

autobiography

"The child of two and one half is not an easy person to have around the house. He wants exactly what he wants when he wants it." so says Dr Gesell.

of Dolph Cubber



1890

1900





"Five is indeed a good age. . . .The five-year-old tends to be reliable, stable, well adjusted Secure within himself."

--- DR GESELL

was very glad to hear from you and to
hear that you was well and leaving

so fast in school it found me in
good health again which I am very
thankful to my heavenly father
for well I guess that you have
killed the pig. I wish I had a nice
piece of his ham it would be nice to
go with our milk and bread
well Dolpy Christmas is soon
here and I do hope that you have
a good time eat some pie and
chicken for me muley I will
get soon we had a inverteason to

to write ~~Mamma~~ says that you
was ~~reading~~ the book of Mormon
that

what is right read it and the bible
to and all good books learn all the
good that you can be good to your
mother and rembere what you are
tough in Sunday school remember
me to Aunt Emily and all of the
folks good by till next time

I am as ever your loover
father Randolph Anders *****

PREFACE

I do not know why I am writing this Autobiography. I have written several prefaces and have torn them all up. They all set forth reasons that had no foundation. I know that I enjoy doing it. It was hard to get started, but once started I find it hard to take time--- to eat or sleep. I do not care about anything else. Believe me I have no idea that it will be of any value whatsoever.

You have heard it said that biography is the personal and the home aspect of history and that the best teachers of humanity - are the lives of great men. What about the lives of little men? ~~Have they~~ no value? What you are about to read is the story of the life of a very little man. Most biographies have been classed as worthless because they hold back the truth in order to make a hero out of the subject. I started out with the idea of telling the whole truth and holding back nothing, but as I read the first ten years contained in this volume, I note that perhaps I too have put my best foot forward. Well, I only desired to make it interesting. *

Historians complain that a well-written life is as rare as a well-lived life. There is nothing in my life or my story that will relieve either shortage.

Henry W Longfellow said: "A life that is worth writing at all - is worth writing minutely and truthfully." I have tried to do just that. Perhaps I have been too minute. I had a day by day account about my learning the alphabet. I decided that it was too much in detail and condensed it. I may at a later date write a small pamphlet on that part of my life. It might be interesting and of some value, but I must get on with the general story now.

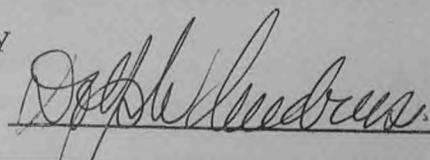
"Only those who live with a man can write his life. . . . and few who have lived with a man know what to remark about him." So wrote Johnson. This is also a problem for the man who writes about himself. What to write and what to leave unwritten is always a big question.

I can certainly agree with James M Barrie when he wrote. "The life of every man is a diary in which he means to write one story . . and writes another; and his humblest hour is when he compares the volume as it is with what he longed to make it."

Perhaps for this reason many have said that they have no desire to try living life over again, but I can say with Franklin: "When I reflect as I often do on the felicity I have enjoyed, I sometimes say to myself that, were the offer made to me, I would engage to ~~run~~ again, from beginning to end, the same career of life. All I would ask, should be the privilege of an author, to correct in the second edition certain errors in the first."

For the most part I have really enjoyed my life and while there are trifling errors that I would like corrected in the second edition, I am content to set it down as it happened and hope someone will enjoy reading it. I shall give it in small doses of Ten Years hoping that it will taste better that way. Even poison can be taken in small doses.

Sincerely



10353 Jardine Avenue
Sunland California 91040

January 1965

AUTOBIOGRAPHY of DOLPH ANDRUS

GENEALOGY + Paternal great-grandparents.



JOHANNES KRONVALL

I know very little about my paternal great-grandparents. Ruluf Andrus married Azuba Smith. They were married somewhere in the New England area. Some faulty genealogical work had him tied to the wrong Azuba Smith. No photographs available of either party.

Randolph Alexander married Myrza Alexander, but I have no information as to where or - when. They are buried in their own private plot on a hill above their old home in Washington - Utah. The little fence - once white - was trying hard to maintain its point of vantage on the top of that hill and was striving to protect the bodies buried there when I was a boy hunting for cotton tailed rabbits in that area. The fence would have been visible from my boyhood home, if a giant mesquite bush had not been the winner of the struggle for prominence on the hill.

GENEALOGY + Maternal great-grandparents.

My knowledge of my mother's grandparents is also very limited, but I do have photographs of both of them. The picture of Great-grand father Kronvall - shown above - was taken in Sweden, where he lived & died. My mother says that he was a shoemaker, had served in the Swedish Army and received a small pension.

I have a vivid recollection of a bit of tangible evidence that he had seen service in the army. This was an old muzzle-loading musket that he had carried during the war. I have often wondered, with baggage space so limited, Grandmother had brought this ancient weapon to America. The last time that I saw the old gun, it was only a stake driven into the ground. Stripped of its wooden stock and all of its honor it held one end of a rope and a calf held the other, or perhaps the rope held the calf.

I suppose that Johannes Kronvall gave his daughter this weapon, because he was sure that guns would be needed and scarce in the wild Indian country that he believed they were going to. Perhaps grandmother brought it along to please him at the sad moment of parting or it could be that she too believed a gun would be needed in the wild untamed country where the Mormons lived.

Neither could have known the humble end of such an important beginning. Nor could they have known that it would never be used for the killing of Indians or wild beasts. If Grandmother had known the nervous wreck it would make out of her, plus the fact that they never needed it, she would never have left things dear to her, in order to give it room in their baggage. But if Johannes had known the fun it would make for two small boys, he would have insisted on her bringing

AUTOBIOGRAPHY of DOLPH ANDRUS
GENEALOGY + Maternal great-grandparents.

it anyway. Please be patient with me. I shall have you wait for that story until I have finished my genealogy.

Johannes Kronvall married Sesa Neils - who thus became the Grandma Kronvall that mother, in her story, talks so much about. I have a photograph of her. It appears at the right and top of this page.

This kind lady is one of the great multitude of grandmothers who spoil their grandchildren. My mother admits that she was spoiled, and I quote from her story to prove my statement : "From three to eight years old I lived with my grandparents, Grandpa and Grandma Kronvall. As I was a very frail child they pampered me. I was a spoiled child."



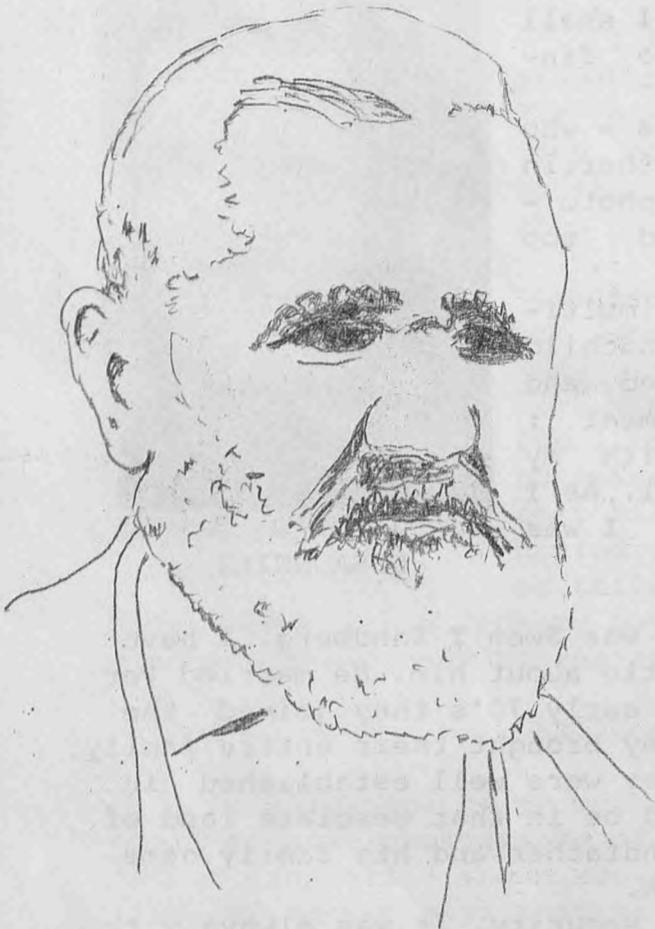
SESA NEILS

My other maternal great-grandfather was Swen T Sandberg. I have no photograph of him and I know very little about him. He married Pernella Pierson in Sweden. Sometime in the early 70's they joined the Mormon Church and emigrated to Utah. They brought their entire family, except my Grandfather and his family. They were well established in Washington, Utah - as well as anyone could be in that desolate land of black rocks and red sand - before my Grandfather and his family came over and established themselves with them.

They never knew the extent of their security. It was always with uncertainty that they toiled in their efforts to produce a crop. The Virgin River would rip out the dam and leave the unripe harvest burning in the sun. We must make some allowance for Pernella Pierson Sandberg, who was overjoyed at the arrival of her son and his family, but could not hold back a harsh comment when her little granddaughter would not eat the food set before her and cried for the sweets and fats set on the table by a pampering grandmother in Sweden. Harsh but not meant to be unkind was her remark: "We all eat this food and we all work hard on it. The child will have to learn to eat it and like it."

Perhaps she seemed a harsh taskmaster when she allowed the new arrivals scant time for unpacking and put them to cutting mountains of peaches to be placed in the sun to dry. This fruit was their sure crop. Orchards did not depend on the river, they were watered by springs that never failed. Dry them in the sun was the only method they had of preserving them for winter use. Also they could be traded in the northern settlements for flour, potatoes, cheese and other staples. The peaches were a form of money to them.

I did have a picture of Pernella, but I lost it. My mother sent it to me. It was not much bigger than a postage stamp. Not as large as some the United States Post Office is now putting out. Since I do not have one of her husband Swen T Sandberg I will not leave a space for her picture. If I get one of both I will put in an extra sheet,



MILO ANDRUS
Paternal Grandfather

"In youth thy zeal and holy fire
Caused honest hearts to glow;

For many a weary mile thou'st stood
Through heat, through rain and snow,

And God, He gave the gracious sheaves
And blessed thee all thy days.

These laurels now adorn thy head,
Yea truth's effulgent rays!

In Kirtland's Temple years gone by
The Lord heard thy desire,

Thine eyes begeld the Holy Ghost
Like cloven tongues of fire;

And God appeared and spoke to man,
Yea Peter, James, and John

Gave mighty keys and Priesthood's power
The house with glory shone.

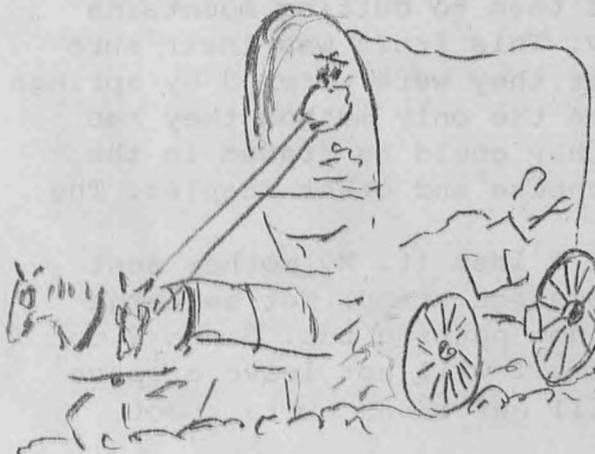
In thirty-four mid Zion's Camp
Thy name was then enrolled -

With scanty fare, but trusty sword
Thou marched a soldier bold!"

So wrote Charles L Walker of my Grandfather Andrus, in St George Utah about 12 years before his death in 1893 at Oxford Idaho. I was 3 years old at the time. I was in Washington, Utah which is a long way from Idaho, so he never saw me. He married my Grandmother - Adaline Alexander when she was a very young girl. Five children were born to them and they became separated.

Milo Andrus missed coming to Utah in 1847, because, he was called to conduct farming operations at Winter Quarters and in the Spring of 1848 he was called to England on a Mission. Returning in 1850 he was captain over 55 wagons. In 1855 he was captain of 63 wagons. In 1861 he was captain of 66 wagons.

Many Missions, making converts directing their migration, sharing their hardships, places him the ranks of the true pioneers.



AUTOBIOGRAPHY of DOLPH ANDRUS
GENEALOGY + Paternal Grandparents

5

After giving birth to my father in a tent at a sheep camp in Bingham Canyon, Utah Adaline Alexander Andrus came to Washington, Utah. Here she met and married Andrew Sproul Sr. Since my father was very young, Andrew was father to him and grandfather to me.

I remember Grandma Sproul very well. We lived within two blocks of her home during the most of my boyhood days. I made one trip with her and Andrew and my father and mother, in a covered wagon to Salt Lake City and back again to Washington, when I was five years old. The object of the trip and incidents connected. I shall relate in my own story later on.

I remember her best for an incident that happened a few weeks before she was killed at St. George, Utah. It was a "horse and buggy" accident. It happened near the Temple. Andrew and Adaline had been to the Temple. She was sitting in the buggy while Andrew was on the ground at the hitching post untying the horses: Just as he got them untied something frightened them and they ran away. He was dragged some distance but could not hold on to the lines. The runaway team ran one wheel of the buggy against a telephone pole and Adaline was killed instantly.

The last time that I saw her alive was just a few weeks before the accident. I was 21 years old at the time. My parents were living in the Washington Field. Between us and the town of Washington was the Virgin River. I had shot a nice bag of quail. Mother made them into a pie. I took the team and wagon to bring my grandparents to dinner on the farm. Coming down we crossed the river without incident as there was very little water. Going back the river was at flood stage. I drove in and the water almost swam the horses and the wagon slid down the stream with the box almost floating off the running gears at times. Grandma sat with her hands folded and her mouth shut. Not a scream. Not even a murmur. She knew the danger we were in. She also knew that screaming would not help and would only serve to unnerve the driver.

She was not always silent. She knew how to scold Andrew. Many times on Sunday I remember her and grandpa passing our house on the way to Church. Grandpa would be walking, with his hands behind his back, several yards in head of Grandma, who came trudging along and scolding every step of the way.

I remember her well-kept yard and beds of lovely flowers. Her bed of wall-flowers was a sight to see and good to smell. She and Grandpa worked side by side every day in their well ordered vegetable garden. They grew peas, beans, tomatoes and onions. The wonder and marvel of the town would be when a few small heads of cauliflower would be formed. These were much prized for pickles. Never boiled and eaten as we do now from the supermarket.



ADALINE ALEXANDER

AUTOBIOGRAPHY of DOLPH ANDRUS
 GENEALOGY + Paternal Grandparents.



ANDREW SPROUL SR

I remember Grandpa Sproul for his twenty years as Bishop of Washington. I do not remember all of those years, but I remember thirteen of them. My first recollection of him was on a long trip in a covered wagon during which he taught me how to count, using the milestones along the side of the road as "flash cards" It helped to roll off the tiresome dusty miles.

Still fresh in my mind are his instructions when he placed me in charge of the Tithing Wagon Scales and the placing of the tithing hay in a big barn that stood on the same block as our house. There was a charge of 10¢ for non-tithing weighing. This was all mine. My first wages.

His calm steady voice as we crossed the river at flood stage, still rings in my ears.

"Keep the heads of the horses pointed upstream." "Pull a little to the left to avoid that deep hole." "Watch out for branch it might be a whole tree."

There are two things that I remember about my last long talk with him. It was near the end of his service as a bishop. I had said to him, "I suppose that you have handed out a lot of advice to people during your time." His reply. "People do not come to me for advice.. they come for my approval of what they have decided to do. If I do not approve they go ahead and do it anyway."

I did not know his feeling about life insurance and I proudly told him that I had taken out a policy with Beneficial Life. He was very unhappy about it. In defense of my action I pointed out the fact that the President of the Church was President of the Company. Then came his simple but effective lesson.

"Brother Crawford, is my First Counselor and most of the time I address him as Brother Crawford, but if that old fence-busting cow of his were to break into my garden I would say to him, 'Dam you Joe Crawford, why can't you keep that old "breachy" cow of yours in your own corral?' No my boy, I respect Joseph F Smith as President of the Church, but when he enters the field of insuring human life it does not make an unholy business holy."

It must have been a very sorry ward that he became bishop of. It was hard times and many of the people were moving away. There were vacant houses all over town. I remember when I was a boy there were still many vacant houses. They were such fun to play in. All but one. That was the old home of John D Lee across the street from the tithing scales that I had charge of. This was supposed to be "haunted". Murdered men were buried under the floor. Most of my companions were afraid to go near it at night, Not me. I earned a pocket-ful of marbles for walking through the house at night and slamming every door. That should wake up the ghosts, but I did not see or hear any of them.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY of DOLPH ANDRUS
GENEALOGY + Maternal Grandparents.

7

Steen Sandberg was born and trained as a blacksmith in Sweden. I remember him as I saw him working in the blacksmith shop at the Washington Factory. He was cutting inch-long bits off red-hot horse shoes. The hot chunks soon turned blue on the dirt floor, but were not cold as a man in tight fitting boots found out. He had unknowingly stood too long on one of them. The hot iron ate its way into the heel of his boot. When it reached the nails they passed the heat on to his heel. He did a beautiful dance, the original "hot-foot", trying to get the boot off, with Grandpa trying to get him to plunge his foot into the sawed-off barrel of water he used to temper steel in. But the man continued to dance until the boot came off. Then he hit another bit of iron with his stocking foot. The action was quick this time and no dance with it.



STEEN SANDBERG

I remember his shop under the shade of a mulberry tree where a small boy was welcome to use any of the tools as long as he used it according to instructions. Most of his hand tools he had made himself. All of his drills for boring holes in iron were hand-made. In the earlier years the blast of air required by his forge was supplied by a bellows which was worked by a long wooden lever. I was allowed to work this lever for him much to my delight. Another job that I could help with was the piling of small bits of wood all the way around a metal wagon tire. The fire was lit all around and the tire was heated, causing it to expand so that it would go on the wooden wheel. Then water was poured on it and would cool and shrink tight onto the wheel. They called this setting a tire.

The Swedish accent of Steen Sandberg was very slight because he insisted on the family stopping all conversation in Swedish as soon as they arrived in America.

He was the only blacksmith in town for a long time. There was not too much business, but enough for him to make a fair living. Then two young fellows came in and set up a shop. When asked how he liked having two rival blacksmiths in town he replied, "Look, de are not Smiths I suppose dey could do a little cold bending if they did not have to make two pieces alike."

Grandpa Sandberg was a very mild-mannered man and was very calm about most things, but he had times when his anger caused him to do things that were all out of reason. An example is what he did to his bees. He had several stands of bees that he was very proud of. He had made the hives himself. He had served an apprenticeship as a carpenter in Sweden as well as that of a blacksmith, so he was well qualified to do that kind of work. While working in his shop under the tree a bee without any reason came by and stung him. He laid down his tools, went to the store, bought enough sulphur to kill every hive.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY of DOLPH ANDRUS
 GENEALOGY + Maternal Grandparents.



BENGTA KRONVALL

Steen Sandberg married Bengta Kronvall in Sweden, thus making her the Grandma Sandberg of my youth and boyhood days. Her long life permitted her to visit us in Salt Lake City and sit for a Five Generations picture when our first grandchild was born. More about that at a future date.

Like my other grandparents, my many fine contacts with her remain to be told where they fit into my own story.

I remember her best for her weaving. It seems to me that she was always pounding away at her carpet loom, taking out a carpet or putting new warp into the loom. This threading of the many colored strings through the little wires that would cause the strings to cross each other at each movement of the foot pedal always fascinated me and I was allowed to help with the part of it that I could be trusted with. I was always rewarded with some bits of string for my pocket.

