

IN THE SHADOW OF SHINOB-KAI



The Autobiography of Arthur Tanner Paxman

September 15, 2004 - I am about to start writing a personal history of my life. I will be 77 years old come the 6th of January. If I wait any longer, my memory probably won't get any better.



IN APPRECIATION

Thanks to my husband for completing his history after losing two other writings before. The third time has been successfully completed.

Special thanks goes to Richard who inserted the pictures into the text and made our computer useable. Thanks to his wife Wendy for sharing him with us.

Lynda C. Paxman

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Chapter 1	Boyhood 1928 - 1946.	4
Chapter 2	Military Service, College, and Jobs .	20
Chapter 3	Dairy Business	31
Chapter 4	Marriage and Children	36
Chapter 5	Retirement Years	40
Appendix 1	Rokah Tanner Paxman	51
Appendix 2	Golden David Paxman	58

Chapter 1

Boyhood 1928 - 1946

I was born in the old Mc Gregor Hospital in St. George on January 6, 1928 with no complications.

My parents named me after my Paternal Grandfather Arthur Alfred Paxman. My Uncle Art was also named after the same man. Uncle Art wasn't too happy about me being named after his dad. He said: "I was mixed up the first half of my life and now I will be mixed up the rest of my life." On occasion I would get his paychecks and he would get my bills. Here in Washington City, Uncle Art has a grandson named Arthur Kelly Paxman. Sometimes, we also get mail addressed to Arthur K. Paxman in our mail box.

My brother's name is Robert Tanner Paxman. I was pretty lonesome the first few years of my life and in need of a friend. Bob became that friend to me. He was a much better friend than my imaginary friend (GaGa) who lived over on the west mountains. Judith Ann was born thirteen years after I was. How nice to have a little sister to spoil and I believe we did a pretty good job of it.

Some families and friends used nicknames but people just shortened my name to Art. I used to get this saying all the time:

Gene, Gene, made a machine

Joe, Joe, made it go

Art, Art, let a fart

And blew it all apart.

My father Golden took over the Paxman Family Farm which was on the other side of the Virgin River in the shadow of a very special mesa called "Shinob-kiab." The name is said to be one the Paiute Indians gave it.



Paxman Family Farm 1957

My first recollection of being here on the earth was when my cousin Fred and I were at Grandpa Tanner's place. We were both holding onto the old net wire fence and I told him I was four years old. Fred then told me that he was three years old. He would catch me in age just before I would turn another year older.



Fred Tanner is the other boy in the five generation picture with me which was taken around 1931. This very special picture has my Great-Great Grandmother Martha Reese Alexander, Great Grandmother Martha Averett, Grandmother Martha May Tanner, Ernest Tanner (Fred's father) and my mother Rokah Tanner P.

Our family would move from the farm into town and live in the Bastian place. This was always in the winter time when the water in the river was high and there wasn't much work to do except the chores. We were living there when I was a small baby. Anyway, I was in a wicker buggy and I was big enough to tip myself down the steps that went to the basement. I knocked out two baby teeth. Mother and Dad were not too concerned as they thought I would get permanent teeth.



My first trip to a dentist was to pull a piece of bone out where my baby teeth had been. When my permanent teeth did come in, they were all yellow and damaged. These damaged teeth were later pulled out, along with the two teeth next to the empty spaces.

The dentist did his best to fix the problem. He pulled the two good teeth next to the area and made a partial plate that fit tight into the space left by the four missing teeth. Doctor Howard Woodbury practiced down in Las Vegas and was the one who fixed the partial plate for me. He was the husband of my cousin, the daughter of Lewis Lund.

Unlike my Father's side, I inherited soft enamel from my Mother's family and had decaying teeth very quickly. By this time in my life I have only eleven good teeth located on the bottom area. False teeth on the top are now my lot in life.

Talking about inheritance, my Mother passed down to me thick beefy legs. I always loved cowboy boots and had a difficult time finding boots that would fit comfortably. Boots usually had to be ordered and specially made just for me.

My favorite food was homemade Peach Cobbler and homemade Vanilla Ice Cream. Mom also made the best toughies (fried bread dough) and pies, etc

My father was a farmer and a very hard worker. He always had a little money and would help people out during the depression. My Mother took good

care of her husband and children and was a very good cook. She was very spiritual and an excellent parent. Naturally we had the best parents in the whole world! I used to like to sit by my father. He smoked tobacco and I liked the smell of it.

My father used to read to me "The Last of the Mohicans" by James Fenimore Cooper.. I was heavy on westerns reading the stories from Luke Short in the Saturday Evening Post. I loved the author Zane Gray and also the story of Robin Hood.

We had a special way of celebrating birthdays with a Birthday Party. We always had a cake with candles to match our age. Friends were invited to my party when I was younger. As I got older, a few candles were used to make it look like the number of years but it was not one candle equal one year.

Becoming a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is a special occasion. I was baptized November 7, 1936 by James Crawford and confirmed a member by Elder Henry Baker the same day. I don't remember if anyone else came to the baptism. Some other time, I was baptized for the dead by Malin Iverson.

Our family always went to Church. The old Chapel had a bell tower and the bell would ring at 10:00 a.m. for Sunday School to start. At 2:00 p.m. Sacrament Meeting would begin. One of my favorite teacher's, Sister Waite, was a sweet lady in Sunday School who taught the 16 and 17-year-old class. Most of the students gave her a bad time but she didn't let that get her down. She remained my friend until her death and always acknowledged me whenever she saw me.

I used to try to scare Bob and I would say: "Listen, here comes a bull charging toward us." I managed to scare myself more than I did my brother.

Some of the experiences I remember with my brother were running up and down the river bed of the Virgin River fishing, swimming, and sliding on the slick mud after a flood. I remember the sunburned skin after a day of playing in the river bottom with no clothes on. I can still remember how the switch felt as mother used it on my backside as I ran for home after playing all day in my birthday suit.

My brother Bob and I were swimming and catching fish with our hands in a big hole next to a rock abutment the Civilian Conversation Corp. had put in to protect the bank of the river. We caught some big suckers and then Bob said to the next person he came in contact with: "Me and Affo went down to the rivo and caught a succo this long!" He made a motion with his hands indicating the length of the fish. He has never been able to live those words down. He had a hard time saying the "R" sound.

I learned to swim in the canal after my Dad and Uncle Lynn threw me in and told me to swim. It was a scary time for me but probably saved my life in the long run. The canal had a place to drain and wash the silt out. The gate was on a cement mount with a large wheel to raise the big metal gate. It formed a very deep hole on the canal side and a deep hole below in the wash that carried the water and silt to the river. We, of course, would dive into the canal. We would also climb upon top of the horizontal wheel (about three feet higher) and dive off it. I judge the overall height to be ten to twelve feet from the surface of the water.

My cousins and I were swimming around the canal and sometimes the river and we used to dare one another like: "I'll bet you don't dare swallow a live fish." Of course, then we would; there was always plenty of fish in the river where we were swimming. One day about mid-morning, Donald Vincent and I were swimming in the canal. One of us said to the other: "I'll bet you can't climb Shinob-Kiab without any clothes on!" So then we did. I believe we did put shoes on but that was all.

We also swam a lot in the Warm Springs located north of the freeway in Washington City. These springs were always a popular swimming hole for our town. What was unique about this spot was that the warm water came from deep down in the ground. This allowed you to swim year round - warm in the winter and cool in the summer. There were boilers that forced the sand and water upwards making it impossible to dive down deep in them. There was squeaky clean sand between your toes that make a funny sound as you moved through it. Now the city has it fenced off and you can't swim there anymore.

Another old landmark was the Swimming Pool - *(The Cascades)* - belonging to Israel Neilson. This pool was located north of Telegraph Street where an Airplane Museum is now located. It had a cable connected to a Black

Willow Tree and you could ride down into the pool on a carriage with about four wheels attached to the cable. It was great fun! It had both a low and high diving board and several dressing rooms to the north of it.

Some of the things we did for fun were fishing, hunting, looking for Indian artifacts, going camping, rock hunting, hiking in the desert, and gardening. The outdoors was my kind of life. The other places of great interest were the canal which ran along the east side of our farm property, the Virgin River, and the Indian hill that had habitation on it as well as pit houses and storage bins. The Indian hill gave us a lot of fun sifting and screening for artifacts.

Shinob-kiab was one of the favorite places of interest down on the Paxman Farm. It was very fun to climb to the top of the Beacon Tower that was in operation. We would climb to the top of the tower on the metal steps built into it. The trap door allowing you to gain access to the big light had a paddle lock on it. The big cement arrow the tower set on was pointing in a northern direction. Of course, the cement arrow is still there today.

We used to lie outside at night and watch the light as it made a 360° turn around the valley. There was also another light on the Wolf Hole Mountain out south as well as one located at the Airport in St. George. The beacon would direct airplanes and keep them on the right course. This was before the High Frequency Radio Towers were built and had radar to direct aircraft.

Christmas when I was young was so exciting! We had one of Santa's elves visit our house about two weeks before the 25th. This elf's name was Tippy-Toes and he surprised us with small gifts in our room near our pillow or on the window seal. On Christmas eve I could never sleep very well. I was a poor sleeper to start with but I never was able to catch old Santa leaving the toys, however, they were always under the tree.

One Christmas, Aunt Hattie and Uncle Bert Webb came to stay with our family at the farm. Up to that time it was the best Christmas I ever had. My favorite gift under the tree was a truck that had headlights which lighted up. Of course Bob also had a truck with lights. In those days, battery powered toys were pretty rare.

My favorite Christmas present as a child was a bright red and white Elgin Bicycle made by Sears and Roebuck Company. I learned how to ride this bike by leaning against our house to get on the seat and then inching my way along the house to gain my balance. Later, I took the bike to my Grandpa Tanner's house feeling very confident that I could ride it on a better road. I started to go around the block and began to lean to the north which caused me to wreck in the ditch.

I still love Christmas time. For a while I believed in the old elf (Santa), then I didn't believe in him, then I was him, and now I look just like him.

One of the exciting adventures I had as a child of about 7 or 8 years old, was going to Salt Lake City to visit my Aunt Hattie and Uncle Bert. I rode the Trolley (Bamberger) to the Salt Air Resort and to Lagoon. I thought I was lost at Lagoon but my Uncle and Aunt were behind me laughing. I was so nervous I forgot to look behind me.

