

HIS CHILDHOOD

SOME OF THE THINGS THAT I REMEMBER ABOUT MY BROTHER ILIFF ANDRUS

BY

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Charles Iliff Andrus was born March 28, 1911 in St. George, Utah. His parents, Rose Elizabeth Turner Andrus and Charles Andrus. He was their second child of five children and their only son.

My first recollections of my brother Iliff, were of him playing bony horses. He used to play out in the yard under the trees making corrals and had many of these horses of the knuckles and bones of old animals. There were all different sizes. Certain ones were cows and certain ones were horses. He had them named and favorites.

He also always had a home made flipper to shoot at birds. The flipper was a small fork of wood from a tree and made smooth. A rubber band about one inch wide was securely fastened to the ends of each side of the forked stick. Small rocks were put in the rubber band and when it was pulled back a long way and let go, the rock could kill a bird.

He was a very cute boy and because he was the only boy in the family and only brother of the four of his sisters, we loved him very very much. He was the pride and joy of his mother and his father too. He was a lot of fun. He loved to play tricks on people and was mischievous. He liked to tease.

If he got upset at us at any time or just felt like it, he would put one of us girls in our small clothes closets in the bedroom and hold the door shut and tell us that there were snakes in there with us. We seemed to believe him. He would never keep us in there very long tho, and mother would usually come to our rescue.

Iliff played marbles a lot too. He always had a pocket full of marbles and had his special ones that could beat any game with any one of his friends. We lived just across the street from the school grounds and we all played there a lot. There were swings and slides and a merry-go-round sort of thing that we all loved to play on. He liked to play basketball too.

I remember Iliff as a very young boy wearing knee length pants and a cap.

A pocket knife was something that all young boys liked to have, and Iliff always had one.

He always helped his father. Like all young children, he got tired of milking cows and chopping wood and hoeing weeds. His father most usually did the milking in the evenings and Iliff in the mornings. Sometimes it was the other way, but there were always two or three cows to be milked each night and morning. We always sold milk to the neighbors and to some of our aunts and uncles. Milk was ten cents a quart. Mother made butter, too, and gave the buttermilk away.

When he was very young and growing up he always worked hard. He helped his father haul hay and they used to load it upon and off the wagons by hand. This must have been very hard work in the hot summer time. He helped haul wood from Out South, out on the Arizona Strip. When we all attended Dixie High School and Dixie College, as we were older, Iliff helped his father haul wood and coal to pay for our tuition. It was probably the only way we could afford to go to school. Our father and Iliff worked so hard, and so did our mother, but there was so little money.

The Dixie High School and Dixie College were together many years ago and they used wood and coal in the big furnace to heat the large tall building which still stands on the corner of first south and main street. Our family home still stands across the street south and a little west of that old building.

When we were young many of our cousins lived near, within a few blocks. Iliff played with his cousins, Calvert Andrus and Gar Andrus. His cousin, Jim Andrus lived a few blocks farther away but was always a close friend as well. Some of his best friends were Horace McArthur, Andrew Pace, Miles Judd, Howard Cannon, Alton Fordham, and Rulon Pectol. The young girls his age were Nita Seegmiller, Mildred Marshall, Clesta Worthen and Amy Linder.

There is a picture of Iliff taken on his rocking horse when he was a

little boy. It had a mane and tail of hair but someone told him that if he cut it off it would grow back and be longer. He cut it off and of course his mother was upset about it. I guess Iliff was, too, when he found out that it did not grow back again.

Iliff had crowd parties and birthday parties with his cousins and friends. They played post office and wink and there was always birthday cake and punch. His friends have told me that there were always parties at Iliff's home. There were also Saturday afternoon dances and parties on holidays and special occasions.

He always loved to dance and he was an excellent dancer. I remember him telling about some lady teaching him and Horace McArthur how to dance when they were very young. He waltzed so smoothly and beautiful. I used to wish that he would dance with me but he didn't very often.

One night I remember well. I had a beautiful light blue dress with ostrich feathers around the neck and jacket of the dress. I wore a crystal necklace and earrings, pink satin sash on the dress and pink satin slippers. I sang with the dance orchestra some of the time. This night there was a prize waltz. Iliff danced with me and we won the prize waltz. I do not remember what the prize was. It seems that it might have been a box of candy, but I always said that it was I, my beautiful blue feathered dress and my singing, but he said, and I knew that it was he, the prize waltzer, and his beautiful dancing that won the prize. I was so proud.

Iliff and his wonderful wife, Vivian Leavitt Andrus, danced so beautifully together

He liked music. He played the saxophone in the school band. I do not remember much about his schooling, but I don't think that he liked school very well. He enjoyed being out of doors playing and working.

