulon was getting excited. "When will they be here?" Rulon demanded. "I hope they come before dark," he whispered, with a big grin.

Now it was arranged that Karl and Erma and Jack--dressed in Erma's clothes--would get there about dark. He would see his date only in the firelight. Jack had been practicing to talk in a woman's voice, but wouldn't be saying much.

When they arrived, it was about dark. No one except Karl and Erma had

seen Jack dressed up. Someone whispered, "He makes a handsome woman."

Erma said to Rulon, "Meet my friend, Susie." "Hello," Rulon gasped, very polite. "Hi," Jack returned in a high, shy voice. "The food is ready. Let's eat," Rulon declared quickly.

Now Rulon knew how to cook in a dutch oven. He had killed a kid goat for the party. A young goat cooked the right way is better than chicken. The girls had brought out most of the rest of the meal. Oh yes, the boys had brought along some "malt beer"--homemade. This was served to those who wanted it. Most of the girls, including "Jack," didn't take the beer. You could tell Rulon was impressed when Susie refused the beer.

After the meal was served, they sat around talking, telling jokes, and just having a good time. Rulon kept trying to put his arm around "Susie," but Jack wouldn't let him. He did let Rulon hold hands with him. The others were helping by keeping Rulon interested in something else. When he would ask Susie a question, Erma would quickly answer him. The other guys would hug Susie, and that would make Rulon mad.

Now Jack had small, soft hands; holding hands wouldn't give him away. But if Rulon got his arm around him, his disguise would be over. Jack was a "muscular fellow" with a girl's complexion and small hands.

Rulon never did find Jack out until the party broke up. Rulon asked, "Could I see you again, Susie?" Jack nodded, "Yes." They all said their goodbyes. Then Jack said with a laugh, "Goodnight, Rulon," in his own voice.

Rulon yelled, "Damn you Jack Sullivan! I'll kill you for this!"

In the spring of 1933--I would be 17 at the time--I went to St. George to help "Uncle Jim Neilson." He was running a herd of angora goats for the "Bank of Southern Utah"--in Cedar City. It was getting tough for the goat owners. The depression was taking its toll. The demand of "mohair" was slacking off. Only the big owners were making money. I believe this herd once belonged to "Uncle Joe Adair."

The herd was just north of St. George, in the hills. They had wintered out on the Arizona Strip. I recall going with Uncle Jim and Keith--his son--out to "Wolf Hole" earlier. We were to meet with the previous owners there, and Keith was going to stay out with the herd.

They had 2 mules; one a brown female, the other a smaller "pinto" male. I had seen both of these mules before. Uncle Joe Adair had brought

them here from New Mexico. Their names were "Tom" and "Betty."

When I joined the herd, they were camped--sheep wagon--about a mile north of the "Sugar Loaf"--a landmark then, and even more so now. The herd was on the way to "Diamond Valley" for the kidding season.

Keith let me know right away I wasn't to handle "Betty", let alone ride her. "She is mean and kicks," he remarked. "A one man animal. You will be riding Tom," Keith declared. "He is gentle, and you can handle him," Keith said, acting big and important. Now he was "large" for his age. He had just turned 18, was close to 6 feet, about 180 lbs. I weighed about 130, about 5'6".

We took good care of our "steeds." They were grained twice a day and fed good hay. "Weré under the saddle from daylight to dark."

Uncle Jim had told us he would be down every 2 or 3 days. "We will slowly work up to Diamond Valley," he declared. The bank had furnished him with a truck to move the camp and haul hay, water, etc.

St. George was a small town then, no more than 10% of what it is now. Keith asked, "Would you like to go to town to see a movie? Dad left me some money." "Yes," I replied. "I look so terrible. Look at my hair," Keith declared. He had been out to the herd for about 3 months. "If we had something to cut it with, I could do it," I said hopefully. "We have the shearing blades," Keith declared.

Now these shears were used to trim the manes on the mules, and any other jobs around the herd, were about 16 inches long, with blades some 2 inches wide. Keith was a good hand at trimming the mule's mane. "But I never let him use them on me." Keith took the shears along when we went with the herd next morning. When we came into camp that night, his hair had been cut. "I'm not sure he looked any better," but it was shorter.

Goats seldom move off a bed ground at night; we had until daylight to get back to the herd. We took some clean clothes with us. "Aunt Sadie" lived in St. George. Mamie and Kent were going to school there. We went down there, had a bath, and went to the movies. We had tied our mules to the backyard fence, with instructions for nobody to go around them.

It was fun to get to go to a movie. We took in several while we were close. After about a week, we were camped too far away to ride the mules in.

About 10 days after I started working, we were at "Diamond Valley." In the foothills to the north of the ranches there. We had two corrals, one for the newborn and the other for the rest of the herd. We had been there for

only a few days before the young started to come. Each morning before we took the herd out, we would go through the corral and take out the newborn and mothers. These we would put in the other corral.

Now the kids were "staked down," using a strong--but small--cotton rope with a leather band on one end. This was put around the kid's front leg--above the hoof. On the other end was a wooden peg. Between the band and the peg was a wire swivel--so the rope wouldn't tangle. These were all handmade and put together during the off-season.

My job was to herd nannies with young. I would take them out for about 2 hours to feed, then bring them back to the corral for 1-2 hours. During the time they were locked in the corral, I would help Keith bring in the young born on the range.

Now when I came to work, Uncle Jim told me he couldn't pay me money. "Would I be willing to work and take goats for pay?" "What would I do with the goats?" I replied. "You could keep them or maybe sell them," he answered. I thought about this. Dad wasn't home, so I asked Uncle Roy. "You could put them with mine until you decided what to do," Uncle said to me. "That would be fine," I declared gratefully.

One day I was watching the herd, had stopped the mule to let him rest. All of a sudden, he put his ears forward and shook his head. I wondered what was the matter with him. Then I looked where the mule's ears were pointing. Standing not twenty yards away were 5 or 6 large deer. These couldn't be does, yet they had no horns, the spots were scabbed over. You could see where blood had ran down their faces and dried.

They had white faces, and some of them had Roman noses--signs of old bucks. I had never seen this before, or since. I started to ride slowly toward them and got even closer before they ran. "What a sight."

Keith and I were talking one day about foot racing. I asked, "Who was the fastest man you ever saw run?" He thought a moment, then said, "Lester Iverson, or maybe Reed Prince." "Do you think they were 10 second men?" I remarked. "What do you mean by that?" he responded. "Could they run 100 yards in 10 seconds?" I declared. "No, and nobody else could either," he growled. "How long would it take for Lester Iverson to run 100 yards?" I asked. "Five minutes," was his answer.

Now I could see Keith didn't know much about foot racing. I said to him, "I could run 100 yards in 1 1/2 minutes." "I'll bet you can't," he muttered. "What will you bet?" I asked. "Anything you want me to," Keith responded. "Alright, you are paying me in goats. Would you bet a hundred goats?" I

shouted. "You have got a bet," Keith answered.

We didn't have a watch, and agreed to let "Uncle Jim" decide for us when he came. "If your dad says I can run a 100 yards in 1 1/2 minutes, will you pay me the goats?" I asked. "Yes, because I don't think you can do it," Keith muttered.

When "Uncle Jim" arrived, Keith told him about the bet. "Dad, could Sheldon run 100 yards in 1 1/2 minutes?" he asked, smiling. "Good hell, Son, I could walk it in less time than that," Uncle Jim declared. The smile left Keith's face--and I never got the goats, either.

Uncle Jim told us about Max Pace getting killed. He had been in Cedar City, needed a ride to New Harmony. Ether Wood of Hurricane told Max that he could ride with him to the Harmony turnoff. He was a trucker and had a loaded truck. Max was riding on the back of the truck. Ether Wood told this story--

When he reached the hill just before he got to the Harmony road--old 91 Highway--he felt a bump, but kept on. At the forks of the road to New Harmony, he stopped to let Max off. He didn't get off. Ether got out of the truck. Max wasn't there, then he thought about the bump he had felt. He walked up the road--it was after dark--found Max dead. He had started to get off the truck to the running board, evidently missed it and fell under the dual wheels, killing him instantly. --May 20, 1933.

I know a person who can run 100 yards in 10 seconds--will tell about this later-

The days were going by fast; we were about through with the kidding season. Uncle Jim said we would be moving north in about a week. We had already started to turn the kids loose, and many of them were going out with the mothers.

One of us was doing most of the herding now while the other was getting things ready to move. We were expecting "Uncle" any day now. All the kids were born and were going with the herd. It was getting close to the first of June.

It was a hot day when we started toward New Harmony. Uncle Jim sent Keith and I to start the herd. He would bring the camp. We made 10 miles the first day. I was bringing up the rear. Keith had the fastest mount and was holding in the leaders. It seems like I killed a "rattlesnake" every hour. Boy, were they mad after the herd passed by. They would strike at anything. When I saw Keith about noon, he had killed a snake or two.

That night when we stopped the herd--early to save the young from

getting too tired--together we had killed 10 rattlesnakes. As far as we knew, nothing had been bit. The story goes that some animals will kill "rattlers," and goats in particular.

When we reached the "Black Ridge," was the last day I was to work. Uncle Jim took me home that night. Keith stayed with the herd; they were going from there over to "Timber Creek," on East Mountain. They would be mixing the herd with "Elmer Taylor" for the summer months. "Warren Taylor" was herding for Elmer.

Uncle Jim told me I could leave my goats in the herd, and they would cut them out for me when they sheared in the fall. I told him I had talked to "Uncle Roy" about it and would be putting them with him. And fall would be O.K. I had 2 month's work coming, and that wouldn't be very many goats. They would be shearing at "Schmutz Brothers" corral by the last of September.

One day in early fall--I was working for "Uncle Roy" at the time--"Uncle Jim" told me they had left my goats at the shearing corral. Uncle Roy asked, "What do you want to do about them?" "I really don't know," I answered. "I was out there and seen them," Uncle Roy declared. "Do you know how many there are?" I replied. "Thirty-seven head," Uncle said.

Now that wasn't a very big herd. "What will you give me for them?" I asked Uncle. "I will give you the pick of any steer I have on the range." Now I knew he didn't want the goats and made the offer to help me out. "I have already talked to your dad," Uncle Roy declared. "You could maybe sell a "beef" easier than the goats."

So it was arranged. Dad was to go with me to hunt and kill the steer. "Fred and Al Beiderman", friends of the family, who owned and operated the "Beiderman Market" in Cedar City said they would buy the steer if we would bring it up, "killed and dressed out," and they would give me top price for it.

Early one morning, Dad and I took "Uncle Roy's" truck and went up to the "ranch." Most of the cattle had come down off the mountain but were not allowed in the fields. We saddled up two horses and started to look for a nice steer. Checked out the "Garden Spring" area. Saw some good steers. Dad said, "We can find one better than these. If not, we will come back here."

The cattle "Uncle" had were mostly "Red Durham"--the popular breed in those days. We went west to another watering place, south of

"Clarence's." There we found some "big ones." "We won't find any better than these," I remarked. Dad agreed. "That one will weigh 1200 lbs," Dad declared, pointing to a Red Roan.

We rounded him up along with some others and started back to the ranch about 2 miles away. It was about noon when we got there. "We will put them in the corral, and about sundown he will be ready to kill," Dad said. "He needs to gant up." Before it was time for the killing, Uncle Roy came by. "Looks like you found a nice big one," was his greeting. "Where did you find him?" "Back of the Clarence Goddard place," I declared. "He has the W7 brand; he is mine alright. Or I should say yours," Uncle exclaimed.

We killed the steér that evening. Hung him in the barn with Uncle Roy's help. Next morning we loaded him on the truck and headed for Cedar. The steer was weighed, and I received a check for \$26.27 (twenty-six dollars and twenty-seven cents) for two months work.

Early October 1932. Dad was in St. George, getting ready for "Deer Season." Was standing in front of the J.C. Penney store. A car drove up and stopped at the curb--a man and two boys. They had a trailer back of the car, loaded with camping equipment. Dad asked the man if he was going to hunt deer. "Yes," he said. "Where are you going?" Dad exclaimed. "We are looking for a place in Utah," the man said. "We have been hunting on Kaibab." After much talking, Dad convinced him to come to New Harmony. "Charlie Cobb" was his name. Mason and Glen, his sons'.

### "Shots that were heard around the world"

I recall on October 20, 1933 I was wrangling horses, washing dishes, and doing odd jobs around the deer camp at "Grants Ranch." Grandfather Edmund C. was chief cook and bottle washer. Dad and Uncle Roy was operating a Deer Camp together.

We would turn the horses loose in the fenced meadow, some 200 acres at that time. There were about 50 hunters in camp. The horses were rented by the day to hunters who could afford to pay \$5.00. Meals were served twice a day; breakfast and a sack lunch for \$2.00, and evening meal \$2.00.

"Charlie Cobb" and "Bernie Muldoon" from Oxnard, California were camped west of the Old Ranch House, in a cove protected from the north wind. Most of the other hunters were camped east of the house. A small "tent city", a real thrilling place to be for a lad of 17--about 50 hunters.

Bernie was here for the first time; Charlie and his two sons came a year earlier. Bernie asked me if I was going hunting. I told him I didn't have a gun, but I did have a hunting license. He said, "You can use my gun; I'm not going out the first day." "I would like to," I replied. "After the hunters have all gone out."

After the breakfast dishes were washed and all other chores done, Uncle Roy said to me, "Would you like to go hunting?" "Yes, I would," I returned quickly. "Uncle Bernie" spoke up, "I'll go get the gun." We all called him Uncle as the years went by.

By the time I was ready to go, Uncle Bernie was there with the gun. He gave me a box of bullets. The gun was a 30-06 Springfield--Army model 1903. I had shot Dad's rifle that was just like this one. The gun had "peep sights"--it was much easier to get a bead on a target--no telescope sights in those days.

We walked north toward Stoddard Mountain. We had traveled about 3 miles without seeing any deer. As the Ranch is in the middle of the best deer hunting in the world, we heard shooting all around us. As we approached the foothills of Stoddard, Uncle Roy said to me, "We will check out the deep canyons. You go up this side, I'll go up the other side. If we get separated, we will meet where the trail goes over Stoddard Pass.

I watched Uncle Roy until he reached the ridge south of me across the canyon; then I started up the ridge. We walked from the mouth of the canyon to the head, over the ridge south of where Uncle Roy should be by now. I heard several shots; they were too far away to be fired by him. In a few minutes, I heard him shoot. I was hoping whatever they were shooting at would come my way.

I was ready with a magazine full of bullets and one in the chamber. I also had a handful in my pocket.

I had worked my way to a rocky point, where I could see in all directions. I heard Uncle Roy let out a "whoop." I looked toward the sound. Over the ridge, coming at a dead run, was three huge "bucks"--one a monster. I was stunned. I could do nothing but stare.

They had gone out of sight of me in the canyon. I reached in my pocket for a handful of bullets and put them on a rock where I could get at them easy. I waited. No sound of running deer.

After what seemed an eternity, no deer in sight. I thought they had gone down the canyon. I ran as far as I could on the points to look down. "Nothing." No sound, no moving of anything. My heart sank to my toes.

"They aren't coming my way." I walked back to my vantage point. This rock was about 25 feet above a swale filled with trees.

I could see deer legs through the foliage. My heart began to pound. I eased off the safety on the rifle, put it to my shoulder, lined the sights on an opening in the trees. Out stepped a nice four pointer. I held my fire, hoping the huge buck was in there. I thought, "I'm only going to get one shot." The buck moved on, mouth open, tongue out, winded from running. Out came a smaller 4 pointer; I held my fire. He moved on. My heart was pounding so I could hardly breathe. Coming a foot at a time was the "Granddaddy." When his head and neck came in the sights, I squeezed the trigger. He dropped in his tracks.

I quickly threw another shell in the chamber. The other two deer stopped when I shot. I could see them through the branches of a big pine tree. They were standing close together. I didn't try for a neck shot, but held on the ribs back of the shoulders. At the sound of the shot, they both jumped. Only one came out from behind the tree. I took a quick shot at him as he ran up the hill. He turned and ran out of sight.

I stood there trembling so bad I couldn't hold the gun. I just laid it down. I looked to see if Uncle Roy was in sight. He was standing on the ridge about 300 yards away. I motioned for him to come over. He waved to me and started down into the canyon.

I went to inspect my trophy. I had never seen a bigger buck before or since. I had shot him in the neck, back of the ear. His neck was as big as my waist. High horns, about a 30 inch spread. The horns were big around and in one place as wide as the palm of your hand. 8 points on one side, 7 on the other. The horns went up, not out; therefore, not a wide spread. A trophy "buck," for sure.

I knew he would be mounted, so I was careful when I bled him out. I went to check on the other two. The next biggest one, about 180 lbs. field dressed, was laying under the big pine tree about 50 feet from the big buck.

I went to see if I had hit the other one; he had dropped as soon as he went out of sight, about 50 yards from the other two. He would weigh about 170 lbs. Now it was time for me to "whoop!" I bled out both of them and walked back to wait for "Uncle Roy." I sure needed some help.

Now if any of you wonder why I killed all three of them when I was only entitled to one, we were running a deer camp. And it wasn't possible for everyone to kill their own deer. Party hunting was allowed in those days;

now it is illegal.

Uncle Roy came up to where I was by the big deer. "He is a big one, isn't he?" Uncle remarked. "Did you shoot at these deer?" I asked. "Yes, but they were running through the trees." "Where were you when you shot?" Uncle inquired, noting that he was shot in the neck. I pointed to the ledge of rock, no more than 25 feet from the downed deer. "I could hear them breathing," I declared. "If I had missed him, I never would have lived it down." Uncle Roy just nodded, took out his knife, and went to work.

Here is where I got a lesson in cleaning a deer I have never forgot. We laid the deer on his back, feet in the air, head downhill. I held the two hind legs, spread slightly apart. He started an opening above the rib cage, then came to the back of the deer. Reamed out the rectum, pulled it out, and tied a string around it. Went back to the opening he had made, reached up through the hole he first made, and pulled it inside. With his left hand, he reached through the opening, pushed up the bladder, with his right hand he pulled it out.

The bladder was empty, and this was easy to do. I held it while he tied a string around the stem of the bladder. With his knife, he cut the stem off below the string. Now he had a clean hole. You may wonder why he took so much care. Well, he was teaching me the proper way, and all precautions were taken to be sure the meat would cure and not spoil. You have heard of deer meat spoiling, that it was tough, strong, tasted like "mouse tracks," etc. This is because it wasn't properly taken care of.

It would be at least 2 weeks before this buck was skinned and would make a 500 mile trip to California. Yes, I knew who would get the buck as soon as it dropped. --More on this later--

Now we laid the buck on his side, and the paunch was taken out. Uncle Roy said, "Make the hole just big enough to do this, no more. Make sure the swallow--esophagus--is cut off at the neck; also the windpipe." He pulled the swallow out.

Now everything was clean down to the diaphragm. This was cut out, and the lungs and heart were pulled out. "Quick, clean, and easy."

The deer was ready to hang up at this point. I didn't have a rope. Neither did he. "What did we use?" Uncle Roy's belt. Ha! I would like to say at this time, the deer hung for 11 days at sight of kill and in camp. It has been said a deer would lose 3 pounds a day for the first seven days. Eleven days after the kill, it was taken to Cedar City and officially weighed 218. Add 21 lbs. for seven days. 239 field dressed.

How do you hang up a deer that big without a rope? We got a stout pine stick and put it through his hind legs, put the belt around the limb of a big pine tree, put the end through the buckle, and pulled it tight. The end of the belt three feet from the limb, and 3 feet above the ground.

Uncle Roy was a big man, over 6 feet, over 200 lbs. I was 130 lbs., 5 foot 7. With both of us lifting, we managed to loop the belt around the gambrel stick. With Uncle lifting and me taking up the slack, we were able to get all but the head off the ground.

"Rules of hunting": Always carry a rope, also a white cloth to wipe away any blood.

After resting, we started on the other two. After cleaning them, with me doing some of the knife work, we just hooked a hind leg over a limb. Two in the same tree, the others 50 yards away.

I was taught:

Never split the hind legs.

See the bladder was removed.

The deer was hung up.

Good ventilation from rear to neck.

All blood was removed.

If possible, was wiped clean.

Left hanging at least overnight.

Do not skin deer--weather permitting--for at least  
6 days--to age.

When skinned, process immediately--can, freeze, etc.

If you transport a deer before the body heat leaves, you run the risk of spoilage, and the quality of the meat is much less. Hang hind legs up, head down. This allows the blood to drain away from the hind quarters and back, which are the prime part of the deer.

At this point, Uncle Roy asked me, "Are you through hunting?" "What a question." I was so keyed up. I thought I never would get tired.

We were about a mile from "Stoddard Pass," where the trail goes around the mountain and on over to what we call "North Mountain"--Harmony Mountain. We decided to go up there where we could look around in all directions.

When we reached the place, there were several horses tied up. The horse Charlie Cobb was riding in the bunch. I wanted to tell him about the

big "buck." We decided to eat our lunch, and maybe he would show up. Late October in the high country is very cool. If you can find a place out of the wind and in the sun, you can keep warm. However, we built a fire because we were sweating from the climb up there.

"Uncle Charlie" showed up about 1 p.m. Others soon after. In our conversation with each other, we learned Charlie had killed a nice four pointer on "Stoddard." We told him about the ones we had "bagged."

We talked about more hunting. "Uncle Charlie" wanted to see the big one. Uncle Roy and the others wanted to hunt more. "Uncle Charlie" told him to take his horse, and he would walk back to camp with me.

Someone suggested they would like to go on toward North Mountain. "Roy, will you show us the way and go with us?" "Sure," was the reply. They saddled the horses and went on.

We were 5-6 miles from the "ranch"--all downhill. When we arrived at a point the nearest from the trail to the three deer, we took a cut-off.

"Uncle Charlie" was excited when he saw the "big buck." "He is yours if you want him," I said. "I'll trade you the 4 pointer I killed," he remarked. "He is about the size of the second largest one you have here." "You give him to someone who doesn't have a deer," I replied. "I'll let Dad have these other two. They will help fill the hunters up."

"Uncle Charlie" declared, "I'll let him hang here for a day or so, then move him to camp." We sat down to rest for a little while. I noticed Uncle couldn't keep his eyes off "Granddaddy", and neither could I.

When we reached camp, other hunters were coming in. The stories were being told about the day's hunt. We didn't tell about ours. Uncle Bernie asked, "Did you have any luck?" "A little," I grinned, handing him the gun and the box of bullets--was surprised to see only 3 were gone. "How many did you kill?" he questioned. "Three."

Now he was surprised. Uncle Charlie spoke up. "One is the biggest deer I ever saw. And we are taking him home with us." "I'll bet those shots were heard around the world," Uncle Bernie declared.

In the spring of 1924, I was walking with Dad down the main street in Cedar City. We ran into "Frank Kelsey." He said to Dad, "Bert, have you got your driver's license yet?" "No, I haven't," Dad replied. "Well, this is the last day you can buy one without taking a test," Frank remarked. "You both come with me and buy one."

We went up the street where they were issuing them and all came out

with one--for 25 cents each. Now Dad didn't have a car. I had driven one a few times. Frank said, "You better get one too, Sheldon. You never can tell when you might need it."

This license said "Good until revoked." I carried mine until 1946, when I had to give it up for a "chauffeur's license" to drive the school bus. They told me they would issue me another one if I ever gave up this one. I don't recall Dad ever having to get another license. They called them "Granddaddy License."

To this day, I still have a "chauffeur's license."

About this same summer, they built a round race track in New Harmony. It was in the field north of the road out of town--west of the patch of big oaks--Lyle Prince owns the land--west of the Bumblebee wash.

When this was built, the horse racing really started in town. Guard rails were built around the turns on the west and east. This was a half mile track.

Several race meets were held here each summer. Horses came from Leeds. Evan and Leland Sullivan were racehorse lovers and raced horses. Horses came from Cedar City, Kanarra, Parowan, New Castle. Of course, Rulon Taylor and Cecil Parker were still competing against each other. Rulon had a mare called "Sally Rand"--raised in Parowan--was winning a lot of races with her. He was getting richer, and Cecil was getting poorer. Cecil Parker and Lalif Wood were always trying to beat Rulon, but they usually lost.

Rulon took Sally Rand to Ely, Nevada several times, won some big purse races. There were races in Cedar City, Parowan, Beaver, Spanish Fork, Payson, just to name a few. Rulon took them all in.

A horse from Kanab was brought here for some of the races, won most of the time. Sally Rand was the only horse I recall beating him. His name was "Packalett." The Sullivans lost quite a sum of money running and betting against him.

Afton--my brother--used to ride in the races. He was small--120-125 lbs. He even went with Rulon to ride for him at times.

After a few years, Sally Rand "broke down" and had to quit racing. Verl Kelsey bought her from Rulon and raised a filly by "Henry Lee"; named her "Sally Lee." Now she was even better than her mother. Verl took her to some big races--Ely, Payson, etc.--won some big purses. Was offered a big price for her--never did sell her.

When the circle track came to town, Ashby Pace retired from riding. I don't recall him ever riding a horse there. Regular jockey saddles were used there mostly.

The best horses started to go to the larger tracks, and after several years, around 1940, the race track was moved, and Lyle started to plant the area in wheat. However, Kanarra had a round track by then. The races kept going there for a few years--more on this later--

### "Old Co-op Store"

When New Harmony was first settled, the main street was what we now call the lower street. On this street, the "Co-op Store" was built between Boyd Pace's home and Ashby Pace's home. I remember the store and my early years. I recall going in there to buy licorice.

"Lemuel A. Pace" died in 1915. Aunt Susan A. Pace 1954. "Aunt Susan" operated the store for some time.

In about 1932, their son Max married "Sylvia Thornton" from Parowan and decided to remodel the old store to live in. I recall when he was re-roofing the building. One time I was there, and he asked me if I wanted to help shingle. Max was fun to be around, and I said, "Sure." I helped for several days.

He and Sylvia never did live in the building, although it was almost finished. Max was killed before it was completed--May 20, 1933--at the age of 30. I have given an account of this on page 43.

"Aunt Lurene Taylor", a widow and Max's sister, was the one who lived in the "Old Co-op Store." Her husband died December 26, 1928. Her only son, "Claude," died 1930.

Aunt Lurene and her four girls had been living with "Uncle Penn" Taylor. I recall going to parties there--the old store. She was a very friendly person and loved young people--more on this later--

When I was going to M.I.A.--years 14 up--we had a lot of fun times and a lot of work. I recall many plays I was in. The one I remember most and the one that stands out above the rest was a three act play called, "The Gravy Train." We worked most of the winter on this play. It was a major production. We would work weeks and weeks on just one act and practiced almost every night.

This play had been performed in some of the big theatres around the nation. "Aunt Lula Mathis" had this play for some time. It had been thought

of many times and had been put aside. "Could it ever be done in New Harmony?"

One winter started early, and it looked to be a long one. Maybe this was the time to do it. The winter was about 1934-1935. "Aunt Lula", with the help of "Sister Eva Schmutz" decided to go for it.

It took weeks just to "cast" this play, and even longer to talk me into taking a part in it. The part they wanted me to take was a "heavy" and the longest and most important. I recall them telling me with my experience and age factor, I was the only one that could do it. They told me if I wouldn't do it, they would have to drop the play. "What a sales pitch."

The parts had been typed up, and they let me have one to look over--35-40 pages. I told them there was no way I could do this. Now this was a full two hour play. This part called for a lad in his late teens; you know, the age where you think you know everything.

Here is a list of characters as I remember. Father, mother, daughter--age 20-21, son--age 18-19, chinese cook (male), his daughter--about 20, maid--20, daughter's boyfriend--24-25, policeman.

The scene: Middle class well-to-do family in "Chicago."

Father: Uncle George Prince

Mother: Aunt Sadie Grant

Daughter:

Son: Sheldon Grant (Ferdinand)

Chinese Cook: Rulon Taylor (Hong Lee)

Maid: Gwen Hale (Marreta Sheets)

Boyfriend:

Chinese Girl:

Policeman: -Himself-

Boyfriend:

The play started at the breakfast table in the family home. "Hong Lee" was serving. "I'll take three lumps of sugar, Hong. And 3 means three. I'm not on any diet."--spoken by Ferdinand. Those were the first words of the play. The last words of the play were also spoken by Ferdinand. "Boy, you should have seen the "tractor" that baby was driving. Brand new Cadillac V sixteen. Said he found it in a garbage can."

When this play was ready to present, we had a packed house. Can you imagine a play of this type being put on in the "old church house?"--one room, no stage. When we got our new church, 1953, we had a stage.

Wouldn't it have been great to have had a stage in those early days.

This play was taken on the road. Kanarra, Cedar City, New Castle, Leeds, Rockville. Wherever we could make money. They would let different wards handle the arrangements; as this was a fund raiser, they would receive a percent of the "gate." We were really packing them in.

Now this was the fun part. All of the hard work was done. Each night after the final "curtain," the crowd would really rave about it. "You won't see a better play than that anywhere." Many said, "You ought to be in Hollywood."

When Viola Woodbury came to New Harmony to teach school, she took many parts in plays, dances, other entertainment--late 1930's "thirties". Of course she was told about the "Gravy Train" and our success with it.

She wanted to do it again. After talking it up, it was decided to go ahead with it. I was looking forward to see and not be in it. Who did they ask to take the part of "Ferdinand"? You guessed it.

Now I was married, and "Kerry" was a year old--no way. A 24 year old man can't take the part of a 19 year old. I just told them to hunt up someone else, because I wasn't interested.

Grant Langston was teaching school here--wasn't any older than me. I suggested that he be the one. They told me he was going to take the part of the boyfriend, and his wife Arvilla was to be the chinese daughter of "Hong Lee"--boy, did she ever make a cute one.

All of the play was cast except Ferdinand.

Father: George Prince

Mother: Sadie Grant

Daughter: Viola Woodbury

Chinese Cook: Rulon Taylor

His daughter: Arvilla Langston

Boyfriend (Viola's): Grant Langston

Maid: Gwen Hale (Marreta Sheets)

Marreta's boyfriend: Talked about but never seen

Policeman: Cannon Huntsman

Ferdinand:

Now rehearsal started without Ferdinand--still I held out. Viola told me that "Uncle George" was 5 years older, at 68, and "Aunt Sadie" was 57. Besides, she said, "You are small." She was right there. I still weighed 135

and was 5'7". I just couldn't convince myself I was the one.

Rehearsals continued. I was hoping to get so far behind, they would ask someone else. That didn't work.

One day Vada said, "You might as well do it. They will not ask anyone else." So I gave in. After you had put as much time in learning the parts, it was a matter of a little brush up.

I recall when we took the play to "Washington".--Washington city. It was advertised in St. George, and we had a "packed house."

As we were moving our props into the church house--they had a big stage--Viola was talking to a gentleman. I heard him say to her, "I came over to see the play and to see who was taking the part of Ferdinand." This man was with the Drama Department at "Dixie College." Viola said, "You won't be disappointed."

I will attempt to tell a little about the "plot" and climax. The part Grant Langston took was a suave man about town; he was dark, good looking, always had money, dressed well. How he made his money, no one seemed to know. He was sweet on Ferdinand's sister. She, in turn, was impressed by him. He was a little too worldly, the "too good to be true" type. It takes a woman to see through a person like this. Where did he get his money? He wasn't the steady working type.

"Rulon" made a good chinaman and took his part well. His family was not here with him. He was watched closely by the "law."

"Marretta Sheets" was more or less filling in for the regular maid. Ferdinand knew her before she came to work here. Of course he was trying to "romance" her. Cannon, the "Policeman", came to check on "Hong Lee." Now the man about town tried to give Ferdinand's sister a "huge diamond ring." She became more suspicious than ever about him. They had a fight, and the ring was left on the table.

Ferdinand had been listening in. Came in, picked up the ring, and put it in his pocket. He showed it to Marretta, and you bet she wanted it. Ferdinand didn't give it to her.

As I recall it, "Hong Lee's" daughter was trying to get with her father. Stowed away and reached Chicago by ship. While on the dock, she saw "Policeman." She knew if they seen her, she would be shipped out. "What to do." She noticed a large box on the dock, took out the contents, put it in a garbage can, and got inside. The box was delivered to a certain address. When they found a pretty little chinese girl inside--instead of the

goods--they sure were mad.

Where was the contents? Was it taken out here or some other place? Well, the "suave man" about town tried to scare it out of the girl. All she would say was "Popasawn Hong Lee. Take Popasawn." Well, she was taken to Hong Lee--tried to pump him--all they got was being chased off with a "butcher knife."

To make a long story short, they never did find the contents of the box. The law suspected it was "dope," and the suave man and his "cronies" were jailed. "Hong Lee" was cleared and allowed to keep his daughter.

Marretta Sheets was going to marry her "garbage collector" boyfriend. She came to tell everyone goodbye, that her boyfriend was waiting and Ferdinand came bursting in. "Boy, you should have seen the tractor that baby was driving. Brand new Cadillac V sixteen. Said he found it in a garbage can." --Curtain--

Late March 1935. I joined the CCC--Civilian conservation corps--a work force set up by the government "under military organization" to help needy families during the Great Depression. It was in force 1933-1942, was a lifesaver to many families throughout the nation.

The camp was located in "St. George," on the extreme west end of Diagonal St.--what was then known as "Sand Town."

We had army type "barracks," was issued work clothes, but not army uniforms. You wore your "civies" when not in camp. You were under military rules, however. Needed a pass to go to town. Curfew at 9 p.m., bed check at 10 p.m. If you weren't in the "sack," you were AWOL. You could get weekend 3-day passes. Those living close could go home.

We worked on flood control projects when I first came to camp. Huge rock walls wrapped in heavy net wire in the Fort Pearce wash southeast of town. We hauled thousands of loads of rock. A heavy pair of gloves--leather--would last maybe a week. I recall when the front got holes in, we would change them to the other hand and wear out the back. Oh yes!

They were also rebuilding the road from "Leeds" to "Oak Grove." Had a camp at "Oak Grove" also (sub-camp.) I recall working on that project also. You would be there on weekdays, back to main camp on weekends.

Two different work crews were working at the same time. I was in the crew that had "Edwin Higge" for "Superintendent." He was a good one. He rode a good-looking black horse belonging to "Uncle Roy Grant." Edwin was a good "horseman." The horse was a "singlefooter" and could

get over the ground fast and easy. The horse was young and needed steady work. That is the reason he was loaned out.

As this was a "make-work" project--most "were" in the CCC--it was done mostly by hand--pick and shovel. These two crews were trying to see who could get the most road built. Or I should say, the "superintendents" were.

Edwin's crew was getting further ahead each day. The harder the other "Boss" tried, the more he got behind. One day he asked, "Edwin, we have the same amount of men and equipment. Why do you get so much more work done?" "Do you really want to know?" Edwin replied with a big grin. "Yes, how come?" "Well, if you really want to know," Edwin said, "I'll tell you. I'm a leader; you're a driver."

As I remember, our pay was \$40.00 a month, of which 30 dollars was sent home. We got our meals, clothes, doctor bills, dentist, etc. You could go to a movie for 25 cents. You didn't need more than \$10.00 a month. On the base there was a PX where you could buy things "wholesale."

We stayed at Oak Grove until about the first of July, then moved to "Duck Creek" for the summer months. I remember we were all tanned to waist and went without our shirts on the mountain. "Would you believe we got burned and peeled off?" We couldn't believe this; our hides were like leather.

We helped build and maintain the campground at "Duck Creek." Also the one at "Navajo Lake." Helped fight "forest fires." The "dike" on the east end of "Navajo Lake" was built with CCC labor. We helped to raise the dike an extra few feet that summer.

We had a superintendent by the name of "Thomas." He was a "leader," same as "Edwin Higge," and was one of the boys--so to speak. We would break our backs for a guy like that.

We would go out and spot bug-infected trees--mark them. Another crew would come and cut them down, lop the limbs, saw the logs into lengths. These would be moved to a road. People could come and get them either for lumber or wood.

I had a good "buddy" from Cedar City, name of "Granville Nelson." He was a truck driver and would take me on trips to Cedar to get supplies etc.

About twice a week a truck would go to "Panguitch" to take anyone wanting to go to a movie or a dance. More than one truck was needed at times.

I had another buddy by the name of "Dell Clove" from Hurricane. I worked with him more than Granville. However, the "George Nelson" family

were lifelong friends of the "George A. Grant's."

Early fall we spent some time at "Bryce Canyon" doing about the same work: upgrading and maintaining campgrounds, working in the timber. Would you believe I was there, working around the "Lodge"--was quartered no more than 1/2 mile from the canyon--never went and looked into it (as I recall). Oh boy! We were there for at least a month. Must have been feeling sorry for myself--missing "Deer Season."

Early November we moved to "Zion Park." Same type of work. Maintaining campgrounds. We had been spending a lot of time sloping the banks on the switchbacks, going up to the tunnel, moving rocks that might roll down the hill into cars.

Our boss on this project was a "Park" man. He was a "driver" and "hated" by the boys, made you feel like you were dirt under his feet. Needless to say, he was getting very little work done. We worked only when he was around. He couldn't watch everybody, and when he walked up the road out of sight, we would sit down. Others who were sitting down would stand up and go back to work--just before he came into sight. When he caught someone "goofing" off, he would sure rake them over the coals.

He wasn't getting the work done; the more he drove, the less we did. The boys--myself included--would volunteer for any kind of job to get out of working for this man. Other jobs were: picking up litter, raking leaves, and general park clean-up.

Now this wasn't the "army." We were under "military rule" and subject to military discipline, but from 8 a.m. to 12 and 1 p.m. to 5 we were a work force, and we wouldn't be driven. Most of the "bosses" we worked under knew this, treated you good, even worked with you. These were the ones you would really dig in and work for.

At this time, I would like to leave this--come back later--

While we were still in St. George--May 1935--we heard a "terrific explosion" one evening. Someone shouted, "What was that?" It was after dark, we were in our "barracks" but hadn't gone to bed. We ran outside to look around. We were talking and trying to find out what it was. Sounded like a big charge of dynamite had gone off.

The next morning we found out what it was--an explosion at an oil well south of town. Several people were killed and many wounded. Then

it "dawned" on me.

A good friend of the Grant's, "Chet Flickinger", was involved in drilling a well a few miles "south of the river." He and his wife were living in "Virgin," and Chet was in charge of an oil well north of that city. They would come to New Harmony to hunt deer with Dad and Uncle Roy. Chet was called "Flick" and his wife "Flickey." Chet was a friendly, good-natured fellow about the age of 42-44 at the time.

He had a refinery of sorts and would refine gas at the site of the oil well above "Virgin." The gas had an awful odor but would burn. "Uncle Roy" would use it in his "old truck."

This well south of St. George was a "wildcat" operation. More oil was needed if they were to build a bigger "refinery." Indications were that this well could be a "gusher." They were ready to blast or shoot it, I don't recall if those are the proper words. Anyway, it was to be "blown" after dark with "spotlights" on it. They say that is some beautiful sight to see a "gusher" under those conditions.

Several hundred people were on hand to watch it. The drilling rig was still up and a platform was around the "hole." "Nitroglycerine" was being lowered into the well. It had just started down the pipe when "tragedy" struck. Needless to say, all who were on the platform were killed--"blown to bits." "Flick" was one of them. Many others were wounded. Some serious. The rig was a twisted pile of steel.

The evening after the explosion, I was down to "Aunt Sadie's." She and Mamie and Kent were still living in St. George. "Uncle Roy" had moved his livestock from Harrisburg to New Harmony.

I asked Aunt Sadie what she knew about the explosion. She replied, "Oh, I thank Heaven Kent wasn't home last night. Chet Flickinger came by to see if any of the Grants would like to go see the "well" come in. I just know if Kent had been here, he would have been killed also." By now she was in tears.

Yesterday I got to thinking how close I was to "actual dates" of this explosion. How much can you remember after 53 years? I went to the library--St. George--and asked how far back they kept newspaper. The man at the information desk said, "What do you want to know?" "I'm looking for dates of the oil well explosion that happened around May 1935," I told him. "We have the Washington County News on microfilm; it should be on there."

He went to the file and got the roll of film dated 1933-1936, put it on the machine. "You will need to roll it back quite a bit." Gave me a few pointers on how to focus and to move the page up and down. "Be sure to roll it back after you finish. It will take you some time, but you should find it."

I rolled it back to May 1935, there started to go forward. I was sure the headlines would be "big," so I just paid attention to the front page of each issue. I went through May--nothing, June--nothing, July--nothing, August--nothing. I knew it wasn't that late in the year, so I started slowly back to May 1st, didn't find anything on it. But I did have a lot of fun. Here are a few of the things I saw:

A 1935 Chevrolet priced \$495.00. Take delivery at Flint, Michigan--it would cost about \$100.00 more delivered in Cedar City.

June 1935--O.P. Skaggs. Fresh salmon 15 cents a lb. Tall can 10 cents. T-bone steak 25 cents a lb. Bananas 3 lb. 19 cents. Terry towels (size 18 X 36) 6 for 50 cents. Canned milk 3 for 23 cents. Flour 48 lb. \$1.79.

I started to roll the film back to April.

April 18 "New Harmony News"--Blaine Whitehead is recovering nicely from appendix operation in Iron County Hospital.

March 21--Cannon and Mamie Huntsman wedding reception. They received many lovely gifts. (I'll bet they opened every one of them too. And personally thanked the givers. "Oh how I remember." That was the worst part of the reception in those days. It seemed to take forever.)

March 14--"OBITUARIES OF TEN PEOPLE KILLED IN EXPLOSION" Billey Maloney--youth, Joseph Kitterman--46, Mable Alsop--46, Charles Alsop--47 (man and wife), Cail Nickolson--23 (came here with CCC), Lea Cottom--25, Olive Blake Snow--63, Joseph Empey Jr.--47, Ray B. Nelson--23, Chet M. Fleckinger--50 "Pronounced Flickinger" Pioneer oil man, born in the Penn. oil field district. Came here from Long Beach, California. Widow, Margaret M. Fleckinger, Virgin.

Mr. Fleckinger was in the employment of Arrowhead Petroleum Co. supervising the "shooting" of the well located on the "Bloomington Dome," seven miles southwest of St. George.

March 7 "Big Headlines" "TEN PEOPLE DEAD IN OIL WELL EXPLOSION"

       Blast occurs while lowering dynamite in Arrowhead Petroleum well. 700-800 lbs. of explosives--Cartridges 5-6 feet long. Some still overhead, others inside well. Time of explosion 9:40 p.m. Wednesday night, March 6, 1935.

Most and best signs of oil were at the 3000 foot level. They were trying to get the explosives to that level before "shooting."

Two people were sitting in a car listening to the radio--the 9:30 news was still on--100 yards from the well. The top of the car was blown in, and the two were injured.

By this time, I had found out all I wanted to know about the "blast." I do recall when I first heard about it. Someone remarked, "As bad as it was, it could have been much worse. As many as 100 could have been killed."

"Flicky" moved away from Virgin not long after this. I don't recall seeing her again. They had no children.

While I was in the CCC, I didn't write home very often. Mom would write to me once in a while. I did get a letter from her while I was at the "Duck Creek Camp" telling me that I had a baby brother: Richard Grant--born May 23, 1935.

#### Back to Zion Park--November 1935

I was getting to hate the CCC and what I was doing. The only reason I stuck it out was to help Mom moneywise. I never did like make-work projects. Seemed like a waste of time and money. However, a lot of good was done by the CCC.

The road up on "North Mountain" was built by them. As I recall, it took two summers to build. 1933, 1934.

As I was going through the Washington County News, I saw where a CCC camp was about to be built at "Black Rock Canyon." Sure glad I wasn't sent there.

A lot of my buddies had been sent to other camps, mostly back to St. George. I didn't like that. I wrote to Mom about it. She told me I should stick it out until my enlistment was over, and they would try to save the money sent home--for me. I do not remember how long I had left. Maybe I could stick it out until spring.

One day after I had been raked over the coals by this "boss" I didn't like, I just packed my suitcase and "walked out." I thought sure I would be stopped. It was mid-morning, and many saw me leave. I do not recall how I got home. I remember we had many friends in Virgin. Maybe I went there. "Chet Fleckinger" would have taken me home, had he been there.

When I got home, there was plenty of work to do. It was about

Thanksgiving time, as I remember. The weather was good, and everybody was hauling wood or sawing wood, taking advantage of the weather. All the farm work was done. Some were hauling manure and plowing their lots.

It was one of those "Indian Summer days," fall. I kept busy, looked for someone from "camp" to come and get me. I didn't hide, but I wasn't going back; they would have to come and take me.

They never did come, and about the first of the year I received a discharge. It wasn't "Dishonorable." As I recall, it was called "Administrative." Work-- "satisfactory." Conduct--"unsatisfactory." Then it went on telling about my work habits and about going "over the hill." I felt real bad about that. Wondered how it would affect me in later years. Would I be listed as a person with a "record?" What would it do to me as a "citizen" of this "Great Nation?"

When I was drafted in December 1943 to go and fight for the U.S.A., I told them about the CCC and my walking out. They just laughed and said, "Nice try. But it won't keep you out of the army."

The good weather lasted through December and into January. People had prepared for winter, but it hadn't come. Was it going to snow at all this winter? We did get some the 3rd of January, and then it really started, and kept coming. After about a week, we wondered if it would ever stop.

A "V" type drag was built out of 2 X 16 X 12 feet. As many as 3 teams of horses were used to pull it. This worked pretty good as long as the snow was under 2 feet deep. How long did it snow? 2-3 weeks. When it stopped, we had 5-7 feet, depending where you measured it. You couldn't see the fence lines.

People and livestock were snowed in winter range in Nevada and on the Arizona Strip. Pipes froze and broke in St. George. During the storm, people had to get to the woodpile and the privy. Not very many people had inside toilets. Those were the trails you dug out first, also to get to the barns to feed livestock and milk the cows. Each day you would clean the trails, only to have them snowed and blown full overnight.

We were snowed in for 3 weeks, no cars came in or went out of town. People tried to get to their livestock on the range. Most of the sheep and goats were on the Arizona Strip "snowed in." Uncle Albert Mathis was east of Hurricane "snowed in." Schmutz Bros. were north of Leeds.

Many sheep and goats died that winter. The goats had thinned out before this "big snow." The price and demand for mohair had fallen. The depression had taken its toll. The government was paying owners \$1.50 a

head to kill them. People were given the meat, but the hides had to be turned in. Not only hundreds, but thousands of goats were killed. The people could use all the meat they could. Many bottled it, some used cans.

Now goat meat was very good to eat. Many preferred it to beef and mutton. I think goat meat was called "chevon." It was more moist than mutton. If killed and aged properly, it was excellent.

Meat wasn't a problem during the depression in New Harmony. There was chicken, turkey, fish, beef, pork, venison, chevon--not necessarily in that order.

During the "great goat slaughter," what meat couldn't be taken care of was either burned or buried. Old abandoned wells were filled with carcasses. Some people wouldn't eat it. They didn't know what they were missing.

At this time Schmutz Bros., Uncle Albert Mathis, and Bishop Elmer Taylor owned some 5000 head. About half of what was once owned in New Harmony.

Emil Dostalek was working for the State Road. Had his camp wagon out by the 91 Highway, was working on the Harmony road with a "big Cat." It was a losing effort until it stopped snowing. When it quit, he worked day and night to open the road into town.

The banks of snow were some 15 feet high along the sides of the road. All over the state, people were snowed in. Much of the state and county equipment was used to plow out people and to get feed to stranded livestock that was starving and freezing to death. It would hardly get above "0" during the day and 25-30 below at night. People kept a fire going day and night.

The CCC and their big "cats" broke through the snow to rescue people on the Arizona Strip, Bundyville, Mt. Trumbull. Many wild horses starved and froze to death that winter.

When spring finally came and the shearing started, I went with Dad out to "Hurricane Valley." Alvin Larsen and Alley Stout were running a portable shearing plant. I was going to help "tie fleeces." This was a new experience for me. Clyde Demille was the main fleece tier.

It was a ten-man plant. Larsen and Stout owned 2 plants. When the demand called for it, both would be put into operation. 10 hangers were hung, but only eight shears. Alvin would shear some, Alley would also. The fastest men were put in the front end of the plant. The slower were set up

in the back end.

Carl Stratton and his brother were wrangling and filling the pens with sheep. I would take the fleeces up to the end where the wool sack was and tie what fleeces I could. The Stratton boys would tromp the fleeces when there was enough to fill a sack.

Tying fleeces is the hardest job around a plant. Clyde was the best at tying fleeces in all of Southern Utah. I'm not sure he could be beat anywhere. He could easily tie for all eight men, but he couldn't carry the fleeces too. He showed me how to do it properly, told me he would be leaving when the other plant started. I was to have another person to help me.

Carl and LaRué Stratton were fun to be around, were always pulling jokes on someone. One day after we had been shearing for about a week, we had taken the noon hour which lasted about 2 hours. After we had cooked and eaten our diner--lunch--Dad said he would go check on his machine. "Would I do the dishes?" "Yes," I answered. I usually did them anyway. Dad did most of the cooking.

After the camp chores were all done, I walked back to the plant. Dad was "sacked out" on a pile of fleeces. LaRue Stratton came by. I heard him say, "Bert, don't move." Dad just mumbled, "What are you trying to pull now?" "Damn it Bert, there is a rattlesnake right by your face. DON'T MOVE." We stood there and watched that rattler crawl right by Dad's face, no more than 6 inches from his head. When it crawled over the pile of wool, LaRue said, "He is gone, Bert." Dad got up, and I have never seen him "paler." We killed the snake.

After we had been shearing for 10 days or so, "Alley Stout" came out, told "Alvin" it was time to start up the other plant. "I will need 3 or 4 of the fastest shearers you have, and I will send you 2 or 3 to take their place." Bud Armstrong, Ivor Jones, and Bernard Leigh left to go with him. The plant was to be set up in the "Iron Springs" area, and these men could be home each night. They lived in Enoch and Cedar City.

With Bud Armstrong gone, Ammon Stringham was the fastest shearer left. He was shearing about 125-135 a day. Two boys came here from "Panguitch," Leon and Millard Hatch. Both were big men in the prime of life. I had talked with them. Dad told me that Millard was one of the fastest shearers he knew.

Millard told me that he usually broke in shearing 150 head a day, "but I will take it easy for a few days." Carl Stratton said, "Ammon Stringham

is the fastest shearer we have here." "I doubt that," I remarked. "Millard Hatch is the fastest." "Do you want to make a bet? How about a fifth of whiskey?" Carl challenged. "You're on," I responded.

Each night we asked our shearers how many they sheared. "Ammon was beating Millard 15-20 head a day." Carl jokingly asked, "That was a fifth of "Four Roses," wasn't it?" "Sure." Now 4 Roses was about the most expensive whiskey you could buy.

After a few days, Millard started to shear. It wasn't long before he was shearing a few more than Ammon. Now the race was on. Soon Millard was shearing 20-25 a day more than Ammon. He soon made up all he had lost and was beating Ammon 25-30 head a day.

The harder Ammon tried, the slower he got. He would fight the sheep, and that made it worse. I said to Carl, "Now what do you think?" "Old Four Roses will never beat Hatch now," Carl responded. He called Ammon Four Roses after that. You know, to this day I have never seen that "fifth."

I was out there 21 days and made \$75.00--the most money I had ever earned in 3 weeks. My back was broke. I had blisters on every finger of my hands, even though I taped them twice a day.

When I had been home for about a week, last part of April, Afton was herding dries for Schmutz Bros., had a camp some 2 miles north of the shearing corral. Schmutz's also kidded their goats there. He came home one night and asked me if I would go to St. George to pick up a Model A Ford Coupe. "I have been paying "Antone" for it, and he said I could come up and get it."

Antone had moved to St. George and was selling cars for "Lunt Motor" in Cedar City. Had taken the car to St. George. I told Afton if I could catch a ride, I would go down and bring it home. "Just tell Antone I will have the rest of the money in a month."

I caught a ride with George Schmutz. His wife was teaching school there, and they lived in St. George. It was getting quite late when I found Antone Prince. I told him what Afton said. He thought about it for a while and said to me, "I can't let you have the car." "How will I get back home?" I responded. "I'm going as far as "Anderson Ranch" in the morning," he volunteered. "I'll take you that far. Be here by nine in the morning."

As I left his place, I was really put out. I was mad at Antone for not letting me have the car; Afton told me before I left home that the papers were all made out. I was mad at him for getting me into this mess.

I had money and could have gotten a hotel room. I had never stayed in one before and didn't like the idea. What did I do? I went to the "Big Hand" Cafe on the corner across the street from J.C. Penney, had something to eat and just loafed around town, "took in a movie," after that I went back to the Cafe, got something else to eat.

Then I went back to where the car was parked in Antone's barn, got in, and spent several hours. Then took a walk around town. Boy, was I glad when I heard the roosters crowing. I knew it would soon be morning. When the "Big Hand" opened, I went in and had a lengthy breakfast.

At about 8:45 I went over to Antone's, waited outside until he came out. At about 9 he came out and said to me, "I've decided to let you take the car." Boy, I sure had to bite my tongue to keep from telling him off.

I checked the car over. Had plenty of gas, oil, and water. Got in and headed for New Harmony. The car was a 1931 Model A Ford Coupe, was a classy-looking vehicle. Had less than 50,000 miles.

When I got home, Mom and Dad were frantic. I hadn't tried to get in touch with them. I just went in the house and went to bed.

In a day or so, Afton came in and took the car out to the herd. Later on I decided I would go out and borrow the car. After all, I needed some compensation for my trouble. I left home so I would get to camp just before dark. Afton was there. "What are you doing here?" he remarked. "Want to borrow your car," I answered. "What are you going to do with it?" Afton asked. "I'm going on a date with a girl. We are going to a movie in Cedar." "Who is the girl?" "Utahna Williams," I said. "You're kidding, aren't you?" Afton asked hopefully. Now Utahna was his girl. I had gone with her before, but she and Afton were getting serious.

"You don't believe me, do you?" "No, I don't. But you can take the car. I'll walk in tomorrow night and pick it up."

I got in the car, drove home, got cleaned up, and headed for K Town. Utahna was surprised to see me. I asked her if she would like to go up to Cedar to see a movie. She laughed and said, "Sure. What will Afton say?" "I'm not worried," I said. "Are you?" "No I'm not. Let's go."

That was the last time I dated her. She and Afton were married before the summer was over.

Later that summer, "Warren Taylor" asked me if I would drive the mail for him. "Rulon" had a mail contract to drive the mail Kanarra to New

Harmony. He had other commitments, and Warren was filling in for him. Warren was going to herd goats for Elmer Taylor on East Mountain. He had a 1932 Chevrolet Sedan.

I drove the mail for about a month. Sometimes I would go on to Cedar City if someone from town wanted to pay \$2.00 to take them on up. This one time, I had "Susie Adair Lunt" with me. As we were coming across the Harmony bench, a tire blew. I lost control of the car. I tried to keep from wrecking. "Boy," it seemed like the vehicle had wings. For about a minute, all four wheels never touched the ground at the same time.

The car didn't roll, but it came to rest on its side in the middle of the road. When the dust settled, I could hear "Aunt Susie" moaning. She wasn't hurt bad. Neither was I, but the car was a "wreck."

I believe "Mark Adair" took over driving the mail. I borrowed a horse and went over to "Timber Creek" to tell Warren. "Boy, was that a hard thing to do." Warren didn't say much. He did say that he should have changed those tires, as a couple were quite bad.

When the goats came off the mountain in the fall, Warren bought a new "Plymouth" Four Door Sedan for less than \$600.00.

When potato picking time came--October--Warren asked me if I wanted to help pick. We could make more money doing that. A good sheep herder or goat herder could make \$60.00 a month. "We can beat wages," Warren said. I told him I would like to try. I would be 20 at the time. Warren about 28. Kelsey Taylor, 22, was going to help also.

I had never picked potatoes before. Warren told me I could use an old picking belt of his--he had bought a new one. Now I thought tying fleeces was a hard job. Potato picking was harder.

The first day I picked up 150 sacks and made \$6.00. Warren made \$8.00 and picked up 200 sacks. My wrists were swelled up next morning. Warren said, "You are going at it wrong. Don't spread your fingers apart. Use your hand like a scoop."

Well, I learned how to pick up potatoes the hard way. My wrists got well, and I was soon making \$8.00 plus a day. We worked from daylight until dark and stayed with the job until all the spuds were gathered in the Cedar Valley.

I offered to pay Warren some on the wrecked car, but he wouldn't take it. "You couldn't help what happened," he said. --More on potato picking later--

The spring of 1937 I started to date Vada Prince. We had been paired together in a girls choice party. Vada was 4 years younger than me, and I hadn't noticed her. She was a cute girl, and we were attracted to each other. I was afraid of her dad, didn't think he thought much of me.

We had dated a little that summer, enough to make Julius Huntsman mad. He thought Vada was his girl and was jealous if anyone paid attention to her. Julius was a cousin to Cannon Huntsman, was also a nephew of Grandma Grant. Came here from Farmington, New Mexico. Lived with Grandpa and Grandma, was about Vada's age.

I said to Vada one day, "I like Julius and don't want to beat his time." "I'm not his girl," Vada answered. "He just thinks I am." Now I knew Vada liked me. Her best friend, Helen Hammond, had told me. In fact, Helen and Josephine Taylor had helped pair us off.

That same summer, I would drive Aunt Sadie to Cedar, St. George, and other places in her car. I had been doing this off and on for 2-3 years. She knew I was dating Vada, told me to bring her along if I cared to. One time she was telling of taking Julius and Vada with them to Cedar to a movie. Julius had gone out front to get some popcorn. Aunt Sadie and Vada changed places while he was gone. When he came back in, he reached over and took Aunt Sadie's hand, squeezed it. Aunt Sadie would squeeze his back. He never knew until they turned the lights on that he had held hands with Aunt Sadie all during the movie.

That summer Uncle Roy told me I could raise a colt if Dad would let me take his gray mare. He still owned Henry Lee. "I think they would be a good cross." Dad told me to go ahead.

That summer I helped Uncle Alex Pace in the hay field. Would get a load of hay for each 3 days work. Earned enough to feed the mare all winter. Uncle Alex had 2-3 hundred acres of alfalfa on the Harmony bench.

That same summer, Emil Graff raised dry land corn on one hundred and sixty acres north of the road on the Harmony bench. Emil had bought the ground from the county when it had come up for sale due to back taxes.

I went with Warren that fall to pick up potatoes again. I had made myself a picking belt, using his for a pattern. Sometimes we would be picking potatoes when deer season came, but we kept on working. We were making up to \$10.00 a day. That was good money. I picked up potatoes for 15-20 years. Would make enough money to last us all winter.

After the potato picking season was over, about the first week in November, Warren and I contracted to harvest the corn on that one

hundred sixty acres for Emil Graff. The cornstalks had frozen; we were to shuck the corn in the field.

We could make \$3.50 to \$4.00 a day if we started early and worked late. We each had a six-gallon bucket, would use our potato picking belt to carry gunny sacks along. When we filled our buckets, we would each dump into the same sack. We would have about 70 lbs. in the sack. We would each take two rows, the filled sacks would be put between the 4 rows. By doing it that way, a truck could get between the rows of sacks and load from each side. We would keep track of the sacks we filled and split the money earned between us.

We took our lunch with us and would stay working with only a short lunch period until sundown.

We had been working about a week when James L. Prince--Vada's father--came by riding his mule. We visited a while. "Lorenzo" asked us if we were going to shuck all that corn. "We are going to try," Warren replied. "You will be here when the Saviour comes," Brother Prince volunteered, and rode off spurring the mule.

We worked the corn patch until after "Thanksgiving," when the snow stopped us. We harvested about 90% of the field. Warren took our tally to Emil Graff, who lived in Hurricane. He took our word about the number and paid us. We didn't haul the shucked corn. Brother Graff's men did that. As I recall, we made \$80.00 each for around 20 days work. That was about double what you could make by working by the day or month.

That Christmas I gave a certain girl a wristwatch for Christmas, and before spring came we were engaged. I remember after I bought the ring. I was in Cedar City. Vada was going to high school, was a Senior that year. Some of the classes were held in buildings on the BAC College, across the street from the High School.

I walked over there hoping to see Vada. I couldn't wait to give it to her when she got home. As luck would have it, she happened to see me out the window of the "Library" upstairs. I motioned for her to come down. She just shook her head. Josephine Taylor was with her, and I could see them talking--the window was raised.

Josephine had been doing all she could for 6 months to help this "romance" along. She was on my side, but I never was quite sure about Vada. I didn't think she would come. I was just about to leave when I saw her walk out of the building. I asked her if she could get away for a little

while. She said, "I have a class in 10 minutes." We took a walk toward the Gym. Sat down on the steps. I showed her the ring. She got red in the face, and I thought she was going to run away. Didn't say anything. "Well, do you want it?" I got out. Her eyes got big. She ducked her head and just nodded. I took her hand and put the ring on her finger.

"I'll see you tonight?" She nodded and walked away--Well, I told you I could never be quite sure about how she felt--

When I went out to see Vada, she told me I would need to talk with her dad. "Boy! I don't know about that," I said. "It will be OK," she answered. So I had a talk with Brother Prince. He just asked me what our plans were. "We would like to get married sometime in the summer," I replied. "Where will you live?" he asked. "We haven't discussed that." "You could live in our upstairs," he volunteered, "until you get started." Brother Prince told me, "If you have decided to get married, you have our blessing."

After Vada graduated, we started to fix up the apartment. Lyle and Venice had lived there when they were first married. There was a stove in the kitchen. We went up the Cedar and bought some second-hand furniture: kitchen table and chairs, bedroom set--bed, dresser, mirror, and chest of drawers (the mirror is the one that hangs at the bottom of the stairway to the basement in our present home). That would be 50 years ago this summer:

We had set June 8, 1938 as our wedding day. Bishop Elmer Taylor married us in the front room of the Prince home. Members of both families and close friends were there.

My sister Sharon was 3 months old. Mother would be 42. "Isn't that quite old to have children?" Sharon was the last and the 9th child born to George Albert and Clara Farr Grant.

We had our reception in the "Bluebird" that evening. We had everything we needed to start our marriage except money. After purchasing the furniture and some food, etc., I had \$10.00 left. No job--except where I could get work--on a day to day basis.

I recall Aunt Sadie took her car to "Parowan" to get our marriage license--I drove--Aunt Sadie, Vada's mother, Vada, and myself. Vada was 2 months under 18. We couldn't get the license without parental approval.

When I paid \$2.50 for the license, I had \$7.50 left. We did have a place to live--rent free--food in the house, and two sets of parents living close by. I can tell you, they were a big boost to us. I don't know how we would have made it without their support.

Between the wedding and the reception I found out we had a new colt--a filly--we called her "Wedding Bells."

Vivian had given us a milk cow for a wedding present. Vada's father let me use part of his barn and stable. I brought the mare and the filly over there. I had the mare at Grandpa's place across the street.

We had been married for about a week when Lyle asked us to herd sheep for him on North Mountain. Said he would need someone for about 2 months, would pay our board and give us \$60.00 a month. We decided to go. That is where we spent our honeymoon. Vivian said he would milk the cow and take care of the mare and colt.

Lyle had a black horse he called "Smokey." This was to be our herd horse. He also had a dog called "Ruddy." He said to hobble the horse; there was good feed. We were camped under the "peak"--high part of the mountain--on south side.

I would go out with the sheep at daylight, stay with them for about 2 hours, get them on some fresh feed. Then I could come back to camp for about 3-4 hours. The sheep would shade up during the hot part of the day. I would go back late afternoon and stay about 2 hours with them, get them on fresh feed. I would get back about dark, then repeat the process the next day. The horseweed was thick and fresh. The sheep could go without water for a month under these conditions.

"Smoke" stayed around the camp, plenty of feed and a spring to drink. I didn't saddle him up for the first three weeks. When the sheep got too far from camp, I started to ride him. Vada would ride, and I would walk. When we came to hills, I would cling to his tail. Finally, the horse got hard to catch. Could handle the hobbles. Sometimes I would just walk rather than tire myself trying to catch him.

Lyle came up one day, and I told him about it. "Just tie his tail to his hobbles, and he will be easy to catch." Well, I tried it when I hobbled him out that night. The first jump he took and the tail tightened between his legs. All "Hell" broke loose. He started to jump and buck, ran into a thick patch of oaks, got his hobbles tangled up. I had a devil of a time getting him out. When I did, I tied him to an oak tree for the night. Didn't take him with me next morning. Just let him be tied up and think about it.

When I came in about noon, I decided to saddle him up. I untied him and just held onto the rope. He was spooky when I put the blankets on, so I just eased the saddle on. Started to tighten the cinch. When it tightened around his belly, he started to buck, jerked away, and ran down the trail

toward town.

I ran out to the top of the hill to see if he stopped. I could see him going up the hill by the Swale we called the "Saddle." Couldn't tell if he still had the saddle on. I went back and told Vada I was going to town after the horse. "Will you be alright alone?" "Yes," she said. "I'll keep the dog. Be sure you get back before dark."

Smoke stayed on the trail, so I watched the sides to see if he threw the saddle. It was 6-7 miles to New Harmony. I was worried about Vada, so I jogged most of the way. If I had been watching the horse's tracks, I would have found the saddle. I didn't think he left the trail. At one place he did; that's when the saddle slipped off.

Anyway, when I reached town, found out Smoke was home, but no saddle. As I went by Dad's place, I asked him if I could take "Penney" back up with me. He said I could take him.

Lyle wasn't home. Venice told me Smoke was out to the field. "I'm not taking Smoke back," I told her. "Tell Lyle I'm taking a horse of Dad's back. Next time he comes up, tell him to bring Smoke. Maybe he will act better with another horse around.

When I got to "Lime Spring"--about 3/4 mile from camp--Vada and "Rudy" were sitting on the hillside watching me. I had been gone 4 hours or so. Vada got on the horse, and I walked back to camp. After getting a bite to eat, I went to look for the sheep, found them no more than a quarter mile from where I had left them.

Vada was a good cook at home. Had never cooked in a dutch oven. I did most of the cooking. We made baking powder biscuits. Had plenty of "mutton", canned peas, corn, tomatoes, rice, macaroni, cheese, and the usual camp fare. We didn't have a start of "sour dough," so we decided to try to make a start. I'll tell you, we had some poor bread for quite a while. Have you ever seen "blue" bread? It was certainly that color. The baking powder bread was good. We cooked that part of the time until the "sour dough" cured.

"Penney" was a good horse and easy to catch. In fact, he was at camp most every morning. I have a story to tell about him:

Dad was always trading and buying horses, more just before "deer season" than other times. He was in Cedar City one day about the middle of October looking for horses to rent. He ran into a fellow named "Earl Durand," was talking to him. Durand said, "I have been down to Death

Valley, always had a yen to ride across it on a horse. I rode a horse from Wyoming to Death Valley, also across it and back. I'm on my way back to Wyoming. I would like to sell my horse and outfit. Would you be interested in buying it?" Dad liked the horse, but the saddle wasn't much, or the rest of the tack. Now Dad needed horses and saddles too. "How much do you want for the complete outfit?" Dad asked. "Would you pay \$150.00?" Durand asked. On a venture, Dad offered him \$100.00. "Make it \$125.00, and the complete outfit is yours," Durand declared. The deal was made.

A few years after this, a story came out in the paper about a man killing a game warden in the Teton Mountains, around "Jackson," Wyoming. This man lived out in the hills. Had the nicknamé, "Tarzan of the Tetons." Had been poaching elk. They were trying to catch him. He took off and was living in the rugged Tetons. This one warden got a little too close and got killed for his efforts.

The law knew that they couldn't catch him in those mountains. He knew them too well, had lived in and around them all his life. Could survive there under all conditions. They thought the best way to get him was to wait and watch, hoping he would make a mistake.

It went on for six months. "Tarzan" had a brother living in that area. He was watched to see if the fellow came there. A year went by. I don't recall how long they hunted him, but it was a long time. They never did get him in the mountains. When it finally ended, he was taken at his brother's home. As I recall, Tarzan got tired of hiding out, just walked in and gave himself up.

Who was this "Tarzan of the Tetons?" None other than "Earl Durand." We knew it was the same fellow who owned "Penny" because it told of him riding a horse across Death Valley.

In a few days, Lyle came up leading Smoke. He had found the saddle.

The feed was drying out, and the need to move camp. Lyle said, "I will be back up in a week. We will move to the meadows. The meadows was a grassy flat on the north side of the mountain, east of "Quitchoapa Canyon."

One day I ran into "Wendel Mathis." He was herding his dad's goats north of us. Schmutz Bros. herd was east of us. Wendel told me he was on his way to New Harmony to listen to the World Heavyweight Boxing bout between "Joe Louis" and "Max Schmelling," a german fighter who had

been champion before "James J. Bradock," who Louis won the title from. Schmelling had beaten Louis before--one of the few who had beaten him. I said to Wendel, "Stop by camp on your way back up and let us know who won."

The next morning as I was coming back to camp after having been with the sheep, I ran into Wendel. He was a bashful fellow, didn't talk much. Never would look at you. I said to him, "Who won the fight?" "Hump! Louis knocked him out in the first round." After saying that, he walked on up the hill.

When I got to camp, I asked Vada if Wendel had come by. "No, he didn't," she replied. I wasn't surprised. If I hadn't ran into Wendel on the trail, we would not have heard how the fight came out.

Lyle came up, and we moved to the meadows. Lyle and Vada moved the camp. I went with the sheep. We had to go about 5 miles, but the sheep were already 2 miles from camp. When I reached the meadows, the camp was there. The tent wasn't up. Lyle had gone home. Vada was going with him and stay there until he came up again.

Julius and Fern Huntsman were herding for Uncle Albert Mathis at this time. They were across the canyon at "Rose brush." I could see their goats most of the time.

I went to bed that night without pitching the tent. The next morning at daybreak I heard the dog growl. I raised up, and two nice 4-point buck were feeding no more than 30 yards away. Their horns were still in the velvet. It was about the first of August.

A few days later I was cooking my lunch, and Julius walked up. He was all smiles, and I knew he had forgiven me for marrying Vada. He and Fern had got married that summer also. He didn't eat with me, said Fern would kill him, as she would have lunch ready when he got back. It was about 2 miles to their camp.

The horseweed was all dried up, and the sheep had to go to water every other day. The place we watered was "Quaking Aspen Spring." Schmutz Bros. herd watered there also. We had it arranged that we would water on alternating days and wouldn't go in unless we traded days.

Lyle and Vada came back in about a week and said we would be moving the sheep home in about 10 days. Vada told me that her dad wanted us to go down to "Wet Sandy" to herd as soon as we came off the mountain. "What do you say to that?" "We might as well make it the rest of the summer," I said, "as long as we are home in time to pick potatoes."

We had about a week home before we left for the herd. Reed and Clark Pace were bringing the sheep off "Pinevalley." We met them at Harmons Creek. It was about 3 miles on south to Wet Sandy.

We had the mule "Jenny" and a donkey named "Christmas." Vada would ride the mule each week--Sunday--when we came to Harmons Creek for grub. Vivian would usually bring the provisions. "Christmas" was the pack animal. I would ride him over and walk back.

We had the hay and grain in a small corral by the tent. The animals ran loose. We fed them just enough to keep them around.

On the north slope of the creek, a fire had burned the vegetation a year before. The feed was tender, and the sheep would be on that area every morning. You could take them south of the creek as much as 2 miles. The next morning, they would be on the area that had been burned.

We had a hard time keeping "Christmas" out of the feed. Had to drive him off several times a day. When Sunday came around, the day to go after supplies, no donkey. He would go up and hide in the thick oaks next to the Pinevalley Mountain. So we started to tie him up Saturday night.

We had salt in 50 lb. bags to feed the sheep. I would pour a bag on the rocks each time I took the herd to the creek to water.

I rode Jenny each day, as the sheep traveled quite a way to feed. It was too far to walk. She could feed and rest all night. The donkey continued to stay close to camp--except on Sunday.

We had a brown and white dog named "Tobe." He had been hurt when young. It was hard for him to get around. Had been run over with a wagon, was crippled in his hind parts. He was an excellent sheep dog, especially with the lambs. I didn't take him out when I went each day. If I needed him, I could call him. I have called him from as far as 3 miles.

While there, Vada had made some "Swiss Pastry," a recipe from "Sister Amelia Schmutz." She used to work for her. I came home one evening, and Vada had been crying. "What's the matter?" I asked. At first she wouldn't tell me. Then she replied, "I made you some pastry, but I'm afraid it isn't very good. I just about threw it out when Tobe wouldn't eat it." "Let me try some. It can't be that bad," I exclaimed. I did eat some, and it wasn't too bad. I called Tobe and threw him a little piece. He sniffed it, turned, and walked away.

One Sunday about the 23 of September, Vivian said, "Dad will come with me next time. Will help Sheldon move the sheep to New Harmony.

Bring all your personal things over with you and any other you can. Christmas will have to pack everything left. Vada will go back with me. Dad will bring another horse."

The first of October came, and we were on our way "home." "Dad Prince" rode "Jenny" and went with the leaders. I came behind with the dog, leading "Christmas," who had the camp on his back. All you could see was his head and tail. The horse was Clark Pace's I rode, called "Pete." About all I had to do was lead the donkey. Tobe did all the work.

When we came to the 91 Highway, the sheep crossed without any trouble. We came to the road at "Dry Sandy," the swale north of the "Anderson Junction." "Dad Prince" had told me we might have trouble getting Christmas to cross the road. Sure enough, when he came to the "yellow line" in the middle of the road, he stopped. We couldn't budge him. Cars were stopping, people laughing. After about 5 minutes trying to get him to move, I suggested we take him and see if he would go under the bridge. We had tried covering the yellow line with dirt, and that didn't help. I turned the donkey around and led him to the bottom and under the bridge. Pete was a tall horse. I didn't try to lead him under.

We camped that night south of "Pintura," didn't pitch our tent. It started to rain, and boy did it come down. We got soaked to the hide. We didn't put the tent over us because it was covering the supplies. We had trouble holding the sheep. Were glad when it came time to build a fire and cook breakfast. It stopped raining before we got up.

We camped at Sawyer Spring next night. The bedding had dried out, the sheep contented. We got a good night's sleep. We reached New Harmony early the next day.

A potato picking crew was going to Enterprise, and I went with them. A fellow by the name of "Charlie Sides" was raising potatoes near there. We had been picking for "Andy Windsor." After we were through for him, we worked for "Charlie."

There was Glenn, Edwin Hopkins, Loraine and Loren Condie, Joe Adair, Kelsey Taylor, and myself. About the right size crew to keep a digger going.

Charlie Sides was a big man, about 35 years old, 6 feet 6 inches, 250 lbs. Loraine Condie had a reputation as a street fighter, 6 foot tall, about 190 lbs. Charlie came out to the field on his tractor. I saw Loraine eyeing him up. Finally he said, "That man can say anything he wants to me, and

I will believe him."

After picking up Andy's and Charlie's "spuds," we went to work on the "Sevey" farm down the valley about 6 miles. We were gone from home about 2 weeks. I recall I made about \$150.00, almost as much as we made all summer at the herd. We had enough money to see us through the winter, and got to hunt "deer" too.

That winter Aunt Lula Mathis, with the help of "Viola Woodbury," started to practice a "Bohemian" dance for M.I.A. Mrs. Dostalek had the music and helped with the arrangement. Four couples to a set. Mrs. Dostalek helped make the costumes. Two of the girls wore red skirts, two blue. The men were dressed in white with fancy trimmed vests, black color, with black cuffs made of black oilcloth. Black leggings were also made of the same material. Red bow ties were also made for the men. The ladies clothes were made of rayon with about 6 under-petticoats. A red or blue flower was worn in their hair.

Aunt Lula Mathis played the "organ," Mr. Dostalek the "accordion." Some of the dancers were Tom and Vilo Pearce, Charles and Bernice Gordon, Wilma and Leslie Pace, Camilla Pace and Culbert Leaney, Cannon and Mamie Huntsman. Vada and I wanted to dance, but Vada was expecting and we couldn't do it. However, I practiced with them sometimes.

It really went over big, and they wanted us to take it to the "Dance Festival"--stake basis. We prepared two sets, or eight men and eight women. That was in May or early June 1939--Vada's health wasn't good, she couldn't go. Leslie Pace backed out; they asked me to take his place. Viola Woodbury had a partner, but it wasn't Verl. Anyway, we stole the show.

Next summer we did it again. This time, Vada was my partner. After winning the stake for "folk dancing," we were asked to take it to "Salt Lake City." The Church Dance Festival was to be held at "Salt Air," a resort on the "Great Salt Lake." As I recall, Wilma Pace wanted to dance--she was raised in Salt Lake--didn't have a partner. Vada wasn't sure she wanted to leave Kerry but agreed to let me go dance with Wilma.

We hired a private school bus owned by "Harvey Theobald" from Toquerville. He had a contract for hauling the Washington County kids from Pintura, Toquerville, LaVerkin to the Hurricane High School--other schools. He had a new bus that he handled with "kid gloves." We left early morning, and it took 10 hours to reach Salt Lake City.

Vada's mother had talked Vada into going, and she would tend Kerry. She went along but didn't dance.

Most of the cast stayed in the "Wilson Hotel." Some stayed with relatives and friends. We were to meet the next day at 2 p.m. in front of the Hotel and take the bus out to "Salt Air." Vada and I stayed with John and Ilene Neilson O'Rullion on 33rd South State.

When we got out to Salt Air, some 20 miles west of Salt Lake City, we had a practice on the dance floor. While dancing, Wilma started to fall. I tried to keep her from it, knew if I did, I would land on top of her. Did she ever fall hard. Sure glad it happened during practice instead of the "Performance."

After we were through with the practice, we could go out and have some fun. There was a carnival there with lots of rides--one a "roller coaster." I never rode that. I have ridden it a few times in my life, never did like it.

We were to meet back at the dance pavilion, get into our costumes 30 minutes before we were to perform. We were all there but Manual Dostalek. Now we didn't have any extra men or women. It got 20 minutes to our appointed time. Some of the men went to look for him. About 10 minutes to "curtain" here they came with him. We could all have "wrung his neck."

We won prizes and got our pictures in the paper. "These Bohemian Dancers Take Over the Floor at Salt Air." Then a big write-up about it. We didn't mind the 10 hour ride back to New Harmony.

The St. George Temple was closed for repairs and wouldn't be opened until fall. That is the reason Vada and I were married at her parents' home. We went and received our "Endowments" October 10th, 1938. Horace and Fern Hall were married that day.

--Correction--

Now I went picking potatoes that fall but missed the first half of deer season.

The doctor Vada was going to when she was carrying our first child was Dr. M. Macfarlene. He passed away when she was about 6 months along. A Dr. Reed W. Farnsworth came here at this time to go into partnership with Dr. Berkstrom. We started to go to Dr. Farnsworth. The doctor told us

his fee would be \$25.00. Would cover all calls before the baby was born, the delivery of the baby, and care after for a short time. If it was twins, it will be \$35.00 instead of \$25.00.

As I recall, the hospital bill was about \$50.00 for 10 days to two weeks. We had money set aside for it--no insurance in those days. People had life insurance, but no medical.

Vada had a real hard time with the delivery--instruments had to be used. Kerry weighed 9 1/4 lbs., a big baby by any standards. He has a scar on his forehead to this day from the ordeal. I was in the delivery room, and I thought, "He will never survive this." I'm glad they wouldn't let me in when Rolaine was born." I've heard Dr. Farnsworth say when checking him over at times, "I sure left my mark on you." "Sheldon Kerry Grant" born April 29, 1939.

I recall it rained a little the day Kerry was born and then didn't rain all summer. On September 16, 1939 it rained about 2 inches. The alfalfa started to grow and got about 10 inches tall. Dad Prince told me to take "Wedding Bells" up to the "Frank field," about 40 acres of alfalfa. They sure got fat that fall.

I worked for Lyle on the farm and with the sheep. That spring I didn't take a herding job. I worked for whoever I could, stayed around home to help Vada, raised a garden west of the house. We had moved our kitchen downstairs so Vada wouldn't have to carry the baby up the stairs. We did use the upstairs to sleep, however.

I worked for Emil Graff. He had bought the Pace property. He would pay you \$2.50 a day, but you had to put 8 hours in the field. I would drive a team to haul hay. We would hitch up the horses and be ready to work at 8 a.m. At 12 you would unhitch, unharness the horses, feed them, eat your lunch, harness the horses, and be ready to go to the field at 1 p.m. and repeat the process after 5 p.m. It took 2-3 weeks to harvest one cutting. He also had alfalfa on the "Thorley" place over the "Hogsback," would work there sometimes.

When the potato picking started, I would head wherever I could get work. By now we could make \$12.00 a day. Six cents a one hundred lbs. 200 bags--\$12.00. Five cents a 100 lb. bag was the most I had received before. Cedar City was the best place to find this work. I could make about \$200.00--this would get us through the winter.

We had our own vegetables, a cow, chickens, a pig, and would can "deer meat" most years. It was the best meat to mix with pork. You could

buy a mutton for \$1.50 to \$2.00. Bottled our own fruit. I would buy a sack or two of potatoes. Sometimes the owners would let you glean the fields after the harvest. Potatoes left in the field would just freeze.

One day in early spring of 1940, I started to break the "filly." I had been training her to lead and everything I could do without actually getting on her back. I would put two long ropes, one on each side of the hackamore. I could drive her around the corral, teaching her to guide.

I just got on her one day bareback and rode her off. Could tell she was going to be a fast walker. After several times of this, I saddled her and could take longer rides. "Wedding Bells" had what you would call a running walk. She was not a singlefooter or a pacer. "Could she ever get over the ground!"

The fall that she was 3 years, Tom Pearce wanted to buy her. I really didn't want to sell her. Tom and Lyle ran a deer camp on the mountain east of "Big Water" above "Comanche" Canyon. Vada and I talked it over. I didn't go picking potatoes that fall because Vada was "expecting." We decided to sell the mare for one hundred dollars.

The spring of 1941 Reed asked me if I would come work for him. He had bought the Elmer Taylor home. We had bought a lot from "Marion Prince" across the street and were going to build a home there.

Reed had a two-room house up on the flat, had moved to the Elmer Taylor home. He told us he would sell the house on the flat to us, would pay us \$75.00 a month to work for him and would take work for the house. We got paid \$15.00 a month cash and paid Reed \$60.00 a month on the home. We paid it off by October 1, 1941 but were broke.

I had gone to Cedar Mountain the summer before and worked for "Stout Lumber" at a saw mill, took lumber for work. Had enough to start to build. All the lumber I would need to frame a house--4 rooms--and cover it with sheeting. Reed said he would buy the lumber from me. I don't recall the exact amount, but it was enough to build a two-room basement to put the home on.

Dallas Grant had helped me dig the basement, all by hand. We used a slip scraper and a mule to pull the dirt out. The basement was poured about November 15th. One week later the house was moved from the flat using 2 teams, Dad Prince's and Ashby Pace's. The part of our present home, south bedroom and west half of the living room, was the part we moved. We moved in it soon after "Thanksgiving."

We accomplished a lot that summer. Rolaine was born the 20th of

October. The money for "Wedding Bells" paid the doctor and hospital.

We had a home of our own and no money. But we owed no one. When spring came, I worked for the WPA--"Works Projects Administration." You could work 10 days a month, Four dollars a day, \$40.00 a month. With the other work I could get, we soon got back on our feet "moneywise."

The work we did was on the "Comanche Spring" ditch. When I started to work, the ditch was about half completed. We finished it that spring and summer. People I helped were Marion Prince, Harold Cornelius, Merwin Hartman, Ross Angel, Oral Fuller. The last three were from "Leeds," Utah.

After the Comanche ditch was completed, we went to Santa Clara to work building sidewalks. Those I helped on that project were Marion Prince, Heber Walton, Kent Grant. Heber Walton was the only one who had a car, a Model A Ford. We would go to Santa Clara and stay until we had worked our 10 days, then come back home. This went on for most of the winter and spring. After we had built the sidewalks, we helped put a top on their cement water tank.

Late summer of 1942 I went to Cedar to work for "Sullivan Machinery." It was a "diamond drilling" company working on the "Blowout" at Iron Mountain, drilling to see how deep the iron deposits were. Some of the holes were drilled 2000 feet deep. It was called "core" drilling. Samples were taken and "logged." This paid \$6.00 a day for 5 days, time and a half for Saturdays or overtime. I was making around \$50.00 a week, was living at a motel owned by Elmer Taylor.

Elmer Taylor had sold his goats, bought the motel with a home and service station. Afton Grant was running the service station. Elmer Taylor had died of cancer the year before. His wife Susie was operating the motel.

We had a nice 2 bedroom apartment that cost \$10.00 a week. We bought us a car while working there--a 1934 Ford V-8, the first car we ever owned. Cost \$250.00. We could now get back and forth to New Harmony.

I was a driller's helper, handled the rods, would help put them into the hole, also help take them out. Afton Glenn from "Dallas, Texas" was the driller. We worked three shifts a day. I liked the day shift but hated the graveyard shift. The swing shift wasn't too bad.

When winter set in, it was really tough out there. We had a fire barrel we could warm by. When the drill was running, water had to be pumped through the rods and back out the hole. If we lost the water--no water coming back--we would know we had a cavity in the walls, had to pull the

rods and cement the hole. The type used was quick-setting. We could start drilling in a couple of hours.

When we got deep, it would take 2-3 hours to put the rods in. After drilling 3 to 8 feet, we would need to take them out, empty the core barrel. When we reached 1500 feet plus, one shift would put the rods in and drill up to 8 feet. The next shift would take the rods out, empty the core barrel. You never left rods hang in the hole. Each driller was responsible for the rods being all in or all out.

We had two drilling rigs but only operated one at a time. If one broke down for any reason, the other would be put into operation. If everything was going well, we would run both machines. Then you would get in overtime. We would work 12 hour shifts, could make up to \$75.00 a week. I worked for about 8 months on this job, made more money than I ever made before in any one year.

The job was getting about completed. The company was moving on to other places. I could have gone with them but didn't think I wanted to. It isn't what you make, it's what you have left that counts. A steady less-paying job is the best in the long run.

While we were still in Cedar City, I had a chance to work for "Roy Davis." Roy was running the Lyle Corry farm in Cedar Valley. I had picked up potatoes for him before. He told me he would pay me \$100.00 a month and furnish a house to live in. We moved from the motel to the "Fred Beiderman" home in Cedar Valley. I had to drive about 2 miles to work. This would be about May 1, 1943.

### Sunday, December 7, 1941

"Does this date ring a bell?" It was the day "Pearl Harbor" was attacked by the "Japs."

We had been in our "own home" on our lot about 2 weeks. Things were looking up for the Sheldon Grants. What was this attack going to do to us? Would I have to go to "war?"

The United States Navy was in Pearl Harbor in force. The Japanese picked a good time for a sneak attack. I have been to Pearl Harbor, seen what went on that day. ---Will tell about this on later pages---

Roy Davis was good to work for. "Horace" was working for him also, lived in a home on the farm. Roy knew how to raise potatoes, came here from Idaho, would always raise "russets."

This year he had rented the "Gower" place, 20 acres with a well on it,

next to the Lund Highway and about a half mile south of the Beiderman place. It had been planted into alfalfa. He plowed this up the fall before, worked the ground well. It was in perfect condition to raise "spuds."

Roy wouldn't plant potatoes until about the last week in June. I asked him why he waited so late. "The potatoes will be smaller and more number ones," was his answer. "How did they turn out?" I have never picked up bigger and smoother potatoes.

Roy raised about 100 acres of potatoes that year, also hay, grain, and corn. Was running some 3-4 hundred acres all irrigated. Had three wells. Roy did most of the watering. After the potatoes came up, we would cultivate between waterings. About the time they started to blossom, we would "lay them by," meaning no more cultivating because the potatoes would be setting on. From here on out, they were never dry. The potatoes were taken care of first. What extra water we had would be used on the other crops.

They would raise pigs and feed out cattle. Buy calves in the fall, feed them for a year, then sell. All feed raised would be put back into the livestock. The farmers that were doing this were making money. "However, the potato crop was the moneymaker."

Later on that summer we moved from the "Beiderman" home into a home owned by "Waldon Isom." This home was on the Lund highway just north of the Cedar City stockyards.

There was a herd of horses loose one night. We had been to New Harmony. As we came back to Cedar, the horses--about 6--were in the lane north of the house. When our headlights shone on them, they spooked. One ran into an old iron-handled "wheelbarrow," running the handle into its breast. All the other horses ran out of the lane--this was a private driveway. The injured horse got loose from the wheelbarrow but died a short time later.

I had been feeling kind of rough for some time. Dr. Farnsworth told me my tonsils were bad and I should have them out before cold weather set in. I wanted to pick up potatoes that fall, so I decided to have them out. I would be 27. They just gave me a local. I recall what an ordeal it was. The doctor told me I would reap some rewards. I was sick for about 2 weeks, but after I started to get well, I knew what the doctor meant. I felt better than I had for years.

When potato picking time arrived, Roy Davis told me I could pick potatoes. He told me he would pay me the same as the other pickers.

"After we get the spuds in, you can come back on the payroll for \$100.00 a month."

The price of potatoes were good, and Roy had a bumper crop. He said, "I will pay you 10 cents a hundred." The potatoes were large and thick. I could make 22-23 dollars a day. It took us about 12 days to harvest the crop, and I made about \$260.00.

One day while we were eating breakfast, "Dee Farnsworth" knocked on the door. "Could I ride to the potatoe picking field with you?" he asked. "Sure. Come in," I told him. "Have you had breakfast?" "Yes," he said. "I am about through. Will be going to work in a few minutes."--I didn't think Dee had eaten. Vada said, "Dee, you might eat a little something anyway." "OK," Dee replied.

He sat down to the table and ate about twice as much as I did. Vada had baked a cake the night before. It was sitting on the cupboard. "Dee, have you had all you want? Could I get you anything else?" "Well, maybe a piece of that cake and a glass of milk," Dee answered.

"Cake for breakfast? Well, maybe," I thought.

We filled the big potato cellar on the Corry farm. Also hauled some to a huge cellar at the depot in town.

After the fall work was completed and deer season over, we started to sort, grade and sack potatoes. Lyle Corry had told Horace and I he would finance a week or ten days vacation to Southern California. We didn't really think he was serious about it. Horace and I decided to call his hand the next time he brought it up. We were sorting potatoes at the depot cellar one day in early December. Lyle asked, "When are you guys going to take that trip?" Horace said, "Next Monday morning." Lyle said in a surprised voice, "OK. Just keep track of your expenses, and I will pay you when you get back."

Now we really didn't think he would pay us, but we kept track of our gas and oil, motel rooms, and meals.

We took our Ford car. Gas was rationed. We had been saving our stamps just in case we did go. Horace had some stamps he was issued for use on the farm. He took some of them along. We left about the 14th of December 1943. Horace and Fern came down to New Harmony the night before. Horace's mom and dad were going to keep their two kids, "Herschel and Joyce." Vada's mom was going to keep "Kerry and

Rolaine."

We left New Harmony about 4:30 a.m., arrived in Las Vegas about 5 hours later. Had to stop and put in a quart of oil about each 50 miles. The old car was sure burning it. We left a smoke screen, especially going downhill.

We stopped and visited Kent and Josephine Grant for about 2 hours in Vegas. We stopped and did some Christmas shopping before going on. It was getting late when we reached Baker, California. Stopped there and ate, decided to stay there for the night.

Soon after daylight next morning, we were on our way. After doing more Christmas shopping along the way, we arrived in Los Angeles mid-afternoon. We had decided to stay in Santa Monica while we were there. After getting lost a few times, we reached our destination. Stayed in a motel on Wilshire Blvd., about 1/4 mile from the Pacific Ocean. We had gone west from Victorville, came to L.A. through San Fernando, thus avoiding some of the heavy traffic.

The next day we drove to the ocean. Vada wouldn't let me stop close to it. The breakers were coming in quite high and making a lot of noise. I did talk her into letting me stop, by backing the car toward it so we could leave in a hurry--we were on the road next to the ocean, stopped about 50 yards from the water, didn't get out of the car.

We did walk along the beach while we were there. Picked up some shells. We had put them in a paper sack in the trunk. After a few days, they started to stink, had to throw them away. We found out you didn't gather the fresh shells, only those that had been on shore for quite a while.

It started to rain after we had been there a day or two and didn't stop for a week. We spent our time driving around. Had a lot of fun getting lost. Drove to downtown Los Angeles on two different days.

We drove through Hollywood. Saw where the movie stars had their handprints in the cement. Went to several movies while in California.

When we started home, we took the road next to the ocean and drove to Oxnard, some 100 miles north of L.A. Looked up Charlie Cobb's place of business. Saw all the big deer heads he had mounted hanging on the walls in his shop. Uncle Charlie was surprised to see us. Asked us to stop by the house. We told him we wanted to get home before Christmas and should be on our way. Drove to Victorville. Stayed there the night of December 22, had been gone 9 days. The girls were getting worried about the kids.

After stopping several times to shop, the last time in St. George, we arrived in New Harmony the evening of the 23rd.

Waiting from "Uncle Sam" was

"GREETINGS, Your friends and neighbors have chosen you to represent them in the armed forces of the United States of America." I was to report the 7th day of January, 1944 at "Fort Douglas," Utah. Well, I had two weeks to get ready to go. "What a Christmas present."

We had kept track of our expenses, and it came to \$69.00 each. Horace turned it in to Mr. Corry, and he paid right up.

I took a bus to Salt Lake City. It was chartered, and only prospective servicemen were on it from Washington and Iron Counties. I passed all physicals and was inducted into the army effective January 29, 1944. We had 14 days before we had to report for "active duty."