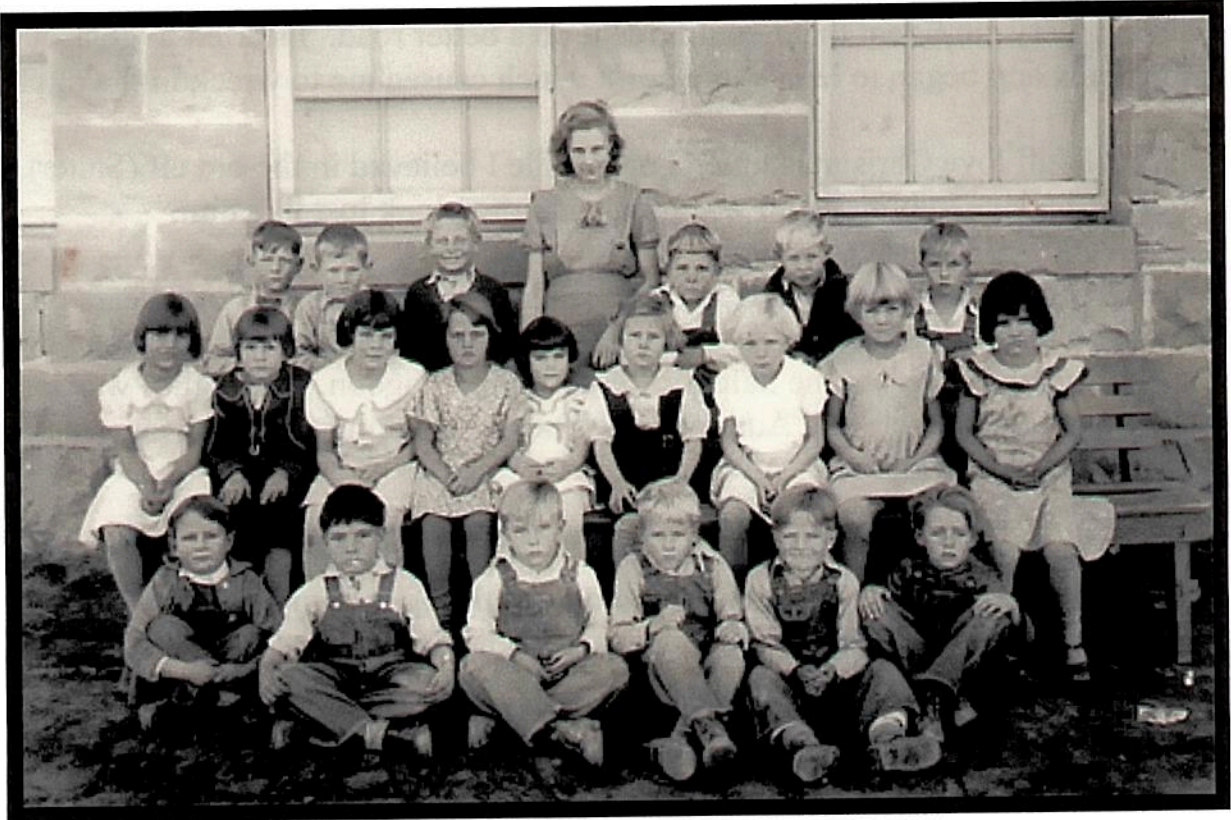
On this same trip I walked down the gutter with running water in it and ruined my best shoes. These shoes were tight-fitting and hurt my feet so I didn't feel bad about it. Due to my wide feet and high instep, shoes that are comfortable are hard to find.

In the late 30's, Uncle Bert worked for Skaggs Market cutting meat. I caught a ride up to Cedar City with my Uncle L.P. Vincent who dropped me off. I stayed one week with this couple. It was the first time I had ice cubes put in my glass of milk. I remember going with Uncle Bert to the city park at night with a flashlight catching night crawlers so we could go fishing on Cedar Mountain the next day.

One time I was riding to Las Vegas with Harry Gentry where I stayed with Aunt Hattie and Uncle Bert. It seemed like he had his own little grocery store on Main Street. Bert was born to tease people. He would torment and tease the colored people that would come in the store. They would love being teased and made a fuss over.

When I first started Elementary School in the Red Rock Building in Washington, we lived again in the Bastian home or with Grandma Paxman in her home. I attended school from First through the Sixth Grades.

A Miss Hopkins was my First Grade Teacher and she was so *beautiful* that we all fell in love with her. When it came to learning spelling and other subjects, it was a different story. She didn't last long at our school.



Art - First Grade - at Teacher's Left

For the Second Grade., Fay Stirling, from Leeds was a better teacher. She helped our class catch up with the things we had missed learning in the First Grade. This year I had a classmate that had a crush on me and her name was Irene Prisbrey (one of the three sets of twins her folks had). She made me a homemade valentine which was very large and took her a lot of time to make. When she gave it to me, I was not overjoyed. She mentioned this to me at our last class reunion.

My Third and Fourth Grades were taught by Ruth Windsor. She was an easy going individual who liked to hug us up to her bosom. She was a typical old maid school teacher.

Victor Iverson was my Fifth and Sixth Grade Teacher and also my

Principal. He would have had red hair if he hadn't lost all of it on top. You could tell when he was getting angry because the blood came up from his chest and neck making the top of his bald head turn fiery red. Victor was a very good teacher.

One day George Goss brought garlic to school and the boys all ate some. Victor sent one of the girls across the street to buy a hot onion. All the boys with garlic on their breath, got to eat some.

Gene Prisbrey and I were kept in the classroom to do our work we hadn't finished. Gene was sitting there without writing anything. Victor said: "What are you thinking about Gene?" Gene answered: "I'm thinking about how I can get out of here." Victor walked over to him and latched onto his shirt at the neck and the seat of his pants and threw him out into the hall at the head of the stairs. That showed him how to get out of the room. My, haven't things changed!.

Another problem we gave Victor was to take the school bell and dismantle it. We then went down to the First Grade play area and hid each piece of the bell in a different spot in the sand box. The bell stayed missing for quite a while as Victor could not find it anywhere. I think someone must have weakened and told him where it was hidden. He was not a happy Principal

(? - 1935-36) I need to mention the coldest and most severe winter in my life time. There was a lot of snow on the ground in Washington County. The temperature got down below zero for quite awhile that winter. Water pipes froze, the Virgin River froze over, pomegranates, fig trees, and grapes froze; as well as the palm trees. It really thinned the Gamble Quail out also. My father had traps made and caught a lot of them. After cooking them, the breasts of the small game birds were very tasty.

My family moved over to St. George that winter and stayed with Uncle Art and Aunt Mamie Paxman. I remember it was Christmas time and Aunt Mamie had her pelvis broken in a car accident. We, of course, stayed right there with them and my parents took care of them. I was eight years old (almost 9) and Bob was five.

That winter in St. George I attended the third grade in a new elementary

school just to the west of the Woodward High School. My teacher was Linda Larson, a home- town teacher from Washington. I think it was only a month or six weeks before we were back to our abode on the west side of Shinob-Kiab.

Uncle Art played Santa Clause that Christmas season. Clare, Bob, and I got into the candy stored down in their basement which he planned to hand out to the kids in the neighborhood. What a wonderful time we had.

Cousin Clare was quite spoiled being the only boy in the family. He just played and worked at his own hobbies. He collected different wild bird eggs. He blew out the yolks and whites and then displayed the eggs in their own nests. He had a reptile pen, with lizards and snakes in it, and was trying to catch mice to feed them. He had pigeons out in pens in the old barn and other pens with rabbits in them.

Clare was an artist and he could draw and paint. He whittled out old World War I airplanes. He had access to pulp magazines at the time showing the U.S.A., English, and German aircraft. He copied them to a tea, painting the insignias on the wings and all.

Clare had a flipper that cold winter and his main hobby when the snow covered the ground, was to shoot the snow birds (chick-a-dees). He had for every bird he killed a notch in an old cedar post that was in the back yard. There were hundreds of notches in that post. Thinking about it later, all he was doing was putting them out of their misery (they were starving to death).

Clare also took me out the street and down to Temple hill. He made a wooden sled that you could actually steer. My feet almost froze. They have never been quite the same since but we had a lot of fun. We went to several Hop-a-Long Cassidy movies (I believe they were matinees).

Clare had sisters and on occasion I was made to play paper dolls with Audrey. I didn't like playing girl stuff at all and was glad when she got bored.

Clare in his later years collected Indian artifacts. He went all out whenever he got going on a new hobby.

Clare died of a massive heart attack on October 6, 1972. Our oldest son Richard was being born at the same time Clare was on his way out. The hospital told us: "A Paxman coming and a Paxman going."

One day my cousin Fred and I were looking for springs down in the mill creek area. We were getting thirsty and found a nice spring of water. We both took a nice long drink of the fresh spring water. After a few minutes, to our dismay, all at once long yellow stuff started coming out. To this day, the thought of drinking that sewer water sickens me.

I was bused to St. George to the Woodward School from the Seventh through the Tenth Grades. The Eleventh and Twelfth Grades were held at the Dixie College campus which then was the old rock building on Main Street.

At Woodward Junior High School I had an overall grade of a "B" average. Of course I got an "A" in my Uncle Arthur's Class because I studied a little harder. Also, I liked Biology and kept a very neat journal. Math was my worst subject but I still got a "B" in it. I didn't like English very well but took German and Spanish classes in High School which helped me understand English better.

The extra activities I played in Junior High School were: sports such as Basket Ball and Football along with Shot Put (8 or 16-pound) and Track. I think one of the classes that I participated in was "Art." I liked to draw and paint but I loved playing Pool more than going to a Sketching and Drawing classes.

In the Physical Education Class, the teacher taught us how to dance. The boys would line up on one side of the gym and the girls on the other side. Then we would count down the line of girls to make sure we didn't get someone we couldn't trade off. Otherwise, we were stuck with that partner the rest of the class. By the time I was out of High School, I was pretty good at Jitter Bug.

Some of my playmates and friends were my three cousins who were the same age as me and an uncle pretty close to the same age. Ronald and Donald Vincent were twins and Rayburn Paxman was my other cousin. Uncle Clare Tanner was close to my age also. We were always swimming and playing together. Other friends were Darrell Miller, Ben Jolley, and Doug Sproul. Doug was the one who ate strychnine (the story is in Mother's section). They loved to

play at the farm with Bob and me. Of course my Dad was not too happy about them being there as he had work for Bob and me to do.

Chores were part of our farm life. In my father and mother's day, they had some thing that made you sleep and it was called WORK! We put up hay, harvested Beet Seed, milked thirteen cows by hand, separated cream from the milk, raised pigs and turkeys, and had chickens to care for.

