

# autobiography

of Dolph Andrus



1900

1910

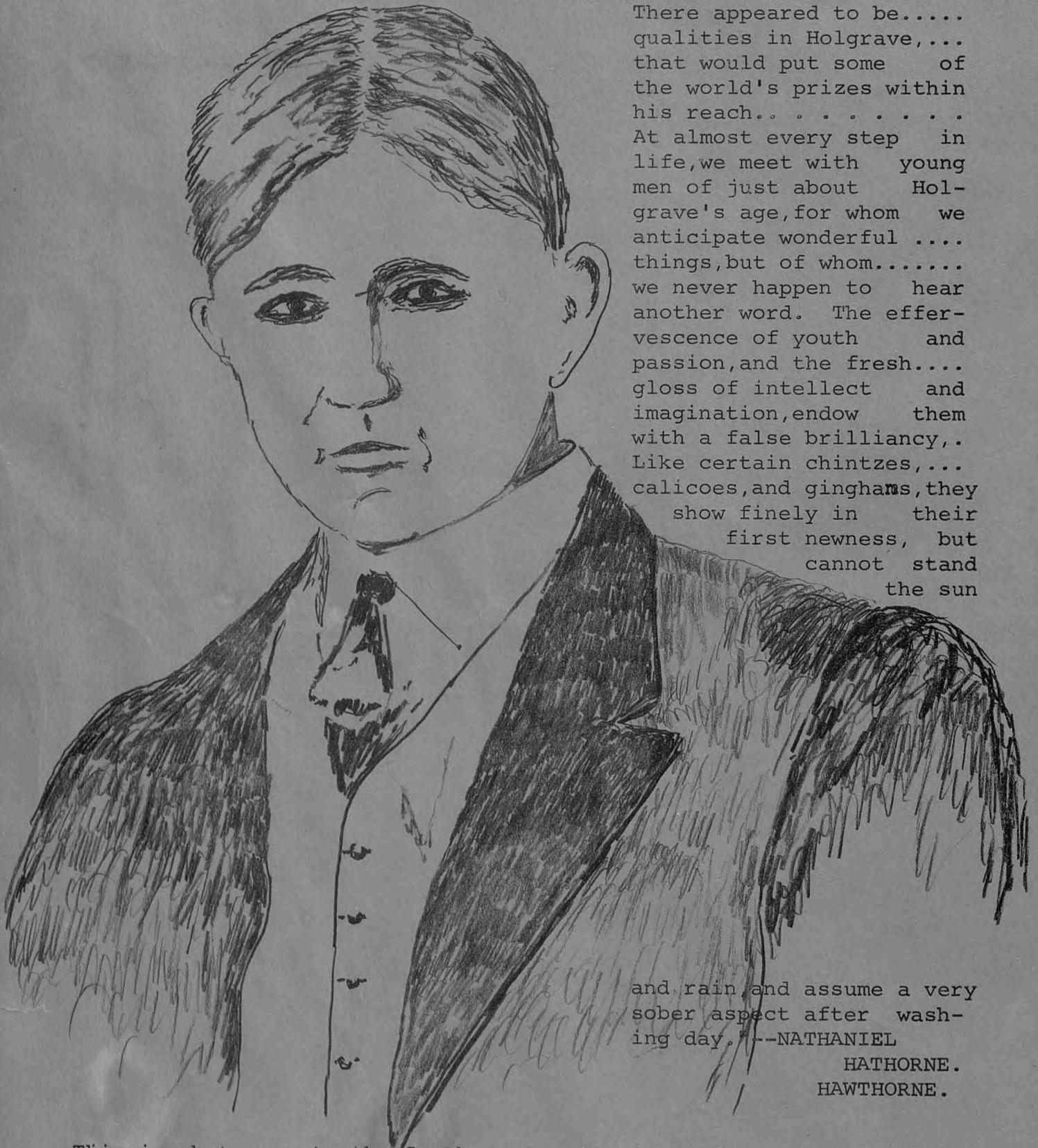
(Including the Spring of 1911)

"Everyone has inclinations over which reason exercises no control"

- D. ANDRUS

"The raft was old and water-soaked, rotten and due to fall apart. It sank under my weight, but I had an inclination to row it across the lake."

(See page 57)



"His career it would be difficult to prefigure... There appeared to be.... qualities in Holgrave,... that would put some of the world's prizes within his reach.. . . . . At almost every step in life, we meet with young men of just about Holgrave's age, for whom we anticipate wonderful .... things, but of whom..... we never happen to hear another word. The effervescence of youth and passion, and the fresh.... gloss of intellect and imagination, endow them with a false brilliancy,. Like certain chintzes, ... calicoes, and gingham, they show finely in their first newness, but cannot stand the sun

and rain, and assume a very sober aspect after washing day. --NATHANIEL HATHORNE. HAWTHORNE.

This is what came to the Southern Branch of the State Normal School at Cedar City the Fall of 1908. This had passed its 18th Birthday in July of that year. If you prefer the real photograph--It's on p 45.

PREFACE TO THE PERIOD 1900 - 1910

The chronological order of events will not follow the page numbers in this period. I am not quite sure always which comes first. So I shall treat them in periods, with the outstanding events of that period. The first period will be Papa's Mission. October 1899 to September 1901. I have three sources besides my own memory for this period. 1st THE DIARY MY FATHER KEPT WHILE ON HIS MISSION 2nd HIS WEEKLY MISSION REPORTS, 3rd MY MOTHER'S WRITTEN ACCOUNT. My own memory of the things that I did & the things that happened and the friends that I made. For example UNCLE WOOD ALEXANDER. AUNT MARTHA ALEXANDER. They were really Papa's, but I claimed them. Then there was BROTHER SORENSON, BROTHER WESTOVER, AND BRO. HARTLEY. They were very different brothers as you shall see.

The period from 1901 to 1904 might be called GETTING THE MOST OUT OF HAVING PAPA HOME AGAIN. This will be filled with the account of the many things we did together. The outstanding years of this period was 1903. I was graduated from WASHINGTON DISTRICT SCHOOL. 13 years old and I think the youngest graduate in the County of Washington. The winter of 1903-1904 a futile attempt was made at conducting a NINTH GRADE in the Washington Schools. It was a flop.

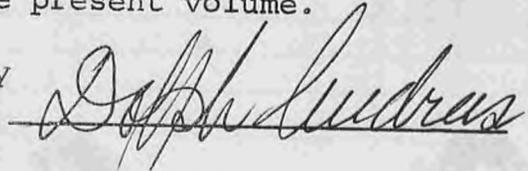
From the Spring of 1904 until the Fall of 1908 might be called the PERIOD OF GOING AWAY TO WORK. The first place was on the ACOMA ROAD, GLENDALE GRIST MILL. - Winter of 1904-1905 LOCAL DRAMATIC COMPANY - Summer of 1905 PARASHONT SAWMILL - Winter of 1905-1906 MORE DRAMATIC COMPANY - Summer of 1906 MODENA AND PIOCHE - COALPITS SAWMILL - Winter of 1906 and 1907 MORE DRAMATICS. Summer of 1907 ARMAND HOFF & WASHINGTON FACTORY - SCHLAPPY THRESHING MACHINE. Winter of 1907 and 1908 WOODWARD SCHOOL - Spring of 1908 - MEASLES - ACOMA ROAD - SCHLAPPY THRESHING MACHINE -

The Fall of 1908 to the close of 1910 is the period of GOING AWAY TO SCHOOL. The school went away to was the SOUTHERN BRANCH OF THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL located in Cedar City Utah. BNS for short.

But other things got mixed up with going away to school. Like the Summer of 1909. HERDING SHEEP FOR BULLOCH - SMALLPOX SCARE AND A NIGHT IN LEEDS SLEEPING IN THE STREET. Summer of 1910 FENCING FOR BULLOCH. Then there was the big storm that closed the year 1910.

There were many school activities but the one that caused the big event in my life was the meeting and courtship of IRENE JONES. I met her early in the Spring of 1909 and started courting the Fall of 1909 and never stopped. This is a brief outline of the present volume.

Sincerely



P.S. I fear that I am spending too much time on my boyhood days, a period that perhaps only I am interested in. Since I have no pictures, and no time or ability to draw them, I shall hurry through until I reach the BNS period when pictures from then on will be available. I must hurry and get grewed up. Sometime I hope to do an illustrated version of all my boy hood days just for my own fun. If I should live so long.

D.A.

## SOME EXTRACTS FROM PAPA'S MISSIONARY DIARY.

Oct 12 1899 left Salt Lake City for Brooklyn N.Y.

Oct 18,19,20 Went through the Capitol in Washington D C and other places of interest.

Oct 21 Took the train for Chesepeak Bay. Missed the boat for Dores warf so hired a colored boy for \$1.50 to take me there where I met my companion.

Oct 27 1899. We walked 12 miles and spent the night with Jesse Buck. the next night with George F Buck and the next day went to Emery Buck's. His wife invited us to stay all night with them. She started to get supper for us and she was taken sick. Her husband was not home so we stayed until he came. He said that he could not take care of us for the night so we started out at 9:00 P.M. to look for another place to stay. We walked 15 miles before we found another place.

December 3 1899. I was not very well. Had a very bad cold. Stayed in the house all day. 4th Felt better but not enough to start walking. Stayed in until the 8th. Morning we started out and the night of the 10th we stayed with a negro family.

(The date is not clear about late November 1899) We spent the night with J W Crawford who treated us very kindly, but the woman said if had not been such a cold night she would not have taken us in. The next morning we travelled 8 miles in the rain before we found a place to stay.

Sunday Sept 1 1901 We walked out and took a view of the city (Not sure of the city, probably Baltimore Md.) Monday the 2nd Brother Owens did not feel like travelling so we stayed until the 3d. The morning of the 3rd we started east up the river. We visited 18 families. and stayed with E H Elliott. We went to see the Elder of the United Brethern Church to see if he would let us hold a meeting in their Church. But he was not home so we went to see the trustees of the School Board to see if we could get the School House, but we failed.