When I got back to New Harmony, Dad Prince and Bro. Edmund Hall suggested they build onto our house. "Before I left for active duty, we had a kitchen, bathroom, and a bedroom on the back of the 2 rooms we already had." It wasn't finished off inside but could be used for storage. We sold the car to Uncle Reese Davis for \$100.00. I also sold my deer rifle to Dee Stapley for \$65.00. This money, with what we already had, paid for the materials put in the home--all labor was donated.

They gave all servicemen from Cedar City a party. I was one because I was living in Cedar--but was inducted from Washington County. This party was given two days before we left for Fort Douglas. I always thought the "draft board" picked me because I was working in Iron County. Most of the men who went the same time I did from "Washington County" were married, and most had children.

The pay for a buck private was \$72.00 a month, of which \$60.00 was sent home. We were asked, "What branch of the army would you prefer?" I told them, "The Field Artillery."

When we were shipped out about the middle of February, we didn't know where we were going. We boarded the train about 6:30 p.m., were heading north at the time. We had been fed before we left the fort. While still in the Salt Lake depot, we were assigned "pullman coaches"--sleepers--were told to hit the sack. It seemed we turned around soon after leaving the depot. We couldn't see out and didn't know where we were going.

One of the boys I liked from Hurricane didn't go with us. He had been on KP a day or two before, burned his hands quite bad--lye soap. He sure

didn't want to be left behind. His name "Leo Reeve", married to "Ora Hershi", was cashier of the Hurricane Bank. The draft took them from all walks of life.

I was quite sure we turned south. Didn't sleep much that night. We stopped several times during the night, mostly on sidings to let other trains pass. Trains were the main way to travel. However, if you were going long distances, you would fly.

We knew we were going to a place to get our basic training. In what branch, we did not know. Along toward morning the porter came by, told us we would be stopping soon, would be served breakfast while stopped. "If you want to shave, go one or two at a time."

I was shaving when the train stopped. It was coming light. I could see out the window. We were in a depot. It looked familiar. The porter came by. "Is this Las Vegas?" I asked. "Yes," he said. "Where are we headed?" I returned. "We will be here long enough to eat breakfast," he whispered grinning. "You are not going to tell, are you? Our next stop--except to let trains pass--will be Los Angeles. That is all I can tell you. You will be leaving the train there."

We were told to take our bags, and would be assigned seats in day coaches--I suppose the pullman sleepers were left in Vegas.

This was the first time I had been served food by a "negro." There were "negro" porters, "negro" waiters, "negro" cooks. We didn't have to wash the dishes--the rest I could take.

When we reached Los Angeles, we stopped at the biggest and busiest railroad station I had ever seen. We were told to take our gear and leave the train. "Stay close to the train, someone will take over."

I couldn't believe the size of this place. We looked like a bunch of ants, with a bag about as large as we were. We had already discarded our "civies"--sent them home--never to wear them again until we were discharged. How long that would be, we did not know.

Soon some "noncommissioned" officers came. They looked pretty tough. Called us to attention and bellowed, "Men, you are in the army. Let's act like it. You will get along much better if you do. You will be loading on buses shortly," he added. "We will make a two-hour drive to Camp Callen." No one had the "guts" to ask where that was. I noticed this sergeant had two AA's on a shoulder patch. I knew it didn't mean "American Airlines."

We had been fed lunch before we left the train. Soon we were on the buses and heading south. It was winter when we left Salt Lake--about 2

feet of snow. Here the flowers were blooming, the trees had leaves, the grass was green. What a beautiful place.

Soon we were out of the city and traveling close to the ocean. I noticed some of the towns: Long Beach, Santa Anna, Oceanside. The bus ride came to an end all too soon. We had reached "Camp Callen." You could see the ocean as we pulled in the gates.

The buses stopped, we all unloaded. Soon a "Lieutenant" said to us, "Men, for the next 3 months you are going to be given basic training and will be assigned to the antiaircraft artillery. Some of you will be assigned to 90 MM antiaircraft guns. Some 40 MM guns. But for 2 weeks or so you will be whipped into shape." Boy, did we ever find out what that meant.

We were taken to "Supply" and issued bedding: 2 pair sheets, 2 blankets, a pillow, 2 pair pillowcases; assigned to a barracks. We had already received clothing at Fort Douglas: "long johns," wool shirts, pants, "Ike" jacket--uniform jacket named after General Dwight D. Eisenhower, boots, overcoat, belt, socks, etc.; shaving kit, soap, toothbrush, toothpaste, bath towels, face towels, raincoat, overseas cap, regular army cap, etc. By now we could just barely lift our duffel bag.

When we reached our barracks, we were assigned bunks. At the foot of the bunk was a footlocker. In this we could put our socks, towels, underwear, shirts, etc. At the head of the bunk we had a locker big enough to hang our outer clothes, except the "fatigues." They were put in the bottom of the "foot locker." On the bunk rolled up was a mattress and a pillow. We had already learned how to make a bed. Were told to unpack, how to arrange our lockers. "Make your bed. We will have inspection in one hour."

When we had our first inspection--by a "corporal" I never learned to like--he came in, called us all to attention, looked in our foot lockers and other locker, took a coin out of his pocket, flipped it so it would land on the bed. If it bounced, the blanket was stretched tight enough. If not, you got a "gig"--points against you.

By now it was late afternoon. "Chow will be ready within the hour. You better be sure to eat, because there will be no more food until breakfast, which will be served at 6 a.m. "prompt." He took his leave. Now we knew we had to be taught discipline, but all this coming from a "corporal"?

We already had been taught what the bugle calls were: First one each day--"You gotta get up", Second--"Reveille" 30 minutes apart. You took your shower at night, also shaved. You only had 30 minutes to get up,

wash your face and hands, make your bed, arrange your lockers, and be out to the parade ground for roll call--oh yes, you had to be dressed.

A short break--10 minutes to get our mess kit etc. Then "Come and get your chow. Come and get your chow," called over a loud speaker, no less. Could be heard all over camp and even to "La Jolla," some five miles away.

You had to line up for everything. Soon learned what all the calls were, such as: squad right or platoon right--meaning take a arms length between each other, left face, right face, about face, forward march; oh yes, first "attention."

You quietly marched to eat, get paid--each week--3 bucks a week, back to your barracks. Other times, quick time, double time--fast jog trot.

After breakfast, which was over by 7 a.m., you spent an hour on the parade ground--huge area between the rows of "quarters"--marching, calisthenics, push-ups, etc. You spent an hour some four times a day. When you were doing this or other duty, you would do so for 50 minutes, then take a 10 minute break.

Your day started at 5 a.m. and ended at "dusk" with "Taps"--"Day is done, gone the sun, all is well, peace at rest." Of all the bugle calls--there were many--this one was the most "beautiful." I believe everyone stopped what they were doing and listened to it. Some buglers could really play it.

Then there was the one, "Some day I'm going to murder that bugler. Some day they're going to find him dead. And then I'll get the other pup--The guy that wakes the bugler up. And spend the rest of my life in bed."

One day after we had been practicing marching on the parade ground, we stopped to take a break. The Lieutenant said to us, "Men, this platoon is going to be the best in Camp Callen. We have always been a winner, and this one is going to be one also. Even if we have to practice overtime. So make up your mind, and make it easier on yourselves."

I do not recall if we were the best. We should have been, because we sure worked at it. After a week of intensive training, we sure were sore. Every muscle and bone in my body ached. I could go up the steps into the barracks. Coming down sure was a chore--the calves of my legs were sure sore. After about two weeks the soreness left, and it became fun.

We had one 2nd Lieutenant who liked to "double time." He was a long-legged "Jack" and in very physical condition. When we started to learn about the "big guns," we would go about 1 mile from our quarters. "Mostly double time both ways."

I was assigned to a "90 MM crew." The guns were set up on the bluff

overlooking the Pacific Ocean. The first few days we studied the "nomenclature" of the gun, until we knew it by heart.

The 90 MM had a crew of 8 men: 1-Gunner Sergeant, 2-operated the gun from a seat on either side of the 20 foot long barrel, would move the gun right and left, up and down, 2-operated the range finder, 1-opened the breech, 2- handled the 3-foot long cartridges (3 feet long, 6 inches in diameter, would weigh up to 100 lbs.) These two would take a bullet--cartridge--out of a box, two to the box, stand it on end. While one held the cartridge, the other would set the timer on the "projectile" to explode on contact.

Here is where the fine points of the operation came in. The timer had to be set to a "split second" so it would explode just before contact.

What did we shoot at? A nylon tube about 10 feet long and 5 feet around--diameter--towed behind a plane one hundred to 2 hundred feet.

For weeks you practiced dry runs, everything--total operation was "calibrated." When we got good enough to hit a target, we used live "ammo." But not at a target. Just out over the ocean.

Then came the real test--live rounds at a moving target. The planes towing the target had been flying during the dry runs. Now they were going to be shot at. Who was the most nervous, those on the ground or the one piloting the plane? Needless to say, the first round was behind the target. It wasn't long before we could hit the target 2 out of 3 times. We showed our training.

We would go out to the big "guns"--we had 4 as I recall--about every day. Not to shoot, but to practice shooting and to "log" our activity.

We had to take our turn on "guard duty." We had a "guard post"--small building overlooking the ocean. In the building was a huge telescope. You could see for miles and miles. We were instructed to watch for ships and planes, not look at the surrounding scenery. Some beaches were close by. That was interesting. "La Jolla" was about five miles away. Looked about 50 yards or less through the telescope. Some interesting sights there at times.

We had been issued "Sun Tans." They were sure more comfortable to wear. We had been through our "basic" and most of our other training. Could get weekend passes. Saturday noon until 6 a.m. Monday morning. I had been to San Diego a couple of times. Had friends who invited me over to "La Jolla."

Robert Shamo and Elmer Hardy from Hurricane had their wives living

in La Jolla but could only go there on weekends. However, the wives could come to camp and visit at an assigned recreation hall just inside the gates.

Vada and Mom were coming to "Hollywood" to stay a week with Mom's sister, Ann. She and her husband, Roy McCune lived in West Hollywood. Roy was a baker for "Wonder Bread." Aunt Ann worked in a "laundry." She would iron shirts, and I might add was very good at it. She had other chances to work at something else but could make more money ironing. She worked at this for up to 40 years, said she had ironed shirts for most all the "movie stars."

My best buddy, Marvin Lockwood from "Rownan, Montana," was going with me up there to meet them. We were all ready to go and were waiting at the gate for a bus. A large truck stopped, asked us if we wanted to ride to "Los Angeles," so we hopped in. I recall a G.I., the last to get in the truck. As it was moving, a couple of guys pulled him in, but he lost his wristwatch. Never did find it. The truck never stopped, and we were in L.A. an hour sooner than we would have been had we taken the bus.

I would like to add here before I forget it, we had finished all our basic except the 25 mile hike with full field pack--60 lbs. This was to be the big test. We were told that everyone had to take it and also finish it if at all possible. No one was to get a ride back unless it was life or death.

The morning we were to go, we were waiting on the parade ground. We were to leave the camp and hike out in the country. We noticed a boy about 19 years old, I don't remember his name. Someone remarked, "Surely he isn't going with us." The boy had been in the hospital with "pneumonia" and had been released the day before.

Now the army does a lot of dumb things, and this one has to be one of the "dumbest." They teach you how to protect yourself, how to survive, that life is to be saved at all cost. Why did they let this boy go?

We left soon after breakfast. Who led us? None other than "Lieutenant Double Time." Have you ever tried to jog trot with a 60 lb. field pack? The first 50 minutes wasn't too bad. We made about 4 miles. We had 10 minutes to rest. We just flopped down on our backs--to take the weight off. After we had been gone 3 hours, we had covered 12 miles. They let us shed our packs and eat a lunch--K Rations. Here we had 30 minutes rest.

After we had covered 20 miles, we had been gone 5 1/2 hours. It was "HOT." Men started to drop out. We were told, "If you don't complete the total hike, you will have to take it over." Even "Old Double Time" had

slowed down. "I would have liked to heft his pack."

The boy who had been in the hospital was still going. As many as 25 out of some 100 men had already quit. Some passed out. At about the 23rd mile, the sick boy dropped out. "He was ahead of me. I saw him drop." He was taken--rushed--to the hospital.

We reached camp after being gone some 8 hours. Later we learned the boy who was rushed to the hospital never came to. He died before morning. What a waste, and all uncalled for--why did they make him take the hike--

When the truck driver let us out in downtown L.A., we gave a cab driver "Aunt Ann's" address. In 20 minutes, we were there. It was sure good to see Vada and Mother. Also Uncle Roy and Ann. Aunt Ann had been married before to a fellow by name "Jack Wellard." She had 2 sons, Frank and Jack. However they were both in the service. She was now married to "Roy McCune."

There was a single girl living next door, a cute little redhead. Aunt Ann had invited her over. I could see Marvin was quite taken with her. She said, "Harry James is playing at an outdoor pavilion this evening. Would you like to go?" Now "Harry James" was a big name band leader, married to "Betty Grable," a movie star. She was a pin-up girl for many servicemen. "We couldn't miss this." "Would we like to go? You better believe we would."

When we got on the streetcar that evening, it was getting crowded. Marvin and I got up and gave our seats to a couple of ladies. We could see people staring at us. When we got off at "Santa Monica," I recognized the place. Vada, Fern, Horace, and I had been to this seaside park while we were here in December.

The girl said, "You don't need to give up your seats. Servicemen have first chance, and you can ride free on most transportation." I saw many men sitting down who were not servicemen. I was glad I had been trained to respect the opposite sex.

It was crowded in the dance hall. The dance hall was a huge place. There was plenty of room to dance farther back from the orchestra. Young couples would just stand around and listen in front of the band. We got within 15 feet a few times. It was a thrill to see a celebrity that close.

As I recall, Harry James played in the "Glenn Miller Band." Glenn Miller was killed in a plane crash while entertaining troops overseas. Harry James took over the band. Harry James played the "trumpet." "Could he

ever belt it out."

The band didn't stop at midnight. The crowd thinned out about 1 a.m. As I recall, we got back to Hollywood about 2 a.m.

Next day we spent several hours seeing the sights. After lunch, we started to get ready to go back to camp. Sure didn't want to leave. Marvin was having such a good time. He was even more reluctant to get on our way back.

We decided to take the bus back--Greyhound. When we got to the bus station, there were hundreds of servicemen waiting to go back to their outfits. We didn't have to wait very long to get on the bus. Were sure glad we decided to start early. There were many buses heading toward "San Diego," and they took servicemen and women first.

Without fail, Vada wrote to me every day, and I wrote to her. Mom wrote several times a month, and there were others. I would spend at least an hour a day writing letters.

I also had a "Barber Outfit" and would cut hair, mostly on Saturday afternoon. Could make 5-6 dollars a week. I didn't need much money. When I got some on hand, I would send it home. I also did some mending of clothes, would sew on buttons, patches, stripes, etc. for other G.I.'s. They would pay me for that.

We had a Sgt. Mullony and a Cpl. Polson whom I liked real well. I would cut their hair and do other work for them. They lived in the same building but had their quarters separate. But would use the same showers, etc. with the rest of us.

Aside from being lonesome, we had it pretty good by now. We still manned the big guns--to keep in practice--and were issued M 1 rifles, a semi-automatic weapon, held 8 rounds in a clip. When the last round was fired, the breech would stay open. After the clip was ejected, all you needed to do was insert a new clip full of shells, and the breech would close, throwing another round into the chamber. You could also open the breech by hand.

We had many dry runs when learning to use this weapon. We would line up on the parade ground, learn all the firing positions. I recall while going through this routine that corporal I didn't like said to me, "Put that piece (meaning gun) to your right shoulder." Now I had always fired a gun left-handed. I spoke up. "Does everyone have to fire a rifle right-handed?" "No, but you just as well learn to shoot right-handed," he growled. "If it is OK by you, I will continue to use my left shoulder," I returned. He just

walked away.

A few days later, we went to the firing range, were to fire live rounds. I happened to have this same corporal instructing me. He said, "I see you are using your left shoulder." I didn't even answer him.

"We are ready to fire. You will fire 4 rounds from a prone position first. Your target is the third one from the right. That bull's eye is ten inches across. It is 100 yards away." He was shouting by now--they had started to fire their weapons.

Hold on the bottom of the bull's eye, gently squeeze the trigger. Hold your breath and keep squeezing. Never pull a trigger. "Bang," the gun went off. "Wait for them to check your target," he said. Up came the target, showing I had hit the "Bull." I looked up at the corporal. He had a blank look on his face.

After I had fired the 4 rounds, I had hit the bull's eye 4 times. He never said anymore about my using my left shoulder. I had been using a high-powered rifle for 10 years--I didn't tell him that--

After several trips to the firing range, we were to try for a record. They issued you 40 rounds of ammo. You could score a 200 if you hit the bull's eye every time--5 points. You fired from a standing position, a kneeling position, prone position. You also had targets as large as a man 500 yards away. Here is where you lost points. Some rounds were "rapid fire."

185 points or better..."Expert"

160 points or better..."Marksman"

150 points or better..."Rifleman"

You had to make the 150; they kept taking you back until you did. Well, I never had to go back. I scored 190 the first try. 190 out of a possible 200 isn't too bad. Standing "off hand" is where I lost some of the points.

Golden Taylor was at "Camp Callan" also. He was assigned to a 40 MM gun crew. I talked to him after he had been to the rifle range. His score was 195. I never knew anyone who scored a perfect 200.

We were getting close to finishing our training. We were told, "You have three things left to do. Go through the "gas" building, go on maneuvers for 10 days, and jump off the "pier." No, this wasn't to commit "suicide."

We had been instructed repeatedly on use of the gas mask, were told to keep it with us at all times. "You will never know when you will need it in "combat." Take good care of it; it could save your life someday." After we had been through the "gas"--some got sick--they took us on maneuvers.

We took everything with us to survive in the field for 10 days. We had

the "gas mask" in a "shoulder pack" with full field pack.

We went about 50 miles east to the "Borrego Desert." This was late May. "Was it ever HOT." At "Camp Callan," it rarely got above 80 degrees, mostly middle 70's. San Diego is listed as one of the most ideal climates (70 degrees average year round) in the world. On the desert, it was up to 120 degrees--days, 80-90 at night.

We lived--"survived"--on C-rations and K-rations. Very little shade on the "desert." You were issued a shelter half--half of a pup tent. You had to sleep with another "buddy." Put two together, and you would have a tent, 4 1/2 ft. by 6 ft. by 3 feet high. Room enough to roll out your blankets and crawl in, usually by taking off only your shoes. No inspections out here. You spent all your waking hours thinking how to duel the enemy.

When you were sweating the most and were the most uncomfortable, they would holler, "Gas!" You would take out your mask and put it on. Sometimes for 40-50 minutes before you were informed to take it off. You got to hate it and wished you could throw it away.

We had mock battles, traveled on our bellies as much as our feet. Never shaved while we were there. By the time we left to go back to "Callan," we were a hard-looking bunch of "soldiers."

Boy, did a shower, shave, haircut, clean clothes feel good; and a good bed. I'll never complain again for having to make up my bed and go through an "inspection." By the way, we had one 2 hours after we got back to camp. "Rifle" and all. If they found one dirty spot on the "rifle," no "pass."

Now we started to prepare for jumping off the "pier." We had to go to a swimming pool and swim the length 3 times to be sure we knew how to swim and how we handled ourselves in the water. Then came the big day. We were hauled to a pier near "San Diego." About 300 of us went that day. "What was the reason for this jump?" To simulate jumping off the deck of a ship--in case you had to "abandon"--

When we got out to the end of the "pier," we were 50 feet above the water; that is the height of most large ships. "Have you ever looked down from a height of 50 feet?" We were lined up 4 abreast on a platform some 10 feet out over the water. "We had on life jackets." We stood there for several seconds. Then the command--"Forward march." Sometimes all 4 left at once. Other times one or two didn't jump. Some refused to jump. These were brought back to think about it.

Soon it was my turn. They told us not to look down. It looked like a mile down to the water. We were told to move away from the pier and work

toward shore after we reached the water. I wanted to get it over; when the order came, I just stepped off. "Would I ever reach the water?" It seemed I was the last to do so.

After we came up--the water was some 50 feet deep--and had moved away from the point of jump, we breathed a sigh of relief and paddled around and had fun.

Those who wouldn't jump that day were taken back on their own time--usually Saturday afternoon--until they did.

Before we left Camp Callan, we were told of a group of "Air Force" personnel who were brought here to "jump off." Everyone had to do this before being shipped "overseas." Quite a few noncoms were made "buck privates" because they refused to jump.

All of our training was over; we were told we would get "leave" to go home soon. Many of the younger single men were assigned to an outfit going overseas. Everyone who had completed all their requirements would get to go home before their next assignment.

Most of the married men were being sent to an "antiaircraft" unit at "Fort Bliss" Texas. El Paso, Texas.

One important part of training I haven't told about: We studied films of all aircraft, both enemy and friendly, were instructed and drilled so we could identify some 200 planes by flashing a dark "silhouette" on the screen. We had to score high on this test or keep taking the course over--now you wouldn't want to shoot down friendly aircraft. After we had scored high in the test, we had refresher instruction.

I recall one time while we were at "Fort Bliss" a negro was asked if he could name and identify all 200 planes. "No Suh, and Ise don wanna know." "Why not?" "Cause when Ise knows all of dem," was his answer, "Ise will be sent overseas."

Before we left "Camp Callan," we turned in all of our equipment except our clothes--a big duffel bag full--including our "gas mask." This was in a shoulder bag and was kept in the top of the "duffel bag" as a reminder to keep it handy.

My orders called for a 10 day delay in route. I was to report 12 "noon" at Fort Bliss, Texas on the 10th day.

We caught a bus at the gate and headed home. When I reached Los Angeles, it was mid-afternoon. This day did not count. The bus depot was full of people wanting a ride. The servicemen and women had first priority. I felt sorry for the women who had little kids. They looked tired from

waiting. By early evening, I was on my way to "Utah."

Boy, was it ever good to be home. I had been gone for over 5 months. Had gained 10 lbs--all hard muscle. I weighed 145 and never felt better in my life. You received so many "shots" while in the service, you hardly ever got sick. A record of dates and shots were on your traveling orders.

Plenty to do around home. Reed had plowed the lot. Vada had done some planting. I finished that and hoed the weeds. Did other work that needed done.

I missed being home for the 4th, but just being home was holiday enough. The time went all too fast. Kerry and Rolaine had grown in the 5 months I had been gone.

The weeping willow tree that had been planted two years before was about as big around as your arm and some ten feet tall. There was 2 rows of fruit trees (apple) on the east side of the lot, big enough to bear. These trees Marion had planted before we bought the place.

When I left to go to "Fort Bliss," little did I know I wouldn't be back for 1 and a half years. We had been told we would have 2 weeks furlough each 6 months; this would mean I could be home by "Christmas."

One day after I had been home for about 5 days, we were up to Cedar. I ran into "Ross Woolsey." He asked me where I was going when I went back to camp. "Fort Bliss, Texas," I told him. "That is where I am going. Have been there for about 6 months. Zina has been there with me. (his wife) When do you have to be there?" When I told him, he said, "That is the same day we have to be back. Would you like to ride with us? I'm taking my car back. We could stay home maybe 2 days longer." "Yes I would," I told him. "I'll pick you up early morning the day before and we will drive straight through."

What time did he come? 12 noon, 24 hours before we were to report in. I had been waiting since 6 a.m. "Can we get there in time?" I inquired. "Yes, we will drive all night. There is three of us to change off."

We made it to "Flagstaff" before dark. Started for "Gallup, New Mexico" after gassing up and getting a sandwich. I recall as we went through Kanab, they were making a movie. "Preston Foster" was the star. We drove by the motel where he was staying, stopped the car hoping we would get to see him. He came out of the motel and started toward his car parked in front of us. When he saw us, he whirled around and went back in. "Oh well, I never did like him in movies anyway."

It was dark long before we reached "Gallup." About midnight Ross asked me to drive. "Are you sleepy?" "No, I'm not." I was too afraid we wouldn't make it in time. We hadn't allowed for any flat tires or other breakdowns.

No freeways in those days. The roads were narrow and the traffic was heavy. However, from midnight until morning the cars had thinned out. Mostly trucks on the road at that time of night. As I recall, we were south of "Albuquerque." Ross kept raising up and asking me if I was sleepy. He had changed places with me and was in the back seat.

When we reached El Paso, it was 10 a.m. Ross drove to the apartment and left "Zina." We then headed for Fort Bliss, about 5 miles away. When we walked in the gate, it was 11 a.m. Now that is cutting it real close. Yah!

I never seen Ross after that; he was in a different section of "Fort Bliss." The fort was an attractive place, brick buildings with red roofs. A huge place. Streets laid off like a city. About 5000 troops there.

I was assigned to the big guns, and we were to get advanced training. It was much easier to get a pass here; however I didn't go to El Paso for some time.

I had a buddy by name of "Fredrick Barnard." He was married and about 35-36 years old. His wife was staying in El Paso--they had no children. She called him "Freddie," and he called her "Sis." You know, I never did remember her name--I'm sure she had one.

Now Freddie had a big "Buick" car, would go to El Paso every night. It was about 5 miles to downtown. He would invite me to come and spend weekends with them. I never did go.

When we were out on maneuvers, we would share a shelter half together. Fred asked me one time, "Why don't you ask your wife to come down? Sis is lonesome with nothing to do when I'm away. They could keep each other company." I asked Vada if she would like to come down. She told me she would, but that was a long way. "I don't like to travel that far alone." I explained about Fred and Sis. "You could be together with her during the day. Just tell the bus driver you are traveling alone, and you are going to El Paso to be with me. You will get along just fine." All arrangements were made, and she was to come in about 2 weeks.

I was driving a truck by this time, and we had moved to a base camp some 15-20 miles north of Fort Bliss. Our quarters were tents, and it was hot. This was in late July. 110-120 degrees during the day, and the nights were in the 80's and 90's. We were given salt pills to take, but many

passed out at times.

I was getting quite a reputation as a driver. I recall one time out in the field. I had a big machine gun in tow. The gunner sergeant was riding with me in the cab. His crew was in the back. This was a 4 X 6 truck with power to both rear axles and a front wheel drive also. Was a 2 ton truck.

We started across the "desert sand" to a machine gun placement. We had reached a point about 1/4 mile from the pit where the gun was to be placed. The sergeant said to me, "No one has been able to get closer than this. Stop and unhook the gun. We will move it on by hand."

I had the truck in all wheel drive and hadn't slipped a wheel. We stopped and I said, "Where is the place?" "On that hump," Sarge returned, pointing to a rise in the terrain. "I believe I can make it. Anyway, let's don't stop yet," I volunteered. "Well, if you want to try it, go ahead."

I put the truck in the lowest gear I had and started slowly, giving it just enough throttle to keep moving. I pulled down into the gun placement swale. We unhitched the gun, and I eased out.

Sarge said, "No one has been able to do that before. I have been training on the desert for years. Never have I seen this done." "When do you want me to come back and get the gun?" I asked. "Three days from now," was his reply. "You better let us move the gun out of here." "Why? I can come here to pick it up." I could see the doubt still on his face.

I went about 2 miles away, found a few small trees and bushes, parked my truck, put a "camouflage" cover over it. I was through now until I went back to pick up the truck. I took out the seat of the truck; this is where I made my bed. I had some shade, not too bad. This truck driving was the life. Sure glad I decided to try out for it.

When I went back to get the gun, I had no trouble. After hooking it up to the truck, I just eased it out. When we got back to the area where we all were to meet, I heard the "sarge" say to the "captain," "This has got to be the best driver who ever drove on this desert."--Now I had it made--oh yes!

It was good to get back to base camp. It wasn't quite so hot. The time for Vada to get here was getting closer. The time was dragging. Mrs. Barnard was looking for her as much as I was. We were going on maneuvers about half the time.

What was going on, anyway? We had stopped working with the big guns. Seemed to be marking time. I believe the war games were something to keep us busy.

I had 2 other buddies, one a "Hall Keaton" from Kentucky. Palled around with him. (More about him later.) The other one was a Corporal Lee from Panacha, Nevada. Hall was married and had two small girls. Corporal Lee was single. A real fun guy to be around.

After Vada had been here a week, we were called on maneuvers again. The sergeant in charge of motor vehicles said to me, "Grant, isn't your wife down here?" "Yes, she is," I answered. "I need to keep a truck and driver here in camp, and you're the one." "I really appreciate that," I told him.

When I asked for a pass to go to town, I was told, "No passes until the unit gets back to base." "Can we have visitors come here?" I said. "Yes, but they can only come to the visitors center." This was just inside of the gate.

Freddie Barnard had gone with the outfit. Corporal Lee was still in camp. Vada and Sis Barnard came out there on a few occasions and had dinner with me and Corporal Lee. When the outfit came back to camp, I was granted a three-day pass. Vada and I spent most of it with the "Barnards." After that weekend, Vada started back home.

A month later, we got our orders to go to "Camp Maxie" at Paris, Texas. For what, we did not know. The whole outfit went by convoy. I drove a truck. It took us several days. We only drove 35 miles an hour. As I recall, it was about 900 miles.

We had been traveling by a lot of fields of melons. I told the sergeant riding with me, "I will slow down, if you will hop off and pick one." He said, "No way." "Would you drive if I did?" I ventured. "Yes."

The next day as we went by a field about 100 acres of huge melons--the sarge was driving--"Slow down," I said. I jumped out of the truck and plucked one, a melon about 20 lbs. When we camped that night, we cut the melon. What did we have? A "citron"--use to can, for pies, etc.

When we reached "Maxie," we were told, "You are going to receive 6 weeks of infantry training. Then you will be given a furlough." Well, at least we were going to go home soon.

Camp Maxie was in the northeast part of Texas, a short distance from the "Oklahoma" border. Not only the Antiaircraft Artillery, but branches of the Air Force were there to receive this training.

I felt sorry for myself and knew we would be sent overseas as "infantry" replacements. It was hard on us, but those poor guys from the Air Force, was much harder. It was pathetic the way they moped around.

We all had our uniforms and patches on our shoulders from the outfits we had been in. Of course, these had to be removed. It sure was a mixed-up outfit.

Now the "basic" started over. We were told we all had to go through it, even though we had all had it before. We didn't take the 25 mile hike, or we didn't have to jump off the pier. "Now we knew why we took those before."

We were issued M 1 rifles and taught the basics of those. We had inspections twice a week. No passes were to be issued until the 6 weeks were up. We had began to get soft from the easy life we had been living. But I can tell you, we were "whipped" into shape once more. We were so tired at night, we wouldn't of taken a pass even if we had the chance.

After the refresher course on the rifle, we had to go to the rifle range. Even though we had an "expert rifleman" badge on our uniform and on our record.

Then we started "maneuvers." For two weeks, we camped out in our shelter halves. I didn't get to sleep with "Freddie Barnard," but he was in camp. I would see him now and then.

The first week it was good weather. The woods we were in were beautiful. The fall colors had started to show. You could pick chestnuts right by your tent.

We had completed most of the requirements, then it started to rain-- Boy, did it ever--It came down in bucketfuls. The training slowed down. They wouldn't take us back to camp until we all had been through the "obstacle" course. After a few days, it slacked up a little. Then they took us through.

We had been told to keep our heads down, also our buttocks, because there would be live ammo fired overhead. We took our rifles with us. It took us an hour to worm our way through the mud. Boy, were we ever a mess-- we had already made ready to go back to camp--

We loaded on the truck and headed in. Were told to clean our gear, ourselves, and the barracks. "We will have an inspection in 2 hours." We headed in and got under the showers--clothes, gun, and all. The drains all plugged up. Did we ever have a mess.

After the inspection--which we all passed, including our rifle--we were told that three-day passes were to be issued. "No one will be allowed to go home. Even if you can get there and back in the 3 days. You will be given leave to go home later."--This we began to doubt.

Freddie Barnard had his car here. Sis had driven it from "Fort Bliss" and

had gone home--somewhere in Pennsylvania. Freddie was to drive the car home. He would have more time home that way. Freddie looked me up and said, "I'm taking the car on a 3-day pass to Dallas. Would you like to go?" "Yes. Probably the only chance I'll ever have to see that city."

We had all sent home for money to go home on furlough. I had money and wouldn't need to spend leave money. There were 4 other guys that went to Dallas with us. It was some 150 miles south of Paris.

After we were some 20 miles on our way, we left the forest and were in the farming area. Sure were some beautiful places. Dallas is in a flat part of Texas.

We spent some time just driving around looking at the sights, took in a show or two. Dallas is one of the prettiest and best-kept cities I have ever been in.

On the third day, we left early for Maxie, was hoping orders for leave would be there--no such luck. Now the waiting period started. "Why didn't they give us leave?" We were just marking time. "For three weeks we waited."

Then the orders came, not for leave, but to move to another camp. We boarded a train and headed east. We were told we would still get leave. When we unloaded from the train, we were at "Fort Meade," Maryland. Close to Baltimore.

Our chances for furlough were slipping away. We had been told at Fort Bliss we would get leave--none came. We were told at Camp Maxie we would get leave--none came. We were told at "Fort Meade" we would get leave. All instruction given us was geared to overseas. Meade was a port of embarkation.

Our gear was rechecked for combat. We had long ago turned in our "Sun Tans," left our rifles at Maxie.

I had told Vada in my daily letter to her that our chance for leave was gone, and we would be going overseas soon. By now it was just a few days until Christmas. We were told we could write home but couldn't call.

There was a place at Fort Meade where you could cut a record--for free. I did this on 2 different occasions, and they were sent home. We spent Christmas and New Years here. About the 2nd of January, 1945 we were on our way again.

I could see out of the train window as we passed through "New Jersey." We boarded a ship at a place we thought was "New York City." The ship,

"The Queen Elizabeth"--an english ship. We couldn't believe our eyes at the size of this boat.

The Queen Elizabeth was a luxury liner built just before the war. It had not yet been put into service and was converted into a "troop carrier." There was a sister ship--"The Queen Mary." It also was used to carry troops.

We were the first to board and therefore assigned to KP duty. I had a sergeant staying in the same cabin (room) I was. He was in charge of the KP duty roster. He said to me, "Grant, you will not have to do KP unless I need you real bad." "I could take my turn with the rest," I remarked.

All the troops were finally on board--5000. On January 8, we were going back to our cabin after being to breakfast. Someone remarked, "Do you know we are under way?" We were not allowed to go on deck, so we didn't know what was going on, and all portholes were fastened down and locked.

I was walking down the aisle back to the cabin when it seemed the floor suddenly dropped. We had been towed into the channel of the "Hudson River" and were now on the open sea. The up and down movement of the ship was terrible. My head started to get dizzy. I just made it to the cabin and put my breakfast and all else that was in my stomach in the toilet. Was I ever sick. For 24 hours I never left the cabin. Then the sergeant said, "Grant, can you make it to the dining room? I have so many sick, I need your help." "I will give it a try." I hadn't helped before this.

My head was still giving me some trouble, and I was sick to my stomach but had quit throwing up. Our job was to clean and mop the floors of the dining rooms--two. Each could seat 200. We would sweep the floor first, then pour a tub of soapy water on it, mop it around, with a rubber pusher we would try to get the water down the drains. With the roll of the ship, this wasn't easy. It would take us about 2 hours to complete the job. Then we would be through for 3-4 hours. Then the fun would start all over.

We were allowed to go on deck now, and that helped to breathe some of the cool air. We had snow in New York, and it was cold. Now the sun was out, and it was quite warm.

I would like to leave this at this time. See a short history of my association with Hall Keaton I wrote for his wife. I see no need to repeat it here--it should be with this record.

(The following is taken from this history)

When we were not working at KP, we spent most of our time on our bunks sick--Oh, my aching head.

We were 4 days crossing the ocean. We traveled alone (not in a convoy.) The "Queen ships" were fast and would change course every 10 minutes. The only way a sub could catch her would be to lie in wait; hence the change of course.

We landed in Glasgow, Scotland. This was the first land we had seen since leaving the good old U.S. of A. The hills were very green and pretty. As there is no harbor in Glasgow, "The Queen" had to anchor [and we came] in smaller boats, about 50 each trip. We spent [some time] in Glasgow [while] this operation took place.

We then boarded a train bound for England (snow on the ground here) and the English Channel at "South Hampton" (no snow here.) We were at this port a day before crossing to Le Havre, France. The channel was about 100 miles across at this port. There had been mines in these waters. We got our first glimpse of the war here. Mine sweepers had been used in this area; still the danger was there. We were getting further away from home and closer to the front line. It took two or three days to move all troops across the channel.

About the 16th of January, we started to move out of Le Havre on foot. We didn't know if we were going to walk all the way to Germany or not. (Ha) It was quite a sight--as far as you could see ahead of you, nothing but G.I.'s. The same looking back. We had picked up more soldiers at Le Havre. (This was a holding and dispersing area.)

We walked for a few hours and finally came to a depot. Here we boarded a train--not an electric, comfortable train like we rode from Scotland to England, but a freight train. We were seeing for the first time the much-talked-of "Forty and eights" (40 men or 8 horses) boxcars. No heat; boy, was it cold. We were leaving behind any or all luxuries. We had been given full field packs at La Harve. We did have heavy coats and blankets. However, we were getting our first taste of what to expect ahead.

We had been given "K" rations, so we had something to eat. We didn't leave the train until we reached "Luxembourg" (snow here). Here was where we joined the 94th Division. The third battalion of the 302nd inf. who had pulled back from the "front lines" for a week's rest and to pick up replacements. It was here that Hall and I were put in the same company

and finally in the same squad. 13 men and a squad leader. We were constantly together from then on.

This was our first look at combat troops. What a sad beat-up bunch they were. You couldn't tell an enlisted man from an officer. As we were commenting on it, a combat G.I. said, "See that husky fellow over there? That is Col. Otto Cloudt, Battalion Commander." "You have got to be joking," we said. Here was a man dressed in fatigues, no insignias, nothing to tell him apart from any other G.I. No one wears anything to show "rank" on the front lines. That would give the enemy a better chance to kill our "leaders." A leader would be the first target. Right then and there I was glad to be just a "buck private."

The snow was déep here and very cold. To live under these conditions was bad enough. To fight a war was something else. We knew that there were very bad times ahead. Even though it was the middle of the winter, the war would not stop. The army would not be able to advance very fast, but there were some advantages. The enemy would not be expecting a big push, could not see or hear us so good as they otherwise would have.

We were joining the 94th Division 3rd Army. The third army was under the command of "General George S. Patton." We had heard of him and were to soon hear more. "Major General Harry J. Malony" was commanding the 94th. I can hear him now saying, "Men and replacements of the 94th division." The replacements never did get the recognition they deserved. Without them, however, the war could not have been won.

The 94th left the States August 3rd, 1944. We joined them in "Luxembourg" January 24, 1945. A lot can happen and did in those 4 3/4 months, with the worst to come.

About the 28th of January, we moved from Luxembourg to the front lines. This time we rode in trucks all the way. The snow was 2 to 3 feet deep and very, very cold. We reached our assignment after a long day's travel, a small village abandoned by all civilians. Our company (company 1) had the task of holding this area.

The first thing we did was round up all the livestock and put them in a corral; they couldn't be left to roam at will, as they would interfere with operations. While the rounding up of the livestock was taking place, we were "digging in" (digging fox holes.) It was very hard to do, as the ground was frozen. The first holes completed we did by shoveling out the "stock beets." The Germans had dug many pits about 10 feet square, 5 to 6 feet deep, to store beets to feed the stock. It was quite a task to shovel about

3 tons of beets. Still, it was much faster than digging the frozen ground.

Now we had the task of caring for the stock. Some of the horses were "draft horses," used to plow and other farm work. They were beautiful animals, some of the best work horses I had ever seen. We found harnesses and a wagon. We also found hay in the lofts of the larger houses. The attics were barn-like and would hold a lot of feed. Also it would help insulate the house from the bitter cold winters they had here. Each day someone would haul a load of hay and feed the animals. We had cows, horses, pigs, and sheep all together in one pen. Now we could and would have fresh meat. We ate "pork", "beef", and "mutton." No horse meat. Ha!

We were only a few miles from the front lines and could meet the enemy at any time. However, the Germans were on the "defensive," and it was not likely they would come to us. However, we had to watch out for patrols and were told not to take any "prisoners."

"Hitler" was having a very hard time by now. He was maintaining two fronts, one in Germany and one in "Russia." Most of his "crack" (very best) troops were in Russia and were getting badly beaten. We sure had a good feeling towards the Russians at this time. The Russians were using water; they would spray water on the Germans, and they would freeze to death. "Hitler's dream" of conquering the world was fading fast. If he didn't or wouldn't realize it, his troops surely did.

We had been here in this village for about two days. We had about 250 troops and officers. We didn't know for sure then, but "Germany was surrounded." Winter was an ideal time to mass troops for an all-out "push," and that was about to take place, although we were not told at this time. (Security reasons)

About 1/4 of us were standing guard 24 hours a day. Two hours on, four hours off. We spent most of this time in the foxholes. Hall and I would not be together all the time (while on guard), but we bunked together. We slept in a big house on the floor. Some of the G.I.'s were fortunate to get beds or mattresses that were left behind. We had no heat in this building, and it was near "zero" outside. At least we could dry out when not on guard.

We were finding out that we could not keep our feet dry, and danger of frostbite and trench foot was on us. We could keep several pairs of socks inside our clothes, next to our bodies. When our socks would get wet, we would change and put the wet ones inside to dry out the best they could.

I had assigned to me for a while (2 men would be together in a foxhole)

a young fellow from New York whose father was a doctor. We all had colds more or less, but Parks (boy's name) had a very bad cough also. He was a tall, lanky kid, and his head was out of the foxhole most of the time. I said to him, "Parks, you will have to curb that cough and keep your head down, or you will be killed." He told me that if his father was here, he would cure his cold in a few days (with use of drugs.) He did try to be quiet, but I expected a "Kraut" (German soldier) to sneak up on us in the dark. At this time, we were in a foxhole about 1/4 mile from town.

We were relieved about daylight. As we were getting our breakfast, one of our buddies told us we had a German prisoner in camp. "What are they going to do with him?" "Get all the information they can out of him," we were told. "Where did he come from?" "He just walked in and gave himself up."

A few hours later, we saw the prisoner with two G.I.'s (I will not mention names) walking down the road out of town. We all carried rifles, but one of the G.I.'s was carrying a "shovel." No questions were asked. Soon we heard a "shot." Sometime later our buddies came back without the "prisoner." Please note it would take several soldiers to guard this "German" 24 hours a day, and if by chance he got away, he could tell the "Krauts" what to expect from this area. "No prisoners would be taken at this time."

About 5 miles away on a hill was the town of "Oberleuken." This town had been "shelled" by artillery fire for several days. We were told that it must be taken eventually. It was to be used for an "observation" point. You could see for miles around in all directions and would make a good command post.

We had been on the front lines about a week by this time. One day our platoon sergeant came after Hall and I, informed us to get ready for a patrol. "Where are we going?" we asked. "Try to find out what is going on between here and "Oberleuken." Be ready to go in one hour." Our first big assignment. "We were very nervous, and I might add, scared." We had been preparing ourselves for this hour for months and would do our very best. There were to be six of us and our platoon sergeant. Hall and I were the only two chosen from our squad to go.

We had an open space to cross between town and the woods. We were to meet in the woods at a given point. We left town one or two at a time; we did not want the enemy to know that an "observation" patrol was being made up (if they were watching us.) We would have given ourselves away

if we had all left together.

In about 1 hour, we all had arrived at our meeting place. Our platoon sergeant had come over with the 94th and was an expert at this sort of thing. We received our instructions, were told to know where everyone was at all times, to go slow and observe everything that moved and some things that didn't. To watch him and obey instructions to the letter. Our very lives depended on this. "If we meet any resistance, we are to return to our company. We are not on this patrol to fight a battle, only to observe."

We travelled a few miles, taking about an hour per mile. We came upon a "dead man," passed right by him without checking who and what he was. Even dead men were sometimes "booby trapped." If he had on him any valuables, someone else was welcome to them.

We came to a large open wash and needed to cross it. After scouting around for about an hour, we thought it was safe to cross. The wash was about 100 feet wide and looked 200. The sergeant was the first to cross. After getting to the other side, he scouted around for a while, then gave us the signal to cross and to come fast. Hall and I were the last two to cross. I was in front of him. Just before I reached the opposite bank, I heard a "machine gun" open up. I could hear the "pop" of the bullets going overhead. As I reached the bank and the woods, I looked back expecting to see "Hall" lying dead in the wash. He was running full speed. How he made it without being hit, we will never know. We reached down to help him up the bank. "Are you alright?" He answered, "Yes." He must have had a dozen or more bullets come within inches of him.

"We are heading back to the company immediately." We were told to keep each other in sight but to go fast, as we might be "pursued" and to keep under cover as much as possible. We made it back to the company without any more trouble. We were praised for a job well done. Much was gained from the things we found out.

"Hall" and I were talking about this incident the next day. "Grant," he said to me, (everyone was called by their last names) "would you do something for me?" "Just name it," I told him. "If I am killed and you are not, will you write to my wife and tell her?" "Yes, and will you do the same for me?" "Sure will," he told me. He wrote his wife's name and address for me, and I did the same for him. "Lusada," I was to carry your address with me for months all over Europe before that request was carried out. (More on this later)

"Oberleuken" was shelled almost constantly for days after this patrol.

We found out that we had failed to take the town twice before. The last time by a highly trained "Ranger" Battalion (or group thereof.) The Rangers were badly beaten. That was the reason for the constant shelling--to soften the Germans, hoping they would move out. These battles of "Oberleuken" took place before we came to the front lines. (More on this later)

About February 9th we moved out of the small farming town we were staying in to another town closer to "Campholz Woods" very close to the "Ziegfried Line." It must have cost "Hitler" a fortune to build this line. Campholz Woods was to be a major starting point for the "push."

We never pulled "K. P." duty after we reached the front lines; they had PFC cooks do all this. Our job was to fight from here on. We had nothing but "praise" for the cooks. They gave us a hot meal at least once a day, and twice whenever they could, and were fired upon at times when they would bring food to the front lines to us.

The place we moved to was a little town between Borg and "Oberleuken." We were now on the west side of Oberleuken; we had been on the north side. This town had been taken before, and the Germans had taken it back. Now we had it once more. The streets were lined with bodies (both German and American), a sickening sight. We were thankful that it was winter and the bodies were frozen. They would be buried later, but not by us. There were "outfits" assigned to this task.

We had been fighting the snow and not liking it much, but were to soon find out that it was much better than the "mud." It had started to rain and hardly stopped for about a week. The snow all melted; the frost came out of the ground. Now we were in mud up to our knees.

While we had been holding ground where we were, all along the front lines there had been battles. The 302 (our outfit), the 301st, and the 376th were all along the front lines between the "Moselle" and the "Saar" rivers. The Moselle to our backs, the Saar in front of us was called the "Triangle." The front lines between these two rivers was right next to the "Ziegfried Line." There was fighting along the front to the left of us.

The first thing we did when we moved to this town was to "dig in." As it was better digging, we dug large foxholes (big enough for 4 or 5 men), and you could move around in them. Here we were to stay for ten days--until the big "push," although we did not know it then. We spent most of our time in these foxholes. We were relieved a few hours each day and could move back and rest.

On the afternoon of the 14th, the weather began to clear. Now it was easier to keep the foxholes drier. We had been bailing the water out of them for about a week.

The Germans were being driven back all along the line and were waiting for us to come to the "Ziegfried Line," where they thought they could stop us. Patrols were sent out from here; however Hall and I never went on one of them. Talk was going around about the big "push." "Shoot the works." The plan of attack, when completely developed and produced as field order no. 11, dated February 16, 1945, called for a coordinated Division attack, three regiments abreast, on a relatively narrow front (about 15 miles wide) at 0400 hours on the morning of the 19th.

The 301st was to make the main effort; the towns of "Faha" and "Mungingen" were to be taken. The 302nd was to push from "Campholz Woods," reducing the pillbox area to the east between the woods and "Oberleuken." Then continue east and settle accounts with the enemy in "Orsholz." The 376th was to take "Bannholz Woods," then drive eastward to siege "Der Langen Woods." This put the 301st in the middle; the 376th on the left, 302nd on the right. The Germans couldn't help but know about this big "push." What they didn't know was when and how much effort was to be put into it.

While we were waiting for this attack, another German soldier came in and gave himself up. He said that other Germans wanted to give themselves up. If we promised that they wouldn't be killed, he would go back and bring them in. Well, they let him go back. Many of us thought that was the last we would see of him. That night he did come back and brought 16 others with him. They said they had had enough fighting. They were moved far back of the front lines. (This was just the beginning of the massive withdrawal of German soldiers that was to come in the months ahead.) We were all glad that prisoners were to be taken once again.

Soon after dark in the evening of February 18th, the Division rear area became a moving mass of men and equipment. By midnight, the infantry units were in position to move to their forward assembly areas and lines of departure. The artillery was raised: ready for its most important shoot to date.

Shortly after midnight on the morning of the 19th, the 302nd moved to their assembly areas in Campholz Woods. The night was extremely dark, and thaws had turned the area into a quagmire. Initial objective for the regiment was the "Pillbox" area east of Campholz Woods.

A pillbox was a cement building, mainly underground, with just the top showing. A machine gun could be raised and lowered again. There were trenches for the "Krauts" to come and go without being seen. Were placed on a hill or close to the entrances to the "Ziegfried line," (the only places vehicles could get through.) The "Krauts" could live in these pillboxes. Some had several rooms in them.

The 5th Ranger Battalion had requested that it be included in this attack and was given the mission of taking "Oberleuken," (which they did.) At 0400 hours, the assault companies of the 1st and 3rd battalions lay huddled on their line of departure at the eastern edge of the woods. "Artillery" preparation on the pillbox area landed on schedule and was fierce in its intensity. Under this cover, the infantry moved forward. We had received our instructions and was told that if anyone was wounded and could walk, to try and make it back to the woods. The medics could do nothing until daylight. The 2nd platoon was given the assignment of clearing a path through barbed wire surrounding pillbox 153. Hall and I were in this platoon. The hour had come.

\_\_\_As company 1 left the woods, the entire scene was lit by dozens of German flares. Enemy small arms and automatic weapons raked the area, and the position was deluged with mortar fire. (At this point, we were extremely glad for the "mud." The mortar shells which explode on impact were not going off. They were landing all around us; if it had not been muddy, many more of us would have been killed.) The intensity of this fire forced the assault platoons to seek what little cover was available east of the woods. To prevent any surprise or flanking movement, the enemy continued to send up flares until daylight.

To make matters worse, the 2nd platoon (our platoon) encountered an enemy minefield, and here casualties were inflicted. Hall and I had the assignment to blow a hole in the "barbed wire" entanglement surrounding the bunker. Before we could reach our objective, we got pinned down in the minefield. One of my buddies (Leibhardt, by name) stepped on a mine. I was standing next to him and got the blast right in my face. This knocked me off my feet. I couldn't see out of one eye. I lost my rifle in the dark and didn't dare try to find it. Leibhardt said, "Grant, help me." A flare lit the area. I could see he had lost his foot above the ankle. There was a hole made by a mortar shell next to him. All I could do was drag him into it and elevate his leg. He wasn't bleeding much. I told him to hang on until daylight and someone would be there to help him. As I could see very little,

I started to make it back to the woods. This was the last time I was to see Hall alive. He had not been hit at this time; someone else was going to help him with our assignment.

Several attempts were made by rescue parties to remove the wounded, but enemy fire drove them back. Despite this heavy fire, just before dawn Sgt. James E. Hudson managed to work his assault group through the mined area. They stormed and took the first bunker to fall to company 1's attack. Private first class Ernest Buffalini and five men were left to flush out the Germans. From this pillbox, enemy artillery observers had been directing fire against the 94th ever since its arrival in the triangle. The position was also a command post from which the activities of the German troops in the vicinity were directed and controlled by an underground telephone system. I was told when I got back to my outfit 5 months later that 75 "Krauts" were taken prisoners out of this bunker, #153. I also found out that the 1st platoon (of company B, to our left) fared worse than we did. The story goes like this:

Suddenly a mine went off, killing the scout, and the platoon leader sent two men probing for the edge of the field. No sooner had they started, then they were blown up. The explosions alerted the "Krauts" in a bunker not fifty feet away, and their machine gun opened up at pointblank range. Men hit the ground, setting off more mines as they landed. Legs and feet were blown away. Men began screaming; others cried, "Medic! Medic!" The men were trapped. They couldn't move a hand or foot for fear of hitting a Schii mine. The enemy was throwing mortars and 88's, and that machine gun was adding to the hell. One of the men who had lost both legs was crying, "Get me out of here,---. Oh G--! get me out of here!" The platoon sergeant was desperately trying to make a path through the minefield. Another man trying to move set off another mine. As this man looked down at what was left of his two feet, he started crying like a baby--not screaming, but crying. He didn't seem to be in pain; the shock had been too much then. Another Yank lay there, his bottom half hell of a shape. All he kept doing was begging his buddy to shoot him. "Shoot me. Please shoot me. Can't you see I'm no good anymore?" Still another man who was badly wounded was begging his buddy for his overcoat. "I'm cold: D---, I'm cold! Give me your coat, won't you? Oh please, please give me your coat. Won't they ever stop?" As the machine gun fire from the bunker had stopped, more mortar shells came pouring in. The "Krauts" in the bunker started shouting something in German. One Yank could understand him.

They were hollering, "It hurts, doesn't it. It hurts." The platoon sergeant had finally blasted a path through the minefield; More men were lost by the time the platoon had cleared the field. Now they were able to get at those bunkers. The Krauts quit, the objective had been reached, and there were sixteen men left.

(Returning to main manuscript)

Germany February 19, 1945--Campholz Woods, Near the "Ziegfried Line"

As I left the minefield where I had been wounded (see pages 247-251 of History of 94 Division), I worked back to "Campholz Woods." I was taken to an aid station for treatment, then on to France. After spending about a week there, I was flown to England. Was in a hospital in "Braintree," some 50 miles from London.

I felt sorry for my buddies and other G.I.'s still at the front fighting. But it was a relief to be away from the front and sleep in a clean bed. I have tried to blot out my month on the front lines and try not to remember.

I had been in the hospital in England for about a month. My eye and face had healed, but I was having some trouble with my feet. They turned brown, and the skin peeled off. I was careful and took good care of them, I thought. They must have frozen. The doctors told me in time they would be O.K.--It had been 45 years since that day, and I'm still having trouble. Ha!

I had lost some sight of my left eye. One day a "chaplain"--a lieutenant--came in the quarters. I'm looking for "Grant," he remarked. "I'm Grant," I said. He looked me over. "I have here a Purple Heart," he volunteered. Gave it to me with a notation of being wounded in action. He could see I had all my limbs and could walk and talk. After giving it me, he said, "Why you are getting it, I will never know." I had to bite my tongue to keep from telling him off. I thought, "Yes, and I'll bet this is as close to the "front lines" you'll ever be."

One day when I was able to do some duty around the "base," I was assigned to help guard some German prisoners while they did some cleanup of the grounds. There was two of us and a truck driver. A prisoner stockade was on the outside of the complex. We went down there and picked up some 12-16 "Germans." We had our rifles and you bet were careful. We had loaded all the "Krauts" in the back of the truck. The G.I.

with me started to get in the truck, had trouble holding his rifle. A "Kraut" reached down, and the "fool" handed him his gun. I immediately pointed my rifle right at his middle. He didn't try to use the gun. When the German handed the gun back, he had a grin on his face. Now this G.I. maybe trusted them, but I was fresh from the "front lines" and did not.

Later on in the day, we had given the prisoners a break. While sitting down, an "officer" (American) came walking by. "Achtung!" called a German. The Krauts all jumped up to stand at attention--they had been well trained. No, I didn't come to attention, or even pretend he was an officer. In the "States," you were trained to "salute" an officer. Over there he was treated as any other "Joe." The Krauts looked at me. I suppose they thought, "Now who does he think he is?"

After spending a month in England, (about the middle of April) I was given a 10 day delay in route, was to report at a certain port in ten days. As the place to report was close to "London," I decided to go spend a week there.

London is a huge city. I took my gear (which wasn't much), caught a bus for the "Big City." Had been told that a hotel for American soldiers (in the heart of London) was a good place to stay.

I had been issued new clothes--OD--while in the hospital. No one wore Suntans "overseas," even though it was hot. The wool uniform was quite uncomfortable--"But who said you were to be comfortable in the army."

We had good quarters at the hotel, and cheap too. I think the room was about \$1.50 a day. You could get meals there. Also they had a barber shop. You could get a shave for 20 cents. I never shaved myself for a week. Well, why not? I had some money saved. I still had my furlough money--never spent any of that. I got everything furnished me while in the hospital and drew my 6 dollars a month. (More on this later)

The hotel was in walking distance from "Picadilly Circus" and "Lester Square." Would go down there. Seen "Big Ben." Walked across "London Bridge."--I have a story to tell about that later--

The underground "railroad" is what appealed to me the most. I spent a lot of time riding that. All I had to do was cross the street, go down a flight of steps to catch it. As you reached the bottom of the steps, you were in a large room. Here is where you bought your ticket (5 cents to most places) or a pass. The weekly pass was about \$2.00, as I recall. I would study the maps on the walls and could go about any place I cared to. It was fun to get lost and try to find your way back. I was told that during the "Blitz"

(bombing) of England, the underground rooms saved many lives.

Now the war was still going on, and London was blacked out at night. It didn't get dark until 11 p.m. however. You could go to a movie or a dance and be back to the hotel before dark.

Now England is known for "rain and fog." We had neither for the week I was in "London." Was told this is the first time in 30 years it has gone a week without rain.

The buses in England are "double-deck." I tried one out. The "taxis" were small and "old." I tried one of those.

When I left London to report back, I was told I would be sent back to my outfit, and I was going to a replacement depot at "South Hampton."

I was in "Břaintree," England when we heard about President "Roosevelt" passing away and Harry Truman being made President. I wrote to Vada telling her that I would vote for "Truman" if he would get me home. Yes.

While still in the hospital, I heard that "Leibhardt," the G.I. who stepped on the mine that wounded me, was there. I looked him up. He was in great spirits, told me he would be sent to the States soon. He thanked me for what I did for him that day. "How did you get out?" I asked. "I laid there where you put me--playing dead. About ten o'clock the medics came and helped me and others. "Do you know if Hall Keaton made it?" "I couldn't say for sure, but I believe he did."

About that same time, someone tapped me on the shoulder. "Do you remember me?" "I sure do. How are you, Howerton?" "Well, O.K. I'm heading to the States also." He had the front part of his foot gone. "At least I have my ankle and heel," he volunteered. Leibhardt's foot was gone above the ankle. "Where is your brother?" I asked. "I do not know. We were split up when we came overseas," Howerton remarked. The Howerton Brothers were at "Camp Callen." I hadn't seen them since we left there.

When I reached "South Hampton," I started to grow a "mustache" but shaved every day. I decided not to shave it off until I reached the outfit. After spending several days there, was shipped from South Hampton across the channel to Le Havre, France. From there I went to one after another replacement area all across "France."

### VE Day--May 7, 1945

I was in France when the war ended in "Europe." Now I started to worry

about being sent to the "Pacific," even though we had been told we would be sent back to our outfits. There were thousands of us trying to get back. What better place to find replacements to send to fight the "Japs."

One day I went to the restroom to shave. A fellow standing by me shaving looked familiar. I said, "Where are you from?" "Utah," was his reply. "Where in Utah?" "Santa Clara. That is next to St. George, Utah," he volunteered. "I know where it is. Would you be a Graff, by any chance?" I questioned. "Yes, I am." "Are you related to Glen Graff?" "Yes, I'm his brother. Do you know Glen?" "Sure do. He married Wanda Russell, sister to Edna Prince of New Harmony. That is where I live. My name is Sheldon Grant. Glen used to teach school. New Harmony is where I got to know him."

He asked my many questions about Southern Utah. I told him I hadn't been there for over a year. He told me he had been to New Harmony many times. I told him I helped put the sidewalks in at Santa Clara. "Small world, isn't it," he remarked. "Here we live 40 miles apart and come all the way to France to meet."

I was getting to see Europe in a different setting. It is very beautiful country. Green grass, trees, and shrubs. All well kept. Every 2-3 days it rains. No one seems to irrigate. Alfalfa, clover, potatoes, corn, you name it--it never has to be watered. France is a flatter country than Germany and less timber, except next to "Luxembourg" and Germany.

You would see a corn patch, next to that, potatoes, next clover, next alfalfa, etc. All along the roads grass was waist high. This would be cut for hay. Of course, I was seeing the countryside. Le Havre was the biggest city I seen in France, although we were close to some big cities.

The smaller ones had rest stops along the street with a wall about 4 feet high. You would step back of this barrier with your head and feet showing. This was hard for me to get used to. I've been told even the big cities have these (in places.) At that time, it was a custom throughout Europe. I couldn't say if it is that way now. At that time, some of those places were set in "concrete."

By now I had reached "Germany"--it was early June, 1945. About this same date, the 94 Division had started to go to "Czechoslovakia" for occupational duties. They had been in "Dusseldorf," on the Rhine River between "Bonn" (capitol of Germany) and "Berlin." When Dusseldorf fell, they stayed there in that area.

We were moved all around Germany (east part.) We were at "Nuremberg." I walked one day to the "Nuremberg Stadium" where "Hitler" viewed his troops. What a place. You could put several baseball fields inside that enclosure. (Of course this was outside.) I took time to walk up the huge platform (cement) where "Hitler" stood to view his "mighty army." There were 2-3 other G.I. "Joes" with me. We were the only ones there.

Nuremberg--a "big city"--was "devastated." Only a few buildings were left intact. This was the case of many and most cities I seen. "Frankfurt" was "totaled." Only the walls left standing--no buildings intact. At least I didn't see any as we drove through there. Bulldozers were used to make roads through. Downtown "Frankfurt" was bigger than downtown "Salt Lake City" at that time. Our Air Force--and others--did quite a job on Germany.

One evening we were waiting for it to get dark. Had assembled to take in an outdoor movie. Someone sat down beside me. I didn't pay any attention who it was. He said, "How are you, Sheldon?" I hadn't been called that since I left Harmony. I turned around, and there was "Riley Adair." "Where did you come from?!" I thundered. "Have been sitting over there," he answered, pointing, "wondering if it was really you." I just grabbed him and hugged. I couldn't believe my eyes. "Tell me, how is everything back home?" he cried. "As far as I know, alright." I hadn't received any word since leaving Fort Meade.

Now "Riley Adair" was my second cousin and from New Harmony. Can you beat that. I would have been no more surprised had it been "President Truman." We just hugged, laughed, and shed a few tears. We had about a week together before he left on his way home. "Tell everyone Hello for me when you get there." Riley seemed different and preoccupied. I tried not to notice it or say anything about it--more on this later--

I had no idea what part of Europe the 94th was in. Began to wonder if anybody knew. Now you never talked about who was over here, or how many. When we left the States, we had a APO number, New York City. All mail was censored. When you wrote a letter, you didn't send it. This was done after it was checked out. I wrote to Vada every day, and I'm sure she was writing to me. The mail was being held at the outfit.

By now it had been two months since I left England. I had grown a handlebar "mustache"--they let you grow one, but no beards, sideburns, or long hair. If barbers were available, you cut your hair every 2-3 weeks.

I recall one day as I was shaving, a young "Joe" said to me, "You will be getting out soon, won't you." "What do you mean?" I remarked. "They are

discharging those 36 and over," he volunteered. I was 29--didn't say anything to him--but shaved off the mustache. If it added 7 years to the looks of me, I didn't want it.

Germany was a "beautiful" place, no wasteland. When they cut timber, would remove it all, then plant new trees. As you drove through the timbered areas, you would see huge plots of trees from a few feet tall to timber ready to harvest.

Every little gully had a stream of water. It rained every few days, seldom went a week without moisture. It was green everywhere. On the level ground, they raised crops: corn, potatoes (they were called "katauffle"), clover, etc. If the ground wasn't rocky, crops would be planted up the hillside. If too rough to plow, grapes would be raised. They must have made lots of "wine."

Of course you have heard of the "Super Highways" Hitler built. These were made of "Granite" blocks some 1 foot square. It was a "high grade" and looked like gray "marble" (polished.) "Patton" sure had a lot of fun running his tanks on these "highways." Yes, yes.

When we were camped in the high country, we seen a lot of "chalets"--hideouts for the rich and famous. Some were huge. Many had high rock walls around. I have walked around some smaller ones. Never did go into one. Even if they had been abandoned. Couldn't get out of my mind they could be "booby trapped."

We finally came to the "Rhine River." What a sight. We crossed it on a "floating bridge." The "Krauts" had blown up all bridges and railroad crossings as they fled.

At this time, we were upstream from "Cologne" and "Dusseldorf," at "Bonn." That was the "Washington D.C." of Germany. At this time, it was "abandoned." However, most of the buildings were intact. We were housed in buildings; one of the few times since we left the States. We could walk around but were not allowed to go inside other buildings. What was left of the "Capitol" was guarded.

"Bonn" is the capitol of "Germany" to this day. That wouldn't be so if the Russians had come there instead of the United States. The American army was loved by the "Germans," "Czechs," others; but hated by the "British." Maybe I shouldn't say too much about them. (I could say plenty.)

Now we learned that the 94th had been in "Dusseldorf" and had moved on. Where, we didn't know. After spending several weeks in "Bonn," I was sent with others to "Belgium." Was sure we were going to be sent to the

Pacific. Was in "Viveairs," Belgium on VJ day. Now we could breathe a little easier. Was sure we wouldn't be sent to the Pacific now. "A celebration went on in that city" and lasted several days.

Belgium was a pretty country also. About the same climate as Germany and France. More flowers were grown here. Why not, it was close to "Holland." They didn't grow the huge fields of "tulips" like Holland, but there were big areas of flowers--acres and acres.

A week after VJ day I made it back to my outfit. Company I 302nd Inf. Regt. I even was in the same "squad." Had a different squad leader. In fact, out of the 13 men, I knew only 5. However all of these weren't killed. I learned about the death of "Hall Keaton." Was sure sorry to hear that.

We were in a small town in Czechoslovakia. My squad leader was "Morris Lepchez." He was a good one, and we became real buddies. Morris didn't show any favorites. Was a real friendly Joe.

I finally got some mail. Had over a hundred letters from "Home." I read them and reread them before destroying them.

There was a dance held once a week in the company area. I didn't go. Was too busy reading letters and writing. We had a lot of free time.

Every creek had fish in them, but no one was fishing. I wrote to Vada and asked her to send me some "line" and "hooks"--these she could put in letters. When they came, I started to fish. Boy, did I have a lot of fun. The cooks would use the fish; never had enough at one time to feed the "company"--some 250 men. I also gave fish to the natives.

After I had been with the "outfit" for about a month, we moved to a town called "Kunzvar" in an area between Czechoslovakia and Germany (on the border) called "Sudetenland" occupied by Czechs and Germans. (Boy, how they hated each other.) I Company and K Company were both stationed there--some 500 men. We outnumbered the "civilians" about 3 to 1. (Mainly women and children)

We lived in big tents (after first arriving there about the middle of September) on the outer limits of town. The Czech army was north of us. Also some elements of the Russian army. The people here hated both of them but loved the "Americans."

Before I get too far along, I would like to say the American army (mainly the 94) marched in a "Victory Parade" in "Pilsen." "I was in that parade." They had also marched there on the "fourth of July"--before I came back. Boy, did we get a welcome. There people were there by the thousands.

(See page 496 of 94 History)

Later we marched in "Prague," capitol of "Czechoslovakia," where "tens of thousands" lined the streets. The cheering was something to hear. They would shout, "Nazdar! Nazdar!" meaning "Hello, Welcome." Czechoslovakia was "liberated." When the U.S. army came there, people would try to reach out and touch us. The "94th" was a "proud" and mighty fighting force. It was hard to maintain your "dignity" under these conditions.

We would get our meals in an open area in town. Would eat outside. After the meals, the women folk would go through the "garbage cans." You sure felt sorry for them. "However, I'm sure food was given them that wasn't garbage."

When it got too cold to live in tents, we moved into vacant buildings.

About the first week in November, we moved to "Vimperk," called "Winterburg." It was real cold; here we had snow instead of the regular rain. However, it would melt some during the day and didn't get very deep.

Personnel were being sent to other outfits under the "point system" (to be sent home.) You would get points for service time, dependents, battles, other medals, etc. I had 95 points, as I recall.

The "black market" was alive and doing well. To give you some idea, you paid 50 cents for your weekly PX rations. You could sell them for \$50.00--if you wanted to get involved. I never did, but there was some really in the business. When they had enough money on hand, they would buy things and send home.

Our division was losing men, also receiving them. Thus we retained about the same amount of personnel.

One day they told us that the Czechoslovakian government was recalling all its money and would be issued new. However, we were paid in good old U.S.A. "bills." When the new money was issued, it was half the amount of the old. Thus American money was worth twice as much. We couldn't believe our luck. We were told we could buy money orders, \$100.00 limit at one time, to send home.

I still had my furlough money I had packed for 10 months. Also what I had saved of my \$6.00 a month. About \$200.00 in all. Now it was worth \$400.00. You stood in line to get a \$100.00 money order for \$50.00. It would take you most of the day to get one and a week to get 3 (which I got) before they outlawed it. It also took me a week to send it home. One at a time, in a letter. By now you could send your letters, and they arrived home

unopened.

While we were still in "Kunzvalt," I wrote to "Lusada Keaton." I had found out how Hall was killed. Told her about my association with him. Also asked her to write Vada. I had already asked Vada to write to her. A friendship was started which has lasted throughout the last 43 years. (More about this later)

We didn't need to do our own "laundry." About each week, German and Czech. women would come in, pick it up. When it came back, it was clean and pressed. You would give them a 1 dollar bill. If you were short on cash, 50 cents would be enough. We would take our insignias off before sending them--those that weren't sewn on. Sometimes they would come back with shoulder patches "monogrammed" on. Boy, could they ever do beautiful work.

One day a Czech. soldier came into the "barracks." He had with him a German "Lugar" pistol. Looked like new. "Where did you get it?" we asked. "Took it off a Kraut," he replied. "What do you want for it?" "\$50.00 in PX rations," he volunteered. No one seemed interested, so I got out my rations. "Pick out what you want for it," I said. He picked out the things he wanted, which cost me some 50 odd cents. "O.K." I volunteered, "It's a deal."

We had been told we could take one "war souvenir" home with us. I had Dad in mind when I traded for it. That was the extent I got involved in the black market.

One day several Joes were playing cards in the "barracks." One of the players was handling a "P 38 pistol." It was a German weapon. Not as well made as the "Lugar." Cheaper, for "mass production." Many of the lower officers carried one. Anyway, the gun went off, shooting a card player (across the table) in the instep and came out his heel. "What a way to get wounded." Anyway, all live ammo had to be turned in. We were then standing guard with an "unloaded gun." Sure glad no one knew about it.

I'm sure "Fout" (boy's name) walks with a limp to this day. After going through a war, it had to end like this. Would he get compensation? We sure hoped so. He was taken to the hospital. The last we heard about him was he was on his way to the States.

While in Kunzvalt, ("I" Company and "K" Company) we knew of a "Tom Lane." He was a PFC (private first class) married to movie actress "Rhonda Fleming." Needless to say, she was a "pin-up girl" to a lot of G.I. Joes. Tom Lane was in K Company, housed about a city block from I

Company.

One day in late November, a list was posted for a group with points 95-100, to be transferred to the 80 Inf. Division. Sure enough, my name was on the list. I said goodbyes to my buddies and was on my way to France and would be sent home with the 80th. Many of the men who came over with the 94th were to remain. One in particular I knew had some 60 points.-"Ernest Buffalini," (who was now my squad leader and a buck Sgt.) was one of them. (At the time of the "Battle of Campholz Woods" he was a PFC) Take note of page 248 of 94th division history.

At one time, we were stationed 40 miles from "Paris." Some of the men wanted to go see the city. Asked me if I wanted to go. "We can get 3 day passes." "No way am I leaving this outfit for that long. We could be shipped out," I said.

One fellow I knew who was married, about 35 years old, asked me if I would loan him \$50.00. "Sure would like to see Paris but don't have the money. Would you let me have that much?" I could have answered with, "I don't have that much." (I had about \$100.00) "I know you may be gone when I get back. I'll write to my wife telling her to send the money to your wife. That way it will be there when you get home." The fellow's name was "Hurst," lived in the east. Well, I gave him the money. Never saw him after that--more about this deal later on.

I had another buddy I spent a lot of time with. His name "Harrington" from Sioux City, Iowa. Worked on the "Sioux City Herald" newspaper. We were always kidding him about his one-horse paper. He would say, "I want you to know that it is a 200,000 circulation paper." --More about this later--

"Harrington" was trading and selling all the time, would buy things and send them home. He was a wheeler dealer. One time we were on the border of France and Germany. We went into a shop there. Harrington said, "Let me do the talking. This is a German-owned place." He could speak German real well. As we looked around, Harrington was talking to the clerk about something he had seen in the window, was really giving the German language a go. Pretty soon the man said, "I'm sorry, I don't speak German," in as good English as any of us. Harrington's face went as red as a beet.

The man told us he had lived in England most all his life. I believe he could speak German and French also, but he didn't to us.

We were getting new men about every day. Were slowly working our way to "Le Havre," France. I told Vada not to write, as I would be moving

and wouldn't get any mail. I would write home everyday I could, hoping she would get my letters.

I made pals with a sergeant who had been in the 376th (a part of the 94th.) He was a real nice guy. Married and about my age, lived in Texas. "Deep in the heart of."

It was getting real tough to stay in tents. It was cold, and at times we had snow. When we moved on, we rode in the back of trucks. Most were covered with canvas, however.

It was about the middle of December when we reached "Le Havre." There we stayed for about a week. Were told we would cross the channel to "South Hampton," England and board a ship for the States.

It snowed and blówed; no way they would try to cross until the wind died down. It was some 100 miles from Le Havre to South Hampton. We were told to be ready to leave on a moment's notice. By now it was close to the 25th. Would we spend Christmas here, or on the water, or at South Hampton?

The wind seemed to get less and less. We got word to board ship early morning. The "boat" was once used to freight railroad cars across the channel; was open on both ends but had a roof. We were assured it was seaworthy. (We had our doubts.) There was a breeze when we set sail.

We had been on our way for an hour or so when the wind came up. "Boy, did it ever blow." Many started to get "seasick;" I was one of them. The wind got stronger. We were told the waves were 25 feet tall, and we were going to head back to "Le Havre." Some of the time we were on top of the waves; then we would be down were you could look up at them. Water was coming in one end of the "craft" and going out the other. It took 2 hours just to turn the boat around. When we got closer to shore, the waves got less high. Were we ever glad to get back on "land."

After 2-3 days, we were told that they were going to try again. This time we had quite smooth sailing. We spent Christmas Day in Le Havre.

After reaching "South Hampton," we were told that 3 day passes would be issued. I really didn't want to go on one. However, the ship we were to go back on to the States had just left "New York." It was now about the 28th of December.

My buddy "Tex" (sergeant from Texas) wanted me to go with him on a 3 day pass to "London." "No, I don't," I remarked. "I've been to London, spent a week there." "All the more reason I want you to go with me." "If you can assure me that we will get back in time, I will go with you."

He inquired and was told, "If you are back here in 3 days, you will have plenty of time." So I went with him, was glad I did go. London was a different city. All lights were on at night. We heard no "air raid sirens." We spent 2 days and nights seeing the sights. The underground railroad was kept busy. About half of the people were American, mainly G.I.'s. We were there New Years Eve, went to a dance. It was so crowded, we didn't stay long.

Left New Years Day to go back to "South Hampton." Had plenty of time to kill. We left South Hampton January 6, 1946--363 days after we had set sail from "New York" (January 8, 1945.) The "craft" was the "USS Lake Champlain," an aircraft carrier. All the 80th Division was on this ship. But was not full strength. Some 10,000 plus, as I recall.

It took us 6 days to reach New York City. Coming over, we made it to Scotland in 4 days.

We had been out to sea 2 days. I hadn't been to chow yet. Sick, oh my aching head. I wouldn't have made a very good "sailor" (was sick all the time I was on the water going and coming.

The third day out to sea, someone came in to get 3 men to do KP duty. He said, "All you will need to do is take care of the fresh stuff: lettuce, celery, onions, etc." Now I wasn't one who volunteered for anything. However, our quarters were under the water line. No windows (port holes.) It would be good to be able to see out once in a while. So I said I would go. Two others also said they would go. "Come with me then."

As we left the quarters, we sure got the "horse laugh." This turned out to be the best assignment I ever had in the army. It would take us about 2 hours twice a day. We were given a card (pass) to be used at the ship's PX. We could go there anytime it was open. Ice cream, candy, drinks, etc. We took all our meals with the ship's crew. Had free run of the ship. Could go on deck--when it was calm.

The rest of the "Joes" had to stand in line to get to the PX. We could walk right by them to the PX anytime. Now who got the "horse laugh." Yes, yes. They also had to stand in line at meals. "Oh how sweet it was" (is).

We had some rough seas on the trip--nothing like crossing the English Channel. When we reached New York and saw the "Statue of Liberty," the cheers were "deafening." I have never seen anything so "beautiful." Was sure glad to be an American.

We didn't see the Statue going over but were sure treated to it coming home. We must have been as close as 1/4 mile, and the shoreline of the

city "was breathtaking." The deck of the 950 foot by 150 foot ship was crowded with most of the "Homebound Yanks."

When we docked, we were told to stay in "ranks." You will be taken to "Fort Meade, Maryland." There you will be able to call home. Trunk lines will be opened and reserved. "It would be useless to try to call from the dock."

When we arrived at Fort Meade, we were taken to the phones (pay phones.) There were places where we could get change. I changed a 10 dollar bill. When I had a chance to put in my call, I gave the operator the New Harmony number. "Person to person for Vada Grant." As there would be a wait, the operator said she would get the call through, then get me back on the phone. I couldn't tie up the line at this time. There were hundreds making calls from "Fort Meade;" these calls had preference. In 30 minutes, I was talking to Vada.

Marion Prince had the only phone in town--also owned the phone line from New Harmony to Kanarraville.

Sure was good to hear her voice. I had to put in \$5.00 for 3 minutes. After the 3 minutes were up, they asked us to get off the phone so others could use the line. I found out everything was alright at home. She told me that she had heard the 80th had landed in New York. There is a story about this. Will tell about it later.

Now it seems I'm really on my way home. Have been told that all personnel going to "Fort Douglas," Utah will "fly." That, I didn't like, but it could get me home a week sooner. They started to ship those out who were going by bus. All would be sent to a place of "induction" nearest to home and be mustered out.

We had our traveling orders. The only thing that kept us at "Meade" was the weather. All flights were put on hold. We didn't know at the time we would wait a full week before the flight started. That week was one of the longest I ever spent in the "service."

When we finally received orders our flight was ready to leave, it was with some reluctance. I had crossed the ocean twice, the English Channel three times, a month out on the front lines, was shot at, booby trapped, about froze to death, and survived. Now I was to fly. Would I reach home all in one piece? I began to have my doubts.

The plane was a DC 3. We were called at 4:30 a.m., told our plane was ready. Some 30 men were on the plane. This was not a big plane, only a few empty seats. I'm not sure where we took off from or what time we

landed in Chicago. This was not a high altitude plane. We had some rough weather. Also, when we came in to land, the pressure on the ears was hard to take.

The next stop was North Platte, Nebraska. Here we had a rest stop and something to eat. It was sundown when we took off from there. Soon it was dark.

When we reached Salt Lake City, it was 11 p.m., 18 hours after the first takeoff. It was a clear night. The lights of the city were something to see.

We were taken directly to "Fort Douglas." After a few days there, we were allowed to go on pass. I took the bus to town. Called Ilene and John O'Rullion. Ilene (Neilson) was sure glad to hear my voice. "Where are you?" she exclaimed. "On Main Street, by the Post Office." "Stay right there, and I will be down to pick you up."

Her words were, "Say, you look great!" when she saw me. John wasn't home when we arrived there. "How long can you stay?" Ilene asked. "I need to be back to camp by 8 a.m. tomorrow. I will be "mustered out" hopefully."

When John came home from work, we had a good visit. "Would you like to go out

on the town?" he volunteered. "No! I've had all the excitement I can stand. Just want to go home." By now it was about the 20th of January, 1946.

The next day, I was released. Had all my discharge papers, one set of "suntans," one set of OD with my "Ike" jacket. This time I had an "honorable discharge." My muster pay was \$300.00. With the \$50.00 I already had, I got home with \$350.00.

Boy, was it ever good to be home. Kerry would be 7 on April 29th of that year. Rolaine would be 5 on October 20th. A lot of things to do around the place to keep me busy.

I asked Vada if she received the \$50.00 from "Hurst." (It had now been about 3 months since I loaned him the money in "France.") "No! I haven't," she said. "Well, I guess we can write that off as experience."

The willow tree in front of the house had split and broke. It was about 6 inches in diameter. That spring, I staked up the best shoot. That would make the tree 42 years old at this date.

The kids had sure grown in 2 years. I had been home about a month when Rolaine got the whooping cough. While she still had that, she got appendicitis. We rushed her to the hospital. Dr. Farnsworth gave her a

good blessing, praying that she would come through this alright and that the coughing would be curtailed.

She never once coughed after the operation. The doctors (Broadbent did the operating) said they made the incision "crossways" instead of up and down. After a day or so, Dr. Farnsworth said, "We have found a new cure for whooping cough. Just take out their appendix."

We had been home with Rolaine for about a week when a letter came from "Hurst" saying he was sorry that we hadn't received the \$50.00. "I just got home," he said. "If you will verify your address, I will mail it to you." We wrote back to him and told of "Rolaine" and sure could use the money. In two weeks, it came. "My faith in human nature was once again restored."

### "Church Work"

I had been a counselor to two Sunday School Superintendents: Kent Grant and J. F. Williams. When I left to go into the Service, I was "Sunday School Superintendent." Verl Kelsey was one of my counselors. When I got back home, Verl was Superintendent. Before I had been home 6 months, I was made Superintendent for the second time.

In checking my notes, I was counselor under 3 Superintendents: Kent Grant, Dean Hall, and Paul Beatty.

Kent and Dean 1938-42

Paul 1972-74

Was Sunday School Superintendent 1942-44

Went into the army 1944-46

Was put back in as Superintendent second time 1947

Superintendent 3rd time 1974

Sunday School President 4th time 1977

Sunday School President 5th time 1984

Making 20 years of Sunday School service. In between these callings, I served in other capacities. (More on these as they come in my story.)

Reed Prince was Town Board President when I came home from the service. They had some projects going, and I worked on those. Also, I shingled the house. Vada had told me she put tubs in the back rooms to catch the water. (We had put roofing on that came in rolls--never was satisfactory.) Vivian helped me shingle. That same summer, "Nolan Lee" from Hurricane came to New Harmony to plaster "Lyle's and Reed's homes." He did ours while he was there. We had only sub-floors in that

part of the house. I also put the floors down.

When I came home, Vada had saved \$700.00 of the money she received from the government. \$700.00 out of about \$1500.00. I could hardly believe it--What did they live on? I had sent home \$300.00 and brought \$350.00 with me. We had a checking account of about \$1300.00, and with the money I made working at odd jobs, we were to get along pretty good. We had never had that much money all at one time before--and I never bought a car, either. I was two years behind in my work. Would I ever get caught up?

Dad Prince told me one day, "You lost two years, but you will have benefits coming to offset that." He was right there. When I couldn't get work, I was able to draw compensation from Uncle Sam. One day for each day of service, or \$100.00 a month. However, this was to be used to improve yourself and get you rehabilitated for civilian life. Schools were available. I took a course in Farm Management, learned a lot during that time. Wasn't sure I wanted to be a farmer all my life, so looked for something else.

Early spring of 1948, I was in "Orren Taylor's" barber shop in Cedar City. We were talking about the G.I. Bill. "Why don't you take a Barber's Course?" he asked. "I could give you a job here in the shop." "How long would it take?" I asked. "Six months training at a Barbers College and a year apprentice in a licensed shop," he volunteered. "You can come here for that after you got your apprentice license."

I checked it out and could draw \$100.00 a month for 18 months. This would get me through. Then I could get a Journeyman's License. Could operate a shop of my own.

Vada and I talked it over. We decided to go for it. I was 32 years old at this time. Was a pretty good "barber" (on my own.) We thought I needed to get into a "solid occupation." So I went to Salt Lake and checked it out.

Ray and Shirley Duncan were living in Salt Lake, had told me I could come live with them for \$50.00 a month, and they would take bottled fruit and other supplies as part of that. There was a barber school at West High. A "Morris Knudson" was the instructor. I went to see him, and there was an opening. I got my application through and approved and was to start April 1st. I packed my clothes and went up.

Shirley and Ray were living at 2nd North and First West. I had some 3 blocks to walk to school. I really enjoyed the barbering part of the course. The book learning was not so much fun. First thing in the morning, we

would have 2 hours instruction of all the "systems of the body." Were issued two books on barbering. To name a few: skeletal system, muscular system, nervous system, circulatory system, glandular system, excretory system, respiratory system, digestive, etc. "What was this? We weren't going to be doctors!" After a few weeks, I enjoyed the book work.

The pattern was set: mornings--book learning, afternoons--putting into practice the art of haircutting and shaving, shampooing, facials, etc. We would cut hair for free, also any other of the above. When we didn't have other people to practice on, we would work on each other.

One day there was a boy about 12 years old came in for a haircut. He had shoulder length blonde hair. One of the students was cutting his hair. He noticed a bug about the size of a housefly without wings. He called the instructor to come take a look. They would part the hair, and there would be the "critter." Mr. Knudson called all the class over. "Here is a case of head lice," he remarked. "Have any of you ever seen them?" No one had before this.

Well, they cut the boy's hair short, about 1 inch long. Couldn't see any more (after killing several.) Needless to say, when the boy left the shop, his hair was clean and sterile. We all had a lesson on how to get rid of "head lice."

I had a round face, and all the guys liked to practice shaving me. This, I didn't mind. The first time I was shaved by Mr. Knudson; boy, was that ever a "smooth shave."

One day Mr. Knudson challenged any student that he could shave himself quicker than anyone could shave himself. He said, "You wash your face, put the lather on, and start to shave. Then I will put the lather on my face and still beat you." Well, someone took him up. "Did he win?" No. Before he could get one side finished, Mr. Knudson was finished. I never saw anyone before or since do what he did. Of course, this was done with a regular barber razor.

He put the lather on, then with one stroke he shaved from one sideburn around his face (he had a round face) to the other sideburn. With a few short strokes, he shaved up his neck all around and was done, not once removing the soap and whiskers from the razor. "We couldn't believe our eyes." "Now don't any of you boys try to do that." Mr. Knudson also cautioned us "not to ever try that on ourselves or anyone else."

Before I get too much farther along, I would like to say that I had been

home from the army about a month when a "Sioux City Herald" newspaper came from "Harrington," and it wasn't a "one-horse paper." It was about the size of the Salt Lake Tribune. For about a month, I received a paper daily. Then it tapered off. Never a word from him. "I wonder how many other Joes received one."

"Morris Lepchez" was the only one of my buddies who ever wrote to me. After all, why not. "I never wrote to any of them."

We went to 2nd Ward, about 2 blocks from Shirley's place. I didn't move my membership. Would come home at least once a month--weekends. Would catch the Greyhound bus on Friday evening, get off at the Harmony road, and walk in. You could buy a round-trip ticket for \$9.00.

Someone would take me back to Cedar Sunday evening. I would take the 12:05 a.m. bus, get back to Salt Lake at 6:45 a.m., just in time to have a bath and shave, eat breakfast, and be to school at 8 a.m.

One day Mr. Knudson said to me, "Would you like to go to a barber shop--in Sugar House--evenings to work?" "Would it be O.K. with the State Board?" I asked. "Yes, I have already got permission to send someone." "Would I get paid?" "You would get 60 cents on the dollar of the money you took in," he remarked. "You would be working 2 to 3 hours, from 3 until 6, and would be cutting just young boys' hair. The barber is swamped."

So I went out there; the kids would come by there after school. The first evening I worked 3 hours and made \$4.50 (cut 15 heads.) The barber was well pleased with my work, told me to come back each evening Wednesday, Thursday, Friday. I was soon making \$12.00 a week. It was paying most of my board and room. "Hair cuts 50 cents."

Ray and Shirley Duncan had moved to Carson City, Nevada. Ray was driving a bread truck for "Wonder Bread." Had been transferred. I was now living with a lady about 1 1/2 blocks from school. She took in boarders; there were three of us at the time. One other man, a night clerk at a hotel downtown, the other a lady schoolteacher.

I do not recall her name. She was a widow. Told me her mother was raised in New Harmony. Moved away while she was a young girl. In the early days of the Church, people were always raising other people's kids at times. You read about it all through "history."

I had my own room upstairs. This seemed good. At Shirley's, I had been sleeping on a cot in the kitchen. Now I had more time to study. I spent about 2 hours each morning hitting the books.

Mr. Knudson knew in what areas the State test would come; these we would spend extra time with. One day in class he asked if anyone could name the "elements of the body." I held up my hand. "What are they, Sheldon?" So I named them. He said, "That is the same order they are listed in the book. Isn't it hard to learn them that way?" "No, it is much easier for me." He had someone else repeat them. The student did it but had a hard time. They were listed in the book: Carbon, Hydrogen, Oxygen, Nitrogen, Sulphur, etc. By memorizing them, I was sure to answer that question (if it was one in the test.) Mr. Knudson said, "But you can't memorize both books." "No, but I can memorize the most important parts." (And I did.)

I did my studying early mornings, when my mind was clear and rested. I had no trouble with the rest of it. What I disliked the most was the shaving of the face. I always had used a straight-edged razor on myself. But to shave others, I did not like. Therefore, I never did get good at it. One of the requirements of the test. You had to cut a head of hair and do a shave on the same person in 40 minutes (with the board watching you) in a strange shop. You had to wash your hands, sterilize your equipment before you started. (More on this later)

Ilene and John O'Rullian were still living in Salt Lake. They said I should bring Vada and the kids up here. She had talked to "Gabartis" on 33 South State. She said we could rent an apartment there. Ilene and John had lived there at the time we took the "Czech" dance to "Salt Air."

I had been looking for a used truck. I would need a car of some kind to get to Cedar when I started to work in Taylor's barber shop. I had been home 2 1/2 years, and we were still afoot.

Dad Prince had gone with me to the "Bank of Southern Utah" (Cedar City) to hire the money. I had 2 months to go on my school, was sure I would pass all tests and would start to work about October 1st. The money, \$1,000.00, had already been deposited to my account in the bank. Arrangements had been made for the apartment, but I hadn't seen a good used truck. Vada and I had decided a pickup would be best.

I had checked most of the dealers in Salt Lake. At the "Capitol Chevrolet" (downtown), I found a Dodge pickup. It was clean, had low miles, and good tires. We had a lot of Dodge weapon carriers in the army; were good outfits. Ford, GMC, and Dodge were involved building equipment for Uncle Sam. There weren't all that many pickups available.

This one was a 1945 model. Cost \$1,000.00. So I purchased it, was to

pay the bank \$110.00 a month for 10 months. The dealer called the bank in Cedar City, and I left with a clear title to the truck.

That weekend I headed south. Wilma and her husband were living in Midvale. John Lynch was a diamond driller working in the Bingham Copper Pit. Wilma rode down with me to visit with Mom and Dad. (Wilma Grant Lynch)

One of the students taking the barber course asked me to bring him back some wiener pigs. I told him I would if I could find any. Wilma had told me she would ride in the back of the truck on the return to Salt Lake City.

This was late July. Vada and the kids needed a little vacation. Needed to get out of New Harmony. I had been home from the army for 30 months. The only way we could leave town was to go with someone else. We had been afoot for 4 1/2 years, depending on someone else for transportation. Sure seemed good to have some "wheels," even if it was a truck.

We didn't intend to stay more than a month in Salt Lake. The kids would need to be back to start school. When we started back, we had our bedding, clothes, and linen. Everything else was furnished.

Wilma rode in the back with 2 pigs (in a crate). We stopped quite often. Vada offered to ride in the back. When we reached "Levan," we stopped under the trees north of town, rested, and had lunch. Before leaving there, Vada and Kerry changed places with Wilma, until we reached Midvale.

I was gone for long hours. I'm not sure Vada and the kids enjoyed it up there all that much. After school, I would go out to the barber shop in Sugar House and cut hair. Was making enough to pay the rent on the apartment. One day we had some visitors (out of town) who stayed with us for 2 days. They had 2 children. We tried to be as quiet as possible. Ilene had told us our landlord had a woman living just below us who was a night worker and a day sleeper. After the two days (our visitors had gone), we were told we would have to leave. We had been there about 7-8 days.

I asked Vada if we should look for another place to stay. "If you can get back to the lady you were staying with, you could take us home," she answered. So I checked it out and could get my room back. Next day I moved Vada, Kerry, and Rolaine back to New Harmony. "It's a great country if you don't weaken."

When I moved back to my little room upstairs, I could concentrate on getting through this course and taking the State exam. I really hit the books each morning. I had marked off (as we went through the books the second time in class) possible questions that would be on the examination. All of

these I had memorized.

We were told that we would be given 50 questions on the written test. I had over 200 possible questions memorized along with many others. If they asked questions contained in these two books, I knew I could pass.

The class work was getting less, and some days we had few customers come in. We had one fellow that was always pulling jokes. He had put a "smoke bomb" on several of the guys' cars. Would always come to class the last thing--to keep from getting his car booby trapped. One day the instructor said, "I'll keep him busy, if a couple of you guys want to work over his car."