We went picnicking quite a lot - especially on Easter. We would find a cool shady place to have our picnic. We tried to see who had the toughest egg. When Dad was older, the fishing bug bit him and then we spent time at Panguitch Lake every summer.

The river was a temptation as I got older. My cousins and I decided to build a raft that could take us down stream past St. George to the Virgin River Gorge and end up at Lake Mead near Las Vegas. We played hooky from school about once a week to spend our time making the perfect raft so we could have a real adventure. It was some time before our parents caught on that we were not in school nor on the bus.

We cut four power poles down which took electricity to the Beacon Light and rolled them down to the river, and floated them down to our spot near where the sluice wash goes into the river. We used the wire that was on the poles to bind the raft together. We had a Number 3 tub to store our food in and nailed it down to the raft.

When the time came for our ride on the river raft, my cousins all chickened out and left me alone to take the ride. Doug Sproul, a good friend of mine, volunteered to go with me and we began our journey north of the Washington Bridge. The river runs in channels and we didn't have enough water to adequately float the raft. The raft hit the bottom where the river widened out, and we couldn't go. We decided we had enough of this, and left the raft in the shallow water next to where Bloomington is today. We hiked back to St. George and took the school bus back to Washington. So much for river running!

I liked Amos and Andy and also Little Abner on the Radio. We attended weekly movies in St. George at the old Wadsworth and Gaiety theaters. They

showed weekly news reels and serials (Rin-Tin-Tin the Wolf Dog, - Barnum up Barnes,) etc.

In my youth I did the usual pranks and soon learned a hard lesson. One day my cousin Fred and I were playing near Mr. Neilson's melon and pumpkin patch. We decided it would be exciting to jump from melon to melon and get from one side of the patch to the other. No one could see us and no one would ever know who did it. It would be our secret. Well, after I arrived home that night my conscience began to bother me. Finally, I confessed my doings to my folks. They made me go to Mr. Neilson and explain what we had done to his patch. To make restitution for my crime, I had to weed his garden and do other chores for him. You can rest assured that I never repeated this type of mischief again.

I remember the time my father drew a permit to shoot a cow elk in the Mount Nebo District. Lloyd Stratton drew out for a bull elk also. His brother, Uncle Albert Stratton, was going along with us. Lloyd and Albert's father, Ivy Stratton, called ahead and we had every game warden in the northern part of the State hunting with us. My father wasn't too happy about it. They all were shooting at the nice fat cow elk and not knowing who's bullet actually hit the elk.

Of course when you are young you do things wrong. I was no different. I was about fourteen years old and quite strong. I broke several shovel handles and pitchfork handles. My father said to me: "I guess you think you are strong." He then taught me not to pry with the tools.

By the time I was a teenager, the bridge was built and so we lived on the farm in the fields' area. We used to ride a horse, a bike, or a car across the bridge and go to town. We were not afraid to venture out to the sand dunes on our bikes, or ride horses in the country side. We looked for rocks and enjoyed being outdoors.

I grew up in the age of the Big Band Music. I loved to dance to this music as well as Country Music. The stuff I hear today is not music in my opinion. One activity I really enjoyed was dancing in Hurricane, Utah and I did it often throughout my teen years.

Other than being shy, I don't recall any thing too difficult as a teenager. At

the end of the year I always had lots of things written in my year book. One embarrassing trick when I was in Junior High was to watch for a chance to pull the person's chair out from under him when he stood up. Needless to say, the person would sit down on the floor instead of the chair. Looking back now, it was a very hurtful trick.

In High School I took Auto Mechanics with Donald Vincent and Ed Hall. We became brake specialists and the older guys would bring their cars to us to have the brakes fixed.

It was a few years down the road before I stayed at the old Mc Gregor Hospital. Aunt Alma Tanner, my younger brother Bob, and I went over together to have surgery on our throats and have our tonsils removed. Alpine Senior did the honors. Aunt Alma had a much harder time getting over the surgery due to her age. Bob got by the best probably because he was younger than I was.

After I arrived back home, I kept complaining that something was in my throat. The adults told me it was my imagination. Anyway, they took me back to the hospital where Dr. Mc Gregor extracted a big chunk of packing accidentally left in my throat. It looked like a giant blood clot. I did much better after that had been removed.

My next visit to the Mc Gregor Clinic was to have a large tick removed from my left ear drum. I could feel him moving around in my ear. Today I hear better with my right ear rather than the left one.

On April 1, 1946, at 18 years of age, I returned to this hospital to have my appendix removed. The doctor said my appendix was the kind that could rupture today or go a life time without rupturing. I never felt much pain on my right side, it felt more like a pulling sensation. However, the surgery did take place. The night before surgery a Mrs. Knight from Santa Clara came and told me that this was the very room her husband had died in. Her statement was not much of a confidence builder.

I had complications after the surgery and ran a high fever for several days and had to stay in the hospital longer than planned. When I got dressed to go home from the hospital, my Levies fell right off me. I had lost at least fifteen

pounds from the complications of infection.

I remember Mother and Father's Model T Ford that they took on their honeymoon. The next vehicle was a Model A Ford 1932. After that we had a dark-colored 1935 Ford Pickup. When I was in High School, Dad bought a 1946 Chevrolet Pickup Truck which I drove after I was 16. There might have been one more. I am not sure.

I need to write about the dogs we had while growing up on the farm. The first one I remember was Jerry - a big German Shepherd. He kept me company when I was a small boy. Oh, how I loved him!. It was a sad day when he ran with some other dogs and they killed some turkeys Dad was raising. Dad then gave Jerry to his cousin Herbert Westover who was farming up the road next to the east side of Shinob-Kiab (the farm that was later owned by Stanley Turner - a second cousin.) Anyway, when Herbert came to town with his team and wagon, Jerry would come up to our place. Naturally, I would get a hold of Jerry and not want to give him back when Herbert came to get him. I would cry and Herbert would cry and of course Herbert would get him back. Herbert and his wife didn't have any children so Jerry was just like a child to them - one of the family. His wife was Ester Adams before he married her.

The next dog was a mixture of several breeds, one kind being a Terrier. He had quite long hair around his face and mouth. He was, of course, special to us too and we loved him very much. He came up missing and I don't recall whether he had been sick or if he was poisoned. I found him up above the canal shot quite a while after. I suspected my Dad of putting the dog out of his misery.

When Bob and I were farming and milking cows, a stray female dog came up to the dairy barn. She had been abandoned by someone and was starving. Boy, she was a gopher catcher. When we would water the farm, she would put her head in the air and then start weaving up the field to where a gopher had surfaced. She was hungry enough to eat them immediately.

We had many more dogs but we seemed to have bad luck with most of them. While swathing hay I ran over one and also cut the legs of another dog.

We also had a gray male cat at the dairy. Someone had thrown him off by the river bridge to get rid of him. We neutered him and de-tailed him with the elastitator plyers we used to castrate our bull calves. We fed him up until he became very big. The milk truck driver kept telling us he had seen a Bobcat. We just smiled and agreed with him.

I grew up in the fields located just south of the Washington bridge. In 1939, the old one-lane seven-span bridge across the Virgin River was begun. It was completed in 1940. After the bridge was finished, we moved to our home on 100 East and 390 South. I tell people quite often the reason I stayed here was that I was unable to get enough money together to get out of town

Chapter 2

Military Service, College, and Jobs

My time in the military was in 1946 when I graduated from Dixie High School in the month of May. I had just had my appendix operated on in the month of April. The Country still had the military draft going at that time even though



the war was pretty much over with. When they called me up to Fort Douglas to be examined, they told me they were going to defer me for six weeks so the appendix scar could heal completely. I came back home and got a statement from the doctor saying I was good enough to go into the Service. I took Raeburn Paxman, Donald and Ronald Vincent, with me to the old Post Office in Salt Lake City and joined the Navy.

Quite a lot of our class members hurried and got married. This kept them from being drafted. The Government put us on a train to San Diego, California, where we took our six weeks of boot training.

After boot camp we all went our separate ways. I was shipped to Norfolk, Virginia, and from there up to Cape Charles to a Naval Air Station at Chincoteague, VA, and assigned to Squadron Vx2. Vx2 was a radio control outfit that had been in the south pacific flying planes by radio through the mushroom clouds on the Bikini atoll (a ring-shaped coral island or string of islands consisting of a coral reef surrounding a lagoon) of the Marshall island. They told me the stubby looking F6Fs' Aircraft Carrier Planes would change several different colors as they passed through the radio active clouds. They were running the sailors involved in this testing up for blood tests periodically. I worked in the radio store room issuing radio gear out to the pilots, along with Radio MHF and

VHF units, head sets, and whatever else the pilots needed.

This unit had what they called a Fox Truck with radio gear stored in it setting on the runway. They also had a chair setting next to the truck where an officer would take the drone (a pilotless airplane controlled by radio signals) off the landing strip into the air and then an F7F (two-engine fighter plane) would direct the plane out over Chesapeake Bay where the Battle Ship Wyoming would try to shoot it down.

It was fun to see the drones brought back to our unit all shot to pieces. Of course, a lot of them wouldn't come back at all. The F6Fs' were obsolete at that time. This was their final involvement being used in the Military.

The Service told me if I wanted to extend my two-year hitch to four years, then I could get some schooling. They also said if I wanted a career in the Navy that about half of it would be sea duty. The pilots were drawing sea pay along with flight pay for operating over water. This amounted to 80% of their base pay.

I thought I was on vacation most of the time. We had three nights out of four off and three week ends out of four off duty. Some of us ventured out to Salisbury, Maryland, which was about fifty miles away from our base on our weekends off. We also went to all the big cities on the east coast such as New York City, Washington, D.C., Philadelphia, Baltimore, etc. Jay Prince and I spent Christmas leave in Philadelphia rather than come clear home. Jay was a High School class mate of mine. We went to church in Philadelphia, Norfolk, and Richmond. The Branch of the Church in Richmond, VA, met above a beer joint. The signs in Norfolk said: "Sailors and Dogs Keep Out."

We ran into a girl we knew from Hurricane, Utah, who was on a mission in Norfolk. As we were talking to her, she said: "Lets go inside the chapel - I shouldn't let the congregation see me talking to sailors."

My father got real bad health wise when I was back east. The Navy instigated an honorable dependancy discharge for me at the end of thirteen months and I came home. My plans were to fly from Washington, D.C. to Oakland, California, on a Naval Air Transport flight that would have been free.