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## A SAMPLE PAGE FROM PAPA'S STATISTICAL REPORT March 1900

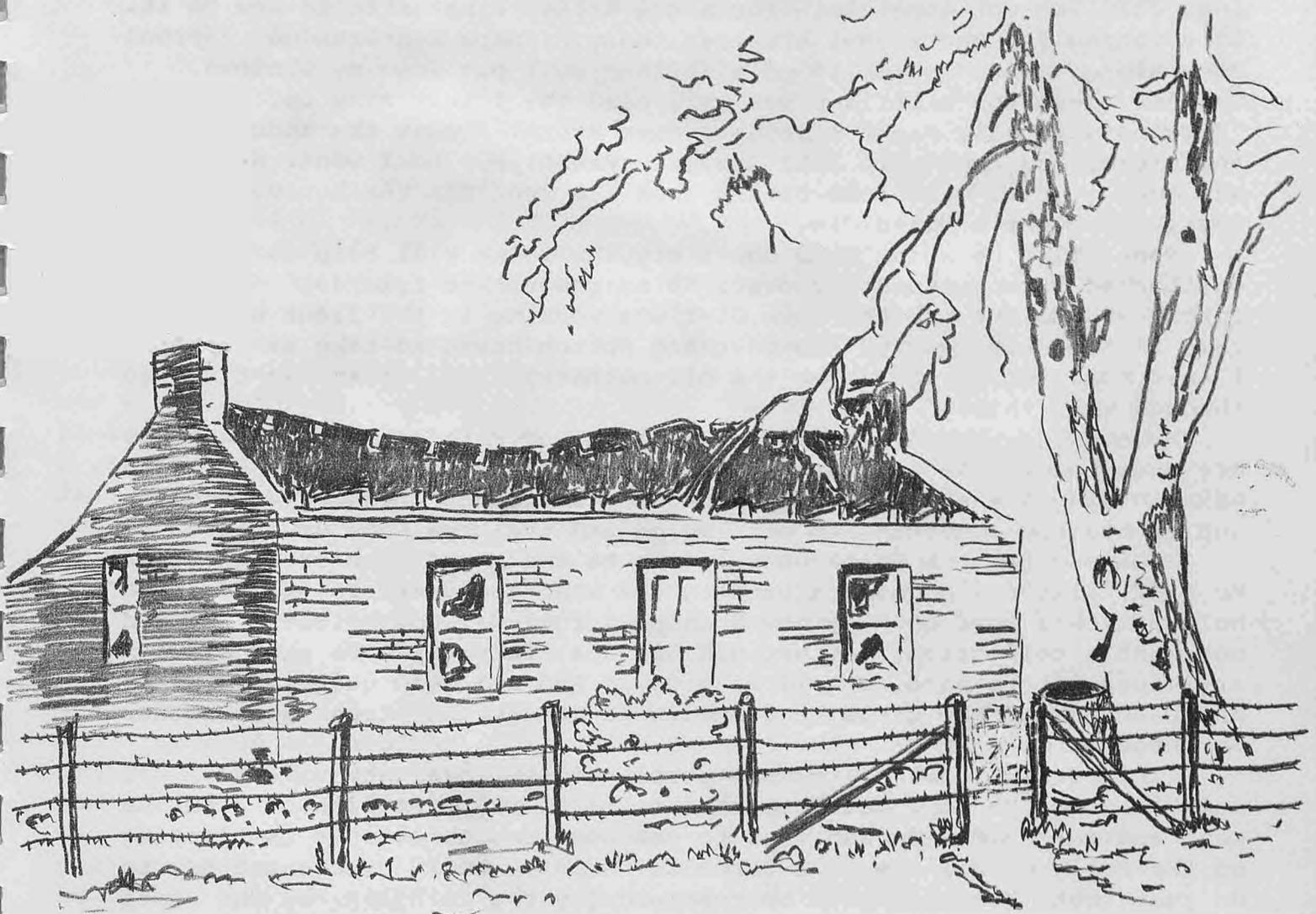
Date	Day	Families Visited	Families Re-Vis	Gospel Conver	Tracts Dist!	Males Walked	By whom entertained or Remarks
18	S						Julius Hall
19	M	1		1	4	15	David Wells
20	T		1	1		13	William Waters
21	W	1		2		22	705 C St NE Washington
22	T	1		2	2	20	J W Penfoild
23	F	1	1	1	6	20	John Hauser
24	S	1		1	2		D W Myers
TOTAL		5	2	8	14	90	

This report was made out for every week and kept in a little leather bound book similar to the diary. We turn now to Mama's account of what we were doing on the home front during this period.

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## SOME EXTRACTS FROM MAMA'S STORY WHILE PAPA WAS ON A MISSION.

May 1901 White washing the house. Putting down the new rag carpet. Enough left of the flowered one for the bed room. We are all cleaned up looking forward to Fall when Papa will be home from his mission. We



"A freak whirl-wind had blown the roof off."

It was early in July of 1901, and I was 11 years old. It was just a few days before my 11th birthday so I was almost 11. My head that had got a hole in it from falling of Nellie, Lafe Barron's little pony was well enough to go swimming. Lafe, Jake, and I went across the river and up to the canal, because the water was out of the mill pond and ditch. There was no other place to go.

When we returned late in the afternoon we found that a freak whirl-wind had blown the roof off our house. The entire front half was over across the street and rested entirely out of place in what had been Brother Sorenson's prize patch of wheat. It was a good thing that it had been harvested. There was nothing but the stubble. Windows were broken and the back half of the roof still on the house was sagging in the middle. The ceiling joists stuck out bare like the ribs of a cow that had been a long time dead. I was more thrilled than I should have been. Well heck it was the first time I had ever seen the very insides of our house. The big mulberry tree was stripped of most of its leaves. Good thing we did not have the silk worms. The dip-barrel was okay, even the tin dipper still hung from a nail driven into the trunk of the mulberry tree.

have a good garden, a pig and chickens and putting up fruit. Still sewing. July 7th Got some cloth for a new dress. 8th started to sew on it. It's voting for the school trustees today. Grandpa and Grandma Sproul came along and wanted me to go with them, so I put down my windows. Grandma says, "Don't believe you will need to. I left mine up." I said, "Blowing a little. Might come up a dust storm. I want the house nice and clean. You know this Fall I expect Randolph." So I went. While I was gone a whirl wind came up and took the roof off the house. What a mess. I thought I would die.

Poor Dolph, he said, "Mama don't cry, the folks will help us put it on." Looked like a thunder shower. So neighbors and friends, Grandma Sproul and Mother and the boys, Olaf was working in the flour mill, he came in the evening with the Cart and Button horse to take us home. I said, "Oh! Let me lie under the old mulberry tree, I just can't go through with this!"

By evening we had everything piled up under the tree and wagon covers over them. So in the cart we went. Oh, what a night I spent. Early the next morning I was up. Mother got up she would not let me go without a cup of tea and something to eat. Dolph and the boys came up later.

Good old Brother Sorenson was down to see me as soon as I got there. He said, "Sister I'm going around to see what the Brethern will do to help put this roof on." By now Grandpa Sproul was on the scene. I did not want a collection. Neither did Grandpa. There were so many Missionary Wives in the Ward as well as widows. And all were quite poor. Water had been out of the field long enough to damage the crops. But Brother Sorenson said,

"This has to come to try the people to see what they will do." I said, "I wish the Lord hadn't picked on me to try them with." But he went and got \$6.00 in cash. Had to get some one to oversee the putting of the roof on. Joe Cooper, a carpenter said he would donate one day to do just that. Many promised to come and lay the shingles. So the roof was started that day.

A big thunder storm came to help things out. Talk about a mess. I decided that crying did not help matters. So one more night at Mother's. Next morning wasn't so spry so was glad for the cart and Button. (This is all from MAMA'S STORY for now)

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I continue my account now from page 3. I lost no time in climbing onto the roof to see what the ceiling looked like from the other side. The ceiling was made of cloth tacked onto the ceiling joist. I had often looked up at it and wondered what made it sag. The cloth had been white washed so many times you could not see through it. Now I would have a look and find out. I found the sagging was caused by sand that had blown in long before the roof was off.

But I found more than that. The owners of a yellow-jackets nest under the roof, were more disturbed over the loss of their home than I was over the loss of our roof. They must have thought that I was the one that did it the way they came at me. I do not know how many stings they gave me before I could get down off the roof and run into the street. We used to chant a little ditty about an old soldier who was shot seven times and then lay down in silence. I like to paraphrase it to tell what happened to me.

"There was a little boy, who was stung seven times and then run 'round in circles. He was stung five times in the back of his neck and twice on the roof of his house."

With the roof back on we can turn our attention to something else. Lafe Barron, the neighbor boy accross the street became the proud owner of a little pony. He named her Nellie. She was very gentle and he was very generous in allowing me to ride her. I roder her first around the lot, then up and down the street and finally around the block.