Grandma was President of the Washington Relief Society for a number of years. It was my delight as a small boy to play marbles on the sidewalk under the windows of the Relief Society Hall which were open during the summer months. The buzz of conversation that came through the windows during a work meeting was not always understood, but parts of it were entertaining to small boys.

As I grew older I went out of town seeking employment. Each return was more difficult for me. Not that I was unhappy about coming back, but the problem of kissing all my relatives grew as I grew older. I continued to do it because I thought it was expected of me. I even kissed my grandfather. Once on returning from work at a mining camp I came toward my grandmother Sandberg to greet her as before. She met me with a shocker, "here comes Dolph, he is the kissing one!" Very few of my relatives got kissed after that. I would turn them a cheek if they looked like they expected it, but I would always reduce the greeting to a handclasp whenever I could. I was determined not to go down in history as "the kissing one."

As a small boy, I remember it was always fun to be allowed to visit Grandma, but fuss at being told I must go back home was always made. I remember of being dragged squaling home many times. There was nothing wrong with my home and I cannot put my finger on any special attraction for wanting to be at Grandma's place. The only thing that was different at her place was the food and Grandpa's blacksmith shop. Grandma made a very dark heavy bread that did taste good with honey or molasses and a glass of milk. Then there was the Swedish rice. Large flakey grains of rice held together with something, I do not know what, that allowed it to be removed from the pan in which it was cooked, in large slices like cake.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY of DOLPH ANDRUS
GENEALOGY + Parents

The picture at the right is the earliest one that I have of my father. It is from a tintype and was taken when he was 17 years old. The pictures of Andrew Sproul and Adaline were taken from the same tintype. Father was standing between them and they were sitting down.



RANDOLPH ANDRUS

The following is from a brief autobiography of Randolph Andrus dictated to my mother and written by her in 1932.

MATILDA

" I was born July 19 1862 in a tent at a sheep camp in Bingham Canyon. It was three days before I was dressed as my mother was alone with four small children. At three months I was blessed by my Grandfather Randolph Alexander. Mother worked out in different places in Salt Lake and Cottonwood until the fall of 1865, when she came to Washington, bringing me and my two sisters Ret and Leona. My brothers Laron and Lewis stayed with Father..

(ADAMS)

A man by the name of Billy Matthews brought us to Dixie. He had an old wagon and four mules. In front with him he had a box filled with rocks to throw at the mules to make them pull. One lead mule was named Luse. He would throw a rock at him and holler "Ya Luse!" He had three little pigs in a box in the back. One got out and I run trying to help catch it.

(3 years old)

A woman gave me a big red apple and another boy took it from me and bit into it and how I did cry. That's about all I remember about the trip. We stayed with Grandma Alexander until we found a one-room house and moved to ourselves. The girls kept house and mother worked in the Factory.

In 1867 we went back to Salt Lake City and mother married Andrew Sproul. Stayed all summer and came back to Dixie in the fall.

In the spring of 1868 we went to the Muddy. There I rode the plow beam day after day until the crops were all in. Then I herded the cows. The Indians were hostile and we had many a scare. The Muddy Mission was finished in 1869 and we came back to Washington for one week and then we moved to Moccasin Arizona. I drove a bunch of "dog-ey" calves out there riding my horse bare-back.

In September I drove a team and brought Mother and Aunt Martha in to do some shopping and purchasing of supplies. Going back out when we arrived at Short Creek a man told us that the Navajo Indians were on the war path. We drove out into the cedars (junipers) tied the horses to the wagon and sat up all night. Didn't dare to build a fire. The next morning we started out and met another man who said we had been misinformed, the Indians were only on a trading trip and were very peaceable and friendly. When we arrived at Pipe Springs we found about 300 of them there. Uncle Wood Alexander was there to meet us, also Rile Allen. The Indians followed us over to Moccasin and they stayed around about a week trading blankets and other things.

In 1870 we came back to Washington to stay. In the Spring of

HENRIETTA

AUTOBIOGRAPHY of DOLPH ANDRUS
GENEALOGY + PARENTS

"I worked for the cattle
company"



1871 we bought the Farm up the River. In the Spring of 1873 a big flood came and took the house, corrals, granary filled with corn-in fact everything we owned slick and clean.

We lived among the rocks while we built a log house. We used cottonwood logs. When the house was finished I went to work for Bill Harris at Leeds, milking cows, doing chores and riding after the cows bareback. My pay was \$10.00 per month and board.

When the Silver Reef started I went home and we raised garden stuff and made molasses, to peddle at the mining camp. This was in the summer. In the winter I chopped and hauled wood to sell at the Silver Reef.

Another flood came and took most of the land, We then moved to town and bought the place on the hill in Washinton. I frieghted and farmed and in 1885 I began breaking broncos and riding the range. I worked for the Mohave Cattle Company. About 1887 the dam went out of the river and they decided to put in a pile dam. I worked on it and often dove into the river to recover tools that were dropped.

In 1889 February 27th I married Matilda Sandberg. (From here on I shall merge my father's story with my own)



"in 1885 I began breaking broncos"

My mother, Matilda Sandberg was born in Matra, Sweden, September 25, 1870, eight years after my father. On June 20, 1878 she left Sweden with her father, mother, sister Emma, and brother Olaf, a baby, on the ship Nevada for America.

They arrived in Washington, Utah on Aug 14, 1878. They moved at once into a small one room house with a big fireplace at one end. Cooking was done over the open fire. The kids had to stand up to eat and slept on straw ticks on the floor.

After two years of this they moved to their own home across the creek from the grist mill. This is the house they were living in when I first remember of going to Grandma's House. It was one big adobe room with an upstairs and a cellar.

At 12 years of age, Mother started to work in the Washington Factory. I quote now from Mother's own story:

"September 14, 1884 I was 14 years old. My playmates, boys & girls came in the evening. We had a little party. Riner Hannig gave me a motto: WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A BABY? I was quite hurt but we had a good time. Now I began going to dances. A boy friend now and then came and asked me to go to a dance. I said, "Yes, if you don't get drunk." He promised. I said, "If you get drunk I will come home without you." But he broke his promise. I left for home without him. He followed and tried to explain. Nothing doing. I told him he could not come to the gate and he didn't. So the story got around. If you take Till you can't drink. If you do she will leave you.

At 17 I began going with Bub Sproul, but I found out later that his real name was Randolph Andrus. The boys told him he was wasting time because Till had said that she would not have a man with red hair. His hair was not exactly red but more yellowlike - very pretty and wavy. Dark red mustash. He began to look pretty good to Till. Always so nice and clean. Didn't smoke or drink. Had a good team and wagon. So in 1888 I promised to be his. . . ." (End of quote from Mother's Notes.

The picture above was taken about that time. Mother says there was one of Father taken about the same time but I have been unable to locate it. The next picture I have of him is his wedding picture which is shown on the following page. The photographer was James Booth of St. George. He must of been short on furniture. You will note in my picture at age 3 that I am standing by the same piece that Father is sitting on in the bridal picture. Mother says that this picture was not taken at the wedding, but about one year later.

This is the last page of "Genealogy". Now we start on my very own story. Something I have started several times. The last time I got as far as my 6th birthday.

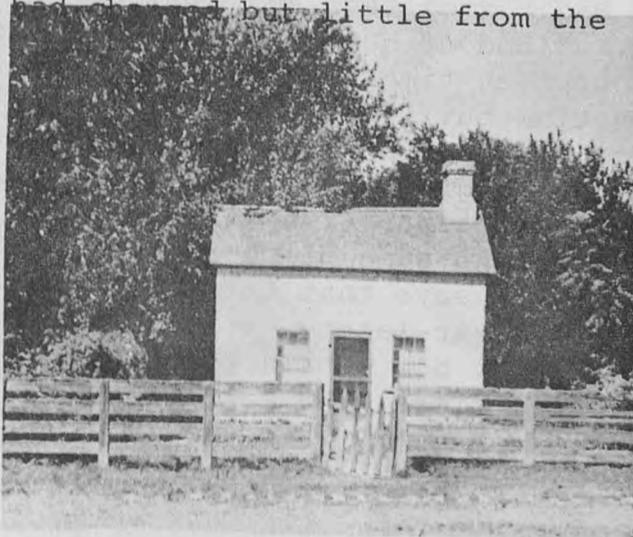


MATILDA SANDBERG 18



"Randolph and I were married in the St. George Temple. My wedding dress was rose-pink."

Below: "Our first little home" (This picture was taken in 1957 by my son Quentin) but the house had changed but little from the



time I first saw it

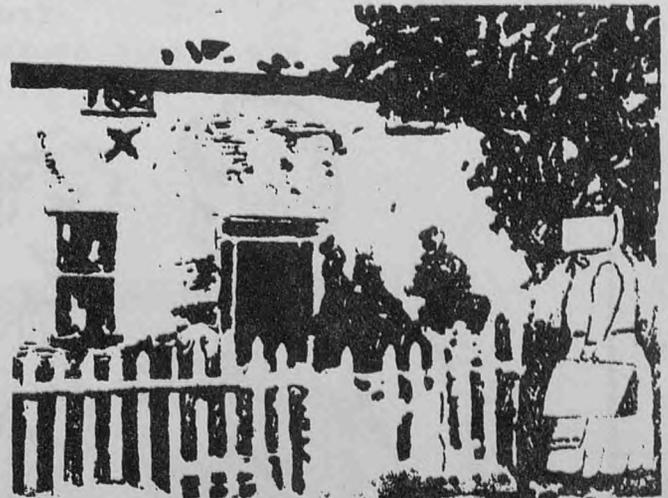
My parents were married in the St. George Temple. Mother's wedding dress was "rose-pink." There was a family dinner at Grandma's home. Not at my mother's house but at Grandma Sproul's house. Only a few close friends were present other than the family. A big dance was given in the public hall. This was for everybody in town. They stayed with his folks for two weeks and then moved to a two room house in the north part of Washington. It was their intention to buy this place, but when mother's Uncle Niels moved to St. George, he offered them his home to rent. That is how I came to be born in the house shown on page 13. At this time the railroad came only to Milford and all the merchandise sold in the stores was hauled on wagons from there. Trips to Milford were known as "going for a load of freight." Father and Mother made one of these trips and peddled apricots on the way up. It was my mother's first trip "north"

Shortly after I was born they invested in a home. It had one room upstairs and one downstairs. The price was something to remember. A horse, hay, grain, flour, and some cows and \$60.00 in cash. Father added a frame kitchen and a cellar. Mother has this to exclaim: "Our own little home! How I did love it and still do. Only two blocks from my old home!" I remember passing it many times on my way to and from Grandma Sandberg's and wishing that we still owned it. It would have been so nice to live two blocks away. It would have been better for my parents too. They would not have to then drag a reluctant boy all the way across town, who was loath to leave Grandma's House.

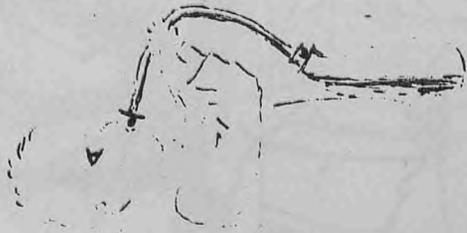
I was born July 14 1890 in the house shown at the right. The photo was taken many years after but there has been very little outward change. The only thing that I notice is the two dormer windows. At the time I was born they were only "belly windows". I suppose they were called that because of the position that was required in order to look out of them.



The picture below the first one and still to the right is a sketch that I have drawn of the house as it was at the moment I was arriving in the black bag in the hand of Sister Barron at the gate. She will leave me in an upstairs bed room. The window of this room has an "X" under it now you know what a "belly window is."



I was a bottle-fed baby when they were not as common as they are today. The feeding equipment



was not as good as it is now as you can see by the sketch above. Mother showed me the outfit after I was old enough to remember it. It had a long rubber tube with a nipple on one end and a plug that fit into the neck of the bottle. It must have been a "bear" to clean & sterile. The bottle had a flat side. It was easy to manouver it into a position where it was impossible to get anything out of it. In spite of a bad start I grew to be quite some chunk at 2½ or 3 years. (See photo at right.)





The pictures on this page to show dress and manners of the era in which I was born were clipped from a few magazines I have of the '90 period of time.

The tennis players are expressing their delight that they now have time to play

since they have found they can buy canned fruits and vegetables. The young ladies at extreme left are examining the wonders of a new parasol.



Above. This is the way they dressed a baby in 1890.

Left. The young man must do some work while courting. No time could be allowed to go to waste - Not even while making love.

Some Advertisements from the magazines of 1885 to 1890. We were a bit behind the world in Washington so these are typical of the year 1890 to 1900. I think Baker's Cocoa and Cuticura are still advertised.

COLUMBIA BICYCLES & TRICYCLES

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE SLANT FREE

THE POPE MFG. CO.

597 WASHINGTON ST. BOSTON MASS
 (2 WARREN ST.) BRANCH HOUSES (112 WABASH AVE) CHICAGO
 NEW YORK



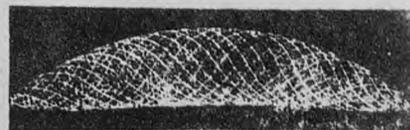
Cuticura

A POSITIVE CURE for every form of SKIN & BLOOD DISEASE. PIMPLES to SCROFULA

In 1964 this product is still advertised. I mean CUTICURA.



This lady's hair does well pretty. It is all her own. Not very heavy nor thick, but it looks so. It is because she wears the Braided Wire



MISSISSIPPI ROAD

which will hold it in place, and does not bend the hair, or wear on hair will. Its holding force has out last, they keep it from getting nasty or getting damaged from perspiration. They are made in many colors and styles. Sold by all dealers.

If you order the Braided Wire, which is made, we will send you a small post paid card, 25 Cents, for 25 Cents.

The Weavers & Wire Mfg. Co.

147 Chestnut St. Philadelphia



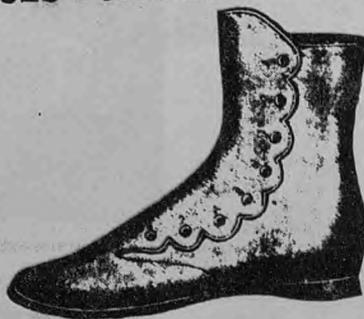
GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

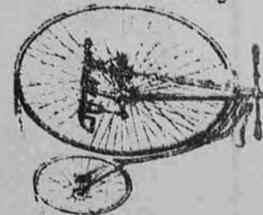
MISSSES' & CHILDREN'S SHOES



SAFETY. SPEED. COMFORT.

Has 100,000 miles straight on the road in 24 hours. Has also done on the road 10 miles in 30 minutes, 21 miles in 14 hours, 50 miles in 3 hours 11 minutes, and 100 miles in 7 1/2 hours.

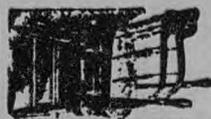
As Safe as Walking.



Available for Any Adult. Hides the World's Road Record. 1000 miles in 24 hours. Has three times the longest continuous ride ever for 7 days (168 miles) at 24 hours, for 10, 20, and 50 miles for 24 hours.

THOMSON'S PATENT

GLOVE FITTING



THE HEALTH JOLTING CHAIR

Give all the EXERCISE necessary for HEALTH in the QUICKEST and most SAFE MANNER. It is the ONLY chair for relieving Indigestion, Stomach, Liver, and Kidneys.

Send for our pamphlet, and illustrated testimonials.

THE HEALTH JOLTING CHAIR CO.
 150 West 23rd Street, New York.

A BEAUTIFUL HOUSE FOR \$1200



This is a marvelous house; though not large, it is so well planned that it affords ample room and makes itself light to the eye for a large family. 1st floor shown above; 2nd floor are a bed room and in attic 2 more. Fire-places and closets. The whole warmed by one chimney. Large illustrations and full description of the above, as well as of 30 other houses, ranging in cost from \$200 up to \$2000, may be found in "SMOYER'S MODERN, LOW-COST HOUSES," a large quarto pamphlet, showing also how to select sites, get loans, &c. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of 50c. Stamps taken, or send \$1 bill and we will return the change. Address: BUILDING PLAN ASSOCIATION, 24 Beckman St. (Box 2702), N. Y. (Mention THE CENTURY.)

MORE ADVERTISEMENTS FROM 1890. I should have stopped with those I gave on page 16, but could not resist giving you the soap ads on this page and the one on page 18.



THURSDAY

THE MODERN PANACEA.

Sadly bedight
A modern knight,
Thro' sunshine and thro' raining
Traveled along,
Singing a song
Of household ills complaining.

His bread was bad,
His wife was sad,
And all things helter-skelter;
And at the most,
All he could boast
Was just a roof for shelter.

And as his strength
Failed him at length,
There came a prosperous peasant:—
"Peasant," said he,
"What can it be
That makes you look so pleasant?"

The man replied:
"Get up and ride
To town, without repining!
Buy OAKLEY'S QUEEN,
The best e'er seen
To make things bright and shining."

He went and bought
The thing he sought,
And now he lives in clover;
On Thursday eves
His wife "receives"
And treats him like a lover.

A POUND OF SOAP FREE.—If you have never used OAKLEY'S QUEEN SOAP, send us eight two-cent stamps to cover postage, and we will send you a pound bar of QUEEN SOAP.
If your grocer does not keep it, write to us and we will tell you where it may be obtained.

L. & J. OAKLEY, Newburgh, N. Y.

AWAY IN TOWN

September with its pleasant skies
Has come, and Summer's over.
We travel home, with lingering sighs
For cowslip and for clover

AWAY IN TOWN
The dingy city's dusty streets,
Its roar, and din oppress us;
Our house is dark and no one meets
Us at the door to bless us

AWAY IN TOWN
And household cares distract our mind
The scrubbing and the cleaning
That must be done, e'er peace we find,
We dread their dreadful meaning.

BUT SOME ONE TELLS US: Don't repine
And sit in sulks and sadness;
For Oakley's Queen makes all things shine
And turns one's grief to gladness.

Copyright 1890

More ads and then I shall cease, but I wanted to show this one a well advertised soap in my time. It is interesting because it shows that the clergy in those days were not backward about using their name in an advertisement. Note the testimonial of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher for PEAR'S SOAP. Do you remember the limmerick that ends "laid an egg in his hat, and thus did the hen reward Beecher." The story goes that the great man was very much annoyed, but the ad does not seem to bother him.

The ad below is older than 1890 and you see it today.

There is some change in the advertisement. Now it is the women who are losing their hair and men are telling them how to prevent it's loss.

I have yet to hear a promise to grow hair on a bald head.

ALL THE LEADING DRUGGISTS SELL PEARS SOAP

PEARS'S SOAP

THE FAMOUS ENGLISH COMPLEXION SOAP.



Cleanliness is next to Godliness, Soap must be considered as a Means of Grace and a Clergyman who recommends moral things should be willing to recommend Soap. I am told that my commendation of Pears' Soap has opened for it a large sale in the United States. I am willing to stand by every word in favor of it that I ever uttered. A man must be fastidious indeed who is not satisfied with it.

Henry Ward Beecher

IN HIS OPINION OF PEARS'S SOAP

GOOD COMPLEXION

PEARS'S SOAP

NICE HANDS

HAVE FOUND IT MATCHLESS FOR THE HANDS COMPLEXION.

Edelina Patti

A SPECIALTY FOR THE SKIN & COMPLEXION

As recommended by the greatest English authority on the Skin,

PROF. SIR ERASMUS WILSON,
Pres. of the Royal Col. of Surgeons, J

Nothing adds so much to personal appearance as a Bright, Clean complexion and a Soft Skin. With these the plainest features become Without them the handsomest are but coldly impressive.