An Italian sailor from San Francisco was discharged at the same time I was and we came across the country together. We caught a flight with a pilot in a small plane to Putuxant River, Maryland. From there we caught a Navy Air Transport flight to Washington, D.C. We then tried to board an R5D (a 4-engine plane) to Oakland, but there were too many officers waiting the same flight and we couldn't get on. They said: "Wait around awhile and you will probably get one."

We went to an Italian Restaurant and ate. The next morning we started to hitchhike. By the next night we were in Cincinnati, Ohio, then the next night we were in St. Louis, Missouri, and the next night in the middle of Kansas. The night after that we helped drive a Hudson car straight through to Salt Lake City, Utah. The lone man who gave us our last ride was very glad to have us help him drive.

We had a lot of good luck catching rides. One place in Virginia (in the Blue Ridge Mountains) we had trouble as no one would stop for us. Finally a lady picked us up and told us a couple of sailors had hit an old man over the head and stole his car. We were in uniform but the lady had a son in the Navy and was trusting. I certainly wouldn't want to try crossing the country like we did then in this day and age. My companion caught a bus to San Francisco and I caught one to St. George.

The Navy said they would buy my books and tuition and give me \$75.00 a month for beer. I graduated from Dixie Junior College in 1951. I wanted to become a Forest Ranger or something along that line. I took Biology, physiology, and botany under Arthur F. Bruhn. He later became the college president. He said: "Why don't you go into Soil Bacteria? It's an up and coming field." He died of cancer probably caused by the radio-active fallout from the Nevada testing in the 50's.

After I got out of the Service, I had a chance to go on an LDS Mission but my father was sick and didn't think he could support me. If I had gone on a Mission, I would have been the first one to go from the Washington Ward since Fay Iverson who was Dad's age - twenty-two years older than me.

Working for J&J (old man L B. Jennings) - In 1947 when I was discharged from the Navy my folks were building a new home. I went to work for Leon Jennings digging a cesspool (what they called a septic tank in these days). We dug

down over fourteen feet before we hit water. . It was interesting to note that we found wild morning glory roots also down fourteen feet under the ground. No wonder it's hard to kill out. My cousin Fred Tanner hired on with the Jennings also

L. B. Jennings was Leon's father and he started the J&J Mill and Lumber Company. He used to tell me he was related to me. It would have been through his wife and the Averetts. He was involved in small Government jobs - CAA (Civil Aeronautics Administration). He worked on airports putting up prefab Approach Lights Beacon Towers, High Frequency Radio Towers, etc. Anyway, I went to work for him in the summer of 1947.

The first job was one in Holbrook, Arizona. We traveled almost to Gallup, New Mexico, and took a beacon tower down and moved it to the Holbrook Airport. Lester Cannon, Alvin Cottam, my cousin Raeburn Paxman, L. B.'s son George Julian Jennings, and L. B.'s relative Ralph Mc Arthur worked on this project. Darwin Dalley was also working with L. B. and he did all the estimating of the different jobs. He was a very talented man and could also fly an airplane. . Along with his wife, they stayed in a trailer. His wife, Mildred Bentley Dalley, did all the cooking for us and she was a wonderful cook.

The old man Jennings owned a small Camp Trailer and was comfortable. The rest of the crew stayed in a tent and was able to shower and clean up in an Airplane Hanger at the airport.

I had my car down there so we went into Snowflake, Arizona, a lot to dance. One night we hit a cow on the road to Snowflake. It was a fenced area but the cow came up to the highway from under a bridge. We were going about 60 miles an hour when we hit the cow. It threw her off the road about 20 feet and killed her. We went back to Holbrook and got the truck and towed my car back to the airport. It was not my fault as the cow should not have been on the road.

I left the car down in Holbrook when our job was finished and we moved on to Ukiah, California. They ordered a radiator, a hood, and a fender for my car. I picked the car up later that winter when we came home for Christmas that year.

Our job in Ukiah was between the town and the Pacific coast. We installed

a High Frequency Radio Tower on a high peak. This tower was the method used to direct aircraft to their destinations.

One evening as we were eating mutton stew which Mildred had cooked using bay leaves as an ingredient, Raeburn said: "The wind blew a leaf into the soup." We probably made fun of him for his lack of knowledge. Cousin Raeburn got into some poison oak and broke out in yellow sores. He had to quit and go home.

While working out in the mountains, we counted eight forest fires burning within the radius of our sight. We thought for sure we would be called to help fight fires, but we never were. There were lots of oak trees, the kind they used to harvest the bark from to use in tanning leather. The tall grass in the area was very dry. You could see the old roads winding through the trees and up the hills. We were very careful not to start a fire because it would get out of control very easily.

I believe it was in September and October that we were in Ukiah. They had just built a new movie theater in town so we watched quite a few movies while we were there.

Fergus Wallis came on the job to operate a small bull dozer to level up around the Radio Tower. We mixed and poured our own cement as the road was so rough a ready mix truck could not get to this area. If I remember right, L.B. had to go back and redo some of the stuff he cheated on. He would always cut us down on the time - the amount of hours a week we worked. However, he would take us into town and buy a meal for us and pick up the tab. He did this quite often.

When the job in Ukiah was finished, we went to Salt Lake City to work. In Salt Lake we were on North Temple Street right next to the airport. We installed approach lights and built a couple of prefabricated buildings. We installed underground cable and connected power to the lights. Of course Darwin Dalley and his wife were there with us. We stayed in a trailer at that time. The trailers were located in a trailer court and we were able to shower and clean up.

There was lots of snow at that time and the weather was very cold. I remember icicles hanging on my beard when I let it grow. I shivered so much

while working outside that my back would try to go out. I went into town and bought two pairs of long johns (underwear with long legs and arms) and an overcoat.

Of course we had night life and went into town almost every night. LB.'s nephew joined our crew and his name was Neal Jensen. He had a car and a cousin by the name of Gardner. We double dated quite a lot. I introduced him to his future wife Barbara Hall. Neal's father and mother moved to Salt Lake from a little town in the Uinta Basin. His father had the same condition as my mother - too much red blood. It was handier living in Salt Lake in order to visit the specialist working on his condition. I used to sleep out at their home quite a bit.

While in Salt Lake that cold winter of 1948-1949, we dismantled an old beacon tower up on top of a high mountain at the mouth of Emigration Canyon. The snow was very deep but with a small cat (with tracks) we managed to pull our tools and equipment up the mountain. Julian Jennings was there to drive the cat. After we had taken the tower down, we bundled it up and slid it down to the road on the steep south facing of the mountain. We managed to break the big lens in the light on the trip down the mountain.

Shortly after this, being almost Christmas time, I told L.B. I was going home. I had enough cold weather to last me a life time. He said: "My God son, stay with us one more week and we will all go home." In a week's time we all went home. It was about a week before Christmas and I remember there was a lot of snow on the ground in Dixie. Icicles were hanging clear to the ground on our new home in Washington. The folks told me that Wayne Gardner had froze to death out on the Arizona Strip with his sheep.

Jennings was going to put the beacon tower upon the south mountain in Salt Lake the next spring. I really didn't know because I went to Hawthorn, Nevada, right after Christmas and worked in the ammunition depot out there. I stayed out there for one year.

Jay Prince was working out in Hawthorn and I was in touch with him through letters. I took my Uncle Clare Tanner, my two cousins Donald Vincent and Raeburn Paxman with me. Raeburn took me down to Holbrook to pick up my car before we went to Hawthorn. We had trouble getting the hood and fender, so

we left without them. The car drove and steered great but didn't look to good.

On the way back through Kingman, Arizona, the radiator froze up. We had to stop and let it thaw out. My father went with us to pick up the car. He wanted to make sure we came back immediately. Of course, I wanted to go to Snowflake to see the girl I had gone with. Dad said: "No way."

George Lang was also along with us. Raeburn and George were in Raeburn's car and they were ahead of us on the road. They would cut the doughs on the road. You could cut the front wheels sharp to one side and the car would spin around in the road. My father almost came unglued. He said: "If I ever get home from this little venture, it will be a miracle."

On the way out to Hawthorn, Nevada, we went by a sign that was advertizing Parump Valley - a land give away. If you had enough money to drill a well, you could stake out a sizeable farm. Luckily, Raeburn couldn't figure out how to come up with the money to do that but he sure wanted to. Raeburn also wanted to go up to Alaska and homestead. We told him: "Do you know what kind of rocky hillside you would end up with at this late date?"

We all went to work at the ammunition depot. We stayed at the Hawthorn Hotel for a couple of weeks and then arranged for an apartment at the Government Housing area about four miles west of Hawthorn. We were in a duplex (one side) called Babbit and the other half was rented by a Mexican couple with a nice looking daughter. Of course, we were drinking at that time and the male Mexican liked to drink. I'm afraid his wife and daughter were unhappy with us. We would bring him home from time to time drunk.

We didn't have much furniture when we first settled in. However, we had a neighbor by the name of Jim who kept bringing his chairs and different items to us. He was a great neighbor. almost too free-hearted for his own good.

I worked in small arms and smokeless powder. I also worked with mines that blew up ships, torpedoes, different sized bombs, and rockets. The Government had a bomb disposal unit up in the hills and they would test the rockets out over a big lake (named Walker Lake). They were putting gaskets in the smokeless powder in 5-inch, 6-inch, 8-inch, and 10 inch canisters to keep the

static electricity from igniting them. The smokeless powder was wrapped in silk and slipping back and forth in the canisters. We would have to ground every thing before moving or stacking them up.

The first place they took me before starting work, was to a cement bunker or magazine and showed us what it looked like after it had blown up after an explosion. It certainly did keep us paying attention to what we were doing. I first started to work in small arms. I didn't like the way they moved the big bombs around swinging on a boom at the end of a chain bumping on things as it went from one storage room to another. I only worked at the High-X place for a short time, just before we went back home.

Walker Lake was a fun place with a large floating platform out away from the south shore. We swam out to it and sun bathed and dove off it, etc. We also enjoyed some fishing at the lake. All we could catch were big fat chubs (trash fish). Fishermen were catching some nice trout in boats out in the middle where the water was deep. We never rented a boat and tried to do that.

I had a valve job done on my Studebaker out in Fallon, Nevada. Fallon was seventy miles toward Reno from Hawthorn. A man I worked with hauled me back to Hawthorn and when it was done, took me out to Fallon to pick me up when the valve job was completed. He did this traveling on a motor scooter.

I took a man by the name of Orey Wilds out to the east of town to reclaim a wrist watch he had hawked. Coming back to Hawthorn he somehow caught the seat cover on fire with a cigarette. We weren't too far from town so I stepped on the accelerator and sped into town. The flames were lapping up behind us pretty good before the service station attendant could put it out with fire retardant.