Well, they got it done. When this guy got in his car and turned on the key, started the motor, first "a loud bang," then smoke came out from under the hood. He got out, lifted up the hood, and removed the bomb. Shook his fist at us watching, started the car, put it in gear, and stepped on the gas. The motor would race, but the car didn't move. The guys had jacked up one hind wheel, put a block under the axle, let it down until one wheel just cleared the ground. The fellow got out of his car, looked all around, got back in, and tried to move it. All the car would do was race. He tried it in every gear; same thing. Finally he noticed the block under the wheel, got out his jack, lifted the car high enough to remove the block, and let the wheel down. Now he could move the car. Boy, was he ever a "mad indian." He liked to pull pranks, but couldn't take one.

I didn't come back down home again until after the course was finished and the State examination was given. We spent the last week brushing up on the books and practicing on each other. No more patrons were allowed to come in the shop until the next group started the course.

We all passed the haircutting and shaving. Most passed the written test. Some didn't and would have to take it over. You could miss 4 questions and still pass. That would give you a 92 score. I had a 98, meaning I missed one question.

Now I thought I got all of them right. They wouldn't let you see the test paper; just told you your score. I asked to see which one I missed. "Why? You passed, didn't you?" "Yes, and I believe I got them all right." They wouldn't tell me or let me see it, so I let the matter drop. I wanted a 100% on that test instead of a 98%. Maybe it was on shaving. I never did completely master the art of that.

I got home a few days before the last of October and hunted deer long enough to get me a "buck." Started in the barber shop the first Tuesday in

November. Monday was a day off. We worked Tuesday through Saturday, except on holidays.

Haircuts were 75 cents, shaves 25 cents, and I didn't want the shaves. Orren Taylor could really shave a person. He got most of the shaves. He raised the price to \$1.25 for a haircut and shave, or 75 cents for a shave and a neck shave.

My take home pay was about \$150.00 a month. I was still getting \$100 a month from the G.I. bill. Was disappointed. I thought I would make more than that. On a good month, like through December, I would make \$200.00.

Orren was getting 35 cents of every dollar I took in. Didn't like that. However, he was paying all shop expenses. I was making just about enough to pay the car payments and expenses to drive to Cedar each day. The other \$100.00 a month, we lived on.

There was a young man going to high school from New Harmony, would ride the school bus. He was playing football and could not ride the bus home. Would come to the shop and ride home with me at times. Now he was a huge kid, 6 foot 3 and weighed 250 lbs. His name, "Don Leo Heaton." His dad was a wrestler, "Don Delong Heaton." Wrestled under the name "Brother Jonathan." His mother was married to Lester Iverson at the time. Brother Jonathan was away from home all the time and neglected his family, therefore the divorce.

As we left the shop to walk where the pickup was parked, I felt like a midget. I was 5'7", weighed 140. It looked like a Mutt and Jeff walking down the street. When Don Leo got in the pickup, that side went down about a foot, and he filled up half of the cab. The truck would go down the road looking like it would tip over.

While I'm on the subject, later on Don Leo started to wrestle. Would go with his dad, took the name "Don Leo Jonathan." Well, he was a much better wrestler than his father. I believe he won the world championship at times.

One time he came back home. Well, he had grown up. Was 6 foot 7 (?), weighed 300 lbs. He stopped his car at Lyle Prince's and got out. I was there. He was on the road, and I was in front of the front gate, a little lower. Was looking right at his belt buckle. What a "mountain" of a man. Was he ever active when in the ring. He was one of the best there was at the game.

Now he was huge, but all muscle and bone, not a ounce of flab. And he

was a handsome man; was considered to play "Tarzan," but never did as I recall. While being interviewed for the "Tarzan" role, he mentioned his ranch in New Harmony. He owned the old Grant home and lot. Maybe I shouldn't say it that way. He could have bought in with "Lester Iverson."

As I recall, we didn't get much snow during the early part of 1948-1949. When it did start, somewhere about the middle of January, it didn't stop for about 6 weeks. I got snowed in. One day the snow plows came in. I followed them back to the 91 Highway. That was the last time I got home for 6 weeks. No vehicle came in or left town.

I slept on the couch in the front room of Glenn's home in Cedar. Walked down to the shop each day. Needless to say, we didn't have much business, but the shop was full most of the time--a place to pass the time.

Cedar City wasn't very big at that time, and there were 6 barber shops all complaining about business. (During the summer months and before holidays was pretty good.) When I had completed my apprenticeship, I asked Orren if I could drive the school bus and work in the shop from 9 to 3 and Saturdays. At this time I wasn't sure I wanted to work full time for another barber. Couldn't make myself think of going into debt to buy a shop for my own use. They were after me to drive the school bus for \$100.00 a month. I wasn't making very much more than that in the shop. My G.I. Bill money ran out.

"What did I do?" I quit the shop and took the bus driver job until I decided whether to take the State exam for a Journeyman's License. September 30, 1949.

I would like to say here that when it quit snowing, about March 1st, we had some 7 feet of snow (deeper in lots of places.) When the road to Harmony was finally opened, you couldn't see a car as it drove out of town.

When they finally broke through using an army tank type vehicle on rubber tracks with a giant V blade on front, they would take a run at the bank, making maybe 10 feet before it stopped. Would back up and take another run at it. Of course, it wouldn't go straight. They used that for several days, until it blowed in enough to stop you. No more using that road. So they went up in the fields and made a road there. This was used until the could open the main road, sometime in April, using huge caterpillars. The banks were then 15-20 feet tall.

That was the coldest and most snow of any year on record in the west. Most all parts of the U.S.A. had more snow than usual that winter.

Livestock died by the thousands. Hay was flown in to some stranded herds.

That was the winter "Wayne Gardner" froze to death. Just a brief account of this tragedy: Wayne was a sheepman, ran his sheep on the Arizona Strip. Livestock men were moving their sheep farther south and lower to get out of the deepest snow. Wayne had heard that his herder had a broken leg and needed help. After telling his wife which way he was going, he started for camp. West to the Grand Wash area (east of Riverside, Arizona), then north. That was the long way in; he knew he couldn't make it out by "Wolf Hole."

When he started to get in snow, he stopped and put on his chains. Finally he came to a forks of the road. There was a sign there.

Have made it off O.K.

Am camped down this road a few miles

And signed by the herder of a sheepman occupying the area next to him on the strip. Here he made his first mistake. Instead of going to that camp for help or at least asking for a horse, he kept on in his truck until he got stuck. Here he made his second mistake. He spent several hours digging and trying to go on farther with the truck. When he couldn't move the vehicle any farther, he set out on foot, leaving his heavy coat in the truck some 8-10 miles away.

When he didn't come back home after several days, his wife hunted some help, and a search party started to look for him. They saw the sign at the forks of the road, could tell by the tracks Wayne had gone on by himself. When they came to the truck, seen the amount of snow that had been shoveled, that Wayne was in trouble. They followed Wayne's tracks until the snow had blotted them out. They knew they couldn't reach his camp that day, so they started back. Checked with the camp of the herder who made it off. No other sheep had come off the mountain.

The next day they made it to the camp. Wayne wasn't there. They brought the herder (he had a broken leg) and the sheep off the high range. Before they reached camp, about a mile away they found his hat. They knew it was Wayne's because it was one of those "Marathon" hats sold by J.C. Penney Co., and Wayne always wore one.

When they got back to St. George, they informed his wife of conditions. "Is this Wayne's hat?" "Yes, it is," she said. Now they knew about where Wayne was, so they went back out. After searching 30 minutes from where

the hat was found, they found Wayne. He had sat down under a big tree to rest, fell asleep, and never woke up. (In sight of his camp.)

On October 3, 1949 "Grandmother Grant" died at the age of 84. After she passed away, "Grandad" just gave up. On October 16, 1949 he died, age 91.

I would go down to the potatoe fields and pick potatoes during the day after I delivered the kids to school. I left my pickup at the school bus garage. Was making more money in the "spuds" than what I was making in the barber shop, 60 to 70 dollars and week. The most money I ever made (took home) was 35 to 40 dollars a week at the shop.

I took odd jobs around Cedar that I could find, kept quite busy during the layover. After the spuds were all in, I would pick turkeys. Could make 4-5 dollars a day at that. Never did miss the barber shop. Kept my apprentice license up just in case I ever decided to go back to barbering.

### "Uncle Floyd Grant"

When Uncle Floyd was 17 years old (year 1912), he ran away from home and joined the navy. Was stationed in "San Francisco." Grandad found out where he was, and he and Grandma went down and got him out. (He had lied about his age, so that wasn't hard to do.)

Uncle Floyd was a modern "Tom Sawyer," was always bribing kids to help him with his work and chores.

Young kids are always hungry, and boys more than girls. To punish Uncle Floyd, he was told he couldn't have anything to eat the rest of the day. What did he do? (No, he didn't steal food.) He would ask his sister Gladys, who was 4 years younger than him, if she would like to play horse. She like to ride on his back (He would walk on his hands and knees.)

After a little while, Uncle Floyd said to Gladys, "You cannot work your horse, unless to feed him." So she went and got him food.

When Uncle Floyd was old enough, he went and joined the Navy. After the war (first world war), he came back home for a short stay. Somewhere about 1920 (he would be 25), he left for England to join the "Merchant Marines." That is the last time Grandfather and Grandmother were to see him.

About the summer of 1950, I was down to Dad's place. Mom said, "Did you know that your Uncle Floyd was here?" "You have to be kidding," I remarked unbelieving. "He is over at Emma's right now." I had been

working for Reed and was gone early and late, didn't know about this. Neither had Vada.

We found out later that he came by bus to the Harmony road and started to walk in. Someone gave him a ride. As they were driving to town, the person said, "You are Floyd Grant, aren't you?" "Yes, and you are Bill Prince." Bill Prince was living in Salt Lake but had been raised in New Harmony. As they went by the old Grant home, Floyd said, "I used to live there, was born there. I don't suppose any Grants live here anymore." Bill said to him, "I will take you up to Dad's place." (George F. Prince)

Now I had been four years old when Uncle Floyd left home. I remember "Grandmother" sitting by the front room window. She did this several times a day. (Mostly she was in good spirits.) Sometimes she would have tears in her eyes. When you would ask her what was the matter, she would say, "I sure wish Floyd would come home." She never gave up hope she would see him again. She died less than one year before he came back. (He had been gone 35 years.)

After spending some time in England, Uncle Floyd started for the States, but he didn't come home. He had suffered from amnesia. He made it to New York City. There he married and had a boy and girl born to him. He was a "photographer" by trade. He would photo weddings and other work.

He became very ill and was put in a hospital. While there, his memory started to come back, and before leaving the hospital, he could remember all his youth. He told Ina (his wife) about who he was and where he was from. He told her he wanted to go back home. She said, "What for? All your folks will either be dead or moved away by now."

Well, they didn't have any money. All they had was paid for his hospital stay. To make a long story short, Ina and the kids left him. "Why didn't he call home, or at least write?" There was enough relatives still in New Harmony to have helped him to get home. Instead, he waited until he earned enough money to come. He would have reached home to see both his mother and father. (Who knows? It may have prolonged their lives.)

It seemed like someone raised from the dead after all those years. I recall one time someone asked a fortune teller--at a circus in Cedar--if Floyd Grant was alive. "Yes," she said, "and he will come home someday."

When I reached home from the Service--January 1946--I asked Vada where she was when they came looking for her when I called from New York. She told me that day she had taken the kids out to spend the night

with her parents.

The day before, our neighbor, Mrs. Dostalek, had said to her, "Sheldon will be home very soon. I saw him in a dream, and he is on his way."

As she passed Phillis Taylor's, Phillis said, "The 80th division has landed in New York. Isn't that the outfit Sheldon is coming home with?" "Yes, it is," Vada answered. Well, she hadn't much more than got out there when she was called to the phone.

I asked her if Riley Adair was home. "Yes, he is." "What is he doing now?" "Mostly herding cattle--that aren't there. Drives them up to the corral north of town and locks them in." "Oh no! I was afraid of that." He really acted like there was something wrong when I saw him in France. He has been to the V.A. Hospital in Salt Lake several times. He must have been through "Hell" while in the service. "What a shame."

I had been home from the service about three years when a knock came on our front door. I went to the door. There was a good-looking fellow standing there with a big grin on his face--No other than my old buddy, Corporal Lee. The last time I had seen him was at "Fort Bliss, Texas."

I couldn't believe my eyes. "How are you, Grant?" was his greeting. Boy, was I ever glad to see him. Well, needless to say, we had a long talk. He was now "County Agent" for Clark County, Nevada (Las Vegas area.) The same old good-natured "Lee." Vada was surprised to see him also. (More on this later.)

I had some good visits with Emil Dostalek over the fence between us. When he found out I had spent some three months in his native country--"Czechoslovakia"--(he was born there), we would talk for hours. We became very good friends. I would cut his hair when Mrs. Dostalek stopped doing it.

The Dostaleks were good neighbors and good people. Never did join the Church. They thought it would be against the church in the old country if they did. There wasn't anything they wouldn't do to help the town and the people living there.

One night we heard a loud voice calling, "Husband!" (that is what Francis called Emil), then a thumping noise. Soon Emil answered her. "Come here quick!" she screamed. Well, she had heard something in the chicken coop, went out to take a look. There was a skunk in there, so she grabbed it by the tail. She would call "Husband!", then bang it against the

wall of the coop. It was only about 6 feet square. Can you imagine how she would smell. Now that smell burns your eyes when you are a long way off. What would it be like at "close range?"

The fall of 1946. Dad moved his deer camp to "Garden Spring"--one mile south of the Grant Ranch. The four older boys, Afton Farr, Sheldon B, George Dallas, Glenn Albert, were all home from the service. Rodney Darrel and J. Richard weren't old enough for duty--both went later on. Dad wanted to establish camp by himself. All six of his sons were there that fall.

Uncle Charlie Cobb and Uncle Bernie Muldoon went with him. Others were Robert Donavon, Virgil Lee, John Mankin, Harold Mankin (son), Bud Mundell, others. Uncle Roy moved his camp to the Clarence Goddard place. Cannon Huntsman went into partnership with him. Uncle Jim Neilson ran a camp at the Grant Ranch, along with Lester Iverson.

There were 36 hunters at the Garden Spring that year. Most all went up to "Paradise" to hunt; the rest hunted in between camp and there.

When everyone was in camp after the first day of hunting, we made a tally of deer killed that first day. "36 Bucks." I believe that was a record. I do not recall it ever happening before or since.

For all intents and purposes, the hunt was over. Now the work began. All those deer had to be packed off the mountain.

Bob Donavon and Harold Mankin were back from the Service also. They couldn't believe the shooting that went on for the first 2-3 hours after daylight. Said it sounded like "D-day" during the war.

Deer Season always started on the 20th of October, no matter what day of the week it was. Now it starts on the nearest Saturday to the 20th.

Dad had paid for a permit to run a camp at the Spring. He could not put up any permanent buildings. Was given a long term lease, renewable each year.

We built mangers and stalls to tie up and feed the horses. All hunters, including the boys, had horses to ride. All out-of-state hunters, which numbered 21-25, paid for board and the privilege to hunt there. The rest of us were there as guides and to help "fill the hunters."

We had a large tent, made by Uncle Charlie, for a cook house. It would seat all paid hunters. The rest of us would eat after. Mom did the cooking, with help from us and one hired girl--usually one of the Vandenburg girls.

The water was piped from the spring to a tap in front of the tent. There was also a big metal watering trough, where the horses drank, with a float

to turn the water in or out.

The "cook shack" had a wood and coal range to cook on. There was plenty of oak wood available, but Mom liked to burn some coal.

After that first year at "Garden Spring," Dad had all the hunters he could handle for some 20 years. The Deer Season brought many hunters to New Harmony, was about half of the way some families made money to live. Here is a partial list of camps in and around Harmony in 1946; Bert Grant--"Garden Spring," Jim Neilson--"Grant Ranch," Roy Grant--Goddard Ranch, Frank Kelsey--Bekins property, Reed Prisbrey, Verl Kelsey, Lyle Prince, Tom Pearce--"Comanche," Reed Prince--Pine Mountain. Reed Prisbrey and Verl Kelsey had camp at their homes.

"Deer Season" was big business along about this time. Hunters came to Utah by the thousands, and the Harmony area was one of the "hot spots."

Over the years, out-of-state hunters started to come and camp out on their own. The deer were multiplying. The farmers were complaining about them eating crops, etc.. Either-sex permits were issued. Still the deer came into the fields. Special doe permits were issued. Hunters could take two deer. What was going to happen to the "deer herd" if things kept on this way? (More on this later.)

Along in the early 1930's, "Ira Dern" came to the Grant camp to hunt deer. "Who was Ira Dern?" A professional wrestler from Salt Lake City. He would come down to Cedar to wrestle during special holidays--Fourth of July, Labor Day, etc.--was one of the top in the world. Weighed 190-200 lbs. Not a large man as heavyweights go. Nonetheless, there were few who could beat him.

I recall going to Cedar to see him wrestle. In those days, it was all business--not put-on, like now. Ira had a hold called the "airplane spin," and it was legal to use. He could pick up a 250 lb. man with ease. All wrestlers feared this hold and would try to keep from falling victim to it.

To use your fists, as they do now, was illegal. Ira would grab his opponent by the hand; with his other hand, he would grab the leg at the crotch, swing the man onto his shoulders, spin around one way, back the other, and drop him on the mat "and land on top of him." You could almost hear the ribs "crack." Well, needless to say, no one came back after that fall.

I was wrangling horses at the deer camp in those days. I remember Floyd Dern (brother) who came here with "Ira". He was more or less Ira's manager. Would help herd the horses in each morning. Horses were pastured out in the meadow at the "Grant Goddard Ranch."

I was riding alongside Floyd this morning. He reached out and grabbed me around the head. Man, I thought a bear had a hold of me. Now he weighed 235--I weighed 130. "My head still hurts."

Going up the trail one morning, we killed a deer close to the trail, about two miles from camp. Cleaned it and hung it up, would haul it into camp on the way back in. We were on the way back and had reached the point on the trail at the top of the mountain--some five miles back to camp, all downhill. Ira said, "I will walk in. I'm in training and need the work." Handing the rope on his horse to Uncle Roy, he started down the trail on a run.

When we reached the place where the deer hung (150-160 lbs.), Uncle Roy said, "Let's put that deer on Ira's horse." The deer was gone. Fresh footprints were there. Dad spoke up, "Ira has taken that deer in." Now a 160 lb. deer was nothing for him to carry. Those who saw Ira with the deer over his shoulders remarked, "He was on a jog trot."

Some of the men in Harmony went to see the match for the world championship (in Salt Lake) between Ed "Strangler" Lewis and Ira Dern. Now Ed Lewis had a hold feared as much as the "airplane spin." He didn't try to actually strangle a person. His headlock was such as you felt like he was strangling you.

Now Ira Dern was some 30-40 lbs. lighter than Ed Lewis. He had very little neck; it looked like his head was built on the shoulders. What little neck he had was all muscle and bone.

This match was two out of three falls--no time limit. The first to pin both shoulders and one hip to the mat won the fall. Now that hold that Ed Lewis had was a bone crusher. If he got that one on you, the fall was as good as over. The airplane that Dern used was "lights out." Who was going to win? They had wrestled before with each other but never for the "World Championship."

I remember Ashby Pace and Uncle Albert Mathis telling about seeing the bout (match.) Well, Ed Lewis won the first "fall," and it looked like he was going to win the second. Then he got careless and fell victim to the "airplane spin."

Uncle Albert said, "I have never seen a person as quick as Dern." They had been parted by the referee. He motioned for them to start over. This was done by each putting their hands around the other's neck. Almost too quick for the eye to see, "Strangler Lewis" was taking an "airplane ride." The match was over, and Ira Dern was the "Champion of the World."

Not long after Ira Dern came to hunt, we had other "celebrities" come here to hunt deer. Some of the "St. Louis" Cardinal's professional baseball team were here--last part of the season. They had won the world championship that year. Had been in Northern Utah hunting. Hadn't had much luck. About six of them came to Southern Utah. Ended up at the Roy and Bert Grant camp.

Well, they got their "bucks," raved about the hunting and hospitality they received, vowed to come back another time--never did. I personally hunted with some of them. I have never forgotten. "What a thrill for a young man." Have been a baseball fan ever since.

My brother, Glenn, was married February 1941 to Beulah Petty. At deer season that fall, Beulah was expecting. Glenn was hunting with "Douglas Graham"--oil man from Bakersfield, California.

Here's a little story about "Doug." He had come to hunt the year before. Glenn, Joe Adair, Afton, and others would guide his party. After they filled up (all got deer), he handed them a 100 dollar bill. Said, "Split this up between you."

Now \$100.00 in 1940 was about two months pay--if you could work steady. Before they cashed it, they had a lot of fun with it. In those days you seldom saw a 50 dollar bill, much less a \$100.00. Soon after deer season, a group of guys from town were in "Harry's" cafe in Cedar. They ordered a round of beer and laid that \$100.00 on the counter. The waitress picked it up, went to the cash register, and brought change back for ten dollars.

Joe Adair spoke up, "That bill was 100 dollars." The girl said, "Who are you kidding? That was a ten." "You better take another look at it," someone volunteered. The girl came back with the 100. "I can't change that," she got out, red in the face. She picked up the change she had given them. "Well, that is all the money we have," somebody jokingly replied, "I guess the drinks are free," and ordered another round. The girl quickly remarked, "No more drinks until you pay for the others."

The amount would be about \$1.00. That is the amount the girl would get for her whole evening's work, unless she got a tip. After much teasing her, the guys laid two one-dollar bills on the counter and left. For about a week, they had fun with that bill. After cashing it, they each had \$20.00.

I remember the first time Doug Graham and Dick Mitchell came to the Grant Ranch. They were dressed in their "Sunday best." Came into the old ranch house to change their clothes. They hung their shirts and pants up but left their oxfords by the fireplace. The shoes were there until they changed their clothes to leave.

Dick Mitchell got dressed before putting on his oxfords. He put his socks on, then reached in the toe of the shoe and pulled out a roll of bills that would choke an ox. Now those shoes stayed by the fireplace for 3-4 days. Well, I suppose that was as safe a place as any.

When Doug found out Gladys was expecting, he said, "If you name that boy after me, I will give you \$100.00." Well, when the baby was born, it was a "girl." Glenn and Beulah named her Marilyn Douglas.

Glenn wrote to Doug and told him Marilyn Douglas was born. Doug sent her a \$100.00 bill.

The fall of about 1934. I would be about 18 at the time. We all decided to drive to the "big pine knoll." It was deer season, and most all of the hunters were gone. The pine knoll was west of Big Water, on the north side of Pinevalley mountain, some 10 miles south of "Garden Spring."

About 20 hunters left the Grant deer camp to make the drive. I was with Uncle Roy. We were going around the east side of the knoll. I came to a rocky slope. Instead of leading the horse down, I attempted to ride him. Well, the horse got his hoof caught between two rocks and fell--headfirst--throwing me off. I went one way, my rifle another. The horse didn't fall on me, and I wasn't hurt. As the horse landed on his head, his neck was kinked.

Uncle Roy saw this happen and was soon there. "Will we have to shoot the horse?" I asked in a shaky voice. "He is hurt pretty bad," Uncle remarked.

Now this was a "hired" horse. "What would Dad say?" We removed the saddle and bridle; after a while, the horse got up. "Maybe he will be alright," Uncle volunteered.

By now the ground was level. We were about 200 yards from the "big water pond." "Let's see if we can get him down there," Uncle Roy remarked. The horse was pretty shaky, and his head hung off to one side. After about two hours, we had moved the horse a hundred yards--plenty of feed here. "About all we can do is leave him," Uncle said. We had ruled out shooting him.

"What was Dad going to say?" I was really worried about that. When Dad heard about it, all he said was, "Thank providence Sheldon wasn't hurt."

To make a long story short, the horse kept getting worse instead of better, and after about three days, Dad asked one of the hunters to put him out of his misery. Every time I think of that, I can still hear the "Shot!"

Dad had to pay the owner for the horse. He never did say anything to me about it. Dad often rebuked me at times, but this wasn't one of them. This I will never forget. "And it was a dumb thing to do."

The first time I ever saw Jimmy Hoyle was the summer of 1947. James Hoyle Jr. was selling home and car insurance for "State Farm." He came here the 5th of July selling insurance. They were still celebrating the 4th, were having sports on the street north of the church.

The store (that is the Post Office now) was on the corner where Bevan Iverson has his home at this time. William Graff ran the store, also one in Kanarraville.

Jim Hoyle was a long legged, medium height fellow in his middle twenties. He watched the foot races for some time. Most of the men were matching races and betting some also. Someone asked Jim if he would run if matched. At fist he didn't offer. But as the afternoon wore on, he reluctantly agreed. "Do you want a pair of spikes?" someone volunteered. "What are they?" Jim answered. "Running shoes."

He declined. "No, I'll just run in my shoes." (He was wearing oxfords.) Well, he was matched with a medium fast fellow from Harmony. They were to run 60 yards. Jim won with about five feet.

Now Rulon from Harmony and Cecil Parker from K-town were still matching races. Now Cecil had brought some pretty fast men here with him and had beaten the best we had in town.

After Jim Hoyle had been matched again with a fast guy from Kanarra, I think it was Clayton Williams, the betting picked up. Jim still refused the spikes, but took off his shoes. This race was 75 yards. Jim won by four or

five feet. He had a long loping stride that was beautiful to see, and you could tell he was a foot racer.

Rulon said, "I have \$10 here that says Jim Hoyle can beat anybody in this crowd, including the fastest man here from Kanarra." Well, that fastest man was J.F. Williams, and everybody from both towns knew it. J.F. hadn't run that day. Jim had already run two races. Rulon said, "Can you beat him, Jim?" "Well, I will sure try," Jim answered with a grin. The race was matched for 100 yards. The backers of J.F. were taking every bet they could get--why not? He was one of the fastest men in this end of the state.

When it was time for the race to begin, Jim said, "I will take those spikes now." As he put them on, you could tell he had done so many times before. Jim jogged around to loosen up. The smart money was on him. The K-town guys were not so anxious to wager now.

The race was to be run 100 yards, with a starter, no less. There were a false start or two. "They're off!" The race was close for about 60 yards; then you could tell J.F. didn't have a chance. Jim won by 10-12 feet.

I don't recall if "Keith Neilson" was there or not, but if he was, he saw someone who could run 100 yards in "less than 10 seconds."

The Harmony crowd were sure happy. It had been a long time since anyone had beaten J.F. Williams here in New Harmony.

J.F. Williams had married Ila Taylor and lived here for several years. But they had moved back to Kanarra at the time of this race. Anyway, he was born and raised in K-town. (Enough said.)

### Fishing Trip to Navajo Lake

The summer of 1946. Dean, Sylva, Vada, and I took our kids fishing. The kids were Berdean, Reldon, Kerry, and Rolaine. We left late afternoon and camped out. Didn't fish that evening.

At daylight the next morning, Dean said, "Anyone want to go fishing?" No takers. He and I went. We started across the lake. Dean was trolling with a silver and bronze "pop gear" (string of spoons and beads) with a hook and bait (worm). I was fishing with a spinner. Dean hooked a fish, cut the motor, and I pulled in my line. The fish he caught was a "brook trout" about 16 inches long. After putting the fish on a "swivel chain," we started the motor. Dean remarked, "Looks like they are hitting the pop gear. Do you have one?" "I have a plain bronze one," I replied. "I don't have another two-tone one. Why don't you try that one?" Dean volunteered.

Before I could get "rigged up" and get my line in the water, Dean had

caught another fish, a rainbow, about 14 inches. After Dean had caught the third one, I caught one. We both had one at the same time. "Looks like we are going to catch them." Putting his knee against the steering lever, Dean didn't even cut the motor. He let the boat travel in a circle. From then on, either one or both of us had a fish on as fast as we could take one off and get our line out again. We had been gone for less than one hour, and both had our limit--20 fish. We were allowed 10 each.

When we got back to camp, nobody up. No one wanted to go fishing. So Dean remarked, "Let's go back and fish for the wives." So we went back out. By 9:00, we had 40 fish, from one foot to 18 inches long.

After eating breakfast, we decided to take the kids out. They were allowed five each but didn't need a license because all were under 12 years old. Can you believe nobody wanted to go out with us. "What did we do?" Dean and I went back out and caught the other 20 we were allowed and were back by 11 a.m..

Opening day next year, we were back up to fish. This time Reed and family were with us. "What did we catch?" Reed caught one fish. No one else caught any. "Can you believe that." Well, Navajo Lake was like that--either "feast or famine." However, we went down to "Yankee Meadow" (Parowan canyon) and caught fish. Not a limit for everyone, but all we could eat and some to take home.

By the way, Laura cooked the fish with the head on. They looked bigger that way; but they also looked at "you."

The fall of 1950, I worked in the potatoes on the Perry farm in Cedar Valley. (That farm now is the Cedar West Stake welfare farm.) I was still driving the school bus and would go down there during my layover--10 a.m. to 2:30 p.m.. I could make \$10.00 to \$12.00 each day.

By now I had a reputation as a potato picker, had no trouble getting work and could come and go at my pleasure. And to keep that reputation, I was honest in my sack tally, always gave 60-65 lbs. per half sack and called it 50 lbs., would work steady and never sit down to rest or goof off.

Uncle Floyd Grant worked in the potatoes that fall. He would be 55 years old and as far as I knew never had picked up "spuds" before--at least not on a big scale. He called us "whiz kids." He would work steady at it. Now picking potatoes is a hard job, and some get good at it--not all do. I was 34 at this time.

I worked that fall for a month. Weekends I would work from daylight until

dark and could make up to \$25.00 a day. That fall I made about \$250.00 picking up potatoes. You guessed it, that was enough money to get us through the winter. (I hadn't yet been sorry I quit the barber shop.)

After school was out the spring of 1951, was to be the last time I would be driving the school bus on a yearly basis. I did drive some, a few days at a time, over the years.

While driving the school bus over several years, I had the privilege of taking the "Cedar High School Band" to Las Vegas to march in the "Helldorado" Parade. A.B. Larson was the band instructor. Of all the county drivers, he chose me to take the band on these two occasions. (Of course, the bus I was driving was also the biggest bus--76 passenger.)

We would leave Cedar about daylight, around the last of May, would get to Vegas in time to eat lunch. As I recall, this was an early evening parade, to usher in the "Helldorado" celebration. People came from all over the west to take in this event. At that time, Las Vegas was about 100,000 population. 200,000 people plus were there.

After band practice--on "Cashman Field," next to the rodeo grounds--Mr. Larson asked me if I would drive the bus to take the kids to the "Frontier Village." Then the Village was completely out of town--two miles more or less. When we reached there, Mr. Larson would get off the bus first and hand each kid some spending money. "Everyone be back to this bus in one hour," he told them.

This place was a large complex. Fifty, more or less, kids would be a problem to keep track of. If they were not back to the bus at the appointed time, we would miss the parade. Now the kids wanted to be in that parade; they had won honors all over the west. Had taken first place in the band competition here before. They wanted to win again.

By now, I was getting a little tired of driving and waiting, wanted a few minutes by myself. I walked around the outside area for a while, then went in where the gambling was going on. The dice table attracted me. Now I was a spectator--not a gambler. I noticed this one man put a bill down to get chips; this bill was stuffed in a hole on the crap table. After he had lost the chips, he would cash another. I watched him lose eight bills, was wondering how big they were, so I walked closer. As he put the ninth down, I could see it was \$100. Well, he soon lost that one and put down the tenth one. \$1,000.00? That was almost as much as I made in a year--I sure hoped he could afford it.

The kids were all back to the bus before it was time to leave, and we were at our appointed area on time. After parking the bus, I asked Mr. Larson if he would need to move the bus. "We will be right here, and the kids will come here after the parade," he remarked.

I was through until loading time, so I walked around. This was a "gala" affair. The parade route was from west to east on Fremont Street. The bus was parked some five blocks from where the parade would end.

When the "Cedar High School Band" came down the street, they sure got a "standing ovation." I turned to Mr. Larson. "They are sure doing good," I remarked. "They are going to win it again." "I sure hope so," A.B. returned. "I could see some flaws, but they are good, aren't they."

Mr. Larson and I meandered down the street and were at the place where the parade was to end. When the band reached that area, cheers went up. The kids knew they did well. When they saw A.B., they came on a run. "Did we make it?" was the excited chorus. Mr. Larson said, "I don't know. You were good. No doubt about that. You watch the rest of the parade. We will meet back at the bus when the parade ends. I will go to the judge's stand and find out how we did."

We were all waiting at the bus when Mr. Larson came back--one hour later. "We did it!" was his greeting. "First place." The kids were laughing and hugging one another. "What would you like to do," A.B. volunteered, "after you change clothes and load your instruments?" "Could we stay and see the rodeo?" they asked all at one time. "Ask the driver," Mr. Larson remarked. "Could we, Mr. Grant?" I looked at the happy faces and said, "Why not."

While the band were loading their gear, Mr. Larson volunteered, "Sheldon, you will be driving all the way back to Cedar after the rodeo. Can you do it?" "I will be fine. I won't go to the rodeo. Maybe I can get some sleep on the bus during that time."

When the instruments were loaded (in the back of the bus), I pulled into a service station. While we checked the bus and filled it with gas, the kids changed their uniforms. By now it was almost dark; the rodeo was to start in about one hour. We loaded on the bus and drove to "Cashman Field"--northwest end of Las Vegas. I parked the bus, so all I had to do was pull forward and be on our way. Mr. Larson said, "I will make arrangements for the tickets. Will meet you at the entrance to the grounds in 30 minutes. Be there. After the rodeo is over, meet back at the bus immediately. We have a four hour drive back to Cedar, and you all will be going to school in the

morning."

I walked over to a hotdog stand. Bought a sandwich and a drink. After eating, I made myself as comfortable as possible and did get a couple of hours sleep. However, it was a noisy place.

We left the grounds about 11:30 and started for home. When we reached "Mesquite," we stopped to rest. The kids were quiet on that stretch of road. Before unloading, (we had stopped at an all-night cafe) Mr. Larson said, "I'm giving you each 50 cents for treats. Mr. Grant and I are having a meal. You kids can sleep. Mr. Grant has to drive, and I need to see he stays awake.

A.B. got off the bus and handed each one his 50 cents. How many times had he done this? Mr. Larson had a money box. He would have had to have \$500.00 plus in 50 cent pieces and small bills. The kids had earned part of the money for this trip; the rest was donated. I have never been around a better bunch of young people. Never a complaint. They had been taught well. And they "worshipped" A.B. Larson. "Why not." I was very fond of him myself.

A.B. told me one time that after they had won the first time, he had offers to teach all over the Las Vegas area and other places. He never did take one. Stayed at Cedar High until he retired. He had a farm near Beryl, Utah and moved out there to live.

I recall as we were coming up over the Black Ridge it was getting daylight. We had been gone 24 hours, but I wasn't through yet. After reaching Cedar City and unloading at the high school, I headed to New Harmony to get my regular load--kids of all grades from Harmony and Kanarra. After dropping kids off at all schools in Cedar City, I took my bus to the "Bus Garage," parked it, and tried to get a little sleep before starting to pick up my load again at 3:30 p.m.. Thirty-six hours--what a long day (or day and night.)

About August of 1951, I got a phone call from my brother, Glenn, who lived in Cedar. "How would you like to drive truck for Utah Construction?" was his greeting. "Sounds great," I remarked. "I'm working swing shift--4 p.m. to 12 midnight. Come out to the Iron Springs job, and I will let you ride with me," Glenn volunteered, "and you could drive the truck."

I went out and spent half a shift and drove that big truck. The wheels were higher than my head; you needed a ladder to reach the cab--four or five steps up. The truck weighed 35 ton and would haul another 35 ton--70

ton altogether. This was a six-wheel truck. They had ten-wheel trucks at Iron Mountain that weighed 50 ton and hauled another 50 ton.

After spending some three days out there, Glenn said, "Be out to the Iron Springs office at 8 a.m. tomorrow. Hit Chris Mason (he was the Superintendent) up for a job." They needed men. I was there before 8:00. As I drove up, Mr. Mason was coming out of the office. I asked, "Are you Mr. Mason?" He just nodded. "I understand you need truck drivers, and I would like to work for you." "Have you had experience driving these big trucks?" "Yes, I have..." I started to say that Glenn had let me drive, but he cut me off. "Go up to the office and pick up a slip (to try out); then go up to the pit where they are hauling overburden. Hunter Nelson is the truck foreman. He will check you out."

Now Chris Mason had a reputation as a tough nut. I had asked him for a job on the bulldozer before, and he let me know in no uncertain terms "that they were not running a school out here."

I gave the slip of paper to Hunter. He took me over to a smaller truck--20 ton and 20 ton load. I had never driven one of those. They were all "Uclids" (name of truck). After putting me behind the wheel, Mr. Nelson got in the other side. (I thought he would drive some first.) I started the truck and asked, "Where to?" Pointing over to a huge shovel, he said, "To that P&H. Watch how the drivers back in." We parked and watched for a truck or two. "Okay, your turn." I backed in. I was watching the tracks of the other trucks. It took four scoops of the shovel to load 20 tons on you.

After spending an hour, Mr. Nelson wrote "yes" on the bottom of the slip. "Take this back to the office." As I was climbing the steps to get to the second floor of the building, I came face to face with Mr. Chris Mason. I handed him the slip. He turned around, and I followed him to the office. Handing the slip to the clerk, he said, "Mr. Grant is going to drive for us." Turning to me, he remarked, "Can you start tomorrow on swing shift?" "Yes I can."

That is how I got a driving job for Utah Construction, September 1, 1951--pay \$12.80 a day 6 days a week, time and a half for overtime and Saturday: \$81.20 a week. That was double what I could make in the barber shop. (As I said before, I never did miss the barber shop.)

Now working for "Utah Construction" and "Columbia Steel" were the most sought-after jobs in the area. Truck drivers were making about \$350.00 a month. The building trade--carpenters, etc.--were making more money; but they couldn't work steady. This was a year-round job. "Come

rain or come shine."

The truck was number 196. No door on the driver's side and no window on the other side. No power steering either. The truck Glenn was driving was a 7LD (model), had both doors and windows and power steering. The cab was wide, and part of the motor extended into the cab between the seats. However, it was warm in the truck. As none of the trucks had heaters, this was an item.

Glenn was the oldest driver (in seniority) and could drive any of the trucks on the job--he had first pick. He said, "These 7LD's are the most comfortable, especially in the winter." "How about those new trucks?"-- They had three of them. Those trucks were 30 ton with a 30 ton payload. Glenn remarked, "They are faster, but they jump around like a jack rabbit and beat you to death."

On the ore haul to the crusher, they could make three trips to the LD's two. They used about five trucks on the ore haul, and the other five were hauling overburden. One shovel to load the ore and two shovels to load the waste. You went to the shovel that had no trucks waiting to be loaded.

Glenn volunteered, "You are the youngest driver and will have to work your way up the ladder." There were 10 drivers at the "Iron Springs" job, 10 drivers at the "Desert Mound" job, and five at the "Iron Mountain" job. "You will stay here mainly, but you will be number 25 in seniority. You should be in one of the better trucks by the time winter sets in. They will be hiring more drivers at all jobs very soon. Some have left to teach school."

I had to join the Teamsters Union; that cost four dollars a month. They--the union--were trying to improve the working conditions: doors and windows on the trucks and "heaters." Glenn added, "That probably won't be done for at least a year."

When winter came, I was still driving old 196, and it was sure cold. Glenn had been made truck foreman on the swing shift, and the driver who started two weeks before me transferred to the "operating engineers" and was loading ore cars. They had hired two more drivers. I was #23 on the list now. Glenn said, "I have a driver going on vacation, and you are to drive his truck while he is gone. It's a 7LD." "What will the other drivers say about it?" I remarked. "None of the drivers on this shift wants to give up the truck they are now driving. They are afraid they will not get their truck back." So for a week, I had a warm, comfortable truck to drive. Wow! "What a difference." When this driver came back, others went. I finally got to drive one of the "jack rabbits." I could tell what Glenn meant. However,

they were better than old 196.

We had six paid holidays, and the first day of "Deer Season" was one of them. So I got to hunt for the first two days and get paid for it also (first day), but at regular pay, not time and a half.

For about a year, Utah Construction had been building a plant at "Desert Mound." This had opened up, and there were some 30 truck drivers working there now, and more had been hired at Iron Springs. However, none of the older drivers were quitting or changing jobs. There were 45 drivers on all jobs at this time, and I was still #23. The oldest drivers were at "Iron Mountain" at what was called the "blowout." "Colorado Fuel and Iron," based in Pueblo, Colorado, came here the year of 1946, and Utah Construction was contracted to mine the ore.

That was the same area I helped drill in 1942 when I worked for "Sullivan Machinery." My brother, Glenn, had been driving ore truck for "Columbia Steel," who had a mine close to this area. When Utah Construction came and started to work and hired drivers, Glenn went to work for them. There were only two drivers with more time than him: "Marlin Bouy," who came here with the company, and "Hunter Nelson." (Marlin Bouy was servicing trucks at Iron Mountain.)

Before Christmas--I had been working for some three months--Glenn said to me, "You will be driving #445 on a permanent basis." "How can that be?" I remarked. "There are older drivers than me." "I have talked to Hunter Nelson about it, and we have decided to have you drive the truck." #445 was a 7LD. You bet I didn't argue the point. The nights were sure getting cold. Anyway, Glenn said, "There is only one driver with more time than you on this shift. He has told us he would rather drive one of the jack rabbits." (They were newer and faster.) I felt better about it after hearing this.

We had been thinking about buying a new car. The old pickup, it was seven years old and had a lot of miles on it. The new 1952 "Chevrolets" were to be here about the first week in January. We decided to wait and see them before buying.

The day they were to be shown, we were there. I recall Sherwin Bradshaw (brother He said to me, "Are you going to buy a new car?" "We are thinking about it." "Well, look around, and if you see one you like, let me know."

We had already been to the bank and made arrangements for a loan. We

also had some \$1500.00 in an account there. At this time, the bank was still "Bank of Southern Utah"--where First Security is now.

After looking at cars, we decided on a green four-door Deluxe Sedan. (Spring green) They had other colors, but we liked this one best. Sherwin came by: "Well, have you decided on one?" "Yes, we will take that green four-door Sedan. How much is it?" I asked. "It is \$1900," Sherwin volunteered, "but it is already sold. Wouldn't you take another color?" "No, that is the only one we like," I declared. "But I have already promised that one," Sherwin muttered. "Well, maybe we will go look at a Ford or Dodge," I returned. "Now wait a minute," Sherwin hastily exclaimed, "let me go talk to the fellow." In about five minutes, he was back. "The fellow told me he would wait until the next shipment came in." We bought the car but kept the old pickup.

"How much do you want to pay down?" Sherwin muttered, "We can finance most of it." "We will pay you cash," I concluded. I could see he didn't like that. Anyway, after taxes, license, etc., it came to just under \$2,000.00. The bank had told us to make out a check for the total amount, then come back in and they would figure payments. After making a substantial down-payment, we had 18 payments of \$81.90 a month. That is about the same as I was taking home each week.

Now we had some wheels that were dependable, and no one had a chance to wear it out before we bought it. It was the first new car we had owned. With a good job that looked like it would last, we were sitting on top of the world.

The deer were coming into the fields in herds. To help the problem the Fish and Game said they would furnish the wire and get free permits for post if property owners would build a deer-tight fence on the north, west, and south of town. The fence was started about 1950 [1958?] and finished in some two years.

There was a fence that would keep the deer back from Reed Prisbrey's (now owned by John McDonald) all the way west to Lawson Hill, around the north side of Lawson to just east of the big pine tree, then north to the lane west of New Harmony, then west to Comanche dam, then north to where Jim Worthen's house is now, then west to the forest line, then north to the east-west boundary of the forest, then east to the North Mountain road.

Men involved to build the fence around their property were: starting with

James I. Prince on the northeast side--going west, Reed Prince (he had the longest span), Frank Kelsey, Schmutz Bro.s (Andrew, Eldon, Donald), Ashby Pace, Alex Pace, Lorenzo Prince, Ether Wood, Edmund Grant, Leroy Grant, Ashby Pace (second parcel), Thomas Pearce, Lester Iverson--on the southeast end.

This kept the deer back pretty good. Property owners were to keep the fence in repair around their property. For many years, this was done. Then the fence started to fall down, some of the property changed hands. New owners didn't feel obligated to repair the fence. (To this writing, very little of the fence is deer-tight.)

About the year 1965, property owners started to complain about the deer to the Fish and Game. The Fish and Game came down at night and slaughtered the deer in the fields by the hundreds. Some of the meat was salvaged and sold to the poor--not any to the New Harmony residents however. Deer that couldn't be found just went off and died. A few of the property owners just shot the deer and let them lie where they fell--not many did this however.

Now the "deer," to me, were not placed here to slaughter and were here long before the "white man" came. When the Indians had this land, they managed the deer herd properly and had plenty of meat to sustain them. Now the deer were getting fewer and fewer. I would like to say here at this time, if it hadn't been for the deer herd, I would have been hungry many, many times, and a good share of the residents of this town would also. The deer had roamed these mountains and crossed back and forth across this valley for hundreds of years. All of a sudden, the "white men" said, "Move back. We are taking over this land." All due respect to property owners--not enough was done to protect the deer, and too much was done to kill them off. Killing them is the last resort, not the first. There were very few people in this valley who didn't gain more from the "deer" than they lost by what the deer ate and destroyed. During the years of the "Great Depression"--late nineteen twenties to early nineteen forties--the deer were a lifesaver to many families.

This town was settled in the year 1862. As far as I can find out, until the year 1900 and later, there was no season on the deer. People could kill a deer whenever they needed it--and the herd grew. By the time I was born, the Fish and Game controlled the land.

May I say here, at first they managed the herd well, and it got larger and larger. Then "mismanagement" took over, and with the help of discontented

property owners (and other factors), the herd seemed "doomed to destruction." Many "sportsmen" could see this coming but could do little about it. Then a "petition was circulated" to appeal to the Fish and Game to spare the herd. A copy of this petition with many hundreds of signatures was presented to the Game department. Also one was sent to the State "Legislature." The area was closed to hunting for three years. The herd started to increase once more. (Maybe enough has been said.)

On June 20, 1952, a beautiful baby girl was born to the Sheldon Grants. We named her Velda, using part of both our names. This was to be our last child. Vada had trouble with childbearing. Her doctor told her that she owed her life to the family she already had and would advise us to have no more children.

Soon after I had brought them home from the hospital, Vada's mother came up to our place. "Who does the baby look like?" I remarked to her. "Mr. Dostalek," she said laughing. Boy, that sure took the wind out of our sail.

The fall of 1952. The second weekend of "Deer Season," I was at the Garden Spring camp. I said, "Does anyone want to ride up on Paradise to do some hunting?" Uncle Bernie Muldoon was the only one wanting to go. Other hunters had gone out earlier with Dad and "Uncle Charlie."

We got our rifles and left in my pickup. As we were going up the mountain, Uncle Bernie remarked, "We don't want to shoot any deer unless he is a big one." It was about 10 a.m. when we reached Pinto Spring. "Maybe we should go a few miles further up before we stop to hunt," I volunteered. When we reached the area straight south and on top of the mountain from the Clarence Goddard place, we parked the truck off the road. We could see some hunters on the ridge north of us. Uncle Bernie said to me, "I will walk around here and watch that hillside. Those hunters may scare some deer toward me." "I will go over the ridge to the south," I returned.

On the south side was some thick mahogany trees. I moseyed through them and came to an open flat. By then, I was maybe 200 yards from the pickup. I crossed the flat on the west side and started up the hillside. I hunted around for about an hour. Hadn't seen a thing, so I started back toward the truck. As I came to that open flat, I shouldered my rifle. In the middle of that flat was a small group of oak. Covered an area about 10-12

feet square.

I had no idea a deer was in there. As I was passing the oaks, a huge "buck" jumped out. I don't know who was the most startled, me or the "deer." I quickly got the gun in both hands and eased off the safety. I was on one side of the oaks, the buck on the other.

I tried to get a bead on him; he was maybe 50 feet away. He moved enough that I could see his front parts. I put the gun to my shoulder, took aim, and squeezed the trigger. The deer jumped, then started off. I could tell he was hit--how bad, I didn't know. He only had to go about 25 yards, and he was in the mahogany.

Now I knew that hunters were close. I didn't want them to see the deer and start shooting at it, so I ran around the ridge above the pickup to see if I could head him off. As I got over the top, I could hear voices and horses. No shooting--they hadn't seen the deer. I couldn't see him either. I slowly moved forward and came face to face with him, about 20 feet away. He was standing there looking at me. I shot him in the neck. As he went down, I couldn't believe the size of him. He only had four points on each side, but they were wide and high. A beautiful buck and over 200 lbs..

I cleaned him--field dressed. As I stood up, I could see the pickup about 75 yards downhill. I hadn't seen Uncle Bernie nor did I hear him shoot. I started toward the truck; before I reached there, Uncle Bernie showed up.

"What did you shoot at?" was his greeting. "A buck fawn," I answered. "You didn't!" "Well, we needed some camp meat, didn't we?" "Well, I guess so," Uncle muttered.

We sat down and talked for about 30 minutes. I could see the deer from where we were. "Have you had all the hunting you want?" I remarked. "Where is the one you shot?" Uncle Bernie asked, not answering my question. "Just up the hill," I said pointing, "in those trees." "Will you need help to get it?" "You might as well come up with me," I told him. Taking our rifles with us, we headed up the hill.

As we reached the "buck," Uncle Bernie exclaimed, "He sure is a beauty." "If you help me get him to the truck, you can have him," I volunteered. It was all downhill; we grabbed him by the horns and started toward the pickup. It was about all the two of us could do to drag him into the truck. And his horns were two feet above the truck bed. I would like to say here, he weighed 218 lbs. and had a 31 inch spread. A typical head of horns: smooth, heavy, even, and big, with eye guards about four inches long.

As we were coming down the road, close to the Pinto Spring we came upon Reed Prince on his "cat." He had been doing some work for the Forest Service. We had noticed his tracks on top of ours but hadn't heard him. We stopped and chatted for awhile. Reed noticed the deer. "What a rack of horns!" he declared. "Did you get him today?" "About three hours ago," I told him.

When we got back to camp, most of the other hunters were in. They helped us to hang him up. Uncle Bernie had already put his tag on him. He was by far the biggest deer in camp. "Who killed him?" someone asked. "Bernie Muldoon," I hastily said.

About this same year, I was made President of the Eighth Quorum of Elders of the stake, which comprised New Harmony and Kanarra wards and a counselor, Leonard Davis, in K-Town and James I. Prince, counselor, in New Harmony. This was a rewarding experience. Leonard took charge of the Kanarra group. I had to meet with each one of the Elders (about 40) at least once a year--personal interview.

Jim was a lot of help to me, and I grew to know him well during our 3-4 years at this position. We would meet as a presidency at least once a month, sometimes at Kanarra. They were both good men to work with. Edna (Jim's wife) told me on many occasions how glad she was that I asked Jim to be in the quorum. "It has been good for him and helped him to become more active in the Church." Jim was a little on the backward side when it came to public service. He was a great fellow and good help when he once set his mind to it. (More on this later.)

November 1952. I had been working for Utah Construction for a little over a year. Had vacation time coming. Vada and I decided to go to Las Vegas and see the sights and stay overnight. We had not driven the new car anywhere except Cedar, St. George, and a few other places close by. Velda would be five months, Rolaine 11, and Kerry 13. The speed limit was 50 miles an hour in those days, the road slow. It took us over four hours to drive to Las Vegas. We stayed in a motel in the south central part of the city. Went to some of the shopping centers and the Frontier Village. When it got dark, we went to a drive-in movie. Had to leave before the movie was over. It was too cold for the baby.

We visited with Kent and Josephine Grant. I don't recall if we visited "Hoover Dam" or not. Anyway, we came back home in the next afternoon.

We felt pretty rich with the new car and all and a good job. We stopped for treats along the way.

The road went north from "Beaver Dam" and up over the Utah Hill by the Shivwits Indian Reservation, then to Santa Clara and to St. George. This was the 91 Highway at the time and has been done away with--when I-15 was completed down the "Virgin River Gorge." Old 91 Highway is still used by stockmen, others.

Soon after this and before Christmas, I was sent to the "Desert Mound" job. I didn't like the idea. I had it pretty good at Iron Springs. Carlyle Bills was the swing shift foreman, and Glenn was the truck foreman. There were other drivers sent to Desert Mound at the same time.

Al Gieger was the superintendent of the job there. Boyd Polsen was the swing shift foreman, Clayton Lewis was the day shift foreman. There was also a graveyard shift (12 midnight to 8 a.m.).

The trucks were all ten-wheelers. I was assigned a truck #530. They had numbers 531, 532, 533. These trucks were brought here when the job started, some five years before. They also had four new trucks. These were "Euclids," with a 400 horsepower "Cummins" V8 diesel motor, with an automatic torque converter transmission, were 50 ton with a 50 ton payload. I started to work on the swing shift. Even though I had enough seniority to bump some of the drivers on the new trucks, I didn't do it. I knew my time would come. There were 24 drivers working there, and I was older than half of them--in years service.

After about two weeks, I took my turn on the graveyard shift. "Ray Stapley" was the truck foreman. When we started the shift, he said to me, "You take #766." Now I was to drive one of the newest trucks on all jobs. What a difference. This truck had a new heater, was about six months old, and all doors and windows intact. Oh! And I might add, cost \$100,000.00. Wow! "Hard to believe, isn't it." This was a "cadillac" of "Euclids." After about an hour, I quit feeling sorry for myself and leaned back and enjoyed the ride. The ten-wheelers were much smoother to ride in.

We hauled overburden on the swing and graveyard shifts. The day shift hauled all the ore. I got to work days after I had been there four weeks--two weeks on each shift. Dick Urie was another truck foreman. Karl Hazel was the shop foreman and worked only days. However, they had at least one mechanic on each of the other shifts.

We would stop at the shop to eat our lunch, where it was warm.

If your truck broke down and it wasn't your fault, you just put in your time while it was repaired--got paid for it too. If you abused the truck and it needed to be repaired, you were given time off without pay--to think about it. Example: I came to work on the day shift, and the truck #766 was in for repair. The driver had two flat tires on one axle, same side. He didn't know it and started to dump with a full load of waste. The tires got hot and burned up. It cost \$2,000.00 to replace them--\$1,000 each. He was lucky that the truck didn't catch on fire. Well, he was given 30 days off to think it over. It took most of one shift to replace the tires. "Bailey Tire Company" of Salt Lake was leasing tires (Firestone) to Utah Construction on all jobs. One tire for the 7LD cost \$1,500, lease or buy. If you leased, Bailey would do all the replacement work.

I drove about two hours that day. "You better believe I watched the tires close." In the six years I worked for Utah Construction, I never had to take time off for that reason. (Brag, brag)

About the first of the year 1953, the men and equipment were moved from "Iron Mountain" to "Comstock" lode, on the east side of the mountain. (They had been on the south.) They had been working one shift, now they were to work three shifts. Total drivers on all jobs now were: 24 at Desert Mound, 24 at Comstock, 12 at Iron Springs. Sixty drivers, and I was #23 on the list. I had been working 16 months; there was getting to be more security all the time.

The demand for ore (iron) was more and more. They were talking about opening another pit called the "Burke"; that was a year away. The ore was shipped to "Colorado Fuel and Iron," "Geneva Steel," "Kaiser" in California--to build ships, oh yes, to "Japan"--to make bullets to shoot at us, but mainly to make steel to sell back to us and automobiles, just to name a few things.

That same summer, we had Lyle build the dining area on the southeast side of the house. Also the front entrance, and put asbestos shingles (siding) on all the house.

I was now working five days a week, and my take-home pay was \$95.00 a week. The car was paid for, and we had more money in the bank than we ever had before.

I had traded the old Dodge pickup in for a better Chevrolet pickup for \$250.00 difference. This was a much better truck and would save driving the passenger car to work, and Vada could have the car when I was at

work.

The last of "Deer Season" (weekend), I was at Garden Spring to have a go at hunting before the closing day. We still had some California hunters. "Bud Mundell" was here. His father and mother were longtime friends of the Grants. Mr. Mundell came to hunt many years before this and was too old and feeble to be here anymore.

We had decided we would go to Stoddard Mountain to hunt. As we were going, Bud asked me if I had chaps to wear. "No, I haven't," was my answer. He always wore chaps. It looked like rain. Bud went in the tent and came out with a heavy pair of chaps. "Try these on," he remarked. They fit me real good. Bud volunteered, "If we get a nice buck today, I will leave those chaps here." When all were ready, we numbered five hunters. It took two hours to ride to the pass on the mountain. We tied up our horses, removed the saddles. I took off the chaps.

We decided to hunt the canyon that ran southwest from the top of the mountain. "I will go up the west side. Some of you stay on the east side; the others get good lookout points in the center. Someone should always be on high points all the time. If there are any bucks in there, we don't want them to sneak out on us. We will meet back at the horses in four hours. Agreed?" All said, "OK."

It took me an hour to reach the head of the canyon. I could see the men spread out about right. As I came to the top, I heard shooting; looked all around, but couldn't see any deer moving. I walked to a point where I could look into the head of the canyon.

Standing in a patch of oak, was a deer looking up at me, about 150 yards away. I looked through the scope of the rifle. It was a buck, alright. I could see part of the head and horns. I waited to see if he moved, so I could get a better shot. For 30 minutes, I watched him. Nobody was moving. I could see at least three of the men on both sides of the canyon. I hollered and whistled--still the buck didn't move. I decided to try for him. I didn't want to shoot him in the head. He looked like a good one. So I held where I thought his shoulders would be, held my breath, and squeezed off a round.

The buck jumped and ran down the canyon, with a hind leg flopping over his back. What I thought was his front, was his back; his head was turned around so he could see me over his back end.

When the deer came by the men, at least ten shots were fired. He went out of sight. The shooting stopped. I thought he would be shot to pieces.

I started down there to lend a hand.

When I got to the place where I had last seen the deer, three of the men were sitting on the ridge talking. "Did you see the buck?" "Yes, we did," one remarked. "Did you kill him?" I returned. "We don't think he was hit," Bud volunteered. "Did anyone follow him?" I said, losing my patience. "We don't think so." "Well, he had a hind leg shot off and will not go far. I'm going to follow his tracks," I declared, getting a little peeved. "You guys get out where you can see, in case he tries to sneak away. I will keep to his tracks." I left them there muttering to themselves.

I picked up the tracks where I had last seen the deer. I looked to see if anyone was going to help me. Two men were standing where I had first talked to them. "Bud Mundell" was working to a vantage point higher up on the ridge. By now I was "disgusted" with the others and didn't care if they came or not.

I slowly followed the tracks, giving Bud time to get where he could see all around. I knew from past experience that a buck as big as this one--with a hind leg gone--would soon give out and hide. I kept looking under every bush and tree for signs of him, also kept listening.

I had followed the tracks for about 200 yards. I had put a bullet in the chamber and "set the safety." I had my eyes on the tracks as I came to a big dense cedar tree. I raised my head, and there, no more than 15 feet away, lay the "BUCK." He was not moving, his head was held high. When he knew I had seen him, he bowed his head to the ground.

I eased off the safety, put the gun to my shoulder. "Have you tried to shoot a deer 15 feet away with a telescope sight?" All I could see was "hair." I moved the gun toward his head. I could see his "eye," wasn't about to shoot at that. I've seen horns pop off by hitting a deer in the head. I moved the sight about six inches back on the neck and "shot." The buck never moved. I knew he was dead.

Bud hollered, "Did you get him?" "Sure did," I got out, very much relieved. Boy, he was a beauty. I checked him over. I had hit him in the neck, alright--the head was alright. Five points on each side. Not a high set of horns, but wide. (When we measured him at camp, it was a 36 3/4 inch spread.) The first shot hit his hind leg just above the hock. No meat spoiled there. No other holes that I could see, which confirmed what I've said before. A buck as heavy as this one will not travel far on a broken hind leg. He will usually find a place to hide and lick his wounds, so to speak. This buck may or may not have died from the broken leg. (I have a story

or two to tell about that later.)

Soon Bud came to where I was. He didn't say anything, but I could tell by the look on his face, he wanted that "deer." "No holes in him except the one in the neck," I told him. "There were sure a lot of bullets fired at him," Bud remarked. "I've seen that happen before," I responded. "Everyone wants to kill him, so no one takes time to really get a bead on him. It has happened to me many times." I concluded.

We had a rope, so we hung him up in the tree and dressed him out. We were close to a mile from the horses. "Let's walk back to the horses." (We had a lunch there--we'd eat and rest for 2-3 hours.) "We will take the buck in with us." He was hanging in the shade, and it was a cool day--no flies around. It was about 1 p.m..

When we reached the horses, some of the other men were there. No questions were asked about the deer, and we didn't volunteer anything. After eating lunch, I just lay down with my saddle for a headrest. After a while, others did the same. It was warm enough--we didn't need a fire.

About 3:30 I said, "Saddle up. We are moving out. Those who want to hunt on the way back, feel free to do so. One of us will be walking back to camp, and it is five miles. We have a buck to pack in." I told Bud Mundell to put his saddle on my horse. "I will put my saddle on the mare you are riding. She is the best one to carry deer on." Bud remarked, "But she is so small. Can she carry that big buck?" "She can carry the biggest deer roaming these hills," I retorted. "Well, if you say so."

In about 30 minutes, we were at the site where the deer was hanging. Someone said, "Can that little filly carry that big buck?" "We will soon find out," I returned. I checked the blankets, saddle, and cinches. Took my gun out of the scabbard, loosened the rope on the hanging buck, and let him down on the ground, cut all legs off at the knees (joints). "Two of you help me lift the buck on the horse. The other two get on the other side and pull the deer on. We will load him hind-part first." (I had cut a place on the brisket to put over the saddle horn.) We had the buck loaded in a very few minutes.

I took a short rope and tied around the hind quarters. The buck was on the horse belly-forward, with the part of the hide on the brisket over the horn. After tying the hind part of the ring on the front cinch, we tied the front part by putting a rope around the quarters back of the front legs--tied this to the cinch on that side. Now came the tough part--tying the head. This was done by tying a small but long rope on the lower side (or right side) of

the horns, putting it around the cantle of the saddle, and to the cinch ring on the other side, running the rope back to the same side of the horse, then cinching it up (take out the slack), and tying it tight. Then with what rope we had left, we put around the saddle horn and back to the horns. By cinching this up, the horns were raised up off the horse's back--and the head also.

I tied the chaps on top of the deer and said to Bud, "You just lost a pair of chaps." He just grinned; he knew the deer was going to be his.

I picked up my gun and the reins on the bridle and headed for the trail. In five minutes, we were on it. I looked back. All the men were coming, and the deer was tied on even. I headed down the trail on a fast walk; never stopped until we reached the gate on the north side of the Grant Goddard Ranch. We had come three miles in about one hour, had two more to go.

When we reached the road in front of the ranch house, I stopped, and we unloaded the deer. I said to Bud, "I will stay here with the buck. Take my horse, go to camp, and bring your truck back for the deer." (It was one mile to camp.)

When he came back, he brought company with him. While we were hanging the deer up at camp, Glenn said, "Somebody about missed him." "That was Bud," I declared.

Before I left camp for home, Bud slipped me a "twenty." "That's for packing the deer in." I never saw Bud Mundell after that. If he was registered at the "Golden Nugget" in Las Vegas, he would get day money--\$100.00 for the widest spread checked in each 24 hours. You don't see bucks with wider than 36 3/4 inches every day.

We were eating Thanksgiving dinner about 1953. "How would you like to go to California for a few days?" I asked. Mom had a sister in West Hollywood who had bought a new dining room set and wanted to give her the old one. Now Mom didn't have room for it. "Would you like to have it?" she remarked to me. We had been thinking about it and decided to go get it. The car was in good shape. We could rent a trailer down there to bring it back. I didn't need to be back to work until Monday morning.

We hurried and packed a suitcase and took Kerry and Rolaine out to stay with Vada's folks. Vada, myself, Velda (17 months), Mother, and my brother Dallas (27) were the ones who went.

We left here about 4 p.m. and decided to drive straight through. Dallas was working for Utah Construction too, wouldn't be going to work until

Monday also. It was dark before we reached Las Vegas. We gassed up there and had a bite to eat. Dallas would take turns with me driving.

We had gotten as far as "San Bernardino." It was now in the wee hours of the morning but still dark. I was driving. We started to get in fog (smog). At first it was patchy. Some 40-50 miles from Los Angeles, about "Arcadia," the fog really got thick. Cars were driving 50 plus miles an hour. I began to get concerned. "Why don't they slow down?" I muttered. As we passed a street corner, I could see a service station, so I pulled in there and turned off the key. "We will sit here until it gets daylight. Any objections?" No one said anything. The cars were zipping by, the traffic getting thicker. Maybe they knew where they were--I certainly did not know where we were.

We had been parked there for about an hour. It had started to get light. No one had come to open the service station. If they had, I would have told them, "I need gas." The fog thinned out some as daylight came. We could see a cafe across the street that was open. "How about some breakfast?" I asked. All agreed. I watched the cars and found a break long enough to get on the other side. You could see the lights coming long before you could see the cars.

After we had eaten (they fixed Velda a bowl of oatmeal), I asked the waitress if they always had fog this time of year. "It has been bad lately," was her answer. "However, the weatherman said it would be burning off toward the ocean as the sun warms up. Are you going that way?" "Yes! West Hollywood." "It is 30 miles from here to there," she volunteered.

We had plenty of gas, so we started out once more. Dallas piped up, "I wouldn't trade that area west of the pine knoll for all of California." The area he was talking about was some of the best deer hunting in all of Southern Utah and west of New Harmony.

The smog did thin out some; at least you could see about 100 feet down the road. We were on the Santa Monica Boulevard. It was a divided road, but not a freeway, and was the main thoroughfare to "Hollywood" and "Santa Monica." I began to feel a little better about it. Dallas and Mom were looking at the map and watching for the place we were to turn off. Aunt Ann lived about three blocks south of this boulevard. (We were in Hollywood now.) Soon Vada exclaimed, "Look, there is the temple." Sure enough, the fog had lifted enough you could see most of it. What a "beautiful sight." Mom remarked, "We are just a few blocks from where we turn." On a clear day, you can see the temple from Ann's place.

We had no more trouble and found the street to turn off. When we drove

up to Uncle Roy and Aunt Ann's place, I sure was glad. By midday, the sun would come out at times, and you could see for about a block.

Aunt Ann's son, "Frank Wellard," and his wife were there. He asked Dallas if he wanted to go to Los Angeles with him. "Can you find your way?" Dallas muttered. Frank just grinned. "Sure, why not? Do you want to go with us, Sheldon?" "No," I quickly said. (I had all the smog I could handle for one day.)

We watched television for the first time. There was a set in the living room. The McCunes lived in an "apartment." It was a three-bedroom, and fixed up real nice. Uncle Roy McCune worked for "Wonder Bread" (baker), had done for 25-30 years, had not retired as yet.

In about two hours, Frank and Dallas returned. Dallas complained, "That damn Frank drove 80 miles an hour on the freeway, and I couldn't see the front of the car." I thought to myself, "Sure glad I didn't go." By evening, the fog had lifted. We decided to go to Hollywood and see "Santa" come. Vada and Mother wanted to go and take Velda. Uncle Roy and Aunt Ann went with us. Frank and his wife had gone home.

We went to "Hollywood and Vine." We parked the car and were walking down "Vine Street." Dallas had on a new pair of Levis and a jacket to match, wore "boots" and a western hat. As we walked down the "parade route," someone let out a "Yah Hoo! Ride 'em Cowboy!" in a very loud voice. Everybody looked right at us. Dallas said, "It takes all kinds."

Now, he did stand out--a cowboy outfit there consisted of a faded pair of denim pants, a floppy hat, a scarf around your neck, and a shirt to match the pants, and a pair of old boots. That was the "Hollywood cowboy"--in most movies. We called them "Drugstore cowboy" if they dressed real fancy.

I never could stand a faded pair of Levis, and when new ones had to be washed, they went for everyday wear--to work in. And when they faded, they went in the carpet bag.

Velda got real excited when she saw "Santa." He was on a float as tall as a one-story house, sitting on his sleigh with life-size reindeer. The float was lit up like a Christmas tree. There were other floats, sponsored by merchants, but Santa Claus stole the show--even for adults.

We were sure glad we came, in spite of the fog. The next day was Saturday. We spent most of it locating a trailer and getting it hooked up to the car. The living room set was stored in the garage. Uncle Roy was glad to get it out of there. We had it all loaded on and hooked to the car,

including tail lights and stop lights. As I recall, there were no turn signals on the cars in those days.

Early Sunday morning, we headed home. It was a little hazy, but no fog. When we got to "San Bernardino," we got out of the haze. We stopped in Vegas to eat and were home before nine p.m.. I had two more days before delivering the trailer in Cedar. We didn't unload the trailer that night. I drove the pickup to work.

Early spring 1943. After the job I was working on (driller's helper for Sullivan Machinery) closed down, I got a job at the Ford car dealership in Cedar City. The pay: 75 cents an hour. I was doing odd jobs around the shop where they repaired cars, mainly washing cars, cleaning the shop, and running errands. I could make up to \$48.00 a week by getting in overtime (no time and a half).

The war was still going on; very few cars were being built. They were building "vehicles": tanks, trucks, jeeps, etc.. Good used cars were selling for new car prices.

One of the owners of the garage went back to a "car auction" at "St. Joseph, Missouri," had sent word to Cedar City that he had bought five automobiles. "Have five men come here to drive them home. I will drive the car back you come in." Four men from the garage went. We were told they couldn't pay us wages but would pay all expenses, meals, motels, etc.. The other man from Cedar volunteered to go. I had never been to Colorado, Kansas, or Missouri; I volunteered to go.

We left Cedar about 10 a.m., drove to Provo, up Provo Canyon to Heber. Took Highway 40 to Vernal, Utah. Stayed there that night. Early next morning, we continued on 40 to Craig, Colorado. Continued on same highway to Denver.

We left Highway 40 east of Denver and picked up #36. We stayed on this number all the rest of the way to St. Joseph. All the way from Denver to St. Joseph, we were in the farming district. Mostly grain and corn and "summer fallow" ground. (Summer fallow means keeping the ground plowed and free of weeds, etc., to conserve the moisture. That way the ground would be planted into crops every other year.) I had seen dry land crops raised in Utah using this same method, but the yield here was much higher. The corn and wheat here was about a foot high, had a dark green color, and looked real good.

As we drove along in Kansas, we would see signs: "This Thousand

Acres for Sale and Forty-nine Others Just Like Them." The area was mostly flat, some small rolling hills.

We never stopped after leaving Vernal, except to gas up and eat. Drove all day and all night. Reached St. Joseph about 10 a.m. the third day out. We had five drivers to take turns.

I have read about the fleets of huge "combines" starting in Northern Texas and working north, through the panhandle of Oklahoma, through Kansas, Nebraska, South Dakota, and ending up in Northern Montana, taking some three months, and harvesting billions of bushels of wheat. I have driven through the grain belt in all of those states over the years.

The speed limit was 50 miles an hour and strictly enforced. We had someone watching for cops and would ease off the throttle if a suspicious-looking car come in sight. Gas was rationed, but cheap--30 to 40 cents a gallon. We had acquired (been issued) "stamps" to make the trip. The patrol cars were easy to spot; they were black and white. I don't recall what they were in Kansas. I guess it was because we went through there in the dark.

When we reached St. Joseph, we had lunch, and the one in charge said, "Take one hour to look around the city and meet back at the car." We walked around and did some window shopping. Sure felt good to stretch your legs. We had driven 1200 miles in 48 hours and spent ten of those hours sleeping, the first night out.

I came to a sort of pawn shop that looked interesting and went inside. There were a lot of things on sale. I spotted a small gold locket and chain. It was \$3.50, so I bought it. That same item (even second-hand) would cost over \$100.00 now. That is all the money I spent on the entire trip.

We met the owner at the appointed place. All we had to do was check the cars over and gas them up. By 12:00, we were on our way back. We drove until about 10 p.m., got motel rooms, and fell into bed. We were on our way again by daylight.

Denver, Colorado is about 500,000 population now. At that time, it was about half that. It seemed like a huge city to me. I recall seeing the U.S. Mint Building as we drove through.

I recall how big the "Missouri River" looked; I had never seen it before, or any other that size. The Missouri River is what separates the Kansas and Missouri border. St. Joseph is along its bank.

When we left Denver, we were soon climbing the mountain. It wasn't long before we were seeing snow along the side of the road. The snow banks

kept getting higher. By the time we reached "Berthood Pass," all you could see was the crossarms on the telephone poles. This was at the 11,314 foot level. Rotary snowplows were used to keep this road open. I'm sure there were times when the road would be closed.

We came back the same route we went on. It was dark when we reached Provo and was 11 p.m. when we got to Cedar City.

I drove a 1941 Ford Sedan. It was a nice automobile. Maybe you wonder why we didn't tow some of the cars? Well, it would cost \$100.00 to tow a car across the state of Kansas. You could drive through that state for free. Other states had towing laws also.

About May 7, 1943, Mom received a call from her sister, Nelda, who lived in Orem, Utah. Grandmother Farr was staying with her and her husband, William King. Grandmother had been in poor health for some time. She had diabetes and was almost blind.

Nelda said they were taking her to the American Fork Hospital, and now she was in a coma. Mother was going to take the bus up. Afton suggested she take his car, but she would need someone to drive. He was working at the service station in Cedar and couldn't get off.

I was now working for Leroy Davis, and he told me to take what time was needed to go and be with Mother at this time. I brought Vada and the children to New Harmony to stay while I was gone. We were living at the Fred Biederman farm in Cedar Valley.

So I drove Afton's car, a 1941 Ford Sedan. He had bought the car new, and it was in good shape. My car was a 1934 Ford two-door and wasn't in too good condition. We left the same day we received the word and arrived in Orem that evening. Went to the hospital soon after we arrived there.

Grandmother didn't know anyone, and the coma was getting deeper. The doctor told us that her heart was bad, and with the diabetes, there was no way she could come out of this. She would be 67 years old at this time but seemed much older. The doctor remarked, "There is no real need to be here at the hospital. She is being taken care of, and you will need your strength later. We cannot tell how long this will last. Could be a week or ten days."

William King was working for "Geneva Steel" operating a furnace. I stayed around the place most of the time when "Bud" (William King) was at work. We were expecting to hear the bad news at anytime. I would drive Mom and Aunt Nelda over at least once a day.

Early morning May 11th, we received a call telling us to come to the hospital. Aunt Nelda woke me up. "Mother is failing fast. We need to go to the hospital." I hurried and got into my clothes. "I will go out and start the car," I declared. Do you know, that car wouldn't start--the battery was dead. I went back in the house and told them. Uncle Bud was at work. The three of us pushed the car out into the street and were able to get it going fast enough to start it. Now the ground was about level. I helped push and then jumped in and put the car in gear. Those two girls pushed the car fast enough that I could start it.

Grandma lived about one hour after we arrived. The funeral was held in Spanish Fork, and Grandmother was buried there, next to Grandfather, who died February 25, 1934 at the age of 60. Grandmother died May 11, 1943--age 67.

It was a busy time at the Roy Davis farm, and I needed to get back to work. We started home immediately after the funeral was over and we had been to the cemetery. When we reached Cedar City, Afton took me on home. The next day, I took the kids and Vada back up to Cedar Valley.

"If I may" add a little story about "Lyle Prince" here. When he and Venice were going together, Lyle was herding sheep on the "slope" above "Beaver Dam." They had moved there to lamb the sheep; it was early spring. Lyle hadn't been home all winter. During the winter months, two men were at the herd--one to watch the herd, the other to move camp and cook. Lyle wanted to come home to see Venice, as they were camped close to the 91 Highway, and one person could watch the herd. The other herder said, "If I were you, I would catch a ride and go home for a few days. I can watch the herd OK. You will need to be here later more than now," he concluded.

Lyle was glad for this chance. He quickly got ready and went to the highway to try to catch a ride, hoping someone would be going through Kanarra. If he could get there, he would have no trouble getting to New Harmony. Venice Williams lived in K-Town, and she was the one he wanted to see, mostly.

This would be the spring of 1932. Cars were slower then, and the roads were narrow. A car with a California license stopped. The driver greeted Lyle with, "Which way are you headed?" "Utah," Lyle remarked, "Are you going that way?" "I'm on my way to Salt Lake City." "Could I ride with you?" Lyle questioned. "Sure, hop in!"

This man was driving a big car, and a new one. They started up the Utah

Hill. Lyle wasn't used to big cars. Reed had a 1930 Ford Model A coupe--the Model A Ford was the most popular car on the road at this time. That part of the 91 Highway was straight, so to speak, and the driver really took off--got up to as much as 90 miles an hour.

Soon they came to the grade close to the top of the hill. Lyle was relieved that the car slowed down. "Maybe he won't drive so fast over the road going downhill." As they reached the top, Lyle volunteered, "You have some sharp turns ahead for the next 10-15 miles." The man never said anything. For a few miles, he did drive slower, then he started to pick up speed. "Would you believe, he still reached 90 miles an hour at times."

Lyle was so scared, he didn't say anything more to the driver. When they reached "Santa Clará," Lyle said to the driver, "This is where I live. You can let me off." When Lyle told this story, he said, "I could have ridden right to Kanarra; but I wasn't about to chance it. That Utah Hill was enough for me."

The last part of Deer Season 1943--we had all the potatoes picked up on the Roy Davis farm--I asked Roy if it would be alright if I went hunting the last two days (October 30-31). "Sure, you go right ahead," he replied.

Vada and the children went to Harmony with me. Dad had moved his deer camp home. I borrowed a horse from him. Early morning (at daylight), I was on the south foothills of North Mountain. Had ridden up on the flat to Dad Prince's lambing shed.

There was a spring higher up on the mountain--on the east side of "Bumblebee Canyon." A pipeline had been put in (before my time.) The water was piped some three miles, more or less, to the west side of the "lambing shed." A pond was built to catch the water. When "Antone Prince" lived there, he used the water for culinary purposes, as did Reed Prince, when he lived on the "flat."

I was riding along the pipeline with my gun in the scabbard; hadn't seen a thing. I glanced up the hill. There stood a buck--he hadn't been there a few minutes before. I eased out of the saddle, taking my gun with me, hoping he would stay there until I could get a bullet in the chamber. The deer just stood there.

When I fired, he took off, coming down the hill towards me. I had held on his shoulders. (He was about 200 yards away.) I could see he was favoring a hind leg. Now I just stood there. "How could I have shot him in the hind parts?" He had been standing broadside.

"Should I shoot again?" "No." He just fell down and rolled a few yards.

I sat there and watched to see if he got up. He never moved, so I tied the horse to a tree, took my gun, and started toward the deer. He was dead when I reached him--had been shot through the ribs. Then I noticed he was minus the lower part of his hind leg. Evidently, he had this leg shot off some years before. His hock joint was intact, had healed, and the bottom looked like the "pad" of a dog's foot.

"This deer had been walking on that leg." When he ran, of course the leg never touched the ground. He wasn't a large deer--maybe 160 lbs.--had four points on one side. The side the bad leg was on, one long horn that curved downward alongside his face--one point.

I know of another deer who survived a more serious shot. Glenn and Charlie Cobb were hunting on Pinevalley Mountain--the area north of "White Rock." They were shooting at the same deer. They noticed a buck running across the valley--sagebrush flat.

The deer looked like his belly almost touched the ground. They killed the deer. He had the hind leg shot off years before. All of the leg was gone, up to what we call the "stifle" on a horse, had healed, and a doctor couldn't have done a cleaner, better job.

This buck was a four pointer also. The side of the missing leg had only one point, however. It seems unbelievable, a critter could live and survive under those conditions. This deer was about 165 lbs..

Early spring of the year about 1941. I was out at the "Schmutz Brothers" shearing corral, helping separate sheep. During the winter months, two or more owners would mix their herds together. These herds wintered in "Hurricane Valley" or on the "Arizona Strip." "Dad Prince" had sheep in that herd, as did "Clark Pace" and "Arch Spillsbury."

We had been working for some time. Clark Pace spoke up. "Who would like to go to the sheep wagon and fix us some lunch?" No one volunteered. We had a young fellow helping us from "Toquerville"--was helping with the Spillsbury herd. He wasn't all that good at handling sheep. Clark said to him, "Go and get lunch ready. We will keep working until you get it cooked. Then let us know when we can come eat."

After about an hour, Clark remarked, "What is he doing? He ought to be finished by now." I could tell Clark was getting a little peeved. It was hot, the sheep were giving us a bad time. We could see smoke coming out of the stovepipe. At the time, I thought he should have sent someone else. As

I recall, there were five of us there: Clark Pace, Quentin Beatty, Vivian Prince, myself, and this boy.

After about an hour and a half, the young man came back to the corral. We all thought he had come to tell us dinner was ready. "It's about time," Clark muttered. The boy went up to Clark and asked, "Do you put grease in gravy?" Clark shouted, letting out an oath, "No, you don't put grease in gravy!" The young fellow just turned around and headed back to the sheep wagon. "Why did you tell him that?" I complained. Clark yelled, "Let him find out the hard way."

Have you ever tasted gravy made without "shortening?" It reminded me of the time we used to mix flour and water to make "paste" when we were going to school--to stick paper together. This gravy was made with canned milk, water, and flour.

Dad was always trading for and buying horses during the summer months and just before Deer Season. Horses were hard to rent and cost a premium. You would pay about \$40.00 for the use of a horse for the "hunt." So Dad would buy horses, use them for the "season," then sell them after. Usually to a fellow from "Beaver" by the name of "Fosh Parkinson"--he had a market for them, would go around to all people running deer camps to buy horses.

He (Dad) had a good-looking black mare--racehorse type. "Dad, are you going to sell that mare?" I asked. "I'm thinking about it," Dad returned. "If you do let her go to Parkinson, I would like to trade my horse for her." After thinking it over for a few days, Dad decided to trade me. Now some of these horses, the ones that couldn't be sold to individuals, would go for "fish food", etc.. This mare was too young and was too good a horse to end up in the glue factory.

The next spring, I bred the mare. Uncle Roy still had "Frisky Jack"--thoroughbred stallion. I was hoping to get a male horse (colt). Instead, it was a filly--but a beauty.

When she was two years old, she was ready to start to be ridden. She was at the point where all I had to do was ride her off. I started to break her in the early spring of about 1955. Had been riding her every chance I could get. She was getting to be a real nice animal.

I recall when the high water was coming down the creek (Joe Lee). I decided to ride her to "Leap Creek". Now I didn't want to try to cross that swift water, so I crossed the bridge at "Joe Lee." Went up through the

"Red farm," around Lossen Hill, by the "Rocky Knoll," and on to "Sawyer Canyon."

I had left early on a Saturday morning. "Leap Creek" was some 10-12 miles from New Harmony. I had reached a point about a mile from the creek, when the filly suddenly went lame--had been climbing some steep hills. I dismounted to check her over. It was a hind leg. After feeling her leg up and down, I checked to see if she had a rock caught in her foot, between the shoe. Nothing there. I tried to lead her. She wouldn't put any weight on the foot. It seemed to be in the "stifle joint."

Now what was I going to do? It was some 11 miles back home, and about four miles to the "Dostalek" place by Sawyer Spring. If I could reach there... Couldn't leave her out in the hills.

After waiting about an hour, I tried to lead her. She wouldn't put any weight on the foot, so another hour passed. It was getting about noon. Was it going to be possible to move her at all? I had told Vada it would take me about eight hours and that I would be back by mid-afternoon. I had been gone six hours. I knew she would worry, so I tried to lead the filly again. It seemed to be some better. After making about 100 yards--on three legs most of the time--I decided there was no way I could get her home tonight.

After making a few more short runs and much rest, it seemed she was some better. It was now mid-afternoon; I decided to try for one more hour, then if she wasn't quite a lot better, to leave her and walk home. She was limping bad but putting more weight on the foot. After making about a mile in 30 minutes, I stopped to rest her again. Only a few minutes, however--didn't want the leg to stiffen up. The next mile was made in 20 minutes or so, and she was putting more weight on the leg.

I was heading toward "Sawyer Spring" and was about two miles away. I decided to keep heading that way. Also, there was no way I wanted to cross the swift water after dark. Another mile was made. She was getting quite a bit better--only a little limp now--so I changed course and headed for "Lossen Hill." I wanted to cross the creek at the "Joe Lee" bridge, if at all possible.

After leading the mare for some eight miles, the limp was hardly noticeable. I could lead her as fast as I could walk. The sun was close to going down. "Could she be ridden now?" I was real tired. Had crossed a few small streams of water. I watered the filly and, on the uphill side, had drank with her.

Now if I got on her, the extra weight might start the limp again. Another

mile passed. I was really leg-weary. I checked the blankets, tightened the cinch, and mounted. The filly "shook her head" as if to say, "You are making the right choice." She walked off with no limp at all.

When I reached the "Penn Taylor" place, I stopped at the back gate. Could I possibly cross the creek there? Decided to try. The sun was down now but still shining on the "Kolobs." When I reached the creek, it was frightening. I sat there and watched it. Then I did a "dumb" thing to save a couple of miles. I headed the mare toward the water. Most young horses will not cross a stream of water--even a little one.

The horse wanted to get home as much as I did. Without any urging at all, she calmly went into the water. She was immediately swept off her feet and started to "swim." When her feet hit the ground on the opposite bank, we were some 50-60 feet downstream and about three feet from a "barbed wire" fence that crossed the creek.

I have nightmares to this day every time I think about that, and what could have happened if she had gotten tangled up in that wire fence. "I have seen a time when there was enough water to swim a horse in "Joe Lee Creek."

The summer of about 1951 or 1952. It was a Sunday morning. We had Priesthood Meeting first at 9 a.m., Sunday School at 10 a.m., Sacrament Meeting 2 p.m.. I got all ready to go to Priesthood Meeting. Kerry had been going with me each Sunday. This morning he wasn't ready to go. "Isn't Kerry going with me today?" I asked Vada. "No, he isn't," Vada returned. "Is he sick?" "I don't think so," Vada said. "Where is he?" "In the downstairs bedroom." "Did he say why he wasn't going?" I questioned, getting a little upset. "No. When I called to him and said it was time for Priesthood Meeting, he told me he wasn't going."

So I went to Priesthood Meeting without him. As I remember, he came with Vada and Rolaine. I didn't say anything to Kerry about it. I had, in the past, told him he was going whether he wanted to or not. We had very little trouble getting him to go. He seemed to like it and passed the sacrament regularly in Sunday School and Sacrament Meeting. I don't recall if he had been ordained a teacher or not.

The next Sunday, about an hour before Priesthood Meeting, I went to the head of the stairs and called, "Son, are you going to Priesthood Meeting with me?" His answer was "No." So I went without him. His mother and I had talked about it. We decided not to try to force him to go. He did come

to Sunday School, as I recall. Now I never talked to Kerry about it--had decided to let him make up his own mind--maybe his mother had, I do not know. The next Sunday I asked him if he was going to Priesthood with me. Yes, you guessed it, the answer was no. What did I do? You guessed that too. I went without him. The next Sunday I didn't call to him, nor had I asked him ahead of time, just went without him.

When the next Sunday came, he was all ready to go before I was, and sitting there when I came in from doing the chores. I got ready and said to him, "Shall we go?" or something like that. There was no more trouble, and he had decided to go on his own--I think.

The year 1953--summer--the "new church house" was dedicated. Before I tell you about this, I would like to give a little background. Some 10-12 years earlier, when "Lyle B. Prince" was bishop, fund raising really began. Some funds to build a church were raised before this, however.

In those days, the Church would pay 50% of all costs to build. "Wards" had to put up the other 50%. The town had decided on a plan used by the Church--no cost. I believe this same plan was used when the church in "Bunkerville, Nevada" was built.

When we started to raise funds, we were told it would cost \$21,000. We used every conceivable means to raise our share of the cost. The method mostly used, and the one that raised the biggest part of the money, was "chicken suppers." The townspeople would furnish all food except the chicken; these would be bought wherever we could get them. Only "fryer" chickens were used, and they would be cooked in "dutch ovens."

They would cater large groups. The "Lions Club" came from Cedar and St. George. Sometimes we had crowds of 150-250 people. First we charged \$2.00 a plate, later \$2.50. On a good night, we could clear \$400.00.

At first, the "suppers" were held up at "Uncle Alex Pace's" farm. Later at the "dance hall"--"Old Bluebird." I recall Ashby Pace saying one time after a supper at Pace's farm (old Red farm), "I didn't do very much. I was on the cow chip committee."

They used to plan on 1/2 chicken per person, and some would eat that much and more. The cooks and other help would sometimes have enough food left for them. It would be all day and until 1 p.m. before all work was done. We would sometimes buy the chickens alive. It would take several

hours to skin 125. While the chickens were cooling off, we hauled wood and picked corn--three or four hundred ears. They planned on eating a little before dusk. Would have a good program after. This was furnished by the "Lions."

By 1950, we had raised the \$11,000 for our share of the building. Only one thing stood in the way to start--the cost of materials had gone up. There was a building committee appointed in the ward. The Church officials decided to let us start and build the building ourselves--instead of contracting it out. "Lyle Prince," being a carpenter, was put in charge. Marion Prince was bishop at this time.

Each priesthood member (Melchizedek) was assigned \$420.00 in work or cash. This way we could start the building. What started out to be a \$21,000 structure, cost over \$50,000 by the time it was finished.

I had met the assignment, mostly in labor. The building wasn't yet completed. This was early 1953. I was talking to the bishop one day at the New Harmony Store. "Bishop, how are the funds holding out?" "We are running short," he replied. "Will you need to make another assessment?" I asked. "Not in labor; we are asking for another \$75.00 cash," he volunteered. "I was just going to ask you, could you help us out on this?" "Could I let you know after talking to Vada?" "Sure, you do that."

When I got back home, Vada and I had a chat about it. Now we didn't have much cash on hand. Our bank account was less than \$200.00. "What did we do?" Well, we wrote a check for the \$75.00, and I took it up to the bishop. (We didn't miss the money, either.)

The building was dedicated that summer. General Authorities who were here: Elders LeGrand Richards and Delbert Stapley.

As the bishop was showing them through the building before the meeting, I was in the recreation hall as they came through there. Marion said, "This is Sheldon Grant. He is our Sunday School Superintendent." After shaking hands with them, Elder Stapley asked, "Are you related to President Heber J. Grant?" "I don't think so. But I could be a shirttail." "Better that than nothing," Brother Stapley remarked with a grin.

Elder Stapley, being the "senior authority," gave the prayer. There were those who would have liked it to be Elder Richards. However Brother Stapley gave a beautiful prayer. I missed quite a lot of the meeting. Velda was less than a year old--was making quite a fuss. I spent a good share of the time out in the foyer with her.

I was still working at Desert Mound--spring of 1954. The "Burke" job was about to open up. They were assembling a huge "Marion" electric shovel there. This was on what they call the "Rex" claim, owned by "Rex Murie."

The shovel had a ten yard bucket, was about as tall as a two-story house. Four big "Uclids" were to be used to move overburden. While the shovel was being put together, the trucks were brought to "Desert Mound." When the day shift started on a Monday morning, the trucks were put to use. As we came by them, on the bus which hauled the crew from Cedar City, we couldn't believe the size of the trucks. They were ten wheelers, would haul 100 ton and weighed in excess of 100 ton, making over 200 ton. The trucks weré new. Someone said, "You are looking at about a half million dollars worth of trucks--with the big shovel, about \$1,000,000 total." "Wow!!!"

When the shift started, the truck foreman got out his seniority list and named the four drivers who would be driving the trucks. "I wasn't one of them." There were four drivers on that shift older than me. About two days after this, the foreman said to me, "You will report back to Iron Springs on swing shift tomorrow." I didn't get to drive one of those trucks at this time. (More on them later.)

I was glad to get back to working on Carlyle Bills' shift. However, I was assigned one of the "jack rabbits." This I didn't mind. All trucks had heaters in by this time.

When all jobs got to operating at full strength, there were 105 drivers, and I was #23. The world looked rosy. My take-home pay was \$100.00 a week, without overtime. Some weeks we would get overtime.

They were only working two shifts at the "Iron Springs" job--days and swing. Sure was glad to get off that "graveyard" shift at Desert Mound.

Before the summer was over, I received my first "blue slip": "Laid off--contracts at Springs completed." "Will this be a permanent lay-off?" I asked. "No, only for about a month." "How about going to one of the other jobs?" I questioned. "This will only be a temporary lay-off, and there are no openings at the other jobs," they told me. (Others were laid off also.) Now this was a union job; we appealed to them. No use, were told "bumping" at other jobs was not allowed. (More on this later.)

I didn't like the idea of being laid off. However, there was plenty of work to do around home. I had been home for about a week when "Gordon Pace" came to our place. "I understand you are out of work.

Would you come and help me get the third cutting of hay up?" He was operating the "Bill Moyle" farm, south and west of Beryl, Utah, what is now called "Escalante Valley." "How long will it be for?" I asked. "If I get called back to the mine, I would have to quit." "Come for as long as you can. I sure need some help. I have a trailer house out there, and you could stay with us. You could sleep on the couch in the front room."

Gordon and Betty Pace were a young married couple. Gordon was born and raised in New Harmony. Betty's mother was raised in Kanarra. She married Sherald Peterson, and they were living in Boulder, Nevada--as I recall. The Petersons would spend some time in Kanarra each summer. That is how Gordon and Betty met. "They were a handsome couple." As I recall, they had one child at this time.

I knew the Moyle family. They were good friends of "Uncle Roy and Aunt Sadie." Jack, the next to youngest, would come and work for Uncle Roy at the "Grant Goddard Ranch." Uncle Roy would take his livestock to the desert some winters. We called it "out on the desert" in those days. "Parley" and "Maud" Moyle had four sons, I don't recall any girls. There was Austin (the oldest), Gordon, Jack, and Bill. Gordon and Jack had farms joining each other. "Gordon Pace" had his trailer parked at the Jack Moyle farm. Bill's farm was about one mile north of Jack's.