Many a complexion is marred by impure alkaline and Colored Toilets

PEARS'S SOAP

Is specially prepared for the delicate skin of ladies and children and others in the weather, winter or summer. In England it is pre-eminently the complexion and is recommended by all the best authorities, as, on account of its emollient character, Redness, Roughness and Chapping are prevented, and a clear and bright appearance and a soft, condition imparted and maintained, and a good, healthy and attractive complexion ensured.

Its agreeable and lasting perfume, beautiful appearance, and soothing character commend it as the greatest luxury of the toilet. Its durability and consequent economy is remarkable.

15 INTERNATIONAL AWARDS.

ALL THE LEADING DRUGGISTS SELL PEARS SOAP

BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS



FOR THE HAIR.

The Oldest and the Best.

Prevents the hair from falling off, eradicates scurf, dandruff, etc., etc. Keeps it in the most beautiful condition, and is warranted to cause new hair to grow on bald places.

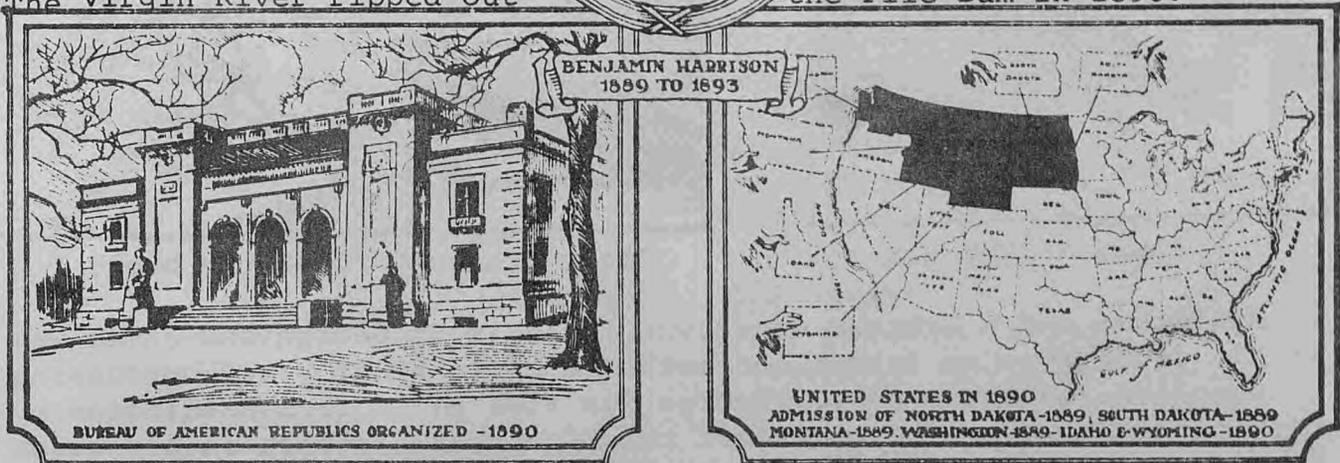
Randolph Andrus Jr was born

July 14 1890 (They called him Dolph)



The Virgin River ripped out

the Pile Dam in 1890.



People and Events in the News at the time I was born July 14 1890
 Benjamin Harrison was President of the United States 1889 to 1893
 (The drawing above was taken from THE VOLUME LIBRARY a reference book in the Dolph Andrus Family for many years. We still have it.)
 James Russell Lowell died in 1891. I remember him for "And what is so rare as a day in June?" or "The gift without the giver is bare."
 Herman Melville died in 1891. I remember him for MOBY DICK. in which he asks, "Where lies the harbor, the final harbor, whence we unmoor no more?"
 Walt Whitman died in 1892. I remember him best for LEAVES OF GRASS.
 William T Sherman died in 1891. I remember him best for "War is cruel and you cannot refine it." (That's enough about those who had died during that period let's have a look at those who were born then.)

The following were all born in 1890: Vannevar Bush, Charles De Gualle, Dwight D Eisenhower, Christopher Morley, Fred M Vinson, and 1891 comes Ely Culbertson and in 1892 comes Pearl S Buck, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Reinhold Niebuhr, Leverett Saltonstall, Wendell Wilkie, Omar Bradley, (Bradley was 1893) Others that same year were Hermann Goering, Dorothy Parker, Robert (Believe it or not) Ripley, Joachim Von Ribbentrop, Mae West and in 1894 Don Blanding, Aldous Huxley, Westbrook Pegler, Margaret E Sanhster, James Thurber, Duke of Windsor (Edward VII) many others I could name, but I have given you enough. All famous but me.



JAMES ANDRUS



"many arguments over the brands"

My father had a brother James, who lived in St. George, and James was in his store when my father and mother came in to do some purchasing of supplies and equipment. St. George was five miles from Washington my birthplace. It was quite an effort to drive that distance in a wagon over a dusty road that had too many black lava rocks and "chuckholes". I supposed they called them "chuckholes" because the wagon would do some chucking when a wheel ran into one of them. The trip to St. George was a big event it did not come very often. The only thing they bought that day, that lasted long, was a brass kettle. A very important item in our family for many years. I grew up with it.

But they did something in that store that had a profound influence on my life. They took a job that Uncle Jim offered them. He was the owner of a ranch in Kane County, Utah. If you look on a map about 20 miles east of Glendale and 14 miles north of Johnson you should find the word Scumpah. We always called it Scootum. This was his ranch and he hired us to live on it and take care of it. Late in August of 1891 we were on our way.

Uncle Jim owned another ranch and we had to stop there and father helped with checking the brands on the cattle and other work. Checking the brands was quite exciting at times. The calves are branded with a hot iron when they are quite young, as they grow older and in the fall when the hair is long, the initials of the owner or his symbol are a problem to read. Many times it is necessary to lay the animal on its side like you see in the picture above. There were many arguments as other cattlemen were there to see that no mistakes were made in reading the brands. Uncle Jim was not the only cattle owner in that area.

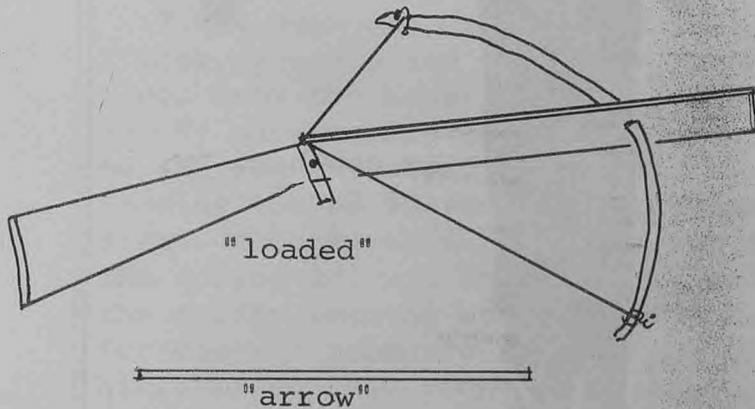
Our stay here delayed us and we did not reach Scootum until late September. We found it a delightful place set in the timber by a big



"loved to chase each other"

horse, the rope slid around his neck burning a brown blister half an inch wide clear around his neck.

One of the men was not so young and had never married. He took a liking to me and wanted to buy me. He may have been only joking. He told them he was very lonely at home and missed me very much. When his horse was saddled and he was ready to ride away to work he would often give me a ride in front of him near the saddle horn, as far as the big gate. Then I would walk back to the house, sit on the porch and watch him ride away.



"presented me with a bow-gun"

lovely spot in the timber near a large meadow. The house was dirty, and 12 men that worked there had to be fed. They were not there at all times. They came and went as they worked with the cattle. They were good to help Mother. They cut the meat and churned the butter. They did the "baby-sitting" for her when I needed it.

They taught me to walk and I soon regarded them as my property. Most of them were young men, and very fun-loving fellows when not at work. They loved to chase each other with their ropes but always stopped short of hurting the man caught in the noose.

I remember many years later that my Uncle Will Sandberg played this game and got jerked from his

On my second birthday the men presented me with a bow-gun that they had made with their pocket-knives. To "load" it was necessary to pull the bow string back to the notch. Then the "arrow" was put in the groove in front of the string. To "fire" the "trigger" was pulled and it lifted the string out of the notch. I mastered everything but "loading."

This inability to "load" brought me in contact with a young cow-hand by the name of Dan. This young man did not wear the fancy trappings that you see would-be-cowboys put on today. His outfit consisted of plain "Levi Strauss" blue denim overalls, a short "jumper" to match, leather belt, and the ever present boots. When riding the range, he wore leather pants, or "chaps" to protect his legs from the brush and the heels of his boots sported a pair of spurs. His hat was on the floor and never on his head in the house.

I never learned to say his name. It always came out "Dam". The men would gather around in a circle and tease me. No matter who I asked to "load" for me the reply I got was always: "Go ask Dan." I would go up to Dan and say, "Dam you load my gun!" This was repeated over and over and I never seemed to find out what all the fun was about.

Such is the innocence of childhood. At the head of the big meadow, where they sometimes pastured bulls and other cattle, was a deep spring. The water flow was small and it was easy to cross below the deep hole where the water came out of the ground. I had done this many times drawing my little wagon behind me. I was allowed to do this when the bulls were not in the meadow. I had been given a big dog called Bob. Just suppose that I had been able to write. Then suppose a little more, even that I had kept a diary. If your supposing had been real there would be a page from my diary dated August 15 1892. This I present to you on page 23 as it might have been.



a young cow-hand by the name of Dan."



"I arrived at the spring"

"I had been given a dog, called Bob"

DIARY of DOFFIE ANDRUS

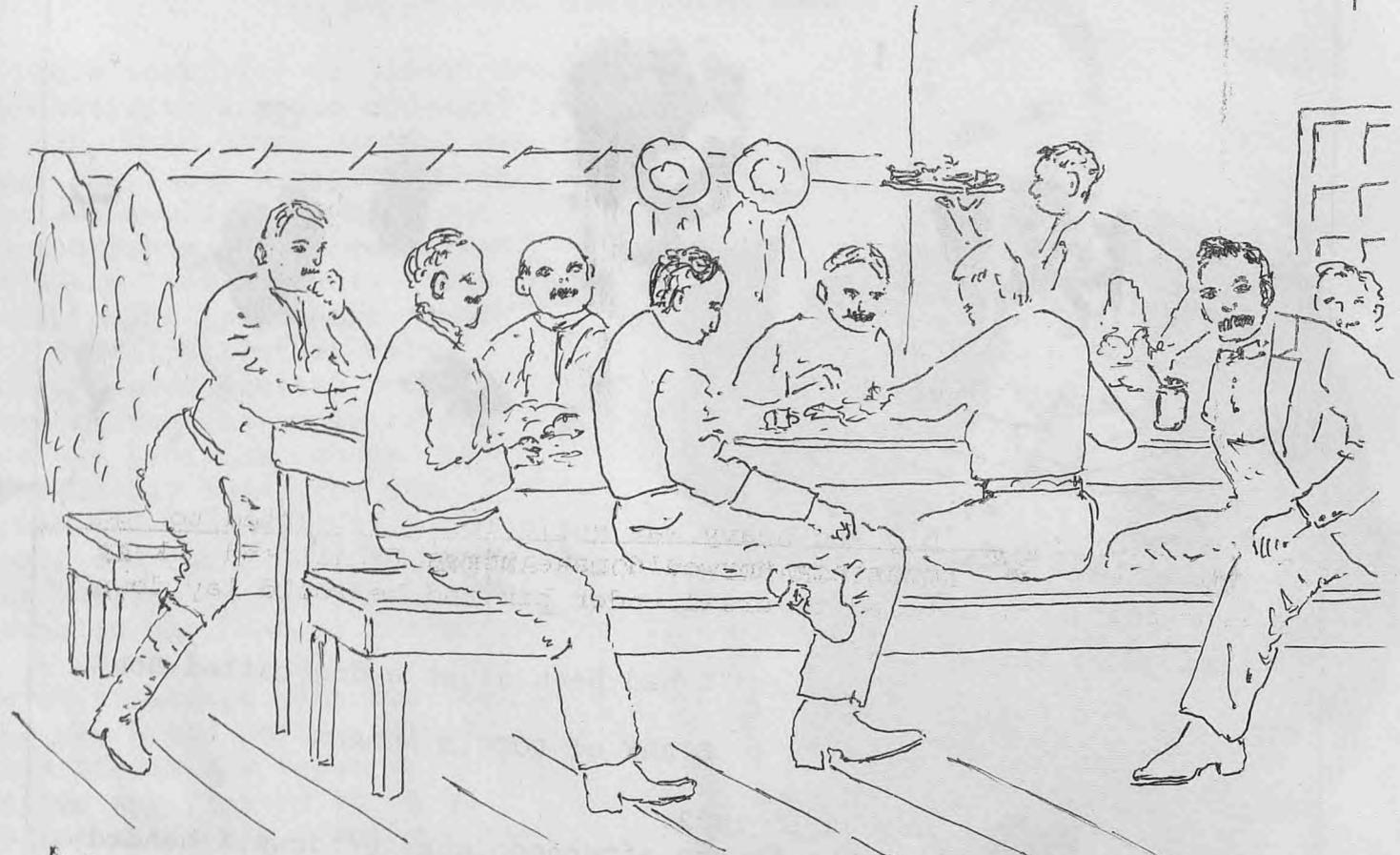
August 15 1892.



Late in the afternoon, near sundown, I headed for the spring as fast as I could go, pulling my little wagon. Bob followed along behind me until I arrived at the spring, and then he put himself between me and the deep hole of water. The more I tried to get closer to the hole the more things he would do to keep me away. I tried to push him out of the way, but he, being big and heavy, was solid for me. I tried to go over him. He would make himself tall and keep me from doing it. I tried to crawl under him and he would lay down on me.

I sat down and cried for a while and then I took my wagon and went over the hill, out of sight from the house. This was a very bad thing to do. My parents missed me. They started hunting for me and saw the wagon tracks and my footsteps leading toward the meadow, but I was no where in sight. Mother was sure that I had fallen into the spring and was drowned. Father pointed to the tracks leading over the hill. He called for Bob who promptly came to the top of the hill. There they found me contentedly playing in the sand with my little shovel and can. It did not seem bad to me, but Mother was quite upset and Father said nothing. Neither did I.





"Supper over, one cow-hand clowned at clearing the table, with a board he made like a waiter in reverse. Uncle Jim was looking at me."



It was a great day for us when Uncle Jim Andrus visited his ranch. He always arrived in time for supper. One of the men asked Father if he knew how he could arrive that early as it was a long drive. "Well," said Father, "He has a good team... but more than that it's the way he drives. In the morning he talks to the team, 'gotta get goin and get.. warmed up' and all day he says 'we can't let you cool off or you will get the distemper.' and that's the way he does it."

Supper over, one cow-hand clowned at clearing the table (they were all good at helping, but most of them made it a game) with a board he made like a waiter in reverse. Uncle Jim was looking at me. He had a little bottle on the table near him with some yellow stuff in it. I was over behind a small rough

"behind a small rough table"



"took me by the hand"

table that Father had made. I was very much interested in him, but I was also afraid. He was dressed so different than the other men and then I had been told to stay away from the table while the men were eating. They were through now were at ease. Some weren't sitting straddle of the benches. I guess that is because they are on a horse so much that they don't feel right any other way. Dan had his back to me and I was wondering if I should get my bow-gun and have him load it, when Uncle Jim called to me to come over to him.

He took hold of my hand & pulled me close to him. I expected him to take me on his lap, but he didn't. He took a knife he had been eating with

and stuck it in the bottle of yellow stuff. It came out with a big daub of the stuff on the end of it. He pushed it toward my face and I opened my mouth and he shoved the knife in. I closed my lips and he withdrew the knife and it came out clean. I felt the top of my head lift and then I let out a howl. It was mustard! The hottest kind that was made. Mother grabbed me and took me into the kitchen to wash my mouth out.

I did not see what happened in the other room, but I heard one of the men tell Mother that he had never seen my father so mad and not say anything.

Mother put me to bed and I did cry myself to a sleep filled ... with dreams..... Uncle Jim seemed

to be in all of them. Sometimes he was a bull and I chased him all over the meadow with Bob nipping at his heels. Sometimes he was a big black bear and I tried to shoot him with my bow-gun, but I could not get loaded. Dan appeared and loaded it, but would not go off, and the arrow.



"let out a howl"



"did cry myself to a sleep"

MY FIRST MISCHIEF AT SCOOTUM

Even before I learned to walk, I was an investigator. I may have been able to walk when this incident came my way or I went where it was, but the picture I have shows me crawling toward the candle moulds. I must have been about 15 months old. May I quote the child expert Dr Gesell to prove that I was a normal child: "At 15 mo. and able to walk he is ceaselessly active and gets into everything".

At the ranch we made our own candles. Mother, with a great amount of painstaking work had fitted the wicks in the candle moulds, filled them with melted beef tallow, and set them on the porch to cool. They were in neat rows which made it easy for me.

I crawled toward the moulds and tipped them over one by one. It was fun to watch the melted grease run across the porch floor and "freeze" into little rivers of hard white tallow. Thus did I do my first mischief at Scootum (Scumpah) Ranch circa 1892.



"crawled toward the candles"

DEATH TOUCHES ME AT SCOOTUM

Near the end of our stay at the ranch I suffered my first great grief. Bob was no where in sight, so I decided to make a try for the spring. I found Bob already there, lying on his side and very still. I took his head in my lap and called to him to wake up. My father found us and explained that Bob was poisoned and was dead.

Then he tried to explain what death meant. When he was buried and I was told that I would never see him again sorrow I knew, but still did not know what death meant. I was told the sheepmen had done it. Now I knew about hate.



"tried to explain death"

A PLEASANT EXPERIENCE AT SCOOTUM RANCH.



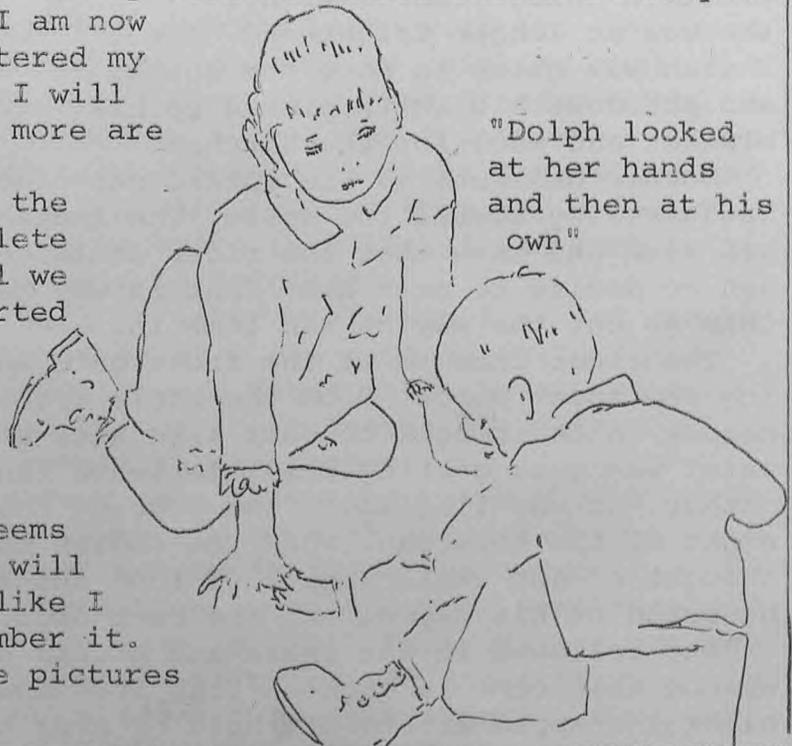
How I learned that little girls are nice to have around.