All four of us were in a barber shop getting a haircut. The barber said to us: "Where are you from?" We said: "From Utah." He said: "Boy, there are some wild crazy guys that drive a Studebaker here in town. The fender is all dented up along with the hood." I said to him: "Yes, that's us!" He didn't talk to us much after that. I think he decided we were a little more mild types than he thought.

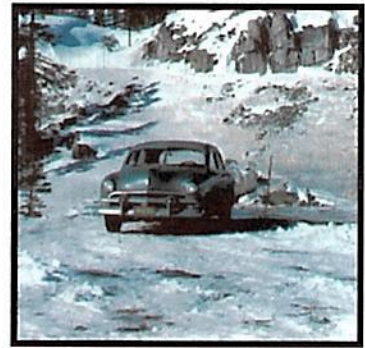
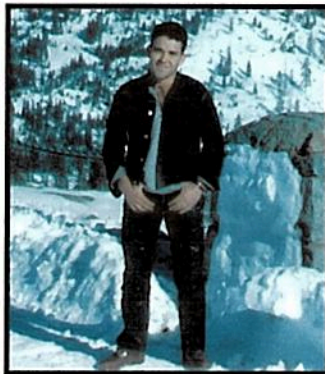
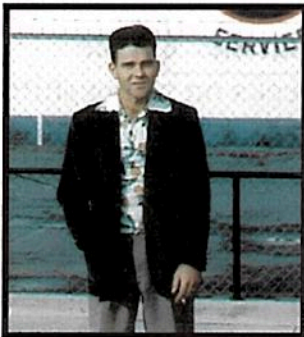
After I was discharged from the Navy, I completed two years of schooling at Dixie Junior College graduating in 1951.

Darwin Dalley went on his own and got a job down on the San Francisco Airport installing an instrument landing building and a radar screen. Lester Cannon, Dean Terry, and I went down there just before Christmas (in October). We stayed in a hotel in Burlingame, a town next to San Mateo. The country was very flat and it started raining and all the businesses had sand bags in front of their stores. The San Francisco Airport was actually built on fill hauled into the bay. The rain stopped our crew from working for a few days.

For some reason, the Airport didn't have title to the property we were building the facilities on. Darwin was tearing his hair out and he didn't have much to begin with. He got upset and sent for his wife. Things were much better after Mildred and Darwin's family arrived. At least it seemed that way to us. The Union was very strong in San Francisco and we had to hire a carpenter to appease them.

Dean Terry had a Buick Convertible so we were able to get around in good shape. We spend time roller skating and became good skaters going backwards and all. Also, another place of interest was a dance hall that served unshelled peanuts with the drinks. The sign said: "Please throw the shells on the floor." We were dancing in about four inches of peanut shells.

Les Cannon and I drove the bosses' car, a 1951 Ford, back to St. George when the job was finished. We took a bunch of pictures going home over Donner's Summit.



I hadn't been home long when Donald and Ronald Vincent sent word for me to come down to Maywood, California, located in the Los Angeles area. They

were both working in the Bethlehem Pacific Coast Steel Plant on East Slawson Street. Naturally, I had to go check it out. Donald had married Lola (a girl he met in Hawthorn) and I stayed with them for a while. I then moved into an old hotel where the rent was quite reasonable due to the run down condition of the place. I would make my own sandwiches or buy food from the catering truck that was available at the steel plant.

My job was working at what they called the 10-inch mill. We were heating and rolling 2"x 2" or 4" x 4" billets. I was charging the 2" furnace with the steel billets. There were two workers, the charger and a helper. The helper controlled four switches while the charger also had four switches to oversee while he was putting the billets in the furnace. Each switch operated a set of rollers that could be forwarded or reversed to separate the steel bars if more than two came off the cold frame at once. The cold frame was loaded up with magnetic crayons that came in over head.

There was a stacker who would come to the furnace and mark it with a wire wrapped around a steel bar that had a change in the carbon content of the different types of steel. There was a man on the bottom end of the furnace pushing the billets out into the rollers that would compress the steel bars into rebar or smooth smaller bars depending on what size they were rolling.

It was very pretty watching at night, especially when a length of material would miss the next smaller roller and came up in big loops of red-hot steel spaghetti. I worked with a Mexican man that I really liked. He would always have a bean sandwich on the graveyard shift and shared with me. On the schedule, we would work two weeks on a day shift, two weeks on swing shift, and two weeks on graveyard. If that wasn't bad enough, eventually, they encompassed all three shifts into a two-week period (called the relief shift). That was about a year after I started to work there. I got on my horse and road back to Utah.

When I got out of the Service in 1947, I bought a 1946 Studebaker. I was in the Navy only 13 months and was given an Honorable Discharge due to my Father's ill health.

Anyway, the next time I was in the hospital was when I rolled the Studebaker over three times coming up the hill near Harrisburg (south side of Leeds). The road (old Highway 91) was torn up and a lot of loose gravel was on it. I had my Uncle Clare Tanner in the car as well as Carlyle Sorensen. We had been to Leeds to visit Carlyle Stirling and were on our way back to Washington when the accident happened. It threw Clare and me out of the car and onto the road. However, Carlyle was sitting in the middle between Clare and me and he stayed with the car. He hitch-hiked on into St. George. Clare and I were taken to the hospital in an ambulance. Clare had a very sore tail bone and I had a separated shoulder and a split clavicle.

The doctors told me, after they had tried to tape it up for a while, that the tape would let it heal but it never did. Later, I had an operation where they used silver wire to wrap around it and that allowed the cartilage to grow, holding it securely in place and then it could heal.. The last time I was in that old hospital was when a piece of the wire broke off and was trying to stick out through the skin.

If you were blind-folded and driven all over the town of St. George and eventually taken back into that old building, you would know exactly where you were by the smell of ether that permeated throughout the whole hospital. Ether was used to put you under in those days.

My friends during these years were: Stan Bringhurst, Carlyle Stirling, Kay Mitchell, and Kelly Hall. Our activities consisted of drinking and dating together. I was not able to always do what I wanted to do. I don't remember having too many struggles during this period - just the usual growing pains.

When I was growing up I never disliked someone who didn't like me. In young adulthood, I liked three separate young ladies who I would have liked to marry. They wouldn't have me - but I think they thought I was still tied to my mother.

Chapter 3

Dairy Business

After my father's death the farm was just sitting there and so Bob and I went into the Dairy Business. We sold the cows in 1980 after 27 years in business. The Dairy Business provided a good living for our families but consisted of a lot of hard work and we felt very tired down and weary.

When I first began the Dairy Business, Bob drove truck for Rocky Mountain and I worked for the Geological Survey that was mapping out the area. We both put our money back into the Dairy Business.

In 1953 or 1954, Bob and I started in the Dairy Business. We began building the Dairy Barn by hiring Arthur Eastman to engineer it. He drove the yellow school bus from Leeds to St. George and in between times he helped us build our barn. We did most of the work ourselves. Jacob Busher (Bob's father in law) hauled all the lumber from California. It was fir lumber but this lumber was hard to drive nails into.

We dug the hole for the cistern and mixed up the gravel that came out of it with cement and poured it all back into the bottom walls and roof of the tank. We had to have town water to wash the cows before milking and also to wash the utensils (state regulations). We owned one older truck that had a 450-gallon water tank on it at all times. I remember we had to have the air vent on that old cement cistern changed at least four different times over the years. We had to have a screen on the vent, then an elbow, and finally a sheet metal top put on it.

The State Inspector always had some thing that had to be done. If it wasn't done by the next month, he would warn us once more and if that didn't do the trick, he would dock us. We would then go from Grade A to Grade C milk. We only had that happen once. The Inspector would say to us: "Look clean, smell clean, and feel clean."

By the time we finished the barn, we had to buy someone out in order to

have what they called "Base" (so many gallons or pounds you could produce). We bought Preston Hall's herd as well as the base in order to send our milk into Las Vegas to Anderson Dairy. Kenny Searles paid his Nevada producers more for their milk than he paid for the Utah producers. They took money out of our milk checks (for the Nevada Dairy Commission) to pay for advertizing in Nevada. The Federal Order came in around 1965 which paid all partnerships the same money. The Lake Mead Co-op was formed and all the southern locations of both states were in this co-op. Milk from both Utah and Nevada was pooled together and sent in any direction that the co-op needed.

Power going off was very scary when we were dairying. Calling Uncle Eddie Cottam to see if his power was on, was a standard procedure as he was also on the same power line. Bob and I decided the best way to deal with this problem was to invest in an alternator (an electric generator for producing alternating current) which attached to the tractor. This provided us with the backup system we needed.

The greatest challenge was the business we were in. I was up at 3 a.m. to milk the cows, then cleaning the Dairy Barn so we could pass State Inspection with a Grade A Dairy. Also, we were doing most of the farm work every day Monday through Sunday which included the irrigation of the fields and the constant upkeep on the tractors and other farm equipment. Our wives took care of the records for the Business and we did all the rest. Quite a job! We averaged five hours of sleep a night which left little time for sick kids or programs to attend at the school. These were very busy times. I did manage to make my Church Meetings on Sunday.

I believe it was in about 1965 that I stood upon a hay stack and watched the Virgin River take out about four acres of our farm. The river bed had grown up with tamaracks and trees of all kinds. The heavy rain fall was warm enough to melt snow off of our watershed (the south and east side of Cedar Mountain). Later, we hauled in lots of bailing wire and old cars to form a dike. The next flood back-filled behind the dike and the muddy water back-filled part of the property that had previously been washed away. The floods never did wash away any of the twelve original acres. Our father had pushed his farm land out into what they called other land on the river bottom.

When we first started to dairy, we planted part of the farm to pasture which consisted of a mixture of three kinds of grasses - brohorn grass, orchard, and feeque grass along with clover and alfalfa hay. At that time we baled all our alfalfa with a new Holland String Tie Baler. As time went on we bought a farm from Levi Neilson and we chopped everything we raised. We built two trench-type silage pits to keep our supply of silage and hay in. Normally, we bought six or seven hundred tons of alfalfa hay a year off the Escalante Desert which was high protein hay.

We would raise two crops a year, chopping a small grain crop off in the early summer and then planting a silage crop to chop off in the fall. This of course was when we were milking a hundred to a hundred and thirty cows a day.

The dairy cows liked to cool off by wading in a big hole made by water coming out of the canal when the sluice gate was open. This area was part of the corral which had been fenced in. We had a small gate installed in the canal to release water over the holding corral. The corral was built on a slope. It made it very easy to clean the holding corral off. While we were milking, we had it running.