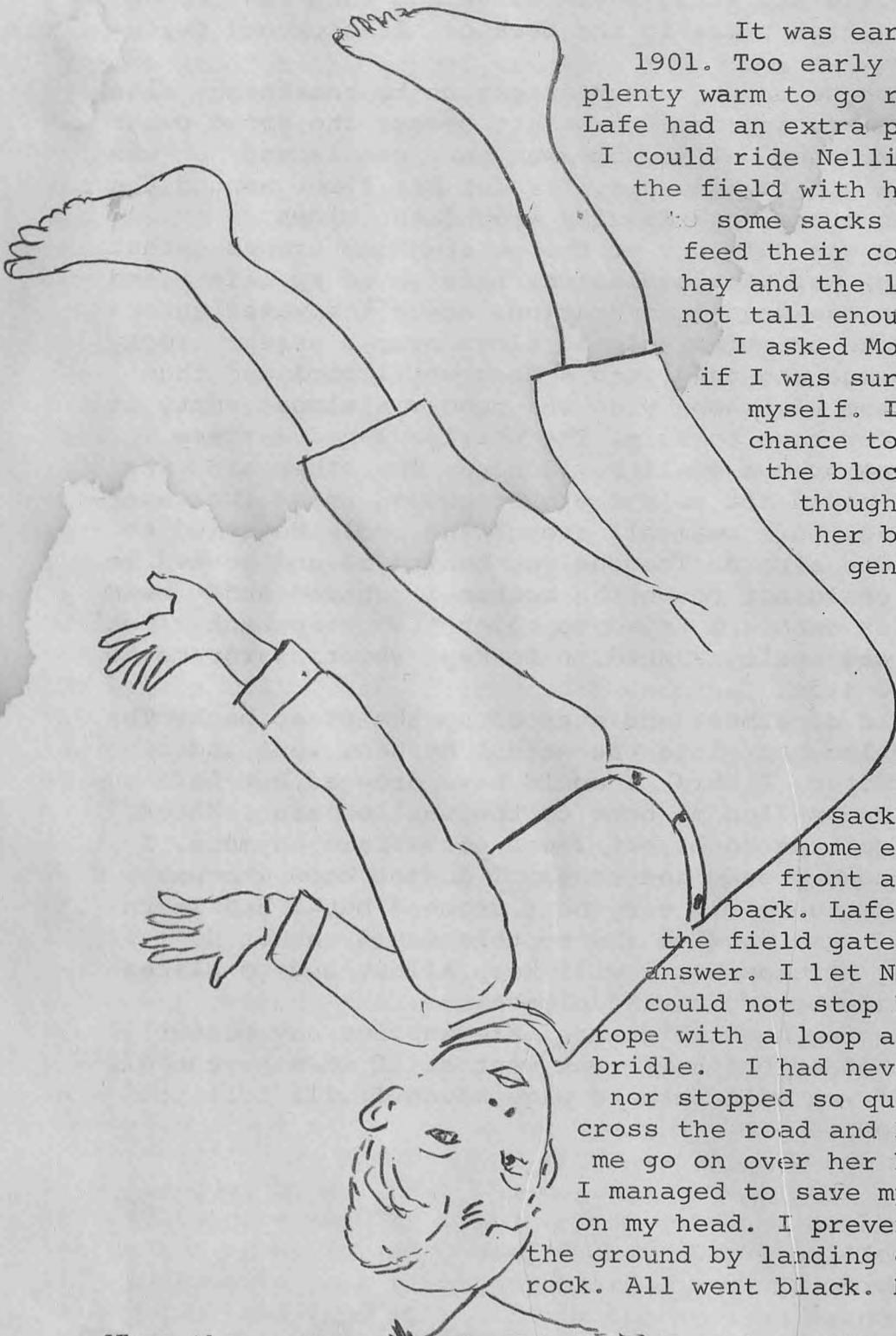
The coming of Nellie was only one of the outstanding events that happened to me while Papa was on his mission. Lafe saved my life and taught me how to swim in one drastic operation. Where the water enters the mill pond, our favorite swimming hole, it flows over a steep rocky bank making quite a cascade and then into a deep whirl pool and then into the pond. Late in the afternoon when the pond was almost empty it was a good place for a few boys to swim. The whirlpool had a steep bank on the side that was over a small boy's head. The other side was a gentle slope. Since I could not swim I played around under the water-fall and the shallow side. Lafe swam all around the pool. He tried to get me to try it but I was afraid. Then he got behind me and pushed me in. As soon as my feet could not touch the bottom I panicked and swam to the opposite side. Yes swam. I tried to climb the steep bank but could not do it. Now I was really scared. Lafe kept shouting for me to swim over to the shallow side.

I managed to get hold of a bush and started up the steep bank. The bush gave way and I tumbled back into the water. My head went under and I took on a lot of water. I think I would have drowned, but Lafe grabbed me by the hair and pulled me back to the shallow side. Water ran out of my nose for quite a spell, but I was not afraid anymore. I went into the pool and swam 'round and round. I do not know who was the happiest me or my instructor. I very near drowned but I had learned to swim. I never did learn to dive and to this day I cannot do it. I know no fancy swimming strokes but I will keep afloat and go places perfectly at home in the water. No diving please.

When it came to climbing on high places Lafe was not any better than me at that, but his older brother Frank went stiff when he got off the ground very high. If you will turn to page seven I will tell you how Lafe and I got a promise out him because of this defect.

The picture at the right could be me on Little Nellie. The old man with the beard is me. My son Quentin took this in 1957. The boy is his son Gary who was 10 years old. We were there for the Washington 100th annaversary celebration. I was 67 years old and had grown a beard for the occasion. The pony is an exact reproduction of Nellie that we found in a pasture on one of our early morning walks.





It was early in the Spring of 1901. Too early to go swimming but plenty warm to go riding in the fields. Lafe had an extra pony and said that I could ride Nellie if I would go to the field with him and bring back some sacks of green alfafa to feed their cow. They had run out hay and the lucerne(alfafa) was not tall enough to cut for hay.

I asked Mother if I could go. Yes if I was sure I could ride by myself. I told her I had a chance to ride Nellie around the block many times and I thought I could handle her because she was so gentle.

We took butcher knives to cut the lucerne with and a couple of big "seamless wheat sacks to put it in. We filled the sacks and started for home each with a sack in front across the horse's back. Lafe said, "Let's race to the field gate." I had no time to answer. I let Nellie run because I could not stop her. I only had a rope with a loop around her nose, no bridle. I had never travelled so fast nor stopped so quick. Something ran across the road and Nellie stopped letting me go on over her head. I managed to save my hands by falling on my head. I prevented any damage to the ground by landing on a black lava rock. All went black. My lights were out.

When they came on again I had my head in a ditch and Lafe was washing a big bloody hole in my head with ditch water. Very sanitary. He had dragged me there from the road. He tied my big red handkerchief around my head and I rode Nellie home. Mother was not home. She came and found me asleep on the Bed Room floor. She washed the dried blood out of my hair with water that had a few drops of carbolic acid in it.

Then began the slow process of healing. The wound got "proud flesh" in it. My hair was cut close around it and Mother burned the "proud flesh" out with alum or something and it finally got well. Left a scar.

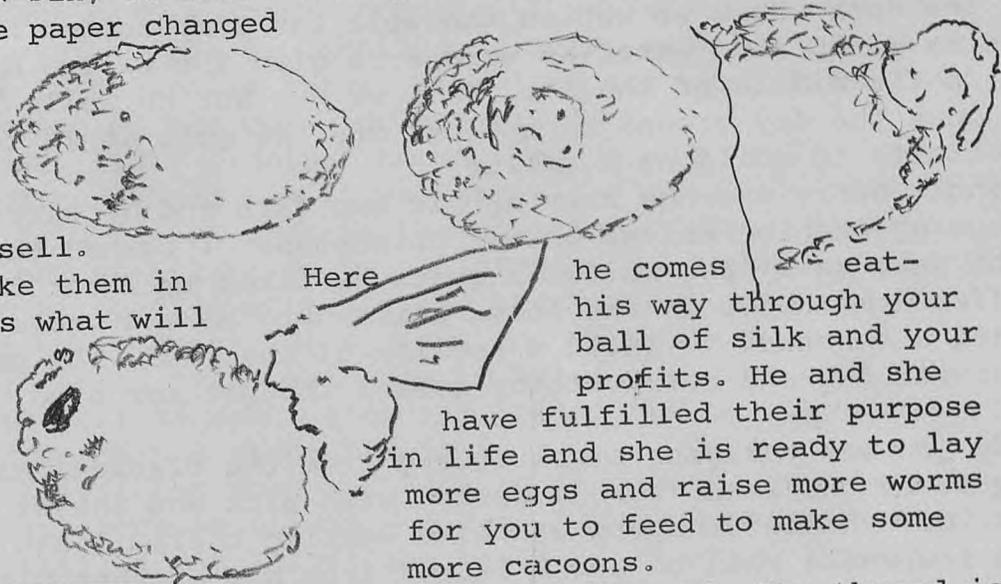
I promised to tell you how Lafe and I got a promise out of Frank. They were building the new Tithing Barn to replace the one that burned down. They had a long ladder that reached just under the eaves. It was not so bad going up as you left the ladder and climbed onto the roof, but it took nerve going back down to let your feet go down over the edge when you could not see the ladder. Frank watched Lafe and I running all over the roof and decided to try it. When he got his feet off the ladder and onto the roof he looked down at the ground. He froze stiff, clung to the roof boards and started to bawl. The workmen had all gone home. He wanted us to help him get back onto the ladder. He wanted one of us to get on the ladder and guide his feet while the other held onto his hands. Now Frank and his companions had been giving Lafe and me a bad time. We got a promise from him to stop molesting us before we would help him. We got our promise and we got him off the roof. He kept his promise.

Mama and I tried to raise silk worms. We gave it up after a week or so. Now why raise silk worms. There is money in them worms if you keep them long enough for them to spin cocoons. We did not keep them that long. You have to turn your house over to them. Long boards are put on sawhorses and covered with paper mulberry leaves and worms. They eat enormous amounts of mulberry leaves and do piles of little blacks that look like SIN-Sin, or HELPS that you see today. These have to be cleaned up and the paper changed

At the right is the cocoon or little ball of silk the worm will spin for you This is what you sell.