I drove the pickup out there. Vada would need the car. However, she would not drive on the highway unless forced to.

Both Gordon and Jack had huge haystacks at their places. One day we could see some smoke coming out of one of the huge haystacks at Gordon's. At first we thought it was spontaneous combustion. Then it was ruled out. Very little chance that there was wet hay in the center of that stack.

Now the method they used to put up their hay was such that it was very unlikely that hay was baled too green. The hay would be cut and raked into windrows. I don't recall if there was windrowers in those days. If they were available, one was used, I'm sure of that. No baling was done until the hay was perfectly dry. I recall Gordon Pace bringing Gordon Moyle down to the hayfield to check the hay. He wanted to be sure the hay wouldn't spoil in the bale. When the hay was perfectly dry and ready to be put in the bale, you would only bale when the dew was just right. That would be between 2 a.m. and sunup.

There had been an "electrical storm" a few days before the fire, and it was ruled that is how the hay was set on fire. The lightning had hit close

around there--several times.

Help came from all over the valley, and the haystack where the fire was moved. A dozen or more trucks, with a crew to each truck, moved all the stack that wasn't smoking. As I recall, some 2/3 was saved. As I recall, over 200 ton was in this stack. Another that was as big or bigger was "all saved."

Gordon Pace would do all the baling. When we left to bale, he would leave by the back door. I would help irrigate, cut and haul the hay. Gordon was selling his share of the crop. Bill's share would be stacked on the place.

We had a loader that was hooked to the side of the truck. We would line the bales up, and they would be elevated to the truck bed. One man to drive the truck, the other to stack the bales. We would take turns, drive a load then stack a load.

Gordon would sell hay wherever he could. We hauled hay to Cedar City Stockyards. Jack Brown was running part of the yards and would use a lot of hay.

The third cutting had fine stalks and lots of leaves, was good sheep feed. This hay was the best I had ever seen. When you broke a bale, it had all leaves intact on the stems and looked like flowers you had pressed between the pages of a book. Never seen a broken bale that had any spoilage. "Yes, the Moyle boys knew how to cure hay."

There were very few farms as well kept as the Moyle farms. However, Bill had neglected his. He was the black sheep of the family, so to speak. Austin had a farm a few miles farther east, had a big brick home on it, and was well kept also.

As I recall, I worked for Gordon some two weeks. Then I was called back to the mine. Trouble was stirred up for Utah Construction. The union was upset that they had laid off some of the older men. At this time, a "personnel director" was hired to handle all lay offs--also the hiring back of "older men first." Oliver Hole, who had retired from "Columbia Steel," was hired to handle this--could do most of the work from his home.

The Iron Springs job was cut to day shift only. Carlyle Bills, the swing shift foreman, was sent to the "Comstock." Two shifts were in operation there. "Desert Mound" was still running three shifts, as was the "Burke." There were some 90 drivers on all jobs; I was still #23 on the list. However,

this was just the beginning of cutbacks. (More on this later.)

Most of the trucks at the "Comstock" were ten wheelers; some were "belly dumps." I was sent to the Comstock on swing shift, was the oldest driver on that shift. So I drove #643--ten wheeler. You would have to say this was the best truck on this job.

"Bert Carpenter" drove #643 on day shift--or swing--we rotated shifts each two weeks. Bert sure took care of this truck, always carried a cloth with oil on it and would wipe out any dust inside the cab. Bert was #16 on the list, and you can bet no one, but no one, drove that truck when he was there. If the shovel had to be moved or you had to wait your turn to be loaded, Bert was polishing the outside of the cab and hood.

This truck had been at Iron Mountain "Blowout pit" and was used mostly one shift a day. Numbers 642, 643, 644, and 645 were all at that Iron Mountain job. When they were new, they started there and all had regular drivers. However #643 was the best truck. Everyone wanted to drive "this truck."

When we switched to days, I drove #643 sometimes. We hauled ore on days, also overburden (waste); on the swing shift, it was all waste.

The summer of 1955, after I had the "Frisky Jack" filly well along to be broken. I was training her to run, and she certainly was fast. I would ride her up the canyon road northwest of New Harmony. When I was around the corner by Marion Prince's, I would let her run. "Boy, could she scat!" Would rein her in before I reached the Pinto Creek crossing. I would breathe her out and walk until just before (1/4 mile) reaching the forest fence line, then let her run again. Was getting her ready for races to be held at Kanarra. They had a race track north of town; it was a 1/2 mile circular track with railings all the way around. A race meet was to be held after noon on the 5th and 6th of July.

Rolaine liked to ride horses. She would be 14 on October 20 of this year--1955. She had ridden older horses I had owned. Also Dad had a buckskin mare Rolaine liked to ride. The mare was about ten years old. She had a running walk and a nice, easy gallop.

One day I was down to Dad's, and Rolaine was riding the buckskin mare--had gone out the lane to the west. Dad had cautioned her about running on the oil road. We could hear the running of a horse on a gallop. She stopped at Dad's for just a minute, then took off down around the block on a run. Dad turned to me and said with a grin, "Doesn't she

know that mare has other gaits than a gallop?" "It doesn't look like it," I returned. "At least she stays off the oil," Dad remarked.

I had let Rolaine ride the filly up the lane on the east side of the lot. Would watch her close. The horse was gentle enough. After several times of this, she wanted to take her out and up the canyon road. At first I told her no. "I've been training her to run up that road," I said. "I don't think you can handle her." "But Daddy, I will just walk her," Rolaine returned.

After much urging--and she could ride--I agreed. I opened the gate and walked beside the horse. The filly was calm. By the time we reached the corner, I had thought to myself, "She will be OK."

"Now remember, no galloping. If you let her run, you may not get her stopped." I checked the cinch on the saddle and said one more time, "NO GALLOPING." I watched her for a while. The horse was calmly walking up the road. She had gone past where I had been letting her run. I started back to the house, turned the corner, and was out of sight.

The hoof beats of a running horse reached my ears. Oh No! I ran back up the corner. The horse, with Rolaine in the saddle, had crossed "Pinto Creek" and was still running. I ran back down, the pickup was parked in front of the house. Luckily, the key was in the switch. I jumped in and headed up the road, the "dust" flying.

When I came to the place where I could see up the road--after crossing the wash--Rolaine was coming down the road leading the horse. "What a relief." When she reached me, she was as white as a sheet. "Did she run away?" I asked. "No, she didn't," Rolaine volunteered. "I just thought I would lope her."

Rolaine was glad to see me (I think). "You get in the pickup. I can lead her and drive also." She didn't ask to ride the filly for quite a while. We found out later that after putting the mare into a gallop, she just went faster and faster. "I would say she ran until winded," then stopped on her own.

The afternoon of the 3rd of July, we took our horses to Kanarra for the races to be held the afternoon of the fifth and sixth. Rulon Taylor had a horse or two. I took the filly, and there were others who went and took their horses. We left them with Lalif Wood; they were to be stabled in several places around town. The Kanarra men were to exercise the horses but not run them.

My brother Afton was going to ride my mare and had come down from Cedar City. I was to meet him in Kanarra. Afton had ridden the horse several times but never in a race.

We had gathered all the Harmony horses and moved them to the racetrack. They all looked fit and well cared for. As we were going from town to the track, my filly seemed nervous. "Had they been running her?" Of course they would exercise them at the racetrack. Maybe that is why she was a little "high."

All the horses to run that day were gathered at the track at least one hour before the races were to start. Afton said, "I would like to ride the mare around the track." "Go ahead; give her what exercise you think she needs," I remarked.

That first day was more or less try-outs. The horses wouldn't be matched against each other until the next day. There was an older horse in K-Town who could really run. Don't recall his name, so we will just call him "Skooter." (Skooter was the name of a horse I knew who could really run.)

As Afton came around the track, he put the mare into a gallop. As they passed where I was standing along the rail, someone next to me remarked, "That little mare can run. She led Skooter up the straightaway last night."

Now I was "mad" when I heard this. Didn't say anything, just walked to where Afton was leading the filly around. "What do you think about her?" I asked. "She will make a showing--sure seems ready to go." I told him what I had heard. "You're kidding me," he retorted. "They surely wouldn't do a thing like that." "I would not go so far as to think they were trying to find the fastest horses. Maybe as these two came to the straightaway, they just decided to let the horses out." "What are you going to do about it?" Afton declared. "Take my horse home," I muttered. "I wouldn't do that if I were you," Afton volunteered. "Just let it go. Nothing will be gained by doing that."

The day was spoiled for me. The only consolation I had was the mare came in first with the four horses she ran with. Now there were horses from Cedar City at these races, also other places.

Later on that day, Rulon came to me and said, "They have matched your filly with "Skooter." What do you say to that?" "Do you think she has a chance with him?" I replied, a little disgusted. "Yes, I do," Rulon replied. I told him what I had heard. Rulon just threw up his hands and walked away.

There were some good races that first day, and many matched races were made. Before we took the horses back to town, I was asked if it was

OK to run her the next day. "What horse or horses will she be running with?" I returned, with very little interest. "We would like to run her with Skooter," Cecil Parker said. "Why him? He is much older and bigger than her," I responded. "We think they would make a good race. How about it?" Cecil questioned. "There are many here who would like to see them run," Cecil further declared. "It's OK by me," I concluded, "but only 1/4 mile. Skooter is too big and strong for her to have a chance in a longer race."

The next day when we were getting the filly ready, Afton handed me a \$10 bill. "Bet this on us for me." "Can she beat him?" I asked. "I believe she can," Afton exclaimed. "So does Rulon," I rejoined, "He is taking quite a few bets." "That should be reason enough for anyone to bet on her," Afton concluded.

We didn't put a saddle on her--wanted to give her all the advantage we could. Afton weighed about 125 pounds--he was strapped on. We had drawn the inside track, and this was to our advantage.

They were to be self-started. I had told Afton not to spend a lot of time trying to get the break--this would wear the mare out. "If you can get close to an even break, let her come the first try," I whispered.

As they were walking around the track to the starting point, I made the bet for Afton. I don't recall if I bet any of my money or not. Was still put out for what they had done. Sure had some unfriendly feelings toward those K-Town boys.

They started on the first try, and it looked even. When they reached the stretch, the filly was in the lead. They were coming straight at us, and I couldn't tell if she had the lead or not. Afton was leaning over her shoulders and had both hands on the reins. The other jockey had one hand on the bridle reins and was whipping his horse--a good sign that Afton had the lead.

As they passed us--some 50 yards from the finish--the filly was running easy and was more than a length ahead. Afton had never laid a hand on her. She won going away. There were at least three happy men there that day: me, Afton, and Rulon Taylor (others, of course).

While I was still working at "Iron Springs"--before being sent to the Comstock job--I was on the ore haul, driving one of the trucks we called the "jack rabbits." The ore was weighed; as I stopped at the scales, I was shooting the bull with "Joe Prince"--no relation to the Princes here. Joe was a friendly sort of guy, always telling "tall" stories. He was a weighmaster.

As I pulled away from the scales, my mind was not on the work at hand. Had backed into the "crusher," about where I should be. Took the truck out of gear and put my foot on the brake, dumped the load. I hadn't noticed that the bulldozer had just cleaned off the approach to the crusher; a little bank of ore was always left to keep you from getting too close. I hadn't noticed that this operator had not left that bank.

I put the truck in a forward gear and took my foot off the brake, expecting the truck to roll forward as it usually did. "This time, however, it went backward," and the truck went into the "hopper." The front end of the truck was 6-7 feet up in the air, and I baled out. Would you know that "Chris Mason" was there almost before I landed on the ground.

He looked me up and down to be sure he knew who I was. All he said was, "Watch the oil pressure in the truck." The motor was running. I climbed back up to the cab by walking along the truck frame--the bed was still in the raised position--and turned off the switch. You know I dreaded to get down out of that truck. Chris was still there looking the situation over. Pretty soon "Bob Nelson," master mechanic, drove up. Now Bob was a regular guy. "He just looked up at me and grinned." So I got out of the truck.

There was a place to stockpile the ore when the crusher was broke down. The other drivers were told to just dump their loads there. Bob was talking to Mr. Mason. I heard him say, "That shovel can lift this truck out." The shovel mentioned was one used to move (reload) the ore in the stockpile. However it had moved down under the "conveyers" and was working there.

Well, it took about an hour to move the shovel back up the hill. I fully expected to hear "Chris Mason" tell me to take some time off. The crusher was shut down for about 1 1/2 hours. While the shovel was on the way up, we put a cable around the back end of the truck. When the shovel reached the truck, we put the cable around the teeth on the shovel bucket.

"Now just slowly lift on the truck," Bob said to the operator. As the back of the truck was lifted, the front end acted as a lever. Slowly the front end came down, and the wheels touched the ground. The operator of the shovel swung the bucket around, and the truck was out--quick, clean, and easy.

Bob checked the truck over with Mr. Mason watching, then told me to start the motor. After starting the truck and lowering the bed, Bob said, "Now raise the bed. Now lower the bed." "Everything seems OK," Bob

concluded. "Put it back to work." "I've seen trucks get worse treatment than this under a shovel," Bob added. As I drove back up the hill, I thought to myself, "How lucky can you get."

One time while I was driving old #196 and hauling waste from the P and H--big electric shovel--with "Otis Mcall" the operator. Now "Big Mac," as we called him, was the best operator. He had motioned to me that he was going to load a rock on--too big to go through the bucket. Usually they would load a rock on the back end of the truck. When I saw what "Mac" was going to do, I killed the motor, put the truck in gear, and got out. "Mac" was going to load the rock over the "side" of the truck.

Now this rock would weigh about ten ton. As the rock left the bucket, the truck "flipped" over on its side. "Boy, was I glad I wasn't in it." "What did Big Mac do now?" Well, he just reached over and hooked the bed of the truck and set it on its wheels, then put the bucket against the back of the bed and pushed the truck out of the way. "Bob Nelson" was right when he said, "Trucks got worse treatment under a shovel."

On a Saturday about 1955, Kerry would be 16 at the time, he asked me if he could take the pickup up the canyon. It was early summer. "What are you going up there for," I replied. "Oh, Ronald and I just want to go for a little ride," Kerry declared. "Anyone else going with you?" I asked him. "Oh, maybe some other kids," Kerry admitted. "Okay, you can take the truck. Don't go far, and be careful," I concluded.

An hour or so later, I could see Kerry talking to his mother. Finally he came out where I was. I could tell something was wrong. "Did you get stuck?" I asked. "No! I wrecked the truck," Kerry admitted. "Anyone hurt?" I asked. "No. We were coming down the road and ran into the barrow pit; the truck turned over on its side," Kerry muttered. "Where are the other kids?" "They stayed up there." "Can we turn it over with some help?" I asked. "I sure hope so," Kerry returned. "Let's go up and see if Uncle Reed is home. I'm sure he will help," I said. I could see some relief on Kerry's face.

I don't recall for sure if Reed took his truck or tractor. I think it was his truck. Anyway, when we reached the site--just north of where the "Pinto Creek" water ditch crosses the road--it was in the east barrow pit and leaning on a small hill. Only the two wheels on the opposite side of the steering wheel (or right side) were off the ground.

We put a chain over the bed of the truck, and Reed eased it over onto the wheels. "Quick, clean, and easy." Only a few small dents and scratches visible. I checked the oil, and it hadn't lost much. I started the pickup, and we drove it home.

Later he told his mother, "Dad didn't cuss me out." Vada just told him, "Kerry, you dad isn't the boogy man you think he is."

October of 1956--last weekend of Deer Season. We were hunting deer in the cedars north and west of the goat corral. About dusk, we shot a big buck. Glenn, Dallas, and me--there may have been others--anyway, we lost him in the dark. We were quite sure he was shot straight through. We felt bad about it but couldn't do anything until it was daylight next morning. We were telling Dad about it. Charlie Cobb was still here, staying at "Garden Spring." Dad had moved back to town.

Before daylight next morning, a knock came on our door. I got out of bed to see who it was. Dad was standing there when I opened the door. "Charlie wants to go see if we can find that buck," Dad declared. "Where is he now?" I asked. "Out in the pickup," Dad said. "Do you think that meat will be alright?" I questioned. "Charlie thinks it will be," Dad concluded. "I will finish getting dressed"--had to put pants on before coming to the door.

It was just starting to get light when we reached the place where we had given up the search. We sat in the truck until we could see real good. Frost was all over the ground, and it was sure cold.

When it was full daylight, we left the truck. Dad said, "I will take my gun." We had followed the buck's tracks for about 100 yards when there he lay, dead. The deer wasn't even "bloated." "He sure is a dandy," Uncle Charlie remarked.

While Uncle Charlie and I were cleaning and checking him, Dad went back for the pickup. He was able to drive right to him. "Little did we know that this was to be the last deer we would help Uncle Charlie get."

After dropping me off at home, Dad and Uncle Charlie took the deer up to Garden Spring camp. A few days after this, Glen Cobb came up from "Oxnard" to get his dad. Uncle Charlie always spent most of October here. One of his sons would bring him up, then come back to get him. When they left for home, they had six deer on the pickup. I will not explain how they could do this now--but they were all "legal."

I was working swing shift at the "Comstock" the day "Uncle Charlie" and Glen left for home. When I got home about 1:30 (we worked from 4:30 p.m.

until 12:30 a.m.), Vada had bad news for me. "Charlie Cobb was killed on his way home." "How did it happen?" I exclaimed. "We are unsure what really went wrong, but the pickup rolled over," Vada returned.

Now Charlie Cobb was like family. Came here 33 years ago--fall of 1933--with his two oldest sons, Glen and Mason. Would spend the entire month of October with Mom and Dad. We all called him "Uncle Charlie."

When I had heard of this accident, the first thing that came to mind was, "Dad will be devastated." I went down to Dad's place early next morning. He was getting ready to go down to "Oxnard." "What do you know about the accident?" I asked him. "Cobbie called me," Dad responded. "Cobbie" was Charlie's wife--she was called that by family and close friends. Charlie Coverrubius was Uncle Charlie's name. You can see why they were called "Cobb."

Somewhere between Las Vegas and Mt. Pass, the pickup "broke down." They called Mason, and he came up with another pickup. It was decided they would tow the pickup on home; however they didn't transfer the load. I'm not sure if a tow bar was used. Uncle Charlie stayed in the loaded pickup with Glen, which makes me think a tow bar "wasn't" used. Mason may have brought someone else up with him.

Anyway, as they were going down the "Baker grade," they lost control of the vehicles, the loaded truck broke away, left the road, and "rolled."

When I came home from the army--1946--I didn't have a rifle to hunt with. While in the army, we were issued M-1 rifles--Gerrand--named after the man who designed them. I thought I would like to have one when they became available.

That fall Uncle Charlie let me use one of his. He always brought an extra one or two. Now I felt bad that I had sold the rifle he gave me (before going into the service). I'm sure Uncle Charlie was a little put out that I had sold the gun. However, he told me he would look for one if I wanted him to. I mentioned that I would like to have a "Gerrand" if one was available. "You don't want one of those," he said. "They are too heavy and awkward." "Yes, but they sure have a lot of firepower," I returned. They were semi-automatic and held eight rounds. "You can shoot fast enough with a bolt action," Uncle said with a grin.

Over the years, Uncle Charlie supplied the family with guns, ammo, saddles, bridles, knives, etc. I have to this day a knife he sold me. We had been out hunting, and he had seen the pocket knife I used to clean a deer. That evening he asked me if I had a nickel or a dime. "I might have one in

my pocket," I returned. He went into his tent and came out with a large two-bladed K-bar knife in a nice leather sheath he had made. "I will sell this to you for a dime. I would give it to you, but that would cut our friendship," Uncle remarked. So I bought it for a dime.

While we were talking, another hunter came by. When he saw the knife, he said to me, "Where did you get that?" "I just bought it from Charlie Cobb," I replied. "Do you have any more, Charlie?" he asked. "I have two or three more," Uncle volunteered. "How much do you want for one?" the fellow questioned. "\$7.50," Uncle replied. (He didn't buy the knife.)

The next spring I received a letter from Uncle Charlie saying he had found a "enfield" 30-06 rifle. "It is in good shape. The man wants \$20 for it. I could put a peep sight on the gun for you. It also needs a little other work." I wrote back and told him to buy it for me.

When Uncle Charlie came at deer season, he brought the gun. The gun had a "sport" stock and a "sling." I knew that Uncle Charlie had made the sling and probably also put the stock on. He also had six boxes of bullets. "The man who sold this to me told me, "You might as well have the ammo; it's no good to me without a gun."" Uncle remarked. "How much do I owe you?" I asked. "Twenty dollars," Uncle replied. "But you have more than that tied up in this gun," I complained. "The gun cost me \$20, and that is what I want," Uncle concluded. I have that gun until this day. It has been 41 years since he sold ("gave") me that gun.

The fall of about 1954 "Clair Macfarlane" asked me to break a horse for him. Now breaking horses was time consuming. I had, however, kept a few horses here at home for short periods.

"What would you charge me for keeping a horse for 30 days?" Clair asked. "How old is the horse?" I replied. "The horse is six years and broke to lead," Clair returned. "If you furnish the feed, I will keep him for a month. The price will be \$80.00," I declared. "I'm working swing shift at the mine and would have 3-4 hours a day," I volunteered. "When could I bring the horse?" Clair exclaimed. "The sooner the better. I want to get this done by the first of October," I concluded. "I will have the horse here before noon tomorrow," Clair said.

The horse was a dark bay, would weigh about 1100 lbs. A well built, fine boned animal with a look in his eye that I didn't like. "You say the horse has never been ridden?" I questioned. "He is kind of spooky." "No, he hasn't," Clair returned.

"Before you leave the horse, I want you to understand that in 30 days the horse will be only green broke," I declared. "What do you mean by green broke?" Clair demanded. "You will be able to saddle him and ride him yourself," I replied. "As for reining, you will have to teach him most of that." "If you were to keep him longer, what would it cost?" Clair asked. "The price would be \$20.00 a week, but I wouldn't have time for more than a week or two longer," I said. "You come back in 2-3 weeks and see how he is coming." Clair agreed and took his leave.

We had a pole fence around the corral in those days. I tied the horse to the fence and let him think about it. Maybe it was because of the strange surroundings, but the horse acted to me like he had really been spooked. I had a couple of hours before going to work, and I went into the corral to get acquainted with the horse. As I approached the horse, he hung back on the rope. I took hold of the rope and spoke to him. He came forward, and I knew he had been handled quite a little bit--maybe too much.

"Never touch a strange horse on the head." Never get where he can strike with his front feet or kick with his hind feet. I soon found out that this horse was neither a "striker" or "kicker."

I untied the horse and led him around the corral. Keeping the rope in my hand--only loose--I walked around him; he would turn as the slack was taken out of the rope. After about an hour, the horse quieted down and lost some of the gleam in his eye. Then I went up to him from the side, talking to him: "Easy fella," "Whoa boy," "Atta boy."

By now I was standing by his side (left side). I put my hand on his shoulders, could feel the muscles quivering. Reached over and put my hand on the opposite side of the whitters. He didn't move away; maybe I misjudged him. He didn't seem quite so spooky. I moved my hand up along his neck slowly. After about 2-3 minutes, I was standing by his head--still had the rope in my hand. I patted him on top of the neck, just back of the ears.

A horse has sensitive "ears"; do not touch them any more than you need to. "It makes them hard to bridle or put a hackamore on." I reached up, unbuckled the halter, and turned the horse loose.

The next morning when I went out to feed him, he was in the stable. He came out and seemed calm. I forked some hay into the manger; the horse came right up to eat.

When I got back to the house, Vada said, "How is he coming along?" "Better than I expected," I replied. Vada never did "approve" of my breaking

horses, but she didn't object too much, either. "Are you going to get someone to help you ride him the first time or two?" Vada asked. "I don't know who I could get during the middle of the day," I returned. "I'm going to try to saddle him a little later today, then decide what is best.

When the horse saw me come into the corral with a hackamore in my hand, he moved away from me but stopped. I hate it when a horse puts his back end to you when you try to catch him. This horse, however, stood facing me. I had very little trouble getting up to him, and he readily let me put the hackamore on. I led him to the fence and tied him up, went into the saddle room and got the saddle and blanket.

I left the saddle on the outside of the corral; didn't want the horse to trample on it when I tried to put on the blanket. As I walked toward the horse with the blanket in my hand, he hung back. I took hold of the rope and spoke to him. He came forward. I eased the blanket toward his back, and he hung back again. I just stood there until he quit doing it. I raised the blanket toward his back again. "No way was I going to saddle him this day."

I took the blanket and put it over a pole on the fence, checked the slack or length from pole to hackamore--I wanted the horse to have about five feet of rope. I walked to the fence and picked up the blanket, let out a "WAR WHOOP" and waved it at the horse. "Man alive," he hit the end of the rope so hard it almost threw him off his feet. I walked around to the other side and did the same thing. The horse hit the end of the rope again, only not so hard. After doing this several times, the horse just stood there trembling. Maybe you wonder why I was doing this? First, I wanted him to respect the rope and to quit hanging back. The other reason: I didn't have time to gradually gentle him.

When you raise a colt in the corral, you have two years to get him to the stage where you can saddle him. This horse had never had that training; you had to use every method you knew to cut corners. "Be firm but gentle."

I didn't try anymore that day to saddle him up; however, I let him stand there and think about it. A little later, I walked into the corral again and made the horse run on the rope until he quit again. Each time, I would walk up and pat him on the neck. Before I had to go to work, I could go into the corral and couldn't get him to tighten the rope. "My work with him was done for the day."

To make a long story short, the third day, I saddled him up and led him around the corral until he got the hump out of his back. Each time I saddled him, I would lift the stirrups and slap them against him. At first, he would

jump and try to buck.

He was coming along so well that the third time I saddled him, I decided to get in the saddle. I had gently put my foot in the stirrup--only the toe--just far enough that I could release my foot quick, reached up and took hold of the horn, and eased my weight off the ground. I was now hanging so the horse could feel my weight on his back. After getting this far on and off several times, I checked the cinch and eased into the saddle. The horse just stood there. I got off and on a few times, then decided to quit for the day.

The next day I was able to ride him around the corral. This was a Saturday, so I took him out of the corral for a ride. When I came back, I spent an hour teaching him to rein. I had the horse about ten days now.

I was real pleased with his progress and was hoping that Clair would come down. After the horse had been here 15-16 days, Clair drove up. "How is the horse coming?" was his greeting. "Real good," I replied. "Would you like to ride him?" "No, but I would like to see you ride him," Clair answered. We went out to the corral, and I saddled the horse up and rode him around.

"Did you have help the first time you rode him?" Clair asked, pleased with his progress. "I just put the saddle on him and got on, here in the corral," I remarked. "You didn't ride him the first time in these rocks!"-- There were several big boulders in the corral. "Yes, I did," I replied, wondering who was he thinking of--the horse or me. Little did he know that the horse had been up over "Bald Hill" three or four times (twice one day).

I took the horse out of the corral and rode him up and down the lane a few times. "Well, how does he look to you?" I said. "Very good," Clair returned. "Looks like I will be able to take him after the 30 days are up."

I had the horse for three weeks, and he was doing good. I hadn't had him down through town, so I decided to ride him to the Post Office. When I got to Uncle Jim Neilson's place, Uncle Floyd was there. "Would you like some peaches?" he asked me. "Maybe one to eat," I answered. He went to his car and brought out a paper bag about half full. "Will you be able to take these on your horse?" Uncle exclaimed. "I guess we will find out," I declared. (I thought it was safe.)

As Uncle handed me the sack, I tucked it under my arm. As I did, it made a noise. The horse didn't like it. I had a firm grip on the reins. The horse started to jump around. Instead of letting the sack drop, I held on to it. The more the horse moved, the more the sack "rattled." Soon the horse lost his

footing--he had shoes on--and started to fall. I lost my seat and fell on the oil road.

The horse got up before I did and just stood there--he didn't run away. Needless to say, I lost that bag of peaches. I got a hold of the hackamore; the horse had a wild look in his eye. "Now I knew for sure he had been spooked before." "I was a little put out with Clair for not telling me" (if he knew) and more disgusted with myself for doing what I did. "Never but never" trust a "bronco."

Uncle Floyd came on a run. "Are you hurt?" he bellowed. "Only my pride," I muttered. I checked the horse over, also the saddle, and started to mount. "You aren't going to get on him again!" Uncle "shouted." "I am if he will let me," I returned.

I spoke to the horse in a low, calm voice. He was calming down. I mounted and rode him around a little--not on the oil. "I wouldn't get on that horse for all the tea in China," Uncle Floyd declared. (He was whiter than I was.)

Well, needless to say, me and the horse took a long ride up over "Bald Hill." We were both calmer when we came back.

Clair came back to pick up the horse on the 30th day. I saddled him up and rode him up and down the lane. Clair was watching how the horse acted. After a trip or two, I put the horse into a gallop. I would lope to the bottom of the lane, turn around and lope back.

"Well, how do you think he turned out?" I questioned. "He is more than I expected," Clair retorted. "Now watch, and I will put her through the paces!" I exclaimed. I put the horse into a run for about ten yards, pulled him up, the horse whirled around. I did this for several complete rounds and brought him to a stop by Clair, jumped off, and dropped the reins. The horse stood there. Clair was dumfounded. "I didn't expect him to be that well broke," Clair admitted.

"He is at the point where he needs regular riding and the right work," I replied. "From here on, you can make him into the kind of animal you want. The choice is up to you," I concluded. Clair paid me the \$80.00 and went away a happy man--I think.

Last of January 1956, the Burke job was completed, and there was a big layoff. Desert Mound had slowed down, as had "Iron Springs." A year ago there were 105 drivers on all jobs for Utah Construction. Now there were 21, and I was #23. I was laid off with very little chance of getting back.

Reed was building a fence up on North Mountain and asked me to come help. I was glad to get the work, but it was less than half what I was making. (Summer, about August 1st.) Dean Hall, myself, Thomas Pearce, and Reed were working. We were at Five Pines, north of "Kelsey Mare" Hollow. The fence was to be built up over the west end of Rock Spring Flat and on over to Dry Lake.

Reed had his cat up there to clear the right of way. This fence was on "Forest Boundary;" Reed had a contract with the Forest Service. I had been working for about a week. Dean and I were working together. Reed and Tom were up the line about a mile. "Out of the clear blue sky" Dean said, "Would you consider being a counselor in the ward bishopric?" (He was bishop.) "I about fainted." "You don't have to give me an answer today," Dean declared. "Talk it over with Vada, and give me your answer tomorrow," he concluded.

After the kids had gone to bed, I told Vada what Dean had asked me. "What did you tell him?" Vada replied. "That we would talk it over and let him know," I added. "You can't turn it down!" Vada exclaimed. "No, I can't," I admitted, "but it is a big undertaking." "You will be just fine, and you can do it," Vada concluded. "You have my full support."

The next day I told Dean we had talked it over, and the answer was "yes." "I have already told the stake president you were the one I wanted," Dean said. "I will let them know." "When will it be done?" I asked. "In about 2-3 weeks. You will have to be approved by the High Council," Dean returned.

Vada and I didn't say anything to the "kids" about it until the Saturday before I was "sustained." Kerry was a senior at Cedar High, Rolaine was still in Junior High--they would ride the bus to school. Velda would be four years old at this time.

Dean H. Hall--bishop, A. Cannon Huntsman--first counselor, Sheldon B Grant--second counselor, Vivian F. Prince--ward clerk. Thomas J. Pearce was the counselor I replaced. I was ordained a "High Priest" and set apart as counselor by Elder "Sterling W. Sill"--assistant to the twelve. My priesthood authority line comes through Elder Sill.

First of March 1956. Dad was home from the herd. He had been out on the desert with Keith and Chester Smith's sheep. Dad had worked for them for several years. They ran about 1500 head: 1200 lambing ewes and 300 dries. Had enough property to keep the sheep on the year round: summer

on Kanarra Mountain, fall--part of "Woolsey Ranch", winter--north of Beryl, Utah. Early spring and late fall, the sheep would be at a 300 acre farm in "Cedar Valley" where they also raised two cuttings of alfalfa to feed the sheep during lambing season. Early spring and late fall, they would graze the hay fields.

Dad would have October and November off, also two weeks after the sheep came from the winter range--first of March. When Dad found out I had been laid off at the mine, he asked me if I would help the Smiths lamb. "How long would it be for?" I asked. "Six weeks. From the 15th of March to the first of May," Dad replied. "If I get called back to the mine, I would have to quit. Would that be alright?" "The Smiths understand that. Come for as long as you can," Dad concluded. I worked at this job for 6-7 weeks and made \$300.00. Was glad to find the work.

While working at the Smiths, Richard (Dick) Leigh came over one day. (He owned and operated a farm nearby.) "I understand you break horses," he said to me. "Where did you hear that?" I asked. "Clair Macfarlane told me," Dick remarked. "I have seen Clair riding that horse you broke for him," Dick concluded. "How is the horse doing?" I asked. "He is one of the best horses with cattle I've seen in a long time!" Dick exclaimed. "I only had the horse for 30 days," I volunteered. "Glad he turned out so well." (It had been two years since that time.)

"I have a five year old gelding I would like to have broken," Dick exclaimed. "I'm very fond of him and will not let just anybody handle him," he further explained. "What breed is he?" I asked. "Half thoroughbred and half quarter horse," Dick said. "Would you consider breaking him for me?" "When I get through here, and if I'm not called back to the mine, I will do it," I answered. "How much do you charge?" Dick asked. "If you furnish the feed, I will keep him for 30 days; the price will be \$100.00." "If you keep him for 45 days, how much will it be?" "\$150.00," I replied. "Think it over, and if you decide to have me break him, bring him down home--say, a week from today," I concluded.

I was through with the lambing job and had been home a couple of days. About noon on the appointed day, Dick Leigh drove up to the place (house). He had his horse in a trailer with hay in his pickup. "I've decided to have you break him," was his greeting. "I want to have him broke well. Could you keep him 45 days at least?" he asked me. "Yes I could. If I'm called back to the mine, I could work swing. That way I would have some four hours each day," I further explained.

As we took the horse to the corral, he "whinnied." My mare--"the Frisky Jack filly"--answered him. "Do you have another horse you are breaking?" Dick asked. "No, I have one of my own--a mare," I replied. She was in the east corral, and we put his horse in the west corral. We had a cow, but she was up at Reed's place.

After turning his horse loose, I said to Dick, "Come look at mine." The filly was born black but now was a "dappled grey." "Is she well broke?" Dick asked. "As well broke as I can do it!" I exclaimed. "Would you consider selling her?" Dick said.

Now I had taken a shine to the horse he had brought. "No I haven't," I told him. "However I would trade her for the horse you have here!" I exclaimed. "She is well reined and is good around cattle."

"Could I try her out?" Dick asked. I took her out and saddled her up. "She hasn't been ridden for several weeks." (I had her with Reed's horses while at the herd and just brought her home.) I said, "I will get on her first." I mounted and walked her down the lane and back up several times. She was calm. I slowly turned her around a few times. Could tell she was responding to the bridle.

I put her into a gallop a few rounds, then stopped where Dick was. "Now get on her," I told him. He mounted and rode her up and down the lane. After he had turned her several times, I said to him, "Put her into a gallop for about ten paces. Stop her quick, whirl her around, then come back about ten paces."

After a while, he dismounted. "She sure is a well reined animal," he remarked. "Well, just leave your horse here and take her home!" I exclaimed. "I don't know how my horse will turn out," was his answer. "I would like to see him after you have had him six weeks. However, I will buy your mare if the price is right," Dick replied. "I will think about it," I said.

I had started to ride the horse, and after a week, I could tell he was a good one. He wasn't what you would call a "beauty"--was tall and rangy--but had good muscles. He took after the thoroughbred side more than quarter horse. Was a good walker with an easy lope and a fast trot. I was real easy with him, and he learned faster than any horse I've broke. After a month, he was well broke.

After I had been riding him for two weeks, Reed asked me to help him on the fence up over North Mountain. Some days I would ride him up there to give him plenty of work. While working on the fence, I was called back to the mine. I called Dick Leigh and told him. "Do you want me to come and

get the horse?" he exclaimed. "No, the horse is doing alright, and I am going on swing shift," I said. "He will be a better horse if you leave him another two weeks," I declared.

I would like to say here that this horse was the best animal I ever broke, and I could truly say the best I had ever "straddled" (ridden). If I ever fell in love with a horse, this one was the most loved. I envied Dick Leigh and would have given my eye teeth to own him. When I went into the corral, the horse would come right up to me. He liked to be ridden as much as I liked to ride him.

When the 45 days were up, Dick came down to get the horse. "I would like to show you what he can do," I said. I saddled the horse and put him through the "paces." The horse could turn on a dime and give you 9 cents change. The mark of a good horse (well reined) is you can never get him to cross his front legs--so he can turn either way--half way around or all the way around. This horse could become a "cutting horse", and he had the ability to be one of the best.

"You try him now," I said to Dick. He mounted, and the horse would do everything he asked of him: stop, start, whirl around, back up, walk, trot, gallop, and stand when dismounted. "Well, how do you like him?" I exclaimed. "I've expected a lot from this horse," Dick declared. "But he far exceeds my expectations," Dick admitted. "Then you don't want to trade him?" I said. "No I don't," he replied. "But I will buy your mare. I've told my wife about her, and she sure would like to have her." So a deal was made, and he wrote me a check for breaking the horse and what I asked for mine. As we were loading the horses in his trailer, I remarked, "If you ever sell that horse (his) for less than \$1,000.00, I'm going to feel real bad."

About two years later, I was going by his farm and could see him over there. I decided to ask him how the horse was doing. The gate was open, so I drove in. Both horses were there. The mare I sold him was almost white. The horse was leaner than when I had him but still had the good "conformation."

"The horse is good, but the mare is the best one with cattle," Dick said. "The horse is best on long rides." "I will give you what you paid me for the mare," I exclaimed, "if you want to sell him." Dick just smiled and shook his head.

I was sent to the Comstock on swing shift. Who was foreman on this shift? None other than my old buddy "Carlyle Bills." "Glad to see you

back," was his greeting. "How long will I be here this time?" I asked. "At least until after the first of the year," Carlyle returned. "We probably will be laid off a week before Christmas," I muttered. (It was now about the middle of August 1956.)

There were 15 drivers here at the Comstock and 10 at Iron Springs. I was #23 on the list. I had enough seniority on this shift to drive one of the "big trucks"--100 ton with a 100 ton payload. Except for the novelty of it, there were better trucks on the job--other trucks were easier to drive.

The Burke job was shut down, and they were moving all equipment from there. Also the Desert Mound works was moving out. There was some talk of "Iron Spring" adding five more drivers on the day shift. I was hoping for this; it would give me a little more security.

The last 2-3 years I worked for Utah Construction, I was laid off about half of the time. What started out to be a longtime employment with union retirement and good medical benefits, was now slipping away.

I would like to tell of two things that happened while working there that just came to my mind--one funny and the other "sad."

About a year after I had bought the 1952 Chevrolet car, I drove it out to the Iron Springs job on swing shift. We parked our private cars outside of the compound and would ride the company bus up to the pit (mile away) and change drivers there.

When I parked my car, it was by "Ardell Madison's." He drove a Cadillac and was always bragging about it. It got a little tiresome at times listening to him. As the bus passed the parking lot, Ardell turned to me and said, "I can tow your car up this hill (it was all uphill to the mine pit) faster than you can drive it." "I don't think you can," I declared, "because I would have the car in gear with the key off, and my foot on the brake."

About March 1, 1957 as we came down from the mine on the bus, it stopped to let men off at the parking lot. As Ardell was leaving the bus, he remarked, "Anybody like to ride to Cedar with me?" "I would," someone spoke up. I thought I would like to ride in that "wonder" car, so I left the bus also.

There were three of us in the car besides Ardell. We had driven some three miles and had reached the road that goes from Cedar City to Newcastle. Now we had a young man (I don't recall his first name) who was a son of Murry Harrison. He drove a 1957 Chevrolet Sedan. He worked at the mine and had heard Ardell brag about his car. We had picked up speed after stopping at the intersection, when Ardell asked, "Isn't

that the Harrison boy coming back of us?" "Yes it is," someone replied--as the car passed us.

"Now watch me take him!" Ardell shouted. We had some three miles of straightaway, slightly uphill. Ardell stepped on the throttle. I was in the back seat--I leaned forward to watch the "speedometer": 60, 70, the Harrison car was still getting farther ahead, 80, "still leaving us behind", 90, "no gain made."

I leaned back in the seat and watched the distance widen. "Ardell, you can't catch him!" someone exclaimed. Ardell didn't say anything for a minute--he had a funny look on his face. At last he eased off the throttle. "Oh, let him go," he muttered.

Fall of 1952. I had been working for Utah Construction about a year. Was driving #445 model 7LD Euclid. Was working days. We came to work one morning. As we boarded the bus in Cedar, someone said, "There was an accident out at the mine last night on swing shift. Buck Middleton was killed in a truck wreck." Now "Buck" was a young man, in his early twenties, with all his life before him. He was single, as I recall, and had been driving truck for some eight months.

Swing shift does not usually haul ore, but they were getting behind in their shipments. A 7LD truck would weigh 35 ton and could haul up to 50 ton more--if it was ore.

About 11 p.m.--one hour before the shift was to end--"Buck", driving #444 (7LD) left the shovel with some 50 ton of ore. It was a mile to the crusher, all but the last 200 feet downhill.

Now these trucks had a water brake that was built around the drive line to help slow the truck down while coming off the hill. "Buck" had made it down the steepest part of the hill. The grade sort of leveled off at this point, before it became steeper. At this point, the short section (about four feet) of the drive line, between the transmission and "water brake" came apart. It was still attached to the transmission. As this piece turned around, it cut the air line before it broke off and fell to the ground. (The truck had air brakes.)

Now there was 85 ton plus turned loose down that grade. At this point, the truck couldn't have been going more than 10 miles an hour. If Buck had headed it out through the cedar trees, his life may have been saved, also the truck.

There was a flat covered with sagebrush further down the road. It was

dark, and maybe Buck thought the truck would slow down before it came to the upgrade to the "scales."

There was a "cattle guard" and fence at the bottom of the hill below the scales. To the right, after going through the fence, was a bank where dirt had been pushed up to form a loading dock. This was used to load equipment on trucks and trailers. Buck headed the truck for this. When he hit that bank, both front wheels and axle were stripped off the truck. The truck flipped over on its side. "Buck was crushed to death." Needless to say, before the day was over, a "cat" (bulldozer) and "patrol" (grader) were in that sagebrush flat making a road. If this ever happened again, there would be a field to land in--"Runaway truck ramp."

About the 15th of March 1957, there was a lay off at the mine. Well, at least I had been working some six months and wasn't laid off just before "Christmas."

There was a "rocket range" being built on the "Hurricane Mesa" west of Virgin. Some of the men from New Harmony had tried to get work there and had been "put off." I went down with Dean and Vivian a few times. We were told that when the project was in full swing, we would be hired.

Now we knew that men were being hired all the time, but we lived out of the area and didn't have the chance the local men had. As we were coming back home from a trip down there, Dean remarked, "What do you think of the idea of checking every morning? We could take turns driving down there." The company--out of Las Vegas--had an office in Hurricane. A man by the name of "Melcher" was superintendent; his son Dick was assistant super. We had talked to both men, but Dick Melcher was the one we talked to each day we came down.

We had been down there for six days straight, and "Dick" (he ran the office) had just put us off with the promise we would be called. Monday morning we were down there by the time the office opened. We were waiting to see "Dick," and Mr. Melcher came in. "Haven't these men been hired yet?" he asked. "No, they haven't," Dick said. "Well, hire them!" Mr. Melcher exclaimed. So we were signed up. "When do we start?" Dean asked. "Be at the job on the Mesa 7:45 in the morning," Dick declared. "We will be there." I think Dick Melcher was as relieved as we were. That is one time persistence paid off.

"Arnold Adair" was one of the foremen down there, and Verl Kelsey knew him. Verl had been a "bulldozer" operator at the mine. "Arnold" was in

charge of clearing the right of way. Now Verl had worked with him (Arnold), so he got a job "skinning cat." Later on, Lyle Prince was hired as a carpenter. We had a carload from New Harmony.

Now this project was being built as a "test site" to help pilots eject from planes traveling at supersonic speed. The wages were higher than at the mine, and we worked Saturdays some weeks: time and a half for over 40 hours.

The first job given to me and Dean was to tamp dirt around a culvert. After working at this for about two hours, they came and took Dean away. I was left alone. Mr. Melcher came by several times, and I was always shoveling and tamping away. We had been told to do a good job, as this culvert was to be under the "track." I had been working at this alone for another two hours when Mr. Melcher stopped and got out of his pickup. After testing the "compaction," he said, "That is packed in there as hard as concrete." He added with a grin, "I believe that should do it."

He took me over to the "water truck" used to sprinkle the roads and "track bed." "Can you drive a truck?" he asked. "Yes, I can," I told him. "We don't need the water truck all the time," he exclaimed. "But you will be driving it when we do," Mr. Melcher added.

The water truck was used to sprinkle the area being graded for the track. The track was about six feet wide and four feet high, made of concrete with two rails (railroad) on top, with water in between to help slow the sled used for this test.

Hurricane "Sam", a "dummy", would ride on the sled. When the sled would reach the right speed, "Sam" would be ejected. As I recall, the seat he was strapped to would go with him, and they would "parachute" over the rim. The sled would slow down after Sam ejected and stop before it went over. However a few times the sled would go over. Then came the work to salvage "Sam" and the sled.

An "observation" building was built under the rim on the end of the track. "It was spooky working on this." The track was about two miles long and went from north to south.

"Blackburn" and "Gower" Construction Company from Cedar City was doing the cement work. The fellow driving the cement truck (I don't recall his name) would come to get water sometimes when I was loading the water truck. I would pull away and let him load. I asked Mr. Melcher if it was OK to do this. He said, "It would, unless it slows you down too much."

The water was pumped from the Virgin River, some five miles away. A big water tank was used to store the water. However, sometimes the water truck took most of that. It would make the cement truck driver mad when he came to fill his truck and had to wait to get water. He went to Mr. Melcher and complained. "We will all have to share the water," Mr. Melcher replied. "But Grant is dumping the water on the ground!" the driver shouted. "I can't get enough to mix the cement." "We need the water to build the track," Mr. Melcher concluded. The driver left, talking to himself. (More on this later.)

We had been working on the project for about three weeks. I was still driving the water truck part of the time. Mr. Melcher put Dean and I "grouting" in steel on the track being built. Cement footings would be poured about four feet apart and two feet wide. Our job was to drill into this footing about two feet deep--more or less--using a "jack hammer", making a hole about three inches across.

Into this hole we would put a one inch "rebar" with about three feet sticking out. Then mix "slushy" cement (in a cement mixer) and pour around the rebar--to a level with the footing. One of us would watch to see "no one" moved the rebar until the cement "set."

We took great "pains" but also did almost twice as much length of track as the ones doing it before us. When the "inspector" came to look it over, he said to Mr. Melcher, "That is the best grouting job I've ever seen." Needless to say, we worked at that until the "end of track." (Now we really had it made.)

One day when we came to work, it was raining, and we were unable to do the grouting work. We were put to pulling nails out of cement forms. We had a pile of lumber about as high as a house. Now they couldn't pay the "carpenters" to do this, so new material was used. The lumber with nails in it was stacked, until there was an enormous pile.

Well, it kept raining, and all work was slowed down. We were getting wet to the skin. Why didn't they send us home? Now some of the carpenters could work under cover, and Lyle was one of them. Dean, Vivian, and I didn't ask to go home because Lyle was riding with us, so we just kept working.

A good share of the work was "subbed" out--other contractors. Some of them had given up and gone home.

One of the "big wigs" out of Las Vegas office (home base of the

company) would come up to check the work over now and then. "Wouldn't you know, this was the day he picked to come?" We thought a lot of Mr. Melcher and his son Dick but didn't like this "Ben Chase." We were hoping Mr. Melcher would come out (they had a big trailer house for an office) and at least give us a choice to work or go home.

We stuck it out until noon. We had one hour for lunch time. We built a fire--plenty of cedar trees around--and while we ate our lunch, we stood around a "huge fire" and dried out some.

By the time we went back to work, it had started to "pour down," and we were "drenched" again. "What to do?" Finally, Dean said, "Job or no job, I'm going to get under that shed over there." You bet Vivian and I followed him. After about five minutes, Mr. Melcher came out. He didn't chastise us. "Men, you will have to go back to work," he remarked and went back in the trailer. "What to do?" We needed the work, and the pay was good. So we kept on working.

Now Mr. Melcher was a regular guy, and we couldn't do anything that would hurt him with the company. But we sure had some unfriendly feelings toward this man "Chase." If he hadn't been there, things would have been different. We had been earning our money--and more.

Well, it finally quit raining, and we dried out after an hour or so. We were sure glad when five o'clock came. (More on this later.)

The summer of 1946. I had been back from the army for some five months. Was working for Reed Prince. Although Reed still helped with his dad's place at times, he had a big operation of his own. Had several tractors, trucks, a "combine" harvester, "bulldozer," etc. Reed was mayor of New Harmony at this time. I had a chance to work at different projects for the town.

Fern Hall, "Vada's sister," was going to Salt Lake to have her eye operated on. When she was a young girl, she ran a pair of scissors into her eye. She had been blind in that eye for about 20 years. Now they were going to remove it and give her a false one. You would never know it to look at her, would you?

Fern and Horace had three children at this time: Herchel, Joyce, and Nila. Horace's mother, "Amilla," was going to keep Herchel and Joyce. Nila was about 3-4 months at the time, and she was going to stay with us.

I really got acquainted with her. When at home and she was awake, I would go into the bedroom and play with her in her crib. Whenever I came

by on the tractor, Vada would bring her out and hand her up to me. Vada said that when she heard the tractor coming, she would say to Nila, "The tractor is coming. Let's go see Uncle Sheldon." She would clap her hands and squeal.

To make a long story short, Fern and Horace came to get Nila some three weeks later. I went into the bedroom and brought Nila in. Fern reached out her arms to Nila. "Come to Mama," she said. Did Nila go to her? NO WAY. She hung back and laid her head on my shoulder. Fern took hold of her. "It's Mommy, honey." Nila started to whimper. Fern just grabbed and took her.

Nila reached out her arms to Vada and really cried. Vada didn't take her, so she reached out to me. "Why you little devil," Fern retorted. "I'm your mother." But she hadn't convinced Nila of that. Well, Nila finally quit crying, but when they started to leave, she started to cry again and hold out her arms--as if to say, "Why are you letting them take me?"

May I add a little humor here? The story goes of this bus load of people traveling across the United States. As they were going along this day, some were singing, others telling jokes, etc.

They passed a field with a big herd of cattle grazing. A lady spoke up, "I wonder how many cattle are out there." A man hearing her say this said, "I will count them for you." He looked at the cattle for about ten seconds, then declared, "Twelve hundred and forty-eight."

"That can't be right!" the lady exclaimed. "Oh yes it is," the man retorted. "How can you be so sure?" she muttered. "How did you do it?" (The bus was traveling 50 plus miles an hour.) The man looked at her and smiling, declared, "I counted their legs and divided by four."

I had been working for Reed most of the summer of the year 1950. Was doing most of the plowing, keeping weeds out of the "fallow" ground. (I've mentioned how they do "summer fallow" in other parts of this book.) I was plowing on the "Davies" farm (Ivan and Elmer). One day Reed came by. "Laura, I, and the kids are going to Yellowstone Park," he volunteered. "Would you, Vada, Vivian, and Marva like to come with us?" "When are you going?" I asked. "As soon as you get the rest of this plowing done," Reed answered. "I've already talked to Vivian, and they would like to go." "Sounds good to me. I will talk it over with Vada."

Now I had been working from daylight to dark six and seven days a week

for a month and needed a rest. Vada and I talked it over with Vivian and Marva and decided to go. Vivian had a new Chevrolet pickup he had bought the year before--the four of us were going in that and taking our camp outfit and grub.

Reed and Laura were going to Salt Lake, then on to Montpelier, Idaho--were going to stay there with some of Laura's relatives. We were going to meet them the next day.

We arrived in Montpelier about sundown and drove up a canyon to camp out. It was the 30th of August and quite cool in the mountains. We had each brought a single cot and mattress, also a sleeping bag. We had a tent but didn't put it up. After cooking our supper, we sat around the campfire before going to bed--we had folding chairs.

After we hit the sack, Marva kept saying she was cold. Vada said, "I can smell a skunk." No one said anything, then Vivian started to laugh. "What's so funny?" I asked. "That skunk smell is Marva," Vivian returned. We found out they had borrowed Dean Hall's sleeping bag. Dean had left it on his front porch, and a skunk had visited it. You couldn't smell anything when Marva was lying still. When she moved, the smell was brought to life. After that, if anyone got a whiff, they would pipe up, "Marva, lie still."

Reed had bought a new Chevrolet Sedan before we left. He could take all his family. They were going to rent a cabin at Yellowstone. "Wouldn't it be nice to have what money you needed?" I could only pay for half the gas on the trip. We took most of our "grub" from home. We really couldn't afford to go, but we thought, "What the heck. This will be the only time we ever get the chance to go to Yellowstone Park."

The drive to Logan was beautiful--the first time we had been there. From Logan, we went by the "Hardware Ranch"--where they now feed the "Elk Herd". Logan Canyon was a pretty place, as was "Bear Lake." The lake is part in Utah, the rest in Idaho.

After we met Reed and Laura in downtown Montpelier, we headed out about 8 a.m.. (We had to wait for them to show up.) We had driven some 15 miles, and we were in Wyoming; soon we were driving through "Starr Valley." This valley is long, fertile, green, and beautiful. You haven't really seen Wyoming until you have been through Starr Valley.

In Starr Valley, near the small town of "Thayne", is a big cheese factory. All up and down the valley are big herds of Holstein milk cows. Swiss cheese is made here and shipped "worldwide." We stopped there and went through the building.

As we entered, they gave us a sample of cheese, then we had a tour. In the main part of the building were huge "vats" filled with milk, in various stages of making the "curd." Here we could eat all the curd we wanted. Before we left the factory, I thought Marva would burst, she ate so much of it. To me, it was kind of rubbery.

We were taken down in the basement where the cheese was stored. Here were several rooms with shelves all the way around. Cheese was in different stages of "curing." Each cheese was round, about two feet across and 6-8 inches thick--would weigh over 100 lbs. each.

We were told it took over a year to properly age. We inquired, "How many cheeses this size can you get from each vat?" (The vats would hold several hundred gallons of milk.) "Only one," the guide told us. He also said, "Each one of these cheeses has to be turned over once a week." There were at least 1000 stored there.

When we were ready to leave the building, Reed asked, "Will you sell us some?" "Yes, and we will ship it anywhere you say." "How much a pound is it?" Reed replied. "We have to protect our dealers, so we sell retail--it is \$1.75 a pound." I about choked on the piece I had in my mouth. Needless to say, neither Vivian or I bought any. Reed, however, bought a couple of pounds. "It was the best cheese I ever ate." (More on this later.)

Some 20 miles north of here, we came to the "South Fork" of the "Snake River." Here the road forked: one going to Idaho Falls, the other followed the river east and north to Jackson, Wyoming. At this time of year in New Harmony, all the creeks are at their lowest. This river was "booming." What a refreshing sight to people raised in a dry area. I thought we had seen some beautiful country, but the best was to come.

We followed the river for about 20 miles. Here the road went some 10 more miles before we came to "Jackson," where the Jackson Valley opened up. At the time, Jackson was a small town--maybe 1,000. "Now" it is over 5,000, with thousands living nearby.

We stopped north of Jackson and had lunch. "Yes, we ate some of that expensive cheese." We could see the "Tetons" from here, their tops covered with snow. The tallest of these peaks is close to 14,000 ft. "Each time I see the Tetons, I'm reminded of "Earl Durand" and the "Tarzan of the Tetons."

For the next 35-40 miles, we were to see some of the most "spectacular" country in all the west. On the east of the "Jackson," "Teton" Valley was the "National Elk Refuge" and the Bridger Teton National Forest. On the west,

of course, was the "majestic" Tetons.

Further north was "Jenny Lake" and Jackson Lake. At times, the Tetons were mirrored in the lakes. North of Jackson Lake (on the west) was Grand Teton National Park. On the east was John D. Rockefeller Jr. National Parkway and other mountains such as Hancock and Huckleberry. "Was this mountain named after Huckleberry Finn or because of the huckleberries that grow in the area?"

We were soon inside of "Yellowstone Park." The scenery here was something else. I will tell you about it a little at a time as I go on with the story.

By the time we reached the south entrance of the park, we had crossed the south fork of the Snake River again. Before we reached the west thumb of "Yellowstone Lake," Shoshone Lake, Lewis Lake, and the head waters of the "Snake," drainage came "not" from Yellowstone Lake, but these other lakes. Also from high ranges, Mt. Hancock (12,000 plus feet high), Heart Lake, and the west side of the Continental Divide. The Yellowstone Lake drains north into the Yellowstone River, which is part of the headwaters of the "Missouri River" (that is another story that will come farther along in my journal.)

We pitched our tent at the "West Thumb" campground, close to the lodge. Reed moved into a cabin there. However, he stayed there for only two nights. Laura had relatives in Central Idaho, and they were going on to there. After setting up our camp at "West Thumb," we never moved it; were afraid we couldn't find another place. We drove the pickup to places we wanted to see and came back each night.

We didn't see Reed, Laura, and the kids after the second day there. At night the bears would come and visit the camps. Garbage cans were buried below ground with a heavy lid to cover them. This lid was on a hinge; you could hear them banging shut all night. We couldn't leave food out or on the table because the bear would get it.

The bear were "the black bear," mainly young and female. No "grizzlies" came into camp. The girls (Vada and Marva) wouldn't go out of the tent after dark. One evening, we wanted to go to the lodge--about 50 yards away--to buy some supplies. The girls wouldn't go with us; Vivian and I went by ourselves.

Coming back, Vivian said, "Let's give them a scare." We quietly approached the tent from the back, where the girls slept. We scratched on the tent wall. Marva whispered, "Vada, did you hear that?" "Hear what?"

Vada replied. Vivian and I were very quiet. "I believe a bear is out there!" Marva cried. We scratched on the tent again and bumped into the tent ropes. "What will we do?" Vada said in a frightened voice. "I sure hope the guys come back," Marva declared. "Do you think we could get to the pickup?" Vada exclaimed. "We would be safe if we locked the door." "Vivian locked the door and has the keys in his pocket," Marva whispered.

We had pegged down the tent and dug a ditch around it, also put dirt on the bottom. "Maybe they will go away," Vada replied hopefully. I shook the tent, and Vivian growled as much like a bear as he could. "That is our husbands," Marva declared. "I can tell Vivian's voice." --So the gig was up-

We drove all over the park. As I recall, we were there four days and five nights. On the morning of September 2nd, we woke up to 2-3 inches of snow. (It had rained the day before.)

Fishing Bridge was a spot where people congregated. You were allowed to fish the streams and from the bridge, but not the lake, unless you had a boat. Unless you had a motor, you couldn't go out more than 50 yards, and this could be done in the "coves" only. With a motor, you were allowed to go out a little farther.

Now the lake was long, wide, and deep: some 30 miles long and 20 miles wide, with lots of necks. Shoreline more than 100 miles.

Fishing Bridge was over the outlet into Yellowstone River. Down the river a few miles was the upper falls; some 10 miles further, the lower falls. The upper falls were the most "spectacular," as I recall.

One day we rented a boat. The lake was calm. Were told to stay in the neck of the west thumb cove. We had brought two fishing poles and tackle. The fee you paid to get into the park allowed you fishing privileges; however, the limit was two fish "each" a day.

Vivian and I did all the rowing; the girls did all the fishing. We didn't expect to catch any fish--we were trolling with spinners--we never did get out the 50 yards allowed. Pretty soon Marva yelled, "I've got one on the line!" We all started to tell her what to do--at once. Vivian stopped rowing, and I pulled in Vada's line. Marva was so excited she could hardly contain herself. When it was finally landed, it was a "brown" trout about 14 inches. We were out on the lake about one hour and caught six fish, the biggest--a rainbow 16-17 inches. That was the first and only fishing we did while there.

In the evenings, we would go out to Hayden Valley and look at the elk

and moose. We went to "Old Faithful" a few times.

While driving around the park, we would come upon traffic jams. We knew someone was watching the animals or feeding the "bears." People would feed the bears from their cars. We didn't do this; the girls wouldn't let us. Yah!

One time we were at the fishing bridge and saw some of the bigger boats come in. Guided tours and fishing trips were given here. I walked down to the dock to see the fish they caught. This one boat was some 20 feet long, had a cabin, and 8-10 people on board. One man had a string of fish he could hardly carry; some of the "catch" were 3-4 lbs. (each fish). They told me they had been 20 miles across and down the lake.

Now if we had \$50.00 each, we could have taken one of these trips. However Vada wouldn't have gone "free." I can only remember three times she went out on a boat with me. Then it was only for a short time and close to shore.

One evening as we were out to Hayden Valley, we could see a big bull moose some 1/4 mile down the valley. An artist was painting a picture of it. As we watched from the pickup I said, "Sure would like to see that "bull" close up." "You can't go down there and disturb him," Vada replied. "That person painting would be mad." She was right about that, so we watched from where we were. After about ten minutes, a car stopped behind us. Four people got out and started down the slope.

The moose was standing in the water in the flat below. "How far do you think they can go before the bull moves?" Vivian declared. Soon they were as close to the moose as the artist was--about 100 yards from the bull and 200 yards from the artist to the foursome. The moose hadn't moved and was feeding on the grass and low brush. The two boys and two girls were determined to get closer and were ignoring the artist. They were about 20-30 yards from the moose when it turned and slowly walked up the hill covered with pine trees. The artist gathered up his equipment and moved away--talking to himself? Yes, yes.

I would like to say at this time, "I heard Heber Walton one time tell of seeing a nine foot tall moose." "Heber, do you mean nine feet from the ground to the top of his shoulders?" I asked. "Yes, that is what he was," Heber returned.

We watched the moose until it went into the trees, then we drove on up the road, parked to see if he crossed. It was after sundown by now. The bull hadn't come out of the pine trees. I asked, "Anyone care if I go take a

look?" "You aren't going to get close to him, are you?" Vada declared. "I will not take any chances," was my reply.

I took my camera and headed toward the trees, slowly walked forward as I reached the grove. The trees were thin, and I looked all around, hoping for a good look. All at once, there he lay, "fighting flies" and chewing his cud. I was maybe 30 feet from him. There was a small tree between me and him. With this for a shield, I crept up to 15 feet of him. He actually had his eyes shut. His head was huge and the horns massive. I took a couple of pictures. "He doesn't even know I'm here," I thought. Now he was as big as they get.

"Should I try to get closer?" An animal that size would be slow to get onto his feet. The bull opened his eyes and looked right at me. With one "smooth" motion, he rose to his feet. I darted behind a tree.

"Was he nine feet tall?" Now I have seen horses that were 16 hands high. This critter was almost as high as that. "Well, Heber may have seen a moose nine feet tall after all." However, this one wasn't that tall.

We drove up the west side of Yellowstone Lake the next day. Went west to the road from Madison Junction to Mammoth, turned south until we came to the road from "West Yellowstone," then southeast by "Old Faithful Geyser" and back to west thumb.

This "loop" was some 80 miles. The park is 60 miles square--more or less. This would make the park some 3300 square miles in "area." In the five days we were there, we saw only a small part of it. However we saw most of the main attractions. I would say "Old Faithful" was the most spectacular.

When we left on our homeward journey, it was early in the morning. We drove to "Old Faithful" Lodge and spent several hours there, then went out the west entrance to the park.

From Yellowstone Park we drove to "Idaho Falls," Idaho. What a beautiful sight the Temple was. Built on a slight rise on the back of the "Snake River."

We camped in a park (campground) on the southeast part of the city. Spent some time in the downtown area. One market we went into had fresh fruit in. I recall a bushel of pears costing \$8.00. Couldn't believe our eyes--they were selling for \$2.50 in New Harmony. Needless to say, we didn't buy any.

We took in a drive-in movie. A little crowded with four of us in the cab

of the pickup. We had pitched our tent and set up our beds before going to the movie and planned to head south early next morning.

As we were preparing to leave, between daylight and sunup, a man came to change the water on a field of "potatoes." Vivian and I were talking to him--just over the fence from where we were camped. "How often do you get the water?" Vivian asked. (A big canal ran close by.) "Anytime I want it," was the reply. "Do you mean you can take it whenever you like and keep it as long as you need it?" I exclaimed. "That is what I mean," the man retorted. "Where are you from?" the man asked. "Southern Utah, where it is arid climate," we declared. "Not only do we have water turns, but at times very little water," Vivian concluded.

We made several stops and took in the sights on the way south. When we reached Ogden, Utah, it was about dark. I suggested we find "Bud King's place" in "Orem" and sleep on his lawn. Bud King was married to Mother's sister, "Nelda."

I had never tried to find "Uncle Bud's" place in the dark before. We had some trouble. However we finally located it. When we drove in the driveway back of the house, several dogs came out to the pickup, barking and making a lot of fuss. Vada said, "No way am I going to stay here." "Me either," Marva protested. "I don't think anyone's home," I declared. "Let's go up Spanish Fork Canyon and camp out there." "Sounds good to me," Vivian exclaimed.

We had talked some of going back on Highway 89 anyway. We didn't want to go up the canyon very far because the scenery was beautiful--we wanted to see it in the daylight. We found a wide spot in the canyon some 100-200 feet off the road. Took our cots out and made our beds; didn't put up the tent. We would be leaving early.

By now it was near 11 p.m.. We had just gotten in bed when we heard a low rumble. "What is that?" Marva yelled. There were just a few clouds in the sky. "That's distant thunder," Vivian responded. Well, the thunder got louder, soon a clickety-click, then a train whistle. We were 100 yards from a train track. Pretty soon our beds started to shake, and the noise was deafening. It seemed like it took ten minutes to pass.

We had relaxed and were about asleep when another came by. About once an hour all night this went on. The trains woke us up, but "we were rocked back to sleep."

After cooking breakfast the next morning, we loaded our gear and

started up the canyon. A nice stream of water comes down this canyon. This was the first week in September, and this was a big stream--enough to water all the Harmony bench and some to spare. We came to the "Thistle Junction." Here the road forked--6 going east to Price and 89 south to "Fairview," "Mt. Pleasant," "Ephraim," "Manti."

The Temple was a very impressive sight; as many times as I have seen it, always a "thrill." It is on the east side of the valley on a high hill. You can see it for "miles" before you come to it, travelling north or south.

We looked at the sights as we drove on south, stopped at many places. When we reached "Clear Creek Canyon," we decided to stay on 89. Stopped at "Big Rock Candy Mountain." On to Marysvale and Circleville--home of "LeRoy Parker," alias "Butch Cassidy."

One time I was home teaching at Clarence and Laverna Englestead's. We were talking about early history of Utah. He told this story (Clarence):

"I was with my grandfather on Cedar Mountain when I was a young boy. We were rounding up cattle. (This would be somewhere near the year 1899.) As we were watching our herd and preparing our evening meal, a man rode up on a white horse--a good-looking fellow with a fancy saddle and gear. Had his bedroll on the back of his saddle. Grandad asked him to come eat with us. He didn't offer his name, and Grandfather didn't ask him.

"After the meal was over, it was dark. The fellow said, 'Would it be alright if I rolled out my bed and shared your campfire?' 'Sure, you are welcome,' Grandfather returned. The man removed his saddle and gear, hobbled his horse, rolled out his bed, and was soon asleep. The next morning he ate breakfast with us, collected his gear, saddled his horse, and mounted. Then he said to Grandfather, 'I am Butch Cassidy.'"

Clarence remarked, "I will never forget that time. With my own eyes I saw Butch Cassidy and spent the night with him."

We continued south on 89 to Panguitch, on to the Mount Carmel Junction, and over the Cedar Mountain to home. The kids were glad to see us, and we were lonesome for them. Much had to be done before time to go potato picking.

### Back to Hurricane Mesa

The project was getting about completed; many had been laid off. It was now late in May. Dean, Vivian, Lyle, and I were still working there. Vivian

was to quit and go help his dad. We had been some of the very last to be hired on the job and were there until the company moved off the hill.

We had been cleaning up area and loading equipment. Another company was to come and take over the "test site." Big metal buildings were being built for offices, repair shops. We had a chance to tour these, also the "Launch Room." Here was some sophisticated equipment. A six-foot high chain link fence was being built around the total operation. A guardhouse at the main entrance. Tight security was maintained.

The company that the Melchers were working for had only the building of the track, launch buildings, etc.. It was now being turned over to the military.

The Melchers were to be superintendents of a high-rise office building being constructed on "Fremont Street" (about 4th east) in Las Vegas. We were offered a job there. Lyle accepted and said he would stay with Delora and Clyde, his daughter and son-in-law, in Henderson, Nevada. "Why don't you come with me," Lyle asked. "We could sleep together and come home weekends." So it was arranged.

I recall the day we moved off the hill. We had a big truck loaded heavy. It had been sitting there for several days. "That truck's brakes are gone, and we need to get it to Hurricane. Anyone volunteer to drive it?" Dick asked. "No takers." The road off the mesa was mostly dugway, narrow and steep with a lot of sharp turns. Dick said to me, "Sheldon, you are a truck driver. Can that truck be moved down the hill without brakes?" "It could be done," I remarked. "Well, I wouldn't ask anyone to risk their life," Dick declared.

"If you are not in a hurry and give me all the time I need, I'll drive it to Hurricane," I remarked. "How will you do it?" Dick declared. "Put it in the slowest gear it has and creep down the hill," I concluded. "If I get into trouble, I will run it into the bank." The bank was on the right hand side all the way down. "Take all the time you need, and good luck," Dick said.

We picked a time when there was little or no traffic coming up or going down the hill. I eased the truck to the hill, put it in "Granny Gear," and crept down at about two miles an hour. It was some four miles to the highway. We parked the truck here; next day drove it on to Hurricane, where the brakes were repaired. Someone else drove it to Las Vegas.

After spending a few days at home, Lyle and I headed for Las Vegas.

It was now late May and getting "hot." Could we take the "heat?" We got settled at Delora's and went to check the job out. "You will need to check at the local union. Las Vegas is a strong union city," Mr. Melcher said. "We do not want any trouble with them," he further explained. "When you get cleared, come back and go to work."

We found the union headquarters. Now I had a Teamsters card but no Laborers. Lyle had a Carpenters card and had no trouble getting his cleared. When I asked for a card, they told me, "We will clear you, but you will have to wait your turn to work." "How long will that be?" I asked. Pointing to a group of men in the back of the building, he said, "Those are all laborers waiting to go to work." I turned around and couldn't believe my eyes. At least fifty men were sitting there, mostly black. "Those men check here each day and are waiting to go to work," he retorted. "How much will it cost for a card?" I responded. "Ten dollars for the first month. Five dollars each month thereafter," the man declared.

I gave him the \$10.00 and was signed up. When he gave me the Laborers card, he remarked, "You can't go out and look for a job; you must wait your turn." "I will not look for a job," I replied. --Now I wasn't lying to him. I already had the job.--

When we got back to the project and told Dick about it, he said, "There will be no problem there. We can hire a certain amount of men of our own choosing."

Our first job was to build a lumber and plywood fence around the complete project. Lyle and I were the first men to go to work; however, after 2-3 days more were put on.

One day Dick said to me, "We are going to pay you carpenter's wages. You are doing the work, so why not get the pay." So Lyle let me use one of his hammers. Had been working about a week when a union man came by. "Let me see your card," he said. Now I had a hammer in my hand. I showed him my Laborers card. "Man, did he hit the ceiling!" "What's going on here?!" he yelled. "This man can't pound nails; he is a laborer." Dick heard the "ruckus" and came over. Tried to calm the man down, but he was a "madman." I just walked away. After the man left, Dick whispered to me, "He threatened to shut the project down. Just hold the boards while Lyle pounds the nails." The job wasn't shut down, but I quit using a hammer. Dick told me if I could get a Carpenters card, they would keep paying me wages. "Just let it go," I exclaimed, "it isn't that big of a deal. Laborers pay is fine with me."

We would go to work at 7 a.m. to try and beat the heat. It would be 75-80 degrees; by ten it was over 100, and mid-afternoon 110-115. Sure was nice to be home two days a week. We would leave Vegas after work on Friday. When we reached the "Black Ridge," did the cool air feel good. (St. George is almost as hot as Vegas.) We would leave to go back late evening Sunday night.

Clyde and Delora wouldn't charge me for a room and board. However I insisted they take \$20.00 a week to help on the food.

After I had been working about two weeks, Mr. Melcher said, "Sheldon, you are going to be our 'expediter.' You will be going back and forth from the project to the company office, warehouse, and yard. You will be carrying time sheets, messages, etc. and picking up any materials you can haul in a pickup." Pointing to a company pickup, he exclaimed, "You will be driving that pickup over there." All company vehicles were inside the compound, as was all the other equipment. (No private cars were allowed inside.)

I recall the first trip I went to the warehouse. I walked into the front office. "Who was the first person I saw?" None other than this man, "Chase." I walked up to him and declared, "Mr. Melcher has sent me here to fill this list."--Handed him the list. Without a word, he took the list and motioned me to follow him. We went out through a door to the warehouse and yard. Handing the list to a fellow, he growled, "This is an order from Melcher." Then to me--"We do not take orders from any of our projects in the front office," he concluded, turned, and walked back into the main office.

Now I liked this man "Chase" even less than I had before. I had some satisfaction because I had "bearded the lion" in his den. "However, I went in the back way after that."

I began to like the expediting work and was doing that almost full time. The workers in the warehouse were friendly people, would fill the orders I had quickly and with a smile. I saw very little of "Mr. Chase," and I liked that. "How did he get his position, any way?"

We had been working a month by now. The footings had been poured, the walls had started to rise. A big crew was on hand. When I wasn't running errands, I would work on the building. It was good, however, to get away from the "Mele."

The Fourth of July was getting close. Lyle had said, "I will be quitting for a while to cut my grain. What will you do? Clyde and Delora say you can

still stay while I am gone." I thought about it and talked with Vada. "Do what you think is best," Vada said. "There is a mill being built at Desert Mound," I responded. While at home I checked it out, and they were to hire more men soon.

When we told the Melchers about it, they were disappointed. Told us to come back as soon as we could and a job would be here for us.

After the Fourth was over, I made a trip to "Desert Mound" and got work as a laborer. The union accepted my Nevada card. All I had to do was pay two months dues in advance. Now at this time, Utah had a "right to work" law. If an employer would hire you, you didn't have to join the union. However, the unions were getting stronger with more power all the time. Example: if the companies and contractors hired too many nonunion men, it would be harder to get "contracts."

I was now carrying two union cards, each costing \$4.00 a month. The unions didn't get you a job or assure you a job; they just told you what to do after you got the job. Now don't get me wrong--labor has to be represented. I'm just not sure that unions are the way to do it. I never did vote to call a strike and always voted to go back to work.

What ever happened to the "idea" that you held your position on "merit," not because you were a union man. I recall one time while working for Utah Construction a certain fellow was asked, "When are you going to retire?" "Why should I retire?" the man responded. "I have nothing to do and have four men to help me." (He was an office man.) --More on this later-- --Still summer 1957--

While it is on my mind, I would like to back up to about 1953-54. I had been laid off at the mine. It was late spring. A "movie" was being made, and some of it was shot on the "Harrisburg Bench." Horses were in demand. Lindau Foremaster was in charge of all horses. He came to New Harmony to hire what horses he could. Uncle Roy had horses but was reluctant to let them go. "Who will be riding the horses?" Uncle Roy asked. "We will be hiring "extras" (movie term) to ride most of them." "How about us riding our own horses?" Cannon Huntsman added. "It could be arranged," Lindau replied. "I need all the horses I can get." So Cannon, Dallas, and myself took our horses down to Uncle Roy's place at Harrisburg to become movie extras.

Now I had a little mare that I wouldn't let just anyone ride. This filly was "caught" on the Arizona Strip. I suppose you would call her a "mustang."

However, she had traces of good blood. I always thought she wasn't all "wild horse." When Bill Brown bought the Goddard Grant Ranch from Aunt Emma, this filly, along with two others, went with the deal. Bill hired these three mares out at deer season. Two fellows running a camp hired the horses. They got along with the two older horses, but this little filly (she weighed 800 lbs.) gave them trouble. She was a "stepper" and wanted to go fast. Well, they tried to hold her back, and she "laid" down on them. The more they "abused" her, the less they could get out of her. Finally, they brought her home, and she wasn't ridden for a year.

Bill didn't use the horses. They stayed at the ranch during the summer and his farm here east of town in winter. Reed Prince would feed them.

When deer season came the next year, these same two fellows hired the horses again but wouldn't take "Mokee." Bill came to me and said, "Would you consider to take that little bay mare off my hands? I don't want to sell her for 'fish food.' Someone suggested I give her to you. She 'balks' and laid down; she is a liability to me." "I have heard what happened with her last deer season," I replied. "Could you bring her out of it?" Bill asked. "That depends on how bad she has been abused," I responded. "As a favor to me, would you try?" Bill added, "If you can make a usable horse out of her, she will be yours. If not, I will decide what to do with her," Bill concluded.

I went up to his place and brought and mare home. She was a "pretty little thing." A "blood bay" (dark bay) with four white stockings (one on each leg) from her knees to her feet, with a full blaze face--a white streak starting below her eyes and widening as it went down her face, around her lower jaw, and over her nose. Her eyes weren't "glass," as some blaze faced horses. Her head was small, as were her ears--showing signs of good breeding.

I kept her around a couple of days, then saddled her up and mounted. She just stood there, and I couldn't budge her. She had her front feet wide apart. I tried to turn her--she wouldn't move--so I just sat there, not knowing what she would do but ready for anything. I knew striking or hitting her wouldn't work. I kept hoping she wouldn't lie down. Anything else, I could handle.

Finally she moved a step. After a few minutes, she took another step. Stood there "spraddled legged." I kept her head up. Knew if she lowered it, she would go down. Finally she started slowly forward, striking the air.

Most horses can be brought out of this with a whip, but not her. After

she had traveled some 100 feet, she "unclenched" her teeth and walked off as if nothing had happened. Now I had the secret of how to handle her.

It was now three days before deer season, and I decided to take her up to camp (Garden Spring) every morning a week before the hunt and all during the season. She would "camp stall." When the hunt was over, she wouldn't do it until the next year. Over the years, she got some better but never did completely get over it. Some of the hunters would say, "Why do you monkey with her?" Well, number one, she was a challenge; number two, after the first few minutes of a morning, you were well mounted. Few horses were better to ride; number three, she was a beautiful animal; number four, she was good at carrying deer.

Jimmy Dale Neilson named the mare "Mokee." She was caught near the Mokeack Mountain on the Arizona Strip.

The movie being made was "The Conqueror," starring "John Wayne" as an "Asian" monarch. As I recall, "Mongolia" was involved. Many of the battle scenes were shot on the Harrisburg bench. We saw John Wayne once, but never in costume. However, the big white horse he rode was there, as was a canvas-backed chair with "Duke" on the back.

Dick Powell was the director--married to "June Allison." We saw him almost every day. Our pay was \$6.00 a day: \$4.00 for you, \$2.00 for the horse. You could hardly believe the "garbs" they put on us--wigs, robes, some animal skins, etc., oh yes, makeup. We would be "Mongolians" in the morning, afternoons change costumes and be the other side. Hundreds of horses were involved. The only way we could tell each other was by the horse we were riding.

We mostly just stood around or had dry runs. The cameras would be on us maybe a minute each day. Was it ever a circus! Horses were wild, and the riders were even worse. The riders were instructed to watch and tighten the cinch on the saddle before mounting. The cinches would loosen up, and saddles were slipping off. One day we were instructed to all dismount. This one rider started to get off his "mount." The saddle slipped under the horse's belly. More saddles slipped. Horses were bucking and screaming. Saddles were kicked to pieces. Soon a stirrup went flying in the air, then a fender, even a saddle skirt.

Now if the cameras had been ready, this would have been the best scene of the movie. We were there for about two weeks. When the movie came out, we went to see it. Didn't recognize even our horses, let alone any of us. It wasn't a very popular movie. I would say one of John Wayne's

worst.

I had been working at Desert Mound for about a month. We were pouring cement on top of a tunnel which would house some of the conveyor belts. We were in cement up to above our ankles. We were breaking our backs, the cement was dry and hard to handle. "Why don't you put some water in this?!" I exclaimed. "Work your head off!" someone yelled. "You have got it coming!" I turned around, and there stood the cement truck driver I had trouble with on the Hurricane Mesa job. "That's for hogging the water from me at the Rocket Range!" he shouted. "I hope you break your back!"

Soon after this incident, Oliver Hole came to see me at work. "I have an opening at Iron Springs for a truck driver," he said. "Would you be interested?" "How long is it for?" I returned. "A few months at least." "Will anyone come to bump me?" I asked. "No, I have contacted all drivers older than you," he replied. "When do you want me to be there?" I said. "As soon as you can--tomorrow if possible," Ollie concluded. "I'll be there tomorrow!" I exclaimed. "That will last longer than this job." I left without a broken back. Yes.

I reported to work at Iron Springs. Clayton Lewis was day shift foreman. "Good to see you back, Sheldon," was his greeting. "Hope I can stay for some time," I remarked. "We have plenty of work for at least 90 days," Mr. Lewis exclaimed. I was to drive one of the jack rabbits. This I didn't mind--at least I was working. It was now about the first of August 1957.

I had been on the Iron Springs job for about six weeks. One day a driver who had more seniority than me showed up. "I understand you have a driver here younger in time for the company than I have." "That is right," Mr. Lewis said. "Well, I want his job," the man declared. "Sorry, but you can't have it," Mr. Lewis returned. "Why not? I have more seniority!" the fellow yelled. "Because you refused to come back when notified. Mr. Grant quit a job to come back when asked. We don't ask one man to hold a job for another," Mr. Lewis concluded. The man went off talking to himself, and I stayed on.

About 1955, we had a man by the name of "Warren Handby" come to hunt deer. He was a builder and construction contractor. Lived in the Los Angeles area. One day he said to Dad, "Bert, I sure wish I had some of your sons working for me." "If any of them would like to come and live in

Southern California, let me know!" Warren exclaimed.

Before deer season came, about the 15th of October, I was laid off again at the mine. "How long will this layoff be?" I asked. "We hope it will only be temporary." At least it wasn't at Christmastime. It would be easier to find work. However, I decided to take in the hunt before I looked for a job. Nevertheless, if one came my way, I wouldn't turn it down.

Warren Handby didn't come to hunt that year. I had thought about getting in touch with him. For the last four years, I had worked only about six months a year for Utah Construction. "Was 41 years old." Time was here to find something that would be steady and I could work for a retirement plan. I decided not to call Warren Handby until after the hunt.

When deer season was over, I didn't have a deer. Had left what I had at the camp to fill hunters up. This, Vada didn't like. "What will we do for meat this year?" she asked. "There is a post-season hunt on the Black Mountain. I intend to go over there." I had made a few bucks at camp--guide service and carrying in deer.

I was in Cedar the next day after the regular hunt and before I was to go on the post-season hunt. Stopped at the "Dairy Freeze" drive-in on South Main. Eliu Whatcott was the owner, and bishop of the Third Ward. "How is everything with you?" Eliu asked. "Pretty well, thank you," I returned, "however, I'm unemployed. Do you know of any work opportunity?" "At the moment, no. I will let you know if I hear of anything," Mr. Whatcott exclaimed.

About the second of November, I saddled my horse, loaded her in the pickup, and headed for the "Black Mountain." The area that was open to hunting is east and south of the Ash Creek dam. Unloaded my horse and headed up the trail. I had been up this way a few times before; it was rough and steep. I walked more than half of the way, leading my horse over the roughest places. No fresh horse tracks or man footprints on the trail. I knew no one had used this way up for a day or two. There was another way up farther north that wasn't so steep, but you had to cross over the park some two miles to get to the hunting area.

When I reached the fence at the head of "Dead Man's Hollow" (named after someone who had collapsed after walking up the trail, I presume), the gate was open. The fence was built around this area to remind you of the "Park Boundary," and no hunting or firearms allowed. I had to cross the park some 200 yards to the other gate that let you out. This gate was also

open. I was in deer hunting territory. I dismounted, took my gun out of the scabbard, put a bullet in the chamber, and set the safety.

There were some "brakes" east of me. I walked and led my horse. Black Mountain is mostly flat. Some thick trees in places, but mostly sagebrush. I came to a likely spot, tied the mare to a tree, and walked to the edge on the east. I could see some deer. I looked through the scope of the rifle--all does and fawns. I sat down on a ledge of rocks. Could see the Kolob fingers to my left, straight ahead was LaVerkin Creek. You could see the "Kolob Plateau" and part of "Zion Canyon." Southeast was the "Smith Mesa." On south was the cliffs by "Colorado City" (Short Creek), the Arizona Strip. It was clear enough you could see the south of the "Kiabab Plateau." Over 100 miles away as the crow would fly. "What a beautiful sight," and not many people had viewed it from here. "Southern Utah Has Some of the Grandest Scenery in All the World," and this was some of the best. I sat there spellbound, not wanting to break the mood. There wasn't a human being within miles and miles of me. I could sense it, could feel it.

After maybe 30 minutes, I decided if I was to get a buck I should be up and at it. I stood up and let out a war cry, whistled, and looked all around. Could see something move out of the corner of my eye. Turned and looked in that direction. Sneaking through the brush (oak) was a big deer. I eased off the safety; when his head and shoulders came into view, I shot. He dropped in his tracks. I watched for a few minutes; he never moved. Now I didn't want more than one, so I laid my rifle down, got a rope off from the saddle, and started down there--less than 100 yards away.

He was a big one: heavy horns, would weigh maybe 210 lbs.. As I have said before, every pound over 200 looked like 10. I field dressed him before even trying to hang him up. There was a fair-sized cedar tree nearby. Was able to drag him, a few feet at a time, to this tree. I decided there was no way I could hang him up without the horse, so headed back to get her. Put my gun in the scabbard, after taking out the bullets.

The rope I had with me was 3/4 inch and some 20 feet long. After climbing up the tree and putting the rope around a limb close to the trunk, I tied it fast. After descending the tree, I found an oak stick strong enough to hold the deer by putting this through his hind legs and the hanging rope around the gamble, back up the tree, and over the limb again. Brought the mare close, tied the loose end of the rope to the saddle horn.

The horse knew what to do. I led her forward, tightening the rope. Everything looked OK. So I spoke to the mare, and she pulled the deer up

into the tree until the head and horns were 3 feet off the ground. I had a shorter rope. Taking this, I climbed the tree again (the mare held the rope tight), and I anchored the deer to the tree. Then I backed the horse up. The short rope had all the weight now.

Always liked to let a deer hang at least overnight. I checked my gear, mounted, and headed for home. Before I reached the park fence, saw three nice bucks. They just stood about 75 yards away on a hillside and looked at me. Didn't even take my gun out of the scabbard.

When I came to the steep part of the trail, I dismounted and led the horse. Had kept my eyes on the trail and hadn't looked up at the sky. When I did look up, couldn't believe what my eyes saw. The sky was "black" with wild geese heading south. Far to the south and about 1/4 mile wide were thousands of them. The same to the north. There must have been 30 to 50 thousand. Never in my life had I seen so many. Were we going to have a bad winter? Why did they band together and decide to move all at once? It was "weird," to say the least.

The next day I went back for the deer. Yes, I left my rifle home; took only my knife and rope to tie the buck on. As I passed by the phone booth at Dean Hall's (where Dennis O'Conner lives now), I called Warren Handby. "How was the hunt?" Warren greeted. "The season was good, but the hunt is still on," I returned. "Did they extend the season?" Warren asked. "It will last for some three days more. Why don't you come up?" I exclaimed. "Sure would like to, but can't get away," Warren admitted. "We are bidding on some new contracts." "Will you have any work opportunities?" "Yes, if we are successful." "Right now I am unemployed," I said. "If you need help, let me know. I would like to get into something steady," I concluded. "I will do that," Warren declared.

Now I was a little disappointed. He had been quite "cool," I thought. Would I have to go through the winter unemployed? I could draw unemployment benefits but would do that only as a last resort--the hassle was hardly worth the effort.

By the time I reached the deer, it looked like storm. I lost no time loading the buck. Checked the saddle blankets, tightened the cinch. Led the mare close to the hanging deer, grabbed hold of the head and horns. The buck was "stiff" by now and would be much easier to load.

I lifted the front end up over the back end of the horse into the saddle, tied it down. Untied the ropes and lowered the hind part and secured it, tied the head and horns. "Quick, clean and easy." Picked up the bridle, reins

and headed for home. It was raining before I made it off the mountain.

November 6, 1957, I received a phone call from Reid Cox, Director of Plant Operations at BAC--"Branch Agriculture College"--in Cedar. "When are you coming up to Cedar?" Reid asked. "I don't know. I could come anytime," I returned. "Director Braithwaite would like to talk with you," Reid declared. Now Reid Cox was in the "Stake Presidency" and would be to all the Bishop Council meetings of the stake. A light began to form in my head. "Have you been talking to Bishop Whatcott?" I asked. "As a matter of fact, I have," Reid confessed. "Would you consider work here at the college for about two months?" "Yes, I would," I answered. "Could you come up this afternoon, say 2 p.m.?" Reid concluded. "I'll be there."

So I went up to the college and met with Reid and Royden Braithwaite. Now I knew of Director Braithwaite and that he had replaced Darryl Chase as head of BAC. Mr. Chase was appointed President of "Utah State University" at Logan. I felt a little backward about going. Royden Braithwaite was a distinguished gentleman, and I was a farmer, truck driver, laborer, etc.. Nevertheless, I dressed up--casual--headed for the appointment. Reid had told me to come by his office, and we would go together.

We went to the director's outer office. Audrey Duncan was his secretary. I liked her immediately, and she put me at ease. "Glad to make your acquaintance," she said with a smile. "You are Kerry Grant's father?" she exclaimed. "Yes, I am," I returned proudly. "He is an outstanding young man," she volunteered. Sheldon Kerry Grant was a sophomore at the college at the time and had worked some for Mr. Cox. "Have a seat; Mr. Braithwaite will meet with you in a few minutes," Mrs. Duncan retorted. "He is on the telephone."

The butterflies were working on my insides as we waited. Soon a buzzer sounded. "You can go in now," Mrs. Duncan said. I liked Mr. Royden Braithwaite right off. "I understand you are the father of Kerry Grant," was his greeting. "He is one of the smartest students we've had here!" Mr. Braithwaite exclaimed. "All his professors give him very high marks, and one has him correcting test papers."

Director Braithwaite got right to the reason for this interview. "We need a responsible man to supervise our custodians," he declared. "Our custodial supervisor is "ill" and will not be able to come to work for some time. We are a small college and use student labor to clean all our

buildings. We have seventeen part-time students who come in all hours of the afternoons and evenings. Joe Roberts is the only full-time custodian we have. His son Wayne is trying to supervise the students and go to school. Therefore, some of the buildings are neglected. Would you consider to help us out?" "Well, I could try it," I said. "When would you want me to start?" "Tomorrow morning if possible," the Director exclaimed. "That would be OK with me. I need the work," I declared. "The pay would be \$325.00 a month, and you would be paid the first of each month. Is that satisfactory?" "Yes, that is alright."

"Do you have a little time? I would like to talk to you about another matter," Director Braithwaite said. "Take all the time you need; I have nothing to do at the moment," I responded, beginning to enjoy this interview. "Mr. Cox tells me, and I have talked with others, that you have had considerable experience working and tilling the soil." "I have spent a good share of my life on the farm and raising a garden, berries, etc.," I declared. "Mr. Edward Mathison, our Heat Plant supervisor, has been taking care of the grounds, also the heat plant," Mr. Braithwaite exclaimed. "We have been thinking about hiring a full-time groundsman. Would you be interested in that? (After Mr. Roberts gets back)" "Yes, I would," I answered.

"Let's go into the other room," Director Braithwaite said. The room next to his office was some 14 feet square. Around the room, shelves were built to store office materials and other items. The floor was carpeted. From a shelf, Director Braithwaite took several "blueprints." "I would like you to see some of the plans for developing the campus (grounds)," Director Braithwaite exclaimed in a voice you could tell was one of his favorite subjects.

There wasn't a table in this room. What did he do? He spread them out on the floor, and for 30 minutes we sat on the floor while he explained future projects. Right then and there, I formed an opinion of this man. Here was a man who could meet with heads of "Church," State, yes--even Government--on their own level. Yet there he was sitting on, or lying on, the floor with the likes of a lowly farmer and laborer as I was, and could make you feel you were important.

May I add here another incident that bears this out. There was a fellow in Cedar City by the name, "Earl Corry." Was a semi-retarded fellow. Never married and took odd jobs along Main Street. Everyone knew Earl,

and some made fun of him. He had, among other work, taking care of the two theaters in town. Was a friendly fellow, but you could tell he thought he was looked down on.

One day Royden Braithwaite was walking down Main Street, and he met Earl coming out of the theater and walked down the street with him. "How are you, Earl?" Mr. Braithwaite greeted, putting his arm around him. When he did this, Earl said in a choking voice, "I want you to know that you are the only person who ever did this." I know a little of what Earl felt that day because he has done the same to me many times.

As Reid and I were walking back to his office, I remarked, "Would it be alright if I looked up Wayne today?" "Yes, and I will go with you," Reid said. We turned around and went back to the basement of the building we just left. May I explain, this was a half basement, some 3-4 feet underground and 6 feet above ground. The windows were the same size as all others of the building, which was a four-story.