Toward the end of our dairying, the inspector said we would have to lagoon the water and keep it out of the river. We moved a lot of manure out of our corrals when it got very wet in the wintertime. We cleaned our corrals by putting the manure in the cement ditches and washing it into the river. These kinds of practices would not be allowed in this day and age.

Both Bob and I learned how too artificially bred our cows. We had a container with liquid nitrogen in it to keep the bull seaman in. I learned how to put calcium glucose in the juggler vein of the cows. We were pretty good vets. We had a cow down on Christmas Day with milk fever and so I tried putting liquid in the veins as I had seen the Vets do. Anyway, I was good enough that I did it for Uncle Elmer Harmon.

We lost a lot of dairy cows with bloat and hardware poison. The hay we bought off the Escalante Desert north of Enterprise had lots of baling wire in the hay. At one stage we inserted magnets into the cow's stomach so the wire they had ingested wouldn't work through from the stomach into the heart. We

purchased between six and seven hundred tons of hay every year. Every bit of feed we raised we chopped and stored in two pit type silos.

All of our heifers were kept for replacements. We milked cows twice a day filling a 800 gallon tank and a 350 gallon tank in four milkings. Mastitis in the cows gave us more problems than anything else. Doctoring cows and keeping the contaminated milk out of the good milk was a chore.

One day while I was cutting bean stakes next to the river near the farm, I heard a loud noise. I climbed out of the sluice wash and looked south in the direction where the sound had come from and could see that a car had rolled. I immediately ran down to where the man lay in the road. It was a neighbor, Rick Adams, living just two blocks up the street from our home in Washington City, was injured and unable to move. I directed traffic out around him and told someone to call an ambulance. Unfortunately, he sustained very serious injuries to his spinal cord and became a paraplegic. He was not very old but in his prime and was married and had a family. When the ambulance came to pick him up, I thought the driver would run right over Rick. Over the years, several accidents have happened on that turn just beyond the Washington Bridge but none that was any more serious than this one.

In the early years of the Dairy Business I went to Salt Lake City with Stan Bringhurst and some girls. We went on the Roller Coaster at Salt Air. After we had been back from this trip about three days, we read in the newspaper where the Roller Coaster had collapsed and fallen into the lake. We felt so lucky to have ridden it safely and not on the day that it collapsed.

When we sold the cows in 1980, they were shipped into Boise, Idaho. Before receiving all the money for the cows, the new owner sold them to a Co-op and skipped out of town without paying full price or letting us know. We finally located this man but were never compensated for our losses. I guess we are poor business men.

At this time Bob went back to work for Rocky Mountain Trucking. By this time, I was 52 years old and was wondering what I was going to do. The

employment man in our Ward gave me a number to call and it was the Recorder's number at the St. George Temple. The Temple was looking for a gardener for its grounds. I had started working for St. George Steel plant but informed them that I would be quitting if the Temple job was mine. At that time, the Steel plant was working three shifts and I was with them for only two weeks.

I learned a lot from my job at the Temple and enjoyed the atmosphere and working conditions of the job. Most of the time I enjoyed the men I worked with. Some of these men were: Ray Graff, George Cannon, Ken Simkins, and Ken Tobler. Lynda's Grandfather Arthur Cottam had been the gardener for many years at the Temple and he left wonderful records. She was excited to have me follow in her grandfather's footsteps. I retired from the Temple after ten years of service. I sometimes wish I had stayed a little longer and had a better retirement from them.

The farm land was ready to be sold and we were anxious to do the best we could so we would have a good retirement and also to be able to benefit our children and leave a trust to Dixie College and the Church. However, our judgement on the choice of lawyers, financial planners, and insurance persons proved our undoing and we lost our shirts. This situation has been difficult on my partners' health as well as mine and that of my family. We have to go on and trust that the Lord will help us through financially the rest of our lives. It seems like some lessons in life are so hard to endure.

Chapter 4

Marriage and Children



I met my wife, Lynda Cottam, in 1969 at the Farmers Home Administration Office when I went to apply for a farm loan. She was the Secretary to Lee Chamberlain who was the Loan Officer. By that time, we were both older - Lynda was 28 and I was just ready to turn 42 in January. I needed a wife and she wanted kids so we began dating. Our courtship wasn't very long as we were married in the St. George Temple on February 7, 1970. We were to be married by President Rudger Atkin but he didn't show up that day. I had plenty of time to have backed out of this marriage but finally the Temple found a man from Salt Lake City - a Mr. Wells - who sealed the marriage. We can laugh about that 45-minute wait now in our older years.

A wedding dinner was held at the Washington Recreation Hall and a reception was held in St. George at the Chapel Lynda attended - the 5th and 6th Ward Chapel. The Quentin Nisson Band played for us to dance by. It was a wonderful night.

As newlyweds, we enjoyed a week-long trip to Mesa Verde in Colorado. The first day we traveled to Needles, California, and from there to Holbrook, Arizona, by way of Flagstaff. We saw the Meteor Crater between Flagstaff and Holbrook which was very interesting. Next we visited the Petrified Forest and the Painted Desert. We past the towns of Gallup, New Mexico and Ship Rock, New

Mexico, and then we stayed in a motel in Farmington, New Mexico. We drove to Mesa Verde in Colorado and had to be our own guides as the park was closed. There was not much snow on the ground for winter time so we were able to see most of the park. We drove to the Four Corners' Monument where the states of Arizona, Colorado, Utah, and New Mexico all come together. This was an important time together to get to know each other.

We rented Grandpa Tanner's old home for a year and stayed there on our Honeymoon night. Shortly after our Honeymoon we were visited by the First Ward Bishopric. They came unannounced early one evening and found us in bed. Larry Jolley (the Bishop) came right into our bedroom to visit with us. I would not get out of bed but just drew the covers up around my neck. We were both so embarrassed and had a hard time looking at them. The Bishopric visited with us and had very little eye contact. We felt so relieved when they left as both of us were shy of underwear, etc. Lynda grabbed her housecoat but it was thin material and she was very uncomfortable answering the door in that robe. Every time we went to Church after that visit, we would smile at the remembrance of that evening.

Also around the newlywed time, we were caught one day by a salesman who peeked through the front curtain and found us in a prone position on the floor. We hoped he didn't look in before he knocked. We decided that the bedroom must be used for such activities after that embarrassment.

We learned to love the house as well as the neighbors in that area. We were blessed with a new home by the time our first little girl was born. Mother deeded us land next to her and Warren Hannig contracted to build our home. We moved into our new house in the early part of February, 1971. We thought perhaps three children would do but were truly blessed to have six beautiful healthy children.

Jinger Mae born January 15, 1971
Richard Arthur born October 6, 1972
Cynthia Lyn born March 13, 1974

Deborah Kay born November 2, 1975
Brittany Ann born March 20, 1981
Matthew Westover born Dec. 22, '84

For family entertainment, we camped at Boulder Mountain, Pine Park, or Beaver Mountain every summer. We enjoyed fishing and hunting as well as pine

nut hunting northwest of Enterprise, Utah. One summer we took the four oldest children to Yellowstone National Park and other parks in between. We made several trips to Disneyland and Sea World in California when Brittany was a baby. We made our last trip to Disneyland when Matthew was around eight years old. We are glad that drive to California is through. With 200 Black and White Dairy Cows to milk and feed, we never went too far away.

Our posterity is great and we feel very blessed by each grandchild.

Jinger & Joe Diaz - parents of five:

Jacob Reyes - June 8, 1995

Anna Gabrielle - June 2, 1998

Alayna Mae - January 31, 2000

Abigail Marie - July 7, 2001

Joshua Tanner - April 5, 2004

Richard & Wendy Paxman - parents of two:

Kelsie Brianne - Sept. 20, 1995

Gavin Richard - February 4, 2000

Cindy & Ted Williams - parents of two:

Keeten Wyatt Cleverly June 4, 1994

Lyndi Jean Williams - Nov. 18, '98

Debbie & Phillip Gubler - parents of three:

Kaytlyn Abbigail - Sept. 18, 1999

Sadie Corrin - Sept. 17, 2001

Carter Phillip - August 2, 2004

Brittany & Sean MacLeod - parents of two:

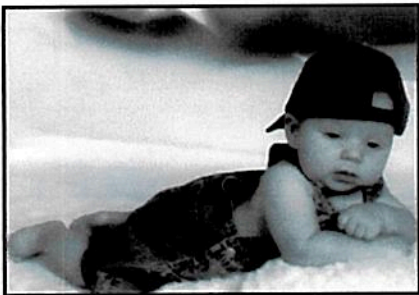
Easton Sean - October 11, 2002

Brynli Grace - July 14, 2004

Matthew Westover - attending Loyola Univ



Art Paxman Family - 07/2003



Joshua Tanner Diaz



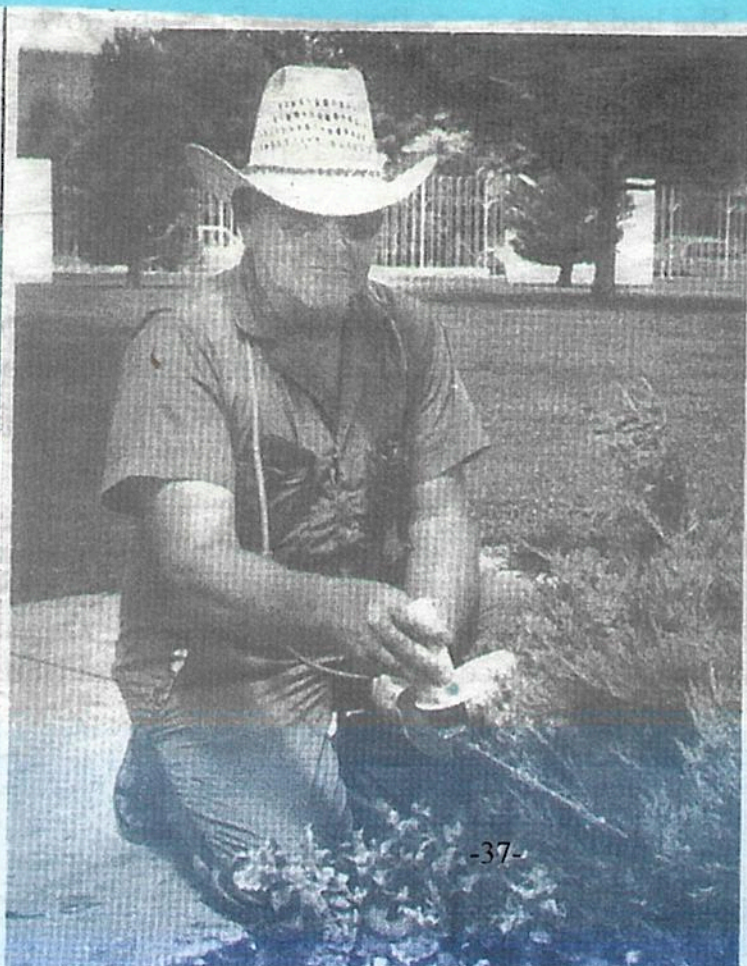
**Brynli Grace
MacLeod**



Carter Phillip Gubler



SPECTRUM CHURCH LIFE FRIDAY, MAY 30, 1986 5



Chapter 5

Retirement Years

At my age, the greatest accomplishment and joy in life are my family and having them born under the Covenant. They are mine forever! The knowledge I have obtained in this life plus my family who will become mine throughout eternity!