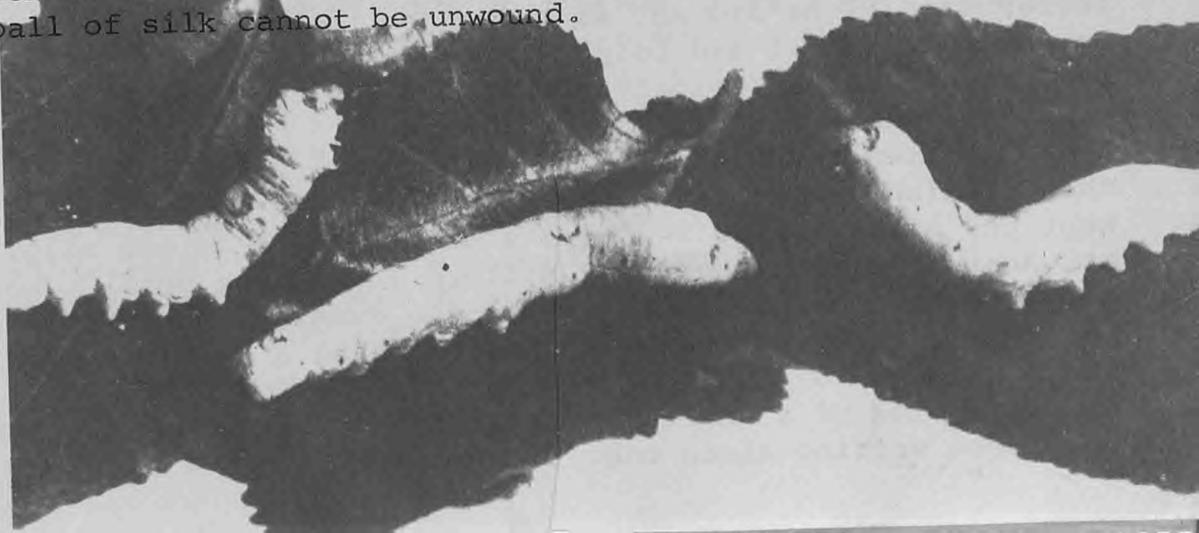
Unless you bake them in a hot oven this is what will happen.

Right silk moth and cocoon with a hole.



But the cocoon is worthless with a hole in the end. The thread is broken and the ball of silk cannot be unwound.

The worms eat more leaves and more leaves. Do more black bits. When stuffed they spin themselves inside a cocoon of silk thread.



Papa came home the Fall of 1901. He got a job out to the Grand Gulch mine on the Arizona Strip about 90 miles south of Washington. We went out too and spent most of the Winter of 1901-1902 out there. It was a fun place for a boy to be. A lot like the mine at Upper Mammoth only different. But there was a dump and a gas engine. And boys were allowed in the mine and I did considerable exploring. Only I was told not to go below the 300 ft level as they were blasting there.

Then we rented some land from Uncle Henry Schlappy. Lafe went out to the Apex Mine with his folks and left me little Nellie. Now I had a horse all by myself. Such fun. Rode back and forth behind the wagon to and from the field. Whereever Papa went Nellie and I went too. After wood on the river bottom and trips on the mountain after wood or posts.

Inspite of the fact that I had missed a winter of school I took the County Examination in the Spring of 1903, not quite 13 years old and the youngest graduate from the Eighth Grade in Washington County.

The Fall of 1903 they made an attempt to maintain a Ninth Grade in the Washington District School. Lewis Bastian was the teacher. The Ninth Grade got bogged down in Algebra and was discontinued.

The Spring of 1904, not quite 14 Papa and I tried to dig a well. We had brother Millet come over and tell us where to dig. He walked all over the lot with a forked willow held in his two hands. When he got over the spot where we wanted the well, the limb turned down and he said there we would find water. We were sure glad the willow did not turn down in the middle of the lot. Well we dug but no well. The farther we went down the dry ground became mor dry. We quit at 20 feet and turned our efforts to building a cellar.

Uncle Henry was now running his own farm and he came over to grind his mowing machine knives on our grindstone. I turned the stone for him and he gave me 5¢ per knife. I guess he liked my labor for in September he offered me a job on the Acoma Road where he and Uncle Sheridan Andrus had a contract to build a section of the road. The pay was one dollar per day and board. Pretty good I thought for a boy just turned 14.

My job was carrying steel to and from the blacksmithshop to the men using it on the road. Then I worked with pick and shovel in between the times. Uncle Niels Sandberg was also working there. I had not been there but a few weeks when he got a letter from his brother Olaf in Glendale offering him a job in the Grist Mill that he was running there. The letter said if he did not want the job to see if Dolph would like it. He did not want it and Dolph, always nuts about machinery, would like it. Uncle Sheridan was going to town so I rode in with him and Papa took me out to Glendale.

I arrived in Glendale early in October. The problem was to get all the grinding done before the water froze and the mill could not run. We kept the mill running 24 hours a day. I slept in the mill. Uncle Olaf and Aunt Annie and their son Willard lived in a small house near the mill. I would go to bed at six in the evening and sleep till one in the morning. I would run the mill until morning and then we would both be there all day to take care of the incoming loads of wheat. That was the beginning of a habit that has stayed with me, I still have it. I have been writing since one. It is now five and I am going to bed.

Just before Christmas of 1904 the mill froze up. Mr George Jennings of Rockville, Utah was going home with a load of lumber, so Uncle Olaf made arrangements for me to go home with him. Rockville is a long way up the river from Washington, but I could manage to get home from there.

We stayed in Mt Carmel the first night. The next morning it was snowing but we started out anyway. Travelling on a load of lumber is not as nice as a covered wagon, especially when it is snowing. In order to keep warm I walked most of the time until we got to the top of the big hill. Mr Jennings' brother-in-law who lives in Mt Carmel helped us with his team the first day. We camped the first night on a heavy fall of snow. The brother-in-law had me cut juniper (cedar) trees and then he dragged them with his team to our camp. We cut the smaller limbs and placed them under our beds. Kept our bedding dry and prevented the warmth of our bodies from melting us down into the snow. There was plenty of wood and we built a huge fire. It stopped snowing and turned very cold and clear.

The brother-in-law returned to Mt Carmel and now we only had the team and one horse hitched on to the end of the tongue. Mr Jennings had no overshoes and he could not keep his feet warm driving so he asked me to drive as I had new warm overshoes. I drove most of the way. The lone horse, or "spike" as he was called, was almost as hard to manage as a full four-horse outfit.

Our last night out before reaching Rockville, was a clear cold moonlight night. As we went to bed Mr Jennings said, "We want to get an early start so we can get to Rockville before dark. I do not want to go down that steep road getting of the mesa in the dark."

We had no watches. About midnight he woke me up and said it was time to get up and get going. I told him it was only 12 o'clock. He wanted to know how I knew. I told him to look at the position of the big dipper. Papa had taught me how to tell time by the dipper. He just laughed at such nonsense so we hitched up after having breakfast (midnight lunch) I told him we would be in Rockville by noon and we were.

I left my little green trunk with him to bring down the next time he came to the grist mill in Washington and started out on foot for Leeds where I could catch the stage for home.

At Virgin City I left the road and took an old horse trail used by the mail in early days because it was shorter, but darkness came before I reached Toquerville and I lost the trail. I stumbled through the hills and hollows to end up on top of the black ridge above the town. It was sure good to have a good moon. I reached Leeds about 11:00 P.M. and the stage did not come until 1:00 A.M. I slept for two hours behind the stove in the Post Office. Chris Olsen was the Post Master, he was the blacksmith out on the Acoma road that I had carried steel for so he was not home. His wife was Uncle Henry's sister and she kept the Post Office.

I arrived home about daylight the day before Christmas of 1904. Just in time to get a part in a local drama that was being cast by Mr William Westover. Id Nielson and I were a pair of tramps or something like that. I remember one line, "No mam my proper cognomen is William Potter." We toured Leeds, St George and Santa Clara with our production. This was the beginning of a long and pleasant association with Israel Nielson Jr always called "ID".

Spring of 1905 worked on the ditch-cleaning gang. The Washington crew started at the head of the ditch and the St George crew would start at the other end. When we met the ditch was clean from end to end. The pay was store-pay. The Co-op Store issued small metal tokens in 50¢ and \$1 sizes, also nickles, dimes and quarters. These were good at the store for merchandise.

The whooping cough was in town. Mama said that I had never had it and had better be careful. I was careful enough to get it I think. It was never identified as such, but I had some terrific choking at times and the noise I made, I was told, sounded like the whooping of kids with the disease. It was warm enough to sleep outside and I slept at the back of the house. The thing came on in the middle of the night and I ran around the house until I passed out. When I came to I was out on the ground by the dip-water barrel under the old mulberry tree with Papa bending over me.

There were no cash jobs in town so when I learned that Mr Thomas Gardner of St George was making up a crew for his saw-mill on the Arizona Strip (see map) I went over to see him and he hired me, but not on a fixed salary. I was to cut logs and be paid by the number of board feet in the logs cut. This job went in pairs and a boy from Washington by the name of Joseph Cox was my partner. Two other men from Washington were in the crew. Julius Hannig as fireman and engineer. Bert Connell as off-bearer that is the man who carries off the lumber and piles it as it comes from the saw. He has to carry the slabs too and sometimes they get pretty heavy. Bert was a very small man for this job. Then there was an old prospector who was already out there who became our cook. He could sure make good "jerky" gravey and he made a lot of it.

On the way out I had another choking spell in the middle of the night. I jumped out of bed and ran around the wagon. When I came too there was no Papa bending over me, but someone shouted, "What in the name of Hell is the matter with you kid?"

The next morning Mr Gardner asked me if I still wanted to go on. He said there would be a chance to return with the first team that we met. I told him not to worry about me that I would be alright and probably would not have any more spells like that. Anyway we didn't meet anybody.

The Cox boy and I cut logs. We had never done it before and we did not make more than 50¢ per day each. Soon a lot timbers were ready to be hauled down to the Grand Gulch Mine. This was the same mine I told you about where we spent a winter just after Papa came home from his mission. Mr Gardner had the contract to furnish the mine with timbers. A big husky man had come along and Mr Gardner put him in Bert Connell's place as off-bearer and gave Bert to me for a partner cutting logs. We did not do very well either. The Cox boy was put to driving the team hauling timbers to the mine.

He made a few trips and then broke out with a mess of boils and had to go home. The new man quit and Bert went back to his old job. I was now given the job of driving the team. Two professional logcutters were in the timber so the mill did not want for logs.