In a large room where janitorial supplies were stored, Mr. Joe Roberts had a desk. Seated at the desk, going over work sheets, was Wayne. "Wayne, this is Mr. Grant. He is going to take your father's place until he is able to come back to work." "I sure could use the help," Wayne said. (You could see relief on his face.) "I have students starting to come any minute now. If Mr. Grant has some time, I would like to go over the buildings with him and meet some of the help?" Wayne questioned. "Might as well spend the rest of the day," I returned. It was now about 3 p.m.. I had told Vada not to worry because I might be late getting home.

After Mr. Cox left and while we waited for the students, Wayne explained the time sheets to me. "Each student makes out his own time sheet," Wayne said, "and brings it here. The back door to this room is left open until all work is completed each day. A few students start work at 6:00 in the morning. Classes in some buildings start at 7:15 a.m.. Workers have an hour to clean these rooms before it is put into use."

After meeting the students who worked in this building, we went to tour the other buildings. There were nine buildings on the upper campus and two on the lower campus, making eleven buildings we had to clean. There was a boys dorm and a married student housing called "Ponderosa Village" we were not responsible for.

"Do you get to see all these 17 workers in all these buildings each day?" I asked Wayne. "There is no way I can meet with all of them," Wayne

replied. "However, I know what hours they work." "I would like to have the work schedule on each building and the name or names of each student assigned there," I exclaimed. "Would that be too much to ask?" "No, when we get back to the office, I will get it for you," Wayne returned.

As we toured the rest of the buildings, I could see that the cleaning hadn't been done, or I should say it was gone over quickly but not completely. This was going to be a big assignment. (How little did I know at that time.)

When we got back to the janitorial office, Wayne showed me a bunch of keys all tied together on a long wire. On each key was a piece of tape with the name of the building and which door it was for. "Dad carries these keys in a bucket; it is too heavy to put on your belt," Wayne said. "You will be able to get into any of the buildings and any room you need to clean. Some faculty members do not want you in their office. However, when the door is left open, you should go in and clean it."

Wayne gave me all the materials I needed and a key to the back door of the office. It was 8:00 p.m. when I got home. By 6 a.m. the next morning, I was on the job. No one came at that hour to work, so I cleaned some hallways before the classes started, then checked out all buildings to see what cleaning needed to be done before the students started to show up at 1:30 p.m..

It was 2-3 days before I met with each student in their area on a one-on-one basis. Pointed out the work I expected to be done each day and cautioned them not to turn in time that wasn't put in. There were indications this was being done, and I was determined to put a stop to it.

After a few days, I was leg-weary--thought they would drop off. I had spent most of three months sitting behind the steering wheel of a truck. This ten miles plus I was walking--between buildings--and the work I was doing, mostly on my feet, was taking its toll. We were working six days a week. Saturdays the students would be here all day. Wayne and I would divide the buildings up and really get the cleaning done.

We had what you would call a campus mail service. Using a salmon-colored large envelope with red lines on the front, you could get messages and information back and forth to each other. You would put the person's name (who was to receive the letter) under your name and cross your name off. That way the envelope could be used over and over, if you didn't seal it.

After I had been working some 10 days, I received through the campus

mail a note from Mr. Braithwaite, which he had received from a faculty member. Now I had personally cleaned the building and office where this fellow was housed and did most of his teaching. The note said: "The janitorial service is 'very good' and much appreciated." Mr. Braithwaite had added: "Excellent. RCB (Royden C. Braithwaite)."

During the Thanksgiving weekend and the Christmas holidays, "we really went to work," stripping and re-waxing tile floors, cleaning and resealing wood floors (using a penetrating sealer.) Saturdays we would clean carpets. Daily we would use a "buffer"--machine to polish floors--on tile hallways, steps, etc..

We were getting cleaning done that hadn't been done for months: corners of windows and window sills, in the corners up and down steps, moving furniture and vacuuming, mopping, waxing, etc.. We were getting the work done, also the "praise." I was acquainted with most of the faculty and staff, which totalled 50. Everyone was friendly, and most handed out compliments. There were 5-6 hundred students enrolled at this time. When we weren't working in the buildings and there was snow on the ground, we would help shovel that.

I was spending so much time at the college, my work around home and church work were suffering. Had been in the ward Bishopric for a little over a year. Sometimes I was called to work at the college on Sunday if there was snow. I talked to the Bishop about it. He told me to be here when I could, and they would cover for me when I had to be away. I talked to Vada about it. We decided that this could be eventually a permanent position, so I kept my nose to the grindstone, so to speak.

Joe Roberts started to come to work on a part-time basis after Christmas, and after New Years Day came back to stay. I was called back to the Director's Office. Mr. Cox went with me. Mr. Braithwaite greeted us and asked us to sit down. Turning to me, he said, "Mr. Grant, I have been getting good reports about your work. I have talked with Mr. Joe Roberts, and he is impressed; the buildings are in good shape." "Thank you," I said. "We have worked hard at it. Wayne has been a big help, and we both have worked right along with the students."

"Now, about this other assignment. Have you decided what you would like to do?" "I have talked to Vada and my children. We think it would be a good vocation. I would like to give it a try." "I like your attitude. We are all on trial here," Mr. Braithwaite said. "However, it could become a life's work. The choice is up to you."

"May I suggest you talk to Ed Mathison," Mr. Braithwaite declared. "Also William Flannigan. He is the man who planted most of the pine trees on campus. Feel free to come in here and study plans. I suggest you spend time on this before the spring work opens up. We will raise your pay to \$350 a month. Is that OK?" "Yes, I can live with that." I didn't mention that I had been making \$450 plus at the mine. However, I didn't work steady. This \$350 would be coming in each month "come rain or come shine."

May I go back to the year 1945 and mention an incident that happened. I was trying to get back to my "company," after spending some two months in England. It was in June. Was in a replacement depot. There were thousands of us. Word came that some Hollywood moviestars would be here to entertain us. At this time we were in Germany. When the day arrived, we all assembled around a stage built for this purpose. We were on a hillside and could see real good. The two stars I remember were "Jack Benny" and "Ingrid Bergman." Others were there.

We had waited for several hours for them to show up. "Jack Benny" was one of the top entertainers in the world. He received a standing ovation. However, when "Ingrid" came on stage, she received the "whistles." She was a beautiful young woman.

After the performance, we were told to hold our seats and not try to meet the stars. They had to leave immediately for another engagement. As we were leaving the area, a few of us decided to get a little closer, hopefully to get at least a close-up view. As we were coming around the back of the stage, there was "Jack," shaking hand with the "GI's." We got in line. By the time we reached him, Ingrid came out. However, she was a little more backward. I saw her maybe 10 feet away. Mr. Benny was telling jokes and having a good time. When he stuck out his hand to me, it was as soft as a woman's. He didn't grasp your hand or shake. It was like shaking hands with a "dish rag."

I talked with Ed Mathison about the ground work. "I will help you clean off the walks when we have snow," Mr. Mathison volunteered. "We have a piece of equipment rigged up with a blade. We keep it here in the heat plant. Use it on the walks where we can, and the parking lots. You will be responsible for the campus--from 300 West to the Fieldhouse Road--about 10 acres. Eldro Rigby is the campus farm supervisor and has all other college-owned property to take care of."

The equipment Mr. Mathison was talking about consisted of a "war surplus" warehouse tractor. A five foot blade was mounted on the front. A cable ran through pulleys to a hand-operated winch. You could raise the blade and lock it in position. It worked on the wider walks quite well. Was very little use on the parking lots. It worked fairly well on the roads if the snow was one foot or less. You could go back and forth a few times and clear a path wide enough for a one-lane road for cars. They would have to buck the snow to park their cars.

The city would keep the streets cleared off real good around the campus. Most cars were parked there. Sometimes you could get them to clear the parking lots at the Fieldhouse or Auditorium on "special occasions"--ballgames and other functions.

Now this snow pushing vehicle worked quite well as long as you could leave it in the down position. When you had to raise the blade, the latch would not always lock. "Down would go the blade, the handle hitting you on the elbow." Therefore, you raised it only when "absolutely" necessary. "Every time I think about that, my elbow still hurts."

"Paul Heaton is working for me here in the Heat Plant and will help you all he can on the grounds. When spring comes, you can use him when he is not in class. After school is out, he will work for you all summer. He has been helping me the last two summers," Ed said.

I had some talks with "Eldro Rigby." He explained the water turn. "We own 2/5 of the water in the ditch that runs west on 200 South," Eldro volunteered. "Therefore, we have a stream all the time the water is in the ditch. Ed Mathison would use the water on the campus Monday and Tuesday during the daytime. I would use it on the field at night. Did Ed explain about the water and the two pumping stations on the campus?" Eldro asked. "No, he didn't," I returned. "I'll talk to him about it before the water season starts," I declared. "We can work out a time if you need more water than those two days," Eldro concluded.

William Flannigan lived north of Center Street and west of the Cedar City High School. A street ran from Center to Harding Avenue, just west of the old Cedar High. Will lived on this street, one half block from the College. I went down there and spent a few hours with him. He told me he started to work at the College when he moved to Cedar in 1915. "I planted most of those pine trees on campus," he said proudly. "I would take my team and wagon, bedroll, grub box, stay on Cedar Mountain. Would take me several days to make the round trip."

"How many trees could you bring back?" I questioned. "Twenty-five, thirty," was the answer, "depending on the size and how hard it was to dig them." "Would you bare root them?" I asked. "Yes. I would take burlap sacks, soak them in water, and wrap them around the roots. The trees would be 1 1/2 to 3 feet tall, mostly about 2 feet." "How many of them lived?" "I would lose about 3 out of each 10 I brought," Mr. Flannigan explained. "It would be 4-5 days after digging them before all were planted. I planted the trees on the ridges. It was so rocky, some holes had to be `blasted.'"

"I counted the pine trees on campus; there is 139. Did you plant all of them?" I asked. "There were some 20 trees when I came; the rest I planted," he volunteered. "The one lighted each year at Christmas, I planted in 1919." The tree he was talking about is the one on the southwest side of the present "Shakespeare Theatre."

"Many trees have been moved to make room for buildings," Will remarked. "I tried to plant them where they would less likely be removed." "How many buildings were on campus when you came?" I questioned. "There were three:" Will exclaimed, "Old Main, Science, and Gym, plus a building built back in the hill on the lower part of campus used as the Heat Plant."

"When I came here I took care of the Heat Plant, Grounds, and Campus Farm," Will exclaimed. "Some 40 acres. We didn't cut the grass except on the football field. The rest of the campus was grazed off with sheep and cattle," Mr. Flannigan remarked. "The Campus Farm, some 30 acres, was planted into alfalfa and irrigated pasture. Some 5-6 acres was used to raise corn for `Ensilage,' chopped and put into a silo. The Campus Farm also had a barn, dairy, and 15 milk cows. I would work on the farm when I had nothing else to do," Mr. Flannigan said.

"Are you going to be Superintendent of the Grounds?" Will questioned. "I'm going to give it a try," I returned. "Well, you can either `DO NOTHING' or you can go to work and really improve the campus," Will declared.

"Have you ever been down through the Zion Narrows?" Mr. Flannigan whispered. "No, I haven't, but I have heard and read about people going through there," I responded. "Well, I was the first `known man' to ever go through there," Mr. Flannigan declared, his eyes sparkling. "I picked a time when it was not apt to rain, went up on Kanarra Mountain, stayed overnight with a sheepman. I had given instructions to my family where I was going and not to worry. I left camp at daylight, went into the canyon at `Crystal

Gulch.' Had some grub, a blanket, and rope to let myself over waterfalls and ledges."

"After letting myself over several ledges and in water 90% of the way, sometimes up to my armpits, I began to worry. Could I make it all the way through? The canyon was getting more narrow. I could touch both sides with my hands at the same time. The water was getting deeper; several canyons with water in them had emptied into the main channel. This is some of the head waters of the Virgin River," Will explained. "I had kept my blanket and food dry by holding it above my head while crossing the deep pools."

"After travelling some 20 miles, the canyon started to widen, the walls were less high, the water less swift. I could tell by these signs that I was in the channel above 'Zion Park.' The sun had gone down, and it was getting dusk. When I came out into Zion Park, it was completely dark. 'What a relief!'" Will admitted.

"Have you been back down through there?" I questioned. "Dozens of times," Mr. Flannigan replied smiling, with his eyes twinkling. "I have guided groups down through but spent one night in the canyon. There are places wide enough to camp."

"When is the best time of year to make this trip?" I asked. "Late September or early October," Will exclaimed, "when flash floods are less likely to occur." --More on this later--

I hadn't received a call from Warren Handby about work in California and was glad he didn't offer me work when I called him. "There is no doubt in my mind that the Lord had a hand in this," and I was to work at the College, not in Southern California. "How Lucky Can You Be."

About the year 1951 (late March), Dean Hall asked me if I would like to go to the "Grand Wash" on a fishing trip. "Who will be going?" I answered. "Lyle Prince, myself, and maybe we could take Rulon Orton with us," Dean remarked. Now Rulon Orton had taught school here at one time, was a fun guy to be around. He was living in St. George and teaching there. It was during spring break--between quarters.

We contacted Rulon, and he was ready to go. "Pick me up anytime after 3:30 p.m.," Rulon said. We loaded our gear, grub, everything we would need in the boat. As the boat was on a trailer, this would give more weight, and it would trail better. We were to take Dean's pickup.

We had caught our bait in "Joe Lee Creek." Live bait was allowed on

"Lake Meade." I do not recall any bait being outlawed. The suckers and minnows were the best for the "bass" on the lake. Dean had a ten-gallon milk can; this was how we carried our minnows. Before we left St. George, we purchased some ice to put in the can with the fish. This would create oxygen, and we could keep the lid on the can while travelling.

We left the 91 Highway at "Riverside," took a gravel road east. Lyle and Dean had been in this way before, but it had been some time ago. We had stopped in "Mesquite" and bought licenses. You could buy one for a year. This was the best way to go. A Nevada license would let you fish anywhere on the lake, as would an Arizona license. The west side of the lake was in Nevada, the east side in Arizona. However, the Grand Wash area was all in Arizona and was where the Colorado River emptied into the lake. The largest neck of Lake Meade backs up the Virgin River channel, and that is in Nevada.

I remember my brother Afton tell of going to the Grand Wash area to fish when he was herding goats on the Arizona Strip near "Mud Springs." He said you would catch "bonetails" as well as catfish and bass. This was a remote area.

It was some 40-50 miles to the lake the way we went in from the 91 Highway. Longer if you stayed on the gravel road. As we came to a wide wash that crossed the road, Dean stopped the car--pickup. "Isn't this the wash we took when we were here last?" Dean said. "I believe it is," Lyle replied. "We aren't going down that, are we?" I exclaimed. "It's either that or go 20 miles farther around," Dean remarked.

We drove down this wash for miles, stopping to move some large rocks out of the way. It was now getting dark; however, the moon was out. We had driven maybe 5 miles when Dean stopped again. "Could we have taken the wrong turn?" Dean asked. "I still think this is the way," Lyle said in a not so sure voice. We got out to investigate. No sign of any vehicle tracks. Dean and I walked up the bank of the wash to a hill, and there shining in the moonlight was the lake. "Boy, was that a pretty sight. I thought sure we would be camping here."

In about 1/2 hour we were at the lake. We got our bedrolls out and hit the sack. Boy, was it cold. I do not recall anytime I have fished on Lake Meade when it wasn't cold. We usually went early spring or late fall.

Soon Dean got up and started to build a fire. "What are you doing?" "I'm not staying in that bed any longer. It's too cold!" Dean exclaimed. After the fire got to going pretty good, we moved our beds closer. When you are

out like that, you take only your shoes off. Soon Dean started to get his fishing gear ready. It was now maybe 12 or 1 o'clock. "I'm going fishing," Dean said. It was still moonlight. We had brought a front quarter of "mutton" with us to use as bait.

In about an hour, Dean came back with a "catfish." The Channel Catfish feed at night. "I left my line in the water," he said, building the fire back up. When he went back to check his line, we all got up. "Let's cook some breakfast," Lyle retorted. Before we had breakfast ready, Dean came back with another fish.

Now Rulon didn't want anybody to best him at fishing. He was always trying something new and carried a paperback book on fishing in his pocket. He was the next one to get his line in the water.

We caught some six catfish weighing 1 1/2 to 3 lbs. each. When it started to get light, we had the boat ready to go out on the lake. We had a gallon can that we put some minnows in. We had several swivel stringers and put the fish on one of these, tying a rope to the stringer. We then anchored the rope to the bank. You could keep fish alive for several days.

It was about two miles across the lake at this point. (We went down the lake.) Dean and Lyle had fished this area before. "There is a ledge under the water where we caught fish," Dean said. "Let's see if we can find the spot." The sun was up by the time we found the place. From the shore we followed the ledge out. Couldn't see it anymore. Here we anchored the boat. The water was about 20 feet deep, and we were out 100 feet from shore.

We fished here for about an hour. "We should have caught fish before this," Lyle remarked. "Maybe this isn't the spot." "I've had a bite," Dean said. All at once, his pole bent until the tip hit the water. Dean had his hands full now. The fish wanted to go straight down. "I've had a strike or two," Rulon muttered.

I would like to explain here how you rigged up your tackle. You fished with a 10 pound test line--usually black nylon. You tied a hook (no leader on hook or on your line) number 2 direct to the line. Minnows were the best bait. You would hook the minnow in the top of the back. A bass always hits the live bait in the middle, then turns it around and swallows it. You could put the hook in the minnow's mouth, but it had more action if hooked in the back.

While Dean was landing his fish, others of us had strikes. However, we didn't hook any. "Let the fish run when he first hits the bait," Dean

exclaimed. "When he starts to run the second time, start to reel in your line; you should have him hooked."

We all had caught a bass or two except Rulon. "What am I doing wrong?" Rulon questioned. "What does your 'fishing bible' say?" someone asked. "Maybe I should check it out," Rulon muttered, not too happy.

We were catching bass up to 8 lbs.. You sure got a thrill when you hooked one. They wanted to go to the bottom; you sure had your work cut out to get them to the top where you could net them. --Rulon was having fun netting them.-- When the fish quit biting, we headed for camp. We had 10 bass weighing from 3 to 8 lbs.. "Oh yes," Rulon had caught one of them.

After we cooked our lunch, we decided to rest for a couple of hours. About mid-afternoon we decided to go out again. "What do you think about putting out a set line?" Dean declared. After talking it over, we decided to do it. "We could maybe catch some catfish that way," Lyle remarked.

Dean had brought some heavy-duty chalk line. There was a cove down around the bend from where we were camped. We went out to the middle of that and tied a rock on the end of the line. Each 10 feet, we would put a #2 hook on a 2 foot line tied to the main line. On this hook we would put a piece of the "mutton" we had brought from home. We were in water about 15 feet deep. When we had completed the line, there was some 20 hooks and 200 feet long. We didn't put a hook on the last 15 feet; to the end of this, we tied a piece of driftwood.

After completing the line, we went back and fished in our "Glory" hole again and caught 3-4 more "bass." That night we didn't fish in the moonlight. That was the reason for the set line--it was too cold to fish at night.

Next morning, we went down to the glory hole and fished again. Each time we went there, which was at least two times a day, we caught 2-6 fish. It never was as good as the first time.

Each day we would check out the set line. Rulon hadn't caught many fish, and he liked to pull in the line and net the fish. After he did this, Lyle and I would bait the hooks and lower the line again. We started at the end where the piece of driftwood was. Dean would be in the back of the boat running the motor. Rulon would be in the front end taking off the fish.

Each time we did this--once in the in the morning (we would get more fish then), again in the late afternoon--we were taking 8-10 fish a day from the set line. 80% catfish, 20% bass. The third time we checked the line (morning), we had caught a few less. Rulon said, "We are coming to the

anchor. I can tell by the weight of it. "Maybe that is a big fish you are lifting up," Lyle remarked. "No, that is the anchor," Rulon rejoined. Just then, a fish broke water, and Rulon dropped the line. "What's the matter, Rulon?" Lyle exclaimed. "Did you see that fish?" Rulon yelled. "He was a good one," Lyle returned with a laugh. "I thought Rulon was going to jump in the lake," Dean hooted, stopping the boat.

"Rulon, do you want me to net that fish?" Lyle asked, handing me the line. "I will do it," Rulon said. "What kind of fish was it?" Dean asked. "A big catfish," Rulon replied. Reaching for the line, Lyle held it up so Rulon could get hold of it again. Rulon slowly lifted the line. "Is he still on the hook?" "If it isn't the anchor I'm lifting, he is still there!" Rulon shouted. We were all telling Rulon what to do. "Don't let him break water." "Have the net ready." (Rulon had dropped that, but in the boat) "I can see him." Rulon yelled, "Hand me the net!"

Now the fish was too big to go into the net sideways. "Net him from the back end first!" Lyle shouted. "As he goes into the net, lift the net and line at the same time." Well, Rulon tried and tried. Have you ever seen a 15 lb.-plus catfish? They have horns on each side of their head as sharp as needles. Every time he would flop, Rulon would pull back. "Rulon, if he breaks water, he will break that line and get away," I interrupted.

Well, Rulon finally lifted the fish completely out of the water, made a pass or two at it. "Man, was he big." Looked three feet long. The fish shook himself a couple of times, came loose, and swam away. Rulon sank back against the side of the boat, "as white as a sheet." The fish didn't break the line; it straightened the hook and got loose. Rulon didn't say a thing for over an hour.

"Don't blame yourself, Rulon," we said. "It could have happened to any one of us." As we were going back toward camp, we could see something swimming out on the lake. "What is that?" I asked. "Could it be a duck?" It would go under the water, then come up, thrash around, and disappear again.

We watched it all the way to camp. When we docked the boat, Rulon said, "How big would you say that catfish was?" "How big do you think he was?" Lyle asked. "Twenty-five pounds!" Rulon exclaimed. "At least 20 lbs.," I retorted. "What do you say, Dean?" "You are about right," Dean concluded.

After putting our fish on the stringers, Dean said, "I'm going over and see what that is making those waves. Anybody want to go with me?" Not

wanting to miss any action, we all went. As we approached the object, we could tell it was a fish. It would go under the water, then come up and swim on its side. "Do you think we could net it?" Rulon said. "I will move closer and come along side," Dean exclaimed. "One of you try to `scoop' it in." "Lyle, you better handle the net," Rulon replied. Taking the net, Lyle remarked, "I can give it a try." As Dean eased the boat close to the fish, it went under but not for long. As it came to the surface, Lyle was ready and got it into the net the first time.

In its mouth was a "boneytail" about a foot long. A boneytail has a hard, narrow tail with a small fin. The bass had turned it, or caught by the tail it had lodged in the fish's throat. He couldn't swallow it or spit it out. The bass was about 20 inches long and weighed 10-12 pounds--was the biggest fish we caught on the trip.

It was getting time for us to leave for home. We ran the set line for the last time. There were a few catfish on--one an 8 to 10 pounder. As we brought it in, we dismantled it. Dean and I ran the line while Lyle and Rulon cleaned the fish and "broke" camp.

We killed the fish we caught except the big catfish. Dean wanted to take it home alive. "How did we take it?" We had some gunny sacks--burlap. We wet those and wrapped the fish in them. "Will that fish be alive when we get to New Harmony?" I asked Dean. "We have taken them home like that before," Dean declared.

We had brought a big seamless canvas sack to carry our fish back home. The sack would hold 150 lbs. of wheat, but it took another sack to hold all our fish. We had well over 150 lbs..

I would like to tell you a true fish story. One time as we were coming through Mesquite on our way home from a trip to Overton, Nevada and Lake Meade. We stopped for gas. The service attendant told us this story:

One time a man from "Logandale" put out a set line at the site of St. Thomas--now swallowed by the lake. He tied a rope to a gallon jug with a "large" hook baited with a pound of "beef steak." After about a week, he went and checked it out. Had a hard time locating the jug. When he did find it, he pulled the rope in. What he saw made him drop the rope and go get his rifle. When he got back, he shot the fish. "What was it?" A catfish that weighed 40 lbs.. "Now, I saw this fish," the man said. I didn't doubt it was a forty pound fish. It was 9 inches between the eyes. Yes!

When we arrived home, Dean put the catfish in a tub. After some 30 minutes, the fish started to swim and got so lively, it splashed most of the water out of the tub. It had been out of the water for about 6 hours. Hard to believe, isn't it?

I had been working at the Grounds Superintendent job for about two weeks. Director Braithwaite had asked me if I would put a drain in the pumping station on the east side of the campus. This station was a cement box about ten feet square, built four feet underground and one foot above ground. Used to store ditch water to pump through pipelines and water the grounds around the "Auditorium"--corner of 300 West and Center Street. Said station was straight east of "Old Main," where College Avenue meets 300 West. Is no longer used and filled in now.

The "pit" used to store the water had a metal cover but no way to drain the water out. "We need to get this done before we have another accident," Mr. Braithwaite said. "What was the accident?" I asked. "A preschool child was drowned in that pit." Director Braithwaite exclaimed, "I CAN STILL HEAR THE SCREAMS OF THE MOTHER!"

There was a "Day Care" on 300 West, about 100 yards from the pump station. The lady who ran it would bring the children to the campus for outdoor activities. They had been on the grounds for 2-3 minutes when they noticed one child was missing--had passed the pump station and was under the pines west of the Auditorium. When they could not locate the child, "called" for help. Students and faculty joined in.

Now the lid was on the pump station but was "ajar." Searchers had passed this looking but not checking inside. Too long a time had passed to save the child when searchers lifted the lid. Lying face down in the water was the unfortunate little boy or girl. It was decided the child had climbed on the lid to the pit; it turned just enough to let him/her into the water, then righted itself.

Marlin Steele, a student at the College, was to help me with the drain. Marlin was helping Reid Cox in the "Alterations and Repairs Department." We dug a trench on the low side of the pit. By the time we had completed the excavation, had uncovered two water lines. The water lines were close to the spot where we were to put the drainpipe.

We used a hand operated drill. You would pound on a drill bit with a double jack sledge hammer weighing 8 lbs.. One would hold the drill bit, the other swing the hammer. I was standing with the two water lines

between my lower legs, holding the drill. Marlin was swinging the hammer. As the one using the hammer would swing back, the other would turn the drill.

I don't know how it happened for sure--it was an "awkward" place to work: Marlin hit me on the calf of my leg, knocking my shin bone against the water pipe. "Wow, did that ever hurt!" Have you ever bumped your shin bone? My leg went so numb, I sat down and grabbed it. "I'm sorry," Marlin exclaimed. "I didn't mean to do that." "I'm sure you didn't," I gasped.

I rolled up my pant leg; there was a welt starting to rise, some six inches above my ankle. Didn't look too serious. The feeling started to come back to my leg, and the pain eased off a bit. I got up and walked around. "Are you going to be alright?" Marlin asked hopefully. "Maybe you should go see a doctor."

"I'll be OK," I said. It was now about 4 p.m.. "Let's quit for the day," Marlin volunteered. "I'm with you on that," I replied. By the time I had walked to the Plant Operations Building (the old Heat Plant under the hill), the numbness had left my leg, but my shin bone was still hurting. Mr. Cox looked at my leg. "You should go see a doctor," he said. "I think I'll just go home," I returned, "if it's OK with you."

When I got home, Vada put "cold packs" on the leg, and the swelling went down some. All at once, I got real tired and went to bed. Vada put a pillow under my leg, and that eased the pain some. Needless to say, I spent a long, restless night.

The next morning, my leg was black and blue, and the welt was getting larger. "You are not going to work, are you?" Vada asked. "I should go up and check at the College and maybe see Dr. Broadbent," I said. I talked with Reid Cox. "We have industrial insurance," Mr. Cox declared. "You should see a doctor. We will work on the pump station. You ought to take it easy for awhile."

I called the clinic and made an appointment with Dr. Broadbent. He gave me a "shot" with a big needle, drained the fluid from the lump on my leg. "Stay off your feet as much as possible, and keep the leg elevated," He said. "If the lump doesn't go down considerably, come back in two days.

When the leg was elevated, the dark color would leave. When you walked on it, it was very painful and looked terrible. About mid-afternoon, I received a call from Director Braithwaite. "Could you come up to the office? I want to talk to you," he said.

His first words were, "How is that leg doing?" "Pretty good," I replied.

"However, it hurts when my weight is on it." "Would you show it to me?" Mr. Braithwaite asked. I pulled up the pant leg. It was inflamed from my ankle up to the knee. The lump, about the size of a silver dollar, was a dark brown. "Have you been to the doctor?" Mr. Braithwaite exclaimed. "Yes, I have." "What did he tell you?" "To stay off it as much as possible and keep it elevated," I returned.

"You go home this minute. Follow the doctor's orders!" Director Braithwaite shouted. "Don't you come back to work until that leg is well. Those are my `orders,'" Mr. Braithwaite concluded.

So I went home and was gone for the rest of January--about two weeks. After two days at home, I went back to the doctor. He drained the fluid out again. "It should be OK now," Dr. Broadbent said. "Keep it elevated as much as possible. `No work' until that discoloring leaves (when you walk on it)."

I know this happened about mid January. "Frank Kelsey" died January 16, 1958, and I was asked to speak in his funeral. Verl Kelsey and I were counselors to Bishop Dean Hall at the time. I remember how the leg hurt while I was standing on it when giving my talk.

I have been debating about telling of an incident that happened to me when I was about 15. I told it in Frank's funeral. As it brings out a point about Mr. Kelsey, I'll risk putting it in this journal.

Elmer Taylor had a herd of angora goats in a corral on the hogback east of New Harmony. Had asked me to herd them for several days. Mom would fix me a lunch, and I would spend the day out there. I had a horse to ride and would let the goats--about 1000 head, all dry--out of the corral until they filled up and got water in the creek above "Sawyer's Spring." Had put the goats back in the corral. Mr. Taylor had a sheep wagon close to the pen the goats were in. There was no need for me to go in there. I had my lunch with me. However, I decided to check it out.

No one had been staying in the camp for some time. As young boys do sometimes, I started to find out what was there. Some canned food was in the cupboard. Also a bottle of "vanilla." Why I decided to take a sip of that, I'll never know. I opened the bottle and raised it to my mouth. As soon as the liquid got in my mouth, I knew it was "LYSOL," not vanilla. "I spit it out all over the wagon." "Had I swallowed any?" "It tasted awful." What should I do? It was three miles to town.

I ran out and mounted the horse and headed for home. "What was

going to happen to me?" My life started to pass through my mind. "I was too young to die." "Why did I do that foolish thing?" By the time I reached town, I was "hysterical."

Grant Condie was walking up the street. When I saw him, I thought, "Here is someone to help me." Grant would be 21-22 at this time. "I drank some Lysol, and I'm going to die!" I screamed, starting to get off my horse. "Don't die here!" Grant exclaimed. "Go on home!" And he started to run up the street.

Mom was "frantic" when I told her what happened. Grant must have told people as he came up to our place. Soon a crowd was there. "Give him some salt water," someone said. This they made me drink. "Stick your fingers down your throat. If you throw up, maybe it will get most of the poison out." Each person who came had something else to try. I never did throw up.

Soon Frank Kelsey came over. When he heard what had happened, he said, "I will go get my car. He should see a doctor." We were soon on our way.

Now Frank Kelsey had one of the first cars owned in New Harmony. Was always taking people (sick) to the doctor. I've known of some trips he made and heard of many, many more.

The doctor, Doctor Macfarlane, was one of the best of his time. After checking me over and asking me how it happened, he said, "There is indication very little if any got very far down. There is some burning in the top of the throat. No indications below there," the doctor replied. "He will be alright."

Maybe you are wondering why a vanilla bottle had "Lysol" in it. During this time and for some time after, "Malta Fever" or "Goat Fever" was rampant. It was found in the afterbirth of newborn goats. Therefore, after handling the young goats--"kids"--care was taken to wash your hands in Lysol. "Someone neglected to label this bottle."

I recall Rulon Taylor had Goat Fever and was down about a year. There were others.

The first of February, I was back to work. I stopped and picked up my check. It was for \$350 less taxes. "This can't be right!?" I had been off work for over two weeks. "What should I do about it?" Director Braithwaite's office was just across the hall. I went in there to talk to him about it.

"How is that leg coming?" was his greeting. "The leg is doing fine. I'm ready to go back to work," I replied. "You should take it easy. We will need you more later on than now," Director Braithwaite declared.

"I just picked up my check, and there is a mistake," I said. It is for the full amount, and I have been gone from work two weeks." "There was no mistake," Mr. Braithwaite returned. "When you are off `sick,' your pay goes on. It will continue to be so unless it is abused," he further stated.

"I have stated before--\$350.00, Come Rain or Come Shine."

When I wasn't removing snow, I would study plans for the development of the grounds. However, there wasn't any funds to do these projects. An architect by the name of "Leon Frehner" had drawn plans for the college grounds. One day I mentioned to "Hazen Cooley"--Treasurer--about those plans. He said to me, "Think of a project you can do for about \$200.00. We can maybe do that much." "Does the Grounds have a budget to work with?" I asked. "No, however we have a fund where all student labor can draw from."

The project I picked was the planting of the "Sycamore" trees--London Plane Tree--on Center Street across the street from the old Jr. High Building (300 West Center.) There was a sprinkling system in that area, north of the Auditorium parking lot. Also a sidewalk. The parking strip between the sidewalk and curb also had a sprinkling system. No grass was planted in these areas.

The area needed to have some fill dirt and grading done. I talked to Reid Cox about a truck to haul the dirt. "We have a 2 X 6 army troop carrier, purchased from war surplus. It is at the T&I Building. Vic Davis has it in charge. I'm sure you can use it."

I went down to the Trades and Industry Building and talked to Vic Davis. "You can use the truck," he said. "However, there is no `hoist' on it. You will have to shovel the dirt out." "Do you know where I can get some fill dirt?" I asked. "I suggest you talk to the College Farm Manager," Vic returned. "Where do I find him?" "He has an office in the Science Building. Teaches `Ag' and Animal Husbandry," Mr. Davis said. "He spends half of his time at the farm; they are getting ready for lambing season. The manager's name is Darrell Matthews."

May I say here that the College was a branch of "Utah State Agriculture College" in Logan, Utah, who owned the Valley Farm (some 300 acres), also the ranch on Cedar Mountain, which was 2800 acres. Mr. Matthews

was here to look after those interests.

When I finally located Mr. Matthews, he said to me, "Along the fence lines is the best place to find dirt. The wind has piled it up 2-4 feet deep. Take all you want. All I ask is don't leave holes under the fence so the sheep could get out."

It was now late February 1958. The frost was coming out of the ground. I took the old army truck, a shovel and pick. Went down to the farm to get my first load of dirt. The north side of the fences were frozen, but I could dig on the south side. It would take me two hours to shovel on 2-2 1/2 yards. Another two hours to unload and grade the ground.

We had ordered the trees, but they had not arrived. By the time I had hauled some ten loads and graded the ground, ready to plant grass seed, the trees came.

I had been working on the project about a week when Lorin Miles came by. Mr. Miles was Superintendent of Cedar Jr. High School. "What are you going to plant?" he asked. "Grass in both places," I returned. "A row of trees in the wider area next to the parking lot." "You sure have it looking good," Mr. Miles declared. "The College was very fortunate to hire you. We will benefit from it also. I have been watching this project for several days," he concluded.

The row of "London Plane Trees" were planted mid-March 1958. "How do you live to be as old as a tree?" "When I look at those huge trees now, its hard to believe I planted them 31 years ago next month, at age 42."

A quote by Richard L. Evans comes to mind:

"The old have what the young wish they had.

One had lived long. The other wishes to live long."

After the trees were planted, I built a barrier around each one, using four 2X2X6 stakes with slats in between. These would protect the tree; also, I could tie the trees and keep them in a straight line. Next came the grass seed. We had borrowed a small "seeder" about 2 foot wide. It didn't take long to spread the seed, but I had to rake the area again to cover the grass seed. The sprinkling system for this area was tied into the city water system.

I was careful to see all the area was watered evenly. We had a tap close by, and I used hoses to water the dry spots by hand. About 90% of the campus was watered with the ditch water. In 7 days, the grass was up. People would stop and comment on it. "I have never seen grass come up so even," a neighbor remarked.

We had built a "binder twine" barrier around the area, also put up signs--"Please Keep Off the Grass." Neither did much good. The Cedar High School was just across the street; also the Junior High and West Elementary. Students living in the south sections of Cedar came through the campus grounds by the "hundreds."

To get ready for the irrigation season, the pump stations had to be cleaned out. Four to five ton of silt had to be shoveled out. As you would be standing in the pit up to your "eyeballs," you could not shovel "muck" onto the truck. Therefore, you had to handle it twice.

My helper for the summer was still working (what time he had) in the Heat Plant. I was all on my own. The grounds were badly neglected. My idea was if I pitched in and cleaned it up before the heavy maintenance started, I would have less work to keep it going.

As Mr. Hazen Cooley was handling all "finance," I talked to him about purchasing some small hand tools: a pair of pruners, a square point shovel, a round point shovel, broom rake, an axe, etc.. "We are on the last half of our yearly budget," Mr. Cooley remarked. "We budget for two years, and we are on the last quarter of that," he further explained. "We are also into winter quarter, and the enrollment is down," he exclaimed. "However, we are aware of the good work you have been doing. Write a request for the things you need `badly,' the price, where to purchase them," he concluded, handing me a "form."

Mr. Reid Cox had some hand tools that had been purchased from war surplus. They were of poor quality and beat up pretty bad. If you were to swing a shovel all day, it should be well balanced, lightweight, and strong--one you could put a repair handle in and still have a balanced tool.

"Jones Equipment" was the place to make this purchase, and the price right. After checking the shovels--"Ames Pony"--they were \$3.50 each, pruners \$3.25, axe \$3.45, broom rake \$2.75. Total \$16.45. "I put it on the request form" and sent it back to Mr. Cooley. In about a week, I received a call from Jones Equipment. They had received the request and asked me to come to the store and pick them out.

Now I didn't have an office or room of my own. Reid let me use a corner of the Alterations and Repair Shop. There was a place where I could lock up the tools, and I had the only key to it.

I began to borrow the truck from Mr. Davis so much, he told me to keep it up to the "Plant Building," and if they needed it they would let me know.

There were a lot of "suckers" growing on the campus, Current bushes,

Plum bushes, Box Elder, Silver Poplar, Ash trees, Smoke bushes, Elm trees, Russian Olive, Cottonwood, to name a few. I hauled dozens of loads (not the trees, but the suckers.) I raked leaves, cleaned ditches, gutters.

I remember Mr. Cooley saying to me one time, "We can't rake all the campus." By the time fall came, "I had" raked all of that 10 acres, some of it more than once.

Sheldon Kerry Grant and Reldon Prince Hall were living in "Oak Hall" boys' dorm when I started to work at the College.

In June 1956, Vada and I took Kerry to Phoenix, Arizona to work. As I recall, Theron Ashcroft, who taught engineering at the College, helped him get this summer work. He was doing "surveying," as I remember.

We drove to Flagstaff the first day. It was late evening when we checked in at a motel. Flagstaff is 7000 feet elevation. As we were checking in, a fellow at the desk told us the all-time high there was 90 degrees. When we left before daylight, we turned on the heater in the car. This was close to the 15th of June.

We came to "Camp Verde Indian Reservation." Stopped and saw the cliff dwellings there. However, I don't recall that we walked up to them. It's amazing how they built those places of "abode" on the sheer cliffs. The only way to get to them, up or down, was with a ladder.

By the time we reached Phoenix, it was well over 100 degrees--115? We found a small apartment for Kerry to stay in. "How was he going to stand the heat?" I thought I would have to leave his mother with him. It was the first time he had been that far away from home.

After we got him settled in, we thought we should start back. "Would you take me to the YMCA?" Kerry asked. "I would like to spend the rest of the day there."

I had bought a Phoenix paper and was looking through it. There was an 8 foot boxer going to fight in town. It told about him. He weighed 350 lbs.. I thought at the time I was reading about it, sure would like to get a look at this "guy."

We located the YMCA, took Kerry there, and said our goodbyes. As we drove out of town, Vada remembered something she hadn't told Kerry about. "Do you want to go back?" I declared. "Yes, I would," she said. I could see tears in her eyes. "What if he has left the YMCA?" I questioned. It had been about an hour since we let him off. "At least we would have tried," Vada exclaimed in a sobbing voice.

We found the place again. I parked the car and went in to check if Kerry was there. I had gone into the front entrance, was looking around, hoping to see Kerry. I turned back and came face to face with this 8 foot "mammoth" of a man. Now, I have seen a few 7 foot basketball players, but they looked small in comparison to this "guy." I felt so small. I stepped aside, afraid he would step on me.

He had an unusually large head and small feet. I didn't dare to stare at him. Most ceilings in homes are 7 1/2 to 8 feet. This fellow would have a handicap. "Where would he find a bed long enough to sleep in?" He had to really stoop to go out the door. Maybe that is why his head was enlarged--from bumping into things.

Later on, I read where he lost this fight. After touring the USA and having had a few fights, he quit boxing--was getting his eyes beat up pretty good. "How could a regular-sized man hit him in the eyes?"

Now we never did find Kerry, as I recall. It seems like he was to meet someone who he would be working with at the YMCA. "I wonder if he met them," his mother questioned. "Do not start worrying about that," I declared. "He will be OK." Would I have to leave Vada there?

Kerry had passed his 17th birthday by two months, also graduated from High School. I told Vada that when I was 17, I stayed alone out at the goat herd for two weeks. "Yes, but Phoenix is a big city," she muttered. "He will be alright, and he won't do anything foolish," I declared.

It was now late afternoon, and we were sitting in the car talking it over. "We need to get back home," I said. "You have a 4 year old daughter and a 15 year old daughter at home." I was trying to convince myself as well as Vada. Needless to say, Kerry made his connections alright and spent the summer there, surveying around the desert.

When it came time to cut and water the grass, I had the campus looking pretty good. Mr. Mathison let me use Paul Heaton. His classes were so he could work 2-3 hours in the afternoons and on Saturday all day.

We had a four foot wide heavy duty type lawn mower. It was a self-propelled reel type. It had a riding "dolly" on the back, consisting of two wheels and a seat. It would take four hours to mow the football stadium and two full days to do all the campus. When it warmed up so the grass really started to grow, it had to be cut two times a week. By that time, Paul Heaton was helping me full-time. I would do most of the watering; Paul would do most of the grass cutting.

With 5-6 hundred students and faculty and staff, plus hundreds of other students passing through the campus, we had a "litter" problem. I found two discarded shovel handles, drilled a small hole in one end and inserted a nail. This worked real well on the paper--on the grass and dirt. On the sidewalks and parking lots, you had to pick it up with your hand--also pop cans, etc..

Mr. Mathison would haul all the garbage. There was what you would call a "dumpster system." Large metal containers were placed at various locations around campus. There was usually cardboard boxes in there. We would find one, and when we went by a dumpster can, we would put our trash in there.

We also had smaller cans next to the buildings. When they were full, Mr. Mathison would dump them into the larger ones. When the big containers were full, they were picked up by a special equipment truck, hauled to the city dump, and emptied. This helped us get rid of the small trash from the grounds.

There was an ROTC program--students given military training--at the College. I got well acquainted with the "Major" in charge. One day as I was picking up litter, he came by. "Now if this was the army," the Major declared, "you wouldn't have to do that." "If they would let me, I could soon educate the students on that littering." "The good old army way," I remarked. "By the numbers, right?" "Yes, if that is what it would take," he retorted.

Mr. Royden Braithwaite lived on campus in what was known as the "Director's Cottage." Each time I saw him, he would stop and chat a few minutes. "I am getting good reports about your work here. I want you to know how much I appreciate what you are doing. The campus looks better each day," he exclaimed.

"Now you are not to take orders from anyone but me," Mr. Braithwaite volunteered. "Not Reid Cox, Hazen Cooley, or anyone. You are doing the work. You will be calling the shots. There will be those who will tell you what should be done. If they offer suggestions that would help you, it would be OK to listen, but you answer only to me," Director Braithwaite concluded.

I would like to relate another trip to "Lake Meade." As I recall, this was the first time I had fished on the lake. Lyle, Dean, Rulon, and myself were on this trip. It was late spring; the days were warm but the nights cold. This was to be a weekend trip.

We didn't take any live bait with us; decided to buy some minnows in "Overton." We took the boat but packed light. When we reached (arrived at) Overton, we had trouble finding minnows. The fishing season had really picked up, now that the warmer weather was here.

After checking several places with signs out, "Live Bait For Sale," we weren't having any luck. "Maybe we should try Logandale," Lyle said. "I noticed bait was for sale in several places as we came through there." "I know of a place where we have bought some before," Dean replied. "Let's try there before we go back."

We found the place, but the "minnows" (suckers) had been picked over. They were either too small or too big and had been kept so long they were skinny. We bought four dozen of the largest small ones and the smallest large ones. We had brought two 2 1/2 gallon buckets with us. We put the larger ones in one bucket, the smaller in the other.

After putting our boat in the water at the Overton dock, we headed down the lake. Lyle and Dean had been here before. "About three miles down the lake is a good cove," Dean said. "How about going down there?" We found the spot; there were some ledges of rock. We pulled over there. The water would be deep enough to fish in.

We used all of the mid-sized bait first. We anchored the boat and put our lines out. We had a few bites and lost some of our minnows. After fishing for two hours, Rulon caught the only fish--a bass weighing some three pounds.

We decided to go ashore, rest, and fish from there. Rulon had a piece of wire about 3 feet long. He tied this through the gill and mouth of the fish, then anchored it to a small bush next to the water.

We were all fishing from a ledge of sandstone. Lyle was sitting on a thin portion that hung over the water. After a while Rulon said, "Look at that fish swimming out there with a wire in its mouth! Hey, that is my fish." "Are you going to jump in after him, Rulon?" I asked. Rulon stood and watched his fish swim away.

All at once, we heard a cracking sound. We looked and saw Lyle falling into the lake. It looked like he threw his pole into the air and jumped in. The ledge he was sitting on gave way. Lyle went completely under the water. All you could see was his hat floating. He was wearing one of the "Frank Buck" type hats. When he came up, he splashed around and made it to shore.

"What's the matter, Lyle," Dean hooted. "Did you all at once decide to

take a swim?" "That rock gave away," Lyle growled. By now we were laughing and kidding him. Soon Lyle was laughing also. "How deep was that water?" Rulon asked. "I don't know," Lyle replied. "I never felt the bottom."

He took off his clothes, laid them on the rocks to dry, and went swimming. He walked all around where he fell in. The water was up to his armpits. He could have walked out instead of trying to swim with his clothes on. "The water is warm," Lyle declared. "Why don't you join me?" We were in a cove, so to speak, so Dean went in also. I don't recall all of us going in.

After Lyle's clothes had dried out enough to put on, it was late afternoon. We decided to head back to the landing. As we were coming close to the dock, Dean said, "I don't like to get `skunked.' How about going up the lake and fish a while longer." We all agreed it was a good idea. "Are you going to anchor the boat and fish from it?" I asked. "I would like to try from the boat," Dean replied. Rulon and Lyle agreed they would too. "Let me take some of those smaller minnows, and I will try from the shore," I said.

After letting me off, they went out about 100 yards and anchored. I decided to take a hike up along the shore. No one was in sight anywhere. I laid my pole and minnows down and had gone about 50 yards. I could see some fish swimming along. At first I thought they were carp, but soon I could see they were bass. It seemed like they were following me up the lake. They were in about two feet of water and some ten feet from the shore. I turned and started back down the lake. They were soon going back that way. Are they looking for food? Had someone been feeding them? Would they bite if I threw a minnow out? I decided to find out. Went and got my pole.

I put one of the smaller minnows on my hook--hooked under the back fin. I could see these fish still swimming back and forth. I cast the bait out. The minnow took off, and a bass caught it in his mouth. Now a "Large Mouth Bass," even a small one, had a big mouth.

I gave the fish all the line he wanted. Soon I knew he was hooked. I couldn't believe it was that easy to catch one. I reeled him in and pulled him up on shore. He was about 14 inches long and weighed some 1 1/2 lbs.

I put another minnow on. The same thing--only this time, three fish started after the bait. After landing the second one, I motioned the other

guys in and held up a fish in each hand. You could see two of them reeling in, the other pulling up the anchor. I walked down the lake and motioned them to dock--away from where the fish were swimming.

I said, "They aren't very big, but you can see them take the bait." "You must be kidding," Rulon declared. "No, I saw how they take the bait and run," I returned. "Use the small minnows."

We all walked back up the lake with the bait bucket. There the fish were, swimming back and forth. "They won't bite," Lyle volunteered. You could see the fish about 8-10 feet out in the lake. "Cast out over them," I said. Dean had on a minnow. He cast it out, and two fish took after it. Before he had a fish caught, all of us had our bait out. For about ten minutes, one or more of us had a fish on our hook. We used up most of the small minnows and caught 15-20 fish, 1 to 2 pounds in size, weighing some 25-30 lbs. total.

"At least we will not be skunked!" Dean yelled. "I have never seen anything like that before," Rulon exclaimed. "I've seen it `hotter' than that a few times, fishing for `crappie,'" Lyle said. "So have I," Dean volunteered. "It sure was fun while it lasted."

The next day we went across the lake to an island. This place was usually quite good. However, this day we caught nothing there. "Let's try up the Virgin (where the Virgin River comes into the lake)," Lyle said. "I was about to suggest that," Dean volunteered.

In about ten minutes, we were there. We picked a likely spot and anchored. The water was deep. After about 1/2 hour, we hadn't had a bite. "We should try somewhere else," Rulon remarked. "Sure wish we could locate a school of `hunchbacks' (a non-game fish)," Dean responded. If you saw hunchbacks, usually bass were close by. After trying several places with no luck, we decided to try from shore. "Those ledges look promising," Lyle said, pointing to some almost straight up and down walls. "Can we find a place to dock the boat?" I asked. "We will soon find out," Dean exclaimed, starting the motor.

We were not in the river channel, but out where the lake widens out. We found a place where we could get out of the boat and tied the anchor rope to a rock. "Cast as far out as you can," Dean declared. "The water is deep here." Our bait was getting low. "Looks like we will have to quit soon," Rulon said. "Hand me that big `sucker,'" Dean exclaimed. The sucker he was talking about was some nine inches long. We had threatened to throw it out several times.

After putting the sucker on, Dean cast out. "Did you see how far that went?" Dean yelled. "What do you expect to catch with that big sucker?" I asked. "A big bass," Dean declared. "I'm going to take a nap while he decides to bite."

The rest of us went around the rocks, out of sight. "He will never catch a fish. That bait is too big," Rulon retorted. After about 20 minutes, we heard a loud "Wah-hoo!" We could hear Dean yelling. We rushed back where we could see him. He was standing in the boat, holding up the biggest "wide-mouth bass" I had ever seen.

We went down to get a close look. His mouth was big enough you could put both of your doubled-up fists in it. "That fish is at least a 15 pounder," Lyle declared.

We had some other big minnows--five or six inches (?) We all put one on and fished for about another hour. No one got a bite. "I guess it's time to head for home," Lyle said. We all agreed and were soon on our way. What bait we had left, we threw in the lake.

Paul Heaton was helping me full-time now, and it was warm enough that the grass had to be cut twice a week. Paul would cut, starting Monday morning. I would do the irrigation as soon as the grass was cut. By Tuesday night, we had it all cut and watered.

Wednesday and Thursday we would pick up litter, hoe weeds, etc.. The campus was looking better all the time. There was an area east of the Fieldhouse that wasn't planted; a strip about 50 feet wide and 300 feet long. I had wanted to seed this, but it was full of weeds and needed some fill dirt. We would work on that area every chance we had.

Vada would pack me extra lunches, as I would leave home early and get back late. Sometimes I would take my bed in the back of the pickup, leave home Monday morning, work all day and part of the night, all day Tuesday--wouldn't get home until after dark. Vada would milk the cow and do the other chores. We thought that after I had the "grounds" in shape, the work would be less. "Boy, were we ever wrong."

One day I was in the heat plant talking to Ed Mathison. "Sure wish I had time to haul some manure," I exclaimed. The middle of the football field was about worn out. Spring training was over, and we now had the field to ourselves.

"I have a few bags of commercial fertilizer," Ed volunteered. "It is here in the back room; has been there several years. You can use that if you

would like to." "Do you have anything to apply it with?" I asked. "No, I don't," Ed retorted. "Hunter Hardware has one you could rent."

I went over to "Hunters" and talked to Dee Cowan about it. "We rent it for 50 cents an hour or \$3.00 a day," Dee said. It was two feet wide, on wheels, and you push it. "Set it on #6, and you will get the right amount for fertilizer," Dee declared.

As I remember, Ed had four 80 lb. bags. "This will not cover all the field," Mr. Mathison said. "May I suggest you start in the middle of the field and work both ways." Now I had never had any experience with commercial fertilizer. I loaded the bags in the truck and went up to the bottom (north end) of the field. Loaded the spreader, and before I turned it on, went to the middle of the goal post, set the dial, started forward and opened the hatch.

I could go all the way to the south goal and back without loading. Go up one side and back the other. After spreading four bags, I had about 1/3 of the field covered between the goal posts--all of the worst part of the field. After spreading the fertilizer, I went to the pump pit and turned the pump on and watered all the area I had planted.

After about ten days, it started to get a dark green color. You could see right to the inch where the fertilizer was put. The area would grow twice as fast as the rest of the grass. "Middle a dark green color, the edges more greenish brown." People would stop and comment on it. "What did you do to the middle of the stadium?" some would ask. "I put commercial fertilizer on it," was the reply.

One day Hazen Cooley said to me, "I've been wanting to ask you about the football stadium." "Ed Mathison gave me four bags of fertilizer he had on hand," I declared. "I put it on the field as an experiment." "Does he have any more?" he asked. "That is all he has," I declared. "We should do the rest of the field. May I suggest you request enough more to cover the rest of the field?" I sent in a request for eight more bags. In about a week, I had enough to finish the job, and it was put on.

When September rolled around, I requested enough fertilizer to cover all of the campus--had no trouble getting it. By September 10th, all the campus was a dark green color. "Now I knew how to get the grass green" and could work on a way to get rid of the "dandelions."

In August 1958, we moved to Cedar. Velda would be starting in school, and I was spending so much time at the college, we thought we should

move up. We found a basement apartment--with the "Joe Bettridge's"--across the street from the West Elementary and one block from the college.

I had talked with Eldro Rigby about bringing our cow up. "Do you have a pen I could put her in?" I asked. "I would bring my own feed." "You can put her in the small corral on the west side," Eldro replied.

We had extra milk, so we would sell it--35 cents a half gallon or 65 cents a gallon. We had two customers who would buy 1 1/2 gallons a day. This would more than pay for the feed.

After the dairy herd was milked in the morning, they would be turned into the field. One day Eldro said to me, "Turn your cow out with the herd." They would bring them in one hour before the night milking. After milking, they would feed them grain and ensilage--chopped corn put in a silo. "Why don't you turn your cow in the corral with the herd," Eldro declared. "That way she would get grain and would do better." So I did, and the milk production came up. We were soon selling 2-3 gallons of milk a day. This extra \$1.50 a day helped out--almost paid our rent.

Rolaine was a Senior in High School. Kerry was at the University of Utah in Salt Lake City. There was also a good looking young man making frequent visits to our place. His name was Jerry Fowles, and he was a returned missionary. I knew him, as he worked at jobs around the college--for Reid Cox, Joe Roberts, and a few times on the grounds. He was quite surprised when he came to see Rolaine and I opened the door. "I didn't know Rolaine was your daughter," he exclaimed. It seemed he was more friendly to me at school after that.

It sure seemed good to go home for lunch. I had been taking my lunch to work for some 9 years. Also, I could get up early and do some work before breakfast. Also after dinner at night. I had been riding to work at times with Darce Prince--worked at Jones Equipment. When he came to pick me up on his day to drive, I would be pulling weeds or some other work. "Now that you are living up here," Darce declared, "you will work day and night." How right he was.

The first of July, I signed my first yearly contract. It was for \$4,500. My pay had been raised \$50 a month since I started in November. Now this would be \$375 a month. "You guessed it--Come rain or come shine." With the \$45 a month we were getting for the sale of milk, and not needing to fix lunches, my pay was getting close to what it was at the mine. "Oh yes, I didn't have to buy feed for the cow." That would make up the difference for

sure.

We didn't move our "membership" to Cedar. Would go to Harmony and spend Sundays. Dean didn't want to release me from the Bishopric, and I hadn't asked to be.

When the work started to slow up in the fall, I would haul dirt to the area by the Fieldhouse. Reid had requested for a hoist to be put under the truck bed, and this had been done. It sure saved a lot of shoveling. Paul Heaton had left to teach school at "Moccasin, Arizona," I now had the grounds all by myself. However, I got the area ready and planted into grass by the middle of September.

Bruce Osborné was the football coach. Told me how happy he was about how the stadium looked. "Sure wish they had hired you years before," he declared. "I never expected the campus to ever look like it does," he added. "Well, there was no place to go but up," I retorted. "I hope you stay around here until after I retire," Bruce concluded. "How old do you think I am?" I retorted. "I will be retiring before you." "You are not that old," Bruce exclaimed. (I was some eight years older.)

One day while I was working at the mine, I was driving past the "Bradshaw Chevrolet." Saw a nice looking 1954 "Buick Super" four door sedan. I stopped to take a look at it; was a dark tan color with a green top and green interior. We were driving a 1955 Plymouth Sedan. We had traded the 1952 Chev. for it--in the worst trade I had ever made. I had told Vada if I could find a car I really liked, I was going to get rid of the Plymouth, although it had less than 30,000 miles. She told me to go ahead.

This Buick had the original tires, was clean, and the paint was good. The mileage was 28,000. Sherwin Bradshaw told me it had belonged to a man from Parowan. "Could I have his name?" I asked. He gave it to me. "What are you asking for it?" "\$1300.00," Sherwin declared. "Could I try the car out?" I remarked. "Sure, go ahead." "Could I take it home to let my wife see it?" "That would be OK." I parked my pickup and drove the car to New Harmony. Vada liked the car immediately. "Let's take a little ride!" I exclaimed. "What do you think about it?" Vada said. "There is no comparison between the Plymouth and this car," I declared. "If it's alright with you, let's buy it." "Will he take the other car?" she asked. "If he will not trade, then we can't get it," I retorted.

"You drive the Plymouth up, and I will follow you." We called the man

in Parowan. "Is there anything you could tell us about that 1954 Buick?" I asked. "There isn't anything wrong with it, if that is what you mean," the fellow declared. "I wish I had it back; it is a better car than I'm driving now," he added. He had traded for a new 1956 Buick. I talked to the fellow one time in Cedar City after we had bought the car. "How are you getting along with it?" he asked me. "The best car I have ever owned," I declared. "It was the best car I had ever owned!" the man exclaimed. "My wife thought we needed a new one, or I would be driving that one now," the man concluded.

Now, I have been accused of buying too many cars--maybe even trading for the fun of it. I didn't see it that way, however. Maybe enough said about that.

When Sherwin saw the Plymouth and that it was a one year newer car--at that time one year old--he said, "I don't think we can make a deal. In the Blue Book, your car is listed for more money than this one. We don't trade straight across or give you back any money." "Think it over," I said, "and give me the best deal you can." "We would have to have \$250," he returned, "and I hope you don't accept."

That turned out to be the best deal I ever made. "Salt Lake is not so far away," Vada said, "since we bought the Buick."

In my spare time, I would look for projects I could do. There was an area in front of the T&I Building. I asked Reid if he would put in a sprinkling system. "I will haul some dirt and plant it in grass," I declared. "Could you help us put in the water?" Reid asked. "I will dig the trenches if you will put in the pipe," I volunteered. As fast as they put in the pipe, I covered it up. In a week, it was all in.

Now I needed some fill; it was getting quite scarce at the farm. I was talking to Verge Smith, who was a shift superintendent for the State Road. "I need some fill dirt. Do you know of any?" I asked. "Up east of Summit, we hauled dirt off the highway and dumped it up in the sagebrush. There are several big piles. Take all you want," Verge declared.

I had hauled some five loads, could load 2- 2 1/2 yards on in about an hour. While I was loading, a fellow came by. "That is my dirt you are hauling away!" he exclaimed. "Oh, is that right?" I replied. "I thought it belonged to the State. Verge Smith told me that the State Road hauled it off the highway, and I could use all I wanted." "It is on my land, and you better leave!" the man yelled.

I just kept on loading. "I am hauling it to the College; I'm not using it for myself." I kept loading. "If you don't want the law on you, you better quit!" the man shouted. I didn't stop, and the fellow left.

I had dumped my load in front of the T&I Building and was spreading it out. A Cedar City policeman drove up. "Where did you get the dirt?" he asked. "Up by Summit," I replied. "We had a call about it. Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ said it was on his land," the cop said. "Verge Smith told me it would be alright to haul some," I retorted. "The State Road hauled it up in the brush and dumped it."

"Maybe you shouldn't haul any more," the cop declared. "I will not haul any more," I returned. "The last thing we want is trouble." The policeman left, and I went back to the farm to get the rest I needed.

Early in September 1958, I was talking to Uncle Albert Mathis. "Gene Pullmer is going to fight Spider Webb in Salt Lake," Uncle Albert said. "Sure would like to go up." "If we could get a carload to go, I would drive my car," I volunteered. "Ashby and Boyd Pace would like to go," Uncle exclaimed.

Boyd had a girlfriend teaching school in Salt Lake. He had her get us four tickets. It was to be on a Saturday night. We left early the morning of the fight. When we arrived in Salt Lake, I asked the guys if they knew where we could stay--get a room. "You suggest somewhere," Ashby declared.

"I have stayed at the "Covered Wagon Motel" on North Temple a few times. It is clean, reasonable, and there is a nice cafe next door." "Sounds good to me," Uncle Albert exclaimed. "Is it OK with the rest of you?" I asked. "Sure is," was the reply.

We checked it out and were able to get the rooms. "Would it be alright if we shared a room with two beds?" They had a room with a double bed and a single. "The clerk told me she would put a roll-away bed in for the other." "Sounds good to us."

After checking in, we went to the cafe--"Harmons"--and had a chicken dinner for \$1.50 each. The room was \$12.00, \$3.00 each. Fight tickets were \$10.00 each. We had seats seven rows back of ringside. While we were eating, I suggested we go find "Derks Field," the place where the fight was to be held. After locating the field, I asked the group if they had any place they would like to go or anything they wanted to do.

"I would like to go see Sharlene and pick up the tickets," Boyd said,

"and maybe spend a few hours with her, if it is OK." "You can take the car," I volunteered. "No, Sharlene will pick me up at the motel." Sharlene Tobler was from Santa Clara. When she came to get Boyd, she had the tickets. We all paid her for the tickets. "Maybe you should all take and be responsible for your own," Boyd said. "If I'm not back by fight time, Sharlene will drop me off at Derks Field." "You better be here by six o'clock," I suggested, "or we will be gone; the fight starts at seven." After they left, we decided to rest until time to go.

At this point, I would like to give a little background on "Gene Fullmer." He was fighting out of the camp of Marve Jensen. Mr. Jensen had a "stable" of fighters and a gym in West Jordan, Utah, where they trained. Would pay all expenses, training, travelling, etc.. Would take 50% of all purses won on each fighter.

There was another prominent fighter in camp besides Gene--a heavyweight named Rex Layne, hometown in Cache Valley, Utah. Rex Layne was champion material, won a lot of fights, beat some of the top-rated heavyweights in the world. Seemed to be a sure bet to become champion until he met "Pete Radamacher" and was beaten pretty bad. Never did come back after that.

"Lamar Clark" from Cedar City went up to train with Marve Jensen. He was a heavyweight also. Had beaten everyone he had met and was a real prospect. One time he was matched with five fighters in one night and won all fights by knock-outs. "Made the Guinness Book of World Records." Was going great guns until he met "Cassius Clay" and was knocked out. Didn't fight after that. (It was Joe Walcott who Layne beat.) Gene Fullmer won the "World Middleweight Championship" from "Carmen Basillio," who had won it from "Sugar Ray Robinson." At last Marve Jensen had a "World Champion." About a year later, Gene met Sugar Ray and lost the championship. However, he didn't quit; this bout with Spider Webb was to work his way back into a challenger spot.

Boyd hadn't come by time to go to the fight. We went to "Harmons" and had some more "Kentucky Fried Chicken" and were in our seats by 20 to seven. Boyd didn't show up until time for the fight. There was a huge crowd on hand--looked like a sell-out.

Now Spider Webb, a negro, was one of the top rated middleweights, a classic boxer. For the first four rounds, it looked like he would win the fight. Gene was known as a mauling type fighter--however, he beat Carmen Bisillio by boxing. It didn't work with Robinson or Webb. If he continued with

the boxing strategy, he would lose. In the fifth round, he came out with the mauling tactic. It has been said that Gene could hit you in the breadbasket, and you would feel it in your toes and head.

After working on the body, Webb's defenses dropped, and Gene would go to the head. For four more rounds, Spider was taking a terrible beating. Gene was a "hungry" fighter--he wanted another shot at the championship. Webb was standing in his way.

After eight rounds, you would have to say the fight was even. (This was a 12 round bout.) Spider Webb was a headhunter. Very seldom would he go to the body. Gene used a style I had never seen before. Would cross his arms to protect his face. All Spider could see was gloves and elbows. Gene would work the body; when Webb dropped his arms, he went to the head.

After two more rounds, someone said, "Why don't they stop the fight?" Spider Webb was a beaten fighter. In the eleventh round, they stopped it.

On the way back to the motel, Uncle Albert thanked me for bringing them up to see the fight. "I wouldn't have had the chance to see it but for you," Uncle declared. "And you sure know your way around Salt Lake," he whispered. Before we reached home, he thanked me again, as did the others.

Now about Rex Layne beating Joe Walcott. This was before Walcott beat Ezzard Charles for the heavyweight title. "It's too bad he got by me," Joe Walcott said. "Now he is really in trouble." I didn't believe that at the time, but I do now. He was good but not good enough to become World Champion. Walcott didn't hold it very long; he lost it to ancient--40 year old--"Archie Moore."

It was getting cold in the basement apartment, and we were looking for some other place to live. "Do you want to move back to New Harmony?" I asked. We talked it over and decided to stay in Cedar until spring. We had to drop our milk customers. We found out that it was against the "State Law" to sell raw milk. Fern and Horace Hall had milk customers also. They told us about it and were not going to sell any more milk. When we told our people about it, they said, "We will take the chance. We would like to still buy milk from you." "We have been thinking about moving back home," we said. "Anyway, we should obey the law."

A few days before New Years (we were now living with Mrs. Rice, across the street from the college. She was living in the back of the home;

we were living in the front), It started to rain and for about a week, it didn't stop. We got a call from Marion Prince. "When are you moving back?" he asked. "I'm having a rough time keeping the water out of your basement." I told him I would be right down.

When I arrived at home, a stream of water was going down the street, big enough to irrigate an alfalfa field. Another was going by the east side of the house. I spent the day diking around the house and diverting the water around the garden spot.

When I went back to Cedar, Vada and I talked it over and decided to move back home. Rolaine was a Junior in high school, and she could watch Velda on the school bus. We also talked of buying a small car to drive to work. The Buick was getting a lot of miles on it, as was the pickup.

Jones Motor was selling Italian-made "Fiats." We checked those out. The prices for those cars were \$1300 to \$1700 "new." Fern and Horace had bought one for Herschel, and they sure liked it. You could buy a two door sedan with a small water-cooled motor for \$1300. We talked to the salesman, and they would take the pickup in on one. We decided we could get by without the pickup. No way were we going to trade the Buick.

So we made the deal. It was a cute little car and fun to drive. Two people could ride in it comfortably, and two smaller ones could ride in the back seat. I recall we gassed it up in Cedar, drove to New Harmony. Next day Vada, Rolaine, Velda, and I took it for a spin to St. George. Drove around for awhile, then stopped in Washington and filled the gas tank--it took 46 cents to fill it. "How far have you driven it on that much gas?" the station operator asked. "About 80 miles," I declared. The man let out an oath and walked away. We calculated the milage, and it came out 52 miles to the gallon. "We would save enough on gas to buy the car."

I was alone on the grounds, and it was getting time to start to cut grass. One Saturday "Mervin Iverson" from Washington came to see me. He was the son of Victor Iverson and a nephew of Lester Iverson. "I am going to go to BAC this fall," Mervin said. "Could I work for you on the grounds this summer and in my spare time between classes?"

"When could you come?" I asked. "As soon as Dixie College closes," Mervin declared. "Would you come up and work Saturdays?" I questioned. "Not every Saturday, but I could come 2-3 times a month." "How long will you be going to school?" "Two years or until I graduate," Mervin exclaimed. Dixie College had a two year program in elementary education.

BAC had a four year program. "I am going to be a school teacher," Mervin retorted.

"I need help quite bad. Come as many Saturdays as you can." Mervin was good help. He knew what to do and would really go at it. I had another boy who was helping me until college was out. Mervin would do twice as much work as he would. Mervin worked like his "Uncle Lett," hardly ever stopped to rest.

When Mervin came full time, he and I could handle the work OK, so I didn't try to get any more help. Kerry was to go to Durango, Colorado to work for the summer. We were going to take him down. "Could you handle the work for a couple of days?" I asked Mervin. "Yes, I can," was his answer. We had the grass cut and watered before I left.

We drove the Buick and took Lana with us. Went to Richfield, Salina, Green River, Moab, Monticello. Then southeast to Cortez, Colorado and on to Durango. Around 425 miles and all slow road. However, wherever we could, we drove 70. If you had straight road, it was hard to hold it under 70, and it would cruise at 80. I had changed the tires that came on the car for a set of "Goodyear Double Eagles"--the best tires that could be bought at that time.

Kerry was to meet someone at Durango. We checked in at a motel for the night. Next morning, Kerry found out that he had to go on to "Santa Fe," New Mexico. "Could you take me on to there?" Kerry asked. "How far is it?" I asked. "About 200 miles," Kerry said. We went on to there and left Kerry. "It will be shorter back home if you go by way of Albuquerque and Flagstaff," Kerry declared. As we were going across the Apache Indian Reservation, we came upon a pickup with an Indian woman in the back. "Boy, was it `hot.'" There would be two "bucks" riding in the cab. Further on, we saw others--men in the cab, women and kids in the back.

One time a white man saw a buck Indian riding along on a horse. A squaw was walking along with him. "How come you are riding and she is walking?" he asked the buck Indian. "She don't haveum horse," the Indian said.

"Santa Fe" is a "Western Historical" city. Sure wish we had taken time to look it over. I was worried about getting back. As I recall, we left Kerry and headed for Utah. This time it was Lana who shed the tears.

After we left Monticello and before we got to Cortez, we passed through an area where they raised beans. Hundreds and hundreds of acres of

beans. Some ground was in "summer fallow," other the beans were about four inches high, indicating it was a dry land operation. I have heard about raising dry land beans.

We passed by the Mesa Verde National Park. Crossed a river or two. Durango sits on the bank of a large river. Don't recall if it was the La Plata or Animas--they are both in the area. We did have time that evening to drive around Durango. The city is close to the San Juan National Forest. A beautiful city but not a big city. About 10,000, as I recall.

We passed through several Indian Reservations. Lots of "Redmen" in that area. I'll attempt to name a few tribes: Apache, Zia, Santa Ana, San Juan, Laguna, Navajo, Jemez, Ute, Zuni, Acoma, Aztec, Romah, Hopi.

It was getting toward evening when we got to Flagstaff. We stayed there that night and drove on home the next day--with a brokenhearted little neighbor girl.

We were having a lot of fun with the "Fiat" but would drive the Buick on long trips or if we had a carload. One day in July, we had a heavy rainstorm. A big flood came down Bumblebee wash. It had flooded over the highway by the "Big Oaks," east of New Harmony. When I came home from work, A crowd was on the west side watching it. I stopped the "Fiat" and looked the situation over. Mud, water, driftwood were scattered over the road for 50 yards. You could see by the high water marks that the flood was going down. After about 30 minutes, I decided to cross. I put the car in low gear and eased into the area. Was watching so I didn't high center on rocks and would turn out for them and the trees, brush, etc.. Someone else crossed ahead of me, but they were in a bigger car.

I was real nervous before I reached the other side. Vada was there watching. "We expected to see you washed downstream," were her first words. "You looked like an ant winding your way across," she declared. "We expected you to float down the wash." Later she said to me, "I'm not sure that car is safe, if you take chances like that."

One time we drove it to Cedar to see a movie. We parked it parallel with the curb, south of the J.C.Penney store. When we came to the car after the show, the front end of the car was facing north. Some "pranksters" had lifted all but the rear wheels onto the sidewalk. I was able to drive it back off without any damage to the vehicle.

Every time I had to get the car serviced, I took it to Jones Motor--the only place they had a hoist to lift it. Had to purchase an oil filter each time.

It would cost me \$15 to get it all done. I began to wonder if we had made a good choice. Most of the money saved on gas, we put back to get it serviced.

It was getting towards fall. We had 7000 miles on the car. "Maybe we should try to trade it," Vada said. "I think we should," I declared, "if we can get anywhere near what we have in it.

I was driving up Main Street in Cedar one day in the Fiat--was following a pickup truck. An object hit the windshield and broke it. I could see it coming and ducked my head, therefore avoiding a cut face. I pulled over to a curb.

The vehicle in front had run over a 3/4 inch piece of pipe about a foot long. An ell was on one end. That ell saved the pipe from coming all the way inside. I drove up to Jones Motor and left the car. It couldn't be driven until the windshield was fixed. It took 30 days to get this done. They had to order the windshield. "Where did it come from?" "ITALY." --More on this later--

Along about the middle of June of this year--1959--I received a call from Director Braithwaite. "Could you come up to my office? I would like to talk with you," he declared. After a handshake and other greetings, Mr. Braithwaite asked me to have a seat.

"I have been trying to get more money for you. We are aware of the many hours you put in here at the College," he exclaimed. "Our budget is tight; however, you should be rewarded for your efforts. What would you say should be the amount of a raise?" he asked. "I would rather you decided that," I returned.

Mr. Braithwaite wrote an amount on a piece of paper and handed it to me. "I about fell out of my chair." It was \$800.00. "Would that amount be satisfactory?" Mr. Braithwaite questioned. "I could live with that; it is a very good raise," I said.

I would like to talk to you about another matter," Mr. Braithwaite returned. "We are planning to move the Dairy to the Valley Farm." "When will that be?" I asked. "It will be about a year before the new Milking Building can be built. As soon as that is completed, the move will be made." "Will Eldro Rigby go with the Dairy when it is moved?" I asked. "Could you use Eldro on the Grounds? You will have all city property owned by the College, and you will be calling the shots," Mr. Braithwaite declared. "I would have no objections to Mr. Rigby. However, I would like

him to make the decision. He may not be comfortable working with me after the many years he has been here." (Eldro Rigby had been there more than 26 years.) "If Eldro decides to work somewhere other than the Grounds, you will be given another man of your own choosing," Mr. Braithwaite concluded.

Soon after this, I was talking to Lorin Hershey. "Why don't you hit the College up for a raise," he asked. "Royden Braithwaite was talking to the Rotary Club at their monthly 'Luncheon Meeting.' I was there and heard that speech. He told the club members that the best decision he had made since coming to the College was when he hired you. You could get a raise if you asked for it," Lorin declared. "I'll think about it," I replied.

Early fall of 1960, the Dairy was moved to the Valley Farm, and all college-owned property in Cedar City was turned over to me, comprising 50 acres. Forty acres of this was planted into alfalfa and irrigated pasture. The barns, corrals, sheds were removed to make room for future buildings. I was not responsible for this--it was contracted out. The contractor was to receive anything salvageable. However, I did take out a 150 lb. anvil that was in the old shop before the contract was let. As far as I know, that anvil is still in use, in the Grounds Department Shop.

Eldro Rigby elected to go into the Janitorial Department and work with Joe Roberts. I was told to look for a man to help me on the grounds. He was to be hired by April 1, 1961. I had 7 months to do this. Had decided to look for a mature person who had worked at this kind of work. "My salary was \$5,300 a year now--things looked real bright."

About the last of August 1959, the day I had been to Jones Motor to pick up the Fiat, I had parked at the Auditorium and was working in that area. A salesperson from Bradshaw Chevrolet came by, driving a new 1959 pickup. "Do you know anyone here at the College who is in the market for a truck?" he asked. "How much do you want for it?" I said. "\$2,250.00," was his answer. On a venture I asked, "Would you take that Fiat and \$1,100 for it?" "What year model is it?" he said. "A 1959," I told him. "Give me 30 minutes, and I will let you know," he retorted.

In 30 minutes or less, he was back. "I have been authorized to close the deal," the salesman declared, "if you are interested." "I will need to talk with my wife, and she is in New Harmony. Could I let you know tomorrow morning?" I exclaimed. "You do that," the man replied.

Vada wasn't hard to convince; she never did like the little car, and we

needed a pickup. When I met with the man, I told him if he would take \$1,050 difference, I would trade. "We can't do that; the truck has been reduced to bare bones now," the salesman replied. "Well, maybe I'll wait until the 1960's are here," I returned. "Let me go in and talk with Sherwin," he muttered. While he was in there, I looked around to see if a 1960 was already there.

Sure enough, the warehouse had several in. They hadn't been shown yet. I peeked in the window. There was a complete change. The cab was wider and very little else that resembled the 1959. However, I liked the 59 better than the 60. We made the deal for \$1,050.

Now I didn't lose very much on the Fiat. I paid \$1,300 for it and received \$1,200 in trade--we drove it 7,000 miles.

I would like to add here, I kept the truck for 20 years. It had 200,000 miles on it, and I sold it for \$1,000. I had the truck "overhauled" at 150,000 and a new paint job soon after. "Would have to say, that was cheap transportation." Most of those miles were driven to work.

The Spring of 1960, Mervin Iverson was still helping me at the College. Another young man by the name of Duane Gubler--from Dixie, and a friend of Mervin's--came and asked for summer work and work between classes. He expected to be at the College for two years. Now I had two top notch fellows who really relieved the work load. However, we had improved the grounds to the point where we were still short-handed.

On July 1 of this year, my pay was raised to \$5,700.00. In three years, my pay had been raised \$1,800.00--\$473.00 a month. Now I was making as much as the drivers at the mine. "You guessed it--\$473.00 a month, come rain or come shine."

Kerry was getting to the place where he needed some "wheels," was doing a lot of field work. His mother and I talked it over and decided to look for a reliable car for him. We found a 1954 Plymouth with low miles on it. We talked to Kerry about it, and he said, "I believe that car would last me until I graduate (receive his doctorate). If you can afford to buy this car for me, I will not need any other support from you," Kerry declared. As I recall, the car cost \$800, and Kerry could now come home once in a while.

June 3, 1960, we had another addition to the family. "Kerry and Lana were married." As I recall, they went to Durango for the summer, where Kerry had employment.

July of 1960, Reid Cox asked me if I would go to Bozeman, Montana with him to a "Plant" workshop--"Rocky Mountain Physical Plant Administrator's Workshop." "How long will it be for?" I asked. "Four days," Reid replied. "With travelling time, it will take us a week. Can you leave work for that long?" Reid questioned. "It could be arranged," I retorted. "I have two responsible young men helping me."

Mervin Iverson and Duane Gubler assured me that they could handle the work. "What time do you want to leave?" I asked Reid. "How about 4:30 in the morning?" Reid declared. "We will be driving the Director's car." Director Braithwaite had a 1959 Ford Galaxy at his disposal.

I drove my pickup and left it at the College Motor Pool. "Would it be OK if we drove for a while before we eat breakfast?" Reid exclaimed. "That is alright with me," I returned.

We left Cedar at 4:15 a.m., stopped in Fillmore for breakfast. Drove to Logan--Reid had some College business there. Stopped in "Preston, Idaho" and got some lunch. Reid had driven all the way to there. As we were leaving the cafe, he handed me the car keys. "Would you drive for a while?" Reid asked. "I usually hog the driving when travelling," Reid added.

I could tell he was nervous and didn't like for me to be driving. I was a big boy by now, so I watched and tried not to make any boo-boos. After about an hour, I could see Reid relax some. I kept glancing over at him. We had passed "Idaho Falls," and Reid was leaning back against the seat sound asleep. The road was straight, so I stepped up the speed and was soon driving 80 miles an hour. Reid had been driving 70 plus most of the way.

I had driven from Preston to about St. Anthony--some 150 miles--when Reid woke up. "I'll drive now," Reid declared--were the first words he had spoken for a couple of hours. "We need gas," I returned. "I'll drive on to Ashton; we can gas up there."

We were coming to the mountain driving, and I was glad to turn the wheel over to him. We had bought some refreshments in Ashton, and Reid was having a little trouble eating and driving. At these times, I was always glad he was at the wheel.

When we left "West Yellowstone, Montana," it was late afternoon. We were in new country to me, so I was glad to be able to look around. Soon we came to the Continental Divide. The streams of water had been flowing south. Now they were going north. We had come to the "headwaters" of the "Gallatin River."

While we were still high on the Divide, I was looking west. Along the side of a tall ridge, I could see a "white streak." It looked to be about 10 feet tall, and you could see it for several miles. "Could you tell me what that is?" I asked Reid. "It must be caused by the "earthquake" they had in this area last year," Reid replied. He stopped the car. We sat there and looked at it.

The hillside was covered by green vegetation. The ground had dropped away, leaving a "snakelike" white streak. "That quake made a dam across the Madison River and formed a lake," Reid exclaimed. "Yes, it was on the radio and in all the papers," I retorted. --More on this later--

Soon we were driving alongside of the "Gallatin River." We were about 20 miles from "Bozeman, Montana," home of Montana State University. We had left Yellowstone National Park (boundary) and had entered the Gallatin National Forest. The river was getting larger and running swift. Soon we passed "Taylor's Creek," which is quite a large contributor; however, water flowed from creeks in every canyon for more than 30 miles down river.

Soon we passed "Buck's Tavern" and Motel and "Big Sky," which is getting to be quite a small town up in the mountains by this big "beautiful river." At this milepost, it was booming and huge. Looked like enough water to irrigate most of Utah.

I found out later from "Mary" that at "Three Forks," west of Bozeman, is where the Gallatin, Madison, and Jefferson come together to form the headwaters of the "Missouri River." Before leaving the state of Montana, it also picks up the huge "Yellowstone River." --More on this later--

As we came out of the Gallatin Canyon, we soon came to the "Gallatin Gateway" and the forks of the road--one going west to Ennis and Norris, the other east to Bozeman.

Soon I saw a large round building in the distance. "Could you tell me what that is?" I asked Reid. "I believe that is the Fieldhouse of the University," Reid returned. "What is it doing way out there in the fields?" I retorted. We couldn't see any of the University buildings. "Eventually the campus will extend out there," Reid explained.

As we pulled in "Bozeman," it was 6:30 in the evening. We had travelled some 750 miles that day. We decided to drive to downtown Bozeman and eat dinner. We had eaten breakfast in Utah, lunch in Idaho, and now dinner in Montana.

Bozeman in 1960 was maybe 10,000. At this writing, it is in the neighborhood of 30,000. It is 4,800 ft. elevation. I fully expected it to be

cool up there, but it was really hot. The days were 1-2 hours longer up there, due to placement on the globe.

We drove to the campus and checked in, were assigned to a room in one of the "dorms." "Montana State University" is an old school. The buildings were made of red brick and red stone. The roofs, as I recall, were red also. Those red buildings stood out against all the "green." The Bozeman Valley is long and wide, surrounded by mountains covered with timber. Still some snow on the higher elevations. Where the valley wasn't farmed, the grass grew abundantly.

Now I was there to learn all I could about how they took care of the grounds, etc.. There were a few workshops on ground care, but I learned more from asking questions of the ground personnel at the College. Also of other grounds people attending the workshop.

We were to check in (register) at ten the next morning. I had time to walk around the grounds before that time. Found out they had the best sprinkling system available--the one that came from the sky--you know, that one didn't need to be turned on or off. However the water was available if needed--which was seldom.

After we registered and had an "orientation," it was time for lunch. For the rest of our stay there, lunch and dinner would be served to us. We only had to buy our breakfast, usually at the Student Center.

States represented there were: Montana, Utah, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, Arizona, and New Mexico. All Rocky Mountain states--colleges and universities in those states.

A fellow by the name of "Whalen" was Director of Plant Operations at Montana State University and was a gracious host. A man by the name of "Ellingson" came from "Arizona State." These two I remember most. The workshop started at 9 a.m. each day. We would have a lecture and other instruction for 1 1/2 hours, then a refreshment break. After this, we would meet in groups to discuss what we had learned and heard. The first time we separated, I was with a group to discuss "Irrigation." About 20 of us met in this certain room with a long table. Around the table, in front of each chair was an "ash tray." "NO SMOKING" was allowed in buildings on the College campus in Cedar. I wondered if it were here at M.S.U. or if it was for this workshop only.

One day we had a tour of the buildings on campus. As I recall, the student body was around 10,000. The Fieldhouse, or Special Events Center, was the most interesting building on campus. Indoor rodeo was

held there, and they were getting ready for one. The floor would be removed and stored under the seating. We were taken in there and shown how this was done.

One of the most interesting lectures we heard at the University was about the "earthquake" on the Madison River. As I recall, this quake happened about the year 1959--during the peak tourist season. Above where the slide dammed off the river and formed Quake Lake, many people were caught with no retreat and were either buried in the slide or drowned.

I will attempt to explain, as it was given to me, how and why "earthquakes" happen. There are "faults" or cracks in the earth, and quakes happen around and near these faults. This instructor explained it this way: Taking a book in each hand, he said, "Let's suppose that between these two books (putting the books together) is a fault in the earth, with a huge parcel of land on this side and another on this side of the other book. As the earth slips, one part goes up, and the other down--or it seems so--thus causing the quake. Sometimes the earth slips only a little, and you get only a rumble. Other times, it slips a lot, and then you get the big 'jolt' that causes buildings to fall, trees uprooted, roads to cave in, land to move, rocks to roll, etc.. The one that formed Quake Lake was massive. If it had happened in or around a big city, the city would have been 'leveled.'" --More on this later in my journal--

The evening (about 4 p.m.) of the day before the workshop was to conclude, we were going to a ranch nearby for a good old "Montana cookout." Barbecued beef with all the trimmings. Wives and families were invited. Around 200 people, as I recall. It was well planned, with entertainment for all ages. Horseback riding, fishing, games, softball, horseshoe pitching, volleyball, etc..

The location was some four miles north and east of the city of Bozeman. A big stream of water ran from east to west on the north side of the ranch. Across the road and next to the creek, was a fish hatchery. We toured this also. Some of the kids fished in this creek and had no trouble catching fish. You know, I believe they had just released some trout.

About 30 minutes before the meal was to be served, the "bar" was opened up. Any kind of a drink was available. Soft drinks for those who didn't want the "hard stuff." Reid and I each took a bottle of pop and found a seat well away from the table that the "liquor" was on. We didn't like to listen to the language that a few were using as the drinks took effect.

Now Mr. Ellingson from Arizona came and sat with us. He had been sick most of the time while there. He wasn't drinking anything. This man was the type you took a shine to right off. "We are hosting the workshop in November 1963," Mr. Ellingson said. "I'm giving you a personal invitation to attend." We thanked him. "We will be there if at all possible," Reid returned.

The next day at 11 a.m. the workshop broke up. We were already packed and our suitcases in the car. We drove to Logan, Utah that afternoon. Stayed at a motel there. The next day, Reid did some College business at the University there. We then drove on to Cedar City.

The summer of about 1960, I was down in the land on the east side of our lot. I heard a voice say, "Sheldon." I turned around, and there was Mrs. Dostalek looking over the hedge. "Have you seen Husband?" she asked me. "I haven't seen him for weeks," she added. "I just don't know where he is, and I need him."

Now I knew Emil was working at the gravel pit west of Cedar City. He worked for the State Road and was operating a crusher. Also I knew he had been home over the weekend. (This was on a Wednesday.) I could tell that there was something wrong with Mrs. Dostalek. She hadn't been too well and was living alone when Emil was gone. "I will find him for you," I said to her. "Are you OK?" I added. "Yes, I'm alright, but I need Husband," was her reply. "I hope you can find him."

I told Vada about it. "I will go over there," she said. It was time for me to head for the college to work. As soon as I got the boys working, I drove out to the State Road gravel pit on the Lund highway, north of the Cedar City stockyards. Emil was there and was sure surprised to see me. "What are you doing here?" was his greeting.

"I think you should go home," I told him. "Francis isn't at all well. She asked me to find you. Can you leave your work here?" I asked. "I'm on my way," was Emil's reply. I could tell by the look on his face that he had an idea what was wrong with her.

Emil stayed home from work for 2-3 weeks. Mrs. Dostalek had a nervous breakdown. Soon after this, Emil retired from the State Road. Emil would be in his "seventies" (76) at the time.

As time went on after this incident, the Dostaleks couldn't do enough for me. We had been good friends ever since I came back from the army. Now we became "very close friends." I'm reminded of the saying: Spread a

little "good" around, help those in need. If you do, it will come back to you "Ten Fold."

Vada was checking on Mrs. Dostalek every day, as were the other sisters of the town.

Deer season 1960, George P. Thomas came here to hunt. He was a friend of Bernie Muldoon and John Murr. He was an oil man from Southern California, had a fleet of big tanker trucks, was quite well off (millionaire). John Murr was a son-in-law of Uncle Bernie. There are a few stories to tell about him later. John came to hunt a few years earlier.

As deer season started on a Saturday, a Deer Hunters Ball was held in Cedar City on Thursday before the hunt. He brought a fellow with him by the name of Lars Eck. Lars was a building contractor and lived in the "San Francisco" area. (That is another story coming later.) Anyway, John Murr took these fellows to the Deer Hunters Ball. Not too many danced at these balls; it was a place to have a party. As I recall, I never went to one.

John and his group were listening to the music and watching those who were trying to dance. "Everyone wore deer hunting garb." Turning to John, "Tommy" (everyone called him that) said, "Take this 50 dollar bill and go tip the orchestra." "I will not do it," John replied. "They are getting paid for their time. If you want to give them that much, do it yourself," John concluded. Now \$50.00 for a tip in those days was a lot of money.

What did Tommy do? He walked up to the orchestra and gave them the "fifty." Now he wasn't trying to show off. As he came back to his seat, he remarked, "They are doing a bang-up job and need to be rewarded."

The opening day of that deer hunt, I killed a big buck on top of the mountain. Was telling Tommy about it that evening. "If you want that deer, you can have it," I said. He hadn't been hunting and was here mainly for the sport and excitement of it all. "Of course, I knew he would tip me." Yes.

The next day Uncle Bernie drove Tommy up on "top," and I loaded the deer on my horse and delivered it to them. "See you in camp," I retorted. We were at the head of the trail that came off the mountain, some four miles from camp. It was close to 20 miles by truck. I was in camp about an hour before they came. "Oh yes, Tommy slipped a fifty into my shirt pocket."

"April Conference" 1959. Dean asked me if I and Vada would like to go up to Salt Lake with them and take in General Conference. Now I hadn't

been to the Tabernacle for a session of conference since 1948, when going to Barber College. "I get a small travel allowance," Bishop Hall declared. "I will pay our gas and get us a room. We will each need to pay for our meals," the Bishop retorted.

We took Dean's car, as I recall. Left here Friday and stayed in a hotel on about 2nd South and First East. Was it ever "noisy." We had gone to a movie the night we got there. It seems that the room we had was on the south side and in the east and south of the corner, about two stories high. Anyway, it was above a "bar." People were getting an early start in celebrating the weekend.

We were tired from driving up and going to the movie. We needed sleep but got very little. We went down to the lobby and complained to the night clerk. However, it did very little good. "We are always getting complaints about the noise there," the clerk volunteered. "The police will not do anything about it unless it gets out of hand," he concluded.

We tried closing the window, but without air conditioning, that didn't work. About 2 a.m., things started to calm down. Were we ever glad. The language being used wasn't conducive to conference-goers. We tried to find another place but were unable to do so. We were sorry we had made reservations there and wished we had waited and come early Saturday morning. That way we would have only one night to stay there.

The Bishop and I had a pass to get in the Tabernacle and could wait until 15 minutes for a session to start. After 15 minutes, all reserved sections were opened to the public. However, there was a huge line at every entrance. So the girls very seldom could get in. The Bishop and I would help to hold seats for them. Despite everything we could do, the wives didn't make it into the building. However, you could hear outside, and if the weather was warm, it wasn't too bad. The flowers were "beautiful," and the grass green and soft. Did I hear someone say, "This is a man's world"? Well, at times like this, you could say that. But for most of the time, "I do not believe it." A woman's "role" in life is much greater than a man's "most," if not all, of the time. Sometime later on in this journal, I will try to explain that.

We went to both sessions on Saturday, and the wives made it into one of them. Saturday night, Dean and I went to the Priesthood Session in the Tabernacle. What a sight that was. David O. McKay was President at this time. His counselors were Stephen L. Richards and J. Reuben Clark. If I may, I would like to tell a little story about President Clark:

Elder Clark had been a counselor to two presidents. When President McKay was sustained, he chose Stephen L. Richards to be his first counselor. Now there were those who thought President Clark should have been first counselor, and some thought he would have been the president. That isn't the way it works. When a president dies, the First Presidency is dissolved. The presidency reverts back to an "apostolic" presidency, with the senior member of that body becoming the acting President of the Church. He remains so until a new president is chosen.

Now we all have our "favorites," and not knowing how the "Lord" calls those to the presidency, we try to guess who will be the next president. Every president, "without exception," from Joseph Smith first down to the present time, it has always been the senior member of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles." (Check in the book Succession In The Presidency by Reed C. Durham, Jr. and Steven H. Heath. It should be in the bookcase in the front hall. If you, any of you, have any doubts, this book will clear it up. I have read it through several times and have found nothing contrary to Church doctrine.)

Someone asked President Clark if he was disappointed not being made first counselor. (President Richards ranked above him in the Quorum of the Twelve.) "No," President Clark declared. "It isn't where you serve but how you serve that counts."