Yes, I have had personal and family tragedies in my life time. Perhaps the biggest tragedy was my father taking his own life at the age of 49. If I would have been with him that morning, he wouldn't have done it. At least not at that time. This has been difficult for me to let go of.

Another family tragedy was the early birth of our precious Granddaughter Alayna Mae Diaz. The doctors took Alayna early because her intestines and stomach were on the out side of her body and the fluids in the womb were causing her organs to harden. She had a very scary first year of ups and downs as her parents and doctors battled her condition. Today she is a normal healthy child enjoying her family. The Lord has a great mission for her to perform in this life and has permitted her to stay on the earth. What a special blessing she is.

In my spare time, my main interest was Indian Artifacts. After I collected the arrowheads, I would document and date them so my records would be complete. To display them, I made wooden plaques and glued the arrowheads to them in Indian designs. I also displayed Indian pottery (vases, bowls, and pitchers) in a glass enclosed cabinet.

My next favorite activity was fishing which I enjoyed so much. I have a Harmonica that I learned to play. Another interest that I spend time with is gardening. I start them from seed and watch as they develop into beautiful plants. It takes knowledge and work to produce your own vegetables and fruits but is also very rewarding.

Our community has built at least four hospitals, all of which I have stayed in. The new hospital which was completed less than a year ago does a lot of the things we used to have to go to Salt Lake City to have done. After my heart attack in 2001, I was life-flighted to Salt Lake City for treatment and now they have a special unit that handles heart related problems.

My accident (as told by my wife).

Wednesday morning, September 16, 1998, around 8:30 a.m., Art was on top of the old dairy barn that was being torn down. As there was better lumber in the newer part of the barn, he hoped to salvage the 2 x 6s. In the night he had a brain storm and decided to use a chain saw to hasten the project. Early that morning he had climbed on top of the barn and started cutting the roof off. He made several runs and was beginning a third, when he stepped on a board that had been partially cut through and it twisted on him throwing him airborne and off the side of the roof. He landed on the west side of the barn with his head resting on petrified wood. Also there was a large pile of rocks that Bob had hauled in from Enterprise, Utah, which did not soften his fall. It knocked his breath out and he struggled to catch his breath. After he could breathe, he realized he was hurt—his neck was sore but he could not move and knew something was wrong with his artificial hip.

Art went to the farm alone and knew no one was expected to be there that day. However, an older man working for “Hall Brothers” came to examine some equipment for the company. Art and this man visited for a few minutes and the man left to go to the east side of the property while Art was on the barn. This man (a Prisbrey from Illinois) turned out to be a real blessing to Art. Around fifteen minutes after Art hit the ground this man moved his equipment closer and Art was able to yell loud enough to make him hear.

A knock came on my door in Washington City and as I looked out the window I wasn't sure I wanted to answer that knock. The man was shabby looking and scared me, however, I did open the door to hear his message. He told me Art couldn't get up and wanted me to call Bob and both of us help him stand. Bob had a dentist appointment in fifteen minutes but took the time to help us out. We hurried to the farm and took one look at Art and just knew we were not going

to try to move him. Bob dialed 911 on his cellular phone and the EMT's came quickly. Soon the ambulance arrived and they loaded him in and took him to the Dixie Regional Medical Center.

In the mean time, I drove Art's green Toyota Pickup back to our house and telephoned all the kids except Debbie. I was unable to get a hold of her so I called Cindy and ask her to check on Debbie at her new apartment or at her work. I soon arrived at the emergency room where Art was strapped to the back board and was waiting for x-rays. Richard's family beat me to the emergency room but soon Brittany, Debbie, and Cindy arrived.

The x-rays showed a fractured hip with the leg bone broken below the artificial hip. The break went up to the top of the bone where five smaller breaks were. The hospital had called the orthopedic doctor on call but I requested Michael Anderson whom I had a lot of faith in. After Dr. Anderson had studied the x-rays and examined Art, he said because the breakage was bad, wires would have to be used as well as pins inside the bone. Special equipment would have to be flown in from Salt Lake City and Las Vegas in order to do the surgery. Art was unhappy at the thought of being in bed three days before surgery could be scheduled.

At 5:20 p.m. Friday evening, Art was wheeled to surgery where he received over ten units of blood and because it took so long, he was put in intensive care for a day or two. His heart decided to act up so he was kept in the hospital an extra five days while they regulated his heart medication.

I am thankful that my wonderful husband's life has been spared. I appreciate Brittany and Sean for keeping me company as well as bringing me a meal. Richard also came back to the hospital when it got 2:00 a.m. and Art was still in surgery. Art came out of surgery at 3:20 a.m. where he looked like a dead man. I was truly scared.

He has now healed but will never be quite the same. He tires much more easily and naps several times a day. Life is precious and we will never take it for granted again.

August 17, 2001 - This morning we went for a picnic on Cedar Mountain. We looked for the property Phillip Gubler's father had just purchased. As you come up the main road toward Cedar Breaks, you make a right turn onto a road located just before "Milt's" (a Restaurant). You go one mile before exiting this road and going on a dirt road. Debbie and Phillip have a trailer parked on the property so they can camp anytime they want. We kept going on up the road to the fancy summer homes upon a ridge high above Cedar City. What a beautiful drive. We were surprised to discover so many homes on the ridge. From the Freeway (I-15), you can see just two homes.

We drove down to Navajo Lake to do a little fishing but the bank was so steep that we didn't dare go down it. We both have bad knees. We ate our lunch and then went to Panguitch Lake to fish for about three hours. We never even got a bite. We didn't get the stripes off our backs (that means we were skunked). On the way home we stopped at a little camp ground to finish our food. We had lots of fun feeding the birds our grapes. They would try to get two grapes in their beak at once. That was pretty hard for them to do.

On September 19, 2001, I went to Enterprise Reservoir to do some fishing. My wife was in Santa Clara taking care of our daughter Debbie and her newborn daughter Sadie. I had given Lynda a fishing license for Mother's Day and she often went with me fishing. I had such good luck that day catching eight nice fish. I was so excited and very tired as I drove home that evening.

When I awoke the next morning, I fixed breakfast but didn't feel very good. I thought I had a bad case of gas. After ten or fifteen minutes I decided to go to the farm and get to work. I changed my mind when I couldn't relieve the gas pains and decided to unload the 20 pound water bottles I had loaded in the truck before driving myself to the Emergency Room. I hit every red light down the Boulevard between my home and the Dixie Regional Medical Center. When I got to the door of the Hospital, I told them I was having a heart attack. They rushed me right into the room and began questioning me. When I told them I had driven myself to the Hospital, they shook their finger at me and said: "No! No! You shouldn't have done that; but we are glad you're here." They put nitro under my

tongue and gave me blood thinners. Someone said: "Get him an aspirin." I said: "I've already taken one this morning." They said: "Good boy."

Notifying my wife and children was the next step. The hospital staff was trying to find my wife and they called Lynda's sister who told them to call Jillyn Cottam. When Jillyn got to the Emergency Room, she looked so relieved to see her brother-in-law on the bed instead of her husband Art. The hospital next called Wendy (Richard's wife) who called Debbie by phone. When Debbie picked up the phone that morning, she yelled: "No way!" Then she started to cry and said: "I knew you should have been home with Dad." Lynda had just taken a strong pain pill and could not drive her car so Debbie's mother-in-law Marsha Lyn drove her to the hospital and then took Debbie's other little girl to work with her at an elementary school. Jillyn stayed with me until Lynda finally arrived here.

Richard's family almost beat Lynda to the hospital and Debbie followed close behind with the new baby. Cindy was notified and stopped in at her brother-in-law Sean's work to tell him. Sean then went to Gold's Gym and got Brittany out of an aerobic's class to tell her. Jillyn went to Pine View High School and picked up Matthew from school. My wife telephoned Jinger in Gilbert, Arizona, and kept in touch with her.

A new heart doctor, Keshav Chander, had just started that morning at the hospital and was in charge of my case. I was his first patient. (After 9/11 and the World Trade Center being blown up by Middle Eastern Men, we were nervous because of his national origin.) He put me in intensive care and when I was stable, they did an coronary angiogram. An angiogram is a kind of x-ray test that can show clogged arteries. I had three blockages - one blockage was 99%. The next day I was life-flighted to Salt Lake City for surgery. One blockage could not be fixed as it had a sharp angle but of the three blockages it was the smallest one.

Time Line for surgeries:

- 9-20-01 Heart attack around 8:20 a.m. - Dixie Regional Medical Center
 .Intensive Care..
- 9-21-01 Surgery at LDS Hospital by Dr. Kevin J. Walsh.
- 9-25-01 Released from LDS Hospital with **two stents..**

- 3-29-02 Test at Dixie Regional Medical Center by Dr. Keshav Chander

4-05-02 Surgery at LDS Hospital by Dr. Sherman Sorensen.
4-06-02 Released from LDS Hospital with **one new stent.**

9-04-02 Test by Dr. Keshav Chander.
9-20-02 Surgery at LDS Hospital by Dr. Sherman Sorensen.
9-20-02 Released that night with **no stent.**

10-08-02 Nasal Septal Repair -Dixie Regional Medical Center- Dr. Jerry Marsden.
11-04-02 Four Hernia Repair surgeries at Dixie Regional by Dr. Bruce Williams.

1-07-03 Test by Dr. Keshav Chander at Dixie Regional.
1-23-03 Surgery at LDS Hospital by Dr. Sherman Sorensen.
1-24-03 Released from LDS Hospital with **one additional stent making a total of 4.**

3-01-04 One Revision of knee joint by Dr. Michael B. Anderson.
3-04-04 Released from Dixie Regional Medical Center - with no physical therapy.