"The three-year old likes new words," so say the child experts. That fits me at that age. I had been blessed (christened) Randolph Andrus Jr. They started calling me Little Randolph and Ranny. Something had to be done about it. So I made or found a new word. I liked the idea of being called Dolph, but I could not say the word. The nearest I could come to it was "Doffy". It was a very poor attempt and one that was to cause me much trouble later on as you shall see if you stay with me as we grind out this tale of troubles. However, it worked for the time we stayed at the ranch and for too "doggoned" long thereafter. When anyone called me "Ranny" or "Little Randolph" I promptly told them, "No me name Doffy."

Winter at the ranch was a scarce season for people. The ranch hands all went home and left us there alone. Mother has made an entry in her story that reads; "They have all gone and left us alone, just the three of us. Some Indians camped for the winter across the meadow. We visited them and they visited us. Dolph played with the little paposes. He got lousy and that ended the fun. Indians gone. We are alone for sure now. Along towards Spring a family came along. They had a little girl. Dolph looked at her hands and then at his own. Then he looked at her feet and compared them with his. The family stayed for a few days and the children had a great time playing together." I had learned that people were important.

The child experts say people are important to the three-year old. As one three-year old to the rest of the world I can say that little girls are most important, and it only took one short lesson of only a few days to teach it to me. I am now quite sure that they have entered my life to stay. I am sure that I will never be happy unless one or more are around.

No story of ranch life in the early nineties would be complete without an Indian Scare. Well we did not ^{HAVE A} bad scare, but it started out to be a very unpleasant experience, which I shall relate on the following page. I do not know the date. I remember hearing it told so many times that it seems that I can remember it. So I will tell it in the first person like I would if I really could remember it. I might even try to draw some pictures of part of the incident,



"Dolph looked at her hands and then at his own"

INDIAN EPISODE AT SCOOTUM RANCH.

As far as Mother and I knew we were alone at the Ranch House. Even Father was away. He had gone down to Johnson to get the mail and some supplies.

As far as the Indians ^{knew} camped across the meadow we were alone. Suddenly they all started coming across the meadow toward the house.

When they reached the front porch, they all seated themselves around the edge of it, except a tall male with a feather in his hat. He came into the Living Dining room without knocking and seated himself

at the table and announced, "White squaw make breakfast for Indian Chief. When chief eats no more. Squaw make breakfast for Indians."

Mother was scared, but when she looked out of the window, a change came over her she was no longer frightened. The Indian was quick to note the change and put down his knife, picked up his blanket and made for the kitchen.

Mother had seen, as she looked out of the window, one of the cowhands riding toward the house. The Indian was quick to guess what she had seen and knew that the rider would come in at the front door. He had no desire to meet him. That is why he made for the kitchen rather than go out the way he had come in.

The rider came in at the front gate and made short work of clearing the front porch. Soon the whole tribe were streaming across the meadow on their ^{way} back to camp like ants going to a picnic. But their chief was just getting ready to leave the kitchen with the help of my mother. It was like magic, the courage that came from the welcome sight of the horseman. When the Indian made for the kitchen, Mother thought of her small supply of food and suspected the Chief ^{would} grab all he could on his way out of the back door.

She followed in hot chase and picked up the rolling pin, the first weapon that came in sight. "Drop it." She shouted. The Chief, with his blanket wrapped around him held ^{his} arms high to show that he had not hidden anything under it or perhaps he wished to protect his head, in





"Drop it" she shouted.

case she decided to let go with the rolling pin. He beat a hasty retreat out the back door and when last we saw him he was gaining on his retreating band streaming across the meadow.

FAREWELL TO SCOOTUM RANCH.

Mother's health was not so good after the Indian Episode. She always maintained that the affair had nothing to do with it. She said the climate was too high. She had what she called "sinking spells". A visit to an elderly lady in Glendale, whom we called Grandma Hyatt, a sort of a "consulting doctor", ended in Mother and I returning home to Washington. Only we did not have a home. The first little one had been sold. We moved in with Grandma Sandberg, but they had a large family and it was too crowded, so we moved to a little red rock house of two rooms that belonged to Uncle Laif Jolley?

I remember the house very well in later years but I do not remember us living there. Father stayed on as a cow-hand on Uncle Jim's ranch. When he came home my parents were faced with the decision of selecting a home. Mother wanted to buy in St George, but Father's mother insisted that her son remain in Washington.

Bishop Freeman had built a four room house about two blocks from Grandma Sproul's own home. She (Father's mother) suggested that we buy it. An old man by the name of Nelson in St. George owned it. So we went over to St George to buy a home in Washington. Some people were living in it so we could not move in until Fall. Father got his team and farming tools together again. We owned 12½ acres of land in Washington Field some cows and calves and one extra horse. They were building a dam to end all dams in the Virgin River. Father worked on



the dam and the canal.

March of 1895 brought a letter from Father's brother Lewis in Draper Utah that was to set us on an adventure quite different from the one at the Ranch. The letter from Uncle Lewis stated that his wife had died leaving five small children and a baby thirteen months old. Grandpa Sproul was going to Salt Lake City for Conference and to buy a new buggy. My parents decided to go up and see what they could do to help our Uncle and his family.

So we left our house and land in the field and took off in a covered wagon with Grandpa & Grandma Sproul as passengers. We were twelve days going up. Much mud and one balky horse. It rained and rained. I remember one time it seemed to rain frogs. Little tiny ones. The ground was covered with them. I never did find out where they all came from.

We got to Salt Lake, went to Conference and Grandpa bought the buggy. We tied it behind our wagon and drove to Draper where Uncle Lewis lived. We found that he had rigged up his covered wagon and was ready to return to Washington with us. I think it was his decision. It certainly was not mine. I did not like my mother having so many kids to look after. I who had been raised with so much attention would now have to share and share a great deal and I did not like it at all. But that is the way it was. And now way out of it.

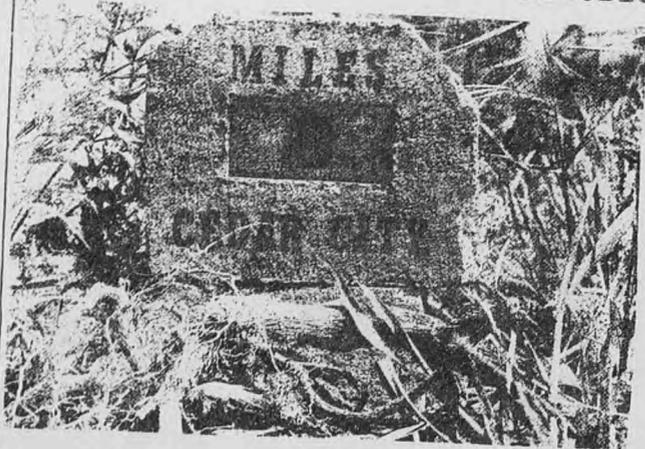
Left. This is the Bishop Freeman home that we bought. Photo was taken in later years after the large shade trees were cut down. This was my home until I married. From this house Comes many fond memories. In this house my father died. The one & only sad memory. The street that runs in front & begins at the Virgin River and seems to end at the Pine Valley Mountain is the place where I spent many happy hours in the deep flourlike dust. This is the house that I brought my bride to. This is the house that we brought our children to on many happy visits.



took off in a covered wagon



"Everynight I was forced to wear a long night-gown fastened with too many great white buttons, this was rough, but the crowning inhumanity was a night-cap with lace on the front!" (Read horrible story page 32)



The high-light of the trip was that I learned to count. One of the "flash-cards" used is shown at the right. At every mile along the road "mile-posts" were placed to indicate the number of miles to the next town. Grandpa Sproul used these to teach me how counting was done. The markers were not "posts" but slabs of sandstone with the numerals and town painted on with black paint.

"One of the FLASH CARDS used"

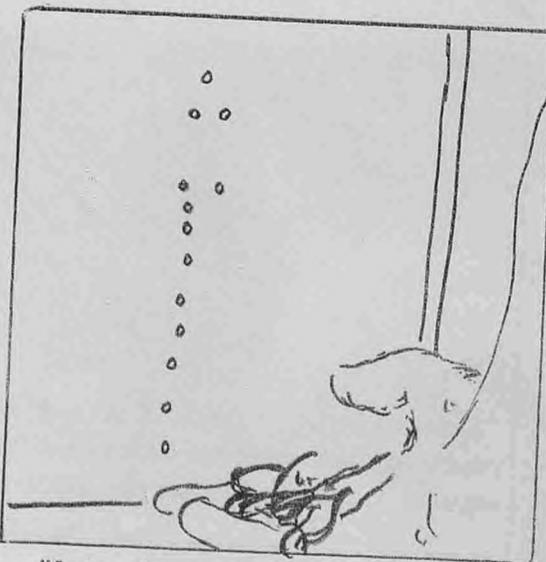
When a marker like the one on the right came slowly along the side of the dusty wagon, Grandpa would say to me, "What number will be on the next mile-stone?" I had along time to think about it for they came by pretty seldom. At the beginning when I did not know he would draw the figure "7" on some paper and have me say the word "seven." I learned as fast as the old stones would let me.

The old markers have long since vanished so I reconstructed the one shown above and photographed it. I selected one on the road to Cedar City because of the great events that came to me in that town. Little did I know at that time what lay in store for me just *8* mls down the road, or was it up?

The low-light of the trip was the wearing of the night-gown and the night-cap. We camped in camp-houses with dirt floors and Mother was afraid that I would get ticks in my ears. Let the picture tell the rest, even yet I am reluctant to talk about it. (See page 31)

+++++

Uncle Lewis and his family stayed with us that summer and then in the Fall he talked Father into selling out and going back to his home in Draper. Father sold everything except the home on the corner (page 30). So we found ourselves in Draper for the winter of 1895 and 1896. It was a tough winter with lots of snow. Father went up to Coalville with Uncle Lewis to work and got his feet frozen and then he came down with diphtheria. While he was recovering he taught me the alphabet. Santa Claus----- I thought--put the outfit that he used in my stocking, or near it, for New Years Present. I have always suspected that my father helped him make them. He sure knew how to use them and by spring I knew all the big letters and some of the small ones. The outfit consisted of a board with holes in and a handful of wires. (See picture at right)



"board with holes and"

After I had learned all of the letters, suppose that I had been taught to trace around the wires with a pencil. That would be writing. Suppose that I had kept a diary. If I had it might have been a little bit like what follows:

DIARY OF RANDOLPH ANDRUS JR (It was years after that I signed Dolph)

Jan 1 1896 Wednesday Night.

All I got for New Years was some candy and nuts and a board with some holes in it and some pieces of wire. The candy and nuts are no more, them I ate. I did not eat the board or the wires. I do not now what else to do with anything.

My Papa knows much to do with everything. He says the board and the wires will teach me my abc's and when I know them I can read a lot of things on the rocks and barns as we drive along on the road back to Dixie - Soon I hope, but Papa says not very soon and Mama says sooner if Lily May throws just one more dish like she did the other day.

Papa said nothing and started showing me how the wires went into the holes in the board:

He put the longest straight wires into the first three holes. One in each hole and called them the "Long Men".

There were three wires just half as long and they were straight too. These went into the next three holes and were called "Half Longs"

"Short" & "Shorty"

One big bent one called "Big Bow"

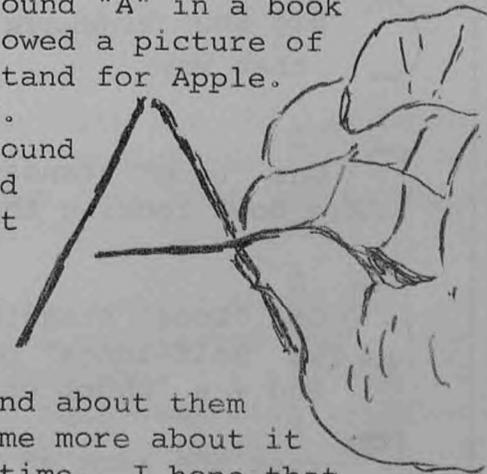
Two small bent ones called "Little Bows"

It took two holes to hold one Bow, one end was stuck in each hole.

Papa now took two "Long Men" and one "Half Long" out of their holes in the board and put them together like in the picture below. He told me this was "A" and the first one of the abc's. Also it is the first one in the Andrus Name. Then we found "A" in a book and Papa read: "A is for Apple." The book showed a picture of an apple but I just can't see how "A" can stand for Apple. I do not like it standing for Andrus either.

We looked in another very old book and found "A" then Papa read: "In Adam's Fall we sinned All." That did not make any sense at All. It showed a picture of a man and a woman in a garden ready to go swimming, but I could not see any pond or river. Papa said their names were Adam and Eve our firstparents.

It will be a long time before I understand about them I guess. Mama said sometime they will tell me more about it in Sunday School, but right now it is my bedtime. I hope that I can find something that "A" can stand for that sounds like "A".



B.S. (Before Sleep) It is starting to snow. Hope it covers fence.

January 2 1896.

When the slab fence is covered I can walk right over it. It soon will be if it keeps on snowing. Must have snowed all night. When Papa made "A" with the wires I did not like the little book that said: "A is for Apple." I can think of something "A" could be for. I can see a load of hay coming up the street in front of our house in the nice warm sun back home in Washington. It could be a farmer by the name of Herman and the hay is for our English neighbor. He will say, "It 'erman with a load of 'ay for me." So I says to Mama, "Why not 'A' is for 'ay"? But she says that not very many people talk in that style. It would look silly if anybody said "hay" and that most bodies would. Papa has promised to look in the big book on the table.

The diary goes on and on about the battle we had over every one of the members of the alphabet. I wanted to settle for "A" is for 8" like the 8 on the milestone, but was told it was no good. My Uncle Lewis was out of patience with Papa because he was patient with me. Papa found in a book that any monkey is an ape and there was a good picture of a monkey. Then he said with a twinkle in his eye: "A is for Ape, a picture of any monkey will do, how about one of you?" He looked at me and then at Uncle Lewis but he had his head behind a newspaper.

By spring we had made all the letters and found objects they can stand for. Some I was happy with and many I was not. Skip that. Here are the letters and how we made them.

A
Two "Longs" +
one "Half-long"

G
"Big Bow" like for C +
"Short" and "Shorty"

B
One "Long" +
Two "Little Bows"

H
Just like for A only we
stood the "Long Ones up
Straight.

C
"Big Bow" sideways lookin
that way

I
Easy one "Long One" Standing
up.

D
One "Long" standing up +
"Big Bow" looking the other way.

J
"Half-long + "Little Bow"

E
One "Long" standing up +
Two "Half-longs" one at each
end + a "Short one" in middle

K
"Long One" standing +
two "Half-longs"

F
Just the same as E only we took
away the bottom "Half-long."

L
Just like E only we take
away the top "Half-long" &
the "Short One" in the

M	M Two "Longs" + Two "Half-longs"	T	T "Long One" Standing up + "Half-Long" on top.
N	N Three "Longs"	U	U "Big Bow" on its back.
O	O Two "Little Bows"	V	V Two "Longs" like A only other way up. No "Half-long"
P	P One "Long" Standing up + One "Little Bow"	W	W Just like M only up side down.
Q	Q Two "Little Bows" + "Short One"	X	X Two "Longs" crossed
R	R One "Long One" + One "Little Bow" + "½ Long"	Y	Y Three "Half-longs"
S	S Two "Little Bows"	Z	Z One "Long" leaning over "Half-long" at each end.

= = = = =

I find it desireable to return you to the "Diary" for a few more entries, because they cover two important events that happened to me at Draper. The first one was the big celebration when Utah was made a State. This was January 4 1896. Following are the entries covering preparations and the party itself through the memory of a boy of 5½.
January 3 1896. Friday Morning

Did not get to look in the big book yet as Papa was too busy helping Uncle Lewis with many things outside. Mostly to help put the box (Wagon-box) on the bob-sled runners so we can slide over the snow to the big party Saturday.

January 3 1896 Saturday Morning

No look in the big book. Papa is too busy with his chilblains. He is trying to get them in shape for the party to-night. Chilblains are red spots and even blisters that come on your feet when you have had them too cold like Papa did up at Coalville.

January 5 1896 Sunday Morning.

They made a lot of noise at the party & and danced & ate pie & cake and what else they did they done while I was asleep, except the big noise they made outside in the street. They shot off pistols & guns & beat on washtubs & dishpans & ground bake oven lids together. (See picture on page 35 that I have copied from the Deseret News it tells the story) They kept shouting "Utah is a State!" Papa tried to explain to me what it was all about, but I couldn't understand it.

Lafe Barron can brag about his toes but I have three Grandpas and he has only two. Grandpa Andrus, Grandpa Sproul and Grandpa Sandberg. There might have been some problems if Grandpa Andrus had been around. It would have been hard to choose between him and Grandpa Sproul. But Grandpa Andrus had died in 1893.



At left is the photo I found. I drew the one used in his genealogical sketch on page 4. This is better I think. My mother said they were going to name me Milo Steen for my two grandfathers, so I guess I did know something about him but had forgotten it. Grandma Sproul did not like the idea, so they did not do it. I have often wished that I could have known Grandpa Andrus I am told he was a wonderful man and a great expounder of the Gospel.

At right I present another picture of Grandpa Sproul not only because his name has come up again in my story, but also because I want you to compare it with the one on page 6, which was copied from an old tintype taken long before I knew him. He was not a bishop then. The one on this page was taken after he had been bishop of the Washington Ward for many years. It is interesting to note what being a bishop in a LDS Church will do for a man. He always grows to fit the position. This latest picture was taken 3 years after our trip to Salt Lake and back when he taught me how to count, so it is very much like my memory of him on that trip (Well the original picture was the reproduction is poor)



The picture at the right was taken at the same time as that of Grandpa Sproul, so that it is the same Uncle Lewis that I remember. I shall not attempt to give you my impression of him for it would be colored by the fact he was opposed to my father spending much time with my learning the alphabet. I will say this much, he was always kind and gentle with Mama & at times very sharp with Papa. I do not remember any quarrel or sudden break in our relation with Uncle Lewis, I only remember we were on our way to Uncle Milo's by March or April. From there we went to a Road Camp in the Tintic mining district near Eureka, Utah.

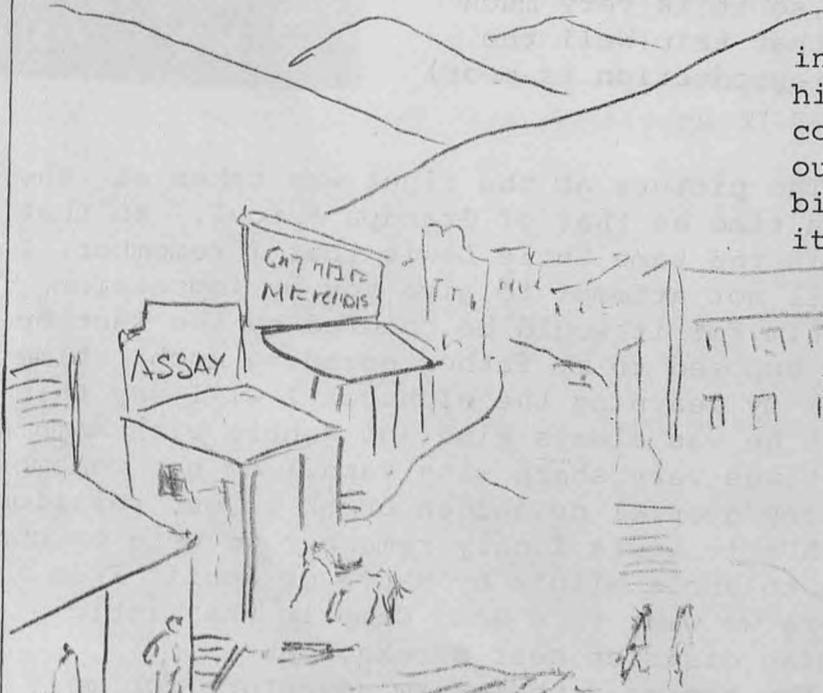
Now begins a whole new adventure for me.