Needless to say, Saturday night was another rowdy time in the tavern. The girls went to a movie to pass the time while Dean and I were at the Priesthood Session.

A Welfare Meeting was held in the "Assembly Hall" Sunday Morning at 7 a.m.. The Bishop and I wanted to go to that. The wives decided to go to the Temple Grounds with us. "Maybe you could get a seat if you went that early," Dean volunteered. We were there by 6 a.m., and people were going into the Tabernacle four hours before the morning session was to start. "Good luck," I said to the girls. "We have decided if we could find seats, one of us would hold two," Vada spoke up. "That way, we could take turns," Sylva retorted. "We both wouldn't need to be there."

The balcony and both sides of the bottom floor were open to the public. The center section was reserved for Stake Presidencies, Bishops, etc..

Men were going into the Assembly Hall, so Dean and myself hurried over there. It was 2/3 full when we got there--an hour before it was to start. Elder Harold B. Lee was to conduct this meeting. Elder Lee was instrumental in bringing the "Welfare Program" into the Church in the year

1936. Elder Lee was a very good speaker. He could keep you on your toes. Not many people slept when he spoke. He was one of my favorites.

This meeting was to be two hours. Brother Lee and Robert L. Simpson were the speakers, which lasted one hour. The second hour was to be a question and answer period. A panel of "experts" from around the state were to take the questions and answer them. This was mainly to help you with your farming, irrigation, fertilization, etc. Some of the panel was from the University of Utah, BYU, Utah State, Idaho, California, etc.--about a dozen in all.

The questions came thick and fast. Everyone, it seemed, had a special problem, some serious and many quite funny. I was watching Brother Lee. He was getting quite a "bang" out of some of the questions, also the answers. The hour passed fast, and Brother Lee didn't interrupt. From time to time, a smile on his face. He let it go for the full hour, then he rose and said, "I have given you all the time. Want to say it has been an informative meeting. I'm sure you have received this day many things that will help you. Time doesn't permit me to analyze. Maybe I could cover it in a very few sentences. They are: Early to bed. Early to rise. Work like 'hell.' And 'fertilize.'" The roof about came off the building.

After the morning session, we decided to go home. We listened to the afternoon session on the radio.

Early spring of 1960, we received a call from Glen O'Brien. Glen was married to my sister Ina. He called Mom to tell her Ina was in the hospital and very ill. Mom called me about it. "Do you want to go down?" I asked. "I think we should if you can take me," Mom retorted. Dad was out with the sheep. He herded for Keith and Chester Smith. "I will take my car," I returned. "Do you think Dallas would go and help me drive?" "I will ask him," Mom choked.

This was early in the morning, and by 5 p.m., we were on our way: myself, Vada, Dallas, and Mom. Dallas was driving truck for Utah Construction and could get sick leave. We didn't know when we would be back. I told them I needed time off at the College. Director Braithwaite told me to take all the time I needed. We still had the 1954 Buick. Even though it had quite a few miles on, was in very good shape. We planned on a week at least. If Mom needed to stay longer, the rest of us would come back home.

We went by Ely, Nevada, through Pioche. When we got to Ely, it was

10 p.m., some 250 miles. We stopped for gas there. Boy, was it ever cold. While the station attendant was filling the tank, we all went inside. On a stove was a hot pot of coffee. "Anyone want a cup of Java?" Dallas piped up, filling a cup. We all declined. When the service station operator came in, he said, "Help yourself to some coffee." "I already have!" Dallas exclaimed, "But I will have another." There was no one in the station but us, so we stayed there and ate some snacks we bought there. After about a half hour I asked, "Is everyone ready to continue?" We had some 450 miles more to go before we arrived in Woodland, California, 20 miles northwest of Sacramento.

Everyone was anxious to be on the way. We had decided to drive straight through before leaving home.

"Dallas, do you want to drive for a while?" I questioned. "If you say so," he returned. "Mom, you get in the front seat and keep 'Huck' awake. Vada and I will take the back seat." We changed drivers every hour or so until we arrived in Reno.

None of us had been over this road before. I was driving when we started to climb towards "Donner Summit." I saw a sign that said, "Watch for Deer." "There are no deer here," Dallas declared. It was still not yet daylight. "Hey, there's one right there!" Huck shouted. Sure enough, there was a small buck standing beside the road. That was the only deer we saw, however, and he wasn't much bigger than a jack rabbit--maybe 80-90 pounds.

By the time we got to "Donner Pass," it was getting light. Snow banks 10-15 feet high. I'm sure you have heard about the "Donner Party" who got snowed in here in the middle of the winter, and most if not all perished.

Skiing was in full swing. Cars were parked all along the side of the roads. There are several ski areas on and around Donner Summit. It was a beautiful drive from Reno to Sacramento--some 130 miles. I recall as we got to the lower elevations and before we were completely off the mountain, we started to see pear trees, in "blossom," no less.

When we arrived at Sacramento, we stopped and had a late breakfast. We had been on the road more than sixteen hours. Dallas took over the driving at this point. He had spent several years in this area. He worked with Glen O'Brien in the crop spraying business. Glen was flying the spraying plane. Dallas would help load the plane and other jobs for the company. We had 19 more miles to Woodland, a town of some 20,000 at the time. It is 30,000 plus at this writing.

Glen was sure happy to see us. We went directly to the hospital. Ina seemed pretty good and was listed as "satisfactory." Her illness was a "complete nervous breakdown." She seemed to perk up when she saw Mother. We were told not to stay very long--two or three minutes.

We had been in Woodland a couple of days. Mom spent quite a lot of her time at the hospital. Huck and I would take turns taking her there. Ina was improving. One day Glen said to me, "We have a former New Harmony fellow working in Woodland." "Who is it?" I asked. "Merl Prince," Glen returned. "He sells homes for a company in Davis. He has an office 1 1/2 blocks from here," Obbie (we called Glen O'Brien Obbie) said to me. Now we knew Merl lived in California but didn't know where. "Does he live here in Woodland?" "No, he lives in Davis, some six miles west of here," Obbie replied.

I went down to look Merl up. There was an "Open House" sign on a housing project going on there. Some of the homes were complete and for sale. I found the building that said "Office" and knocked on the door. "What are you doing here!?" Merl shouted as he opened the door. "Come to buy a house," I returned. "I'll bet you did," Merl declared. "No one could get you out of New Harmony." "You've got me there," I said.

Needless to say, we had a long conversation. No one came in, so we talked. Mostly about New Harmony and the people there. I told him about Ina. "Sure hope she will be OK!" Merl exclaimed. "Haven't see Ina for quite a while," he stated. "Are you going to be here long?" "A few more days at least," I said. "Mother may be here for some time," I concluded. "If you get time, come over to Davis and see us," Merl invited. Someone came into the office, and I excused myself and left.

When I got back to Glen's place, Dallas and Mom had returned from the hospital. As I recall, Glen and Ina had one child at this time--a girl. It seems like she had lost a child--a boy--as I remember, died at birth. If so, this could have been part of or cause of the nervous breakdown. Anyway, her children at this writing are Mahala, Maureen, Michelle.

One day I said to Dallas, "How would you like to go to San Francisco to see John Murr?" "Alright, I guess," he muttered. "How about you, Vada?" "I would like to see San Francisco," Vada replied. "How about you, Mom?" I retorted. "I will stay here to be with Ina," Mother declared.

Early one morning, the three of us started for "Frisco," 80 miles away. Obbie had told us to drive the freeway. "If you go with the traffic and not dart in or out, they will not pick you up." The speed limit was 65 miles an

hour. We soon found out if you didn't drive over 70, they about run you down. Now the Buick had plenty of speed, and it was hard to hold under 80. So we drove with the traffic and covered that eighty miles in a little over an hour.

Dallas had been there before, so he was watching the map. Soon we came to "Vallejo" and "San Pablo" Bay. Next "Berkeley." "Watch for the Oakland Bay Bridge," I asked. "It is some 10-15 miles to there," Dallas responded. About that time, I could see it. "There it is!" I shouted. "Help me get and be in the right lane," I muttered. "When we get to the bridge, I would like to make the turnoff on the first try."

Would you believe we hit the turn right on the button? Four or five lanes, all going the same direction. That is an over and under bridge. Going west all traffic on the top deck. Coming back on the underside. Boy, would I have hated to have a flat on that bridge. What could you do but keep going?

The traffic was slower here, due to a "toll." Every lane had a person to take your money, 50 cents each way. It should be at least a dollar now. Could be \$2.00 or up. Now the earthquake wrecked part of it.

What a beautiful sight it was as we crossed. I hadn't dared to take much of a look until we stopped. "We were waved on, however."

As we got to the other side, I could see highways on top of each other. "Where do we go from here?" I knew if we didn't make a right turn, we could end up in "San Jose." "I'm going to leave this road!" I shouted, hoping to find a peaceful spot to make a phone call.

Cars were zipping by. Took the first right we came to. It took us right downtown on the east side. I pulled over to the curb. "Does anyone know what John Murr's number is?" I asked. No one said anything. There was a phone on the corner of the street. "Let's take a look, Huck," I said, getting out of the car and heading for the phone. Found John's number and called it. John answered the phone.

"Hey, where are you?" John yelled when I told him who I was. "Right here," I answered. "Where is right here?" he exclaimed. "San Francisco," I laughed. "I'm lost." "What is the name of the street and number?" John demanded. "He wants to know the name of the street," I told Huck. While Dallas was checking that out, I said to John, "Hard to believe we are in Frisco, isn't it." "Yes, it is," John replied. "Glad you are lost and need help." Just about then, Huck gave me the street numbers. I gave them to John. "I'll be there in ten minutes," he said and hung up the phone.

While we were waiting for him to come, the thought came to me, "Will he take a street car or drive his own car? Why didn't I tell him not to bring his car."

John didn't come in ten minutes, was more like 25. Soon we saw him walking toward us. "I'm sorry we are such a bother," I greeted. "Hey, that's alright," John remarked. "How many times have you helped me when lost in the mountains of Utah." "A few times," I laughed. (He was always getting turned around.) "How did you get here?" I asked. "By street car," John said. "Thought you might want me to drive." I handed him the keys.

After all of us saying our "hello's," we started on. Soon we were on Market Street. "Vada, you would have a good time on this street," John remarked. "I think só," Vada replied, "if I had plenty of time and money."

We were on the very east end of the street, going west. It was uphill as far as you could see. "That's Knob Hill," John said, pointing to the right. "Do you live there?" someone asked. "Hah! You have to be "rich" to get into that neighborhood!" John exclaimed.

As we came to the top of the hill, you could see the ocean. "This is Sloat Boulevard," John said. "We live on this street." The houses were built next to each other--touching. The same roof that covered your house, covered your neighbor's. It was on a slope, so there was a break now and then.

Pointing to the left, John said, "That is Daly City. Bernie lives there." Bernie Muldoon was John's father-in-law. About half way down, on the right side of the boulevard, John pulled into a driveway. The garage door was under the house. The family room was next to that. The "kids" rooms, on the north of the family room. The place looked quite small at first. It was deceiving, however. The top floor was the main part of the home and was fairly large. The front of the building was facing south and wasn't very wide. It was "deep," however.

As we arrived at the top floor of the home, "Peggy" was there to greet us. Dallas and I had met Peggy before. Vada hadn't. Peggy came up to the deer hunt one time. "Could I get you something to drink?" Peggy said. "Sheldon, I know you and Vada do not use hard stuff. I have soft drinks, would you care for that?"

Vada and I had "soda pop" while the rest had "martinis." "How long are you going to be around?" John questioned. "We will be going back to Woodland later today," I said. "Peggy will need to be here at home; however, I will take the day and show you around," John volunteered. "Later on, we will go out to dinner." The Murrs had two children; we met

them later that day--a boy about 15 and a girl about 17. Both were in High School, as I recall.

We left our car in the driveway and went in John's "Olds 98"--a new one. "Would you like to go to the zoo? It is down the street next to the ocean," John said. "If it is OK with you, we will start there." So we went to the zoo, but not for long. We went to "Golden Gate Park." What a beautiful place. Spent about two hours there. Flowers and grass--well kept--all over the place. "Japanese Tea Garden"--had lunch there. Vada liked this place best. While there, we saw elk, deer, and many other wild animals--of course fenced in, but had plenty of room to roam.

Drove around "Knob Hill." Wow! What mansions! From there, we drove through "Chinatown," the largest chinese community east of "Shanghai"--that's what they say. Open markets on the streets, chickens hanging by their necks with only feathers removed. Long, narrow streets; jams of people, mostly chinese, on the sidewalks. Cars had to creep through there, and they couldn't stop. "No place to park"--"No room to park."

Went down to "Fisherman's Wharf." Looked at "Alcatraz" Island through a telescope. Saw the fishing boats come in. Drove up on top of Mount Davidson--highest point in the city--925 feet. The view up there was "terrific."

You could see the Golden Gate Bridge on the north, Berkeley on the south, Pacific Ocean on the west. Rode on the famed "cable cars," gathered sea shells on the shore of the Pacific Ocean.

We had been gone for some five hours when we went back to the apartment. Was now late afternoon. Visited for some time, then went out to dinner. Uncle Bernie Muldoon was there when we came back from our tour. Those who went to dinner were John and Peggy Murr, Bernie Muldoon, Sheldon and Vada Grant, Dallas Grant. We didn't go to the famous "Alliattos" at "Fisherman's Wharf." We did go there later; that is another story for later on in this journal.

When we left the Murr's apartment, it was dark. John had given us instructions how to get onto the highway that leads to the Oakland Bay Bridge. Vada had written them down. "Be sure you are on the right side--in the right lane--and you will make the correct turn. Stay on that street, and it will lead you to the Bridge."

As we left, John said, "See you this fall at the deer camp." "Are you coming, Uncle Bernie?" Dallas asked. "You can bank on it," Uncle

returned. "Sorry we couldn't get reservations at Alliatos. Some other time, maybe." "This was a once in a lifetime experience for me!" Vada exclaimed. "We do not expect to see San Francisco again." "You will be back," John said.

We had come to the top of "Sloat Boulevard." As we went over the rise at the head of "Market Street," we were "flabbergasted," to say the least. As far as the eye could see, "millions" of lights. We could see the reflection of the lights in the water of "Oakland Bay." The Bay Bridge was lit up like Central Park.

"Well, Vada, I will drive if you tell me where," I declared. "Do you think we can make it?" Vada choked. "We should have started before dark." "And miss this sight?" I shouted. "Just watch for the street numbers and the landmark John told us. If we need to call him again, we will," I admitted. "Sure hope we can do it on our own."

Market Street was busy, thousands of people going up and down the sidewalks. It was after nine o'clock, the shops were all open. Sure wouldn't want to be here on a "Christmas Eve." Hah!

As we neared the east end, Vada and Dallas were watching for the turnoff street. I was in the right lane; the traffic was at a slow pace. "No way to change lanes now." "The next street should be the one," Vada exclaimed. "There is the building we're to turn by." Sure enough, there it was, big as life. Cars were turning off there. As we made the turn, you could see cars turning to the left up ahead. As we neared the place, there was a sign which read, "Oakland Bay Bridge" and an arrow pointing the way.

We stayed with the traffic, were soon on the freeway leading to the Bridge--from San Francisco. We were in the left lane of a four lane freeway. Was quite sure all lanes led to the Bridge. Had a chance to move to the right one lane, so took it. Now I could breathe easier.

"What a sight for sore eyes!" The Bridge was lit up like a Christmas tree--amber colored lights all over and around. All the car lights ahead were red; however, you could see some of the headlights above us. We were seeing one of the wonders of the world. It is six or seven miles long. Lights from the bridge and cars were reflected in the water of the Bay. All around us now, millions and millions of lights. You cannot describe it, you need to "see it."

The next day after getting back from "Frisco," they let Ina come home from the hospital. Was soon up and doing some of the housework. Glen

had taken several weeks off from work. At this time, he had quit the "crop dusting" and was working at a "plastic bag" factory. Was an "electrician."

Glen told us that he could get along now, would help Ina. We left for home after being there a week. Can't recall for sure if Mom came back with us--but I think she did.

One other thing I have not mentioned: John Murr and his brother own and operate "Murrs of California," a clothing factory in San Francisco. The day he took us on the tour, we went through that. It was a huge place. All of one floor of a high rise complex. They specialized in ladies clothes--mainly skirts, blouses, slacks, etc..

We went through the cutting room, sewing room, etc.. There were more than 50 workers, mostly "Hispanic" and female. We went into a large room where the newly sewn garments hung. "What size do you wear, Vada?" John asked. "I will not tell you," Vada muttered. "Well, I would guess about an 18," John laughed. "Is that right?" "Yes," Vada replied. "Pick you out some," John declared. So Vada picked out a skirt and blouse. "Is that all you are going to take?" John complained. "I do not want to seem greedy," Vada answered.

Turning to me and Huck, John said, "You guys go out to the other room. I need to talk to Vada alone." When they came out, John was carrying a big box. In that box were enough skirts, blouses, pantsuits, etc. to last her for several years.

When we got to Fallon, Nevada, turned south to Hawthorne, Tonopah, Hiko, Caliente. This was a flatter country. We could make better time. We drove straight through again.

The fall of 1960, I had a young man by the name of Calvin Durffy come and work for me while going to college. "How long will you be going to school?" I asked. "At least 3 years," was the answer. "I am going to major in Elementary Education. I have had one year," Calvin explained. "I can get my degree here. Could you give me part time work during the school year?" "Yes, we can," I said. "What will you be doing next summer?" I questioned hopefully. "My wife has a job here in town that will last until I get through," Calvin responded. "I would like full time employment for the summers and during the school year, all the hours I can get."

Now this is the type of student that appeals to me--most come for one year and for the nine months of school. Calvin Durffy was an "exceptional" young man. Easy going, and always came on time and when he said.

I tried to be a father figure to the boys if they gave me any encouragement. Some come here away from home for the first time. Never did like a "Mama's boy" or a "Papa's" either, for that matter. But to help them and advise them, I was happy to do--if they asked.

Calvin learned fast and was a good worker. Watering, cutting grass was our biggest job. The irrigation by far the biggest. It took one to two years to learn all of the sprinkling systems. I prided in being able to go to any sprinkler valve in the "dark" and plug it in. (We used quick coupler valves.) After one year, Calvin Durffy was well on his way to becoming an "expert" groundsman. All I had to do was tell him what needed to be done, and it was as good as done.

That same fall, D. Clarence Schmutz came to me and said, "How would you like to go up on Cedar Mountain and get some "Fox Tail Pine." Now I knew what Fox Tail Pine was, but would it grow this low? "Do you mean live trees or dead ones?" I returned. "Well, I have been talking to Director Braithwaite," Dutch (we called him that) confessed. "I knew that was going to be your answer," I said laughing. "I too have talked to Mr. Braithwaite."

Director Braithwaite was working on a theme or slogan for the College-- "Learning is Forever." It was on the letterhead of College stationery, etc.. Fox Tail Pine is one of the oldest trees known to man, and they grew at high elevations. Also in the most unlikely places, on rocky slopes, where sun and wind could take a toll on them. They could grow with very little moisture, and on that rocky clay soil, steep slopes, they barely existed.

The wind would blow the soil, such as it was, off the root system. Therefore, they grew into all shapes, and in some cases, part of the tree would die. Some of them would struggle for "hundreds of years," maybe over a thousand years. --More on this later in the story--

"When would you like to go?" I asked "Dutch." "Do you have a vehicle with a four wheel drive?" he returned. "Only the old army truck. It would be too slow," I said. "Could you go on Saturday?" Dutch exclaimed. "It could be arranged," I retorted. "We will go scout the area and bring back what we can carry," Dutch concluded.

We left early, took our lunch, pick, and shovel, and what other tools we would need. "Where is the area at?" I asked. "Up by Sugar Loaf," Dutch said. "Where is Sugar Loaf?" "On the northwest end of Cedar Breaks." "Which way do we go to get there?" "Up Parowan Canyon," Dutch replied.

We had gone up Parowan Canyon for some ten miles when Dutch

shouted, "Take that road to the right." "I can't see any road!" I yelled, stopping the truck. "You have passed it," Dutch laughed. No one was coming up behind us, so I let the truck roll downgrade. "Can you see it now?" Dutch exclaimed. "I can see a trail." It was on the north side of a high hill and covered with snow. "Now I see why you asked for a four wheel drive," I declared. I pulled forward; couldn't make the turn, had to back up twice.

"Are you sure we can make it?" I protested. I hadn't calculated on there being snow there. The truck we were driving was a 4X6 with a drive to both rear axles. We pulled up to the gate and got out--about 6 inches of snow here. "If you have any doubt about going up that hill, we should not try it," Dutch exclaimed. "If we get stalled, we can back down," I declared hopefully. While Dutch was getting the gate open, I put the truck in "all wheel drive" and low range. "If we need to back down the hill, I'll leave the gate open," Dutch said, getting into the truck.

Didn't have any trouble until we got near the top. The truck started to slip some. Ten to 12 inches of snow here. When we got over that first grade, the snow was maybe two inches. I stopped the truck and got out. "What are you going to do?" Dutch asked. "Hike up to the top of that ridge and take a look," I said, starting up the hill.

It was maybe 200 yards to the top. By the time I got there, I was breathing quite hard. "What a view!" You could see Lund, Utah 40 miles away; was clear enough, "Indian Peak," maybe 100 miles away. You could see the "Iron Mines" west of Cedar City; looking on south, North Mountain, "Pinevalley Mountain." You couldn't see New Harmony from here because North Mountain hid it from view.

When you are in a spot like this, "man" seems insignificant--just a small "dot." "What a view!" Dutch exclaimed. "Haven't you seen it before?" I asked. "Not from here," he remarked. "Isn't that Indian Peak in the distance?" Dutch declared. "Yes, it is," I concluded. We stood and looked around us for several minutes. "If we didn't go any farther, I have been paid for the trip," I muttered. "You will see more further on, and we better be at it," Dutch added.

Some two miles farther on, we came to a round, smooth hill. "That's Sugar Loaf," Dutch retorted. "We may be able to go one mile farther," Dutch declared. The going was better now--more mud than snow. "As long as we don't mire in, we will be OK," I responded.

About this time, Cedar Breaks came into view. "I can see what you

mean, Dutch. The view is great here also." We could see the north side of Kanarra Mountain, look down the "Ashdown Gulch," the north part of "Cedar City" and "Cedar Valley." We were high enough now, we could see "Escalante Valley" (northwest of "Newcastle"), also the north half of "Cedar Breaks."

"We will park and walk from here," Dutch declared. "Maybe if we come real early in the morning, we could get closer to the Foxtail Pine." We had about 4-5 hundred yards to walk. Soon we were in "fairylnd," trees growing into all shapes. Gray trees weathered from the wind and sun with green branches and foxtail-like smaller limbs hanging down. In the background, "Cedar Breaks." Sure can tell why they are called Foxtail Pine!" I exclaimed.

The more you walked among them, the more fascinated one became. "Before the snow gets any deeper, I will see that big one on the campus!" I shouted, pointing to an all dead tree. "You are joking, of course," Dutch laughed. "If not this year, next year for sure," I returned. "Let's go over and size it up."

"Do you have any idea how much that weighs?" Dutch complained. "Two ton," I returned. "More than that," Dutch said as we neared the tree. "Wouldn't that be a monument if we could pull it off!" I shouted. "I know just the spot to put it--on the west side of the museum. Do you think it could be done?" I asked hopefully. "Well, there are about a dozen Iranians going to school," Dutch returned. "Most of them are in classes I teach. I think they will come. We would need to wait until Saturday," Dutch concluded.

We were now walking around the tree. It didn't resemble a tree at all--except it was wood. "That will weigh maybe four ton," Dutch complained. "Maybe five," I added. "Do you see that crack running down the middle? If we could split it in two, we could probably get it to the truck and load it." "How would you do it?" Dutch asked. "If we could bring 15 men, by some pulling on ropes, others using crowbars. We could inch it along," I declared. "Let's try it!" Dutch shouted.

We had set aside a few smaller pieces we could carry. Each one picked up what he could carry, and we headed for the truck. "Vic Davis has a big flatbed truck we could put the big one on!" I exclaimed. "If we see that we couldn't get the big one, we would load up with several smaller ones."

Early on the next Saturday we left Cedar for the "Foxtail" Pine area. We had the big flatbed GMC. Dutch drove it, and I drove the 4 X 6 wheel drive. We had a total of 14 men as I recall, a half dozen crowbars, several long

and strong ropes, our lunches and water. It was a clear day but cold. We had some 60 feet of log chain also.

When we got to the hill with the snow on (the 4 X 6 was in the lead), the lead truck went up the snow hill. The other started to slip and spin its wheels. We put the longest chain (20 feet) on the front bumper and the underside of the bed on the 4 X 6. Were able to tow the GMC to the top of the grade. Without the old army truck, the flat bed would never have made it. "So far so good," Dutch declared. "Hope the ground is froze further on."

It was, and we were soon there. We had very little trouble splitting the big tree. We used all the crowbars and had two men on each one. We now had two pieces weighing two ton plus each. We had taken the trucks to within 300 yards of the tree. "We will never be able to get them to the truck!" someone exclaimed. "Let's give it a try," I urged.

Each piece was about 12 feet wide. With a rope on each end and all crowbars in use, we were able to move it some 6 inches at a time using a swing motion. "It will take all day to move the first piece," an Iranian said. For the first 100 feet it was slightly downhill. Then it leveled off for some 150 feet; the rest would be upgrade. It took us two hours to go the first 250 feet, another hour to go the last 50 feet or so.

While the boys were taking a rest, Dutch and I were sizing up the situation. We had brought four 2 X 12 by 14 "fur planks." Putting two planks together, we put one on each side of the back of the truck. "Could we use the chains and other truck to help pull the tree on?" I asked Dutch. "Let's try without the truck first," Dutch returned. Turning to the Iranians Dutch said, "After we load this tree, we will eat lunch."

This turned out to be the easiest job so far. After getting the "critter" to the planks and half of the men on each side, we would swing it (after putting the planks close together) back and forth, inching it up the planks. We had it on the truck in a very few minutes. A big shout came from the Iranians--they had caught the fever of the "adventure."

The larger piece turned out to be the least trouble to move, was more "C" shaped; you could swing it more readily. In two hours we had it loaded on the truck.

It was dark when we got back to the campus. Next Monday morning we unloaded the two pieces. By midweek the pieces were bolted together, and some red sand, yucca, and other plants were installed. A very unique, attractive spot, to say the least.

Fred Adams took one of the smaller trees, decorated it with live limbs, called it the "Timberline" Tree. It was put in the front entrance of the auditorium for the "Festival of the Trees." As I recall, Fred called this "The Hall of Enchanted Trees."

"Bristlecone Pine: oldest pine tree known to man. Some have existed for as much as 5000 years." Commonly called "Foxtail." As President Royden Braithwaite points out, "Learning is Forever."

Up highway 14 over Cedar Mountain some 18 miles is a band of "Bristlecone Pine." After passing Deep Crick and the Zion Park lookout, you come to the top. There is a large parking area off to the right and a trail where you can take a hike through the "Bristlecone." Well worth anyone's time to see them. However up by "Sugar Loaf" and the north end of Cedar Breaks is where the most "spectacular" growth is.

It seems to me when we were growing up, Mom shielded us "kids" from contagious diseases--mumps, measles, whooping cough, etc.. Well, I suppose that is alright. It was hard to get to a doctor's, and young as well as old were dying from some of these. There was one drawback, however. If you didn't get them while you were growing up, "you had them with your kids." Yah!!

I recall after Kerry and Rolaine were born and before I went into the army, they had the "whooping cough." It was all over town. Well, you guessed it--before they were completely over it, I came down. At first I thought I just had a "cough" due to a cold. But no such luck. Would cough so long and hard, I would end up on "my hands and knees." Didn't have the strength to stand on my feet or sit down, so ended up on the floor. Had some real bad feelings toward "Mom" on those occasions.

James Irving Prince--brother to Marion Prince--said, "I too thought I would die. I had it with my kids. Yes, I would end up on the floor on my hands and knees too."

Well, this hard coughing lasted not weeks but months. I was all winter getting over it. Now, I wouldn't advise anyone to deliberately run into a bad disease, but if it was a childhood disease, I wouldn't run away from it either. Shots are given for them nowadays, so you hear little of it.

Late summer of about 1959, Theron Ashcroft asked me if I would like

to go to the Kanab area to look at the Indian Ruins. "How long would it take?" I asked. "We could make the trip in a day," Theron remarked. "Could you take the four wheel drive truck? We will be going to some rough country. Very little sign of a road in places," he concluded.

So we packed grub for a day with a little extra, just in case. We left Cedar City about daylight in the old army truck--went by way of Hurricane. Theron drove his "Volkswagen Bug." "We should have some other transportation," he retorted.

We stopped and spent about an hour at "Pipe Springs." I had heard about the place but never been there. As we were shown through the "fort-like" building, I was quite surprised to learn there was a spring inside. Water from the spring flowed to a pond outside of the compound. There were some fish in the pond, also many ducks swimming around. As I recall, there were "geese" too.

"Will we be going by Moccasin?" I asked. Paul Heaton was teaching school there. "Maybe I could get to say hello." "We could go there if you would care to," Theron returned, "but it is out of our way." "Maybe some other time," I remarked. To this day, I have never been to that town. Have been by the road many times, however didn't take the time. It is some 10 miles of dirt road each way. "Maybe someday." Yes.

About 4 miles before we got to "Fredonia, Arizona," we turned north. Theron left his car there. "How far to the Ruins?" I asked. "Fifteen miles or so," Theron replied. We had traveled about 5 miles when we ran out of road--had come to a small ranch. "Where do we go from here?" I questioned. "Follow that wash," Theron said.

We went up the wash, which was dry, for some 10 miles. The scenery was "fantastic." Soon we were in the mouth of a canyon, red cliffs on both sides. There was water in the creek now. I put the truck in low range, already had it in all wheel drive. The going was getting rougher. After another 10 miles I said to Theron, "We have come 20 miles. Are we about there?"

Soon we could see a large cave on the side of the mountain. "This is the area we are looking for!" Theron exclaimed. "We can spend a lot of time exploring here. However, there are more in other canyons around," he concluded.

As we left the truck, we took our lunch with us. The cave was bigger than it looked from below. Took us about thirty minutes to hike up to it. It was dry and musty far back in the cave. No moisture had ever reached the

cave here. A few artifacts were lying around; however we didn't take any of those. "The first time I came to this cave," Theron said, "there were many pots and other cooking utensils. They sure have been cleaned out."

Far in the back end, you could see where food was stored. We found some small ears of "Indian corn." "Would it be alright to take some of these?" I asked. "Suppose so," Theron remarked. "If we don't take them, someone else will."

Nowadays it is unlawful to remove artifacts from Indian dwellings, and you can see the logic in this. We felt guilty taking a few ears of corn. "Would this grow if we were to plant it?" I remarked. "Yes, it would," Theron responded. "However, we will put it in the museum at the College."

You could see where they cooked their food and did the baking. You could tell where they did their sleeping. Poles (cedar) were placed to form crude bunks. Pegs were driven in the cracks to hang things on. This cave was large enough to house 50 or more.

Theron had spent a lot of time among the Indians throughout his life. (I have another story to tell about this later in this journal.) He pointed out to me many things that took place here that I otherwise would have missed. Some markings and writings were on the walls. He explained these to me. I had seen Indian writings before but didn't know what they meant. Theron had made a study of these things.

You could see from the cave where they planted corn. There were some bones from small animals in the cave. "Are these from what they killed for food?" I questioned. "Could be," Theron answered. "However, I would rather think they came in here to get out of the cold and heat." (It was cool in there--most of it never saw any sunlight.)

We explored around the cave outside. There we found pieces of broken "pottery" and some arrowheads. We did take a few of those. We also worked our way up on top of the ridge opposite the cave. Here we could see other smaller caves.

"Do you want to explore some of those?" Theron asked. "I think we should be heading home soon," I said. It was about mid-afternoon. "I saw a rock or two on the bank of the wash," I remarked. "Would it be alright if we took some home with us?" "It would be alright!" Theron exclaimed.

We loaded several highly "colored rocks" that we could roll into the truck bed by backing the truck to the bank. These rocks were the first of many that were hauled to the campus. (I have a story about those later on.)

By the time we got back to the road where Theron left his car, it was

getting near sundown. "I think I will go back over Cedar Mountain," Theron said. "Do you want to go back that way?" "If it is OK by you, I will go by Hurricane," I retorted, "and stay at home." "I need to make a stop or two on the way," Theron declared.

Before I got to Hurricane, the truck started to miss. I stopped and switched to the other gas tank. The miss was less, I thought. By the time I got to Toquerville, it was gone except on the upgrades. (I had 25 miles of mostly all upgrade.) Maybe it is a "fuel pump." Sure hope it lasts until I get to New Harmony.

Before I got to Pintura, it stopped completely. It was now dark. What should I do? It was too far to walk home. I sat in the truck for about an hour. Decided to try and start it. It started before the battery ran down. The critter limped along in low range until I got to "Snowfield." If I could make it over the Black Ridge, maybe I could get home. Made it up over the steepest part (could have walked faster than I was going). The truck stopped.

Sat there for awhile. Soon a light shone on me from the road above. "Are you having trouble?" a voice said. "My truck will not run!" I retorted. "What seems to be the trouble?" "I think it is the fuel pump. I will come up there where you are," I declared. I had already put a rock behind the rear wheel.

When I got up to the other road, a "Highway Patrol" officer was standing there. "Where do you live?" he asked. "In New Harmony," I said. "If I could get word to my folks, someone would come and get me." We got into his patrol car and talked it over. "Do you have any phones in New Harmony?" he asked. "Only one pay phone. However, the person who operates that has one in his home." "I could call my dispatcher in Cedar and have him call that number," the officer volunteered. "Just leave a message for someone to come get me!" I exclaimed. "Dean Hall is my brother-in-law. I'm sure he will take the message," I concluded. After giving the dispatcher the information, we sat and waited.

"Could you tell me what time it is?" I asked. The fellow looked at his watch. "Eleven thirty," he answered. Soon a voice came on the radio: "We have gotten in touch with Dean Hall. He will be on his way there in a few minutes." I had told them I would be coming slowly if the truck would run at all and to watch for me.

I thanked the officer and headed back to the truck, tried to start it. It started up and would idle; however, when you put it in gear, the motor

would kill. Finally, I was able to go forward slowly. Was sure glad I had plenty of "gas." Could tell by the smell, I was using plenty. The truck had a hand choke and would run only when it was "full out."

I had made it over the ridge when Dean came. He had Vada and Sylva with him. "Do you want to leave it here?" he asked. "Follow me, and I will try to make the Harmony road," I said.

All at once, the truck started to go better but would run only if the choke was out (full choke.) We made it home by 1:30. I apologized to Dean. "That's alright," he said. "I was glad to help, and you are home safe."

I drove the truck to Cedar the next morning and left it with Vic Davis. "Sounds like carburetor trouble to me!" Vic exclaimed. After changing it for another, the problem was solved.

About the year--fall of 1958, Kerry started to go to the University of Utah. We found a place where he could get room and board with a Mrs. Gutke close to the campus. I recall one time I went there to see Kerry (was in Salt Lake on College business). I knocked on the door, and the lady answered it. "Could I see Kerry Grant?" I asked. "He isn't here now. Could I take a message?" the lady volunteered. "Just tell him his father came to see him." "But you are so young!" she exclaimed. Well, I suppose a 43 year old would look quite young to a person 65-70 (?)

One time when we were young men (I would be about 14 at the time), several of us were at the Grant Goddard Ranch. Grandfather (Edmund C.) was there doing the cooking, and we were helping him do some work at the ranch--as I recall, Afton, Loraine Condie, myself, and others. We had finished our meal this day except for the rice and raisins.

Granddad was always telling us to use the canned milk sparingly. As I recall, we were there hauling wood. The livestock had been moved to the winter range; therefore, we didn't have any fresh milk. We had emptied one can of milk and asked Granddad if there was any more. Mumbling to himself, he went into the other room and got one can.

"Make a small hole in this can!" Grandpa exclaimed. "Why?" someone asked. "You pour as long out of a big hole as you do a small one." We didn't dare not to. (Granddad wasn't as harsh as you sometimes thought.)

One time Loraine Condie told me he and Afton--my brother--were with Grandpa gathering wood near the Page Ranch, five miles north of the

Grant Ranch. They were using the team to drag the wood to the wagon. Had the wagon near loaded. "We need one more drag to finish," Granddad said. "Bring Rob." Turning away, he started to look for more.

He had told the boys not to go near the tongue of the wagon and to come in from the back side. Rob was standing there after releasing the chain from the last drag. They took the lead rope and started after Granddad, not around the back but the front of the wagon. The chain was loose; as they were dragging it, they passed the front of the tongue. The hook on the end of the chain hooked the ring in the end of the tongue. "Crack," it broke in two.

Can you imagine what Grandpa said? Here they were, some 8 miles from the ranch late in the day and no tongue to move the wagon. Needless to say, Grandpa was "furious." "Mad?" You better believe it. He didn't do a lot. What he said was mostly under breath. However, Loraine laughed when telling me about it. "Grandpa threw his hat on the ground and walked away!" Loraine exclaimed. "What did you do?" I asked. "Started to look for a tall tree." "To hide in?" I questioned. "No, to use and try to repair the tongue!" Loraine exclaimed.

The tongue broke up toward the front end. By putting a peeled cedar under it and wrapping some "Mormon Buckskin" tight around the pole and tongue, it was strong enough to make it back to the ranch. "Granddad didn't say much on the way home. But we felt terrible about it. If he had given us a whipping, we wouldn't have felt any worse," Loraine declared.

Oh yes, "Mormon Buckskin" is bailing wire, used for many purposes: to temporarily repair harnesses, wagons, doubletrees, singletrees, shovels, etc.. All early-day farmers had some handy for these times and still use it today.

The spring of 1961, I started to look for a full-time man to work on the Grounds at the College. Had talked to Verl Kelsey about it. He was working at the "mine" for "Utah Construction." The iron mines were going quite strong at this time. He would have to take a \$1200.00 a year cut to come to the college. Therefore I wasn't having much luck convincing him.

I explained to Verl that as the College grew, the chances for advancing were good. Also the benefits were much better there than at the mine. Had explained to him about no lost time, that you would be on a "salary," not an hourly wage. "Talk it over with your family, and let me know." I had another man or two in mind but knew Verl would be my first choice. After making

several trips from Cedar to the mine and New Harmony to talk to him, he still hadn't made up his mind. It was getting to the point where I needed to hire someone. The "high water" was in the ditch. I had all the campus grounds in my charge.

After talking with Verl over a weekend and making a few more trips, he finally consented to come by April 1. It was now about the 15th of March. "I will need to give the mine two weeks notice," Verl declared. "It is a big decision for us. I'm sorry we took so long to make it."

By now, we had leased a small International "Cub" tractor from Jones Equipment. Together, Verl and I put a blade on the tractor ("V" type) with the help of "Doug Jackson," who did the welding for us. Doug was working in the Repair Department. After we did this, we convinced Vic Davis to let us put a blade on the war surplus Jeep he had in his charge.

With these two pieces of equipment, we could keep the campus clear of snow. The tractor worked real good on the sidewalks. The Jeep, being a four wheel drive and the blade with a "hydraulic" lift, worked well on the parking lots. The State Road still cleared off the streets around the campus; however, we still had to use shovels on the steps and hard-to-reach-places. We had some 60 acres to take care of--all ground from 300 West to 800 West and about 6 acres beyond this street.

Some 10 acres between the Fieldhouse Road was planted into irrigated pasture. I talked to Ronald Williams, who was the Valley Farm manager at the time. "Do you want the hay off this field?" I questioned. "We have no way to cut and harvest it." "I will cut and bale it for you," Ronald declared. "I do not have help or time to haul it." "Maybe you could sell it." "We have to buy hay," Ronald said. "However, we get it delivered."

When hay cutting time came, Ronald cut and baled the hay. We stacked it in the yard by the old dairy. However, this area was going to be the spot for a "new building"--"Physical Education." All the barns, sheds, corrals, etc. had been removed. The area was full of weeds; I hadn't had time to clean this area. After Verl came to work, we talked about it. "Maybe we could hire someone to plow it up," I declared. "I have a tractor with a disc," Verl exclaimed. "I could bring that up." "What would you charge?" I asked. "A few dollars for gas and wear and tear on the tractor," Verl replied. "Would \$5.00 a day be too much?" "No, we could pay that," I retorted. "That wouldn't give you much for your machine." "It would be

enough," Verl declared.

It was arranged. Verl took a flat bed truck that was in the motor pool and brought the tractor up. In about 10 days, he had all unplanted ground on campus plowed. That turned out to be a good thing for both the "College" and "Verl."

The water was in the ditch, and we had a stream all the time. It was hard to use all that water on the Grounds. I talked to the Watermaster, "Bert McConnel." "Could you use any of this water!?" I exclaimed. "You will have to use all your own water," Bert declared. "The fields are being taken up for homes, etc., and the college has bought up the water rights. However, we have to fill the ditch or lose the water," Bert declared.

We used all the water we could and let the rest go by. One day a Mr. Perry who owned and operated a few acres west and north of the college--"Moroni Perry"--[came by.] [He] had been operating the Perry estate. The College had bought most of that, as well as other property along with water rights. However buildings, sidewalks, parking lots, etc., were put on the ground. Hence, they owned more water than they could use. Moroni was Water President of the west field ditch.

"You are flooding me out!" Mr. Perry declared. "We are using all the water we can," I returned. "Could we turn some of it down the creek?" "We can't do that!" Mr. Perry exclaimed. "Why not? There is more water in the ditch than is owned," I complained. "I will not be flooded out!" Mr. Perry shouted, starting to get riled. "Bert has filled the ditch to capacity and then some," I remarked. "Surely we can turn some out at the head of the ditch. I would do it if you would give me permission," I concluded. "You will have to talk to Bert about that," Moroni retorted, walking away. This interview was ended.

I talked to Verl about it. Had already talked to Bert. Some years we had no trouble using the water. This was a good water year; the water was packing a lot of sand. "Coal Creek" was booming; water was running all the way to "Quitchapa Lake." Everybody had more water than they could use.

"Let's go up to the head of the west field ditch and turn some out," Verl declared. We got into the pickup and went up there. Where the north ditch took off was a place we could put a rock in the divider. We cut the stream down one third. What we turned out went back into the creek.

For about a week, this worked fine. The water was dirty and you couldn't see the rock in there. Bert came by. "The water has gone down,

and I can't find out why," he drawled. "I'm glad it has," I said. "If you want more water, use some of ours." "There is plenty of water," Bert declared. "However, I need to find out what is wrong."

Everybody was happy except Bert, so I didn't tell him. For another week, we got along fine. Bert had passed by the College several times a day checking the water level. One day we came to work, and the ditch was running over. "Looks like Bert found our rock," I said. "If he has taken it out, we will put it back," Verl declared.

Later on, Bert came by. "Look at this rock I took out of the divider!" he shouted. "Sure would like to know who put it in." "Whoever it was sure did us a good turn!" I exclaimed. After a few days, we put the rock back in, or I should say, another one. This one was flatter, and you couldn't tell it was in there unless you put your hand in the ditch. It cut the water down about one fourth.

Over the years, we had trouble with Bert and the water. One time I said to him, "Bert, if we keep having all this trouble, we are going to do something about it." "What will you do?" Bert asked. "Maybe we should get the Attorney General to come down and straighten the problem out!" I exclaimed. Oh yes, we kept turning the surplus out at the head. As far as we know, Bert never did find out who was doing that.

One day Verl said to me, "What do you think of the idea of planting that six acres west of 800 into hay?" "What would we do with the hay?" I returned. "Sell it," Verl declared. I talked to Reid Cox, also Hazen Cooley about it. "Would it be alright if we sold hay from the College Grounds?" "Have you talked with Ronald Williams about the hay?" Hazen asked. "Maybe he could use it." "Ronald will cut the hay for us, but he doesn't want to be bothered with it otherwise," I replied. "We could sell it in the field. Could we use the money to improve the Grounds?" I asked. "It could be arranged," Hazen replied. We got the ground ready and planted half alfalfa and half grass seed--mixed together. Now we could use more of the water.

After the hay started to produce, Verl wanted to buy some to feed his horses. "I don't know if that would be alright or not," I declared. "I think people seeing us haul it would get the wrong impression. I will talk to Director Braithwaite," I said.

I had an interview with the Director. "Would it be OK if Verl and I bought some of the College Grounds' hay?" I asked. "I have no objections,"

Director Braithwaite responded. "I have talked to others about it," I retorted. "The looks of it is what I'm concerned about."

I talked to Ronald Williams about price. "What is the delivered price you pay for hay?" I asked. "We pay different prices, but always get a good buy. We use 3-4 hundred bales more than we can raise on the farm here," Ronald said. "Is yours ready to cut?" "Yes, how soon can you do it?" I asked. "Within a few days," Ronald retorted. "What are you going to do with it?!" he further exclaimed. "Verl Kelsey is going to buy some for his horses, and I will buy some also." I had a horse and cow. Verl had a couple of cows and about ten head of horses.

When we started to haul, we would weigh our empty truck at the Intermountain Farmers COOP. After loading, we would weigh the truck again. We did this for several loads, then average the weight of the bales. I would buy around 300 bales. Verl would get the rest, some 8 to 10 hundred bales.

I have mentioned Mr. Leon Frehner in my journal before. He was a "Landscape Architect" with an office in Salt Lake City. His wife operated a nursery on Highland Drive. Leon had his offices and drafting in the complex. However, he traveled a lot; therefore his wife took care of the nursery.

Leon was born and raised in Bunkerville, Nevada. Owned and flew his own plane. Came to the campus at least twice a year. Had plans drawn for the College--expansion that would keep us busy for years and years. He was also a "Community Planner." Had several young men working for him.

"Arbor Day" about 1960, Reid Cox said to me, "The Director would like a tree planted on the campus." "Where could we find one?" I asked. "Leon Frehner is on campus. Would go with us to get one and show us how to 'ball' a tree. Do you know of a place where it would be good digging?" "East of Hamilton Fort, but there are only Pinon and Common Juniper there!" I exclaimed. "Leon will be here in an hour. Could you go with us?" Reid responded. "I would like to see how he does it," I declared. "We will need a few burlap sacks, some nails, a shovel and pick," Reid said. "Oh yes, Leon said to be sure and bring a pair of pruners."

When Leon showed up, I had the equipment loaded in the pickup. We went down the old 91 Highway and took the road toward Kanarra Mountain. "We will have to settle for a Pinon," I declared. "There are some nice Spruce on the mountain but are covered with snow."

We found a nice pine tree about 4 feet tall. "Have you ever balled a tree?" Leon asked. "No, we haven't." "The first thing is to pick a tree in a flat area," Leon remarked, "where the soil is quite heavy and free from rocks, etc.. Start about one foot from the trunk (on a tree this size.) Spade down a couple of feet. Be sure you do not disturb the dirt next to the tree trunk. If you come to any roots, don't try to cut them with the shovel. This would jar the tree, causing the dirt to loosen up. Use the pruners to cut any roots."

After Leon had dug all the way around the tree to a depth of two feet, he turned the shovel around with the face facing the tree. He then smoothed the ball of the tree, using the pruners to cut off any roots. Soon he had a "top"-shaped ball. Before he moved the tree and "ball," he wrapped burlap around the ball using nails to fasten the burlap tight around the ball.

"Now comes the test," he said. He ran the shovel blade under the ball. "This tree doesn't have a tap root, or if it does, it is a small one. Never move the ball until the tap root has been cut off," Leon remarked. He gently leaned the ball over. All the dirt was left on the roots. He had made a neat, firm ball.

Now came the finish work to complete the job. With the nails, he tightened the burlap around the ball of dirt. The ball would weigh some 150 lbs.. He next took two more burlap sacks and cut the seams so he had two flat pieces. These two pieces he put together using the nails. He then laid the burlap next to the ball and rolled the ball and tree onto it.

"Reid, you take one end of the burlap. I will take this side." The two of them lifted the tree out of the hole and into the truck. The whole operation took maybe one hour. We filled the hole in where the tree came out.

When we got back to the campus, we dug a hole and planted the tree, burlap and all. "The burlap will keep the ball intact," Leon said. "The roots will come through it, and eventually it will rot and disappear."

"That is how I learned to ball a tree." (More on this later)

The fall of about 1958, John Murr came here to hunt the first time. He was a son-in-law of Uncle Bernie Muldoon. John wasn't an experienced hunter by any means. We had killed some bucks that fall, but not any real big ones. The hunters were getting filled up, and most had gone home.

As I recall, Uncle Bernie and John were about all the hunters that were left. We took them out to hunt the head of Pinto Creek, some 2 miles east

of the Garden Spring Camp. Dad, Glenn, John, Uncle Bernie, Dallas, myself, and maybe another or two. We had seen some deer but none big enough to shoot. We decided before we left camp that we wouldn't kill anything smaller than a three-pointer.

We had spread out and were hunting. Uncle Bernie was with me at the time. John was farther north with Glenn and others. We heard some shooting, some 4-5 shots. "I hope what they are shooting at is big!" Uncle exclaimed. "We want some tags left to hunt the east mountain."

When the shooting started, I got off my horse, and Uncle followed suit. We hadn't seen anything of what the shooting was about. I had been looking, hoping what they were shooting at would come this way--they were in the thick trees.

"There is a deer lying under that cedar tree about 200 yards away," Uncle said. "Is it a buck?" I asked. "Yes, but not a big one," was his answer. Finally I located the deer. Looked through my scope. "It is a three-pointer. Do you want it?" I retorted. "I think I will try it," Uncle said, raising his gun to his shoulder. He shot, and the deer never moved. "I believe you killed him!" I exclaimed. "You really think so?" Uncle declared. "He looks to me like he is dead. I will go take a look." I got on my horse. "You stay here and watch until I get to him," I said, "just in case he is playing possum."

When I got to the deer, he was dead alright. Uncle had shot him through the neck. You know, that was the only deer I ever saw Bernie Muldoon kill. He didn't really hunt all that much but always took a deer home.

I motioned Uncle Bernie to come over. He was a nice three-pointer; three on one side, four on the other. Would weigh 165-170 lbs.. After cleaning him and hanging him up, we started to look for the other guys.

When we located them, they were on the trail. "What were you guys shooting at?" I questioned. "Glenn killed a big four-pointer," Huck declared. "He wasn't alone, but that is the only one we got." "Uncle Bernie killed a nice three-pointer," I remarked. "Is that right, Uncle?" Glenn retorted with a grin. "Sure is," Uncle Bernie declared. "I caught him lying down!" he laughed.

I looked at John Murr. He was pale and quiet. "Did you see the one Glenn killed?" I asked. I could see blood on his hands. "Biggest deer I ever saw in my life," he responded with a quiver in his voice. After we got to camp, John Murr was still white and shaking.

Later I said to Glenn, "Did you tell John he could have that deer?" "No,

I didn't," was his reply. "Well, if I were you, I would give it to him before he has a heart attack," I responded.

While Glenn and I were talking, John came by. "You can have that deer I killed," Glenn said, "if you don't get a better one. You can help me pack it in tomorrow." "I will do that!" John exclaimed. You could see the relief on his face. As it turned out, that was the biggest buck killed in camp that year--220 lb. deer. "I will have him mounted," John said.(head only) He was the first of more than a dozen big bucks John Murr took home. (More on this later on.)

Vada kept telling me that I gave all the big deer away, and we had to settle for a small one. "Why do you do this?" she asked. "Well, to keep the hunters coming back," I retorted. "And the smaller ones are better to eat." "I would like to see what a big one tastes like," Vada muttered. "Anyway, the big ones have much more meat."

One time after all the hunters had gone home, Dad, Bud King and I went over to hunt the east mountain area. We had killed a buck or two but nothing big. We were on the south end of the black mountain. When Dad hunts an area, he never stops. He and Bud were ahead of me. We came to this little knoll--not much more than a small rise in the terrain--I stopped and dismounted from the horse. Couldn't see Dad or Uncle Bud. All at once, a big deer came running by. When I could get a bead on him, he was going straight away. I held in front of him and "touched off a round." He dropped in his tracks.

I waited for several minutes, hoping Dad and Uncle Bud would show up. Sure could use some help. No one was in sight, nor could I hear anyone. I led my horse to the deer. "Man, was he a good one." His neck was almost as big as my waist.

I cleaned him but didn't try to hang him. I had hit him on the side of the head, and it came out his jaw. The horns were intact--high and wide--6 points on one side, 7 on the other. I guessed about a 35 inch spread, 220 to 225 lbs..

We had other deer to haul off but decided to bring extra horses next day. When Dad saw the deer, he said after we hang him up, "He will weigh 240 lbs. if you could weigh him now."

The next day we carried the three deer off the mountain. When we got to the pickup, Uncle Bud was give out and limping quite bad. "What is the matter, Bud?" I asked. He rolled up both pant legs, and his legs looked like beefsteaks. "What did that?!" I exclaimed. "That darned horse scrubbed my

legs against every bush on that mountain!" Bud shouted. "Why did you let him do it?" I laughed. "Let him?! I couldn't stop him!" He swore. "My hunting days are over!" Uncle Bud shouted in a very loud voice.

We had five horses to get home. I had walked off the hill, and my horse had the big one on. "I will take all the horses and come home by the old Thorley ranch. You better take Bud with you," I suggested. "Can you handle all of them?" Dad said. "Sure. Keep a saddle on two of them, and tie the lead rope to the saddle horn."

I had traded Mokie to Dad by this time, and she was one of the horses. I didn't ride her; she had carried one of the deer off the hill. When I got to the Thorley ranch, had opened the last gate to let me through, it was getting late. I switched my saddle to "Mokie," turned three horses loose, picked up the lead rope on the other, and headed toward New Harmony, some 7 miles away. "Wow, what a difference a horse can make." It was like getting out of a Model T Ford and into a "Cadillac." Why did I ever trade that little mare off? She had a running walk as smooth as silk. What a pleasure to travel that 7 miles. The other horses knew we were going home and had to trot to keep up.

I hung the big buck in the willow tree in front of the house; let him hang for a week, then skinned him. We bottled some and kept the rest to eat fresh. Before that meat was gone, Vada said, "You don't need to bring another big buck home." "What is the matter?" I asked. "The meat is tough, stringy, and tastes sweet," Vada declared. "I can see what you mean; the smaller ones are best." We had no more trouble about the lack of big bucks. The big ones are pretty to look at, but the little ones are better to eat.

Early summer of about 1961, I was walking by the "Old Main" building on campus. "Congratulations on your award," a voice said. I turned around, and there was McRay Cloward, a teacher at the College. "Thank you," I returned, trying to fix in my mind what he was talking about. "What award are you talking about?" I asked, to appear I was not dumb.

"The Earth Science Grant awarded to you," Mac retorted. Finally it hit me, but before I could say anything Mac declared, "I was reading about an Earth Science Grant awarded to Sheldon Kerry Grant. As you work with the soil, I immediately connected it with you." "You were close," I rejoined with a laugh. "That was my son who got the award!" I exclaimed. "He is going to school at the U of U." "At least it's in the family," Mac whispered. "Give

him my regards, will you?" "Sure, I will do that. Thank you," I replied.

June 14, 1961. I was working on a chain link fence around the "Old Stadium" on the hill back of Old Main. I could see Bishop Dean H. Hall coming toward me. By the look on his face, I could tell something was wrong. My heart started to pound. "What is wrong, Bishop?" I choked. "My son has been killed," he cried, tears streaming down his face.

Now I knew Reldon P. Hall was going to school at Utah State University in Logan, Utah. "We are not sure about the details," Dean responded. "It was a tractor accident. Reldon was working on the University Farm, was riding on a tractor. The tractor went down a bank into a pond on the farm, and Reldon was killed."

"What can I do to help? Do you need anyone to go up there with you?" I retorted. "Lyle and Venice are going with Sylva and I," Dean declared. "That's good; you shouldn't go up there alone at a time like this," I admitted.

"You could look after things here at home and take care of anything that comes up in the ward," Bishop declared. "I will do that, and let me know of anything else," I added. "We are on our way now," Dean said. "I left Lyle, Venice, and Sylva over in town. We need to be on our way." "Take care, and keep in touch," I declared as Dean walked away.

I thought to myself, "Dean and Sylva will be devastated over this." Reldon had been home from a mission for the Church a little over a year, was married, and a baby was on the way. He had all the classes he could get at the College here in Cedar. He and his wife Lois Railsback were living in Logan. Reldon was going to go to summer school and work on the side. He was 23 years old. Sure a tragedy, to say the least. Never did get to see his child, which was a girl. He had his whole life ahead of him.

Now Dean was Bishop of the ward, and Reldon was a model LDS boy. Was active in the Church all through his life, filled a mission. Dean and Sylva had been active Church people all their lives. Held positions of various kinds. "Why did this happen?" Could it have been avoided? Many things run through your mind.

Sylva and Dean never did get "bitter" about this. They grieved and mourned but not in a way unbecoming good LDS people.

We found out after they got back from Logan that Reldon was driving the tractor along the bank of a big irrigation pond. He lost control of the tractor. It went down the bank into the pond, Pinned Reldon under the water, and he drowned.

Some other workers seeing this happen, rushed to the scene, tried to get Reldon out from under the tractor. The water wasn't deep. This one man said, "I felt under the water, and Reldon grasped my hand. I couldn't pull him from under the tractor." Other equipment was rushed to the scene, and the tractor was pulled off Reldon. He was dead when removed from the water. "If I had had a short piece of pipe or hose," the worker shouted, "I could have put it in his mouth and saved his life. It wasn't more than ten minutes until we pulled him out." It seemed as if the Lord had other work for Elder Prince.

The summer of 1960, Director Braithwaite, Richard Thompson, and I decided to hike to "Death Point" on Kanarra Mountain and the east side of "Timber Top." Timber Top is the southern point of the "Kolob Fingers" and is isolated from the others.

"We could drive my pickup up over the mountain," I said, "and come out where we can see the fingers and New Harmony. I have been that far before. We would have maybe 3 miles to hike to Death Point," I explained. "We would be charting unknown waters from there," I added. "Would you like to give it a try? We should have all day and not get caught up there after dark."

So a day was set, and we started out soon after sun-up, armed with a good lunch and plenty of water. "Be prepared for some fantastic scenery," I remarked. I had my Kodak, and I believe Rick Thompson took one.

We went to Hamilton Fort and took the road from there up over Kanarra Mountain. As we started to climb, I was pointing out points of interest. "Can you see a big cabin on the south of Shirts Canyon?" I declared, pointing off to the left. "Yes, I see it," Royden Braithwaite said. "There under the rim of the canyon. Whose cabin is that, and how do they get there?"

"Belongs to Dr. Lamar Graff, Jr." I responded. "The road takes off this road farther up the mountain." I had mentioned about the cable where the Graffs let coal down to the valley from a mine close to the cabin.

Speaking of coal at the head of Shirts Canyon, I was helping the Smith Brothers--Keith and Chester--lamb their flock one year. A fellow came down to the field to talk to Chester, who owned several hundred acres of land at the top and over the east side of the canyon. "Would you sell me the right to mine back under your property for coal?" the man asked. "I do not own the coal deposits there," Chester returned. "I know, but I'm thinking

of developing the Graff mine. We have reason to believe the veins run back under your property." The man exclaimed, "Would you sell me mining rights?" "Not from the top," Chester replied. "It would spoil my land for grazing. However, if you want to come under it, go ahead. I don't own the ground that far under. I have no objections to your mining it." The man left, and as far as I know, the area never has been mined.

You could see the cables and some of the buckets still hanging on them.

When we came to the place, I showed where the road took off to go to the Graff cabin.

From the head of Shirts Canyon (named after Peter Shirts), south around and under the rim to the south side, there are coal deposits. Ren Williams and others hauled coal to Kanarra. It was used in K Town, also New Harmony and points south. On the same level up Cedar Canyon, there was a mine. Also one up Right Hand Canyon.

As the road leveled off for the first time, a road took off and went south through Elmer and Ivan Davies'. After leaving the Davies' property, we were driving on the side of what is called the "Horse Ranch," the large peak just north of the "Kolob Fingers." After we left the Horse Ranch, we came to a gate. After we went through this, we were on property owned by LeRoy Larson, who ran sheep there.

About a quarter mile, we were on the ridge so we could see the fingers of the Kolob. We could look down on the ones further north. You could see why they were called "fingers," with the Horse Ranch hill being the thumb, the face of the cliffs being the end of each finger, deep canyons in between the fingers. It resembled a "huge hand." You could walk out on three of the fingers and look off the end. However, it would be quite a hike.

I recall Uncle Roy Grant saying, "When I was a young man, was herding sheep with Dad, one day I walked out on the second or 'index' finger and built a fire." Uncle declared, "It was late in the evening. The fire could be seen by people in New Harmony." Uncle exclaimed, "It was still burning after it got dark!" "I wasn't there when it got dark, you can bank on that!" he said with a big grin on his face.

At this point in the road, there was a place wide enough for us to park the truck. Rick Thompson took a map out of his pocket. "It doesn't show the

road going any closer to Death Point," he complained. "We will be on our shanks pony from here."

The road turned east here, and I had never been any farther than this spot. However I knew Roy Larson had a cabin further on.

"We could take this trail down the hill to the south," Rick retorted. "I'm sure it will take us to Death Point. Looks like we will have some 3 miles to walk out there and 3 back," Rick declared. We took our lunch, some water, and our cameras. We left our coats in the truck. It was a warm, beautiful day.

Before we started down the trail, we stopped and took another look west. The Harmony bench was green. Elmer Davies had grain planted. Also Eldon Schmutz, as did Emil Graff, Orson Hammond, Lyle Prince, Reed Prince. Graff also had alfalfa, as did other dry field owners. To the east of us you could see the south end of Cedar Mountain. Also the west of Zion Park. Rick pointed out about where Death Point was, and the view was grand: red canyons and green hills.

As we were hiking down the trail, we could see a flat and a cabin. "How did they get material in here to build that cabin?!" Director Braithwaite shouted. "Good question!" I laughed. "Must be a road in here." Sure enough, when we got to the cabin, you could see car tracks. However, the cabin was empty and hadn't been used for some time. "A sheep herder's home," I said. "We could have driven to here, most likely." We had been hiking for about 45 minutes.

In a ravine close to the cabin was a spring. We stopped and took a drink. "Sure good cool water." After resting a few minutes, we started on. About 1/4 mile, we came to a hard beaten path from the east. Looking up, we could see a road coming down toward us. "We could have driven to here!" Rick Thompson shouted. "Sure would like to have the pickup down here!" I exclaimed. "It is all uphill back to it. I should have inquired about that." "The hike down here was worth the effort," Royden said. "I hope you can still say that when we get back," I laughed.

We were now on almost level ground. Soon we saw a sign: "Death Point 1 1/2 miles." The first mile was about level, the last half mile up a steep grade. We stopped several times to rest during that period. Rick was in the lead, and I was following him, Director Braithwaite bringing up the rear. Now Rick wasn't all that good a hiker; I had no trouble keeping up. Was glad the pace was slow. I could see the hike was taking its toll on the Director.

When we got to the top of the hill, the view was "spectacular." We were now looking at the back of "Timber Top." "Can you see that arch?!" I exclaimed. "I can see it! So can I," the others declared.

Between Timber Top and where we were standing was a wide, deep canyon. We were looking west. The canyon went all the way around south of us and continued east and back of us. Death Point couldn't be more than 1/4 mile away. We headed down the trail, which was a gentle slope. "You better believe there will be a 'vertical drop' at Death Point!" I shouted.

In about 10 minutes, we were there. What a view! We were looking down into the head of Laverkin Creek. Could see the Smith Mesa and part of the Arizona Strip. "There is a trail that comes up Laverkin Creek and on up over the mountain to the Kolob Reservoir," I declared. "Sheep and cattle are driven up there. One of these days I'm going to ride a horse over to the Laverkin and hike up to that arch." "I understand that arch is huge," Rick retorted. "Would like to see it myself." It looked like it was maybe 100 feet wide from where we were standing.

"This has to be one of the most beautiful spots in the world," Director Braithwaite declared. "Thank you for bringing me along." "You don't care to go on further?" I asked. "I'm afraid that first step down would be fatal!" he responded. "You can see why it is called, 'Death Point.'"

We hiked along the rim and took some pictures. Later we found a shady spot and ate our lunch. You can't describe the scenery--you have to see it.

After resting, I suggested we start back. "May I suggest we take it easy. We do not want anyone to collapse before we at least reach the road," I laughed. The going back was easier; however we were getting leg weary and would stop and rest often. The view going back was beautiful, not as spectacular as the south view, however.

When we got to the road I asked, "Can everyone make it up that steep grade?" "I can make it alright," Rick said. "I will be OK," the Director added. When we got to the cabin, we stopped to rest and get a drink of that cool water. We emptied our canteens and filled them and took a long rest.

As we started to climb the hill, Royden got a "nose bleed." The blood just gushed out; I have never seen a person bleed that much. "I think you should stay here while I go and bring the truck down," I protested. "I will be alright," the Director said. "This bleeding will stop soon. I get them quite often, have done all my life."

"I have to climb up this hill in any case," I said. "There is no use of you doing it. I can have the truck here in about 1 1/2 hours." "No need for you

to do that," he returned. "See, the bleeding is about stopped." "Let us wait for a while, and if it starts again, you better let me bring the truck down here." After much resting, we made it up that last steep grade. It sure was good to see the pickup. We all let out a sigh of relief. As we were driving down off the mountain, Director said, "What a fantastic trip. I never expected to ever see a sight like that. Even with the nose bleed and that hard climb back up, I feel great."

As I let them off at home (the Director was living on campus), they both thanked me again. "We will go again and take the wives," I said. "Now that we have found the road, the ladies could stand the trip."

If I may, I would like to back up to the early 1940's and tell about the first time we went pine nut picking out in Nevada. We had heard how good the pine nuts were and had been given some by Edward Hall, father of Dean Hall. Brother Hall offered to show us where they picked. "We will need to go before daylight; it is about 100 miles from New Harmony to the area west of Modena," he declared. It was now early November. "The nuts will be all out of the cones and on the ground," Brother Hall explained. "Now is a good time to go."

So we decided to go take a look. Dean and Sylva, Fern and Horace, Ed and Millie, Vada and Sheldon. We were to take Dean's car, also Horace's. Dean had a two door sedan, Horace had a pickup.

"What will we need to take?" I asked. "A gallon can or bucket and a strong sack, like a canvas one. The nuts are heavy, and you don't want to put them in a sack that might tear open. Also some warm clothes, as it will be cold. I would suggest you wear two pair of pants; they will ward off the cold, also be a cushion for the pine needles. You will be on your hands and knees most of the time. Take a good lunch and plenty of water; it will be well after dark before we get back," Brother Hall declared.

Horace and Fern were living in Cedar, as were Mr. and Mrs. Ed Hall. "We will be up there to your place by 6 a.m.," Dean said. "We want to be at the nut gathering place by daylight or soon after," Brother Hall said. We left the kids with Vada's folks. Seems like we were still living there or had been. We hadn't as yet moved into our place here.

When we got to Cedar about 5:30 a.m., they were ready to go. Millie rode with us, and Brother Hall with Horace. We were in Modena about daylight. You could see the frost on the ground. "I would like to try a place west and north of here!" Ed exclaimed. "We have found nuts in abundance

there before."

We went some 15 miles west. Just past the Utah/Nevada line, a gravel road took off from here to the north. We drove about 10 miles on this road and came to some pine trees. "Is this the place you are looking for, Dad?" Dean asked after stopping where they were. "This is the way, alright, only we need to go a little higher up."

Soon we were in some tall pines and cedars. You could see pine cones on the trees. Horace had been in the lead, and Brother Hall was showing him where to go. "Let's look around here for a while," Brother Hall retorted. "Let's take our cans and meet back here in about an hour." I could see plenty of nuts under the first tree I came to and started to pick. We scattered out among the trees. Now I had never picked up pine nuts before. "I have heard the best way to pick them is with a spoon," Vada said. I could see she had one in her hand, as did Sylva.

"Watch for the dark colored ones," Dean said. "The light ones are `blasted,'--no meat in them. They were touching each other, and I started to pick with both hands. After about 1/2 hour, I had a gallon can about 2/3 full. "I'm going to quit using the spoon," Vada remarked. "You have twice as many as I do."

Soon Brother Hall showed up with a gallon bucket full. "Where did you find them!?" I shouted. "About 50 yards over that hill," he replied. "I've never seen such big pine nuts in my life!" I exclaimed. They looked almost an inch long. "We can spend the day here," Brother Hall whispered. "Pick on the north side of the trees only. The ones on the south are sunburned," he added.

When noon came, Vada and I put ours together and we had around 25-30 lbs.. We took some time and ate our lunch. "We are going to rest," the girls said. "Maybe I'll take a look around if I find some big ones," I said. "Don't get worried. I'll be back here in 2-3 hours." "Don't you stay over 2 hours," Vada answered. "I'm afraid in these hills I might get lost." "I will not be more than a couple of hundred yards away," I promised. "I can hear you if you call."

I took a drink of water, picked up my can, a sack, and headed into the trees. I walked until I couldn't see anyone's tracks. I knew I was in a place where no one had been as yet. The trees were big and tall; the nuts big and thick. I started to really pick. In no time at all, I had filled my can.

"These are really big nuts," someone declared. I looked around, and there was Dean. "Maybe we should go back and get the wives!" Dean

exclaimed. "Vada is tired," I told him. "She said she would pick around close to the cars."

After I had gathered the second gallon, I could hear Dean and Sylva talking. I had the third can filled when I looked up. There they were, right close to me. "How long are you going to pick?" I asked. "Until we get give out or it gets dark," Dean laughed. "How many do you have?" he asked. "I have picked up 3 gallon," I returned. "So many!" Sylva exclaimed. "That is as much as both Dean and I have together. He has 2 gallon; I have one."

After I had filled the fourth gallon, I headed back to the cars. "How many have you picked?" I asked Vada. "I have 2 gallon since you left," she answered. We put all we had both picked in the sack. "How many pounds do we have?" Vada questioned. "At least 50 lbs.," I said, lifting the sack. "I've about had it," I remarked.

"Do you have any lunch left?" I asked. "One sandwich and a few apples," Vada returned. She handed me the sandwich. "Do you want part of this?" I asked her. "You need it more than I," she admitted. "You picked up at least 2/3 of what we have." I took the sandwich in one hand, an apple in the other, and flopped down on my back. "Boy, does it ever feel good to stretch out!" I cried. "My back and hands are killing me!" It was now about an hour until sundown. "Are you going to gather more?" Vada asked. "I don't think so. My back won't take anymore," I complained. "We have plenty anyhow, enough to last us through the winter," Vada declared. "It has been fun even though I am exhausted," I concluded.

By sundown, everyone was in and ready to go home. Brother Hall had the biggest nuts, only not quite so many. Millie didn't pick many. Dean and Sylva, Fern and Horace, had about the same as Vada and I.

We stopped in Modena and got some treats. It was dark when we left there. When we got to the Vandenburg turnoff, Mrs. Hall got in with Horace. "We can all four ride in the cab to Cedar," Horace said. He had hauled all the nuts to there in the pickup. We transferred them to the back seat of the car. Vada rode in the front with Dean and Sylva. The cars in those days didn't have a trunk. The car was a 1935 Ford two door sedan with a V8 engine. If you couldn't get all you wanted to take in the car, you tied it on the front fender. Dean had a trailer he pulled back of the car at times; however, we didn't take it with us on this trip. (More on nut gathering later on.)

July 15, 1961 "Jackie Grant" was born--our first grandchild, a beautiful

little girl.

Kerry and Lana were living in Salt Lake, where Kerry was going to school at the "U of U." Kerry was working during the time school was out. We didn't get to see them very much. They would come down once in a while. We would go up there on special days sometimes: 24th of July, Thanksgiving, etc.. I would get to see them more than Vada, when I was in Salt Lake City on College business a few times a year.

Now I have had trouble getting acquainted with young kids. Maybe it is because I didn't know how to hold them. When they get big enough to walk, I have less trouble, especially when they were around the place here in New Harmony. We always had chickens, a cow, pigs, and horses. All little kids like to look at and get close to animals. If I could once get them out to the corral, I had better luck getting acquainted.

I recall the times I have been to their place when Jackie was about 1 year old and up. She would come to me and sit on my lap most of the time I was there. She was a cute curlyhead little doll, and she didn't object to being hugged.

I have a story to tell about her and horses later on in this journal. Will bring the other children in as they come along.

One Sunday morning early in September, I was greeting at the door when the Stake Presidency came in. As George Barris came in--he was the First Counselor to President "Frank Day"--he took hold of my arm and felt of my muscle, never said a word. When the Presidency came to a meeting, you knew something was up. As they passed into the church house, they were shaking hands with everyone.

They went into one of the classrooms and called several people in for an interview. They had called Bishop Hall in and others when the Bishop came out. He said, "Sheldon, they would like to talk to you." "Now what in the world would they want me for?" I thought. "I am already in the bishopric."

I went in, and they shook hands with me. Then President Day said, "The Lord would like you to be the Bishop of the ward." My heart took a nose dive. "You are joking, of course," I muttered. Before he answered, I knew he wasn't.

Now the thought never entered my mind that the bishopric was to be changed. I was perfectly happy the way things were. As for George Barris feeling how strong my arm was, he was always kidding me. He taught at

the College, and I saw him every day. We were good friends. "What did he have to do with this?" I thought.

"The Lord wants you to be the Bishop," President Day declared (again); however, there is a problem. But the First Presidency thinks you will take care of that." Before I could ask what that was, he said, "They know that you aren't a full tithe payer. But you will be after you are made Bishop." What do you say? I had been paying tithing, but not 100%. I found out later, you are either listed as a full tithe payer or a part tithe payer--there is no in between.

"We would like you to talk it over with your wife and family and give us your answer in about a week," President Day added.

I didn't mention it to the kids. Kerry and Lana were living in Salt Lake, and Rolaine was going to school at B.A.C.; Velda was the only one at home. I didn't mention it to Vada until we had gone to bed that night. "You can't turn it down," Vada said. "I know that," I returned. "I've had it on my mind all day." "I will support you on this," Vada declared. "And the kids will too. When do you need to let them know?" Vada asked. "Within a week," I admitted. Needless to say, neither of us slept much that night.

In about three days, I called President Day and told him our decision. "Pick out two names for your counselors and let us know," he said. "I have already done so," I told him. "Verl Kelsey--first, James I. Prince--second." "We will get them approved and let you know," the President returned.

In about a week, the word came for me to contact them. As I was riding with Verl, I could ask him, and he accepted. However Jim was another matter. When I told him, he said, "Oh no, not me. I couldn't do it." "You talk it over with Edna and give me your answer." In a few days, I contacted him again. "You should look for someone else!" Jim exclaimed. "You can do it, and you are the one I want," I returned. I told him that he had done a good job in the Elders Quorum. "I won't accept a no answer. Take as much time as you need. Pray about it," I said.

I had a talk with Edna. "Don't give up on Jim," she declared. "I'm working on him. He will come around. I want to thank you for asking him to be in the Elders Quorum. He has been a different husband since that time," she choked. After about a week, Jim accepted.

The first Sunday in October 1961, the New Harmony bishopric was changed:

Sheldon B Grant--bishop; Edwin Verl Kelsey--first counselor; James Irving Prince--second counselor; Vivian Francis Prince--Ward Clerk.

Now I knew that I wouldn't be hunting deer on Sunday for years to come but planned to hunt on Saturday and also Monday. Verl always took Deer Season off while working at the mine--he ran a deer camp. The agreement was he would get Deer Season off when he started to work at the College. He took his vacation at that time. I had just those two days to hunt--Saturday, Monday. I couldn't take time off because someone had to be at work. However if I needed a day, I could take it off. I usually took the day before the hunt to get ready.

I went up to the "Garden Spring" the evening before the hunt. When Tommy saw me, he shouted, "Well Daniel, (he called me Daniel Boone) I hear you have been made a `deacon.'" "That's right," I said with a laugh, not wanting to explain. I guess Mom or Dad had told him. "I will be hunting Saturday but not Sunday," I added.

"It's about time you were showing up," someone said. I looked around, and there was John Murr. "How are you, John?" I answered, shaking hands with him. "Are you going to hunt?" John asked. "Some. Saturday and Monday," I returned.

My horse had already been taken up to camp. Early Saturday morning I was at camp. Dad was up building a fire when I got there. "Have the horses been fed?" I asked. "Not yet," Dad answered. I went and fed my horse and then the rest.

When we all got in camp the first night, we hadn't killed many deer. I hadn't fired a shot. After taking care of my horse, I headed for home. It was after sundown but before dark. I was looking and hoping I would see a deer on the way down. I had passed the Lime Kill Knoll and was coming to the lower crossing of Pace's Canyon Creek.

I looked to the east and could see a deer in the live oak. I stopped the pickup, looked through the scope on the rifle. Could tell it was a big deer but couldn't see any horns. I was afraid it would run or someone would come up or down the canyon. "It's got to be a buck," I thought, put a cartridge in the chamber, held where his head should be, moved the sight back a little, and pulled the trigger. The deer dropped. I backed the pickup up, and it was off the road. Took my car keys and gun and headed up the hill. The deer had never moved, had been shot through the ribs. He was a nice four-pointer over 200 lbs.. I cut his throat, loosened the sling on my rifle, put it over my head and under my arm, grabbed the horns, and started to drag him to the truck. It was all downhill except the last 40-50 yards. Had no trouble until I reached the level ground. There I could only drag the buck

a few inches at a time. I took my gun and leaned it against an oak, got my knife out and took his insides out. This took some time with him lying down.

When I had finished, it was getting dark. I dragged him a foot or two at a time until I got to the road. Went back and retrieved my gun. During all this time, no one came by. I drove the pickup to the creek until the hind wheels were in the lowest spot. I was in the middle of the road. If someone wanted to pass, they would first have to help me load the deer.

After dragging the buck to the truck, I couldn't load it. I could pull the front end in but not the back end. I would try, then rest and try again. It was completely dark by now. I thought about cutting it in two. I thought about going for help. Soon a pickup came down the canyon and stopped. "Sure hope whoever it is can help me." I was sitting on the edge of the truck bed with the deer half in and half out.

A man and a boy got out of the pickup and came over. "Do you need some help?" the man asked. "I sure do!" I exclaimed. They each took hold of a hind leg, and with me pulling, we had the deer in the truck without a hitch. "Son, that is what we have been looking for all day," the man said. "Where did you get him?" "I was coming down the road. When I got to the creek, I looked up and there he stood," I returned. "He sure is a big one. I hope we can find one as good," the man concluded.

"Thank you very much for helping me," I said. "Was about to cut him in two." "Glad to be of help to you," the man rejoined.

I pulled the truck forward and let them pass. After they got by, I backed the truck up, turned around, and headed back to camp--after putting my tag on him.

"What are you doing back up here?" Dad asked as I came in the cook shack tent. "Need some help to hang up a buck," I declared. "Where did you kill it?" "Down close to the Lime Kill Knoll," I muttered. The men were just finishing dinner.

I backed the pickup up to a big oak. Soon there were a dozen guys around. We had the buck hung up in record time. "Whose tag is on him?" John Murr exclaimed. "Mine," I said. "I hunted all day and didn't fire a shot and killed this one without leaving the truck."

"I need to get home," I said. "See you guys tomorrow night," I retorted. When I reached home, Vada was worried. "I thought something had happened to you!" she cried. "Well, I killed a big buck on the way home," I whispered. "Where is it?" she asked. "Took it back up to camp," I replied. "Anyway it was a big one, and you don't like old deer, so I'll leave it there

to help fill the hunters up." "That is alright with me. Glad you are home safe," she choked.

After Church on Sunday, I asked Vada if she would like to go up to camp. "I would rather not go," she said. "You go ahead, but come home before dark." She didn't really like to be around the hunters. The drinking and bad language wasn't all that good at times.

When I got to camp, most of the hunters were still out in the hills; however, Tommy was there. I was sizing up the buck I had there. Tommy came over. "Have you got a deer yet?" I asked. "I haven't been out as yet," Tommy returned. "You can have this one," I declared. "If you want it, we can take my tag off." For all intents and purposes, I was through hunting. "I sure would like to have him," Tommy retorted. "Let's put your tag on him before the other guys come in," I whispered. While I was removing mine, he was getting his.

I stayed up to camp until most of the hunters came in. There were quite a few who had killed their deer. Those who got theirs the first day had brought them in. However the one I killed was by far the biggest one in camp.

Before I left for home, Tommy took me aside. "How many of your brothers are here?" he whispered. "There are six of us," I said. All had been there the first day. Afton had gone back home--Salt Lake City--but said he would be back. Tommy took some bills out of his wallet and stuffed them in my shirt pocket. "Divide these up among you," he said. Later I had a chance to check it out. There were six fifty dollar bills.

When we were sustained as the bishopric of the ward, we asked all auxiliary heads to remain in their positions temporarily. When a bishopric is released, everyone is released with them. However in our small ward, it takes everyone who will serve to fill the positions. At this time "60" ward members--more or less. It has been said it takes 250 members to officer a ward. You can see some people have several jobs, and we were still understaffed.

Our first assignment was to reorganize the "Relief Society." After much prayer and inspiration, we asked "Emma Neilson" to be the President. I was to ask her. "Aunt Emma, the Lord has called you to be the New Harmony Relief Society President," I said. "I am too old for that," she declared, quite concerned. "You are the youngest 73 year old I've ever

seen," I retorted. "Talk it over with your husband and family and let us know. We know that Uncle Jim isn't all that well, and if it becomes a burden to you, we would release you. President David O. McKay is ninety years old and still going strong. The Lord blesses him and will do the same for you," I added.

Well, Aunt Emma accepted and was in there for three years and more. As I remember, she never asked to be released. We went and had a talk with her about it.

I would like to say here that Velda Grant, age 9, and Deanna Prince, age 8, were the only unmarried girls in town. There were some 5-6 boys, none that were Mutual age, as I recall. However, we held M.I.A. for the social reasons: parties, dances, plays, etc.. As I remember, we did not have television in New Harmony at that time. You still had to make you own entertainment.

Two things happened while I was Bishop of historical value. One, "New Harmony Centennial" and two, the "Correlation of the Priesthood." I was in a meeting in the Tabernacle on Temple Square when Elder Harold B. Lee, representing the First Presidency of the Church, told of the "Priesthood Correlation." Brother Lee had been given this assignment. He told the brethren assembled there, "The Church has been waiting for 50 years for the Lord to tell them when this was to be. Brethren, that time is now." As I sat there listening and taking notes as fast as I could, how I wished that my counselors were there to see and hear "history" being made.

Without casting any reflections or wishing to hurt anyone, may I write here that my counselors were both good men, dedicated to their calling. However, I could never get them to go to General Conference with me. Every Church member should have this experience at least once in their lives.

All Bishops and other priesthood leaders were passed out material on this. We were also told that there would be a six week course to be given by each bishopric in all wards of the Church demonstrating how this was to become and each priesthood member be taught his assignment.

May I list here the four main assignments and who were to take the lead to implement the same:

- #1--"Priesthood Genealogy" given to the "High Priests"
- #2--"Priesthood Missionary" given to the "Seventies"
- #3--"Priesthood Welfare" given to the "Elders"

#4--"Priesthood Home Teaching" given to all "Priesthood holders"  
We were given instructions at this conference, "When you receive your material, study it, pray about it, and be ready to teach it when the time comes."

May I add here that my counselors were behind me on this, as were other priesthood brethren asked to take part in the instruction. Not wishing to build self esteem to me, my counselors, or others who helped with the instruction, it was given in our ward in a very informative way. We took all the Melchizedek Priesthood class time for some two months to teach this course.

New Harmony was settled in 1862. The New Harmony Centennial was celebrated August 20, 1962. It was in January 1862 that the Fort Harmony was to be abandoned. It had rained for so long that the walls of the fort were crumbling. There is a ten page history given by Laverna Englestead at the meeting the day of the celebration. I wish to add it to this journal. There is no need to repeat it here at this time. However, it will be kept with this journal.

At this writing, the town of New Harmony is less in population than it was in 1862. However, that is going to change in the very near future. What do you think about the idea of 2,000 people living in the New Harmony valley by the turn of the century? Does this seem far fetched to you? As I see it, it could be that many, and soon after the century is ushered in, it could be double that. Where will the people locate? Surely not on the west side of the valley, but it will grow too, though not as fast. I have seen the plans of the "Harmony Views" area. The first homes will be built on the east side of the big wash, the area where the "sod farm" is (was.) On the west, 5 acre plots, a store, service station, and area for "industry." There are three wells on this property, ample water for a town of 5,000. Water rights could be moved to any place where water could be found pure enough for culinary use.

South is "Mountain Springs" Estates. This could develop into a fair sized town. Homes could be built west and south to the "hogback."

The old Al Thorley place belongs to the Keith Hall family. As far as I know, Keith Hall and Dallen Jesson made the developers of "Harmony Views" townsite change the name they were going to call it at first, saying they already had that name served up. One would take it that the "Hall

Family" intended to build a town on the Thorley property. That property has a spring of water--Sawyer Spring. Not enough to farm the land but ample for a town of 2,000 people.

Correction--I was talking to Dallen Jesson a short while ago. He and Keith Hall do not own the old Al Thorley place. They just had it "leased." All the more reason that the area will grow faster. It belongs to the developers of "Mountain Springs."

The development doesn't stop there. Look at the home on the north end of the "hogback." This property belongs to someone back east. In all probability, he bought the land and built the house to speculate. Then there's the Mayfields, Jacksons, Shacklets, Leaders, LaCounts; on the west of there, Simpkins, Iversons. South--McDonalds, Bushmans, Doug Thorley. Most of these people have ground on which to speculate. It doesn't stop there. North of Simpkins and Iversons, the Glen Leavitt family own several hundred acres to speculate with. At least no farming is being done. East of the Glen Leavitts, young Bill Brown owns quite a few hundred acres. If he had sold it, you can believe whoever bought it will speculate on it.

Are you beginning to catch on? By now, you are probably thinking there isn't enough water to do all this. Well rights could be bought and brought into the area. Culinary water comes before farm use. Using this theory, there is a well on the Leavitt property with a 16 inch casing installed. You can almost dip water out of the well with a bucket. Now this well was pumped one time, and there was some 3 second feet of water pumped without the water table going down very much. If this well could be put into use, after cementing the first 100 feet so no water above there would be used, this well could furnish water enough for a town of over 5,000.

One time a short while ago, I was down to Bob Meteler's home teaching. He has a "mansion" built and did most of the work himself. "When I get this house finished, I'm going to build 2 or 3 more," Bob declared, pointing east and north.

The Leavitts own the property south of the cemetery. There is enough land there for 100 homes. A few years ago the Leavitt family asked the Town Board for 70 hookups. They were told by the Board that couldn't be done. "You would control the water company, and you are out of the city limits. However you can have 35 hookups. That way, the control of the water could remain under town rule." "If we can't get 70 hookups, we don't want any," Leavitts said. Would you get the idea they were going to

subdivide that property? North of the cemetery and above the dry field ditch, the Leavitts own 40 more acres. You can believe they are thinking of building on that property also.

It doesn't stop there. Eldon Schmutz owns 100 acres east of the cemetery. He has offered it for sale. John McDonald wanted to buy 10 acres from Eldon. He was going to build a park for recreation and a "store." Eldon would not sell only 10 acres. Wanted to sell the whole 100. He has water rights he could move to the area--another spot for expansion and plenty of underground water.

One time several years ago, I was talking with Archie Leavitt, who owns the home across the street. We were talking about underground water. I knew Archie could "water witch" and had found many good wells around the area, Nevada, and California. I believe he witched the place where our present town well is.

"There is a good stream of water just west of your house," Archie declared. "Oh, is that right?" I muttered. "Yes, there is," Archie returned, "and it runs south on the west side of my house." "Here, I will show you," he said, breaking a small forked branch off his peach tree and stripping the leaves off. In his hand he had the branch, with two spindly limbs going out from the fork some 1 1/2 feet. He took hold of the little limbs, one in each hand, with the fork pointing out in front of him.

"Now watch," he declared, walking slowly forward going west in front of his house and out in the street. Soon the fork started to tremble and bend, finally point straight down. "Here is the center of the stream!" Archie shouted, pointing to the ground. He had walked beyond where the fork bent down, turned around and came back. "Now you try it!" Archie exclaimed. I took the witching stick, walked back and forth. Nothing happened. "Some people have the body chemistry to witch water; others do not," Archie said.

"Now take one end of the willow, and I will take the other. Now we will try together," Archie drawled. I took hold of one branch and clinched my fist, determined that the branch wouldn't turn in my hand. Archie had hold of the other. "Now put your free hand in mine," Archie laughed, feeling how tense I was. "Now walk forward." I relaxed some. The fork was sticking straight out in front, but I held on to the branch hard enough that it couldn't turn in my hand.

Soon the fork started to bend and shake. Suddenly it bent straight

down. "Do you believe there is water down there?" Archie asked. "Yes I do!" I shouted.

Now I had heard enough about water witching and read about it in stories of the "Taming of the West." "How far down is the water?" I questioned. "I have calculated about 30 feet," Archie added. "There are wells west of town, north of town, south of town, and east of town. Water has been found all over the valley. I have witched a good share of it," Archie volunteered. "The largest stream is east of the cemetery, runs just west of the 'big oaks' in a southwesterly line all the way to the creek south of town."

Now Eldon Schmutz owns some of this property, knows about the stream of water and has well rights. He could subdivide that 100 acres if he chose to. When we were having the Dostalek property appraised, we were told by the real estate firm in Cedar that the New Harmony area was the most sought-after land in southern Utah. Eldon Schmutz knows this and owns some 500 acres of it. He quit his position as cashier of the "State Bank of Southern Utah." He is now an appraiser.

Has enough been said? Not quite yet. West of the old fort, Eldon owns some 140 acres. Adjoining is Ben Fueling, who owns 80 acres with good water rights. He could help with the population of the valley. He says, however, that none of it is for sale. Anything is for sale if the price is right.

West of Ben is Maxwell's. North is Eldon Schmutz. The rest of the valley ground is owned by Lyle Prince, Mervin Prince, Clyde Hunt, and Hal Torgenson. Most of this is in the soil bank for 9 more years--about 14 hundred acres. If the building boom mushrooms, some of that ground will be available, you can bank on it.

I was telling Joe Comp II about water witching with Archie--we were out in front of our house. He had bought the place he owns now from Reed Prince. "Did you know there is an underground stream of water right there?" I asked, pointing to a spot where Archie had witched. "How do you know that?" Joe exclaimed. "I saw Archie water witch it," I retorted. "What do you mean by water witch?" Joe answered. "Have you ever heard that water can be found using a stick called a water witch?" "No, I haven't," Joe returned. So I explained to him what took place that day when I helped Archie. I told him everything in full detail. When I finished, he "guffawed," slapped his legs, and laughed and laughed. I thought he would have a

stroke. "You do not believe that can be done, do you?" I cried. He just slapped his legs and "screeched."

Do you believe now that in the near future, 2--3--4--5--6--or even 20--30--thousand people could be living in this valley? You better believe it. Enough has been said.

While I was Bishop, I took pictures--colored slides--of most if not all of each family in the ward. I hope I still have them. Kerry took all my slides and arranged them, numbered them. He had a neat file, and you could look at a sheet, find those you wished to see in very short order. I'm sure that those have been preserved. If I still have them, they would be priceless now. Many of those people have passed away.

At one time in the ward, the young people outnumbered the married ones. Not true in 1962. The married people and the widows, widowers, were 8-9 to one. We were talking about it in a bishopric meeting. The thought came to us, "Is this town going to become an old folks home?" It was a little scary.

I have seen few places that are as beautiful as this valley. I (we) have travelled from border to border, driven from ocean to ocean, flew across twice. Been in Mexico two times, have seen many beautiful places such as Hawaii, Florida, San Francisco, Canada (parts of), but this valley is "unique"--not because I was born here--it has "natural beauty." That is why I have based my theory: When the building of houses starts, it will mushroom, especially after people wanting to get out of the big cities come here and see the view to the east.

Ben Fueling has a large window in his front room. That window frames the Kolob Fingers. His is the first to have that view close up, but there will be many have it in the future. It is too bad that it can't be seen from the freeway. However, I for one am happy the highway isn't closer to town. You can bet that those developers are advertizing the beauty of the area along with the idea of closeness to National Parks, the desert, mountains, fishing, skiing, golfing, hunting, hiking, horseback riding, to name a few. Maybe even a "Dude Ranch?" Oh yes, the "Harmony Views" developers are hoping to attract "big moneyed" people.

After lambing season 1961, Dad retired and took his Social Security. Mom would be 65 and could receive her Social Security. Dad would be 70.

My younger sister Sharon had finished her schooling and was married

to Kent Morris, 26 June 1959. Dad had talked of retiring before but decided to wait until Sharon was through college. Now the last of their children were on their own. Dad's health was not all that good. He had emphysema in the first stages, had smoked for 40 years; had quit several years ago, but the damage had been done.

One time Melvin Schmutz--raised in New Harmony--now a doctor in Vallejo, California, was here for a visit with his parents. Dad told Doctor Schmutz, "Ever since I had a bad cold, I've had trouble breathing." "When was that?" Doctor Schmutz questioned. "I was working in the turkey processing plant in St. George," Dad returned. (This was when Rodney was going to high school.) "The steam was so bad I caught a real bad cold and have not really gotten over it," Dad explained. "Each time this happens, it puts scar tissue on your lungs," the doctor explained. "But do you still smoke?" he asked. "I quit some 10 years ago," Dad answered. "You probably have prolonged your life by doing that," Melvin declared. "Smoking in most cases makes your lungs fibrous, and eventually you get emphysema."