Now I had seen them nailing shoes on one of the horses and he was the meanest beast I had ever seen. Kick and bite so much they

had to throw him to the ground and tie his legs to get shoes on him. I told Mr Gardner I was afraid of a horse like that. He said that in everyway he was as docile as could be he just did not like them nail-iron shoes on his feet. This was indeed the finest team I have ever known. They were well equipped with stout leather harness and hold-back straps. It was a joy to see how they held back that wagon on the many steep hills we had to go down. It was a very primitive road. About all the work that had been done was to drive over it time after time.

I suppose you wonder why Mr Gardner did not drive the team himself instead of trusting a boy to drive. He had to run the saw-mill. The first trip down I had another choking spell. The trip required an overnight stop on the way down and one on the way back. The tongue is propped up with the neck-yoke and a tongue sheet fastened to it to serve as a manger to feed the horses from. When I came to this time I was almost under the horses and hanging over the tongue with my hands in a bucket of water. I cannot understand how the bucket got there nor why the horses did not trample me or kick me. It would be a long time before I would have another choking spell and under very different circumstances as you will find out. The next time I had plenty of company. A regular shirt-tail parade of curious and anxious people. I am not going to tell it now.

The contract was almost finished. Only a few more loads of timber to be delivered and then we would be going home. Bert Connell persuaded me to ask Mr Gardner to take us with him on his next trip (he was through sawing and driving his team) to the mine and apply for jobs there. He took us but the man that did the hiring was not there and we would have to wait for a few days. Mr Gardner went back with out us.

While we waited we roamed around in the mine. They had installed a new hoist since I was there as a small boy. This one had a bar above the bucket that two men could ride on. At the 400 ft level Bert and I climbed on and pulled the signal cord to be taken to the surface. What we did not know was that we should have pulled it twice. That would mean there were men on board and the man at the hoist would bring the bucket up slowly and stop at the ground level for them to get off. He took us up as fast as the hoist would go and on up into the place where they dump the ore. He was a scared man and a mad one when he saw us. "You damned fools! I might have killed you both by pulling you clear up into the sheave wheel. It's mighty lucky for you that I saw you in time."

The boss man came and he did not hire us. We started out to walk to St George a distance of about 90 miles. We spent one miserable night on the hard ground without bedding. We kept a small fire as the night was chilly even though it was August.

The next day we met Mr Gardner. This was a surprise as we thought the other trip was the last of the timbers. The mine had ordered an extra load. He said some teams were coming out for lumber and that he would have to run the mill a couple of weeks longer. He had a job for us that would keep us busy while he sawed the lumber for them. It was digging a well and he would pay us by the foot and feed us.

We were very happy to go back with him and avoid another night on the hard ground and the 90-mile hike to town. The well went on well until we struck water. Not enough water to satisfy Mr Gardner but enough to make a muddy mess for us to work in. We had a make-shift hoist. A wooden roller turned by a wooden crank. A rather worn rope was wound around the roller. At the other end of the rope was a heavy iron ore bucket a little larger than a 5-gallon milk can. The crank was turned and the bucket filled with mud was drawn to the surface and dumped.

We took turns at the bottom of the well. It was Bert's turn at the bottom. I was at the hoist. I had a bucket of mud almost hoisted up when the rope broke. We had always been afraid that this was sure to happen so we had cautioned each other to stand close to the wall so as to be out of danger. Bert did this and escaped injury - but not the mud. He looked like he had been carefully plaster from the soles of his shoes to the top of his hat.

Another incident happened that I must tell about and then we shall return to Washington via St George. The steam guage, a device that tells the pressure of the steam in the boiler, was broken. The pop-off valve was controlled by a weight on a lever. Julius, our engineer, had slid this weight out as far as it would go, in order to get a lot of pressure in the boiler. With the guage broken he had no idea how much, This was not enough, he started hanging extra weights on like small wrenches and large iron nuts. Mr Gardner paid no heed to what he was doing so he got bolder. But a big man from St. George there for lumber saw Julius hanging a large wrench on the bar. He walked over to Julius and said, "If you hang that wrench on that bar, I will

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Note: Owing to a slight change in the method of reproduction, all pictures, except those that are hand-drawn, will be at either the right or left lower corner of the page. The narrative will run above this +++ line. Many times the picture will have no relation to the narrative.



The picture at the left is Willard, the first baby of my Uncle Olaf and Aunt Anna. I do not know the exact date of his birth. I know that I was 12 years old when he broke up my long rule as the only grandchild in the Sandberg Family. He was born sometime during the year 1902.

Before two years more or less\* they went to Idaho, so he was out of the running for a time. I can truthfully say that I was not jealous, but who will believe me?

The next time I saw Willard was in Glendale, and I was working for Uncle Olaf as you have already read unless you skipped page 8 of this number.\*P.S. They left for Idaho when he was a babe, in a sheep-wagon looking for a mill. Found one in Oakley Ida.

crown you with it. I intend to return to my family all in one piece" Julius did not hang the wrench on and the lumber was all sawed, the well was completed and we all returned to Washington via St George.

I worked at odd jobs. Helped Papa on the farm and took care of the Tithing Scales. I was now a Deacon and <sup>with</sup> Id Nielson often swept the School House out on Saturday Night. This was the only job they had for Deacons in those days. Older men passed the Sacrament and said the blessing. The plain wood floor of the School house was a mean one to sweep. We had only straw brooms and no dusting compound or sweeping mixture either. As we swept the air grew dim with dust which settled on the wooden benches. We "flirted" the dust off of the benches with rags and it rose in the air to settle back again. I think that the only dust we got rid of was the terrific amount we carried away in our lungs. My lungs still ache when I think about it. (The extra "r" and "f" in terrific are for emphasis)

Owing to my friendship with Id and the liking I had for his sister Misha I tried to take the Eighth Grade over again, but "Mit" as we called her was very cold to my advances. Once or twice at some of our parties, or after Mutual, I asked if I might "see you home" but the answer was always, "No". I became discouraged with school and quit.

I found it more to my liking to stay at home and read. Grandpa Sproul had Gibbons "Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire". This I read from cover to cover. Much of it I did not understand, but some of it stayed with me and was a help in later schooling. I sent to Montgomery Ward for "Lorna Doon" and the "Arabian Nights". These I read again and again.

By mid-winter I was in Dramatics again. We put on many plays and Id and I were in them together. The principal of the school was the director and they were for home consumption only. No more touring the towns nearby. Charles T Stoney was the name of the director. I could go on at great length about the fun we had. Enough to say that the audience cried when they should have laughed and they laughed when they should have wept. Our acting was just that good.

So the Winter of 1906, or rather '05 & '06 came to an end with the coming of Spring. Now it was off to work again. This time we had our sights trained first on Modena, where they were shearing sheep. If we did not get work there we would go on to Pioche, Nevada. Yes that wicked city where it was said that they often had one murder per day.

Papa's brothers and some other older man said to him, "Surely you are not going to let that boy go out to Pioche are you?" My Papa replied, "If I have not taught him ~~how~~ to behave himself by now he will never learn. I have enough confidence in him to feel that he will be alright wherever he goes." I was so proud that he trusted me and I would not have let him down no matter what.

Perhaps I should not name those who went, because I cannot remember all of them I am sure. I will give you the names of those that I do remember. Henry Averett and his team. I rode with him. The Boggs Twins and their teams. Sherman Cooper and his brother James. I was not sure that I liked Sherm as we always called him because when he would ask "Mit" if he could "see her home" the answer was always "yes". Just a little bit of the "green-eyed monster"

in me I suppose, but we became very good friends on this trip as you shall see.

Our first stop to look for work was at Modena (see map on inside of back cover). Here they were shearing sheep, but they had no need of any help. The men with their teams did not even try they were headed for Pioche. They waited long enough for us to try for work and then went on. Sherman and I were the only two that went on the rest returned home with some wagons that were homeward bound from a peddling trip to Pioche or DeLamar.

When we arrived in Pioche the men with the teams got a job haul-ore from a distant mine to the Railroad Station at Pioche. This left Sherm and I to shift for ourselves. Our camp was in the bushes not far from the Station and a store kept by Mr Lund. The station was about three miles from the town of Pioche. No tent. No wagon cover. No shelter of any kind. A good thing that I can add "No rain" to this picture so it was not too bad.

We made our bed near a large prickly bush. No not a prickly pear. I think it was a greasewood bush, but part of it was dry and had some fair stickers in it or on it. I slept on the side next to the bush and Sherm kept moving in that direction and pushed me into it. One night I decided to get out and let him go on. As I threw back the covers, I noted with some satisfaction, that his undershirt had worked up and his drawers had worked down. There was a fair exposure of bare skin. I crawled into the other side of the bed and drew the covers just enough to let him hit the bush bare-back. He made one shove and hit the bush and the air almost at the same time shouting "Where am I?" He told me after what a strange feeling it was to wake up on the opposite side from which you went to bed on. He agreed that

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On the left is the first picture that I have of my brother Laron. He was the second invader of my realm of only grand-child in the Sandberg Family. He was born August 8 1904 when I was 14 years old.

I do not recall any conversation about his being expected. I noted a change in my mother's clothing and knew that she had a lot of sewing to do. A lot of white squares of cloth that had to be hemmed on the sewing machine and that it was hard for her work the foot pedal, so I would get behind the machine and take hold of the rod that connected with the big wheel and run the machine for her. No questions asked.

I was puzzled when Sister Barron came with the bag and they called me in to get my first look at my brother. Since I was away from home most of the time from here on we never did get very well acquainted.

Papa got after me one day for teasing my little brother: "Dolph! I want you to stop hectoring that child." I stopped.



(The Modena-Pioche Story will be taken up again on page 20. We will need this page + 16, 17, 18, & 19 to show pictures and talk about Threshing Machines.)