My brother used to have terrible headaches. He would pace the floor and tie a cloth or something really tight around his head. We felt so sorry for him when he would have them. There was a Frank Nelson, a chiropractor, he was a very heavy set man and blind and mother had him give Iliff some treatments. I'm not sure but I think that he helped him.

At one time when Iliff was a teenager, he had very bad deep sores on both his legs just below his knees. There were no anti-biotics at that time and the sores were several years healing. They were as big around as a cup and about one half inch deep. They looked terrible and were very painful. It is really a miracle that they finally healed. At this time he was unable to play basketball^{sports} of any kind because he was in pain because they were so sore and he did not want people to see them.

We had so little money. There were times when he would get so angry because no one had only fifty cents for him for a dance ticket on Friday night. There was always a dance on Friday nights and he loved to dance.

I don't remember too much about what we got for Christmas but it was always an exciting time. We made red and green paper chains and popped pop corn and threaded it with a needle, making long strands to put around the Christmas tree. Sometimes we got a fresh orange or an apple and always a doll for the girls and maybe a ball or pocket knife for Iliff.

Dad always killed a pig or beef, or both just before Christmas and mother made big platters of tuffies and delicious pies from fresh lard and we had pork chops, beef steaks and delicious home made sausage.

The family Thanksgiving dinner was something to remember. All of our aunts and uncles and cousins would meet at the home of our grandmother Manomas Andrus, (aunt Nome) she was called by almost every one in town. There were children and grandchildren of grandfather Andrus's two wives. There would be a long table set through two large rooms of her home. Iliff's mother always raised, cleaned cooked, and furnished the turkey and dressing, with lots of sage and fresh butter.

Iliff worked very hard in the summers, with his father, mowing raking and hauling hay and grain. Everything then was done by hand with pitch fork, shovel, team and wagon. The horses worked very hard too. There was no motor powered machinery and it was so hot in the Washington Fields in the summer time. There was no refrigeration or any kind of cooling system.

We lived down in the Washington Fields some of the summers when we were young. Our father had bought the farm from his father, Jim Andrus. It took our father many years to pay for it, and our mother said that he had bought only a lot of hard work. I m sure that they both became very discouraged many times.

We enjoyed swimming in the canal to cool off and we rode Old Beaut, a favorite horse. We would sing songs sitting on the corral fences while Iliff and Dad milked the cows. We sang "O The Moon Shines Tonight On Pretty Redwing," and "He Was Only Just A Cowboy". That was one of Iliff's favorite songs, the one about the cowboy. We would sing it and all feel so bad. The song tells of a cowboy leaving his sweetheart and never returning to her but dying, breathing his sweetheart's name.

To the east of the farm, there is a hill that has unusual ridges down the face of it and I remember Iliff telling me that he ploughed those ridges down the front of the hill, and I believed that he had done it.

He decided to leave home at one time, as I think many boys and girls like to do. He went with Alton Fordham, a friend of his. Mother felt so bad, but he wasn't gone long, maybe a week or two at the most. I'm sure he was very glad to be back and we were all glad to have him.

I know that he would get very discouraged working so hard when there was so little pay. There were times when he would get so angry because no one had fifty cents for him for a dance ticket or for a date.

At one time we had a little two-wheeled black top buggy. It was pulled by one horse. We had some fruit trees down on the farm and once, only once, Iliff and I brought the pears from the farm and peddled them in town. We were so embarrassed. That was the last time. We never ever did that again.

We had a big round table in our kitchen and when we had good hot buttered biscuits on our plates, or tuffies, he would tell us to look out the window to see something, and while we were looking, he would take them or anything that he wanted from our plates. I'm sure that we all buttered as many biscuits for him as we did for ourselves.

Iliff was always very charitable and big hearted. He took a great deal of pleasure in doing something for someone or giving. He would give you anything that he had if you needed it.

He drove truck for Skaggs. It was a big blue truck and Skaggs was then a grocery store in St. George. J. C. Snow (Clint), was his boss. He worked for him for many years. He would bring things home to us and let people ride with him to and from Salt Lake City..

He has told about taking a boy up to American Fork to a school for retarded children. He stopped somewhere along the way for them to get out and rest and the young boy ran down through the fields and he had a hard time running after and catching him. He said it was a hard chase, but he finally caught him.

Before driving truck, I remember him hauling wool. He would have one big wagon load and also a wagon load hooked on behind. Two big loads of wool at one time.

When I was attending Brigham Young University in Provo, he used to bring me good things from home, even loaves of home-made bread and a bottle or two of good fresh milk. I would also ride home and back to Provo with him.

Iliff was a wonderful brother and we all knew that if we ever needed anything, he would do anything for us or help us in any way that he could. We have loved him very much and we do miss him so.