Early spring of 1962 (last of April), I took Dad on a fishing trip to Crowley Lake, north of Bishop, California. George Thomas had asked us to come down there when he was hunting deer the fall before. I wanted to take Dad for another reason. He was failing a little more each year.

Dean Hall had a camper that would fit on my truck. "You are welcome to take it if you like," he declared. "It would save us some money," I returned. So it was arranged. The fishing season on Crowley Lake began the last weekend of April. We wanted to be there early so we could find a place to park the camper, so we left New Harmony on a Thursday. We had everything we needed for a stay of 8-10 days. "Can you take care of the Grounds for that long?" I asked Verl. "You have three good students to help you." "We can handle it," Verl returned.

Now I knew we had a long stretch of road between Caliente, Nevada to Tonopah. I had a two gallon gas can that would fit on the step of the pickup, inside the cab. When we gassed up in Caliente, we also filled this can. We had driven some 20 miles when the can started to overflow. "If we can't put it in the pickup, we will have to pour it out," Dad complained. The fumes were getting pretty bad. I didn't want to put it in the camper. I stopped the truck and took the can. "Maybe we can get most of it in the tank," I said.

"Well, I got it all in. Twenty miles on 2 gallon," I choked. "That is only 10 miles to the gallon." Could we go all the way to Tonopah? I looked at the map, and there was a place, Warm Springs, this side of there. "Sure hope they have a gas station there," I declared. "Maybe if I drive slower, we would use less gas."

When we reached the Hiko turnoff, I stopped. "Should we go on down to Alamo and gas up?" I questioned. "How far is that out of our way?" Dad exclaimed. "About 15 each way or 30 miles," I answered. "It is 97 miles to Warm Springs," I said. "We have plenty of gas to get to there. If we have to go on to Tonopah, it would be questionable." "Let's go on," Dad declared.

We had 1/4 tank of gas left and could have made it on to Tonopah most likely. However we could get gas at Warm Springs, and we did. I was beginning to wonder if we did the right thing bringing the camper. Sure was eating up the gas.

When we got to Tonopah, it was late afternoon. Dad wanted to look around there. While Dad was checking out some of the gaming places, I walked around and window shopped. Tonopah is an old mining town and in its heyday, I'm sure a very live place. It is not all that big--at this writing I would guess 15-16 hundred.

After about an hour, I found Dad. He was ready to go on. We drove west to the forks of the road; 93 highway going north to Hawthorne, Fallon; 6 going west over Montgomery Pass and on to Bishop. There was a public camping ground here, and we decided to camp there. After cooking our supper, eating, and doing the dishes, it was dark. We sat around our campfire for awhile. Fuel was scarce. We had a gas stove that we used to cook our meal. We had made our bed up before we left home.

"What side of the bed do you like to sleep on?" I asked Dad. "The left side," Dad answered. "Which side do you want?" "The right side," I returned. Now I like to sleep on my left side also, and the right side was the back of the bed. I could sleep there easier than Dad.

We were tired from the long day's ride, so we hit the sack early. We were up with the chickens. It was quite cold, and we didn't have any firewood. We cooked our breakfast in a hurry and were on our way.

We had some 80 miles to go to get to Bishop and 22 odd miles on to "Crowley Lake." We had stopped for gas in Bishop, were soon driving alongside of a huge pipeline. "What do you think that pipe is carrying?" I asked. (It was about 6 feet tall.) "I have no idea," Dad returned. As we

neared the lake, you could tell it was used to carry water through from the lake. "That much water would sure irrigate a lot of land," I remarked. (We hadn't seen any big farms; however we had passed a big "Black Angus" cattle ranch before we got to Bishop.) All at once we came to a big sign, "City of Los Angeles Culinary Water System." They used all of the water from Crowley Lake, and we were going to fish in it?

There were snow banks 4-5 feet tall along the sides of the road. Soon we were driving along the shore of the lake. "Keep your eyes open for a campground," I said. We drove along the south side and west side, saw several motels but no campground. We were looking for a wide spot where we could camp. Soon "NO CAMPING" signs were everywhere. "Looks like we brought the camper for nothing!" I exclaimed. "Maybe we should ask someone," Dad said. "Surely there will be someplace where we can camp."

The lake was huge; you could put "Panguitch Lake," Navajo Lake, Minersville Reservoir, and several others combined alongside of Crowley, and they would still look small.

We inquired about a place to camp, were told there was no place near. "Should we look for a motel?" I said. "Looks like it," Dad replied. We knew where Tommy was going to stay; we had passed it on the way. We went there and inquired. "Is George Thomas staying at this motel?" we asked. "Yes, he has been here for a week," the clerk returned. "However I saw him drive away a while ago."

"Do you have a vacancy for two?" I asked. "We have one with a double bed," we were told. "Could I park my truck?" "You could park in front of the room. No cooking in your camper--there is a place to cook in the room," the clerk said, "Also a refrigerator." We decided to take the room and paid for two nights. That would give us two days fishing, and we could drive back to the campground we stayed at last night.

We had moved into the room when Tommy and his wife Kathleen drove up. "When did you get in?" he asked. "We just moved into the room where my truck and camper is parked," I said. "Well, you can move right out!" Tommy shouted. "We have already paid for two nights," I returned. "We will get your money back," Tommy declared. "You are going to stay with us. We have two double beds."

"Bert and Sheldon, this is my wife Kathleen. Honey, this is the Grants I hunt deer with in Utah." "Pleased to meet you, Mrs. Thomas," I muttered. "You both are welcome to stay with us. We insist on it. Tommy has told me about you and the good times he has had at your camp." Mrs. Thomas put

one at ease right off and insisted we call her Kathleen. "Bert, you can talk with Katie while I take `Daniel' over to get his money back."

"The Grants are our friends and will be staying with us," Tommy declared, "and they would like their money back." "Sure, Mr. Thomas," the clerk said. You could see he didn't like the idea.

We had only put our suitcases in the room. We took those over to Thomas's rooms. They had a large room with two double beds, kitchen and bath. They also had two of the biggest "poodles" I've ever seen. I would hate to pay the bill to have them "groomed." "Have you had lunch?" Kathleen asked. "We have been snacking along the way," I said. "I will fix us a lunch, and later we will go out to dinner. Tommy and I eat breakfast here in the motel, also lunch, and go out for dinner each night. Is that alright with you?" "Yes it is," Dad returned.

"The San Francisco party hasn't arrived yet," Tommy declared. "They will be here before the day is over and have reservations in the motel next door. We will need to get you a fishing license!" Tommy exclaimed. "After lunch I will take you to get them." It cost us \$10.00 each for a 10 day out-of-state license.

Late afternoon, John Murr, Bernie Muldoon, Lars Eck, and his daughter came. However before they arrived, Tommy and I went down to the dock. "I would like to pick out a place on the lake where we could anchor and start to fish tomorrow," Tommy said. As we walked along the dock, we came to a 22 foot cabin boat. "Katie Mae" was painted on its side. There were about 50 boats anchored there. "Most of the fishermen bring their boats each day and take them out after fishing," Tommy volunteered. "You can use the dock ramp for free. You have to pay to leave your boat in the water."

We untied the boat and with the oars, moved it out in the lake. Tommy took the cover off the motor. It wasn't an inboard. However, it was a 100 hp "Johnson." Tommy started it up and let it run for a while. "I prefer an outboard," he said. "It gives you more room to move around."

Soon he started to move out. There were maybe 100 boats at the dock, with the bigger ones anchored further out. "How many boats will be on the lake tomorrow?" I asked. "Two to three thousand," Tommy said. "Will some of them troll?" I returned. "Only still fishing is allowed," he declared. "I know a spot where the fishing will be good," he remarked. "We will check it out." We crossed the lake. "Can you see that big pine tree we are heading for?" Tommy declared, "We will line it up with dock. Now look at the building on

the hill left of us. We will line it up with the ledge of rock on the right of us. Where the two lines cross, we will anchor our boat."

After locating the spot, we put the anchor out. Tommy had a gallon can. Into this he would put a can of small fish, then a bottle of salmon eggs, mix them together, then would repeat the process until he had the can full. He then sat there and threw handfuls out until the can was empty. "Was chumming legal?" I thought, not wanting to ask. He then filled another can and repeated the process. "Chumming is legal here," Tommy replied. "We will anchor here in the morning. The chum will be gone, but the fish will stay around."

When we got back to the motel, the San Francisco party was there. We were introduced to Lars Eck and his daughter. Lars was a building contractor and was building a home for John Murr in the Frisco area. That is another story (later on.)

In the night the wind started to blow and never stopped. We went down to the dock at daylight. The wind had gone down, but no boats allowed on the lake. You could fish from the shore however. Many did this, but not any of our crew.

Dad had elected not to go out, as did Kathleen. We stayed at the dock for an hour; the wind was still blowing, white caps all over the lake. Word came that a young boy had caught a "German Brown" trout weighing 25 lbs. from the shore next to the dam. Fishermen were all along the shore around the south end of the lake. It was straight up and down ledges on the east. Boats were lined up on trailers for five miles down the highway to Bishop. "It will be hours before we can get on the lake!" Tommy exclaimed. "Let's go back to the motel. They will let us know when we can go out."

At 10 a.m. word came that if the wind keeps going down, boats will be allowed to go out by 11 a.m.. At 10:30 we were back to the dock. John Murr, Bernie Muldoon, Lars Eck and his daughter, Tommy and me. We went down to the boat, checked everything out, and were ready when the order came: "Boats allowed on the lake." People yelling, horns honking, and a mad scramble for boats. We had our motor running, and it was warmed up. We headed out to our spot.

However when we reached there, someone was anchored in it. "Can you beat that?!" Tommy shouted. "What will you do?" I asked. "Anchor close by," Tommy said. We pulled in about 25 yards away and anchored. Before we got our lines in the water, the people in the other boat were netting fish. "At least your chum isn't going to waste," I told Tommy. "We

will put some more out," he muttered and started to mix some more. At least 20 fish were pulled into the other boat before we caught one. Tommy had thrown out another gallon can of mixed chum.

As we started to catch fish, the other people weren't doing so well. Tommy would bait all hooks and throw the lines out, then sit back in his chair (there were chairs for all), pick up a bottle of salmon eggs and throw them out a handful at a time all around the boat. Soon we were pulling them in two, three at a time. All Tommy could do was net them and bait the hooks and throw them out.

Now we had the fish around our boat, and people in the other one were catching none. You could tell they were mad at us. Soon they pulled anchor and left. We were still pulling them in. "I believe those people were put out with us," Bernie laughed. "Well, if we hadn't chummed that spot last evening, they more than likely would have moved before now!" Tommy shouted.

We had been on the lake about two hours. Boats were still coming; you couldn't see the end of the line at the dock. It was cold. I had put on a heavy coat, but my teeth were chattering. "Haven't heard you complain about the cold, Uncle Bernie!" I exclaimed. "He has an insulated suit under his outer garments," John declared, "and so have I." "Well, I have two pair of pants on, a heavy shirt and coat, and am still cold," I complained. On three sides of the lake were high mountains white with snow. However, there was no snow close to the water. The fish were as cold as ice, but Tommy was handling those.

By now we had five limits of fish, were allowed six each--30 fish from 1 lb. to 3 lbs.--and had several get away. "We will head in when we catch 6 more," Tommy said. I had caught no more than two of them (that had been caught.)

"How many boats would you say are on the lake?" I asked. "Not as many as last year," John replied. "Looks to me like 25 hundred. There were over 3 thousand opening day then." "How long is the season?" I said. "On this lake, 2 weeks to 4 weeks," Tommy replied. "As long as the lake is rising, it will be open. When it starts to go down, the fishing stops."

You cannot clean your fish while on the lake. However there are places to clean them at the dock.

We had been out about three hours when we caught that 36th fish. They would average 2 lbs.--72 lbs. of fish?!--

We pulled anchor and headed into the dock, were one of the first boats

in. The wardens were there checking the catches. We cleaned our fish; what a mess around those cleaning tables. You can imagine what would be left in the lake if you were allowed to clean fish out on it--25 hundred boats, 20 fish to the boat--50,000 fish insides floating in the water.

When a fish was pulled into the boat, the salmon eggs would be coming out their mouths and their stomachs full. I remarked to Uncle Bernie about the fish we caught. "They only cost \$10.00 each," he laughed. Now I knew Tommy was feeding the fish so we would be sure and catch some. He was a good fisherman.

"Bert, are you going out fishing with us tomorrow?" Tommy asked when we got back to the motel. "I told Kathleen I would go to church with her," Dad replied. "Well Monday morning you are going with me and `Daniel,'" Tommy declared, "so you better get ready."

After the second day fishing, the Frisco crew headed home; they all had to be to work Monday morning. They took all the fish we had caught so far--some 60 fish. Tommy said, "I do not want any fish. If you don't take them, Bert and Daniel will, and I want them to stay here the rest of the week."

Monday morning Tommy, Dad and I went out on the lake. Tommy would still bait the hooks on all poles and cast them out. We used his poles and tackle. He had only

2 1/2 lb. tent line on all poles. "What would you do if you hooked a really big one?" I asked. "Just feed him line until he quit running," Tommy said. "When he stopped, I would reel in. If he wanted to run again, I would feed him line."

Well, I hooked a good sized one, and it wanted to run so I let it take out line. Soon it came to the surface. It looked 3 feet long. "I will never land that fish!" I shouted. "Sure you will," Tommy replied. "Don't horse him in. Slowly reel him in. If he wants more line, let him have it. Play him until he tires."

After about 1/2 hour, I finally brought him close enough he could be netted. It wasn't 3 feet long but 2 feet long and weighed 4 1/4 pounds. "Look at those two leaders sticking out of his mouth!" I yelled. He had been caught two other times in the last two days. When we cleaned it, there were three treble hooks in its insides.

Dad hadn't caught a fish yet. Tommy and I had caught some 3 each. Dad had leaned his pole against the boat and gone in the cabin to take a nap. Each pole had a holder on a spring to keep the pole from being jerked into the lake. Soon Dad's pole started to go up and down, and a fish broke water. I grabbed the pole. "That is your Dad's fish. Let him handle it!"

Tommy yelled. "Bert, get out here and land your fish!"

Dad came out of the cabin, and I handed him the pole. Tommy started to tell him what to do. After Dad landed him, he stayed to attend his pole. He was a German Brown," 2 1/2 lb.. The 4 pounder I caught was a Rainbow.

One of the rules Tommy taught us was to hold your pole high. If you do this, the fish can bend the pole instead of break the line. Now he didn't care about the fish; all he wanted was the "sport" of catching it. When he fished alone, I'm sure he turned more loose than he kept, and he gave those away. This way he could fish as long as the lake was open.

Each night the four of us would go out to dinner. Tommy insisted we eat steak. It would cost him \$20.00 or more each evening--he wouldn't let me or Dad pay for any meals. This one night Dad said, "Me and Kathleen are going to have something instead of steak." "Daniel, will you eat steak with me?" he asked. Now Tommy was a regular guy, and I wouldn't hurt his feelings. So I ate steak every night and let him pay for it.

Dean had let me take his cold packer. He got this from the dairy in Cedar. It was well insulated and was made of canvas. There was plenty of snow to keep the fish cold. After we had fished for three days more, we had near 60 fish in the packer averaging 2-2 1/2 lbs.. "Tommy, we have more fish now than we dare to take home. Maybe we should go," I declared. "Stay a few days more, and I will give the fish away," he said.

One night we went up by "Convict Lake" about 10 miles further up in the "Sierras." At one time, a prison was located there. We had left early, and Tommy was showing us the sights. We stopped to get some gas. As we were about to go on (Tommy had been drinking quite a bit), Kathleen said, "Tommy, I'm not going any further unless you let Sheldon drive." (He had a new "Cadillac.") "Katie, I'm OK." "You let Sheldon drive," she replied. Tommy got out and got in the back, and I slid under the wheel.

This was the first and last time I had a chance to drive a "Cadillac." I want you to know, Tommy was a pretty level headed fellow, never took any liquor out on the boat, and as far as I know never took a drink before going out. However after he came in, it was different. I never saw him out of the way, and he respected the fact that Dad and I didn't drink.

As I drove on to the lodge where we had reservations, I heard Tommy whisper to Dad, "What would you do with a wife like that, Bert?" Dad didn't answer him.

Thursday night we went over to Lee Vining to a ranch for a steak

barbecue. I had told Dad we would take our pickup with us. We were all ready to go home and were to go Friday morning. After the party ended, we told Tommy and Kathleen goodbye. They had taken another couple with them; that is why we took my truck. "We think we should be on our way. I have to go to work Monday, and we would like to get home by Friday night."

The Thomases were disappointed. We thanked them for a wonderful time and for their hospitality. We drove to the campground west of Tonopah, some 60 miles, and stayed there. Drove home the next day.

A week after we got home, Dad and I received a two piece undergarment--insulated. To this day, I still have mine. Have worn it many times--only when out in the cold standing or sitting. It is excellent for sitting in a boat fishing on a cold day. Not too good to wear if you are working (too hot). We knew Bernie Muldoon had sent them.

This same summer, Theron Ashcroft asked me if I would take my pickup to Cable Mountain. "We can take our cars to within 2 miles," Theron declared. "We need a truck to go the rest of the way." "Who will be going?" I asked. "About 15 College personnel," Theron returned. "Could that many ride in your pickup?" "Yes, if they stood up." I had a four foot rack they could hold on to.

"We will take food and equipment to cook our dinner down there," Theron said. "Could you come up to Cedar and haul some of that down?" So it was arranged for the next Saturday.

I had heard about Cable Mountain. It was the place logs were let down into Zion Canyon from the east side. The logs were used by the early settlers to saw into lumber.

We went up through the Zion tunnel. Four or five miles further on, we left the highway on a dirt road to the north. The road gradually turned west, and we were soon at a point we could see the canyon. Here we started to go downhill. After a little while, we came to a flat with a hill on the west side. This hill hid the canyon from view. "This is as far as we can go with the cars!" Theron exclaimed.

We unloaded the dutch ovens and other cooking equipment. Mrs. Ashcroft and another woman were going to cook the meal. We gathered oak wood for the dutch ovens and another cooking device made out of a half 50 gallon barrel with legs on it. After gathering the wood, we made a huge pile. After it burned down, there would be enough coals to cook with.

Theron usually helped his wife do the cooking on these occasions, but he wanted to go with the party to explain about what took place where the logs were let down to the floor of Zion Canyon. Those who were to cook the meal had seen the place before.

I had some 15 people in the back of the pickup. Theron rode in the cab with me. The road went on an angle up to the top. When we got to the top of the hill, I stopped the truck. "What a view!" You could see most of Zion Park from here, all the way up Zion Canyon to the Crystal Gulch and the head of Deep Crick.

"Can you see that large brush-covered hill?" Theron asked. "That is the top of the Great White Throne." "It looks like you can walk out on it!" I shouted. "Can it be done?" "Believe it or not, that is isolated sheer ledges all the way around," Theron returned. "You will be able to tell that as we get nearer." He was now out of the pickup answering questions.

We were higher than the Great White Throne at this point, and it did look like you could walk out on it. If it could have been done, you'd better believe I would have done it. Wouldn't the view from the top of that have been "fantastic!"

"Can you see the frame that holds the pulley wheels?" Theron remarked. "There at the edge of the canyon rim." "Can we drive close to it?" I questioned. "Maybe 100 yards from it," Theron retorted.

As we neared the Great White Throne, you could see the sheer drop-off and the reason you couldn't walk out on it. From where we had to leave the truck, a trail was there the last of the way.

The frame was made out of 6 X 12 lumber fashioned to 12 X 12's. The structure was bolted together and anchored to metal posts, was some 12 X 12 square and about 8 feet high. Large iron wheels were bolted to the frame. A 1 inch cable was around the wheels. The top of the wheels were cup-shaped to hold the cable.

One cable could still be seen going down over the rim. It was over 500 feet to the floor of the canyon. It must have taken a huge wagon with several teams of horses to haul that 1 inch plus cable to the site. The cable would have to be well over five hundred feet long (main cable pulleys ran on).

Theron told us how they let the logs down. This was an engineering accomplishment hard to believe with the things they had to work with. There were Ponderosa Pine near here, also at Pine Valley, Utah or Parowan. However, both those places were over 100 miles from the Zion

area--5 days each way with teams and wagons. It is hard to describe it. You need to see it to get the impact of the project. "It took a lot of effort and much sacrifice to settle Dixie."

We had been gone two hours when we got back to where we were to eat. Mrs. Ashcroft had a banquet about ready.

If you ever get a chance to go to Cable Mountain, take it. But do it in the summertime. I turned down a chance to go to the "Hole in the Rock." Have been sorry ever since. We have been thinking about taking a boat trip up Lake Powell--on a tour in a big fast boat. I have a story to tell about 3 nights we stayed on Lake Powell.

(Later on in this journal)

When I first started to work at the College, the enrollment was 6 hundred, and they owned some 40 acres of ground in the city. I saw the student body grow from 6 to 25 hundred in the twenty--twenty-two plus years I was there. It was a 2 year junior college named BAC, "Branch Agricultural College." After some 12 years it was made into a 4 year college and was "independent" (It had been a branch of "Utah State University"), and was named CSU, "College of Southern Utah."

Director Braithwaite was named "President." I recall the day after it became a four year independent college, was walking up the sidewalk and saw the Director coming toward me. "How are you, Mr. Grant?" he said. "I am fine. How are you, `President?'" He took my hand and shook it. A big smile came on his face. He had not yet been named the president of the College. I think I was the first person to call him that.

Somewhere around 1974-75, the College was renamed SUSC, "Southern Utah State College." It was really on its way. There was now more than 65 acres of city-owned ground, a Valley Farm of about 400 acres, and a ranch up Cedar Canyon consisting of 2800 acres.

November 15, 1989 I received a letter from President Gerald Sherratt that they were considering a "name change of the college." They want the name "College" dropped for the name "University." "Can you imagine the stir that caused?" Now if any president could swing this, Gerald Sherratt could. Weber State was trying to get university status also. The president of Utah State University scoffed at the idea and said that the president of Utah University went along with him. At this time, the College is over 3600 full-time students; a campus of over 70 acres and still growing. I heard President Sherratt say recently that if we can't get this money to build the

College buildings, we will get the money from private enterprise--meaning people not the State Building Board.

I have some very good feelings about the College. After all, I gave some of the best years of my life there. It was the best decision I made in my life also. I now have a good retirement--enough to give us all we need for our welfare.

The university status was approved by the "Board of Regents," then the Utah State Senate. About this time, Dixie got into the act. A Robert Slack--"House of Representatives"--and a teacher at the College said it shouldn't be approved and named the reasons, one being it would cost the state more money to operate the two schools, etc. You could read between the lines that if Dixie College had been one of them considered, the tone would have been different. Now the president of Dixie came on strong also, saying that a four year college should never been given to Cedar in the first place, that it should have been in St. George.

Now Cedar and St. George have always been rivals. I know of lots of dirty pranks Dixie pulled at the college in Cedar while I was there, also some pranks pulled by Cedar on Dixie like pouring oil on the newly whitewashed "D" and burning "Dixie" on the south of the stadium in Cedar.

Yesterday's paper said, "Utah House approves SUSC name change" by a vote of

51-16. The measure or bill goes to the Governor for his signature. If he signs it (indications are he will), it will go into effect January 1, 1991.

There should be some red faces on those people who openly opposed this. "However, you might say by doing so they helped it along."

The Dixie College President also remarked that by the turn of the century, St. George will double to 70,000 population. This university status for the SUU, "Southern Utah University," will help Cedar grow too. Yes, and points in between Cedar and St. George will grow also. All of Southern Utah will grow. Look for more growth per capita in Southern Utah than in the north part of the state. "TOUCHE", Weber State and SUSC, TOUCHE'.

Summer of 1962, I took my pickup on another trip to Death Point. To name a few of those who went: Glen Wahlquist and wife Clara, Royden and Alice Braithwaite, Bessie Dover, Sheldon and Vada Grant, others. We put chairs in the back, and with the rack on the truck, people could hold on. However people stood up more than half of the time.

We would stop about every 4-5 miles so people could rest and observe

the scenery. When we came to the Five Finger area, we took pictures, and I pointed out a few things. The women were the most impressed. As I recall, there were some 12 people on this trip. "If we turn back now, we will have been paid for the trip," more than one remarked.

Soon we came to Roy Larsen's cabin. About a mile further we came to the end of the road. We stopped and rested here. "It is a 2 mile hike to Death Point!" I exclaimed. "How many want to go?" All wanted to go. "Let's put our lunch in the shade," I added. "I have a tarp to cover it. It is an hour's hike out and another back," I declared. "The view is worth the effort," Royden Braithwaite retorted. "Take some water with you."

Soon we were walking along the rim of the canyon on the east. I was bringing up the rear. President Braithwaite was in the lead. I knew Vada was afraid of heights and deep canyons. She was just ahead of me. The trail was some 10 feet from the canyon rim. "Why are you walking above the trail?!" I shouted. "Because I do not want to slide into that canyon!" she cried. About then, she slipped and fell down on her backside. I reached out and grabbed hold of her. "I'm going back to the pickup," she choked. "Why didn't you tell me this was that scary!?" "It is over 10 feet to the canyon rim!" I yelled. "I won't let you slide to there. Anyway, if you would walk in the trail, you wouldn't slip. You are getting farther away from the edge every step you take."

"I'm going back to the truck," she protested. "No you are not," I muttered. "You have come by the worst part. Anyway, this is a once in a lifetime trip, and I want you to see Death Point." "If it is any worse than this, I don't want to see it," she admitted. I took her by the hand. "I will walk on the side next to the canyon. You will not go into that canyon." She was shaking like a leaf. "Try to relax," I whispered. "You are jeopardizing yourself with your fear. Look ahead and not to the left." Soon she quit shaking and did relax some.

We had fallen behind the others and were now climbing up that hill. I got in front of her. "Take hold of my belt, and it will help you up this grade." We stopped to rest, could see the President and Alice had reached the top. When Vada and I reached the top, the others were going down the trail to "Death Point." "What do you think of the view?" I asked. "It is very beautiful," Vada admitted. "However I have seen enough."

"Can you see the Kolob Arch?" I asked. "No I can't," she said. "Can you tell which is Timber Top?" I added. "I would say the big one on the left." "Alright, look about 2/3 down from the top." "I see it!" Vada exclaimed.

"Someday soon I'm going to hike or ride a horse over there and walk under it," I returned. Little did we know then that it would soon be known as "the longest span" of any natural bridge in the world.

The slope was gentle, and we started down. I could see Vada was tensing up again. "I will not take you close to the Death Point sign," I declared. "However I would like you to see the view closer up."

By the time we got there, some of the others were walking along the rim. We were now closer to the arch--some 2 miles as the crow would fly. Vada walked to about 20 feet from the rim. You could see the canyon floor in places. I would say it was 4-5 hundred feet straight down.

Some people have a phobia for heights; I'm one that does. I recall when I was in the CCC camp in Zion Canyon. One day we were given the task of repairing a pipeline along the rim of a canyon on the west rim trail. Going up the trail, you come--after going back and forth in a zigzag manor--to a tap at the fork of the trail, one going up to the top of Angel's Landing, the other going on to the west rim.

The water comes from a spring farther up the trail and is piped to the tap. In some places there isn't enough dirt to cover the pipe; therefore it hangs on the side of the canyon. There was a leak in the pipe, and we were losing about half of the water. Our job was to repair this leak. In order to do so, someone had to be let down on a rope. There were three of us, as I recall. "Who is going to do this?!" I exclaimed. "Are you afraid to do it?" someone returned. "You bet I am!" I shouted. "Then it shouldn't be you." "When I look down into that deep canyon, something seems to be pulling me," I said.

We had a long rope. We found a tree strong enough to hold a man, put the end of the rope around that. The other end was tied around the waist of one of the guys. "Now as I slide down, you give me some slack," the fellow declared. He went head first down that slope of solid rock, and he was hanging over the rim. "I wouldn't do that for all the tea in China!" I yelled. The fellow seemed to have no fear. If he did, he disguised it well.

Fear of heights, or fear of anything, dulls your senses and reflexes; therefore you put yourself in "jeopardy." This is what was happening to Vada.

From where we stood, you could look out on the top of Timber Top. At that time, no one had ever been on top of it. However, a few years ago, two fellows climbed up there, not from the front side but the back. "Why did they risk their life? Why did they climb it? Because it was there."

"This has to some of the most beautiful area in the world," Alice Braithwaite said as we came up to them. "Thanks for bringing us," Bessie added. "I have never seen anything to equal this." "I flew over this area in a small plane once," I admitted. That view was "fantastic." (Another story later)

I sat down with Vada on a big rock. No shade here, some small live oak, manzanita, and other brush. Soon most of the other company were with us. "Look at the vegetation around here, then look at the top of Old Timber Top," I volunteered. "Say, it looks the same!" Glen Wahlquist shouted. "If you were up there, it would look like this!" "Exactly," I said. "I have no desire to be over on that!" Vada exclaimed. "I will be happy just to get back to the truck."

"Is everyone ready to start back?" I asked. "We made that two miles in less than an hour." I took Vada's hand and helped her by that bad place. She was shaking bad again. When we got to the car, she was give out. Everyone had lunch. We ate and rested for about one hour.

(I found my stock of colored slides, should have some good pictures of both those trips. Come to think of it, I believe Tom Leek was on this trip. He was an Art Instructor at the College. "Anyway, the slides will tell.")

The ride back to Cedar was uneventful; however we stopped several times. The people in the back needed to get out and stretch. Everyone thanked me for taking them up there.

About the summer of 1960, Director Braithwaite, Leon Frehner, Reid Cox, and myself were standing on the hill west of the old Library Building. We had made a tour of the grounds. I have mentioned Mr. Frehner in my journal before. He was down here at the request of Director Braithwaite--you guessed it--to make more work for the Grounds personnel.

I had gone to the Cedar City airport to pick up Mr. Frehner. He had flown down in his private plane. "Do you ever take passengers up in your plane?" I asked. "As a matter of fact, I do," he returned. "Would you like to go up?" "How many can you take?" I answered. "It is a four place plane," Mr. Frehner said. "I can take three besides myself."

"Would you like to go, Reid?" I responded. "Sure would." "How about you, Director?" "I have other appointments or I sure would," he said. "However I would like my son Robert to go." "I have to fly back later on today," Mr. Frehner declared. "I could give you an hour's ride." So it was arranged. Director Braithwaite took Leon in his car to pick up Robert. This

was a Saturday, and Robert would be out of school. He would be about 10 years old at the time. (At this writing, he is an Iron County Judge.)

After getting Robert, Director Braithwaite came to the Plant Operations office to get Reid and I. "Take the car, Reid!" Director exclaimed. "I will not need it until you get back."

While we were riding to the airport, I said to Robert, "Have you ever been in a plane before?" "No, I haven't," he returned. "What do you think about the idea of going up?" I asked. "Alright, I guess," Robert muttered with a grin on his face.

It was a nice clear, warm day. After checking the plane over, we were soon on our way. Soon we were heading west. "I would like to fly over the Iron Mines!" Leon exclaimed. "Let's start from there." Reid had brought his camera along so I suggested he sit in front with Mr. Frehner. "Robert and I will sit in the back."

"Fasten your seat belts and keep them fastened until we land," Leon said. We flew right over Iron Mountain, could see the "Blowout Pit," also the "Comstock," the "Iron Springs Pit," and the Desert Mound Pit. This was all open pit mining for "iron ore."

"I would like to turn south and fly over New Harmony," I suggested. As we turned south, we could see the Page Ranch, also the "Grant, Goddard" Ranch. The Harmony valley looked big, but the town looked small. The bench east of town looked like a huge map with squares of green, brown, black, gold.

"Could we fly over the Kolob Fingers?" Reid retorted. We crossed the valley and were soon there. "What a view!" We circled around there, flew all around and over the top. "When did you gas up last?" I asked. "When I left Salt Lake," Leon answered. "Do we have enough to get back to Cedar?!" I yelled. "Hope so," Leon whispered.

I had enjoyed the trip up until now. Leon kept flying around, and Reid was snapping pictures. "You can start back anytime," I admitted. "We have almost 1/4 tank," Leon replied. "We haven't as yet burned half of what we had."

I looked over at Robert. He had a concerned look on his face. I just leaned back in the seat. Soon Leon headed north. You could see ponds where livestockmen watered their herds. Soon we were flying over Shirts Canyon, were starting to lose altitude.

"Relax, Sheldon," Leon laughed. "If the motor quits, we can glide in from here." Maybe he knew his plane, and the reason he didn't gas up before

we left was he didn't want the extra weight. Anyway, I for one was sure glad when the wheels touched the ground.

Late fall of 1961, the Athletic Department wanted us to plant a 2 acre plot of grass west of the Trades and Industry Building to play touch football and as a training field for football. "That area has irrigated pasture mix planted with some alfalfa. It would need to be plowed," I said. "How long would it take to get it ready?" Bruce Osborne asked. "If we plowed it now and kept the weeds off, next spring," I said, "and you couldn't use it before fall."

"A sprinkler system would need to be installed. This could be done, say, early spring, last of March or early April," I declared. "Then we are looking at October 1 before we can use it," Bruce muttered. "A year from now," I returned, "at the earliest."

I talked with Reid Cox about it. "If we dug the trenches for the pipe, could Doug Jackson install the sprinkling system?" I asked. "The Athletic Department would have to request it," Reid replied. "We do not have money in our budget." I told Bruce Osborne, who was the Athletic Director, that it would have to be requested. "We will furnish the labor, however we don't have the funds for material!" I exclaimed. "Start getting the ground ready," Bruce responded. "We will have the money by the time you need it."

We had a plow attachment for the Cub tractor and started to plow the field. After we had it plowed about a month, the weeds and grass started to grow. We plowed the area again. After the second plowing, we had a heavy drag--we went over the field with that.

Early spring of 1962, we borrowed a spring tooth harrow from the Valley Farm and went over the area with that. After we had done this, we used the drag again and went over the area, first north and south, then east and west. The funds became available, and this was the first automatic system--sprinkling--installed on the College campus.

By the first of May, the ground was ready for seeding. We used an "Athletic Mix" consisting of Perennial rye, Kentucky blue, and some other tough grasses. We had the grass planted for about a week when we got a hard beating rain. Water was running down through the newly planted seed. "We will have to replant that," Verl complained. "It looks like it," I returned. The next morning we took a look at it. There were piles of grass seed on the north of the field. We took some square point shovels and

buckets and gathered what we could and scattered it over the field. We had some 40-50 more pounds of seed left from the previous planting. We took this and scattered it over all the field. Then we got a couple of hand rakes and raked the whole area to cover the seed some. The next morning, you could see a green cast over all the field. "I would say that was fast growing seed." (Of course, we knew it was the first seed we planted.)

At this time, we had purchased a "Cub Cadet" tractor with a 4 foot rotary mower attachment. We had a Gravely mower with a 3 foot rotary mower. These two mowers mowed all the campus, which consisted of some 8-10 acres of grass. It would take two men 1-2 days to mow it--twice a week. We had three good students helping us on the grounds. They did most of the mowing and weeding; Verl and I did most of the irrigation and would help on the mowing, weeding, other work when we had time.

Calvin Durffy was still working at the College and going to school. One day he and I were talking. "How are you enjoying your work here?" I asked. "I like it very much," he returned. (This was the fall of 1962.) "This is my last year here," he said. "I should graduate June of 63." "How would you like a full-time permanent job?" I declared. "Do you mean that?!" Calvin shouted. "We will be hiring a full time groundsman July 1, 1963," I whispered. "Do you want to apply for the position?" "That sounds great," Calvin responded. "My wife likes her job here in Cedar, and they have offered her longtime employment."

"Talk it over with her. You do not need to give me your answer now. However, I would need to know by early next year--say, January or February." "I will do that," Calvin replied. You could tell he was interested. He would make a jewel of a groundsman and had over two years experience. Could do any part of the irrigation, and that was the biggest job on campus and the most important. (More on this later.)

Early spring of 1963, I had vacation time coming, and we decided to take Dad and Mom to Woodland to see Ina and Glen O'Brien and on to San Francisco and to West Hollywood to see Mom's sister Ann McCune and her husband Roy. We left on a Friday evening and were going to drive straight through to Woodland. Stopped in Las Vegas to rest and gas up. The 1954 Buick was getting a lot of miles on it--about 90,000--was still a good road car. Was in good shape for a car that old.

When we got to "Barstow," it was 12:30 California time. We found an all-night cafe and stopped to eat. Everybody had been sleeping since we left

Las Vegas. When we got out on the desert west of Barstow--we took the highway from there to Mohave-- I asked Dad if he wanted to drive. "I guess I could for a little while," he said. "At least so you could get a little sleep." There was very little traffic on this road at 2 a.m.. As we were changing drivers, a train came by. "Now don't try to pass that train," I declared. I got in the back seat with Mom. "I hope Dad doesn't fall asleep and run off the road," I thought to myself.

I looked to see how fast he was driving. "35 miles an hour." The country was mostly flat. "If he does run off the road, he will not hurt anything." I leaned back and soon fell asleep. I must have slept for more than an hour. "When I woke up, Dad was passing that train"--however it was stopped.

Dad drove until we came to the freeway coming from L.A.. He pulled over and stopped. "You can take the wheel now!" he exclaimed. "The freeway is easier to drive on than where you have driven," I returned. "I do not like the traffic," Dad complained.

When we reached Bakersfield, we stopped, gassed up the car, and ate a late breakfast. We had a 4 hour drive on to Woodland, and I drove all the rest of the way. It was 1 p.m. when we arrived. Had been on the road for some 14 hours and driven 650 miles. "I drove all but 70 miles."

While the rest visited with Ina (Glen was at work), I took a nap on the davenport. Later on, we went and visited with Rod and Ruby--brother and sister in law. We stayed with Glen and Ina for 2 nights.

Dad was wanting to go on to San Francisco--he had never been there--so we headed for there. We hadn't told John and Bernie that we were coming, although John had invited us to come down. It was green and beautiful. Green grass all over the hills. The grain in the "Sacramento Valley" was headed out. It was about the middle of February, as I recall. "What do you think of the countryside?" I asked Dad. "I have never seen so much green this time of the year before!" Dad shouted. "Sure beautiful cattle country." Herds were grazing on the hillsides.

It was flat country around Woodland and thousands of acres of crops. They raised lots of tomatoes there; however, it was a little early to plant them. Almond and walnut trees were everywhere close to town. Also there were acres and acres of grapes. The almond and walnuts were planted as you would plant an orchard--in plots up to 20 acres.

It has been said that California could raise enough food to feed half of the nation--USA. I believe it. Have driven over some 2/3 of it, all but the

north 1/3. Health permitting, we expect to see some of that. Sure would like to drive through the "Giant Redwoods."

When we reached the "Oakland Bay Bridge," Dad and Mom were real excited. They were looking at it for the first time. I was in the right hand lane. "I will drive as slow as the traffic will permit," I remarked, "so you can get a good look." When we stopped at the "toll gates," I had my change ready. "Look up to the north end of the bay," I suggested. "Can you see Alcatraz Island?" "I can see an island," Mom returned. "Can you see it, Bert?"

I stayed in the right lane until we came to the "Market Street" exit. Here the traffic wasn't that great; at least it was slower. As we turned west up Market, Vada and I were pointing out interesting places: "Knob Hill," China Town, etc. where you went to ride the famed "cable cars."

I had no trouble finding John Murr's place. When we reached there, Peggy was the only one at home. "John is at work." She called him. "I'll be right home." Peggy had met Dad and Mom in New Harmony one time, and Dad knew her before she married John.

When John came, we went out to lunch. "You are going to stay a while, aren't you?" John asked. "Overnight, at least," Dad added.

After lunch, John and Peggy drove us to their new home in "Hillsborough," some ten miles south. "The home isn't quite finished," Peggy declared. "Hopefully, we can move in within 2 weeks." We were driving along the ocean, however some 100 feet above it. Soon we turned to the left. We had passed some beautiful homes. "Our house is off to the left," John said. "We have come in a roundabout way to it. That is the one, on the hillside," John declared. "Wow." We were looking at an "L" shaped house with a swimming pool out in front. "How many acres on this homestead?" I muttered. There wasn't a house within sight. "Two acres," John said proudly. He didn't say what he paid for the ground; however, whatever he paid, it was like "money in the bank."

We drove up a slight hill and stopped in front of a 3 car garage on the south end of the house. Lars Eck wasn't there (he was building the house), but some three workers were doing some finishing touches on the "pool." However, there was water in it. "There is a little work to do on the inside of the garage," John exclaimed, "and some on the landscape. We do not want to move in until all that is completed."

We went through the garage to a utility room. Here was a half bath--everything but a tub or shower. Next, the kitchen and dining room, then a

huge living room. Going north down a hallway were four bedrooms with a bath for each one. The front entrance faced east, with a large window on each side of a huge door--mostly glass. You could see the pool from here. The master bedroom was the last one on the right before the home turned east.

Here was a large family room with an outside entrance that let you out to the pool area. You could get to the pool from the master bedroom also. Three entrances to the pool area besides the one from the kitchen. "Did I say uptown?" You better believe it.

Peggy was having a good time showing Mom through, and you could see by the look on Mom's face, it was hard for her to comprehend--she had raised her family in a three room house. Before we went outside, and while Dad and I were still in the north side of the house, "We could move in here, and they wouldn't even know we were here," Dad whispered in a laughing voice. "I think you are right," I replied.

Later when John came to hunt, I asked him if he was living in the new home. "I had a chance to sell it!" John exclaimed. "It cost me \$90,000 to build it. I was offered \$110,000 before I moved in." "Why didn't you sell it and build another one?" I asked. John just laughed. At this writing, that same home would cost over \$500,000.

Later that day, Uncle Bernie came over to John's and Peggy's. The seven of us went to "Alliattos" at "Fisherman's Wharf" for dinner. That was quite a fancy place. I'm not sure what it cost John. He signed the check but left a \$20.00 bill on the plate for a tip. If you figure 10-15% of the cost of the meal for a tip, the bill he signed would be 200-300 dollars.

I would much rather take them hunting deer in Utah than to "Alliattos" for dinner. However, we were glad he took us there. We thanked him. All he said was, "Vada, I knew you would come back to San Francisco. I'm glad you brought Sheldon, Bert, and Clara with you."

I have heard other people say they knew of places in California where men waiters worked for "tips" only, and there was a waiting list to get into one of those "high class restaurants." Now I can see why!

That night Mom and Vada slept upstairs. Dad and I were put down on the lower floor in a hide-a-bed. There were three folding wide doors on the north wall. After we were ready for bed, Dad said, "I wonder what is behind those doors." "Probably a bar," I retorted. "I think I will take a look," Dad muttered. He took a hold of one of the doors, and they came forward--were on rollers. They swung around revealing a "bar," as the wall swung out into

the room. "Well, would you look at that!" Dad hooted. There were hundreds of bottles of liquor. "All that booze, and I have quit drinking," Dad complained.

The next day John took us on a tour: Golden Gate Park; Knob Hill; China Town; across the Golden Gate Bridge; Fisherman's Wharf, where we looked through telescopes at Alcatraz Island. "There have been several prisoners drown in the bay trying to swim to shore. Even if they were good swimmers, the current pulls them under," John told us. "No one has ever escaped from there." We spent some two hours at Golden Gate Park. Mom sure liked that place--especially the Japanese Tea Garden. We had lunch there.

That evening Bernie came over. He worked for a Chevrolet car dealer and lived in Daly City--south San Francisco--but worked in the heart of the city. John had taken us by there, but Uncle Bernie was out delivering a car that day. That evening we went out to dinner again but not to a fancy place--we insisted on it.

The next day, we left for Southern California on 101 highway, some 380 miles away. It was late afternoon when we arrived in West Hollywood. That is where Aunt Ann and Uncle Roy lived. The next day we all went to Santa Monica, then south along the coast to "Marineland of the Pacific." What a pretty place that was. We spent some 4 hours there.

This was the first time any of us Utahans had seen the big fish perform--the seals, dolphins, killer whale. It is hard to explain how well trained those mammals are. You have to see them. The dolphins would jump out of the water some 15 feet and through a hoop--singly--and over a wire 3 at a time. The big whale would jump completely out of the water and then land on its side, splashing water into the first three rows of seats.

We could see the ocean from this park. After the water and mammal show, we went to a fast food place and got some lunch, picked out a spot where we could see the ocean, also the other activities. Rested and ate.

"Bert, is there any ground for sale in New Harmony?" Uncle Roy asked. "I'm going to retire soon, and we thought some of living up there." "I'm sure you could find a place," Dad retorted. "How about part of your place?" Uncle returned. "We would have to think about that," Dad responded. "However, we will help you find a place." "Let me know what you decide on," Uncle Roy concluded.

Uncle Roy would be about 60 years old at this time; Aunt Ann would be around 65. They never did come to New Harmony. I knew the reasons, but

enough has been said.

The next day we came home.

When I got back to work, Verl told me, "Calvin Durfey wants to see you and to let you know as soon as you get back." When Calvin came to work, we had a chat. "I want to stay here and work on the grounds," Calvin whispered. "My wife thinks we should at least try teaching. She has had to sacrifice a lot and work hard to get me through." "We will be the losers," I said. "However, there is a fine opportunity for a person like yourself here at the College. You would be getting in on the ground floor."

I didn't mention it at the time; had he stayed, however, he would be Superintendent of the Grounds by 1980. There is no doubt about that--last to first in seventeen years. "Not bad." On the other side of the coin, Calvin "would leave his mark" wherever he went.

I now had to start looking for someone else. "Wilmer Anderson" had been on my mind, and I contacted him. "How would you like to work with Verl Kelsey and me on the College Grounds?" I asked when he answered the phone. "Are you serious?!" he exclaimed. "Yes, I am and would like you to come by April 1," I said. "Think it over, and give me your answer in a week. Talk with Virginia and your children. The pay would be less than what you are getting at the mine." He was a drill operator. "However, the benefits here are better than at the mine. In the long run, you wouldn't lose anything."

In some three days, he called me. "Virginia and I have neither one slept for three nights." "Does that mean you have decided to come to work?" I asked hopefully. "We have made up our minds. We would be foolish to turn it down," Wilmer answered. "I would need to give the mine 2 weeks notice. I could come anytime after that." "Don't give them your notice yet," I said. "Plan to come April 1." "I'll be there," Wilmer replied. (April 1, 1963)

The grounds had grown so much that with 3 full-time men and 6 students, we would still be understaffed. I was all ready to request the fourth full-time person.

The College was using the Cedar City baseball field east of town. Cleo Petty was the coach. He asked the Grounds Department if they would help replace the dirt in the infield. "Where will you get the dirt?" I asked. "I have found a place up by Thunderbird Gardens that should be good. Mixture of clay and sand," Cleo returned. "Cleo, this will be a big job, and we will do

it only once," I responded. "So you better be sure it is what you really want."

Now I knew that Cleo had been to "Dodger Stadium" in Los Angeles, was always talking about what a nice play field was there. "What do they use on their infield?" I questioned. "Brick dust," Cleo answered. "Well, we neither have the money nor the manpower to have anything like that," I muttered.

"We will have to do it before our heavy work starts." The city helped to remove the dirt, and the Grounds Department was going to replace it. We had a dump truck and a loader on our small tractor.

We spent a week doing this, the material a sandy loam. After putting some 25-30 truckloads on the infield, we put a heavy drag back of the tractor and smoothed the ground. We also replaced some of the sod around home plate and near the baselines. "Cleo, this is as much as we can do. We will leave the tractor here, and you will have to drag the infield yourself. Just remember, this isn't Dodger Stadium."

After a few days, I went back to look at the field. There was a swale by first base and one by third base. "What caused those?" I asked Cleo. "The drag, as we made the turns," Cleo returned. "Didn't you go up through the middle first, like I told you?" "No, we just went around the outside and ended up in the middle."

I had a square point shovel in the pickup and filled in the low spots. "Now Cleo, I'm going to show you one more time!" I exclaimed. I went up through the middle, turned to the right, next to the grass. When I got to the other end, I went to the left of where I had started. By the time I reached the middle on the right side, the left side was done. "Quick, smooth, and easy." "When I come back, I do not want to see any more holes in the middle of that infield," I whispered. "Now you try it." He did it the same way as I did, and no more piles of dirt or holes, either.

In about a week, he came to see me. "That material is scuffing our balls," he protested. "What can you do to remedy that?" he declared. "We can't screen it," I said. "We do not have the time." "It is also too loose," Cleo said. "Well, you picked out the material," I explained. "You will have to live with it." "We are getting some bad bounces with the balls," Cleo complained. "One player got hit in the face." "Those are some of the chances you take every time you play," I returned. "As I have said before, this is no Dodger Stadium."

What did we do? We ended up by raking the area and removing the

bigger pebbles, also covering the area with some clay loam. For about a month, we had no more trouble with Cleo; however he had holes on both ends of the infield. He had gone back to his own way of dragging it, but he never asked us to do it.

The P.E.--Physical Education--Building was about finished. It was built where the Farm Home and Dairy were located. The Athletic Department wanted us to put that area into grass. We had plowed it the fall before, and a sprinkling system was being put in it--contracted out.

This was an automatic sprinkling system. I had seen the plans for it. They were drawn up by Leon Frehner. I had some misgivings about whether the heads would cover or not. We had installed some quick coupler heads on the upper campus and put the one inch heads 62 feet apart.

"Leon, will these heads cover the area?" I asked. "If they are put in according to the blueprints, they will," Leon replied. There was no one to inspect the job and see that the heads were placed with the right spacing. I had told Leon that the heads were all wrong. Nothing was done about it. I had walked over the area; some of the heads were 120 feet apart, the closest 70 feet. I knew it wouldn't work and had decided to plant the grass-- I couldn't do anything about it. Where the dry spots were, there would be no grass.

Now this was strictly against my principles to have an area with a haphazard watering system. I mentioned to the contractor that the heads wouldn't cover the ground. "We are putting them in according to the blueprints," was the answer I received. As I couldn't do anything to change it, I let the matter drop.

The area was about 7 acres, went from the P.E. Building to Center Street and east to the Trades and Industry Building. It was the last of May when the sprinkling system was completed. "Will the area be so we can use it by October 1?" Cleo asked. "Only if we get some help on it," I replied. "We can only work when we have nothing else to do." "I will get some help on Saturdays," Cleo promised. "I cannot ask any of the Ground personnel to work on their day off; however, if you will get some help, I will be here," I said.

This one Saturday I came to work on the field. We were getting it pretty well along. Cleo was the only other person to show up. "If you want this field ready by fall, you will have to get more help. All of those old alfalfa

roots will need to be removed!" I exclaimed. "No way will we let you play on it until the grass is at least six months old." "I will have more help here before the day is over," Cleo said.

Well, none came. When Cleo came back for the afternoon, he was alone. "I couldn't get any more help," he said, "and I need to go to St. George. Could you get along without me? I will get back as soon as I can. Shouldn't be too long."

Well, I finished the day out, and Cleo never showed up. I had some bad feelings for the Athletic Department about then. However, I stayed late and raked the complete 7 acres. We had a 4 foot "Yorke" rake we pulled behind the Cub Cadet tractor. We would now have to bring in the pickup to haul the alfalfa roots off.

The next week I mentioned it to the full-time groundsman. "Cleo was the only one that showed up, and he begged off for the afternoon. Said he had some urgent business in St. George." One of our student help said, "I know what that business was. He along with others went down there to play golf." "Can you top that?" Here I was breaking my back to get them a place to play, and they were golfing. "It takes all kinds," I thought to myself.

We forgot about the Athletic Department, and none came to help. We hauled off all the roots, reraked the field. The Yorke rake had a blade you could let down to smooth the ground. We went over the area--both ways--then raised the blade up and raked it again, planted the seed and reraked it to cover it. In a week, the seed was up. However there were some big spots that didn't come up. When the grass got to where you could walk on it, we used hoses and sprinklers to bring the seed up.

Later on (a year), we finally had to remodel that expensive sprinkling system with some 6-8 hundred feet of pipe and a dozen more heads. Were able to water the field without dragging hoses over it.

I would like to say here, we had to remodel every system that was contracted out. The only systems that you could truthfully say covered the area perfectly were the ones we installed ourselves. The principle was simple. Never space the heads more than 62 feet for a 1 inch sprinkler, 45 feet for a 3/4 inch sprinkler. Be sure every head would thoroughly reach to the next head, up and down rows and crossways. The sprinkling plans looked good on paper but never worked on the ground. Oh yes! Oh yes! Enough has been said.

I was sure glad when Wilmer Anderson came to work at the College. He was raised in Toquerville, Utah--named after Chief Toquer (Indian chief), one of many in the settling of Utah and the south end of the state.

Just a little bit on that subject. The Indians were not friendly when Utah was settled. Forts were built to protect the pioneers from Indian attacks. New Harmony was one place where forts were, first at Harmony on Ash Creek close to the dam that is there. "First settlement south of the Great Basin." Later a fort was built north and west of there called Fort Harmony--built about 1854. John D. Lee was the leader President Young sent to settle these areas.

There were other settlers that came and built a fort on the Santa Clara Creek. Jacob Hamblin was the leader of this group. I just want to mention this to bring out a point. This was the year 1855. This group went in by the way of "Mountain Meadows." Mountain Meadows is well known for the "massacre" that took place there September of 1857.

I first heard about it as a young man. I used to work with Grandfather "Edmund C. Grant." Was in a crowd one day, and someone was "lambasting" John D. Lee for his part in that massacre. Granddad said, "I do not believe what they say about John D. Lee. I knew him personally, and a finer man never lived. I worked with him--freighting. You get to know a person if you eat and sleep with him over a period of time."

At this time (1857), Jacob Hamblin had been appointed leader of the Indian Mission--President. He liked the "Mountain Meadows" so much that he decided to build a home there. He had moved his wife Rachel there and with 2 stone masons was building a home on the north end of the valley.

There was unrest among the Indians at this time due to the wagon trains coming through. Some of them would rob from the Indians, etc.. Jacob Hamblin was thinking of taking another wife, a "Prissilla Leavitt," who was a housekeeper at times. He had finally convinced Rachel that he could do this. There was one problem. He had to travel to Salt Lake City to marry her in the "Endowment House."

A friend, Thales Haskell, was also planning to marry--first time (Prissilla was to be Jacob's third wife). The two wanted to go together. "The Indians wanted to talk with the GREAT WHITE FATHER." It was decided to take some of the Indian Chiefs with them for a confab with "Brigham Young." Jacob left Rachel with several young kids to travel to Salt Lake to marry his third wife--they were living in tents while the home was being built.

John D. Lee was over the Indian Farm in the vicinity of where New

Harmony is now. He was teaching them how to farm. When the Indians pinned down the "Fancher Party" at the Meadows, John D. Lee was summoned to go there and see if he could stop them.

I had always heard that the Indians, along with a few renegade whites, did the massacre. I have read everything I could get a hold of about the tragedy. I wanted to know for myself if what Granddad said was true about John D. Lee. Now as I see it, if Jacob Hamblin and the Indian chiefs had been there, only a few Indians and a few whites of the Fancher Party would have been killed. John D. Lee couldn't stop it, but with Jacob and the chiefs there too, it could have been done. Jacob Hamblin lived to "regret" he was not where he should have been at the time of the "massacre."

In the bookshelf in the front hall is a book written by Juanita Brooks, The Mountain Meadows Massacre. I have read it, also Jacob Hamblin, Buckskin Apostle. Everyone should read Juanita's book--she spent years and years searching out and documenting her book--and make up their own minds on what happened there.

"Could we say that it was part of how the west was won?"

Wilmer Anderson was a great addition to the Grounds Department. He knew how to work and wasn't afraid to work. I assigned most of the irrigation to Wilmer and Verl. The boys would cut the grass, and I would help them. Also I would help with the watering. "We all did the weeding." However, I put the boys doing most of that.

I felt at this time that the work on the grounds was progressing real well. We needed a larger mower. We now had some 15 acres of grass. The two small mowers we had were not enough, since we added 7 more acres.

They had promised to buy a 7 1/2 foot 3 gang reel-type mower by the time the big playing field was ready to cut. "Boyd Martin Co." out of Salt Lake had the mower we wanted, a "National," that would cut up to 15 acres a day. We ordered one to be delivered after July 1.

The two mowers could cut 10 acres a day with two men; the bigger mower would cut 15 acres using 1 man. This other man could do something else with his time. Manpower never could take the place of machinery.

After the grass was cut on Monday, the irrigation started that afternoon. By Tuesday night, all the watering was completed. Wednesday was a catch-up day before we started over again on Thursday.

November 20, 1963 Reid Cox, Doug Jackson, Antone Lambert, and I went to "Arizona State University" at Tempe, Arizona to a "Physical Plant Director's Workshop." We took a four door sedan from the motor pool. We were to take in a "Government" car and truck auction to be held while we were there. The auction was to be held in "Phoenix," however there were vehicles at several places. We went by way of Las Vegas, Parker, so we could check on those. After stopping at two places, we decided that there weren't any of those we could purchase. We were looking for trucks and pickups to be used in the Plant Operations. Tony Lambert was Chief of Security and was looking for a good car. The one issued to him needed to be replaced.

We found out that this was open to the public and dealers. The Buick had more than 100,000 miles on it, so I started to look at the possibility of buying a good "cheap" car for us. Not knowing that individuals could buy, I hadn't talked it over with Vada. "Believe it or not," I never bought many cars without her approval--maybe two in all.

When we checked those at Phoenix, there were some good ones. I never was sold on Chrysler cars; however, they had three 1959 Plymouth sedans with from 35,000 to 45,000 miles on them. I asked Reid if he was going to bid on any of those. "I am not interested in a car," Reid returned. "Are you other guys going to bid on any of those?" I asked. "I don't see any here that I would want for a security car," Tony replied. "I'm going to bid on that 1951 Chevrolet pickup," Doug said.

The pickup in question was a good, clean vehicle. You couldn't find one that old in as good condition anywhere. As I checked the 3 Plymouths out, one was especially clean and had 35,000 miles on it. "How much should I bid on that one?" I asked Tony. "Three hundred twenty-five dollars," was his answer. "Do you really think I could get it for that!?" I exclaimed. "If it went for more, there are still two others left." "There are only two of them I would be interested in," I answered.

A lot of people were there for this auction. We had left early that morning. It was on the day before we were to go to the workshop. We had reservations at a motel close by the University. The auction was to begin at 1:30 p.m., and we didn't have all that much time to look around. I had made up my mind if I could get one of those 2 cars for \$350.00, I would buy one.

It was to be by sealed bid, and people could send a bid in. I had no idea

I could get one. As the vehicles came up to bid on one at a time, "We are now taking bids on the 1951 Chevrolet pickup. Write your name and bid on a slip of paper, and hand it in. Bids will be closed on it in one minute. We will open all bids then."

Doug Jackson bid on it. Well, it sold for \$125.00--a steal. "How much did you bid?" I asked Doug. "One hundred dollars," he muttered. I was thinking \$200.00 and would have bid on it if the cars had been first. Needless to say, Doug was real disappointed.

As the cars started to come up for bid, the dealers started to bid. I recall this one dealer bought (bid on) some ten cars. Every one of his winning bids had 99 cents on the end (such as \$164.99, etc.).

When I bid on the first Plymouth, my bid was \$325.00. It went for \$331.00--a steal. When the second best car came up for bid, I bid \$349.99. "Why did you bid that way?" Reid asked. "Someone could beat your bid for 1 penny." "For percentages, I suppose," I returned. "Did you notice that one dealer got 10 or more cars leaving that one penny off?"

I handed in the bid and crossed my fingers. "Sure wanted that car bad." The announcer's voice came over the loud speaker, "Car #--so and so--sold to Sheldon Grant for \$349.99." I about fell over--had no idea I would get that car. "Good for you!" Tony shouted, shaking my hand.

I went over to the office to check on what I had to do about getting the car. "You take it as is," I was told. "After you pay for it, it's your responsibility, and you have a week to remove it from the lot." I wrote him a check for \$349.99. "There is no tax on the car here," the clerk said. "I will give you the papers on it. You will have everything you need to get it licensed and a title for it. There may be taxes at that time."

"Tony, would you go with me to check out the car," I said. I had the keys and all the ownership papers. We unlocked the car and raised the hood. There was a battery in it, and the oil was full. The water in the radiator was also full. The tires were all up. A spare was in the trunk, along with a tire iron and a jack.

"Start it up," Tony whispered. "Sure hope the motor is as good as the rest of the car looks," I muttered. Everything looked OK. I put the key in the lock and turned it on. The gas gauge went up to 1/4 full. Hit the starter, pumped the foot feed twice, and the motor started. Let it idle and got out of the car, letting out a sigh of relief. After the car had warmed up some, I got back in and raced the motor some. It was as smooth as a new sewing machine.

"What do you think about it?" I asked Tony. "You have a very good car here," Tony replied. "I'm sure happy for you." Before we left the lot, a young couple came by. "We sure would have been happy if we had won it," the man said. "What did you bid?" I said. "Three hundred thirty-six dollars," he muttered. Now I felt bad for them--but not enough to let them have it.

"I'm going to get this car washed, the oil changed, lubed, and all gear boxes checked!" I exclaimed. "You would be welcome to come with me," I said to Tony. "I will go to the motel with Reid and Doug," Tony replied. "Tell Reid I will see them at the motel as soon as I can," I concluded.

I found a service station close by and soon had the car ready for the trip home. "Could you tell me where I could get a trip permit," I asked the attendant, "to drive this vehicle to Utah?" "You will need to drive over to Phoenix," he replied and gave me instructions on how to get there. It cost me \$3.00 for a five day permit.

When I arrived at the motel, I asked the clerk at the desk which room we were staying in. As I walked down the hall, I came face to face with the Director of Plant Operations from "Montana State University." "How are you, Grant?!" he exclaimed, shaking my hand. "I'm fine," I said. "How are you, Mr. Whalen?" "Would you care for a drink?" he asked. "Come in and meet some of the group that came with me." I said, "I will come in and say hello," trying to think of a way to not take a drink without offending anyone.

There were two other men I hadn't met before and their three wives--all of them had drinks in their hands. "I am happy to meet each of you," I said. "However, I need to check and see if I have a bed to sleep in tonight. Reid Cox is here in the motel, along with our plumber and security officer. I haven't seen them since they checked in some 3 hours ago," I concluded and left.

I found out we had two rooms with two beds in each room. I was to stay with Reid, Tony and Doug in the other. "How is the car running?" Tony asked. "Good so far," I returned. "I think it will be a good one." "I saw the Montana group," I said. "They are staying here in the motel, down to the end of the hall. Mr. Whalen is the only one of the three I know, and they have their wives with them."

We went to a cafe across the street and had dinner. After dinner we walked up to the University campus. We found out that there was visitor's parking. However, we walked up there most of the time; it was only 1/4 mile

to the Student Center from the motel.

We checked in at 9 a.m. the next morning, and the workshop started at ten. Found out that we were to get lunch and dinner served to us--however it was cafeteria style. It went with the registration fee. As the starting time of the workshop was 9:30 each day, we would go up to the Student Center cafeteria to eat breakfast. The food was good and very reasonable.

The first session was an orientation. We soon found out that smoking was allowed during these sessions, even though we had a break period--10 minutes--each 1 1/2 hours. Man, was the smoke thick in those rooms. There were some 100 people to these meetings, and 2/3 of them smoked. Sure was good to go out and get some fresh air during breaks.

"Arizona State" had an enrollment of over 20,000. We were informed that they had a building program where they were to spend 4 million a year for the next ten years. By the time the 10 years were up, the student body would be 30,000. As I recall, about 2/3 of the students were housed on the campus in high-rise dormitories. On the first floor was a cafeteria--in each of them--where the students could eat. Board and room was included in the tuition for those living on campus.

One afternoon we toured the campus, went to where a new stadium was being built, through the "Central Heating" Building. Here in this complex was the air conditioning, also the heating units. Huge 60 and 48 inch pipes left this building, carrying heat in the winter, cooling in the summer.

On elevators we went to the top floor of the dorms. You could see the skyline of Phoenix, Mesa, Scottsdale, and all over the huge valley.

Went through the "Huge Theatre"--under construction--designed by Frank Lloyd Wright and associates. This was a huge building and "unique." However, it was not very "attractive." It was built on a slight rise--you went up a wide ramp to get to the main entrance. After going inside, you were between floors. Ramp-type corridors wound around, up and down. Seating was next to the center which was open. You could see all the way up to the roof and all the way down to the stage. Every seat had an unobstructed view of the stage area.

What I disliked about the building was that it was all cement; however when it was built, painted and furnished, it would be attractive I'm sure. The outside was red brick. "Frank Lloyd Wright" was a noted architect--had designed buildings around the world. I'm not sure if he was alive at this time or not. However we were to visit his home and working place the next

day.

I liked the way the workshop was conducted. It wasn't all work; some recreation was sandwiched in between. Most all of the lectures and discussions were in the morning and early afternoon sessions.

The day we went to visit the Frank Lloyd Wright holdings, we left at 1 p.m., and it was to be an all afternoon trip. We left in two buses. The wives and children of the men taking the workshop had seen the place on another day. It was mostly a pleasure trip for the ladies. They were entertained almost constantly, as were the kids--at least all the time the men were in sessions.

We went north and east, through Scottsdale and to the east of the valley, some 20 miles from the campus. It was about 10 miles to Scottsdale. Nothing in between the University and there but desert. At this writing, that area is filled in solid. It is hard to believe how the Phoenix area has "mushroomed." It is one of the fastest growing places in the nation. That 40 mile square "plus" valley is getting almost covered. All of the smaller towns are no longer isolated. The sad part of it is the big truck farms and citrus groves are being replaced by buildings. People who moved to the area to retire and get out of the big cities are being surrounded. We were down there about three years ago. (That is another story later.)

Another ten miles or so beyond Scottsdale, we came to the Frank Lloyd Wright "hideaway." I call it that because there wasn't any other dwelling within 10 miles of it. Here were living quarters for the architects--mostly young men, some girls--from the University, I would say. Anyway, there were several large rooms used for blueprint making. Pictures of Frank Lloyd Wright hung on the walls. Here is where students trained to become architects.

The living quarters were two story. As I recall, the "complex" covered some 10 acres. The landscape was mostly desert plants. Beautiful and well kept, a pond or two also. A very interesting place, to say the least. It gives one the idea this area was donated to the University for architectural study. It was an area where you could think and study in peace and quiet (if two busloads of people let you alone). Worth anyone's time to see it, if it is still there.

On the second day we were there, we were eating lunch in one of the dorm's cafeteria. We would be served meals in a different location each time. You could go through the line as many times as you wanted. All

meals served cafeteria style. The students couldn't say they were underfed.

I was with Reid as we went through the line. We took our trays to an empty table. Doug and Tony were sitting at another table. As we were taking the food off the tray, a voice said, "Do you mind if I sit with you?" Standing there was Mr. Ellingson, Physical Plant Director of the University. "By all means, sit down," Reid returned. Now we had met Mr. Ellingson at "Montana State" a few years ago. Sure did like the guy. He was the kind of person who put you at ease.

"Are you men Mormons?" he asked with a smile. "Yes we are," we answered. "I thought you were," he declared. "So am I. I have been noticing you through the workshop." Sure glad we had milk in our glasses.

The workshop was coming to an end and was to be completed by 2 p.m. on the 23rd. We checked out of our motel before going to the morning sessions. Were going to head for Utah when the last dog was hung (so to speak.)

We had been given a short break during last morning session. Had gone out for some fresh air. The smoke in the room was even thicker than before. "I've had about all of that smoke I can stand," Tony said. "Sure will be glad when this day is over." "How about heading for home?" I whispered. "Do you mean it?" Tony muttered. "We are all packed and ready to go. Why not?" "I'll go with," Tony said. "How about you, Doug?" I asked. "Sure would like to, but I better stay and come with Reid," Doug choked.

I found Reid and told him Tony and I were heading home. "I don't blame you," Reid returned. "We have had all of that smoke we can stand," I complained. "Tony is going with me. We are not waiting for lunch." It was 11:00 a.m. when we left and headed north toward Flagstaff. The car purred along like a kitten. We stopped in Flagstaff to gas up and eat.

As we went into a cafe, you could hear a radio in the background. A waitress came to take our order. "Are you traveling?" she asked. "Yes, we are," I returned. "Do you have a radio in your car?" "Sorry to say, we do not," I declared. "Then you haven't heard about President Kennedy being shot?" "No! How did it happen?" Tony demanded. She told us all they knew about it. "He was in a cavalcade in Dallas, Texas and was shot by a sniper." "Killed?" we both interrupted. "He was hit in the head but still alive," the waitress choked.

Before we left the cafe, we got closer to the radio. John Connelley,

Governor of Texas, was hit also but not serious. Both of their wives were riding in that open-topped car with them. President Kennedy was still alive but very, very serious.

We stopped in Page at a drive-in ice cream shop. Here we found out that President Kennedy had died. "WHAT A BLOW TO THE NATION." It has happened before and could happen again. "A nation doesn't die when a leader is killed. You just grab yourselves by the bootstraps and pull yourself up."

It was dark before we got to Kanab. "Do you want to go by Hurricane?" I asked. "Or try over Cedar Mountain?" "It is closer over the mountain," Tony replied. "Do you think there will be snow?" I questioned. "If we run into snow, we can always come back and go by Hurricane," Tony returned. There had been no snow in Flagstaff, and it hadn't stormed on us anytime on this trip. We had plenty of gas, so we headed north.

We had reached Midway on Cedar Mountain, and there was no snow there. "Sure glad we didn't have to go back to Kanab and Hurricane," I said. "I was stranded one time about right here," Tony declared. He told this story:

"A few years ago my wife, two young kids and I were coming over the mountain. It was after dark, in the middle of the winter. When we left the Mt. Carmel Junction, there were no Road Closed signs there and very little snow. By the time we reached Midway, there was 6 inches or more. We could have gone back at this time. However we chose to go on. We also thought the snow plows would be coming to open the road. Soon we hit a drift, and the car stalled. We tried and tried to back up and turn around. After a while, we knew there was no way, and we were to spend the night here."

"We had about 1/2 tank of gas and one blanket in the car. To save gas, we would run the heater only for a few minutes, then turn the motor off. We put the kids one in the middle of us in the front seat, the other lying down across our laps. The blanket was put over us. That was the longest night I ever spent in my life!" Tony exclaimed. "It was below zero outside! The kids were frantic and kept asking, 'Are we going to freeze to death?' Although my wife and I were afraid, we tried to assure them that the snowplow would come soon."

"When did it come?" I asked. "About nine a.m. the next day," Tony retorted with a catch in his voice. "How much gas did you have left?"

"About '0'," Tony muttered. "They gave me enough to get to Cedar."

It was 11 p.m. when I reached New Harmony.

The next morning Vada looked out and saw the car. "Whose car is that out in front of our place?" she asked. "Ours," I said. "What do you mean by 'ours'?" she demanded. "I bought it at an auction in Phoenix," I muttered. Vada's face was a thundercloud. "Before you get too excited about it," I quickly added, "I could sell it for more than I paid for it if we decide not to keep it." "What did you pay for it?" Vada rejoined. "\$349.99," I muttered. "However, it is worth more than double that. Do you want to take a ride in it?" "No I do not," Vada protested.

Later on that day, however, she did go with me. "The Buick is getting to where it isn't reliable, and we need some wheels. Or do you?!" I exclaimed. "I can get by with the pickup. We can make \$300.00 if I sell it. It has automatic transmission and in real good condition. It didn't burn any oil on the trip up here. How about trying it out for a few days?" I whispered. "Then if you do not agree, we will sell it."

We drove the car for a year, then traded it in on another one. "We received \$650.00 trade in." I would say that was cheap transportation. The car we bought was a 1962 4 door sedan--"Chevrolet." As I said before, never did like Chrysler products.

Every time I asked for a new groundsman, they raised my pay--it was always at "contract" time. I was now making "double" what my starting salary was. However, we needed another full-time man, and I was "determined" not to let the matter drop.

We were given more money for equipment. We now had two 7 foot National mowers. Could cut all the grass in 4-5 hours, twice a week. This helped to relieve two men on the afternoon of grass cutting days. These men could work at other jobs, and that helped. However, we were still understaffed. (More on this later.)

The new grass west and north of the P.E. Building was doing good. However, the south side (front) of the building was not landscaped. There were two huge spruce trees there--had been planted in front of a home that had been removed to make room for the structure. Parking lots and sidewalks had been installed but not the sprinkling system, grass, and other landscaping.

When funds are appropriated for a building by the "State Building Committee," a certain percent is set aside for "site" development. However, by the time the landscaping was here, all the funds had been used. (More on this later.) Where did the funds come from to do this? "Materials from the Plant Operations budget, labor from the Grounds people." This work had to be sandwiched between our regular upkeep maintenance.

We put in "Rainbird" quick coupler heads. They were the 3/4 inch size and were spaced 45 feet apart. One row on the north--running east and west--and one row on the south. Each head would throw water to the next head east or west, north or south, in a half circle manner, thus assuring even cover over entire plot of ground--no dry spots on this grassed area.

That fall we went to Cedar Mountain and dug, balled, brought to campus and planted some 15 Ponderosa Pine. After this was done, we planted two groves of "Quaking Aspen." These we had to bare root.

Now the landscaping was complete south and west of the P.E. Building at no cost to budgets--except to Plant Operations. A trend was started that I for one didn't like. "Why did they use landscaping funds inside the buildings?"

September of 1965 Kerry, Lana, and the children were to move to Rolla, Missouri. Jackie would be 4, Chris 2, Maria 4 months. As it would be a long trip for the children, Kerry had made arrangements to fly Lana and them to Kansas City. Vada, Velda, and I were going to take our pickup and help move them from Salt Lake to Rolla. Marion Prince--Lana's father--was going to take Lana and children to Las Vegas to catch the plane. (Kerry had brought them to New Harmony and had gone back to Salt Lake.)

The day before we were to leave from Salt Lake, we drove up there. We left before daylight because we had to load the truck with their belongings that same day. Kerry had allowed us two days to get to Kansas City. He was to take a flight from there to Las Vegas and fly back with Lana and kids.

By the time we reached Beaver, we had run into a few rain showers. We started down Baker Canyon and were in the part where the hills were the highest on both sides of the road. All at once, a "TREMENDOUS CRASH" of thunder echoed from wall to wall. "I think it even shook the truck." Vada and Velda had been asleep when that happened. "What was that?!" Vada shouted. "Only thunder," I replied. We hadn't seen any lightning, but I'm sure it hit the ground close to us.

We had the pickup loaded and ready to go before dark. I drove it to a service station, had the tires checked for air, put 35 lbs. pressure in them. I figured we had some 2500 lbs. on it. "Could we make it to Missouri without any trouble?"

We decided to spend the night in the empty apartment and get an early start the next morning. We had plenty of bedding, but what sleep we got was on the floor.

Kerry had a Ford sedan, somewhere around a 1960 model(?) We had the trunk loaded, also the back seat of that. Had put some of the more valuable things in the car. "In the night it started to rain." I had Darce Prince build me a semi-low rack on the truck. We used one sheet of plywood--waterproof, split it down the middle (it was a 4 X 8 sheet). We now had two 2 X 8 pieces. Using six channel iron stakes--3 on each side--we bolted the plywood to them. On top of the stakes, we welded a 3/4 inch pipe. We now had a rack about cab high. Using another sheet of plywood, we made an end for the front and back. I bolted on the bottom of each side some hooks to tie the waterproof cover down. This was of heavy-duty canvas with eyelets to run the ropes through.

We hit the sack early. Had decided to leave as soon as we could the next morning. I do not think anyone slept. Anyway, at 12:30 a.m. we decided to leave.

We went up "Parley's Canyon," over the summit to Interstate 80 (I'm not sure it was there at that time.) Anyway, we went through Evanston, Wyoming. It was raining cats and dogs when we were going up over "Parley's Summit." You could barely see the road. The going was slow; the load on the pickup was so heavy, it lifted so much weight off the front wheels, the truck was hard to keep on the road.

Velda was riding with Kerry; Vada was with me in the truck. We had decided to change drivers every 100 miles or so. Somewhere between Evanston and Rock Springs, Wyoming, we traded; Vada and I in the car, Kerry and Velda in the pickup. "Wow," what a difference. "I could relax some." You had to fight every second to keep the pickup straight.

The sun was coming up by the time we got to "Rawlins." Kerry was taking the lead and setting the pace. He pulled off and stopped at a cafe. Sure was glad--we were getting hungry. "We will have breakfast," Kerry remarked, "then gas up before going on." As we came out of the cafe, Kerry handed me the keys to the pickup. As I recall, that was the last time I drove the car. Oh well, I was more used to driving the pickup. Some of the

roads were more flat; the truck handled better on those.

We turned south toward Denver at "Laramie." Reaching there about 4:30 p.m., we found a motel that had "family" rates and decided to stay there and get an early start next morning. It was still raining there. I was concerned about the leaks in the tarp. We hadn't had any, but with the truck parked, I had thought pockets of moisture would form and cause leaks. With the pickup moving, the wind would whip the canvas and keep this from happening.

I asked the motel owner if he had a place where I could park under cover. "There is a shelter between the last two units," he declared. "They are vacant. You could use that." As I pulled around there, I could see some colored people staying quite close. "Sure hope Vada doesn't see them." She had fear of negroes, for some reason.

After putting the truck under the shelter, I took out the jack and put it under the back end to take part of the weight off the wheels. When I got back to the room, Vada said, "We can't stay here. I saw some negroes go by the window." "We can lock the door," I returned. "Anyway, we will be leaving early." "All the more reason we cannot stay here," she concluded. Between the two of us--Kerry and I--we talked Vada out of moving to another motel. However, by 2:30 a.m., we were on our way.

Before we left home, Vada had a problem with "high blood pressure." Doctor Farnsworth had given her some medicine. It made her so sleepy that most of the time she slept while we were travelling.

As I recall, we took Highway 40 out of Denver. No "freeway" here at that time. However, we came to a "turnpike" near Topeka, Kansas--the first "toll road" I had ever been on. Before the "Interstate freeways" came, "turnpikes" were built by "private money." "However you didn't have to travel on them." Other roads were available.

As we were travelling through western Kansas, it was still dark. We saw some small animals--in the headlights--cross in front of us. We wondered what they were and decided they were foxes. Smaller than the fox we have here.

We stopped somewhere about the middle of Kansas to gas up. I told the station operator that the oil in the truck was alright and not to raise the hood. I went to the restroom. When I came out, the hood was up.

I ran out there "shouting", "What are you doing?!" "Putting oil in," he returned. He had just opened the car. "You haven't put any in, have you?" I demanded. "No, but it is a quart low," he said.

Now the truck was six years old and had never used any oil. I had changed it before I left home and brought enough with me to change it again before we started back home. "I knew it wasn't low on oil."

"I wouldn't let you put that oil in if you gave me \$500.00!" I yelled. "I was sure mad"--more than ever before or since. Now I should have never left the vehicles until someone else was there.

You have heard of tires and fan belts cut at service stations so they could sell you some. Well, this was a case of "short dipsticking." They would hold the dipstick about an inch down with two fingers; then when the fingers touched the spout, they would pull it out, showing the oil some one or two quarts low. Can you imagine how many cars--especially out of state--that were being driven overfull on oil?

If this station worker had put that quart of oil in, I would have made him change it. Not only would it have been overfull, but his "brand" was different. Also I would have had to use the change of oil I had brought. You are asking for trouble if you mix oil from two different companies. The detergents put in would work against each other. Rather than clean your motor, they more than likely would "gum" it up. Enough has been said.

We crossed the Missouri River at Kansas City mid-afternoon. Drove on to "Independence" and engaged rooms for 3 nights at the "U-Smile Motel." Kerry was to leave the next morning to fly to Las Vegas and meet Lana and the children.

After checking in at the motel, I parked the pickup and put the jack under the back end. As I was doing it, a lady came out of the motel. When she saw I had Utah plates, she asked, "Are you LDS?" "Yes we are," I returned. "The LDS Church has a large pavilion here," the lady declared. "That's nice," I replied. "Are you staying here long?" she asked--she could see we had a truckload of furniture. "At least three nights," I said. "We are then going on to Rolla." "You should see that LDS pavilion before you go on!" she exclaimed.

Then it dawned on me. "That building belonged to the Reorganized LDS Church." I asked her how to get there and thanked her after she told me.

We were tired after two days of travel--two nights and two days--and decided to get some sandwiches. We had food in the cars most of the time. As I recall, Kerry and Velda went to look for a fast food place. "We found a place that sold hamburgers seven for a dollar," Kerry declared, "just a few blocks from here." So the pattern was set. We would eat breakfast at a cafe next to the motel then eat hamburgers the rest of the time. "Hey, do

you guys remember that?"

The next morning we drove to the "airport" on the west side of Kansas City, all four of us riding in the front of Kerry's car--the back seat was loaded. I paid notice where we turned off the main drag between Kansas City, Missouri and Kansas City, Kansas. All that separates the two cities is the Kansas River coming from the south and east and the Missouri River coming from the north and west.

At what is known as the "Bend of the River" is where the Kansas River flows into the Missouri. The river then turns back north and east. What a "BEAUTIFUL AND FANTASTIC" sight and, I might add, a little frightening to a bunch of country folks; Kansas City, Kansas being some 150,000 population and Kansas City, Missouri being 400,000 plus, Independence, Missouri close to 100,000.

I'm not sure if Kerry took us to Independence to see the Reorganized Church Pavilion. Anyway, we spent a good part of the day while Kerry was on his way to Las Vegas in Independence. We took a tour through that "huge building." I might say here, the "feeling" we have when we go into one of our "chapels" wasn't there.

We walked over the grounds, stood on the spot "Joseph Smith" dedicated for a temple site, walked from the higher ground down a slope and up to the "Mormon" Reception Center. As I recall, this center was on a not too large pie shaped plot of ground north from the temple site. The Reorganized Church owns most of the ground. However, at this writing the LDS Church (ours) owns large tracts of ground in "Jackson County" including "Adam-Ondi-Ahman," which is some 60 miles north and is believed to be where the "Garden of Eden" was. I haven't been to that site yet.

We went by the Harry Truman "home"--at the time he was living there, I believe. Toured the "Truman Library." After and during that, I formed a greater respect for President Truman. He will go down in history as one of the "smartest" and "wisest" presidents.

We decided to go to the airport and see if we could find the way, also to see those "huge jets" come in and take off. The traffic was bad. Well, we missed the turnoff and had to cross the river to Kansas City, Kansas. When we came back on the east end of the bridge, there was a sign: "Welcome to Missouri." We had been "welcomed" on our first trip across, farther north.

We made another pass and missed the airport turnoff again. To get

turned around, we went over the river to Kansas City, Kansas. "You guessed it." We were welcomed to Missouri for the third time. "I didn't know we would be 'Welcomed to Missouri' so many times!" Vada said with a laugh. "I'm going to take the first turn to the right," I declared. "We will look for the airport street in the morning."

Soon we were in the negro district. "Can you imagine what Vada thought about that?" I made a left-hand turn and was soon in downtown "Kansas City, Missouri." "How are we going to get back to the north?" Vada questioned. "By way of the negro district," I volunteered. "No you are not!" Vada exclaimed. "Even if we get lost, we aren't going back there!" We drove around for 30 minutes and finally found the way back. At least I had my directions straight and didn't get turned around. I knew the river was on the west side of the city.

(I looked on the map and found where it said, "Mormon Shrine." That must be where "Adam-Ondi-Ahman" is, and that is in "Davies County," around 60 miles north of Independence.)

The next morning we left for the airport two hours before the plane was to land. Had no trouble and never had to be "Welcomed to Missouri" a fourth time. We watched the planes take off and land--one every 10-15 minutes. It was hard to believe the size of that airport, and the planes, you wondered how anything that big could get off the ground, let alone fly. I recall asking Kerry how he liked the big ones. "The bigger the better," he answered. I have a story or two to tell about flying further along in my "journals."

We stayed in Independence the night Kerry, Lana, and the kids came from Las Vegas. Left early the next morning for Rolla by way of "Columbia" and Jefferson City. Jefferson City is the capitol of Missouri and "nestles" on the bank of the "Missouri River" in central Missouri, some 60 miles north of Rolla.

Kerry had a house rented in Rolla in advance, but it was unfurnished. After unloading, we went to a second hand store, and Kerry bought some used furniture. We stayed and helped get things together for a couple of days.

Man, was it ever "HOT!" We knew it was going to be before we left home and had borrowed a cooler from Joe Roberts who worked at the College. This sat on the floor of the truck, partially under the dash. You would put ice in it; it had a fan on it and would blow air over the ice. It helped some, but we suffered with the heat anyway. I recall how Vada's

feet and ankles swelled on the way home. It was crowded with three of us in the cab. We finally took the cooler out and put it in the back.

We decided to come back Highway 40--Interstate--main route to connect Los Angeles with St. Louis, Missouri and points east. However, Interstate 44 comes from the east through Rolla. We started out on that to Springfield, then on to Joplin.

We slept on the floor; however, we had a mattress. As I recall, Velda slept on the davenport. We had said our "goodbyes" before going to bed. Had decided to get an early start.

At 2:30 a.m. we decided to leave. We had to cross town--a city of some 11,000. There was a stop sign on almost every street. I started to stop for them; after stopping at some 5 or 6, I would just slow down for them. We had seen no one--not a car or lights of a car. All at once, a red light shone through my back window. "Oh! Oh! A cop is after us," I said. I pulled over to the side of the street.

A pleasant voice said, "Did you know you ran several stop signs?" "Yes I did," I returned. "Where are you from?" the voice questioned. "Utah," I whispered. "What are you doing here?" "We moved our son and his family here. Our son is going to teach at the University," I quickly added. "Let me see your drivers license." I got it out and handed it to him. "We will be delayed the rest of the day," I thought.

"How big a city do you live in?" the officer asked. "Ten thousand," I quickly returned--wasn't about to say, "One hundred fifty." That wasn't all a lie. I spent half of my time in Cedar City or more. "If you expect to get home safely, obey the law," the officer told us. Kerry and Lana told us later that we got off lucky. "They are real strict and do not hesitate to hand out citations." However, he didn't give us one.

It was coming daylight when we arrived in "Joplin, Missouri." All at once, we came to a huge neon sign in front of a big motel. "Mickey Mantle's Holiday Inn." "Sure would like a picture of that," I remarked. Now everyone knows who Mickey Mantle is (was.) If you do not, he was the center fielder of the "New York Yankees" baseball team for years and a "Hall of Famer." "What did I do?" "You guessed it." I pulled over to the side of the road and waited until it got light enough to take a picture.

Joplin is close to the border of "Missouri" and "Oklahoma." Soon we were on the "Will Rogers" turnpike. Were on that until we reached "Tulsa." From there we took the "Turner Turnpike" to Oklahoma City. On a hill before we got into the city was the "Cowboy Hall of Fame." Needless to

say, I wanted to go through that. "If you would like to go there, do it now," Vada said. "You may never get another chance to be this close to it." Well, I didn't go up there, and for years I was sorry. (More on that later in this journal.)

We took Interstate 40 out of Oklahoma City. We had eaten breakfast at "Joplin, Missouri" and were getting hungry. We stopped at a roadside park to rest and eat our lunch. We had set the table and were starting to eat. No other cars had stopped. I could see a car coming in. Vada had her back to it. It stopped, and a negro family got out. Vada turned around. When she saw who it was, she started to gather up the lunch. "What are you doing?" I asked. "I'm not staying here with those negroes," she answered. "They are harmless and will not bother us," I retorted. "What will they think? They will know we are leaving because of them." Vada said no more but continued to clear the table. We finished eating the lunch in the truck--on the go, I might add. As far as I remember, she never did get over her fear of negroes.

We drove to "Amarillo, Texas" that day and arrived there by 4:30 p.m.--some 750 miles, and I drove all the way. We found a motel, and I went to gas up the truck and have it in case we wanted to leave early. While at the service station, the operator got to bragging on how big Texas is. "It is farther from here to Texarkana than it is from here to Chicago, Illinois," he declared. I wasn't quick enough to come up with a witty answer to that. However, if it happens to me again, I'm ready. "If you don't quit bragging about how big Texas is, we will divide Alaska, and you will be the third largest state instead of the second." In square miles, Alaska is more than twice the size of Texas--I looked it up.

We drove to Gallup, New Mexico the next day and stayed there. I recall when we left early the next morning, I took a wrong turn and found myself going the wrong way on a one way street. "You better get off this street before we get a ticket!" Vada exclaimed. Gallup isn't all that big; however, the way it is laid out is confusing. Oh yes! Back in Rolla the policeman told me, "If you want to get back to Utah safely, you'd better obey the traffic laws." Vada was reminding me of that.

We arrived in New Harmony late afternoon on Sunday, and I had to be back to work the next day.

The summer of 1963, the first sod was moved on campus to make room for the new "Science Building" on 300 West. As far as I know, this was the

first time any sod was moved in southern Utah. You might say that we "pioneered" the sod industry in this end of the state.

One time Reid Cox and I were having a meeting with Leon Frehner--landscape architect--in Salt Lake City. "How would you like to see a sod lifting demonstration?" Leon remarked. "They happen to be moving some here in Salt Lake." "That would be great," we both agreed.

As I recall, it was moved with a power driven lifter. "How much would a sod lifter like that cost?" Reid asked. "About \$750.00," Leon returned. "We could never buy one of those at this stage," Reid complained. "You could rent a manual one for \$3 a day or \$15 a week," Leon remarked. "Where would you be able to do that?" I asked. "At Howe Rents," Leon answered.

We found the place and took back with us a manual sod lifter. It was a contraption that weighed maybe 10 lbs., made of two 3/4 inch pipes about 7 feet long with handle grips. Some four feet down the two handles--which was about 14 inches wide--was a flat bar welded between. "This was a kicking bar." At the bottom was a blade. In front of the blade was a roller to gauge the depth of the sod.

You would kick on the bar a few times to get the blade under the sod. To work it, you would pull it back and kick it forward. Someone real good at it could move it one foot at a time and maybe do 10-12 feet before you ran out of "wind." We had the lifter for two weeks and moved all the sod from south of the "Auditorium" and east of "Pine Grove" to almost 200 South Street, some 1-2 acres.

The Director's Cottage was in this area but had been moved to make room for the Science Building. Director Braithwaite had been living in it. When it came up for sale, he "bid" on it and moved it to 700 West--is still living in it at this writing.

We caused quite a "sensation," had people watching us move the sod--of course everyone wanted some. After we got all we needed, we let people come and get some.

We had working with us a son of Belden Lewis. This young man was big and strong and could run the sod lifter with ease. However another son was on a "mission" for the Church, and each Wednesday the "family" would fast for 24 hours. The father was a carpenter and worked hard also. It was a wonderful thing for an entire family to do. Surely this day each week all of them were as if they were on the "mission" too.

Now I couldn't give this young man any favors, nor would he want me to--that was part of the fast. Moving sod is one of the hardest jobs we had

to do, and it took all the manpower we could "spare" to do it. As Wednesday was a catch-up day, all hands were used. This young man would take his turn on the sod lifter. After the sod was cut, we would cut it into about 6-8 foot lengths and roll them up. Each one of these rolls would weigh 50-60 lbs.. These we would load on the truck and take them to where it was to be laid out.

We had a policy on the Grounds crew. If they would work for 50 minutes, we would take a 10 minute break. I had informed them this would be taken away if abused. Some students did this. First it was a 10 minute break, then 15 and even 20. On the sod work, all of us would take the 15 minutes--work 45 minutes, rest 15.

Now this Lewis boy would flop on the grass and never move until time to go back to work. When noon came, he would have an hour's rest and never left the job. "I'm not knocking it," but was it "wise" to work that hard without food? As Brother Gottlieb Schmutz would say, "A full stomach makes a strong back." As the Lewis family probably looked at it, "The harder it was to do, the more effective the fast would be."

After we moved the sod, we sent the lifter back to Salt Lake, also a letter and a check for \$30. We inquired if one could be "bought" and where we could purchase it. We were given the manufacturer's address. We wrote a letter to them, found out we could buy one for \$27.50 plus freight. "So we did."

This sod cutter we used for years. Even loaned it out a few times until one time it was brought back bent all out of shape. "How did you do that?" I asked. "We pulled it back of a pickup," was the answer I received. "Didn't I explain to you how to operate it?" I declared. "Yes, you did." "Well, how did it work back of the truck?" I demanded, getting a little peeved. "All it did was tear the sod to pieces," the fellow admitted. "Of course it would," I said. "You need that back and forth motion." It was some time before we loaned the cutter out again.

After several years, we purchased a "Ryan" "power driven" sod cutter, and we never loaned it out. However, I took it a few times to help people.

We even had a one acre sod farm on campus where we could grow our own sod. (More on this later and pioneering of the sod industry in southern Utah.)

Deer season 1960, George P. Thomas (Tommy) came to hunt and brought another man and his wife Kathleen also. I have told about her in

this journal. They stayed in Cedar, and Tommy would drive from there to hunt. Needless to say, he and the man didn't hunt much. However, they did get their "buck" and shipped it home.

What I wanted to bring out here was the fact that the ladies needed to be entertained while the men hunted. One day when Tommy came to hunt, Mom said, "Why don't you bring the womenfolk out?" "I will before we leave for home," Tommy declared. "Today they are touring the parks: Zion, Bryce, and Grand Canyon." "Are they taking a bus tour?" I asked. "No, a fellow from Cedar is driving them in our car. A man by the name P.J. Williams is driving them." Now I know you should not covet, but I thought to myself, "Wouldn't it be nice to drive that big Cadillac all day and get paid for doing so."

At this point, I would like to mention a little about the Grants' "roots"--not way back, but a generation or two from Grandfather "Edmund Carbine Grant."