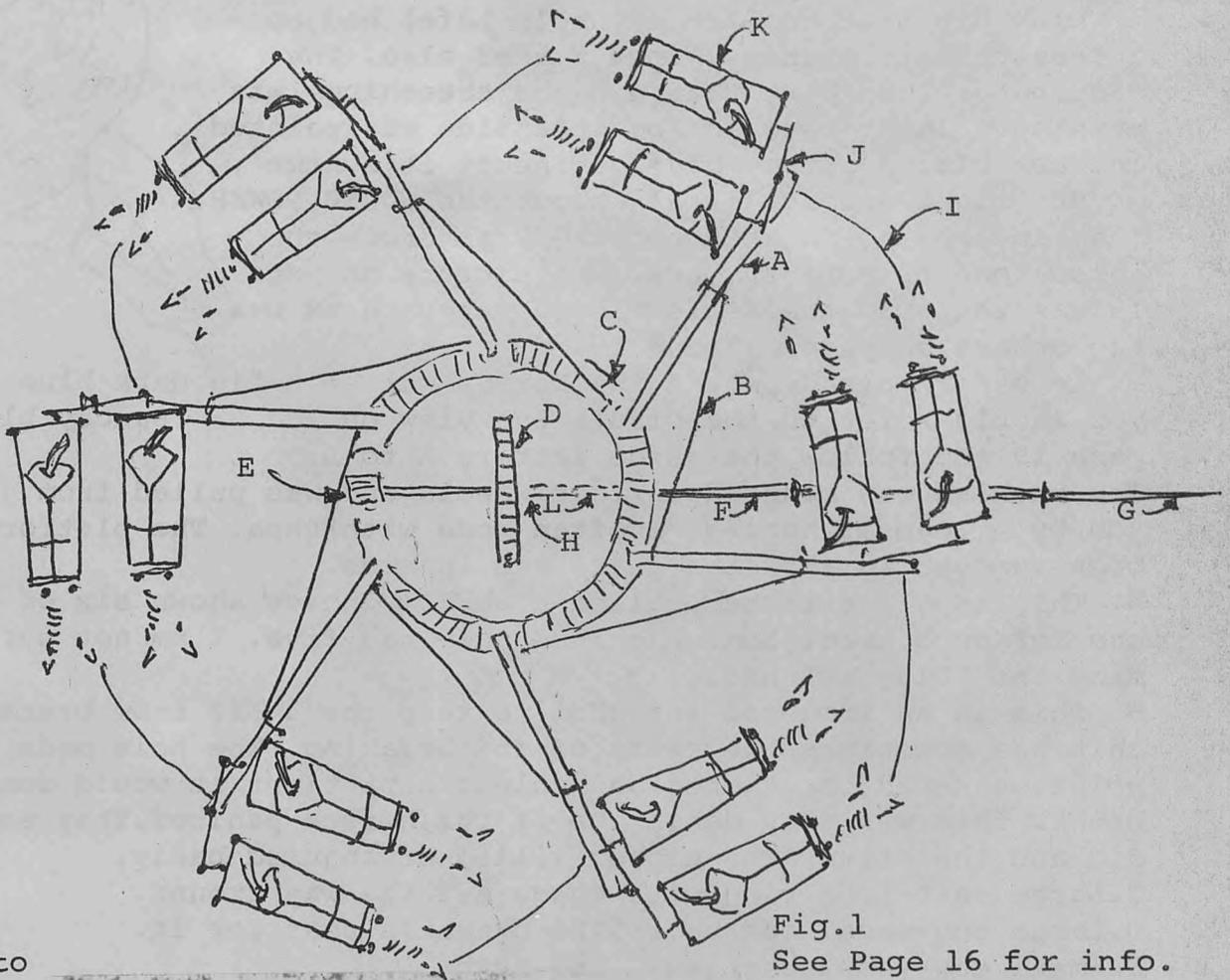
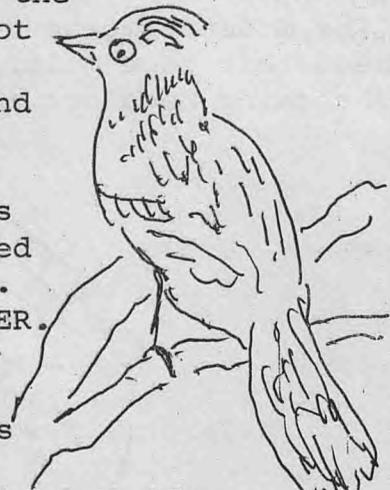


Fig. 1  
See Page 16 for info.

The photo at right is Papa on Horse Power. Boy on spring seat is ME. Other boy is Lafe Barron. Fore-ground is old willow fence. Much used in my home town.



One of the big events of my boyhood days was the coming of the BLUEJAY THRESHING MACHINE. I do not know just how old I was or where it came from. When I first remember it Rube Jolley owned it and I think his brother Lafe (my uncle Lafe) had an interest in it, perhaps James Turner also. The "Separator" (the part that did the threshing) was painted a light blue and on its side was painted in dark blue a saucy Blue Jay, hence its name.



But right now let's talk about the HORSE POWER. I am interested in this because Papa drove the horses one or more summers. The picture on page 15 was taken in the Niels Nisson farmyard as was the others on pages 17 and 19.

In order to understand the Horsepower you should refer to the bird's eye view on page 15 and follow the guide letters A to L.

"in dark blue a saucy blue jay"

The machine was mounted on four wheels and was pulled from job to job by a team of horses. I often rode with Papa. The platform has been removed to show the gears and innards.

- A. This is a 6x6 timber called a SWEEP. I have shown six of these, one for each team. Some machines only had five. I am not sure how many the "Bluejay" had.
- B. This is an iron rod intended to keep the SWEEP from breaking, but this was sometimes the cause of its breaking. The hole made at this point weakened the timber and unless kept tight it would sometimes break. This was very dangerous if the horses panicked. They sometimes did and the driver was either killed or injured badly.
- C. Large cast-iron ring with coggs all the way around.
- D. Large cog-wheel bok under the driver's seat for it.
- E. Small cog-wheel engages C and turns D
- F. Tumbling rod connects to small gear H must reach the ground so horses can step over it. Some new teams sometimes shied at it until used to it.
- G. Rod runs on ground until it nears the SEPARATOR Then it rises.
- I. Outside horse is tied to the SWEEP in front of him.
- J. Double tree hitched to end of each SWEEP.
- K. This is a horse. There are 12 of them. Each hand on the crew owner of one team.
- L. The slanting rod that connects gear H to the tumbling rod.

A word about the hats that Lafe Barron and I are wearing. They are felt and when new had a stiff brim like a straw sailor hat that some girls wore. But to us the hats were just no good until the stiffness went out of them and they "flopped" over our ears. Then and then only were they considered first class as a hat. Sometimes we would "tuck" them under the crown and make a new style. Some of the kids got real fancy and cut notches in the brim. Some even cut holes in the crown.

On the next page we will show a picture of the SEPARATOR and have something to say about the FEEDERS and the BANDCUTTER.

P.S. Papa is standing on the platform in the center of the ring of horses. I was not allowed to be with him when they were threshing.

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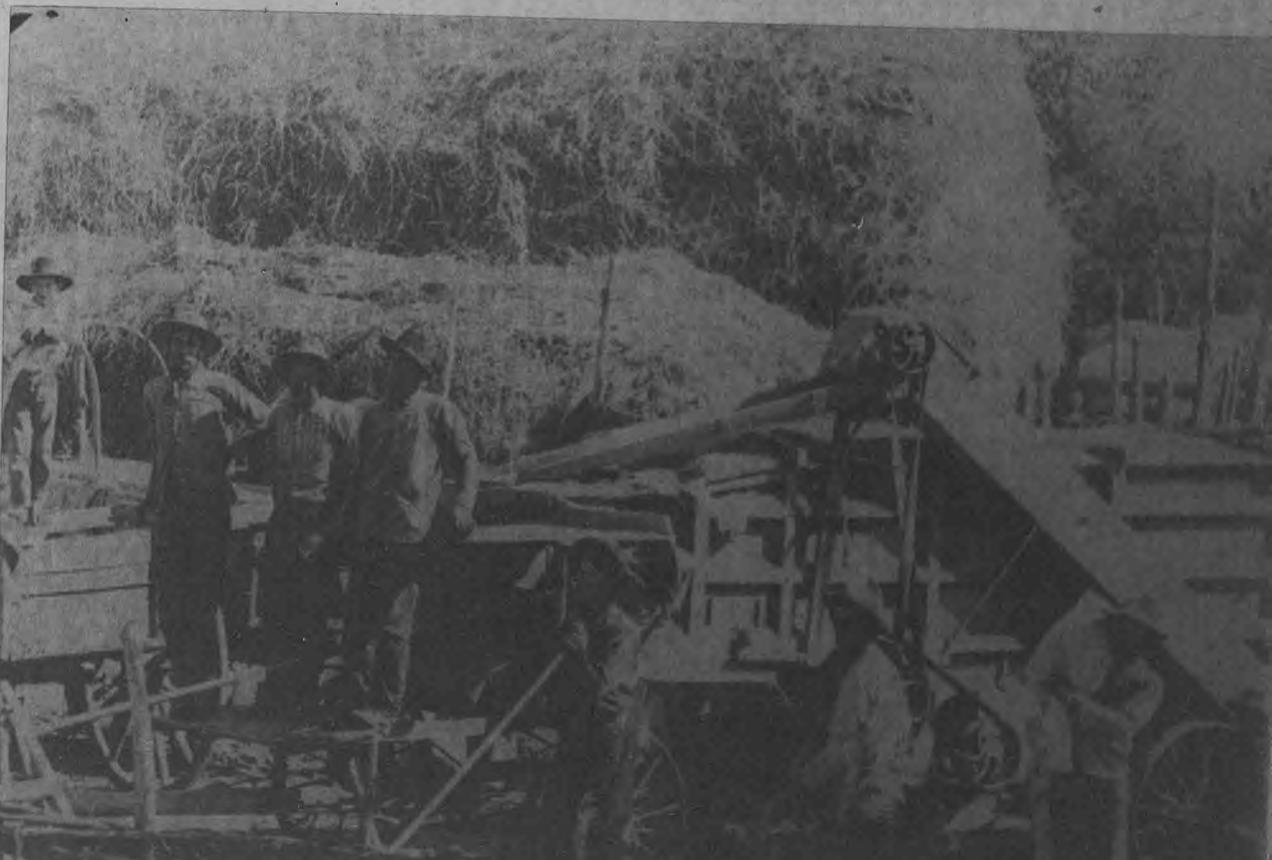
THE PATENT OPERATION  
MILB BROUGHT IN THROUGH HIS MEDIUM  
TO SUC IN 1855 ON  
THE HINDLEY CO

Photodupl. B. Curdman  
69211-3-3  
Barro O'Neil

The farmers of Washington had a procedure that was hard to understand. The farms were all across the river from three to five miles from town. They would cut the wheat and bind it into bundles then haul it to town where it was stacked in large circular stacks. The wheat kernels were thrashed out and the straw piled in a stack. The straw was feed to the "dry" stock. What they did not eat they trampled under foot. Some of the straw was used as "bedding under the horses feet. By early spring most of the straw, mixed with dung was quite rotten. It was now called "manure" and was hauled back to the fields from whence it came. This went on for years until a few got smart and started making their home in the fields.