Sometime early in 1896, we drove in to Salt Lake City and had the above picture taken: Mother, me, and Father.

The other photo was taken at the Camp between Upper and Lower Mammoth near Eureka, Utah in the Tintic Mining District. They are, reading from left to right: Sarah Andrus, Matilda Andrus, and Elizabeth Andrus. Sarah and Elizabeth are daughters of Uncle Milo Andrus.

A Mr. Cunningham desired to build a Railroad, from his mine in Upper Mammoth to the mill in Eureka. Uncle Milo had the contract to make the grade, out of rocks and dirt, to lay the ties and rails on. He gave my father a job with his team and my mother had a job cooking for a portion of the crew. Sarah and Elizabeth cooked for the remainder.



Upper Mammoth was built up in the valley just about as high as they could get. You could not see much of it from our camp. The valley was a bit steep and widened out as it went down to Lower Mammoth.

Our camp was between Upper and Lower Mammoth. You could see Lower Mammoth from our camp because we were higher. On the page following I shall try to draw you our camp as I remembered it.

I was there the summer of 1964 and tried to locate our camp. I was unable to do it.

"Upper Mammoth was built up in the valley"

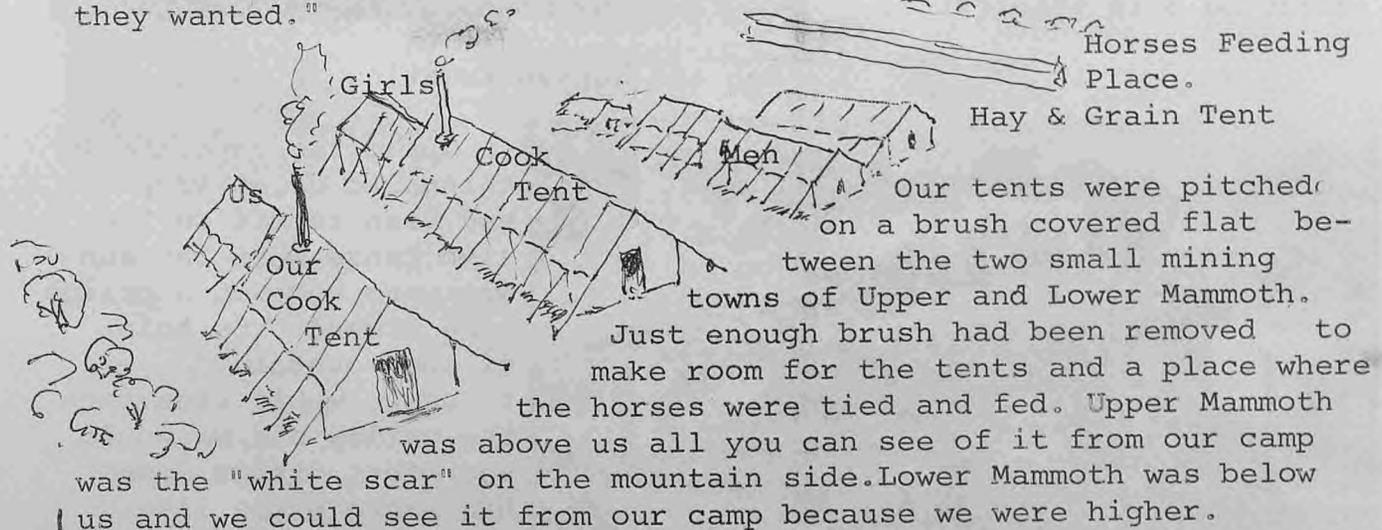
"The insides of the mountain were put in pile near a square building"

Boom!

Boom!

"The pile was a big white scar on the side of the mountain. Men called it a TAILINGS DUMP. It was that part of the earth's insides that they did not want, but tore it out and threw it away to get what they wanted."

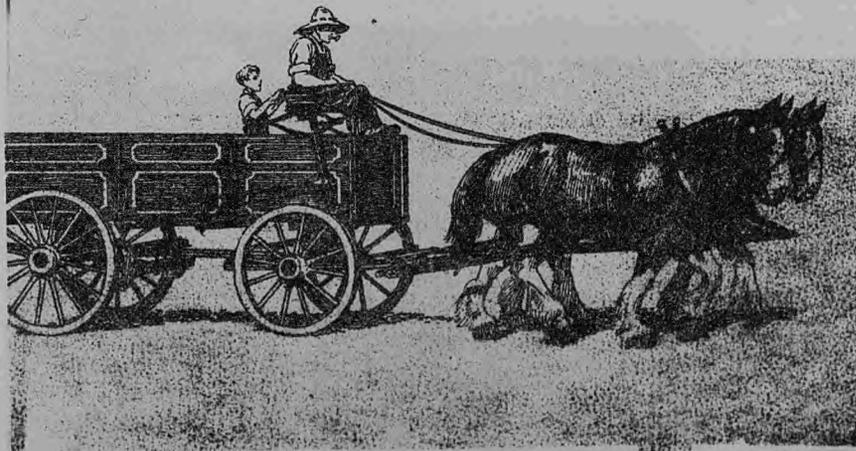
Uncle Milo's crew were cutting a gash in the hillside above Camp. They blast rocks with powder. Rocks fell too near Camp to suit Mamar, but for me everyday was just like the Fourth of July."



Our tents were pitched on a brush covered flat between the two small mining towns of Upper and Lower Mammoth. Just enough brush had been removed to make room for the tents and a place where the horses were tied and fed. Upper Mammoth was above us all you can see of it from our camp was the "white scar" on the mountain side. Lower Mammoth was below us and we could see it from our camp because we were higher.

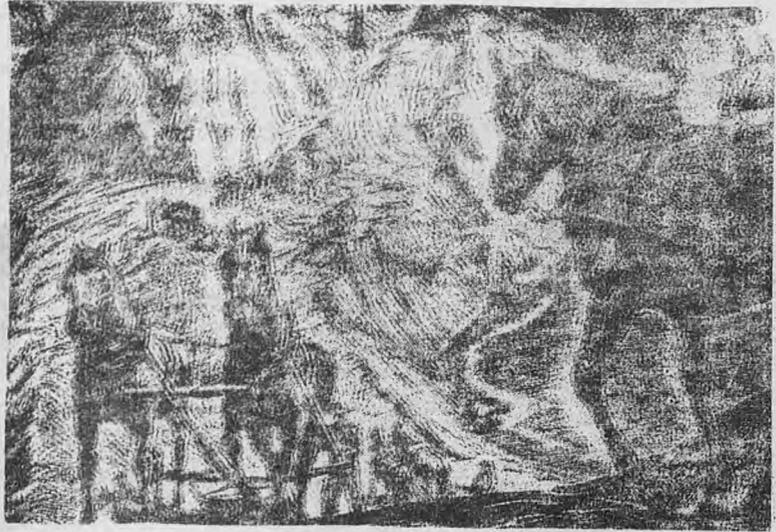
This was the way it was at first. There was no water for us or the horses. It all had to be hauled. Then a high board fence was erected just this side of the tents. A pipe was put through the fence and it had a faucet (tap) on it. A large wooden trough was placed under the faucet. This was for the horses to drink from.

One of the first jobs Papa had was to haul water for the camp. It was fun for me to ride with him especially before he loaded the barrels in the wagon-box. Then I stand behind the seat and I felt more important. When the barrels were loaded I had to ride in the spring seat beside Papa. It could sure pinch your fingers real bad.

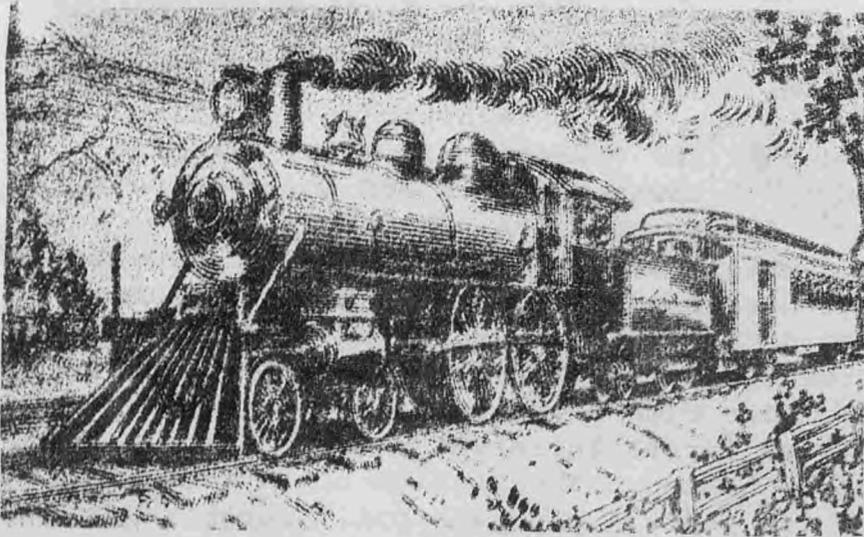


"I stood behind the seat"

It was not much fun to ride up to where the men and horses were, sweating in the hot sun and dust. I did not go up there often while they were making the grade. That is what they called the path of rocks and dirt they cut in the mountain side. When it was finished they would lay tracks and trains would run over it. Then I might be more interested.



"Men and horses sweating in the dust"

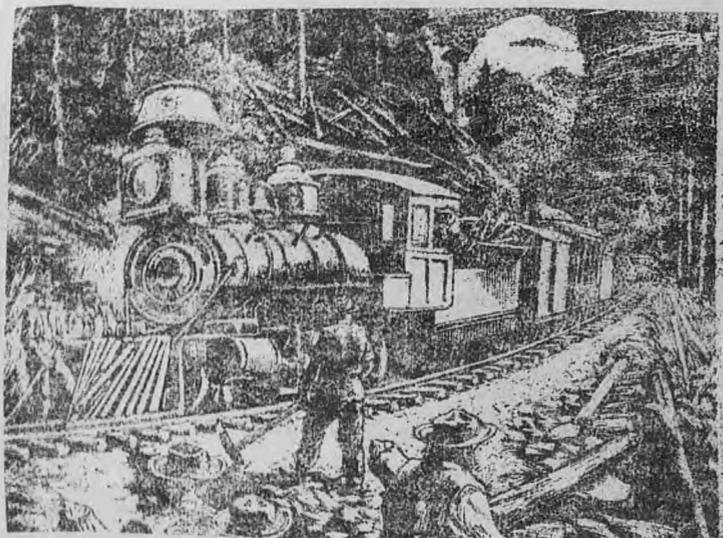


One of my favorite things to do at Draper had been to sit on the slab fence, when the sun was warm, and watch trains come around "the point of the mountain." At times we would ride thru the valley and we would see other trains. Some had smoke pipes like the one on the left, and others had fancy wide ones like the picture below.

"I observed this kind was a D&RG RR"

The one on the right was always a Union Pacific, or "Youpee" as I called it. I am wondering what kind they will run on the new tracks that Uncle Milo is building.

Well I thought I was going to lose out on watching the trains, but there were rails at the lower end of the valley and trains ran over them at quite frequent intervals. I found a rock from which I could watch them and there I





sat day after day. Mama even noted it in her diary: "There sits Dolph on the rock watching the trains as usual."

July 6 1896 & my birthday came I was now 6 years old and began to claim right befitting my gain in years. The cake such as it was - the such was no fault of Mama, but the heat - came without assertion - the permission to



"on the rock watching trains"

TOP CAKE READS "Dolph go up the mountain 6 Years" ROSE IN MIDDLE had to be asked for but that was all. It

granted, provided I got my chores done. More about the picture of the birthday cake. Who can read the bottom cake? The heat had reduced the whole thing to a shapeless mass that had to be eaten with a spoon. The candles had to be placed on the table beside the cake. They were not the little fancy ones that are used on birthday cakes. These were the stubs from the candle holders we used in the tent. The boy in the middle is an unreasonable facsimile, or whatever you call it, drawn by the author, surveying the wreck with - well you name the expression on his face. I would call it sarcastic meloncholy. What?

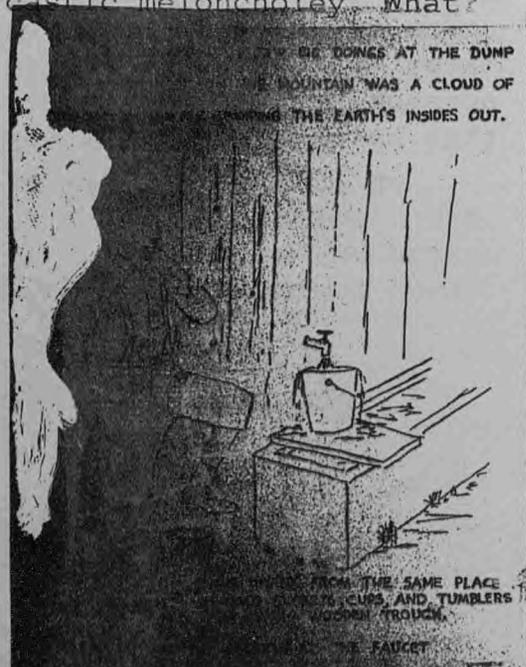


FIRST CHORE WITH IT SURE WAS FUN

left. My first chore was to fill the syrup pitchers with GOLDEN EAGLE DRIP. That was the name of the syrup.

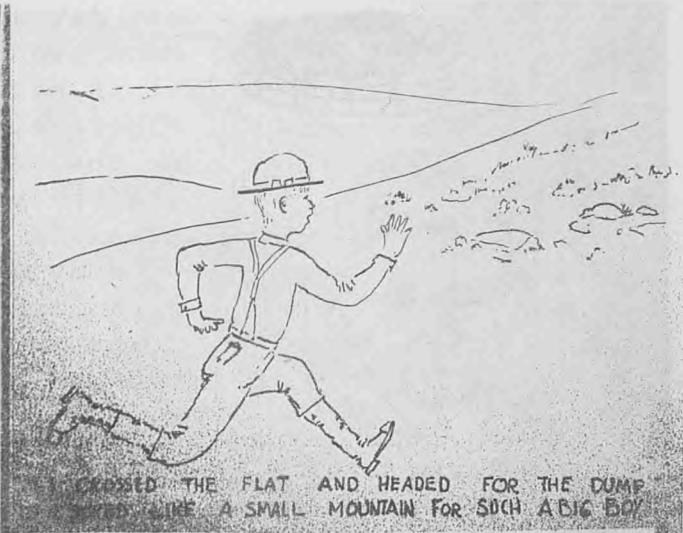
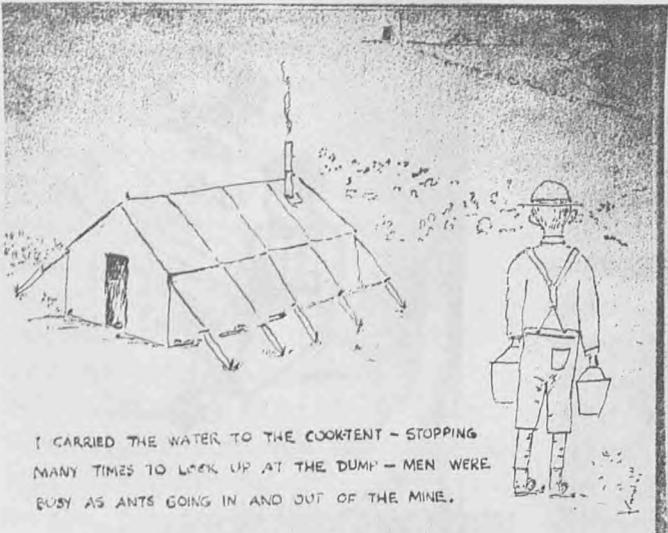
Right

Second chore was to carry water to the Cook Tent. I looked up at the dump. Men were coming out of the mine and going back. I saw clouds of dust Must be something doing up there. I filled the buckets.



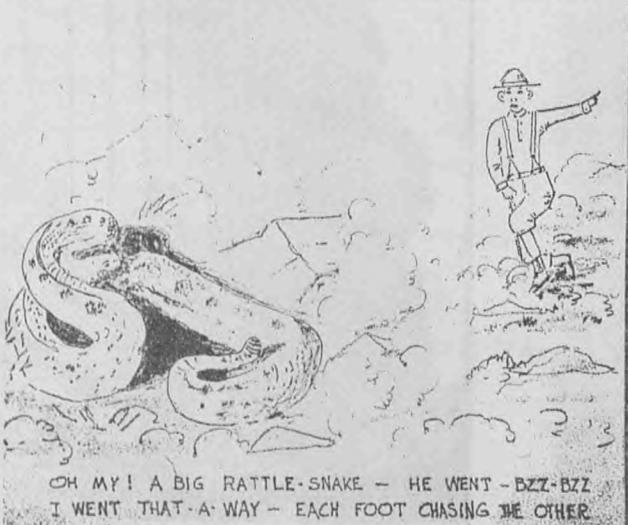
BE DOING AT THE DUMP THE MOUNTAIN WAS A CLOUD OF THE EARTH'S INSIDES OUT.

FROM THE SAME PLACE CUPS AND TUMBLERS WOODEN TROUGH THE FAUCET



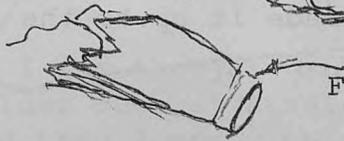
I carried the water to the cook tent stopping many time to look up at the dump. Men were busy as ants going and coming in and out of the mine. I was sure glad that I had been given permission to go up there today. I ran across the flat as fast as I could through the sagebrush and headed for the mountain. It seemed like such a small mountain for such a big boy. I had only gone far enough to be short of breath and stop for a rest. It was a good thing I stopped for there behind the next rock that I would have stepped over was a big rattlesnake. The snake went BZZ-BZZ and I went that way each foot chasing the other. I was no longer short of breath.

Next I came upon a big old hairy spider. I was going to step on it but it looked like such a big spider for such a small foot. I didn't do it. He seemed to be headed for a pile of junk that had been dumped there. It was in a sort of wash or gully, or what ever you call it. Anyway there was a bank of earth and rock nearby. I decided to climb up on this bank and see what the spider was up to. (I was to learn later that he was a "tryantler" or tarantula and that his bite was poison but not fatal) He moved very slowly investigating every object that he came to on his way to the pile of cans and broken fruit jars.