Summary:

9-21-01 to 4-05-02	6 months between surgeries	2 stents
4-05-02 to 9-20-02	5 months between surgeries	1 stent
9-20-02 to 1-23-03	4 months between surgeries	1 stent

As you can see from the summary, the heart problems were getting a month closer each time and so Plavix was given every day from 1-23-03 on to keep the arteries clear. I am grateful that the medicine is doing the job at the present.

Some of my Church callings: Elders Quorum Secretary with Clark Tobler, Ern Tanner, and Elton Watkins; Sunday School Presidency with Rhaldo Turner; Ward Sunday President when we had opening exercises; Stake Sunday School President; Stake Garden Specialist for the Preparedness Fair; two Group High Priest Leader ships; Gospel Doctrine President; and at the present time taking the

Sacramento to those in our Third Ward who are homebound. Have been a Home Teacher for many years.

One thing that has been hard for me to overcome has been giving up bad habits related to the Word of Wisdom. My most difficult challenge was overcoming caffeine. After my second hip surgery I was given pain killers and that made it much easier to overcome my dependance on caffeine.

November 11, 2003 - being a Veteran of World War II, I helped Washington City get the veterans in this area to a celebration. I know all of them personally and more than half of the men have passed away. There is a picture of



World War II veterans from our city that had been hanging in the main street chapel. It has been removed from the chapel now and put in the Museum (old school building on Main and Telegraph Street). From a population of less than 500, there were 104 pictures on that plaque of soldiers who served their country. We certainly provided our share of the men for WW II.

The City decided to have a statue of John Doyle Lee made to be placed near the other early settlers of Washington - Adair, Covington, and Neilson, etc.. One day two men came into the Museum looking for a breaker on the fuse box. They were installing a camera high upon the building to watch for vandalism of the display out front of the Museum. The time they installed the camera was before the statue of John D. Lee was canceled. The City had so much controversy surrounding this sculpture after it was finished and the base for it made, that they would not install it in Washington. Jerry Anderson kept the statute at his home in Leeds, Utah. People were against the man charged with the Mountain Meadow Massacre even though John D. Lee was very important in the early development of this southern settlement.

October 11, 2004 - A parade honoring all Veterans was held at 11:00 a.m. by Washington City as well as a memorial service at noon. Amid the patriotic songs and saluting veterans, a new statue representing all soldiers who helped preserve freedom was unveiled by Jerry Anderson. Nestled against the small incline between the city park and city office parking lot, the statue of a soldier with a gun, will be joined by a brick walkway with the names of military men and women dating from the Mormon Battalion to the current day. This is called "The Veterans' Plaza." The Historical Society in conjunction with the schools in this area, raised more than \$17,000 to pay for it. I am very happy and glad to live in the City of Washington. Of course, it is the only place I have ever lived.

Back when Armistice Day (which ended World War I on November 11, 1918) was celebrated, only the WWI Vets were honored. The eleventh day on the eleventh hour is when the Armistice was signed. It's really good that they changed it to include all the wars and battles since the Revolutionary War.

April, 2004--I have done a lot of fishing in my life time, but have never fished for trout that were trying to spawn. Bob and I drove up to Quail Lake on Wednesday to fish. There was a man fly fishing in the water where it comes in on the north side (not where it is pumped in). As we were descending down the bank to the water, the man said: "I'm catching fish! I'm catching a lot of albino fish!" He indicated that the lake had been planted with spawning females and sperm carrying males. I went down to my favorite spot and started fishing up closer to the man who was fly fishing.

I fished for about an hour when Bob yelled at me and said: "I've caught my limit. Do you want me to catch yours?" I said to him: "Yes, I do." Naturally I had to go up to where he was to see what was going on. I couldn't believe my eyes when I glimpsed the number of mostly albino, white and yellowish-orange fish. They were very large fish compared to the ones we usually catch.

The fish were in shallow water. Bob had been catching his fish on a small spinner with a fly hackle on the back of it. I had tried several different lures with no success. Finally I put on a spinner with a brown hackle on the back. My second cast with it, a fish took it. As soon as I got it beached, I ran to a little scale

I carry in my tackle box. It weighed five pounds and was an albino male. I might mention that this was the third time I had fished with my 2004 fishing permit. I had been up to Quail Lake the Wednesday before and the fishing was fun but the catching was poor. (Skunked)

Richard and I caught seven fish through the ice at Panguitch Lake. That day both the fishing and catching was good.

July 31, 2004- -I was in the garden working with our rotor tiller. I stooped down to clean the dirt off the tines and discovered a mini-miracle. There on the end of the bar that stabilizes my tiller was my lost Class Ring of 1946. It had fallen off my finger sometime before and had been buried all this time.

The good advice I would pass on to our children would be to get a good education in something you like and never forget who you are. Learn to love work! A working man is a happy man. If it is worth doing, then do it right.

The question is what was your happiest times in your life and why? I have been quite happy most of my life. I really enjoy being retired even though I'm just as busy as always. My biggest fault is being too much of a perfectionist. Nothing seems to be quite good enough.

The hardest times in my life I suppose are right now. We still have one in College and we let our inheritance slide through our fingers (poor management). I guess it keeps us humble and may be better for us in the long run. (However, financially it is a challenge.)

Our home life was more one-sided as we raised our children because I was older and so busy that I didn't discipline enough. Our children were too young to be involved in the Dairy business. Thanks to my wife, she did a great job raising them.

Some of the lessons I would like to instill in my children are to always be optimistic and see the brighter side of things. Work and exercise enough that you can sleep good at night. Keep your communications open with the man up above

and try to feel his spirit.

After the kids were gone, we discovered that you never get them raised. You still worry about each and every member of the family. Lynda plans to be there at our children's homes as each grandchild is born. When she talks to some one she says: "How many grandchildren do you have now?"

Golden years have a new meaning to us. If you think old age is golden, then you must be color blind. You still have young thoughts even though you don't move around good any more.

Some of the activities we have been doing during these latter adult years have been voluntary work. When the Museum first opened its door, together Lynda and I volunteered one afternoon each week. This year every Thursday afternoon I spend three hours at the Washington City Museum and Friday evening in the St. George Temple working in the Baptismal doing confirmations. Lynda also subs in the Temple Clothing Department as they need her.

We have traveled back and forth to Gilbert, Arizona; Topeka, Kansas; New Orleans, Louisiana; and Salt Lake City, Utah visiting our children and grandchildren.

From July 6th to July 16th, 2002, we enjoyed an eleven-day Church History Tour visiting the following states: Massachusetts, Vermont, Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, and staying in St. Louis where we enjoyed a Dinner *Boat Cruise* on the Mississippi River. We went through a session in the *Nauvoo Temple*. We visited the following places: Freedom Trail, Quincy Market, Bunker Hill in the Boston area, Lexington/Concord, Joseph Smith's birth place, Harmony, Pennsylvania where Joseph and Emma's first residence was and Fayette, New York where the church was organized. We traveled to *the Sacred Grove* at Palmyra and enjoyed the *Hill Cumorah pageant*. What a fun ride we had on the *Maid of the Mist* at Niagara Falls, and traveled to Kirtland to the Newell K. Whitney store, Isaac Morely Homestead, and the Kirtland Temple. We seen the Temple Quarry, the John Johnson home and the Amish countryside. We stayed in an Amish community at the Inn at Walnut Creek where we ate home cooking. We visited Jackson County Visitor Center and the RLDS Temple and Liberty Jail. Next we went to *Far West, Adam-Ondi-Ahman* and finished the trip at Carthage

Jail where the Prophet was murdered. We then headed for home. It was a grand trip!

We have also been able to attend the Temples in Manti, Salt Lake City, Logan, St. George, and Las Vegas.

I have always had a testimony of the Church. Over the years when I was younger, I struggled with the Word of Wisdom. I would never have joined any other denomination.

America is the only country I would like to live in. I joined the Navy in 1946 at 18 years of age. If I had been a little older, I would have seen fighting in the WWII conflict. I do not take my freedom for granted.

Of course I love my family very much but wish my parents would have stayed around and got to know my children and visa verse. I waited too long to marry but my wife says I was just waiting for her. My ancestors are from England basically and Switzerland. The name Tanner could also be English but they came to this country straight from Switzerland

The book is now ready to publish but I want to have this situation included.

The Canyon (Overnight)

I believe it was some time between the years of 1995 and 1998 that I went fly fishing in the Santa Clara River. It was in the latter part of August. I hiked into the Canyon about half way between what they called the Shingle Trail and the place where Central takes out the water. There is a place you can climb down to meet the river. It was later in the afternoon when I got there.

I always waded up the stream flipping a fly ahead of me. The fish were coming up for the fly almost ever cast. I was catching and releasing the fish. Boy, it was fun.

By the time I about got to the Shingle Trail, it was getting pretty dark. I made the mistake of trying to climb out of the Canyon at that point. It looked like a spot that I could climb out of in the darkness. After climbing almost to the rim, I could see it was impossible for me to get on up to the top.

I thought at that point, I could make it back down to the stream bed but it was so dark that I was afraid to try. I then built a fire with the matches I always carried. There were some brush growing out of the rocks and I got a little fire going. Thank goodness it wasn't that cold.

I was afraid to go to sleep worrying about rolling off the very small ledge I was roosting on. Along about 3:00 a.m., I started seeing a light playing along the south wall of the Canyon and then I heard yelling. I knew then I was going to be rescued.

I knew Lynda was very distraught about me not showing up at home that evening. If I had a cell phone, I doubt it would have worked anyway.

There were four Search and Rescue men that found me. One of them was Bob Cox, Junior. They knew about where I was on account of my pickup on top on an old road. They said to me: "Come on and we will help you on up the river to the trail." I replied: "I'm not leaving this perch until it gets a little lighter."

I convinced them that I would not leave until daylight had come so two of

the men left and two stayed with me to make sure I could climb out. As soon as I could see there was no problem.

A man by the name of Bill Atkin and another one by the name of Guile Hardy supposedly planted the German Brown fish in the Santa Clara River and of course the Rainbow fish which came down stream from the Reservoir at the Pine Valley Camp Ground north and east of the Pine Valley town.

I take my hat off to those gentlemen who put themselves out to rescue me. I have fished that stream down in that Canyon for sixty years and I may not be through yet. All we need is some wetter winters in this southern area. It is pretty hard to fish without any water.