Here is where the BLUEJAY separator came in. It was called a separator I suppose, because it separated the wheat from the straw and chaff. When the picture below was taken the large circular stacks had all been fed through the separator. The three men on the platform at the front of the machine are (left to right): Rube Jolley, feeder, James Turner, feeder and Roy Pectrol, band-cutter. The man seated, is the Tallyman. He measures the wheat and takes the toll for the use of the separator. Uncle Lafe Jolley was on this job for a long time but I cannot tell if this is him or not. The man with the sack, is called a carrier there were two or more of these depending how far the wheat bin was from the machine. Sometimes a boy could get a job holding sacks for the tallyman. This was a dirty job at times and the chaff would get down your back clear to the waist. The man leaning on the fork is one of the men who has just finished pitching the bundles of the vanished stack onto the table above his head near the bandcutter. I think he is Willard Nisson oldest son of the owner of the farmyard.

It was hard dirty work feeding the bundles into the separator. The two men would change often so as to make the work bearable. The bandcutter worked all the time. All he had to do was cut the string that held the bundle together.



I suppose one of the reasons for doing the threshing in town for so many years was for the convenience of the women. Perhaps they demanded it. I cannot prove that so do not quote me. Cooking for the treshers was a big event of the year. Lucky was the man who had a place in the required regular crew. He was sure well-fed for the entire season. Farmer's wife was always on trial for her skill in cooking whenever the BLUEJAY perched in her husband's yard. Every meal was a wedding feast. The meals at each setting were compared with the last stop, or the feeling went around that the next place would put on a better meal. It took quantity as well as quality. The expression was quite common in any kitchen if a large batch was under preparation, "My goodness you have cooked enough for the Threshers!" or its companion, "Expecting the Threshers?"

Some of the farmers started doing their threshing in the fields without moving out there to live. This put the housewife at a very great disadvantage. How can you compete with the "Jones's" if you have to serve your meals three miles across the river and you competitor can serve direct from her kitchen?

Many things happened at threshing time. There were fights and hot arguments. You could not very well have a cold argument in Washington during July and August. There were wrestling matches and pranks of all kinds. Some of them funny and some of them just a bit grim.

I remember Papa was in one fight. It really was not a fight just the start of one. I did not see it and Papa did not talk about it. I was told about it and the person who told me did not know what started it. He thought it had something to do with a team that was on the Horsepower. Perhaps the owner a big burly bully, had said something about Papa using the whip on his team. He saw Papa climb off the Horsepower and the other man climb off the wheatstack. They made for each other. Papa put up his arm to fend off the blow aimed at his head and then almost fainted. Men intervened and pulled off the bully. Father had a large boyl on his arm. The blow landed on it. The pain must have been something to remember.

Then there was the time a man was kidded about being shot with a shotgun loaded with salt when he was caught stealing melons one moonlight night. "Salt my eye", he said, "Come take a look at this". He pulled down his pants and exposed his bare bottom. "Does that look like salt?" he demanded of his tormentors. His bottom was well pepered with small black stains that could have been made only with the standard lead pellets used in shotguns. "What did you do?" someone asked. "Do".? he shouted. "I cut a path; four feet wide right through the middle of the owner's bean patch, poles and all!"

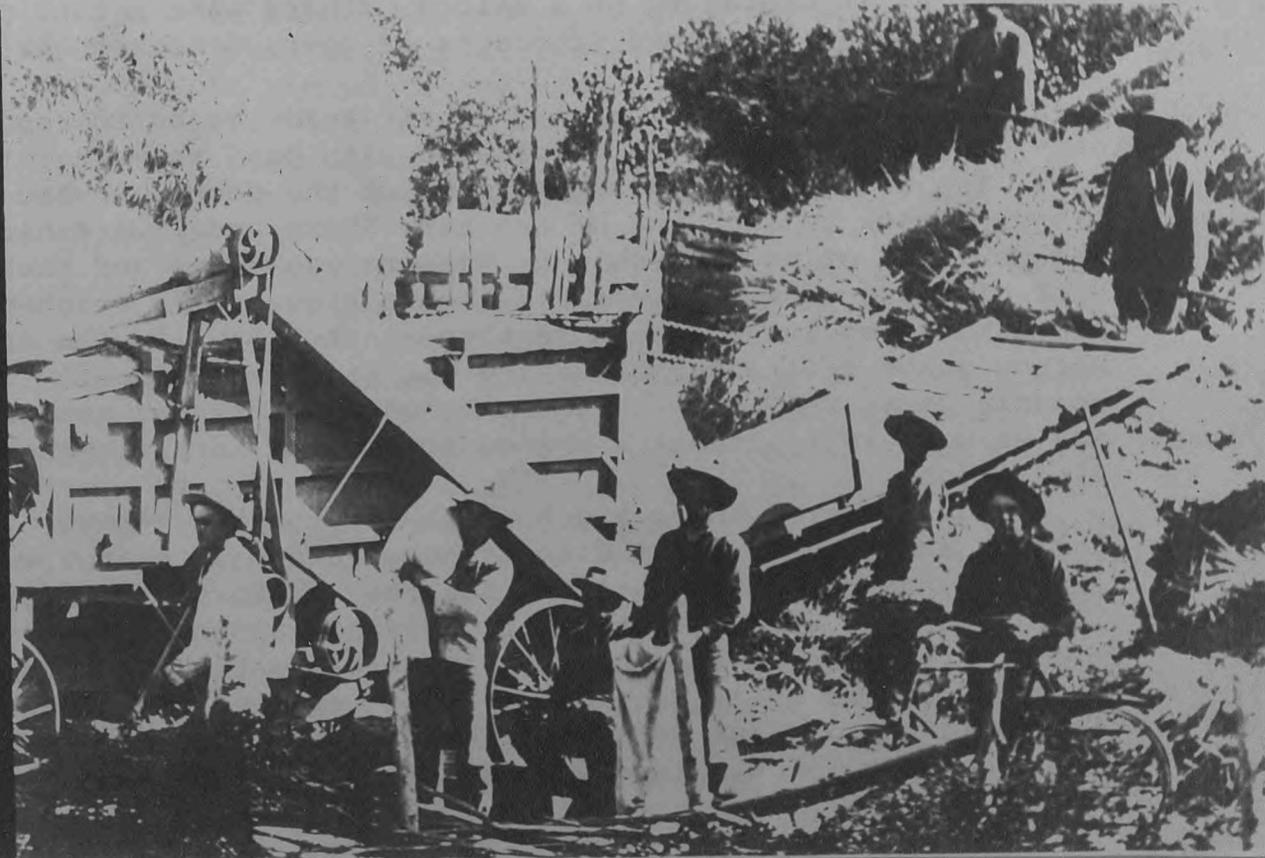
One grim incident I recall. This time the threshing was done in the field but the farmer hauled the crew to town so as not to put his wife at a disadvantage in preparing the meals. One of the pitchers was what we called "goosey". If suddenly poked or spoken to from behind he would jump. It made no difference where he was. He would jump off a cliff, into the river or a fire. Going back to work he sat in the spring-seat with the farmer. As we crossed the "sandplot" the other pitcher, who was standing up behind the seat, poked him in the back and shouted. He jumped clear off the wagon onto the ground. The

soft sand broke the fall and he was not hurt. He kindly smiled at his partner, they would have to work together and there was no sense in starting a fight. When we reached the farmyard he climbed up the ladder to the top of the tall stack ahead of his burly partner. When he saw the big man start up the ladder to join him, he sat quietly until the big fellow reached the top and then he stood up, pitchfork in hand. The prankster of the sand-plot faced the sharp tines of the pitchfork in the hands of calm but determined man who said, "Now jump and don't look, just jump and light wherever you are lucky enough to land!" He jumped and fortunately landed on a pile of loose wheat from broken bundles. He was not hurt and the rest of the day they worked together in silence.

The picture below is the "tail-end" of the BLUEJAY. Here is where the straw robbed of its wheat comes out to be stacked. The "tail-end" is equipped with a "straw-carrier" consisting of a flat chute that can be raised as the stack gets higher. A belt of wood slats moves along it to carry the straw up. (More modern machines have a blower) I think the man at the "tail-end" is Niels Nisson, the owner of the farmyard. You wonder why he would take a dirty job like that. Well some owners did that so they could watch to see that the BLUEJAY was not letting wheat go over into the straw. This it did at times.

The man most seen at the "tail-end" was a man who had never talked from birth. Some said he was "tongue-tied." This was his favorite station. Sometimes the strawcarrier would get clogged and throw off the belt. Then the machine had to be stopped. The same thing would happen if the tines of a pitch-fork were stuck between the slats. If the carrier stopped the dumb man would be accused of sticking his fork into it to obtain a rest. He would let out a roar of wild sounds in protest.