Fruit Jar with a lid

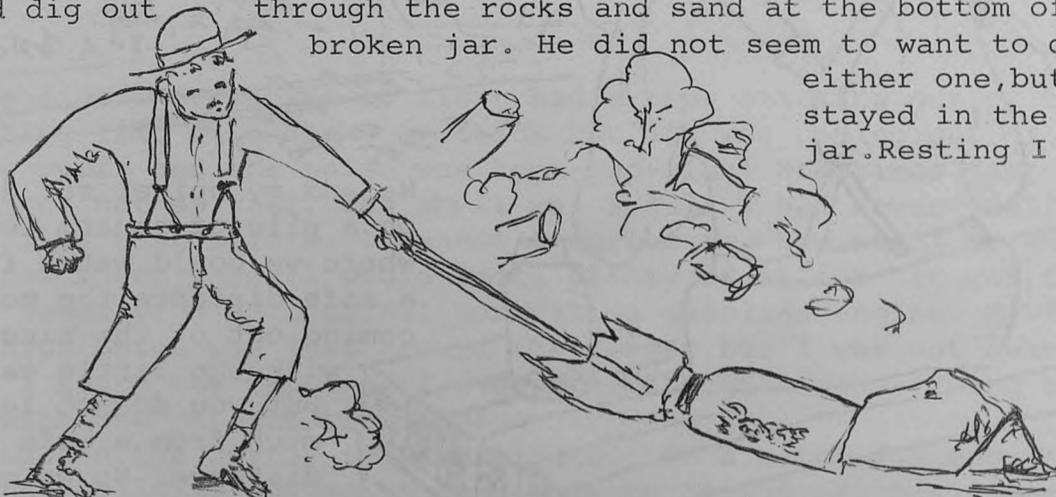


Fruit Jar with the bottom broken off and partly buried



I climbed up on the bank to watch him. He was making straight for the broken jar, but stopping to investigate everything as he went. Finally he entered the broken jar. I had a plan to bring him home with me alive. I got down from the bank and unscrewed the lid from the jar and placed its mouth against the mouth of the broken jar. His only way out now was back into the jar I had placed. Unless he could dig out through the rocks and sand at the bottom of the broken jar. He did not seem to want to do

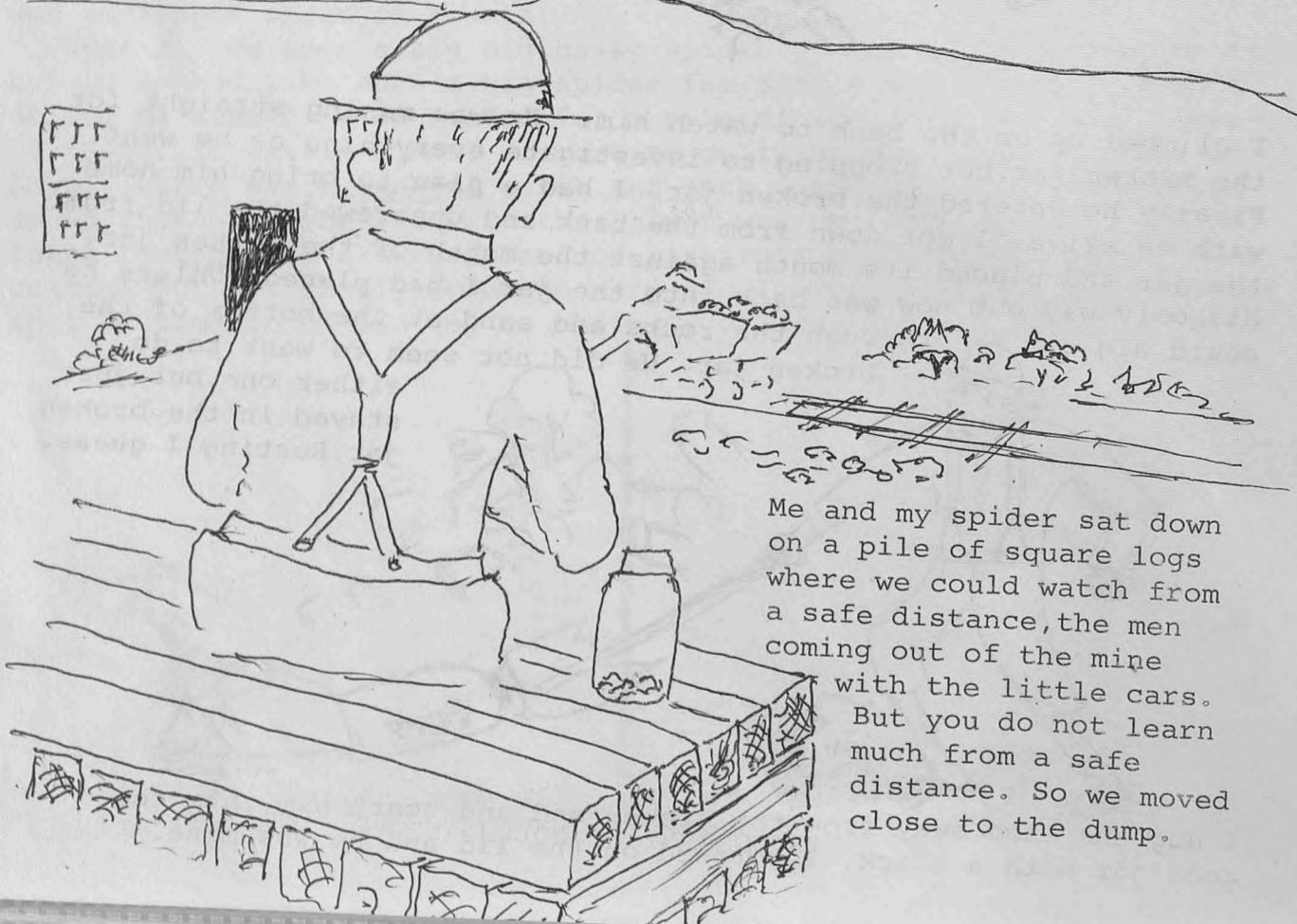
either one, but just stayed in the broken jar. Resting I guess.



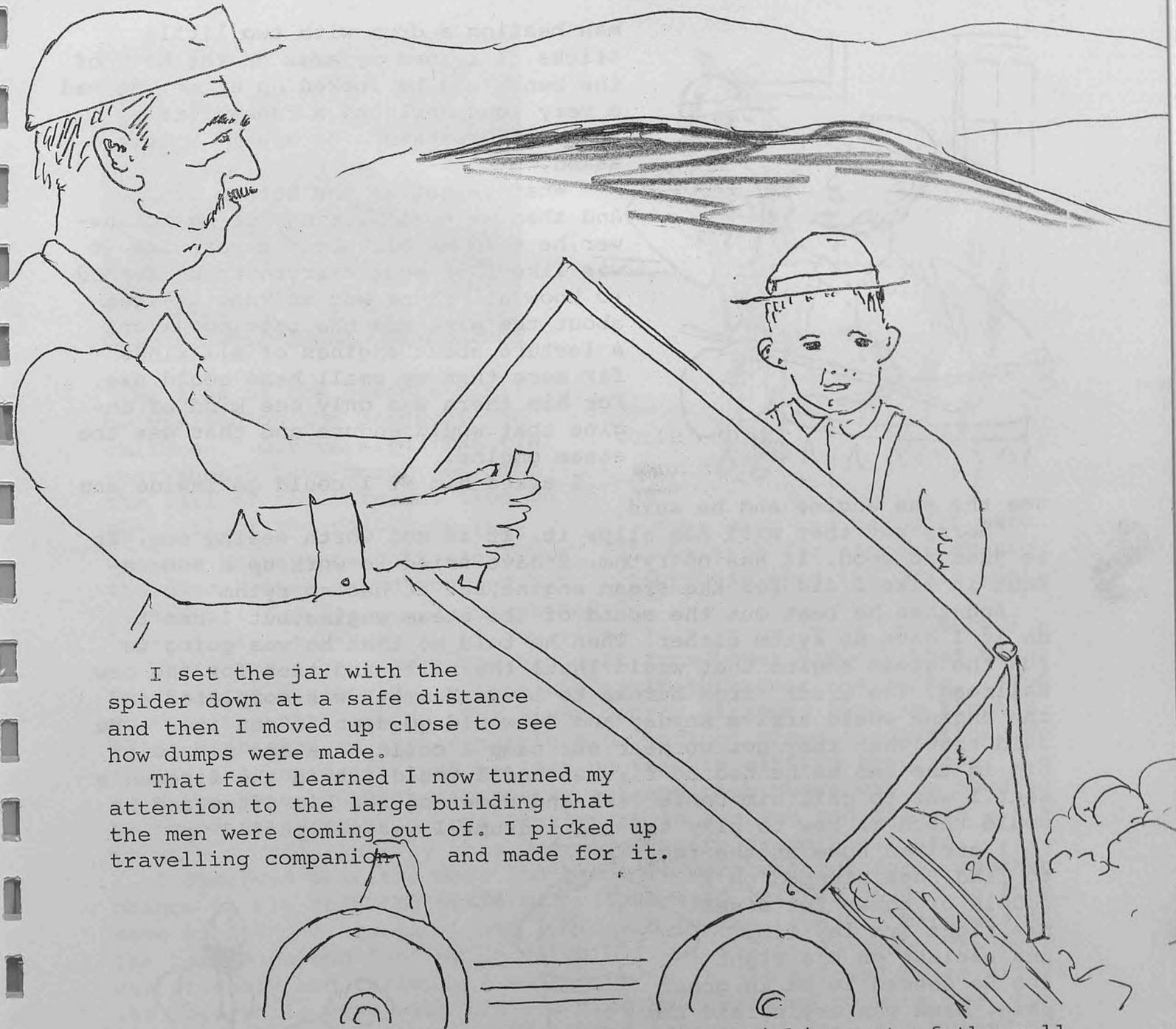
I dug the sand away from the broken end and scart him into the good jar with a stick. I screwed on the lid and he was mine.



I climbed and climbed and then sat down to rest. When I started it seemed like such a small mountain for such a big boy. Now it seemed like such a big mountain for such a small boy. But I finally made it up to the dump.



Me and my spider sat down on a pile of square logs where we could watch from a safe distance, the men coming out of the mine with the little cars. But you do not learn much from a safe distance. So we moved close to the dump.



I set the jar with the spider down at a safe distance and then I moved up close to see how dumps were made.

That fact learned I now turned my attention to the large building that the men were coming out of. I picked up travelling companion and made for it.

The side that I came to first had a pipe sticking out of the wall. Something like thin smoke or thick hot air was coming out of it in little puffs and the noise was "put-put-put" Sometimes fast and sometimes not so fast. The smell was awful. I had never smelled anything like that before. I cannot describe it. How was I to know that in a few short years I would smell plenty of it, for it was the exhaust fumes from an internal combustion gasoline engine. My first information point was just around the corner, but I was not aware of it until I heard the tapping of a drum as though it was trying to keep time with the put-put of the pipe.

I turned the corner to investigate. On a bench, far enough away from the building for me to come between it and the building sat a



man beating a drum with two little sticks. I leaned my arms on the back of the bench and he looked up at me. He had a very long neck and a funny little beard and mustash . He saw my bottle & asked,

"What ye got in the bottle son,?"

And then without waiting for me to answer, he told me all about tarantulas. It was like that bout everything he seemed to know all there was to know. I asked about the pipe and the putting. I got a lecture about engines of all kinds far more than my small head could use. For him there was only one kind of engine that would endure and that was the steam engine.

I asked him if I could go inside and see the gas engine and he said,

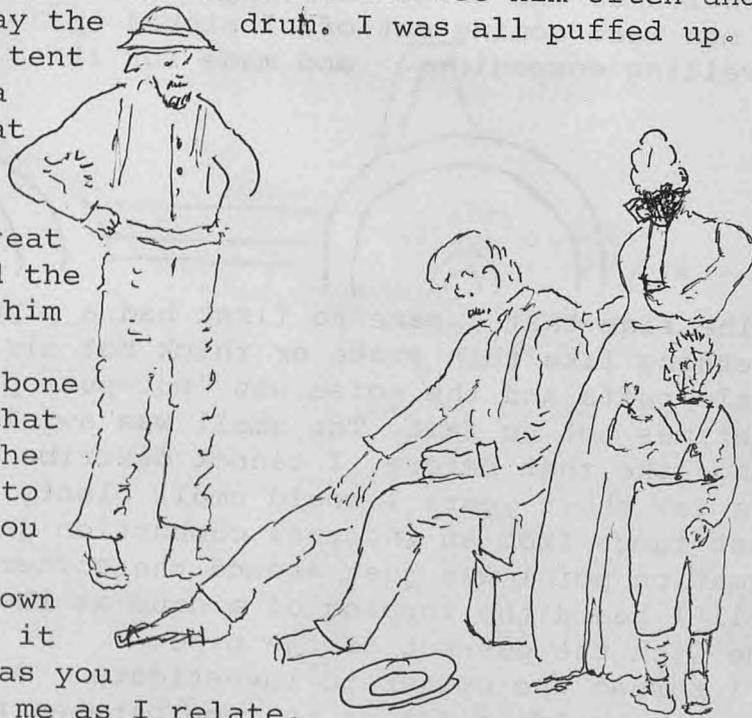
"Sorry but they will not allow it. It is not worth seeing son. It is just no good. It has no rythm. I have tried to work up a song about it like I did for the steam engine, but it has no rythm"

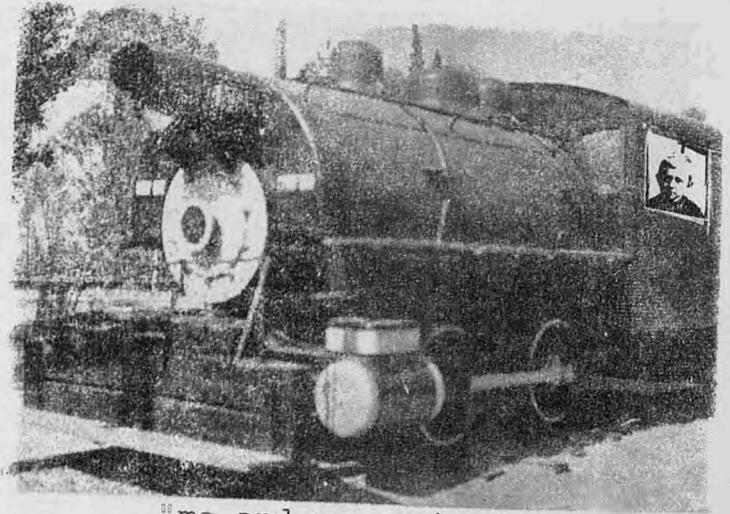
And then he beat out the sound of the steam engine, but I can't do it I have no rythm either. Then he told me that he was going to run the steam engine that would lhaul the rails and ties for the new Railroad. The grade from Eureka to Lower Mammoth was completed and the engine would arrive anyday and he would go down to run it. He said that when they got up near our camp I could come and rise with him in the cab as he had no fireman and I could sit in the fireman's seat. I was to call him Uncle Jack and come and see him often and he would teach me how to play the drum. I was all puffed up.

I arrived home at the tent to find Papa slumped on a couple of boxes for a seat. His right arm lay limp and useless on his right leg. He seemed to be in great pain. Mama was crying and the man who had just brought him in was saying,

"I am sure his collar bone is broken Mam. I think that you had better send for the doctor. I will ride down to town and send one up if you wish."

This was quite a let down from my wonderful day, but it led to further adventure as you will see if you stay with me as I relate.





"me and my engine"

=====

Owing to Papa's accident it was some time before I went up to the scar on the mountainside. When I did they that the man with the drum, or Uncle Jack as I called him, had gone down to Eureka to run the track-laying engine.

It seemed ages before the track was near our camp, but it did come and Uncle Jack gave me a royal welcome. He took me into the cab with him and sat me on a small iron lid. Said I had to pass a test before I could sit in the fireman's seat like he promised. I sat down and he turned a little wheel and the lid I sat on jumped up and down & steam came out all around the edges of the iron lid. I was sure scared but I stuck with it. Uncle Jack laughed and said I would do and could now take my place on the fireman's seat.

(Note: I had no picture of this little engine so I went out to Griffith Park here in Los Angeles where they have all kinds of old locomotives on display. I photographed the one shown above as it was a dead ringer for the one I spent so many happy hours in as a boy a few months passed the age of six. I cut a photo of me taken when I was 5½ years old and there you have "me and my engine" shown above)



Track-laying operation takes place on a boat is typical of our work.



Came the sad day for me when the track was all put down. Then came the final ride clear down to Eureka with Mr Cunningham riding on the front of the engine his beard streaming behind him in the breeze. Uncle Jack insisted that I must go along and sit in my old place on the fireman's----- well he did not insist to me, that was not needed, he did have to insist to my mother, but she let me go.



Uncle Laron

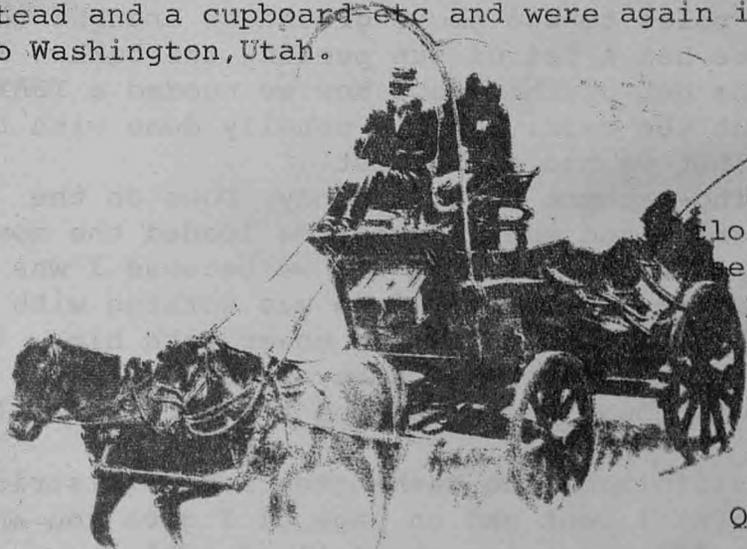
Aunt Elizabeth

+++++

By the end of August we were back in Holiday at Uncle Milo's. Here we rested up and I remember playing with my cousins: Lena 7 years & Leone was about 4 years old. There was the baby Willard Oscar. Another girl Ann about 13 and the boys: Joseph 11 and George 15 who was out to the camp with us when we went pine-nut hunting. Besides the two girls that were out to camp there was Mary who was 18 and I guess I did most of my playing with Lena and Leone.

Rested up and well fed by Aunt Elizabeth we took off for Oxford to visit Uncle Laron Andrus. I have no recollection of the cousins there as we did not stay very long. I remember going berry picking and of watching Uncle Laron feed a big red threshing machine. There seemed to be fields of wheat all over the place up and down the hills and in all the hollow places.

We returned to Salt Lake and bought: Mowing machine, plow, clock, bedstead and a cupboard etc and were again in a covered wagon on our way to Washington, Utah.



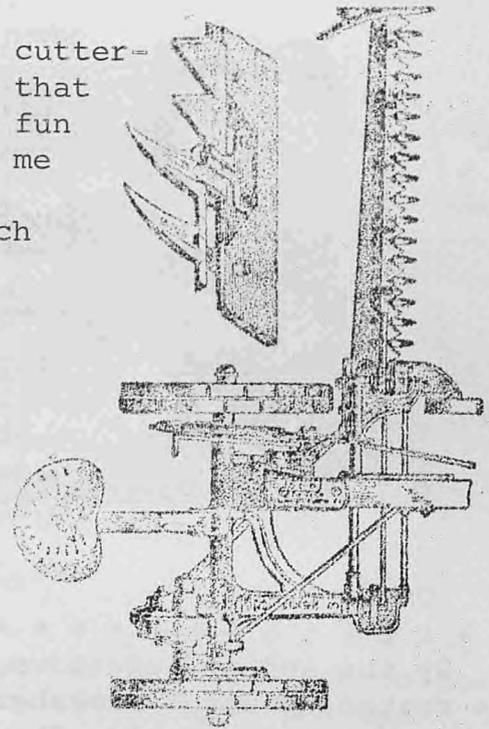
Step up closer and see what's peeking out. ME and watching for mile-stones Quite a change from my engine



"Again in a covered wagon headed for Dixie"



The cutter-
bar that
was fun
for me
to
watch



"perched between Father's legs"

Note: Pictures of mowing-machines have been hard to find. I spent sometime in the Los Angeles Public Library to find this one. Then it did not turn out too well. Perhaps you can use your imagination.