The "sealing line" from Grandfather Edmund C. Grant goes through "Amos Northrop" line. Explanation: Mary Adelia Carbine was born February 29, 1824 in Cairo, Green County, New York. She with her mother, father, brother, and sister joined the Church and moved to Nauvoo where she met and married Amos Northrop in the Nauvoo Temple. Just before the Saints were driven from Nauvoo, a daughter Euginia was born. Shortly after they reached Winter Quarters, her young husband was murdered by an unknown assailant on "Christmas Day." Until her death, she grieved at Christmastime for her first and greatest love. Two children born by Northrop--Euginia and Llewellyn. Llewellyn was left in a lonely grave by the wayside.

Left alone and not knowing where to turn, she married Robert C. Petty just before the Saints left Winter Quarters. To Mary and Robert were born two children, Adelia and Ella. Shortly after they reached Utah, Robert Petty was called on a mission. The oldest child, Adelia, was three years old. Ella was a babe in arms. His mission was in what was known as Indian Territory. There he died in 1856. His wife Mary didn't know about it until some 6 months later when an emigrant party arrived.

Later she married George Roberts Grant, to whom was born two children, Francisca and Edmund Carbine. Francisca was scalded to death in infancy.

George R. Grant was called to a Bishop's trial over difficulty with a hired

hand and was unjustly excommunicated from the Church by the Bishop of the ward. When "Brigham Young" heard about it, he made a special trip to Kaysville, where the Grants lived, and tried to get George to come back to the fold. But he could not be persuaded and decided to go to California. Mary was his second wife and did not want to go to California where she would not be recognized as a legal wife. Her husband was quite well to do, so he made provisions for Mary and her tiny son and left for California with his first wife and her children.

In those days, there was only one course for women left alone--marriage. So in the early 1860's, she married William W. Taylor. To them was born three sons: Albert Eugene, Francis Green, and James Edgar. After her marriage to Taylor, they moved to Harrisburg, Utah and from there to New Harmony where her husband met with a tragic death when a cellar caved in on him. (See history by Emma Grant Neilson with this journal or Book of Remembrance.)

Now it has been said: If your brother--not necessarily blood brother--loses his life, you should marry his widow and raise children to them. So our sealing line is through "Amos Northrop." Our blood line is through George Roberts Grant.

Now I would like to go to when I was a child growing up. Dad was away from home quite a lot of the time. It is very important that parents teach their children the value of work and the value of money. I hope in some small way "I have done this." My mother taught me the value of work early in my life, as Dad did to a certain extent. However I owe to my Grandfather Edmund C. Grant, also Uncle Roy Grant and Uncle Jim Neilson. From these men and others, I learned how to work early.

I had a few choice experiences with my father at the sheep camp while growing up and as a married man, but I was never close to him. Now do not get the wrong impression; I "loved" my dad. But the closeness between father and son wasn't there. Others filled in the gaps in my early life. I have heard many grown men say that their "father" was the greatest man they ever knew. I can't say that "truthfully." On the other hand, my "mother" was a "very special" person in my life as was my wife Vada Prince Grant and my wife Mary McCann Grant.

The school year of 1960-61, Paul Beatty came to the College to go to school. He was to be a CPA and had come to CSU to get the classes he

needed to graduate. I recall we were doing some landscaping on the hill north of the Old Gym. Paul was a tall young man and not as heavy as he later became.

Paul was a good hand and helped us on the grounds to help him moneywise. The pay wasn't all that good--\$1.25 an hour--but it helped the students get through. Now I have had students who came to work only when they felt like it and stayed away when they didn't. Paul wasn't like that. He was dependable and worked hard, was glad to get the work. I suppose you have heard about the guy "who was looking for work until he found it." Well, Paul wasn't like that. "He was looking for work and worked when he found it." (More on Paul later on.)

About the year 1964, I was watching "Commencement" activities in early June. I had stopped and sat on the grass on the side of the Swale. Weather permitting, "Commencement" was held out of doors with chairs, hundreds of them, all the way south in the "Quad"--the Grounds Personnel called it the Swale. It was surrounded on three sides by high ground.

On the north--the open end--a stage was built for the speakers, guests, and graduates to receive their "diplomas." The graduates were seated in front of the stage and in the center. Parents and others were seated along the sides and in the back. A very impressive sight, to say the least.

Someone sat down beside me. I didn't pay any attention who it was. Soon I heard his laugh. There was only one person in the world who had a laugh like that--my army buddy "James Lee." "What are you doing here?!" I exclaimed. "I have a daughter grad-uating," was his answer. "How long has she been going to school here?" I asked. "Two years!" James exclaimed. "How many times have you been up here," I questioned, "during those two years?" "A few times," was the answer. "I knew you were working here at the College," James said. "However the times I was here, you weren't." "Well, it is sure good to see you, 'Old Buddy,'" I declared. At this writing, he is retired and living back in Panaca, Nevada. He was County Agent for "Clark County," Nevada.

Dad Prince (Lorenzo) was born on January 1. About 1964 or 65 they were celebrating his birthday on Dean Hall's lawn, no less. Tables were set up, and all or most of the family was there. "Would you believe people were sitting there in their shirt sleeves?" Somewhere in our stock of pictures, you should find a few taken that day. I know there is one of Dad Prince

sitting on Dean's south porch. It was a beautiful warm day.

Mother Prince (Rhoda) had passed away about 10 years before. At that time, their posterity was over 100. At this writing, it is 200 plus.

I have mentioned them before in my journal. At the risk of repeating myself, I would like to say they were like a second "father" and "mother" to me. They treated me like they did their own flesh and blood. I hope I was worthy of their "love." I tried my best to live up to their expectations.

About the middle of June 1965, we were out at Dad Prince's--Vada and I. "How would you like a trip for about a week in Idaho?" Vada's father asked. "What do you have in mind?" I asked. "I would like to go up to Rupert and see Mag'Duffin," Dad Prince said. "If you will take me, I will pay all expenses--gas, food, etc.." "We will talk it over and let you know," Vada declared.

"Could you get off for a week?" Vada said. "It would be hard," I declared. "We are getting into our busy season. I will talk it over with the men at work."

We had some good student help, and they were coming full time now that the summer vacation was here. However, the "Shakespeare Theatre" was getting underway, and Fred Addams was quite demanding in what we should or should not do on the upper campus, especially around his area. I talked with Verl Kelsey and Wilmer Anderson about it. "Do you think you could handle the work load?" I exclaimed. "By all means go while you have a chance!" Verl shouted. "It will be hard, but we will give it our best shot." Now I worked along with the men. "You will be a man short," I muttered. "We expect to leave right after the Fourth of July. If either one of you want a few days off before then, go ahead," I retorted. "I will wait and take time at Deer Season," Verl responded. "I will take time when you get back," Wilmer returned. So it was arranged.

We left July 5th--Vada, myself, Velda and Dad Prince. We were driving the 1962 Chevrolet four door sedan. It was a standard model but had a V8 motor and an automatic transmission, also a fairly large trunk. We had plenty of room. "Maybe we could take Aunt Margurite on a little trip somewhere," Vada suggested. Dad Prince would be about 78 years old, Aunt "Mag" about 80 and a widow.

We left early and reached Rupert, Idaho mid-afternoon. As I recall, the speed limit was around 70 miles per hour on the freeway, and we had freeway almost all the way. Dad Prince had written Aunt Mag--that's what

they called her. She was happy we were coming up. "We will do something to make your visit a pleasure," she had said.

When we got there, she was out watering the lawn. "I thought I should get this done before you arrived," she greeted. "We could then visit or anything you would like to do." "Could I help you do that?" I questioned.

To water it, she had several outlets around the house and garden. The water came out of the "Snake River" through a pipe. She would screw on a canvas-like big hose some 4 inches in diameter and open a valve. The water came gushing out the end of the hose. "I prefer flooding over sprinkling," she explained. "If you sprinkle, you water twice a week; if you flood, it lasts a week," she concluded. "How often do you get the water?" I asked. "Anytime I want it," Aunt Mag replied. "Wouldn't it be nice to take the water anytime and keep it was long as you like," I thought to myself. I finished the watering for her while she and Vada prepared some dinner.

After dinner she said, "You ought to see the new area they are opening up called `Minidoka.'" So we drove out there. I couldn't believe the huge canals and pipes with the water gushing out. There was hundreds and hundreds of acres, mostly potatoes, some alfalfa and grain.

I recall as we came to the Snake River, I stopped the car and got out--that was on the way in to Rupert. "What are you doing!?" Vada yelled. "I want to see that river close up," I said. "Well, you needn't drive into it!" Vada shouted. I suppose she had reason to be concerned; it was a little down grade. As I got back in the car, Vada exclaimed, "What is it that makes you so fascinated about water!?" "I suppose it is because we have so little in our area and need so much," I protested.

At the breakfast table the next morning I asked, "Anyone have any ideas of what we should do today?" "What would you suggest?" Aunt Mag replied. "How about making a trip to Kelowna, British Columbia?" Vada and I had talked about it after going to bed. "Are you serious?" Aunt Mag retorted. "If we could be back here in one week, yes," I declared. "How long would it take you to get ready to go?" "I could be ready in one hour. What do you think, Low?" (Dad Prince was called Low) "I'm ready to go right now," Dad said. "Sheldon, could you drive all that way?" he asked. "I could do it if you let me rest for an hour now and then. I have my sleeping bag in the car."

We were in the car and on our way before the hour was up. We went by way of "Twin Falls," Gooding, Mountain Home, and "Boise." Farming area all the way to Gooding. We were following the Snake River for over 100

miles. By the time we left it, it was getting to be quite a small stream as rivers go in Idaho. I wasn't all that surprised; huge canals were taken out all the way along. We left the river before we got to Mountain Home--a military base.

I mentioned about the river and how "low" it was. "Before we get to Nyssa, it will be a big river again," Aunt Mag said. "It picks up several rivers between here and there, the biggest one being the Boise."

Now Aunt Mag had a "brother"--her only living brother--in "Kelowna" she hadn't seen for some time, also a sister in Nyssa, Oregon. It was after noon when we got to Nyssa. We visited there with them for about an hour. They operated a big farm and got the water out of the Snake--yes, it was a huge river again here.

As I recall, Gwen was the name of the sister. She and her husband had several big and strong sons who helped and lived on the farm. It was flat country and was "hot." It would have been "desolate" had the Snake River not come by there. Being low country, they raised lots of sugar beets, cabbage, etc.. The cabbage was ready to harvest, acres and acres of it. However, the sugar beets were the main crop. As I recall, they raised the beets for "seed."

"Where are you going from here?" Aunt Gwen asked. "We are going to Kelowna, British Columbia to see Clarence!" Aunt Margurite exclaimed. "Does he know you are coming?" "No he doesn't."

Aunt Gwen went to the phone and called Uncle Clarence. Luck was with us; they were at home. "There is a carload of relatives here at our place; they say they are coming to your place. Are you going to be home?" Aunt Gwen asked. After a pause, "Margurite, Lorenzo Prince, Vada his daughter, her husband and small daughter." Another pause. "I'll tell them." Aunt Gwen hung up the phone. "He says, 'Hurry up and get here. We will be glad to see them.'" We were soon on the way.

After leaving Nyssa, we were soon on the freeway and heading toward LeGrande. LeGrande is a very pretty place, a city of some 10,000. We were in the Long Leaf Pines. Tall trees lined both sides of the road, green grass everywhere. It was a relief to be up "high" and away from the semi-desert area around Nyssa. For some 50 miles we had this "high country."

All at once we came out of the pines, and the road started downgrade. We were looking at a sight that is hard to describe; however, I will attempt to do so. We had come to a "scenic overlook." I pulled off the road in an area where you could park and got out of the car. We had driven some 150

miles from Nyssa. It was good to stretch. Most everyone got out.

"The panoramic view before us was breathtaking." As far as the eye could see south, west and north was a sea of gold and brown. The gold was grain ready to harvest; the brown was summer fallow ground. We could see for some 20 miles in three directions. We were maybe 1500 feet above level ground. "What do you think about all that farm land?" I asked Dad. "Prettiest sight I ever saw," he answered. "Looks like more grain than we raise in Utah all told."

As I recall, you couldn't see a farm house. "Pendleton is out there somewhere," I remarked. "We just passed a sign that read: `20 Miles to Pendleton.'" We could see for 20 miles yet could see no town. There were a few patches of green that looked like "trees." Now Pendleton at that time was maybe 12 to 14 thousand. "Could that sign have been wrong?"

After getting back into the car and driving another 10-12 miles all downhill, we came to a sign that said 10 miles to Pendleton--nothing that resembled a town in sight. Now I had heard about the famed "Pendleton Roundup." Also the famous "Pendleton Wool shirts" were made there and shipped worldwide.

We drove another 5 or 6 miles, still no "city" in sight. Soon we were driving along the side of a wash or swale. You could see a few big trees--we were maybe 50 feet above the wash. It started to widen out quite rapidly, and the freeway went down into it. More trees here and a few houses.

Two or three miles farther and we were in downtown Pendleton--huge trees everywhere. We left the freeway and came to a huge arena. "Home of the Pendleton Roundup" in big letters could be seen through the branches of a huge tree. Now we knew that the patches of green we could see from a distance, along with the low hills along the sides of the big swale, hid Pendleton. We were in the city for maybe 1/2 hour. Gassed up the car, looked in the "Pendleton Woolen Mills" (briefly), and were on our way.

We took a secondary road north from Pendleton; the freeway went west toward "Portland." We drove some 30 miles, mostly through grain country, and came to the "Columbia River." What a thrill to see all that water! There must have been a dam downstream or the ground was quite level here, because the river was 2-3 miles wide.

The wind was blowing really hard; you couldn't tell if the water was moving or not--white caps on it. We didn't cross the Columbia here. The

road went around to the east--a bend in the river. Twenty miles around this bend we came to "Pasco." Here the Snake, Columbia, and Yakima Rivers come together. From there to the Pacific Ocean the river is called the Columbia. It gets bigger and bigger as it flows west. "Sure would like to see it around Portland."

We stayed in "Pasco, Washington." We had two rooms, as I recall; the ladies in one room, Dad Prince and I in the other. Now Dad had been paying all expenses. Aunt Mag remarked, "How is the `bank' holding up?" "So far OK," Dad declared. "You should let me help pay for this trip," Aunt Mag added. "I can afford it." "We may have to take you up on that," Dad laughed, "before we get back to Idaho!"

I gassed up the car here and was ready to go in case we decided to leave early--which we did. We had looked out a route for the day. Decided to stay with the freeway to at least "Yakima." As we were driving up the river--Yakima, we started to see big apple orchards. Maybe you have heard of the famous Washington Apples. I recall seeing on apple boxes in Utah: "Yakima Washington Red Delicious Apples."

Before we reached Yakima, I glanced to the left. In the far distance was a huge "round-like," snow capped mountain. "What mountain is that?!" I exclaimed. "Mount Rainier," someone declared. "How far away would you say that is?" I drawled. "As the crow would fly, I would say some 60 miles," Aunt Mag answered. "That is the highest point in Washington, 14,410 feet!" Vada shouted. She was looking at the map. We had a road map on the dashboard of the car at all times. Vada was helping me make the right turns and stay with the route we chartered each day.

We left the freeway some 40 miles north of Yakima. On Highway 97 over the mountain to "Wenatchee." Here the Wenatchee River flows into the Columbia. As we came off the mountain--we were south of the highest part, fruit trees were everywhere, mostly apples. It seems that I've heard that "Wenatchee, Washington" is the fruit capitol of the world--a city of about 16,000.

Now the fruit orchards aren't all flood irrigated. Water is taken out of the Yakima, also the Columbia, pumped out to sprinkle the trees. Therefore, orchards could be planted up the hillsides and over the low rolling hills. (More on this later.)

We were travelling along the huge "Columbia River" as it flowed due south. Now I thought Idaho had a lot of water, but it was hard to believe the number of rivers and streams in the state of Washington. As we've

travelled the north and west, I've often wondered why the Saints weren't led there to settle. I could answer in maybe four words--"To keep us humble." Now the Saints needed a place to be "unmolested" where they could sink their roots in the ground, raise their families, and "worship the Lord." "Utah was that place."

Before we reached Wenatche and while we were still on the mountain, we started to get a bad noise under the hood. "What's wrong with the car?" Vada asked. "Maybe I should check it out," I returned, pulling off to the side of the road. When I raised the hood, I could see that a piece of one of the belts was gone. Each time it turned around, it was making a clicking sound. "Sure hope that lasts until we get to a place where we can buy one," I said to myself.

Now I would like to say a little about the car at this time. When we bought it two years before, there was only 15,000 miles on the speedometer. I had told Vada at the time, it was like a new one, and it looked it also. I had seen signs of wear that wasn't on cars with low miles on them. Had even mentioned it to Vada. We had even thought some of trading it in, not on a used one though.

The car didn't use any oil and was good on gas for an 8 cylinder--283 motor. You have heard of dealers who turned back the mileage on cars. I'm sure this had been done. For each 1,000 miles they turned it back, they could get \$100.00 or more--one of the "rackets" of the car business. (More on this later.)

We checked all the belts and replaced two in Wenatchee. The car had only 30,000 miles on it at this time.

What a beautiful sight it was alongside of the "Columbia River," apple orchards now and then as we drove north. We followed the "Columbia" over 100 miles to "Fort Okanagan," at the point where the "Okanagan River" flows into the Columbia. Here we were still on Highway 97 and going north. The Columbia River goes east.

About 75 miles on we came to the border of Canada and the good old U.S. of A.. We were there for over an hour. "Did they ever check us over?!" You better believe they did. As I recall, we had to prove "who we were," "where we came from," "where we were going," "how long we were going to stay," "would we be coming back this way," "would we like to change some American money for Canadian," looked through the car, checked our luggage, etc.. "Is American money good in Canada?" I asked. "Yes it is," we were told, "in most places." We did not change any money at this point.

We were soon driving through the "Canadian Rockies." They have a color all their own. Sort of a blue and very "beautiful."

We were still following the Okanagan River. Where the ground opened up and leveled off, fruit trees were planted in "vast acres" from the river bank all the way up to the Long Leaf pines on the hillside. Washington doesn't have a "corner" on all the apples; this part of Canada, at least, has their share.

We were to find out that they do not let the trees get too big. The trees are pruned so they are "umbrella shaped." The limbs go up, out, and back down. You can pick most of the fruit standing on the ground. They are continually removing trees and planting new--maintaining large and quality fruit.

We were soon driving along the "Okanagan Lake." As we came to "Penticton," a city of some 20,000, I couldn't believe my eyes. "Look at those sunbathers!" Vada shouted. "That looks like the beaches in Southern California!" Aunt Mag exclaimed. There were thousands of people on the sandy beach--no less--under umbrellas, on blankets, playing, swimming, etc.. "Now I do not know if they brought the sand in" or not, but if they did, it cost plenty of "dough."

The Okanagan Lake is over 100 miles long and four or more miles wide in places. We drove along it for 50 miles or more before we reached Kelowna, a city of 50,000 plus. Here I stopped to gas up the car. As I recall, the price was 68 cents a gallon. The station owner said, after I made a remark about the high price, "Before you get too excited about it, that is 5 quarts to the gallon up here in Canada." "Will you take American money?" I asked. "American money is good here," the man returned. "Do you want it filled up?" He was very polite. "Yes, if you please," I rejoined. Here is where I got the first taste of Canadian hospitality, and it was refreshing, to say the least.

I gave the attendant a 20 dollar bill. He gave me back over \$18.00 in good old "England" currency--same money used in England. I knew the exchange. "You gave me too much money," I declared. "One of your dollars is worth \$1.18 of our money." Now I really was embarrassed about the fuss I made over the price of gas. With the 5 quarts per gallon, I left with a tankful of gas for less than \$2.00.

The sun was still high over "Okanagan Lake" when we found Uncle Clarence's place. It was on the west side of Kelowna and walking distance from the lake. The sun didn't go down until almost 11 p.m., and it was still

daylight at 11:30 p.m.. It was daylight by 4 a.m. in the morning; only 4 1/2 hours of darkness.

Uncle Clarence's wife was a typical jolly Englishwoman. As I cannot remember her name, I will call her Bessie; that name seems to fit. She had the English "Brogue" accent, very delightful to be around. She called a house a "hoose." "You sure take good care of your fatha." We were all helping him in and out of the house and car. He was having some dizzy spells. Even Aunt Mag had her hand on Dad's arm helping him, and she was 80 years old.

Uncle Clarence went to Canada as a young man and spent the rest of his life there. He had a farm in "Alberta" but moved to Kelowna, B.C. to retire because the climate was milder. They were happy to see us and made you feel at home. "Do you get much snow here in the wintertime?" I asked. You could see snow and ice on the tall mountains to the north. "I shoveled 2-3 inches of snow off my driveway maybe two times last year," he returned.

"Are there glaciers on that mountain?" I drawled. "A little farther north and to the east there are huge glaciers," he retorted. "And farther north are more. They are some of the headwaters of the Columbia River," he concluded. You could tell that Okanagan Lake got some of its water from the snowpack of the high mountains around Kelowna and the drainage to the west and south.

Highway 97 goes west of the lake at "Penticton" and continues west and northward to "Kelowna." Here it crosses the lake; Kelowna is on the east side. A high "ramp"- type bridge goes up and over. The low "barges" that go up and down the lake can go under. However, the middle of the bridge "splits and raises to let the taller ships through. A "beautiful sight to see." The "lake," the "bridge," "Kelowna," the high snow-packed "mountains," the green lower hills, the orchards and rolling countryside.

"The Queen of England was here last week," Aunt Bessie remarked. "Quite a celebration went on. The mounted policemen were everywhere. I wish you had been here to see it," she concluded. Can you imagine all those "red coated" Mounties? We had a few glimpses of them while there.

"Glacier National Park" is some 100 miles north and east of Kelowna. We did not go there, however. We thought about it. It would have taken a full day. We had been on the road for three days and had three more days to travel back home--six days out of ten travelling. "It makes one wonder how we could have done it."

"Glacier International Peace Park" is in Northwestern Montana and reaches over the border into "Alberta, Canada." It is some 500 miles from "Livingston." We keep thinking about going there. However, we may have put it off too long.

"Would you like to go lawn bowling?" Uncle Clarence asked the day after we got there. "This is the day we usually go. You could watch or play," Uncle Clarence concluded. We took his car and ours and drove to the city park. There were many "senior citizens" there to play. We watched and rested. However I did try the game. You used a light wooden ball a little larger than a softball (used to play the game of softball.) As I recall, you would throw the ball or roll it toward a white line. You received points depending on how close you came to it. After a few warm-up pitches, I held my own with most of the "seniors."

We drove around the area and stopped at a cherry orchard. Bought some to eat for 50 cents a pound--the biggest and darkest cherries I ever saw. Um-um good. "Tomorrow I will take you to the research station tied in with the University," Uncle Clarence declared.

The "legend" tells of a "sea monster" in the "Okanagan Lake." A replica of the creature was on the "bank" near Uncle Clarence's home. I would say it resembled a "dragon" some 15-20 feet long. A park was near. Velda liked to go there.

"Are there any fish in that lake?" I asked. I had seen a few small boats at times. "They catch trout up to 10 lbs.," Uncle retorted. "There are so many places to fish, the lake is fished only in a few places."

We were downtown one day, and I was looking for some postcards. I saw some with those big fish caught in the lake. I bought a few, along with other points of interest. I sent one of the better fish cards to Verl Kelsey. "This is the size fish we are catching on the Okanagan Lake in Kelowna, British Columbia. See you in about a week." After I had been back to work a few days, Verl received the postcard.

"What are they hauling on those barges?" You could hear the foghorns every two or three hours. "Fruit and other freight," Aunt Bessie returned. "It is much cheaper to go by water. No railroad from Penticton north." "Maybe those sandy beaches were natural after all." However, they were only sandy in places.

We spent about a half day going through the research center. Experiment after experiment going on. Fruit trees, fish, wildlife, dairy, sheep, cattle, hogs, to name a few. The one thing that stood out in my

mind was checking what causes "bloat" in cattle.

There was a "window" cut through the hide of a dairy cow, about six inches wide. You could see by raising the "flap" parts of the intestines and paunch. "After feeding the cow various food, we check the reaction as the food goes through the cow," we were told. I might add, the womenfolk headed for the car after seeing that.

As I recall, we spent three days and nights in "Kelowna." The parts of "British Columbia" we saw were "very beautiful" and "water" everywhere. However, I would rather live in the good old U.S.A..

The "Battys" were sorry to see us go (we thought.) "We will see you in Southern Utah soon," Uncle Clarence declared. "Seeing is believing," Dad Prince muttered with a hearty laugh.

When we got to the border of Washington, it seemed good to be on American soil once more. "How would you like to go back another route?" I suggested. "What way would you like to go back?" Vada replied. "By way of the Grand Coulee Dam," I declared. We took Highway 155 from "Omak." Crossed the "Colville Indian Reservation." At "Nespelem" we saw a sign that said, "Chief Joseph's Grave." We didn't go there, however. If you are wondering who Chief Joseph was, he is the "Indian Chief" who pioneered the "Appaloosa Horse," among other things.

After leaving "Nespelem," a town of some 1,000, we came to the "Colville Indian Agency." We were travelling due south up the Columbia River. The water was running "swift." Along its banks were big Indian tepees--hundreds of them. Must have been a "pow-wow" taking place. "Look at the markings and designs on those tepees!" Vada shouted. What a "colorful" and beautiful sight. All those dwellings with a backdrop of the river. And I mean "drop-off." The river channel was a deep canyon. The roar of that big river should lull the Indians to sleep.

As we approached the dam, we could see the water shooting out of huge pipes. We took it to be water running through the "turbines." This was mainly a "power project." There was an area called "Electric City." We didn't go down and through the power plant. However the highway went across the "main dam," and you could stop on it and look around.

"Does anyone want to get out of the car?!" I exclaimed. "This is close enough for me," Vada muttered. "You shouldn't stop very long," she complained. There were people out of their cars up ahead of us. The road was wide, and we were not blocking traffic. "I want to take a look," I admitted. "Dad, do you need help getting out?" "If he does, I will help him,"

Aunt Marguerite replied. As I looked over the railing, the view was "breathtaking." It was about 1/4 mile across, and we were close to the middle.

The water went under the highway and over the spillway. The spillway covered most of that 1/4 mile. I motioned for the others to get out. Now Vada is afraid of the "water," and she didn't look long. (Everyone got out of the car.) We were about five feet above the water as it went over. "Whoever designed this dam sure made it spectacular!" I shouted. "It's too scary for me," Vada protested. "I'm going back to the car. You better come soon," she choked. You could see all the way to the left (we were facing north) and all the way to the right, water spilling over all the way across.

With the water going over the dam, besides the water going through the "power plant," Old Man River was booming. What a sight to a "Desert Waddie." To our back was the lake or reservoir. It looked to be at least 20 miles long. As far as you could see was water. Some 4-5 miles wide.

As I recall, when this dam was dedicated, it was said to be the "engineering accomplishment of the century." I just leaned over the rail and stared. "Who is that honking their horn?!" I shouted. I turned around, and I was there alone. I walked back to the car slowly, not wanting to move on so quick but knowing we should be on our way.

From the dam, we headed toward "Spokane," some 80 miles. Here we came to Interstate 90. Spokane is a city of over 300,000. As I recall, the color of the ground is "reddish;" also the buildings are mostly red brick. You were sure "seeing red." With the green trees and the red color, it was "effective." The area around Spokane was barren, or seemed so.

Here we crossed over into Idaho and were soon in "Coeur d'Alene." This was one of the prettiest areas we saw on our entire trip. There was a loop around Coeur d'Alene Lake and "Bell Bay" that was some 70 miles. We didn't go that way; however, we had a good look as we drove by. We were in the "Long Leaf" Pines again. Out in the lake were small "islands," "rocky banks" and ledges covered with pine trees.

We stopped in Coeur d'Alene for about an hour and had a late lunch. I bought some more film and mailed a couple off to be developed. It would cost \$3.50 to \$5.00 for a roll of 50 slides. This cost included the development, mailing and handling.

We followed on the east side of the lake for several miles. We stopped and walked around. The view was "spectacular," to say the least. We wanted to go to "Missoula, Montana" if we could make it. I was getting real

tired; the long drive, the excitement was taking its toll. "Would anyone object if I took my sleeping bag and rested for an hour?" I questioned. "No objections," so I pulled off the freeway and rolled the bag under the pines. I had just fallen asleep, so I thought, when the horn honked. "We better be on our way!" Vada yelled.

We were in the "Conifers" (timber) all the way to Missoula, logging trucks and saw mills along the way. Was real tired upon arriving there. The University of Montana is at Missoula, a city of some 30,000.

I didn't gas up the car in Missoula. We chartered a route on to Rupert, decided to take 93 south. Hit the sack before dark. Had driven 576 miles that day, and 430 on to Rupert.

About daylight we were on our way. I had about 1/2 tank of gas. No service station open here. "We will have to wait for the station to open!" I exclaimed. "No way do we want to run out of gas. Would it be OK if I hit the sleeping bag?" I questioned (hadn't slept too good last night.) "Call me when the station opens."

I found a grassy place, rolled out the bag, took off my shoes, and climbed in. I hadn't been in the bag more than 15 minutes when (you guessed it) the horn honked. I have found out during my life, when you are tired and sleepy, 5-10 minutes of sleep revives one. However, I didn't get any sleep at this time. "I'm sorry to wake you," Vada said. "The service station is open." "That is OK," I returned. "I will need the rest later on today more than now."

We gassed up the car; the place was "Hamilton" I believe, a city of some 2,000. We had been driving mostly downgrade to here. We were soon climbing quite fast toward the "Continental Divide." Before reaching the top, we came to where a forest fire had been a few years before. Dead pines over some 50 odd acres. It would have been a desolate area had not green grass and plants come back.

We were at the 7,000 foot level here, at what is known as "Lost Trail" Pass. As we started downgrade, we came to streams of water. We were at the headwaters of the "Salmon River." We soon came to more level ground and were following the "river." The water was moving "slow." "Which way is that river flowing?" Dad Prince declared. "The same way we are going," I returned. "We are going uphill!" someone exclaimed, "Or so it seems."

I pulled over to the side of the road, and we all got out. The river was maybe 30 feet wide at this point; looked to be close to 10 feet deep. One

of the girls threw a handful of leaves in the water. Sure enough, they floated the same direction we were going, which was west at the time. "No wonder the salmon leave the ocean to come here to spawn," Vada declared. "What a beautiful river and place this is."

Now the "Salmon River" runs into the "Boise," the Boise into the "Snake," the Snake into the "Columbia," the Columbia into the ocean. However, the Salmon River is only one of many where the fish spawn. "Wouldn't it be nice to fish for those huge salmon?" They are only allowed to do so at a given place and time.

We went by the "Craters of the Moon" National Monument--huge lava beds. As we walked around there, we saw a sign that read: "Take nothing but pictures. Leave nothing but tracks."

Dad wanted to go by way of Carey, Idaho to see Carl and Florence Phippin. They had lived in New Harmony at the time they were married. Florence was born there--sister to Frank P. Kelsey. I had heard Veri Kelsey speak of them quite often but hadn't met them. They moved to Carey before my time. I had seen Eva, a daughter, and Delyle, a son, before. They had stayed with their grandmother, Eliza Kelsey.

It was afternoon when we got to Carey. Mrs. Phippin was the only one at home. Delyle was up to the dry farm, and Carl was plowing on the farm some distance away. "Carl will be here soon," Mrs. Phippin said. "He should have been here before now. Low, I haven't seen you for a 'coon's age'," she remarked. "When are you and Carl going to retire?" Dad asked. "We have been thinking about it a lot lately," she said. "Would like to come back to New Harmony to retire. Sure good to meet all of you. Come in the house." She was a very gracious lady, and you sure could tell she was a Kelsey, I would say about 75 years old at the time.

After about a half hour, I excused myself. "Would it be alright if I caught a few winks on your lawn? I'm real tired." "You could go in the bedroom if your like," she said. "I have a sleeping bag in the car. The grass would be just fine," I said.

I had been in the bag for maybe 20 minutes when a tractor pulled into the yard. A distinguished looking white haired man got off and briskly walked toward the house. About two minutes later, Vada came out. I was still in the sack. "You'd better come in and be sociable," she whispered. "A lot of good this sleeping bag has done me on this trip," I grumbled.

I had heard my father talk about the Phippins and that he had ridden with Carl on cattle roundups as a young man. "This is Bert Grant's son,"

Dad Prince declared as Vada and I walked in the house. We were there for about an hour longer, then told them we should be on our way. They both went out to the car with us. "That is sure a nice car you have." "Thank you" I said. "Sure wish I had someone to help me drive it." From Carey we went to Twin Falls, then on to Rupert. "Thank you for giving me one of the best trips I've ever had," Aunt Margurite retorted. We had driven over 2,100 miles in seven days. "It was a flying trip but well worth it!" Aunt Mag exclaimed. (The bank still had money when we got home! Ha!)

We helped her water her lawn and garden that evening. Next morning early, we drove on home. Total miles driven--31 to 32 hundred, and had been gone 9 days.

A little bit more about The Mountain Meadow Massacre. When "Juanita Brooks" was compiling information for her book, she took some of the manuscript to Arkansas and met with the "Fancher family." She wanted to get their approval before she published her book--and they gave it. She also had met with the "John D. Lee family." Here she received much support, also material from John D. Lee's "diaries." From these she wrote The Diaries of John D. Lee. I haven't read that book as yet; however, I intend to.

She also took a copy of The Mountain Meadow Massacre to Salt Lake City to get approval from "The First Presidency." They suggested that she not publish it, or something to that effect.

On September 15, 1990, Mary and I went to the "Centrum" on the campus of S.U.S.C. to attend a dedication ceremony. Calling it an honor to participate in these remarkable services, President Gordon B. Hinckley of the First Presidency said, "It is a miracle to see both descendants of perpetrators and victims of the infamous Mountain Meadows Massacre gather together to memorialize those who died there on September 11, 1857.

During the ceremony, descendants of both victims and perpetrators joined arms on the stage and in the audience, some hugging and embracing each other, following a "challenge" by Rex Lee, "Brigham Young University President" and a descendant of John D. Lee. Now I for one was more impressed from what was "not said" than what was. It was quite an impressive sight to see and to be there that day.

We did not go to the site of the new monument at the Meadows that afternoon. However, we intend to go soon. As I understand it, a new large monument states the names of some 85 victims. The new plaque that

replaces the old at the siege site is more accurate. It not only deletes John D. Lee's name, but emphasizes the victims.

During the two days of ceremonies in St. George at the Meadows site and in Cedar City, much credit was given to "Juanita Brooks" for her courage and much work in searching out and writing her book, The Mountain Meadows Massacre. More books will be written in the future, but I for one look at Juanita's book as the most accurate of any written before--and those to come.

"The matter is closed" now, the fences mended, bridges built, friends made on both sides. A higher "Judge" will need to clear this matter up. I, for one, believe that John D. Lee was unjustly accused.

May I bring out one other thing? Wilford Rene Richardson, a great-grandson of John D. Lee, said, "The Lee family, with one million direct descendants since John D. Lee's death, is probably the second largest family in the L.D.S. Church." He said that his 101 year old mother--still living--told him that someday John D. Lee's name will be cleared and that he should do all that he could to help bring it about.

September 24, 1990. I suggested to Mary that we take a ride over to Mountain Meadows. We went up the canyon by the Grant Goddard Ranch. Stopped in "Pinto" to see if the "Ronald Knells" were home. They bought the old Knell house there. Now this house is a "landmark" and was built some 120 years ago. We had been invited there to see the "home" before. Herb Knell--Ronald's father--was born there and raised there. It was built by Benjamin Knell, Ronald's grandfather.

It came up for sale, and Ronald and Virginia purchased it. They did a beautiful job to restore it. We were told that it was rundown and stripped of furniture at the time. They bought antiques wherever they could find them. They told us the house had become a "deer hunter's" place. You better believe no deer hunters will be allowed to stay there now. Ronald, who is 81, said he hadn't hunted for over 10 years. He isn't so different--"it has been over 12 years since I hunted."

It is a red brick structure with walls 1 to 1 1/2 feet thick, a veranda--porch--on three sides, a two-story. Three bedrooms upstairs: one a small girls room in pink, one a small boys room--two bunk beds, one regular size bed, and a bunk bed--this room could sleep at least seven. The other room upstairs had an old-time "poster" bed that had been widened and lengthened to a queen-sized box spring and mattress. A crib was in this room, as was an old style "Heaterola," suggesting this was for young

married members of the family, as they came to visit. Old style full-room carpets were on most of the floors.

The main floor of the home had an entrance on the south (front of house). As you came in the front door, you were facing the winding staircase to the upper rooms. To the left was a large living room. To the right was a big bedroom. One would take it to be the master bedroom. By the side and under the stairs was a hallway to the north of the house. At the end of this hall, you came to the kitchen and dining area. To the right of this, another bedroom.

"You could sleep quite a few people," I said to Ron. "We had 40 people sleep here one time," Ronald returned. "Some of them had to bed on the floor." Oh yes, there were two hideabeds in the "front" living room.

On the walls of most of the rooms were family portraits dating back to the first owners of the "home."

Ronald has one sister, Ruth, and one brother, Harry. He told us that they were coming to dinner that evening and invited us to come back. We declined, however. I have known Harry and Ruth for many years. Harry had been a car salesman. "I have bought a car or two from him."

"Benjamin Knell" helped to settle Pinto. He was a great-grandfather of Ronald. He was the Knell who built the home. Ronald said, "We are not sure of the exact date the house was built; however it is 120 plus years old." That would make it prior to 1870.

In going through history of Pinto, I have found that as early as 1856, people were living along the creek on a part-time basis--mostly during the summer months.

Benjamin Knell was living at Fort Harmony at this time. "Rufus Allen" finished the first "dugout" on Pinto Creek, and two families, Richard S. Robinson and Rufus Allen, along with a number of unmarried men spent the winter of 1856-1857 there. Rufus Allen presided over the Pinto settlement for the first six months of its existence. July 17, 1859, Pinto was "organized" and a dozen or more families were living there. Benjamin Knell was one of them.

Pinto was a crossroad settlement. History tells of the lush meadows along the creek, also the grass covered hills. From Pinto, the first settlers went west to Mountain Meadows, then south to settle "Pine Valley" in 1855. Lumber from Pine Valley was used to build homes in Santa Clara, Central, Veyo, Gunlock, and St. George. Everywhere water was found, people

settled. You can see the wisdom of Brigham Young--to secure as much of Utah as soon as possible, before others came to the territory and crowded the Saints out.

Now the Harmony Valley played an important part in the settling of Southern Utah. I, for one, can't get enough reading about it. I would like to be able to put into words how I feel about it. Maybe someone who is able to do this can take what I have tried to write about the area and people and write a book. Therefore, I have taken time to get dates and other important things, to be as accurate as I could possibly be. Anyway, I have had a lot of enjoyment in doing so.

As we left Pinto to go on to the Mountain Meadows, I couldn't help but think of what it was like here 133 years ago this month.

By the time we reached the new monument at the Meadows, I was getting a mighty humbling feeling inside. As we stood by that beautiful monument overlooking the "momentous valley", "I reached up and took my hat off." Somehow I had the feeling I shouldn't be there with my head covered.

The view of the Mountain Meadows valley from the hill where the "memorial" is was fantastic. As one stood there and could see the valley as it is now, you could see four homes with irrigated fields covered with alfalfa, pastures, gardens, etc.

One could visualize how the valley looked in the 1850's. History tells of the "lush" meadowland and the grass covered hills, ample grazing for the hundreds of cattle brought by the wagon trains going through to California. The "Fancher," "Baker" party had 900 head of cattle with them when they camped for an extended stay in the meadows to give their stock a much needed rest before facing the desert country to the south. "What happened to all those cattle?" "Were they left to roam at will?" The things I have read are not clear on the subject.

The "Lytle family" owns a good share of the valley at this time. We stopped to visit George and Ila Lytle, who have a summer home there, as do other members of the family. Mary and I worked with George and Ila in the St. George Temple. They had invited us to come visit them; however, we hadn't done it. "Do you think the Lytles are still up here?" I asked Mary. (They had a home in St. George.) "We could stop and find out," Mary returned.

We drove by what we knew to be "Lutties," a sister's home. About 1/4

mile further, we came to two more houses. "I think that one is Andy's," Mary said. "That other one must be George's." We drove on over to the other one.

A car was in the driveway. "They must be here," I declared. Just about that time, a huge "half wolf and half Alaskan Husky" dog came out of the shed barking at us. "I hope they are home!" I shouted. "I'm not going in there," Mary retorted. "You go find out." "If they are home, the dog will be alright," I declared hopefully. The dog didn't come all the way up to the truck. I started to speak to him as I slowly moved forward.

The dog started to wag its tail and acted like it wanted to play. Boy! Was I ever relieved. As it came up to me, I patted it on the head. "A fine watchdog you are!" I exclaimed, having a pretty good idea the Lytles were home.

I knocked on the door, could hear someone moving about inside. I could hear a tune being hummed and footsteps. The door opened, and there stood George. "How are you!?" George shouted. "Where is your wife?" "Out in the truck," I returned, shaking his hand. "Bring her in," he declared. "It's sure good to see you." "We thought you may have moved home for the winter," I said. "Not for about three more weeks," he returned.

By the time I came back with Mary, Ila was in the room. Then there were greetings and hugs all around. We found out through our conversation that Ila had reached the 90th milestone of her life. George said, "I am 88." "Neither one of you look it," we told them.

While Mary and Ila were talking things over, I said to George, "How long has the Meadows Ranch been in the family?" "We bought the place in 1919," George remarked. That would make George 17 at the time.

"Have you been to the new memorial?" George asked. "Yes, we have, and to the old marker," I returned. "My son built the new footbridge at the old site." "He sure did a beautiful job," I declared. "What do you think about the view of the valley from the monument?" "You have been there?" "Prettiest place in the world," George muttered with a catch in his voice.

"It makes one wonder how it looked before the ground was cut up," I remarked, "Gullies, washes, etc." "You know, one time I was plowing near the siege site," George retorted. "I uncovered a Mexican spur. It had a huge "Rowell" about four inches across." Then he told me this story:

"Anthony W. Ivins, one of the Council of the Twelve and a counselor to Heber J. Grant, is an uncle of mine. I had heard of the Mexican riders who had supposedly come from California to check on the cattle belonging to

the "Baker" "Fancher" party. I sent the spur to him, asking if he could tell me if it was a true Mexican spur and any other thing he could tell me about it.

He informed me that it was an authentic Mexican spur and belonged to the Mexicans, whom the authorities had sent to retrieve any cattle belonging to the unfortunate wagon train. At the time of the massacre, the Indians drove most of the cattle up over the mountains to the west, into Bull Valley. They rounded up 2,500 head," George said to me. "Seventeen of them were long-eared bulls."

"Hey, that is where Bull Valley got its name!" I exclaimed. George didn't say so. It could be.

Now any long-eared cattle unbranded were free game at that time.

"The valley was flatter one time, wasn't it?" I asked George. "The time Fort Santa Clara was washed away," George returned. "The valley here was flooded also." "Fort Harmony collapsed at the time also," I declared. "Also, up the Virgin River much damage was done." Can you imagine the "huge" flood that went down the "Virgin River" at that time?

About the last of May 1990, Mary and I bought an air travel coupon book from "Delta Airlines". It entitled us to fly anywhere in the continental United States, two round-trip tickets each, if you took the two trips within a year, at about half price (for "Senior Citizens"). We scheduled a flight for October 4, 1990 to Jacksonville, Florida.

We liked the flight schedule from Las Vegas, but the Delta connection by Skywest didn't go to Vegas in the early morning--we wanted to reach Jacksonville before dark. We didn't want to leave our car parked at the airport; it would cost us 40 to 60 dollars to park it for two weeks. We found we could get a flight from Salt Lake City that would get us to Florida at 4:30 p.m.. We could take Skywest from Cedar at 7:10 a.m..

Ben and Mardell Fueling said they would take us up there. They picked us up at 5:45. As we were going out the Harmony bench--it was full moonlight--we could see a herd of elk in the field on the north side. It looked to be at least 25 head.

We arrived at the terminal 45 minutes before the plane was to leave Cedar City. "How about letting me buy your breakfast?" I said to Ben. "Will you eat with us?" he returned. "We should stay here and get our flight schedules," I remarked. "However I will buy you guys breakfast. JB's has a good breakfast bar," I concluded, reaching for my billfold. "If you are

unable to go with us," Ben declared, "I think we will go back and see the elk." After hugs all around, they left the airport. People were arriving, and we took our baggage to be checked in.

We were to fly to Salt Lake City on the "Brissilla," a 30 passenger plane with a flight attendant on board. The plane we were to take was to leave St. George with a stop in Cedar.

In the Spectrum a few days ago, we read where Skywest was to add another Brissilla--French built--I recall. Soon after the first of the year, Skywest already had ten of these planes; this one would be eleven, at a cost of one million each.

As we boarded, the stewardess told us to take the two front seats on the right side. In a very few minutes, we were "airborne." I had heard that the "Metro"--the other Skywest planes--were noisy; however, this one wasn't bad. It had a pressurized cabin, therefore it could fly at higher altitudes.

We hadn't eaten breakfast, thought they would feed you after leaving Salt Lake. Minutes after the takeoff, the flight attendant came taking orders for drinks. Mary and I had orange juice. After serving them, she brought us a large muffin. "Look at the size of that thing!" I whispered to Mary. Along with the muffin, we were served several small packages of raisins and nuts. These we put in our pockets.

While we were still eating, I looked out the window and could see the Yuba Lake to the east. "Yuba Dam" backs up water on the "Sevier River" to irrigate land in the "Delta" area. It was a beautiful clear day. You could see the countryside. As the plane made a slight left turn--I had a window seat--I could see the Utah Lake up ahead. "We will be over Utah Lake soon," I said to Mary. "It's hard to believe we are that far along."

You could see the outlet on the north end of the lake and the Jordan River, also the Bingham Copper Mines. We were flying straight north down the Salt Lake valley. Could see Kerns, West Jordan on the west, Draper and Sandy on the east.

"We will be landing in Salt Lake in 10 minutes," the pilot declared. "Fasten your seat belts." You could see the Great Salt Lake. "We will make a circle and come in to the airport from the north," the pilot said. You could see downtown Salt Lake. We flew over the east end of the lake and were losing altitude fast. I looked at my watch as we "touched down." Forty-five minutes from Cedar to Salt Lake.

"You will leave the plane outside the terminal," the flight attendant said.

"Go to the door directly to the left. There will be someone to direct you to your plane." There were four or five other planes parked, all "Brissillas."

We gave our flight number to the attendant inside. As we were walking from the plane to the door, I remarked, "Hope that isn't the plane," pointing to one on the north end of the terminal. It was on the northwest end; we were on the northeast side.

This part of the airport was under construction. We had quite a long walk before we could get to the upper level. "Slow down," I said to Mary, taking the small bag she was carrying (I already had two). "We will make it OK." We had 25 minutes before the plane left. Would you believe we walked from one end of the terminal to the other! We had a ten minute wait after reaching our gate.

We were to take a 767--Boeing--to "Dallas, Texas" and change planes there. The 767 is one of the "newest aircraft." Had two seats on each side, with three seats down the middle of two aisles. We had window seats just behind first class. The 767 seats 254. However, it also carries air freight. (More on this later.) "Do you want the window side?" I asked. "You take it," Mary returned. Almost every seat was taken.

After we were airborne, the Captain said, "We will be flying southeast over Grand Junction, Colorado. There we will turn more easterly, fly over Alamosa, across the northeast corner of New Mexico to Amarillo, Texas and on to Dallas."

We were served breakfast soon after getting airborne. By the time we had finished eating, I could see some snow covered mountains in the distance. "Can you see snow on those peaks?" I said to Mary. "No, I can't," she responded. "You will be able to in about 10 minutes," I remarked. We were soon flying directly broadside to them. Now there were more than a few inches, more like two feet, I would guess. You could see green trees and yellow aspens surrounded by snow. What a beautiful sight.

I leaned my seat back and said to Mary, "Look out the window." She didn't look long. "Isn't that beautiful?" I added. There was a break in the clouds. You could see for miles and miles.

About this time, a voice came over the intercom, "This is your Captain speaking. We are traveling at 39,000 feet elevation, air speed 560 miles an hour. It is 46 degrees below zero outside. We are on schedule and will be landing in Dallas in about 55 minutes; flight time from Salt Lake to Dallas--one hour and 55 minutes."

We were now leaving the mountains and flying over the plains area. No

clouds here. You could see for miles. Looked like a checkerboard, except that some of the plots of ground were round, square, rectangular, oblong, etc., colored green, brown, reddish, yellow, grey, blackish, orange, etc.

You could tell we were flying between Amarillo and Albuquerque. We had crossed over 40 Freeway. As we circled around Dallas and Fort Worth, I couldn't believe all the streams of water, lakes, ponds, etc. "We have permission to land and will touch down in about 10 minutes." We were checking our flight schedules from Dallas to Jacksonville and had our tickets in our hand as we left the plane.

"Smoothest ride I've had for quite awhile," I remarked to the Captain as we disembarked. "We couldn't miss, it was such a beautiful day," he declared.

Now I had on a pair of brown slacks, a white western shirt, one of my better pair of boots, a tan corduroy jacket, and a brown Stetson hat. "Wanted to make some cowboy remark." If I had known how, I would have.

Mary always looks sharp--at home, traveling, or wherever she happens to be. She is forever receiving compliments.

As we entered the terminal, there were "Delta" employees to tell us what gate our flight was to leave from. "You have 25 minutes to catch it." "I can carry all the bags we have," I said to Mary. "We will make it OK. Now slow down." Would you know, we walked for over 20 minutes--sometimes on the escalators--and they were loading as we arrived at the gate.

"We are a little behind schedule," the stewardess remarked soon after we found our seats. We were on a 757--three seats on each side of a center aisle. There was a dark bewhiskered young man sitting next to the aisle. He had on earphones and was listening to what we thought was a radio. "Would you please let us by?" Mary asked. "Those seats are ours."

We were right back of first class; we were holding up people who had seats farther back. Finally, the young man stood up (with a frown on his face) and let us through. "He is an Arab, wouldn't you say?" I whispered to Mary. I had a window seat; she was sitting next to him.

In a very few minutes, the plane was backing away from the loading dock. We were some 100 feet away from it. The stewardess had just told us, "This is Flight so-and-so to Jacksonville." Another young fellow with a beard--short--looked to be another Arab, came up to the stewardess from down back of us. He had a writing pad in his hand. We couldn't tell what they were saying, but he sat down on a seat across the aisle from us, and

she left toward the flight deck.

Soon the plane came to a halt. A few moments later, she came back with what we took to be the co-pilot. After a short conversation, the three left. The plane started to go forward back to the dock. "He has planted a bomb on the plane and now wants off," I whispered to Mary. I looked at the fellow with the earphones, "and he is probably helping." "You could have talked all day and not said that," Mary retorted. As we hooked back up to the loading dock, a lady's voice came over the intercom, "This is your stewardess speaking. We are letting off a passenger who got on this plane by mistake." She declared, "We will be taxiing out to the runway in a few minutes."

Well, it was 20 minutes before the plane left the dock again. I, for one, was glad that they took time to check this out. The uneasiness was still with me when the plane left the runway 25 minutes late. "We will make most of the time up between here and the Jacksonville airport," the Captain said. We were to land at 4:30 p.m. eastern time. As we touched down, I looked at my watch. It was 4:35. And we were unloading by 4:40. Mary's daughter, "Renee Morton," was to meet us there. John wasn't with her, however.

It had been clear when we left "Dallas, Texas." However, we ran into some turbulence about halfway to Jacksonville. About 50 miles before we reached the airport, it was clear. We were making the descent to the runway. What a beautiful sight. It was a sea of green. Thick forests of trees--long leaf, with highways and freeways cut through them. You could see the "Atlantic Ocean." Where there were no trees, green grass was up to knee high. They mow the lush grass alongside and between the freeway. The airport is north of the city.

We went to the baggage return to get our luggage. Now I had all I could carry from the plane. Renee had taken one of them. We had the three other pieces. One would weigh some 60 lbs. "Do you need some help?" a voice said at my elbow. Not wanting to leave any luggage while I carried the rest to the car (Renee had gone to bring the car), "Yes, I would," I returned. We had a total of six bags. As the bags came around, I pointed them out to the baggage attendant, who was a negro lady. She loaded them on her cart. "Is that all?" she asked. She was short and could just barely see over the load. After she unloaded them and put them into the trunk of the car, I handed her three one-dollar bills. "Thank you," I said. "You are welcome," was her return, "and thank you."

Renee had a 1990 Olds Cutlas Supreme "Sports Coupe." Our bags completely filled the trunk. After a little struggle, I fell into the back seat. Now I never did like the back seat of a small car. You fall in and crawl out. More on this later.

While Renee and Mary were talking, I was looking at the sights. It is some 40 miles from the airport to "Orange Park," a suburb of "Jacksonville," where Renee lives. In square miles, "Jacksonville" covers the largest area of any city in the United States. It is 30 miles wide east to west and 60 miles long north to south.

The "St. Johns" River runs through downtown "Jacksonville" from the south and empties into the Atlantic Ocean. It is 10 miles wide in places, believed to be the only waterway that flows from south to north in the nation.

Renee had taken a few days off from her teaching. She teaches English at the "Orange Park High School." She also teaches advanced courses at Jacksonville Junior College three nights a week.

John is a shift supervisor for Anheuser Busch in North Jacksonville. He was working, and we didn't get to see him until the day after we arrived, which was a Friday.

Saturday we left for Tampa, Florida. Tampa is on the gulf side, some two hundred miles south and west of Jacksonville. The Mortons had made reservations for the weekend. The ride down there was fantastic. Mary and Renee were in the back seat so they could visit. I was in the front with John.

Florida is mostly flat. However, there are some rolling hills in places. Northern Florida is covered with Long Leaf Pine. You get the feeling you are in the mountain country. The trees and other vegetation are so thick you could hardly walk through. Reminds me some of Missouri. Before any building of roads or towns, the forests had to be cleared (removed).

The first city of any size we came to was Gainesville, over 80,000 population. The University of Florida is located there. We had been traveling on secondary roads from Orange Park to Gainesville. Here we entered Freeway #75. We were soon in the area around "Ocala," a city of some 50,000.

There are hundreds of horse farms near here. The countryside is mostly flat. However, there are some rolling hills with farmsteads and white board fences surrounding white, red-topped houses and pastures. You could tell that at one time this area was covered with trees and other vegetation.

Groves of pine and huge oak were scattered around, enhancing and beautifying the area.

As you travelled by, you could see many of the breeds of horses. However, "Thoroughbred" race-type were the most plentiful. There are many cattle in Florida. However, I haven't seen too many. I have read where a "million dollars" of cattle are "rustled" each year there. They are hauled away in huge trucks.

It was 11:15 a.m. when we arrived at Tampa. We stopped at a service station to gas up. "Do you want to get some lunch?" John asked. "I would suggest we find the hotel first," Renee returned. "Mom, what do you want to do?" We talked it over and decided to go to the hotel first, then decide from there.

We were in North Tampa, a city of about 300,000. Third largest city in Florida. "One of the prettiest," I might add. Rolling hills with houses up over the hills and down to the ravines. On the west side overlooking the ocean--"gulfside"--St. Petersburg, fourth largest city, is 20 miles to the south. Population 240,000. Tallahassee is in northwest Florida and the capitol. Population about 130,000 and the sixth largest.

After checking in at the hotel, we found out that our room wouldn't be ready until 12:30. It was now 11:20. We were shown the room from the outside--it was poolside. The hotel was a three story. Built with an oval in front, the other three sides were built around a large square. Inside this were a pool and a "tea garden." There was also an area where they served free "breakfast" until 11:30. "You could go and get breakfast, if you would care to," the clerk said after we paid for our rooms.

We talked it over and decided to go to "Busch Gardens" and spend the rest of the day and have lunch there. Now Busch Gardens is one of "THE" places to go in Florida and one of the reasons we came down. Another reason was we had "free passes," a savings of \$24.00 per person.

You could go on any of the rides, see any of the shows. Your ticket didn't entitle you to free food and drink. However, a huge brewery was located in the compound. Here you could get a free beer if you so desired. Now I liked the animals and the "sea mammals" best: the whales, dolphins, etc.

We found a place where we could buy lunch--a fast food complex--where you could get national and international food. The price was high, however, like \$3.50 for a hamburger, \$2.00 for a drink, and \$2.50 for fries.

After lunch, we decided to take the "African Safari," a miniature mono-

rail type conveyance--several cars. This one hung down under the rail; the larger one ran on top and traveled around the main complex. You could get a bird's eye view of the animals. There were more than one set of cars, and some 50 people could go on each one.

The animals were in a park-like area covering some 50 odd acres. We saw giraffe, water buffalo, hippos, tigers, several kinds of deer and antelope, zebras, elephants, rhinos, camels, lions, etc. Also waterways with many ducks, geese, seagulls, and other birds (that didn't swim) on the banks. In and around the trees, there were many colored birds. We didn't see the monkeys, chimps, apes here. However, they were in other places where they could be confined. This area, I would say, covered 50 acres or so and took about 30 minutes to complete. People were waiting in line to take the tour.

Now Mary and I had been here before (another story later on.) I have started another journal about how Mary and I met. There has been so much going on in our life now. It is quite impossible to find the time to write in my journal. Since the war broke out, it is hard to leave the T.V.

It is hard to believe what you are viewing. The pinpoint bombing, whether it is day or night. The laser guided missiles, etc. On this date and time one gets the feeling that "Saddam Hussein" is sorry that he invaded "Kuwait." We can only hope and pray that "Huge Allied" lines will not be lost in this conflict.

We can thank our lucky "stars" that President Reagan had the foresight to "rearm" America after those who came before made our Great Country weak from laying down our arms. The "Iraqi Dictator" waited too long to strike and now must suffer the ravages of war. Maybe enough has been said.

One couldn't help but notice the beauty of "Busch Gardens." It was laid out with wide walkways to handle the "huge crowds"--thousands of people--yet space was made to beautify the area. Large areas of grass, trees, and shrubs with ponds and waterfalls. Inside waist-high enclosures were hundreds of pink "flamingos" with their long legs and arched necks, walking along the banks of the ponds. As I have mentioned before, grass grows abundantly in Florida. This was no exception to the rule.

Exotic birds, hundreds of varieties, in the trees and shrubs. Poinsettias grow almost wild in areas, as does white blossomed Dogwood tree shrubs.

Ferns and other tropical type plants everywhere. Make no mistake, it was a fairyland; yet it also was a place to have fun. It is hard to tell about it. You would have to see it to get the real picture.

There were carnival type rides, roller coasters, more than one variety. "You will never get me on any of those!" I exclaimed. "Why not?" John returned. "They are fun." "I would rather watch the performances," I retorted. "Eat popcorn and ice cream."

We had sat down to rest for awhile. You could see a half moon shaped ride on a huge iron frame, with a long and heavy arm. At the end of this arm was a boat-like quarter moon shaped place to go for a ride. It was in operation as we sat down. It started to go back and forth, getting a little higher each swing. I would judge some 25 people were on it. "It will not go much higher," I muttered. "Are those people strapped in?" "Not only are they strapped in," John said, "but the seats and sides are padded. "It will not make a complete circle?" I shouted. About that time it came to a complete stop at the top of the circle, 50-60 feet above the ground, then went on over, made the complete loop, and stopped again at the top.

"I wouldn't get on that for all the gold in Fort Knox!" I exclaimed. "I'm going to ride it," John retorted. "Anybody going with me?" I stood in awe as I watched that contraption. It was safe enough, I presume; however my stomach turned over just to watch. John did go on it while the rest of us watched. He waved at us when it stopped at the top, everyone's head hanging straight down.

We had about one hour before the big fish--"dolphins"--were to perform. We decided to head toward the Stadium where this was to take place and see some of the sights between here and there.

We came to an area where the alligators were. The cement wall surrounding was about armpit high. One could lean on it and see what was inside. The area had many trees--shade for the animals. Also an oblong pond with many kinds and sizes of ducks. In the trees were scores of "beautiful birds," small to large. I leaned over the wall so I could see next to it. In the shade was the largest alligator I had ever seen. One would judge it to be some 12 feet long, some three feet wide, and one and a half feet between the eyes.

"Can you see the gators?" I asked Mary. John and Renee were up ahead. "They sure are ugly," Mary returned. "The big one looks like he is dead," I declared. Just about then, he opened his eyes. He was about six feet from us. Would say he was 10 to 12 hundred pounds in weight. Don't

know how old alligators get, but this one was "ancient." He--if it was a he--more than likely didn't move much. One would judge from the shade to the water, that was about a length of the critter away.

There were gators in the enclosure from two feet long up. The smaller ones were in the water or close to it. When the big ones headed for the pond, the little ones scattered. They could easily get out of the way.

Before we reached the dolphin area, we stopped and watched the "huge elephants" perform. It's amazing how active and nimble they are. They can put all four feet on a stool no bigger than one of their feet. Fully expected they would fall. It is amazing. Hard to describe. Some were in excess of 2-3 ton. I had never seen elephants that big before. "One has to take his hat off to those trainers."

People were heading to the "Dolphin Stadium." "Maybe we should go in if we want a good seat!" I exclaimed. As we arrived there, the seating was about 2/3 taken. One would judge it would hold three thousand people.

We took seats about half way up. Could get a good view and were back from the water some 20 rows. The arena was in a half circle, as was the pool in front. You could see the dolphins swimming around on either end of the half circle behind latched gates. "Some of those must be whales," I said. "They look too big for dolphins."

The first performance was by a seal with a girl trainer. After a few warmup tricks, the trainer threw a yellow ring out on the water. The seal dove in and headed for it. Seals do most of their swimming under water. In very short order, the seal came to the surface with the ring around its neck.

The trainer threw a red and white ball about the size of a basketball. The seal knew about where it would land and went under the water again. About the time the ball landed, or was about to land, the animal came out of the water with the ball balanced on its nose and the ring still on its neck. At a signal from the trainer, it came to her with the ball still balanced on its nose. As it came up to her, it tossed the ball into a basketball net that had been put there by workers. However, it was a short net, maybe 5-6 feet off the ground. It then jumped out of the water and clapped; it also brought clapping from the crowd.

While the seal was still doing tricks out of the water, they opened the gates and let the dolphins in. Also, a ladder platform about 10 feet tall was brought to the edge of the pool. A long rope was stretched from this ladder across the pool and into the crowd. The pool was some 50 feet wide and

some 200 feet long. The rope was some 150 feet long. "What are they going to do with all that rope?" I remarked. "The dolphins will jump over it," John returned, "at different heights." The rope was anchored to the ladder some 5 feet above the water, with the attendant, a man, holding on to the other end.

While this was being made ready, the dolphins were being fed a fish or two. May I add, every time before a performance and after, the fish were rewarded; also the seals, sea lions, etc. This was part of the training and act.

You could count five dolphins: three smaller and two large. They had come out of the water to be fed (some two feet.) When the rope was made ready, at a signal from the trainer, the three raced around the pool and jumped over the rope, then headed back to be rewarded. I would judge these three to be 5-6 feet long and weigh 500 pounds each. "Did they make a splash when they landed?" Very little. They came out of the water together, arched over the rope in a quarter circle shape. "Beautiful to watch."

The rope was raised to some ten feet high. Two men were holding onto the loose end of the rope by walking up the steps of the aisle. The three came again and gracefully sailed over. A small splash this time as they hit the water on the other side.

"Those two larger ones are going to jump over the rope!" someone shouted. As they left, the three returned to where the trainer was. Sure enough, the two sailed over the rope, after first racing around the pool. "Holy Cow! Look at the size of those critters!" I shouted. Now these two were some 10-12 feet long and would weigh in excess of 12 hundred pounds. The crowd was on its feet by now. "Little did we know, the best was yet to come."

The rope was raised some six feet plus more, I would judge, to 18 feet. We were halfway up the stadium. The rope was stretched almost that high, with three men holding the rope tight. The platform was some 10 feet tall with the ladder going up above that. A man was standing on the platform, and the rope was tied above his head.

At a given signal, the three smaller dolphins raced around the pool, in "precision" came out of the water and sailed over the rope with room to spare. That brought the crowd to its feet, all clapping.

"Those larger ones can't do that!" someone yelled. Well, we never got the chance to find out. The rope was removed, and the girl trainer climbed

up the ladder with a bucket in her hand, took a fish in each hand, walked out to the end (almost); the platform was out over the water. She was now holding the fish at arms length out on either side of the platform, some 16 feet above the water. "Those two large dolphins are going to take those fish from her," I said hopefully. The big dolphins were racing around the pool. Gracefully they rose together and took those "fish," one on either side of that platform. What a "magnificent" sight to behold. The crowd was hollering, clapping, whistling, standing. What a climax to an outstanding performance.

I might add, there was quite a "splash" as they landed back in the water. Those two dolphins had probably started doing that trick at an early age and gradually built up to that height.

Our next stop was the theatre, where they were to perform "exotic dances." "If you do not mind, I will pass this one," John said. "You all go. I will just mosey around and meet you here in, say, one hour." So the three of us walked up the ramp that wound around the complex. We had to go up to the third floor before we could get into the stage area.

We had good seats where we could look down to the performance area. The show was just starting, and the place was packed. For one hour, we watched some of the most fantastic dances I had ever seen. Different ones from around the world. The costumes were elegant, the lighting superb, the sound effects "excellent!"

"Wasn't that good!" Renee said as we left. "It sure was," Mary and I both agreed. "John sure missed something."

He was waiting as we left the building. "Anyone like to ride the roller coaster?" John asked as we came to where he was. I don't recall if the girls went with John or not. I certainly didn't. However, I went with Mary on one of the lesser rides. Yah!

While in the marineland area, we watched the killer sharks swimming in a huge water tank. You could watch them by walking around underground. Also, you could see a diver feeding the fish in the same tank with the sharks, no less. You could also go up and observe from the top. There was a railing around this area. So you wouldn't fall in. Yes!

We came by an area where they were floating down a man-made river. There must have been some "huge pumps" to circulate that water, because the river was "RAGING." Every two to three minutes, a "rubber raft" would come by, some 15-16 people in each one. The raft was round in shape, with people sitting around the outer edge. There was a round handrail in

the middle to hold too.

The river path was cemented and knocked up on each side. There were "rubber bumpers" at the points where the current would throw you against them. As you drifted downstream, the raft would turn around, sometimes quite rapidly and jerky. People were "squealing," especially the women and girls. Not only couples of all ages were on the boats, but entire families.

We watched for some 15-20 minutes. "Let's take a ride," John said. "You will get wet," I returned. "We will watch your things--purse, jackets, etc.--if you want to go!" Mary exclaimed to Renee. "Let's go, John," Renee returned. As they left us, I remarked to Mary, "They will come back drenched." We could see people with wet heads and pants, slacks, etc.

We had a place to sit so we could see people go by. However, if you walked to the edge, you could see them coming and after they passed. People were sure having fun, although they had a pretty good idea of getting wet. Not from "shipping the sea" (sailor term for when water comes in ships on the ocean.) The rafts were built so the seating was well above the water, and I'm sure no one was dumped overboard if they held on to the railing. You had a high backrest, only the top of your shoulders and head showing. Also, you were strapped in.

"Here they come," I declared to Mary. She joined me at the wall overlooking the water. "That is a lot of water!" Mary exclaimed. "I've seen some big rivers," I returned, "with less water than this has." "Is it safe?" Mary questioned. "If it wasn't, they wouldn't be allowed to have it," I said. We waved to John and Renee as they passed.

About 20 minutes later, they were back--a little wet, but not too bad. "How was it?" we both asked. "Fun, Fun, Fun!" Renee shouted. "You should try it.

Mary and I had talked to a young mother who had a girl about 10 with her. "I will go with you if you would like me to," she had said. "Did you get wet?" I asked after she told us they had taken the trip. "No, we didn't," she returned.

I gave my hat to John. "Say, you look good!" I said after he put it on. Mary left her purse with Renee, and I handed my billfold to John. Couldn't get over the idea we may get real wet.

The lady and her daughter went with us. We had some 100 yards to get to the loading and unloading area. We had to go up a ramp to get there, or if you preferred, some steps. The steps were shorter distance. People were laughing and joking as they disembarked. Others were not. Some were

quite wet; others were not. "Are you sure you want to take this ride?" I joked. "If we get wet, so what?" Mary spoke up. "It is a warm day."

Renee and John were standing at the wall and waved to us as we passed. Soon we came to the rapids. "Say, this is where we get wet!" I shouted. However, we passed those without incident. I, we, had enjoyed the trip so far. We had travelled in a huge circle, maybe about a mile. "Say, this is fun," I remarked. The lady who had come with us just smiled. We had a full load also. "Hey, we are going into a tunnel!" I whooped. I could see it as the raft turned around.

As we went into the mouth of the tunnel, water was spraying from part of the ceiling. "Oh! Oh! We're going to get wet for sure now!" I exclaimed. "Hey, we missed that!" I shouted as the boat turned around. As the words came out, we were hit in the back with a terrific force of water. "Hey, that's cold!" I glanced at the lady who came with us. She had a small portion of what Mary and I had. Just about then, she was plastered, and we received a smaller dose.

As the raft turned, I glanced back. Coming out of two huge nozzles were sprays, one going in one direction; the other opposite. Now, some boatloads missed most of those due to the rotation of the raft. However, this load looked like a group of drowned "rats!" "Did I say we were having fun?" Well, we needed to think about that a little more.

"Have you ever rode the cable cars in San Francisco?" About this time, we were hooked to a cable that took us up a steep ramp. "We are coming to the end of our trip," someone said.

"Hey, look at you!" Renee laughed as we came to where they were. Now, did we really have fun? I suppose you would have to say: yes!

We walked around, kept in the sun, and soon dried out. "I would like to ride that log over there," Renee declared. "Anyone like to go?" "I will go," Mary said. "Me too," John replied. "I will pass this one!" I laughed. "I've had that experience." (That's another story.) "I have too!" Mary exclaimed, and I'm ready to go again.

"Someone has to watch our valuables, and I'm elected." I had two ladies' purses, one on each arm, also a camera around my neck. "Take a picture of us when we come off that last ramp," Renee said. "I will try," I returned. I watched as they loaded.

Would like to explain what the "log" was. It was some 12 feet long and some 4-5 feet wide. Was shaped like and looked like a huge log hollowed out with three seats where six people could sit. You were strapped in with

a handrail in front of each seat. There was a U-shaped waterway where the log moved along. Gently, I might add, when you started out. However, the water moved so you rocked back and forth. There was enough fall to move the log along. On the top grades, you were towed on a cable.

Each time I caught a glimpse of them, they were getting higher and moving faster. Looking to my left, one could see the last and highest dropoff--I would say 50-60 feet. From where I stood, it looked almost vertical. You could see the water rushing down the chute. It leveled off at the bottom, and the water was deep enough to slow the thing down.

I had watched several logs come off and practiced with the camera (not taking a picture) as they "shot" down. I could tell by the clothes they wore which log Mary and John and Renee were in. You could see it before it got to the ramp. I had the camera lined up as they "shot" down and snapped the picture. Mary was in the front seat, John and Renee in the next one. The back seat was empty.

"Wow!" What a splash when they hit the bottom. Sprays of water on each side. You could hear them "screeching" as they came by. Mary was the wettest; however, the others hadn't gotten off scot free. They were laughing and waving as they floated by.

At this point and time, we decided we had seen enough of Busch Gardens. It was early evening, and the crowds were getting bigger and bigger. We had been in the compound for some five hours. We felt like we needed a rest and were going out to dinner later.

As we boarded the trolley to take us to the parking lot where our car was, couldn't help but notice the thousands of parked cars. Judging from the cars and the huge crowd, one would estimate 10-15 thousand people were in "Busch Gardens." A good share of them were young people with families. However, Seniors were there in abundance.

The hotel we were to stay in was named "Embassy Suites." A beautiful place, to say the least. After we were settled in, I asked John what he had to pay for the rooms. There was a hideabed in the front room, two overstuffed chairs, and a T.V.. Between that room and the other was a large bathroom. This room had a queen-size bed.

"Mom, you and Sheldon take that room. John and I will occupy the hideabed," Renee declared. "The hideabed will be less comfortable, but we can watch T.V." she laughed. "John, what did you pay for the room?" I asked. "We want to pay our share." "I will take care of it," John returned. "No, we will pay half," Mary interrupted. "Since you put it that way, it was

\$86.00," John said. I gave him \$43.00, thinking we got off easy. It was a fancy place.

After resting a while, we walked around the place. We had our swimming suits but didn't take a swim--too many people in the pool. "We will go in later," Renee remarked.

We inquired at the desk about a good place to eat. "What kind of food do you prefer?" the clerk asked, who was a woman. "A place where they serve good catfish," I declared. "There is a good seafood restaurant about a block and a half down the street," the lady said. "However, you can take a shuttle bus from here for free to any restaurant in the city. Here is a listing. Let us know when and where you would like to go, in advance." After we got back to our room, we decided on the seafood. We had been told to go early because it was a busy place.

By 6:30 we were dressed and ready to go. As we walked through the lobby, we could see a 15 passenger van parked out front. "Is that the shuttle to take us to dinner?" John asked. "That is one of the smaller ones," the clerk returned. "Are you ready to go?" "Yes, we are," someone declared. "I will call the driver," the clerk said.

In about two minutes, the driver was there--another woman. "Don't they hire any men around here?" I whispered. Mary is forever telling me this is a "man's world." Yah! When we reached the place, the driver said, "Call us when you are ready to come back to the hotel. Someone will come for you."

The place was packed. We had to wait for more than 30 minutes to be seated. We were tired, we were hungry, and impatient. "The food had better be good," we thought. The place was quite noisy, the lights dim, even smoky. One would have to say a typical Florida seafood establishment. It has been said by "catfish lovers," the south serves the best catfish dinners of any place in the world. Namely, all the "gulf states."

After being seated at our table, did we all order catfish? No way. John, Renee, and Mary had shrimp. "I had the catfish." The food was ample and "delicious." The atmosphere, not all that bad.

We had worn our suits and dresses (gowns), as had others. However, some were there in slacks and pantsuits. The crowd was having a good time and getting noisy. We didn't stay long after eating.

We decided not to call for someone to come get us. The walk back to the hotel was pleasant and helped settle our dinner. I had told John I would use "plastic money" to pay for the dinner. "OK," he said. "And I will buy our

dinner tomorrow night."

As all the rooms opened into the courtyard, the traffic noise wasn't a problem. On the other hand, people were swimming until midnight. We never did get a chance to go into the pool.

The next morning, we had the free breakfast. This was something else. We were there early, before the rush came--had retired early. "What would you like for breakfast?" the chef asked. "What have you got?" John returned. "You name it; we have it." There were three men and three women dressed in white with tall white caps.

You could order steak and eggs, ham and eggs, bacon and eggs, pancakes, hash browns, sausage, eggs cooked any way you would like, cereals--cooked or prepared, fresh orange or grapefruit juice, tomato juice, hot drinks--tea, coffee, cocoa, milk. One could order any combination and go back as many times as you would care to. You could eat inside, or tables were set up outside where you could watch the birds and listen to them. This area, including the pool, would cover about an acre, with different levels.

On the east side, the rooms were one-story--where we had our room. The other three sides, the rooms were three-story. Starting with one story and graduating up to three, thus creating the different levels of the garden. Beautiful trees and exotic plants, small pools and waterfalls enhanced the beauty of the place.

After breakfast, we checked out and were on our way to "Sea World," some 70 miles east and close to "Disneyworld." (Another story later.) We arrived at Sea World about 9:30. We had tickets for this attraction, a savings of \$27.00 a person. John's company--Anheuser Busch--had recently purchased it. Wow! That must have cost plenty--like several million, maybe a billion?

At the entrance, we were given a map and a show schedule of the "park." We sat down on a bench and quickly outlined a schedule, so we could see as many of the main attractions as possible. We were limited for time--we were planning to drive back to Jacksonville that day.

All the main shows were around the perimeter of the complex. In the center of the park there were things to see and places to eat, any kind of fast food imaginable. A "lake" covered the south third of the park. One would judge the park covered up to 100 acres.

We started our viewing of the main attractions at 10:00 at the "Whale and Dolphin Stadium." The "New Friends" Show brings whales and

dolphins from around the world together in a delightful performance.

The stadium seating was between three and four thousand. As was our policy, we chose seats at least 15 rows back from the pool's edge. The whales were "huge" but were not the killer whale. When they rose out of the water, one could see the size and length of them. When they landed back in the water, there was a "splash" that sent water over the crowd up to at least the tenth row. Wow! Was there ever "screaming" and laughing when this happened. Some people were drenched. "Did they move back to higher seats?" A few did.

Always good to see the dolphins perform. These were some of the best. They are so "beautiful" as they sail over a barrier in twos, threes, and fours. Here a trainer, a man, rode on the backs of two of the larger ones, a foot on each back of them, holding on to a rope around their necks as they raced around the pool. This show lasted 20 minutes and ended too soon.

We had 40 minutes before the next show at the Sea Lion and Otter Stadium. There were plenty of things to see that were continuous, like "Penguin Encounter." This was a real treat to see them--hundreds--in their icy and natural habitat. They are well-dressed comical creatures.

As you walked around inside, they were in the middle, back of heavy glass. Even though it was interesting, you couldn't help but feel sorry for them, confined as they were. Surely they would let them out at intervals. It was sub-zero in there. Would you know, some were swimming in that icy water, others walking around on what looked like a big "iceberg."

Sea Lion and Seal Community pool. Also "Tropical Reef," where thousands of colorful tropical fish in their own 160,000 gallon marinelife habitat. Also Cap'n Kids World, a playground full of fun and surprises for the young--and the young at heart. Restrooms were scattered throughout the park, to handle big crowds.

Entrance to the "park" was 9:00 to 7:00. Some of the attractions were after dark. "See Shamu and friends as they perform 'Night Magic' under the stars in this magical show." Four of the main attractions of the night show were Sea World Theatre: "Water Fantasy Show" 5:00; 5:30 Sea Lion and Otter Stadium: "Sea Lions Tonight"; Shamu Stadium: "Shamu Night Magic" 6:15; Atlantis Water Ski Stadium: "Starlight Laser and Fireworks Spectacular." Moonlight or rain lasers are "spectacular." (We did not stay for the night show.)

The next show was at 11:00 at the Sea Lion and Otter Stadium. "Clide" and "Seamore" were the wacky sea lions, plus otters and "walrus." As we

entered the stadium, there was a clown there directing traffic--a girl, you would say due to the slight build. The seating capacity was some two thousand and was filling up fast. The clown was waving her arms and pointing to empty seats. She was standing in about the center of the stadium, facing the seating.

At her back was the pool, behind glass. You could see the water. A railing about five feet above the stadium floor was on top of the heavy glass. The seating was a quarter circle pattern. Between the seating was a walkway about ten feet wide, with the pool next to that. You were looking east from the seating, across the walkway, over the glass and railing, to the pool. Beyond the pool was a miniature man-made mountain with caves on the lower side and about the middle. Over the top was a walkway.

The crowd could come into the viewing area from the south and north. There were three aisles to get to the upper seating, one on either side and one in the middle. The crowd was moving fast; the show was to start in less than 15 minutes. The clown would motion to come and point to empty seats.

If there was someone out of the ordinary, such as long-haired or bald, overweight or extra skinny, she would walk behind them, mocking them both with her hands and arms, pantomiming as "Red Skelton" would do. When the crowd would roar with laughter, they would stop and turn around to see what they were laughing at. The clown was "quick" and would stop before they could catch her in the act. After they moved on, she would gesture with her hands, meaning, "throw them in the pool." For about 12 minutes, the crowd was really entertained. Just before the show was to start, the clown disappeared.

Out of one of the lower caves, sliding on water coming out, came "Clide and Seamore." These two sea lions would weigh 500 lbs. each. Next came an otter who would weigh maybe 15 lbs. The sea lions who were in the water doing tricks jumped out to chase the otter. The otter, seeing them, dove into the pool. Now an otter is a good swimmer, but nothing like a sea lion. Out of the water advantage was the otter's.

When the sea lions dove in the water, the otter came out, the sea lions right behind. The otter ran into a cage, shut the gate, pulled on a rope and was elevated up out of reach. This brought claps and laughter from the crowd, especially the children.

Well, the sea lions never did catch the otter. After trying through the many caves and paths of the mountain, the chase was interrupted by a

very gruff "bellow." Out of the bottom cave came a "monstrous walrus." The sea lions left the area in two directions, and no wonder. This "fellow" would weigh over 1,000 pounds, was light brown (a reddish brown), "ugly?" More than ugly. He shuffled along on his two "fins?" dragging his hind parts. He was "slow," "ponderous," and very, very "UGLY." Two tusks protruded out of his mouth, a huge "reddish" mustache above the tusks. No more diving in the water by the sea lions. Here was a fellow who could outdo them.

When the walrus dove in the water, it lost all of its slow and ponderous gait. It was "graceful" in its movements. After doing tricks, it came out of the water, put its front fins on a low rail, and blew water on people in the first three rows of seats. It would race around the pool, come up in a different place, blow water and bellow. People would scatter. Some even left--that was on the front row. Sure glad the critter couldn't get out over that high rail.

The otter came back, and they did a water "ballet," showing that the walrus' bark was louder and more fierce than its bite.

All performances came out for a curtain call. The show lasted 30 minutes and got a standing ovation.

It was now 11:30. With the next show at 12:00, we decided to get a quick lunch. Also we had to cross the lake. Two wide foot paths could handle a large crowd. The foot walkways crossed the narrow part of the lake. There were two other ways to get to the "Shamu Stadium," one around each end of the lake.

You could see people going from all directions toward "Shamu Stadium." "We should start over there if we want a good seat," I suggested. We came into the seating area from the west about half way up. We had to go up a few rows to find seats on the aisle. It was about 10 minutes before show time, and by the time it started, the seating was all taken up and people were standing. Seating was 5,600. I would judge one hundred more couldn't find seats. These were standing around the perimeter above us. No one was allowed to stand in front of people.

"Shamu" the "killer whales" are the most popular attractions at any marine life show across the nation. Here we were to see another attraction we hadn't seen before: Baby "Namu," one of the few baby killer whales born in captivity. "We were to see papa, mamma, and baby." See the entire family as they perform "Shamu: New Visions," a spectacular close up view of the extraordinary world of Shamu.

All during the performances, a movie on a large overhead screen was shown of the birth and growing period of "Namu," born July 11, 1989, making it 2 years and 3 months old. In the huge water tank, the family were doing their warm-up exercises. As they came out of the water and flopped on their side or back, water sprayed up above the tenth row of seats. People on the first rows were getting drenched.

Father and mother would weigh in excess of a ton each; the baby about 500 lbs. It was almost unbelievable that any critter that big could be so graceful. When they came out of the water, only Namu came all the way out.

At one point as Shamu came out, a diver was standing on the whale's two front fins (underneath) and holding on to its nose. As it flopped on its back, the diver went in the opposite direction. At this time, the whale almost came all the way out of the water. During the show, attendants in diving suits (except the air tanks) rode on their backs sitting, also standing. At one point, both parents raced around the pool with a person on each back holding hands. As they came to a wide platform, the riders jumped off, and the two critters came completely out of the water onto the platform with their tail fins held high as they waved to the crowd. "This received a standing ovation."

One wondered how they could get back into the water. After about three minutes, they backed up and slid into the water--the platform was covered with about an inch of water.

For 25 minutes, we were treated to a "wonderful show." Baby Namu did tricks by itself. The divers did not ride on its back, however. It had some growing up before that could take place. It was less than 1/3 the length of the parents.

A child of about 8-9 years had the chance to pet and feed one of the larger whales. It took a little persuading before she would touch the whale.

The next performance was at the Atlantis Water Ski Stadium. The world famous Sea World waterski team presents an amusing look at military life in the "USO Water Show." We left most of the crowd before we reached this area. After all, "Shamu" was the most popular attraction, and this being Sunday, kids were here in abundance. Even with Disneyworld close by, 1/3 of the crowd here at Sea World were under 12 years. This would be a weekend trip for families.

This waterski show was "spectacular" and one of the highlights of our entire trip and would have been "something" to see after dark. Show lasted

35 minutes.

Next was the "Hawaiian Rhythms": native dress and costumes and beautiful music and dance. "They are really good," I remarked. "What part of Hawaii do you think they come from?" "They are from the University here," John returned. "Well, they are almost as good as any we saw while in Hawaii," I grumbled, the wind taken out of my sail.

Let Sea World take you on a South Sea adventure with this colorful Polynesian review at the beach. It was on the shore of the huge lake, the sand ankle deep and logs to sit on to watch the performance. An outdoor cafe was close by where if you bought food or drink, you could view the performance sitting at a table in the shade.

After this performance which ended at 2:30 p.m., we decided to start for the entrance of the complex. John was to treat us to dinner at a fancy restaurant at Daytona Beach, some 100 miles north and east of here.

The ride to Daytona was beautiful. We crossed over some of the headwaters of the St. Johns River about 200 miles south of Jacksonville. Florida is noted for its "Everglades." We hadn't seen those after four trips to Florida, or the Miami area, or the northwest area. Most of the rest we have been to several times. Florida is also noted for its many lakes, pine trees, citrus groves, farming, ranching, cattle, etc. It has beautiful beaches. It is said to walk the beaches, get sand in your shoes, and you will be "back."

It was between sundown and dark when we reached Daytona. John left the freeway and drove us through the city, population 62,000. We went by the racetrack where the Daytona 500 is held. Some of the city was old, but mostly modern. "Do you want to look around?" John asked. "I, for one, am more interested in dinner," Mary retorted. "Me too," Renee said. "It has been a big day," I spoke up. "I'm ready to eat," thinking "Sure glad I don't have to drive the nearly 200 miles afterwards to get us home to Orange Park."

We didn't have reservations and had to wait about 30 minutes to get a table. The food was worth the wait. One could get most anything you desired. Believe it or not, I didn't order "catfish," had the same as John. Renee and Mary had the same thing, but as I recall, not what John and I had. This was a 5 or 6 course dinner. I thought to myself, "You sure got off lucky last night." I would judge John paid about double what I had paid. It was 11 p.m. when we got home. I watched John all the way for any signs of drowsiness.

The next day being Monday, John and Renee had to go to work. John drove his car, a "Nissan Zee" sports car. Renee left her car with Mary and I and went with a friend to her work. We had the car to go anywhere we would like. We decided to spend the day in "Old St. Augustine," about 60 miles south and east of "Orange Park."

Saint Augustine, Florida is one of the oldest cities in America. The oldest schoolhouse in the good old U.S. of A. is still standing there. You can get in the compound, but the schoolhouse is fenced off. All you can do is admire it from a distance.

The "Castillo De San Marcos," the oldest masonry fort is located there overlooking the St. Johns River. You can sail on this river, which runs from south to north, and there are outlets in places to the ocean. The tide comes in and goes out along this river, which is ten miles wide in places. There are cannons on the roof of the fort, used in the early days to defend the fort.

We took a one and a half hour tour down the river and around the shorelines. At one place close to the ocean (you could see the breakers), we watched the huge fishing boats, some up to 100 feet long, come in from the ocean and dump their nets of small fish--ones not usable for their operation.

After they moved on, we circled the area and watched the dolphins feed on the catch. There must have been a hundred of them. The fish knew they were on display and would swim around our tour craft. There were about 50 people on it. Some of the dolphins would jump out of the water. "Beautiful to see."

We didn't go closer than within 1/2 mile of the ocean. Our boat couldn't cope with the big waves. Every time we go down there, we see and learn something new. On this boat tour, we found out that the Old Spanish Trail that passes west of Cedar City, Utah originated at the "Castillo De San Marcos Fort," started by the Spanish in 1672.

We went south of St. Augustine to Crescent Beach where you could drive the car along it. The sand was firm close to the water, however you had to watch and not spin the wheels. People in cars who were horsing around were getting stuck.

We walked along the water's edge, picked up shells, got our feet wet and sand in our shoes. Mary stayed close to the car; I walked at least a mile down the beach. We had been there before (another story.) One time I brought 25 pounds of shells home with me on the plane.

One day John took us to "Kingsley Plantation" located on Fort George Island, close to the ocean, 20 miles east of Orange Park. Kingsley Plantation is one of the few remaining examples of the plantation system of Territorial Florida. It is the site of the oldest plantation house in the state. One of the houses on the site was reportedly built by John McQueen, who received the island from the King of Spain in 1791.

John Houston McIntosh was the next owner of the island. He purchased it in 1804. McIntosh later fell into disfavor with the Spanish after taking part in an attempt to overthrow their rule. He sold the plantation for \$7,000 in 1817 to Zephaniah Kingsley, who managed it until 1840. His nephew, K.B. Gibbs, ran the operation for a number of years afterwards. Gibbs kept a journal in which he recorded interesting facts and stories about his life as a planter.

Zephaniah Kingsley was a learned man and was appointed to the Second Legislative Council of the Territory of Florida by James Monroe, President of the U.S. He was also quite wealthy, having gained ownership of several thousand acres of land in Florida and a large number of slaves. He believed that slavery was the best method available to ensure the success of agriculture in the south.

The plantation system developed in Florida for the same reasons it did in other parts of the south--available land and cheap labor. The planters dominated political as well as economic and social affairs.

Cotton, sugarcane, and other cash crops were raised on the plantation and shipped to Savannah and Charleston for sale. Kingsley also established orange groves on the island. The rice and vegetables raised for food were supplemented by fish, oysters, and sea turtles from the waters around the island. Domestic livestock was also raised here, and wild game was plentiful.

The slave cabins and the lower story of the kitchen house are of tabby, a primitive type of concrete made of sand, oyster shell, and water. Part of the stable is of the same material, with the clay brick portion added later.

Life on the plantation, like most others, was not idyllic. In the summer, biting insects were numerous, and cold winds buffeted the island during the winter. The nearest town was Fernandina, which could only be reached by boat. Fire was a calamity that could destroy crops and buildings alike. Neither grass nor shrubbery, which could carry a fire, were allowed to grow near the buildings. The "widows walk" served as a platform from which fire on the roof could be extinguished, as well as a spot for observation of the

river and fields.

--Note of explanation--

The house faced east overlooking the open fields, river, and the ocean. It was long north to south, with a bungalow type roof on each end that jutted out farther to the east than the main portion of the building. Back to the west of these two abutments, the house was two story. On top of the roof of this story was the lookout floor and railing.

Coming out of the two bungalow type roofs were a chimney. One would take it that a fireplace was in each of these parts. You could see 12 windows in the building looking from east to west. Below three big windows of the upper floor of the structure, a roof covered a porch that extended out between the abutments on either side.

At the back (west) side of the building was the covered "widows walk" before mentioned. This covered walkway extended between the "castile" (main building) and the servants' quarters. One could walk between these buildings protected from the elements in any kind of weather. On the rooftop of the "widows walk", or should we say it was the widows walk, you could get from the roof of either structure to put out any fire on the roofs.

When we were there, the castile was not open and no guide service. We did look in a few windows, however. It was furnished as if the owners were still living there. You could look and go in part of the servants' quarters, as well as the stables.

It was a well preserved and fantastic "castile." Some of the cedar trees in front of and on the sides of the building were "ancient," looked to be several hundred years old. As much as eight feet thick at the base.

You had to go through a gate to get to the main plantation area. Two workmen were loading limbs, etc., about one hundred yards north of and inside the fenced area. "Maybe we should talk to them," Mary retorted. "Do you think we are allowed to go in here?" "Why not?" I questioned. "The gate is open. If they didn't want visitors, the gate would be closed. Anyway, if they do not want us here, surely they will tell us to leave." "I still do not like it!" Mary exclaimed.

We had been around the "castile" area about 30 minutes. I was checking out the huge cedar trees. Mary was standing by the car. She motioned for me to come over there. As I walked toward her, I thought to myself, "We will never get the chance to come back here. The workmen hadn't seen us or didn't care. After all, the castile was locked, and we hadn't touched or taken anything, not even a picture." Would you believe,

we left our camera home in New Harmony?!

John let us drive the "Zee" one day. "Wow, what a powerful car." We didn't take it far; were gone about one hour. There are big shopping centers in three directions from Orange Park, also some in Orange Park that are fun to walk around in.

We went to Jacksonville to visit Tonya and Al, Renee's daughter and her husband. They have a little girl and Al has a boy, "Scott" about 10, from a previous marriage. Will tell more about them in the journal I have started of Mary and I--life together.

When we scheduled our flight home, we couldn't get a flight through Dallas that would put us in Salt Lake in the early evening. We wanted to make connections with Sky West that would get us to Cedar City by 7 p.m. There was a flight through Atlanta, Georgia, however. We had a three hour layover there. We were quite unhappy about that. However, it would connect at Salt Lake City at the time we desired.

We had a wide-bodied jet "737" (?) to Atlanta. It was nine seats across, double aisles. We have flown through Atlanta before but didn't like it. You have to circle sometimes for about an hour to get permission to land. This day, however, we didn't. It was clear. You could see the city real good. I had a window seat, and as we approached the airport, we flew over the city. One could view the stadium where they play "baseball." Just north of that, another stadium was under construction. It was "huge, HUGE." This one more than likely will be where the Summer Games opening and closing ceremonies will be held. Atlanta was awarded that, which I might add, cost Utah a chance at future Winter Games.

John and I had agreed that the "Atlanta Braves" would go all the way this year. Well, they came close. Could have won it all but for a costly "error." Maybe next year. "They did have a very good team." When you play for all the marbles, things get "tough."

As we checked our tickets after landing, Mary said to the ticket agent, "A three hour delay is terrible." "I can put you on a flight to St. Louis and Salt Lake in 15 minutes," he returned. "How much time would we save?" I asked. "Twenty minutes. do you want to spend the time in the air or on the ground?" We spent it on the ground.

"Would you like a frozen yogurt?" I asked. "We passed a place back there." "Yes, I would," Mary said, "but don't be long."