Top view of mowing machine to show the "perch" I sat upon.

+++++

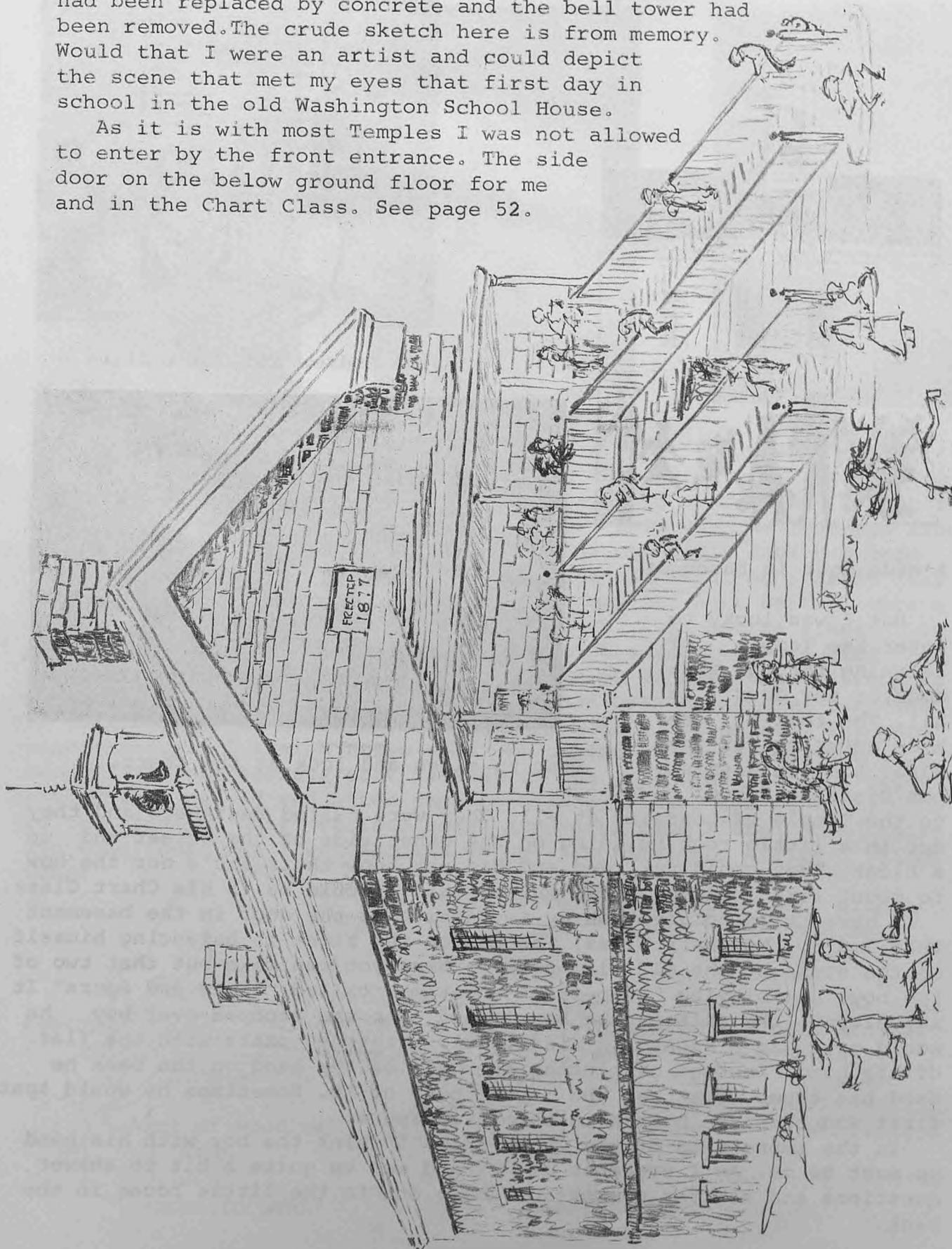
We found our home in Washington was in bad shape. The orchard was gone from lack of water and goats nibbling away the bark. The horse & cow sheds had been used for firewood. We had no cow, we had no land, but we brought with us new farming tools. We had horses and they must have a shed before winter. We went on the mountain and cut cedar (juniper) posts to put in the ground because they did not rot and down on the river bottom for cotton-wood poles to use above ground. We brought the limbs and all home. The horses had a lot of fun peeling the bark. I guess they got some food value out of them too. Now we needed a THATCH to cover the limbs to keep out the rain. This is usually done with the straw from the grain harvest, but we had no harvest.

Here is where the new mowing-machine came in handy. Down on the river bottom grew plenty of grass and small canes. We loaded the mower into the wagon and hit for the river bottom. I say we because I was always with Papa in whatever he did especially if he was working with a machine of any kind. He allowed me to ride on the mower with him. It was a scanty "perch" as you can see by the picture above, but it was fun to watch the busy knife slide through the grass and to watch the tall canes fall.

By the time the shed was finished the Washington Public (District) Schools looked for me to come, so I went and on page 51 I give you an impression of what I saw that first morning the fall of 1896.

This was my Temple of Learning. I have no photographs of it as I remember it. Before I became the owner of a camera, the wooden stairs had been replaced by concrete and the bell tower had been removed. The crude sketch here is from memory. Would that I were an artist and could depict the scene that met my eyes that first day in school in the old Washington School House.

As it is with most Temples I was not allowed to enter by the front entrance. The side door on the below ground floor for me and in the Chart Class. See page 52.





A side door in Basement



Uncle Andrew and Chart Class



Step up close and look at the Chart.

But I was lucky to enter the Temple of Learning through side door, or any door at all. The rest of the kids entering for the first time in Washington District School go not to the Temple of Learning at all. They were called Beginners and they met in a little rock building on the other side of the street and up a block. They could not read and did not know their abc's nor the how-to count like I did. So Uncle Andrew said I could be in his Chart Class.

I have tried to give you my impression of the door in the basement that led to the Chart Class. The boy on the right is balancing himself on the stump of the old flag-pole. Perhaps you can make out that two of the boys are playing "Leap-frog" sometimes called "Spats and Spurs" It was played like this. As the boy leaped over the stooped-over boy he would give him a "spat" on his tightly stretched pants with the flat of his hand. Instead of placing the palm of the hand on the back he used his thumb. That was the "spur" part of it. Sometimes he would spat first and then use both both thumbs as spurs.

In the impression of the Chart Class I think the boy with his hand up must be me. As I remember it my hand was up quite a bit to answer questions and ask for permission to go out to the little house in the back.



Aunt Emily

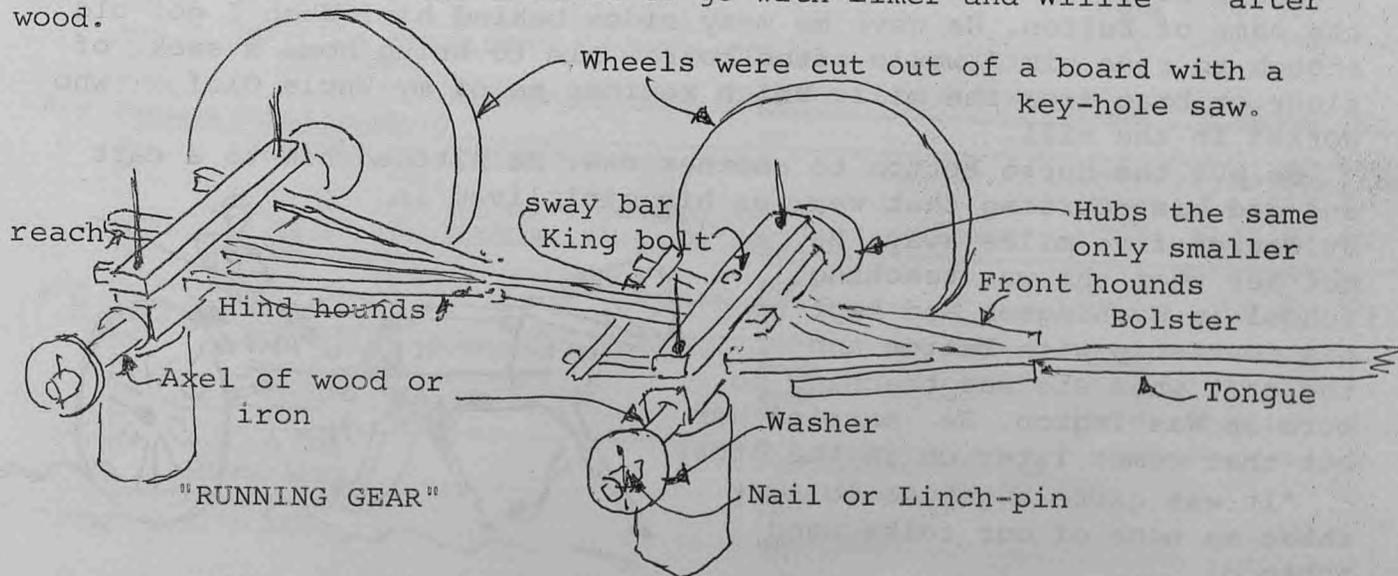
Uncle Elmer

Aunt Bertha

+++++

When we left Scootum Ranch and came to Washington all of these Uncles and Aunts must have been at Grandma Sandberg's house, but I didn't remember them then, but I remember them very well when we returned from Idaho. I had been forced to leave my engine and Uncle Jack, but here was a whole new set of people to get acquainted with. Aunt Emily was about my age, just a little older. Uncle Elmer and Aunt Bertha were a bit more older, but not too much to play with. Aunt Bertha liked to tease me about our neighbor's girl Martha. She made up some kind of a jingle about "Doffy and Moffy" that made me so mad that I struck at her with my fists. I shall never forget what Grandpa gave me for that.

Uncle Elmer and Uncle Willie (page 54) were a lot of fun. They were wagon-makers. I sketch below what was called the "running gear". It was called that because that is what it was called on the big wagons that horses pulled and often came to Grandpa's Shop for repairs. On to the "running gear" various boxes and racks were fitted for hauling wood. Sometimes I was allowed to go with Elmer and Willie after wood.





Uncle Willie
He made Threshing Machines



Uncle Niels
Left Niels on Button

+++++

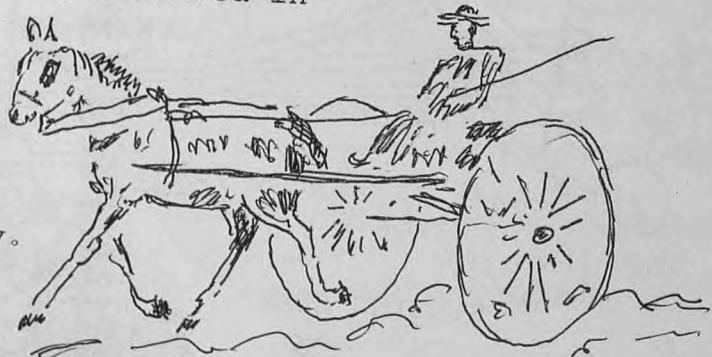
When I grew older, Uncle Willie helped me make a wagon of my own. I remember him best for the Threshing Machine that he built and fitted to a set of "running gear." He also built a "horse-power". When you turned a crank on the horse-power a belt would turn wheels on the thresher and other wheels would shake a screen and you could separate sticks and pebble from the sand which was sacked in tobacco sacks and looked like real bags of wheat. Hours would be spent at this.

Another favorite game was building ponds on the street that sloped down to the creek from Grandma's house. The top man would fill his pond with water from the nearby ditch. Then he would break it and try to overflow the pond of the one below him. It required some skill and judgement to know how big to build your pond to hold the water or flood turned on from your neighbor above,

Uncle Niels was too old to play with, but he had a horse called by the name of Button. He gave me many rides behind him. When I got old enough to ride him I would often borrow him to bring home a sack of flour or bran from the mill. Which reminds me of my Uncle Olaf who worked in the mill.

He put the horse Button to another use. He hitched him to a cart and did his courting that way, as his girl lived in St. George five miles away. He met her when she was teaching school in Washington and kept up his courtship with Button and the cart, when she was teaching no more in Washington. He married her but that comes later on in the story.

*It was quite a job to collect these as none of our folks used tobacco.



Family Group Record

Husband Swen Truedson Sandberg					
Born	11 Jul 1814	Place	N. Sandby, Kristianstad, Sweden	LDS ordinance dates	Temple
Chr.		Place		Baptized	Apr 1863
Died	3 Nov 1885	Place	Washington, Washington, Utah	Endowed	7 Aug 1871 EHOUS
Buried		Place	Washington, Washington, Utah	SealPar	21 Jun 1941 LOGAN
Married	8 Aug 1841	Place	Gumlosa, Kristianstad, Sweden	SealSp	7 Aug 1871 EHOUS
Husband's father	Trued Truelson				
Husband's mother	Hanna Jenson				
Wife Pernella Nilsson					
Born	8 Oct 1817	Place	Sjunkarod, Kristianstad, Sweden	LDS ordinance dates	Temple
Chr.		Place		Baptized	22 May 1855 LIVE
Died	24 Nov 1889	Place	Washington, Washington, Utah	Endowed	7 Aug 1871 EHOUS
Buried		Place	Washington, Washington, Utah	SealPar	8 Aug 1963 SLAKE
Wife's father	Nils Paersson				
Wife's mother	Pernilla Tulsson				
Children List each child in order of birth.					
				LDS ordinance dates	Temple
1	F	Ingri Sandberg			
	Born	26 Sep 1841	Place	Kristianstad, Sweden	Baptized 17 Jan 1858 LIVE
	Chr.		Place		Endowed 3 Jun 1865 EHOUS
	Died	1 Apr 1913	Place	Sterling, Sanpete, Utah	SealPar 23 Jun 1886 SGEOR
	Buried		Place	Manti, Sanpete, Utah	
	Spouse	William De Mille Funk			
	Married	7 Nov 1863	Place	Manti, Sanpete, Utah	SealSp 3 Jun 1865 EHOUS
2	M	Steen Sandberg			
	Born	20 Feb 1842	Place	Gumlosa, Kristianstad, Sweden	Baptized 24 May 1857
	Chr.		Place		Endowed 15 Jun 1881 SGEOR
	Died	4 Mar 1921	Place	Washington, Washington, Utah	SealPar 23 Jun 1886 SGEOR
	Buried	6 Mar 1921	Place		
	Spouse	Bertha (Bengta) Kronvall			
	Married	20 Oct 1869	Place	Vanchiva, Sweden	SealSp 15 Jan 1881 SGEOR
3	F	Nellie Sandberg			
	Born	20 Jul 1845	Place	Kristianstad, Sweden	Baptized 1870
	Chr.		Place		Endowed 22 May 1878 SGEOR
	Died	20 Apr 1861	Place		SealPar 23 Jun 1886 SGEOR
	Buried		Place		
	Spouse				
	Married		Place		SealSp
4	F	Hanna Sandberg			
	Born	11 Jan 1848	Place	Kristianstad, Sweden	Baptized 18 Aug 1861 LIVE
	Chr.		Place		Endowed 14 Aug 1961 SLAKE
	Died	25 Dec 1864	Place		SealPar 23 Jun 1886 SGEOR
	Buried		Place		
	Spouse				
	Married		Place		SealSp
5	M	Neils Swenson Sandberg			
	Born	12 Oct 1850	Place	Kristianstad, Sweden	Baptized 12 Apr 1860
	Chr.		Place		Endowed 7 Aug 1871 EHOUS
	Died	15 Feb 1938	Place	Hurricane, Washington, Utah	SealPar 23 Jun 1886 SGEOR
	Buried	18 Feb 1938	Place	St. George, Washington, Utah	
	Spouse	Harriet Blake			
	Married	29 Jan 1881	Place	St. George, Washington, Utah	SealSp 29 Jan 1881 SGEOR
6	F	Pernella (Polly) Sandberg			
	Born	25 Jul 1853	Place	Gumlosa, Kristianstad, Sweden	Baptized Apr 1863 LIVE
	Chr.		Place		Endowed 7 Aug 1871 EHOUS
	Died	18 Dec 1931	Place	Washington, Washington, Utah	SealPar 23 Jun 1886 SGEOR
	Buried	21 Dec 1931	Place	Washington, Washington, Utah	
	Spouse	Niels Nessen			
	Married		Place		SealSp 7 Aug 1871 EHOUS
7	M	Trols Sandberg			
	Born	23 Jul 1856	Place	Gumlosa, Kristianstad, Sweden	Baptized Child
	Chr.		Place		Endowed Child
	Died	Nov 1858	Place		SealPar 23 Jun 1886 SGEOR
	Buried		Place		
Prepared by			Ruth Ann Little		
Phone			801-829-3834		
E-mail address			rlittle@webpipe.net		
Date prepared			27 Apr 2008		
Address			294 North 600 East		
			Morgan, UT 84050-9512		
			USA		

Family Group Record

Husband **Swen Truedson Sandberg**

Wife **Pernella Nilsson**

Children List each child in order of birth.

7	M	Trols Sandberg	LDS ordinance dates	Temple
		Spouse		
		Married		Place
8	M	Trued Sandberg	SealSp	
		Born	9 Aug 1859	Place Gumlosa, Kristianstad, Sweden
		Chr.		Place
		Died	18 Apr 1931	Place
		Buried		Place
		Spouse		
		Married		Place
9	F	Ellen (Nellie) Sandberg	SealSp	
		Born	4 Feb 1862	Place Gumlosa, Kristianstad, Sweden
		Chr.		Place
		Died	16 Apr 1945	Place Thomas, Bingham, Idaho
		Buried	19 Apr 1945	Place Thomas, Bingham, Idaho
		Spouse	Jacob Orlando Jones	
		Married	20 Oct 1880	Place St. George, Washington, Utah
			SealSp	20 Oct 1880 SGEOR

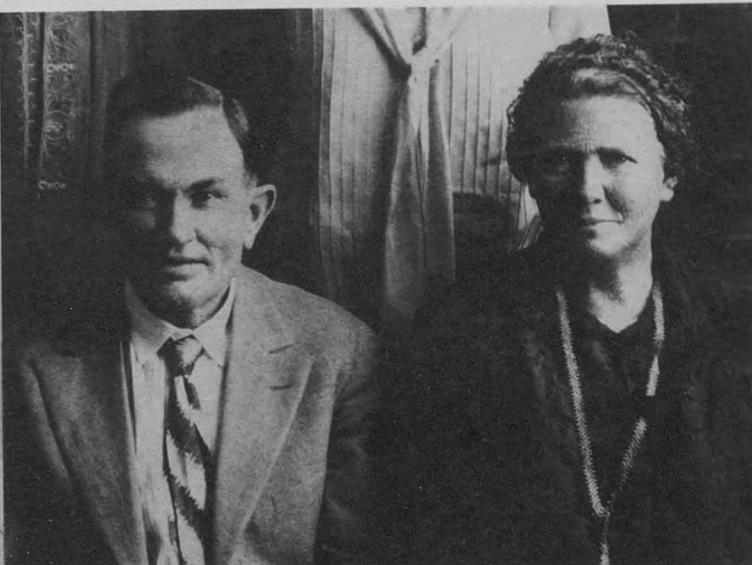
Family Group Record

Husband Trued Truelson				
Born	4 Oct 1775	Place	Sandby, Kristianstad, Sweden	
Chr.		Place		
Died		Place		
Buried		Place		
Married	26 Nov 1799	Place		
Husband's father	Truls Truedson		LDS ordinance dates	Temple
Husband's mother	Kerstin Nilsson		Baptized	9 Aug 1871
			Endowed	15 May 1878
			SealPar	23 Jun 1948
			SealSp	29 Nov 1962
				SLAKE
				LANGE
Wife Hanna Jenson				
Born	1 Nov 1779	Place	Askerstorp, Hastveda, Kristianstad, Sweden	
Chr.		Place		
Died	1856	Place		
Buried		Place		
Wife's father	Jens Truelsson or Trulsson		LDS ordinance dates	Temple
Wife's mother	Lisbeth Jonsson		Baptized	3 Mar 1914
			Endowed	4 Mar 1914
			SealPar	23 Jun 1948
				SLAKE
Children List each child in order of birth.				
			LDS ordinance dates	Temple
1	M	Peter Truedson		
		Born	11 Jul 1814	Place of Sandby, Kristianstad, Sweden
		Chr.		Place
		Died	27 Apr 1877	Place
		Buried		Place
		Spouse	Charlotta Wilhelmine Lundgren	
		Married	3 Nov 1846	Place Sweden
			SealSp	22 Oct 1969
				LOGAN
2	M	Swen Truedson Sandberg		
		Born	11 Jul 1814	Place N. Sandby, Kristianstad, Sweden
		Chr.		Place
		Died	3 Nov 1885	Place Washington, Washington, Utah
		Buried		Place Washington, Washington, Utah
		Spouse	Pernella Nilsson	
		Married	8 Aug 1841	Place Gumlosa, Kristianstad, Sweden
			SealSp	7 Aug 1871
				EHOUS
3	M	Sten Truedson		
		Born	19 Mar 1816	Place of Sandby, Kristianstad, Sweden
		Chr.		Place
		Died	28 Dec 1894	Place
		Buried		Place
		Spouse	Kjerstie Stenson	
		Married	1 May 1843	Place Gumlosa, Kristianstad, Sweden
			SealSp	10 Nov 1970
4	M	Jens Truedson Sandberg		
		Born	15 Sep 1818	Place Kristianstad, Sweden
		Chr.		Place
		Died	27 Apr 1889	Place
		Buried		Place Richfield, Sevier, Utah
		Spouse	Marie Christina Nielsen	
		Married		Place
			SealSp	11 Apr 1868
				EHOUS
5	F	Pernilla Truedsson (Sandberg)		
		Born	30 Oct 1820	Place Sandby, Kristianstad, Sweden
		Chr.		Place
		Died	5 Dec 1909	Place Smithfield, Cache, Utah
		Buried		Place
		Spouse	Niels Gylenskogg Jettrick	
		Married		Place
			SealSp	5 Oct 1869
				EHOUS
6	M	Truls Truedson		
		Born	9 Jun 1824	Place of Sandby, Kristianstad, Sweden
		Chr.		Place
		Died		Place
		Buried		Place
		Spouse	Nila Nilsson	
		Married	31 Oct 1847	Place <N. Sandby, Kristianstad, Sweden>
			SealSp	10 Nov 1970
				LOGAN

Prepared by Ruth Ann Little	Address 294 North 600 East
Phone 801-829-3834	Morgan, UT 84050-9512
E-mail address rlittle@webpipe.net	
Date prepared 27 Apr 2008	USA



Uncle Lafe & Aunt Mary



Uncle Andrew & Aunt Eveline

The page might well be titled FOUR WEDDINGS THAT I DO NOT REMEMBER but I do remember the Uncles and Aunts thus united. They are all in their wedding finery except Uncle Andrew & Aunt Eveline. This photo was taken from a family group after the children were grown up. Aunt Mary Sproul, Papa's half-sister married Lafe Jolley. I sometimes played at their house with Lafe Jr. We had fun trapping Bumble Bees in Hollyhocks at Aunt Mary's house. Uncle Andrew was my first school teacher, he married Eveline Chidister. Henry Schlappy married Aunt Addie Sproul, Papa's half-sister. I will have more about Uncle Henry later. Uncle Angus Sproul, Papa's other half-brother married Julie Van Orden, she was a sister of Jake Van Orden, one of my pals even if he could take a girl home that always turned me down. More about these and that later.



Uncle Henry & Aunt Addie



Uncle Angus & Aunt Julie



James Wilkins & Merzy Sproul



Olaf Sandberg & Anna Bryner

If page 55 might be called WEDDINGS I DO NOT REMEMBER then this one should be titled TWO WEDDINGS I DO REMEMBER. But all produced for me additional Aunts and Uncles. The first one gave me Uncle Jim and the second one gave me Aunt Anna. There will be more about all of these at a later date. Right now let us talk about the weddings. The wedding feasts were held quite close together one at a time, but close enough together that a joint dance was held for both. Mama had considerable to do with the preparation of both feasts so I did considerable hanging around- before the feast a pot and spoon licker-during the feast a well-stuffed boy- and after a nibbler of leavings. The Wilkins' Dinner was held in Washington up at Grandma Sproul's. The Sandberg's was held at the Casper Bryner home in St George. It was quite a thrill to spend so much time in St George and not have to go to Conference and sit quiet through a lot of preaching.

An incident happened at the dance that I remember very well. Some of the boys and men in the town felt cheated because they only got one free dance out of two weddings. This was unfair, so under the influence of an extra "swig" of Dixie Wine they demanded that the dance continue until daylight or else. Uncle Jim and Uncle Olaf agreed to go until 2 A.M. But no longer. Just before the Home Sweet Home Waltz word was brought to them that a crowd was gathering at the main exit to block them from leaving the hall. Uncle Jim was a big man tall and strong. He slipped out of the side door and came back with a large rock in each hand. He walked down the center of the hall toward the exit. When he got outdoors he found no one there. The wine that was in their heads must have went to their heels. The dance was closed without further trouble.

Uncle Jim and Aunt Merzy moved to a little house cat-cornered from our house and I did my first baby-sitting for them. It was called staying with the children. My pay was enough pink sateen cloth for a shirt. My mother made it with white buttons, I was so proud and felt so grand but it made no impression on any of the girls I wanted to "see home."



WASHINGTON DISTRICT SCHOOLS FEBRUARY 1898(I was eight years old the next summer in July) Mina Funk, the best scholar in our class. She married my



Uncle Niels and became my Aunt Mina, but this happened a long time after.

Phoebe Pearce, my first real crush . At the time this picture was taken I had no interest in gerls at all. When a boy got a crush on a girl he never took her out to a party, a dance or anything, but he would ask to "see her home." When I asked Phoebe she would always say "No." But when one of my best pals would ask her she would say "yes". Then he moved to Idaho and I thot I could "move in" But no nothing doing. The night before I left for Cedar City and the BNS she said "Yes" We sat on her front steps and talk- ed. She promised to write. She did. She sent me a post-card saying she was marr- ied. Getting a head of my story.



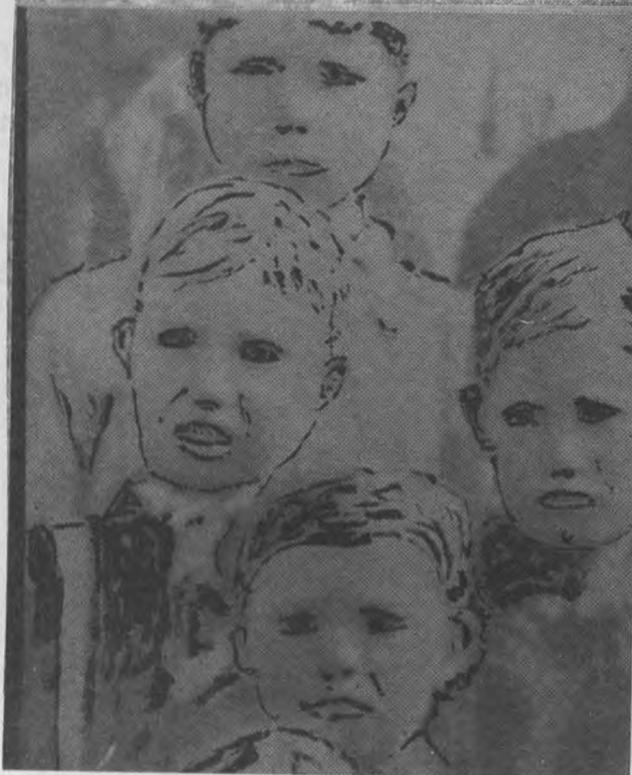
Group A

Group B

Referr to large picture on page 57. These are the pals I played and fought with. These are the guys the girls would say "yes" to and they turned me down. Look at the pictures and tell me if I am not as good looking as the best of them. I could not whip any of them either.

Below Group C

Below Group D



"Making volcanoes in the dusty street was great fun and dirty."





I became the owner of a black dog and I called him Ponto because he looked so much like the Ponto of the Chart Class that rang the bell. One of the bigger boys in the neighborhood shot him just for pure meanness cussedness. My second experience with death. I took this picture out of a book. It looks like Ponto and it could be me only it is not.

"Mama put me in the tub"

On page 59 is shown two boys making volcanoes in the dust. This could be me and Lafe Barron. We would pile the soft flour-like dust in heaps then stick canes in them and blow. When we tired of this we would throw handfuls of it into the air. This was all very dirty business but not enough so we got dirtier. We would stoop down and throw it between our legs by the double handful. I will never know how it happened but our "bumpers" met and we filled each other's eyes with dust, which the tears turned to mud. We each went bawling home. Mama put me in the tub. See picture. This one I borrowed from the National Geographic, but it could have been me... The tub is the same kind anyway.

This same street, with Pinevalley Mountain at one end and the Gate to the Washington Field at the other end was the seen of many happy games. One night after we had read in the paper that there would be a display of "shooting stars" we sat up all night waiting for the clouds to go away. They kept the whole show hidden all night. We played Run Sheep Run, Steal the Sticks, Kick the Can and others. We built a fire and sat around telling old stories. Then each of us told what we would do if we had a million dollars. One boy was very original. He said he would hire someone to wake him up every 15 minutes and tell him he did not have to get up but could go back to sleep.



Left. From a painting of "The Smimming Hole" that I took from a book. The suits are quite natural but the Swimming place is not. On page 62 I will have more to say about our sports and pass-times and attempt to give a picture of what the "Old Swimming Hole" was really like.

Right. This is a game of Pop-the-Whip that I took from a book. It did not take off very good. On page 63 I will try to draw it and attempt to describe it and other games.

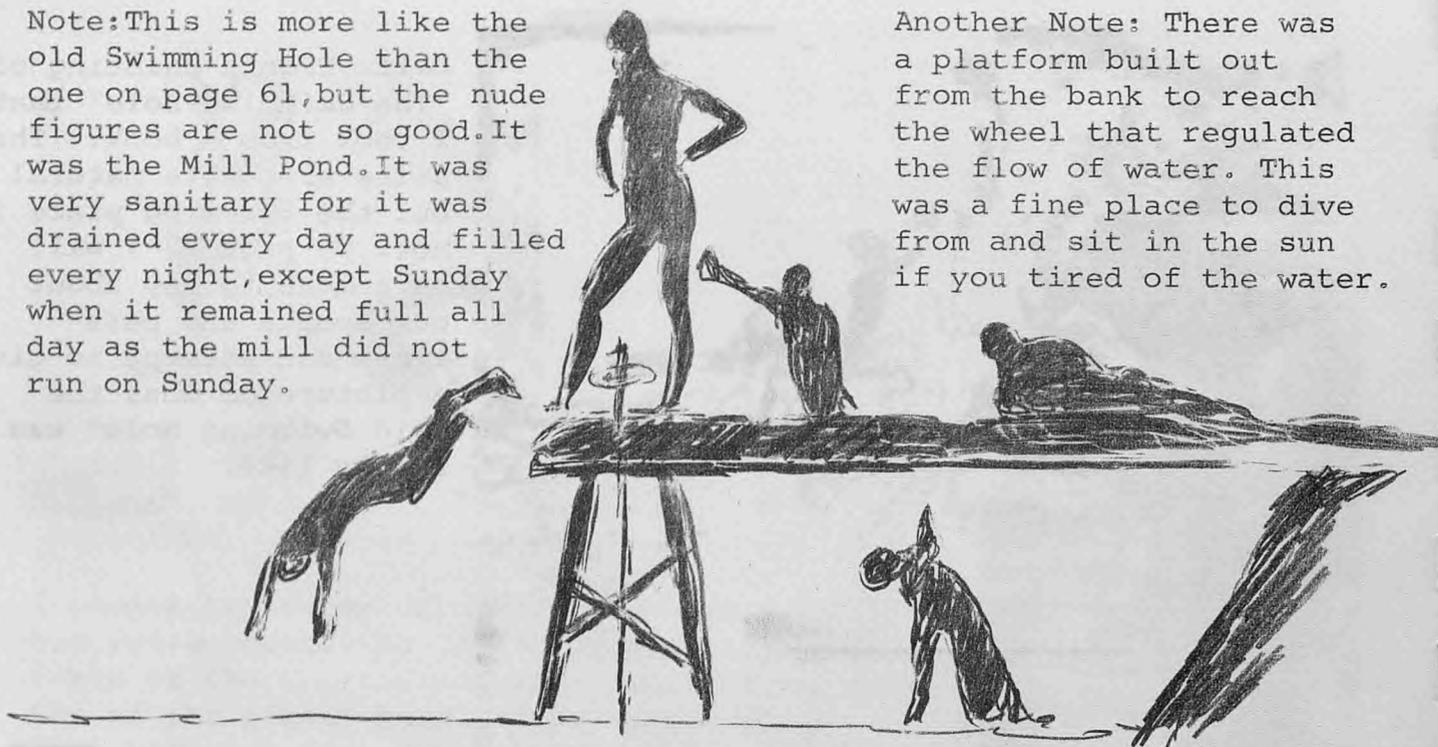


I borrowed this from a Calandar. It could me doing the only fishing I ever did. This was in the Warm Spring near my home. The hook was a bent pin, the bait bread worked into a wad the pole a "reed cain" cut from a nearby clump of canes. They ate my bait but I never caught a single one. When they drained the pond I caught the biggest fish of any of the boys and I caught it by falling on it as it wiggled through the drain ditch. The only fish I have ever caught in my whole life.



Note: This is more like the old Swimming Hole than the one on page 61, but the nude figures are not so good. It was the Mill Pond. It was very sanitary for it was drained every day and filled every night, except Sunday when it remained full all day as the mill did not run on Sunday.

Another Note: There was a platform built out from the bank to reach the wheel that regulated the flow of water. This was a fine place to dive from and sit in the sun if you tired of the water.



One warm day in June a gang of us boys were swimming in the ditch below the pond as it was nearly empty. There was a deep place in the ditch up to a small boy's neck that made a fair substitute for the pond. As we swam a man came crashing through the tall arrow-weeds. He was the Bishop's Counselor. He told two of the boys who were brothers to get out and put their clothes on. They demanded to know why. He said, "I am going to baptize you." They wanted it done as is in the raw. But he insisted. We looked on quite shocked as he pushed them under the water. It was against our rules to duck a kid with his clothes on. Next month on Papa's Birthday, the 19th of July when I had been promised if I was a good boy I would be baptized in the great white temple in St George.

I must tell you how I fell into sin and came near loosing that big privilege. Papa had rented a farm and I was with him all during the week, but on Saturday I was allowed to go down to Grandma Sandberg's place and play provided I would come to Primary when the bell rang on top of the old rock school house. Aunt Emily and I were cooking a play dinner on an old stove that Uncle Elmer had fixed up under the big mulberry tree. The menu consisted of boiled beans, fried potatoes and a stewed sparrow that I had shot with my sling-shot. Beans and sparrow were boiling in tin cans and the potato slices, cut thin were browning in direct contact with the hot stove. (The original potato chip) The bell rang and I shouted, "Beans red-hot. Bell's a 'ringin I gotta run." I did not leave at once. I complained about the injustice of Primary all the way up and came in late. They were singing, "Never Be Late". The lesson was about how the Angels are writing down a faithful record of all that we think, do or say. I guess they had already a slate-full about me and my hatred for Primary. Then they closed by singing, "Don't Shoot the Little Birds That Sing On Bush And Tree." I brought home a load of sin and hoped that Mama would

would not tell Papa. I did not think the Angels would show him their slates. I had little fear of that. They would keep them until I died and went to Heaven and that was a long way off.



I had boasted to the gang about going to the Temple and promised to tell of what I saw. Sunday Morning came and we were getting fixed up for Sunday School. Uncle Henry had come over to use Papa's razor and was shaving, he was saying, between scrapes, something about reading the Bible and I blurted out that Papa could not read very well. I glanced at Papa and knew he was hurt. Mama looked sharp at me and a full knowledge of all my guilt burst upon me, including yesterday's sins and I went out behind the house and cried. Papa came out and said he did not mind what I had said and told me to stop crying and then I told him all. He assured me that until I was eight and baptized all my sins were his and Mama's and that I could still go to the Temple if I would be careful of what I did from now on. He said he had a few sins of his own to carry and did not want me to load him down with too many of mine.

Well I went to the Temple on Papa's Birthday and was baptized- but they took all the glamour out of it when they told me I was to tell no one of what I saw and furthermore I was not to talk about it even at home with them. It was an idle boast that I had made to the gang.

In the Spring of 1899, I was nine years old come July, Papa was called on a mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He was to leave in October. He would go to the Eastern States they told him. He gave up the land he was renting. He sold all the land he owned, all the hay and grain, the team and wagon, the plow, and saddest of all the mowing machine. This was my joy for by now I had been allowed to drive and cut alfalfa all by myself. He sold everything he owned, except the house on the corner. Quite a sacrifice for him and Mama. The loss of the mowing machine was a supreme sacrifice for me. I think I felt it more than they did. I suffered another loss. Papa took a job riding the range for Uncle Jim Andrus and I was not allowed to go with him.

From now until sometime in 1901 I would be without a Papa and a mowing machine. I am sure that the sacrifice was not in vain. Many fine things came out of it. It gave me a great feeling. A sense of being important and I liked that. Not all that happened to us while he was away was pleasant. However, I promised myself when I started to write this biography called auto that I would try not to dwell too much on the unpleasant things but stick more to telling about the fine things that happened. See you in the Twenty Century.

*(The Church would not permit a man to make a sacrifice like that now)



Papa



Me



Mama

With the exception of Mama and Me the pictures on this page were taken in Salt Lake City at the time Papa left for a Mission in the Eastern States. Henrietta Jones was Papa's only living full sister. She lived in Montanna and came down to see him off. This was the Fall of 1899.

The pictures of Mama and Me were taken to send to Papa after he got back there. The date I am not sure of, but it was the winter of 1899 or the spring of 1900, so I was between 9 and 10 years of age.

It will be almost another 10 years before you will see any more pictures of me as none were taken. Perhaps it is just as well it will give me a chance to grow up a little bit at least in size if not otherwise. It will be a period of interesting experiences though and may not be very understandable without pictures.

Grandpa Sproul



Grandma Sproul



Henrietta Jones





"Ten is a satisfied age . . . with the world in general. He is pleased with life as he finds it . . . He is matter-of-fact & straightforward."

Uncle Andrew Sproul Jr My First School Teacher October 1896.



Some scattering of lines from THE DESERTED VILLAGE by Oliver Goldsmith fits my memory of this man. "There in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule, the village master taught his little school. . . . If severe in aught, the love he bore for learning was at fault In argument none denied his skill, for defeated . . . he could argue still. . . . and yet the wonder grew that one small head could carry all he knew."