You get a better look at the Tally-man in this picture. You can also see the sack-holder. I cannot tell who these are as their faces are in the shadow of their hats



(The Modena-Pioche Story continued from page 14)

that we should move the bed to a new location he had always objected before when I had proposed it. He did not think that he travelled sideways in his sleep.

Sherm had known Mr Lund for some time before, so he took an interest in us and gave us every little job that came along. He would tell Sherm about it and he was always kind enough to include me in it with him. Our first job was to take Mr Lund's team and wagon to town with a load of canned goods and other merchandise to a store up town. Our first visit to the "wicked city." Sherm stayed to help unload the wagon and I brought the team back to the station for another load. Mr Lund had two wagons and thus we kept the operation going until the box-car was unloaded. On the way back I had a close call to a "bad nasty." It was all due to my stupid curiosity.

About half-way from town just off the road were a group of small houses surrounded by a picket fence. Two negro women were standing by the gate as I passed along the road riding one of the horses and leading the other. They called to me to come over. I had never seen a real negro male or female and I was curious to get a closer look. I rode over and they invited me to get off my horse and come in. I was now real scared and I guess they could tell that I was. I kicked my horse in the ribs, but he was slow to move. One of them opened the gate and took hold of the horses bridle. I gave the horse a sharp ~~step~~ with the end of the lines and he jerked his head away from her and we beat it for the station. The two black women roared with wild laughter. They thought it was very funny. I did not and I told no one of my experience. I was too much ashamed of my stupid ignorance.

Sherm and I went up town on several occasions looking for work. We had noticed occasional signs in the windows asking for help. One I remember read, "WANTED AT ONCE ONE THOUSAND MEN TO UNLOAD SCHOONERS." We went in. It proved to be a saloon. Minors were not allowed. The men were wanted to unload schooners of beer. Schooner was the name for a mug.

Now the men who had gone with their teams began to return with loads of ore. This had to be unloaded with hand shovels into box-cars. The ore soon piled up in front of the doors and had to be shoveled back to each end of the car. Sherm and I were hired for the job. One of us in each end. The ore was heavy and the heat in the back of those cars was terrible. Not a breeze ever reached back there. This job run out because they started hauling the ore on a narrow gauge railroad and dumping the rail cars directly into open gondola cars. The men with their teams went farther away for work and we were left without a chance to go home in case we could not find a job.

Mr Lund offered Sherm a job which he promptly turned down. He told me about it in great disgust, never dreaming that I would take it. The engineer of the branch rail road that came up from Caliente lived near the station. It was a daylight run so he was home every night. His wife had been using a Japense boy to help with the house-work, but he had quit. She told Mr Lund her need. He thought of Sherm. She would pay 50¢ for scrubbing her kitchen floor and would give him his dinner, or lunch. Mid-day meal call it by either name. I went to

Mr Lund and told him I would take the job. I told the lady that I had never scrubbed a floor, but if she would show me how I would at least try it. She said that she would give me a trial. The work was completed and she served me a nice lunch and sat at the table and ate with me. It was the first time that I had sat at a table since I left home.

A few days later her husband came down to our camp and asked which one of us had worked for his wife. I told him I was the guilty guy and asked what I had done wrong. He laughed and said, "Nothing wrong. I just wondered if you would like a more man-size job than scrubbing floors. I have a horse at a ranch this side of Caliente. I would like you to ride down on the train and bring the horse back." I told him I would sure like that especially if I could ~~ride~~ in the engine cab. He thought that could be arranged if I did not mind standing up as there was no place for me to sit.

It was a much larger engine than the one at Mammoth, so the thrill was great. He put me off at the ranch and I rode the horse back. It was a lonely ride along an old trail through the hills. He paid me a \$5 gold-piece for the job.

Our jobs were so far apart that we could never get ahead. We ate up all we made. Mr Lund gave us a job digging a cellar. When this was completed we had enough money to pay our fare home. So home we went. We took the train to Modena and the stage from there to St George and walked to Washington.

Sherm got a job cutting rock for the new school house and I went to Coal Pits Saw Mill near Panguitch Lake where they were sawing timbers for the Hatch Dam. So ~~went~~ the summer of 1906. When I returned home in the fall just a little past the age of 16 I weighed 160 pounds. The most I have ever weighed. My average from then on was 154. It has varied only a pound or two throughout my entire life since.

Another winter of Dramatics and aimless fooling around. I was with Id Nielson quite a bit and we became very good pals. His sister Mit was now going quite often with Sherm Cooper. She had a sister Ina that I took a liking to. I decided to try asking her to go to a dance with me instead of the old "May I see you home." She had never been out with a boy as far as I knew.

I called at her home but she was not there. Her mother told me where she had gone on a short errand for her and asked me to wait until she came back as she would not be gone long. I did not wait, I wanted no onlookers. I met her on the sidewalk and stopped her with, "Will you go to the dance with me tonight?" She giggled. "Me? Go with you?" I said yes or ~~some~~ something like it. She giggled again and said, "Oh alright."

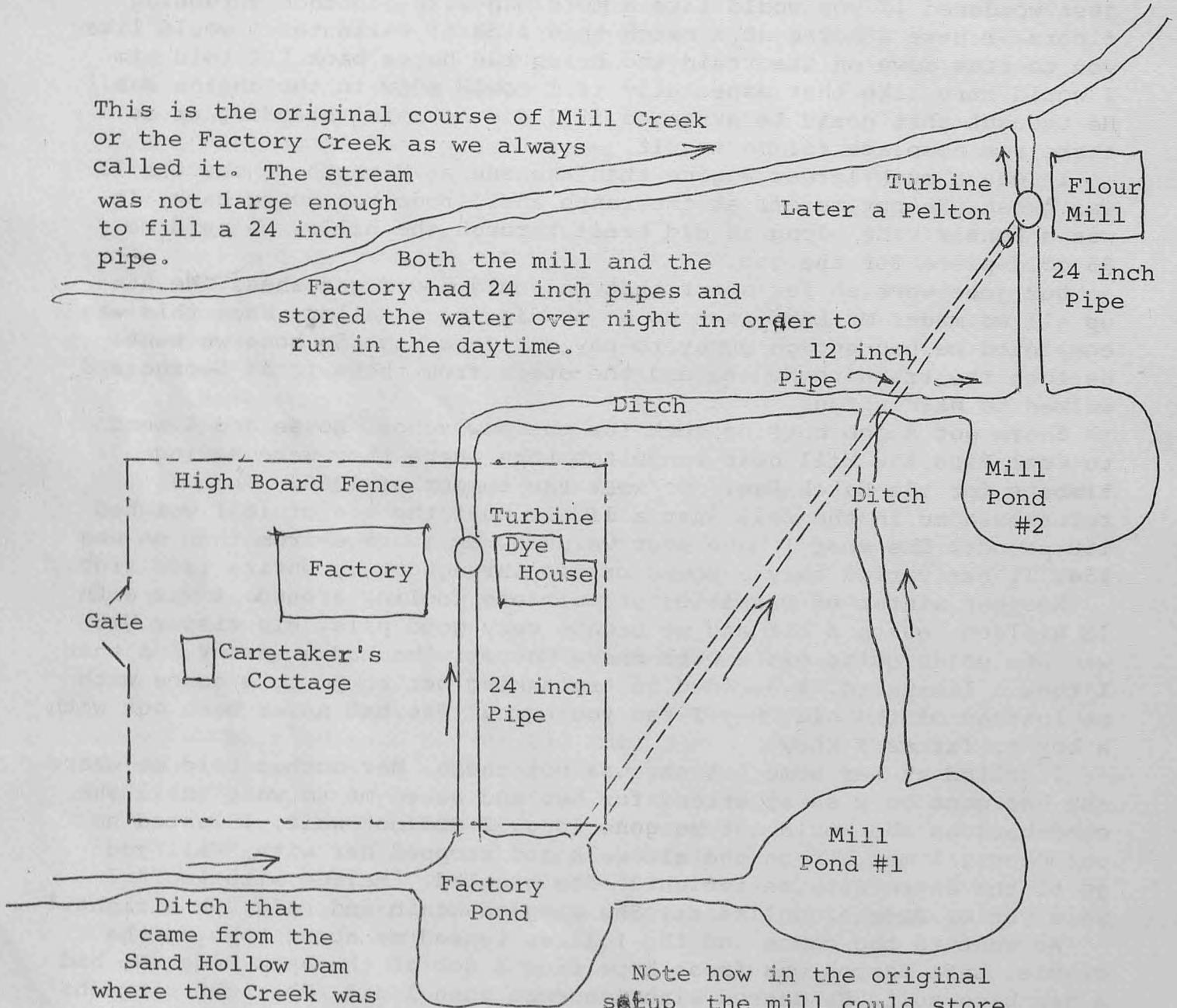
We went to the dance and the fellows teased me about robbing the cradle. Lafe Barron was fresh home from a job at the Apex Mine. He had a new blue suit. He danced with Ina more than I did. The next dance he beat my time and took Ina. The best I could do was double date with Lafe and Ina and one of her girl pals that I did not care about.

Now we come to the Summer of 1907 and perhaps the most interesting one up to then. Armand Hoff was trying to revive the old Washington Factory, or at the least to run it enough to maintain the water rights. You will never understand unless I make a drawing. This I shall try.

When the Washington Factory made, what everybody thought was its last run in 1899, the owners hired Armand Hoff as caretaker. His pay was so stated in a contract: The right to run the factory for any purpose and at any time he chose. No one knew the great dream that he had for the future of the factory. Certainly the owners of the Washington County Flour Mill did not or they never would have made the changes in their pipe line which prevented them from running the mill if the factory chose to run. I have tried to make a drawing that will help the reader to understand the situation.

This is the original course of Mill Creek or the Factory Creek as we always called it. The stream was not large enough to fill a 24 inch pipe.

Both the mill and the Factory had 24 inch pipes and stored the water over night in order to run in the daytime.

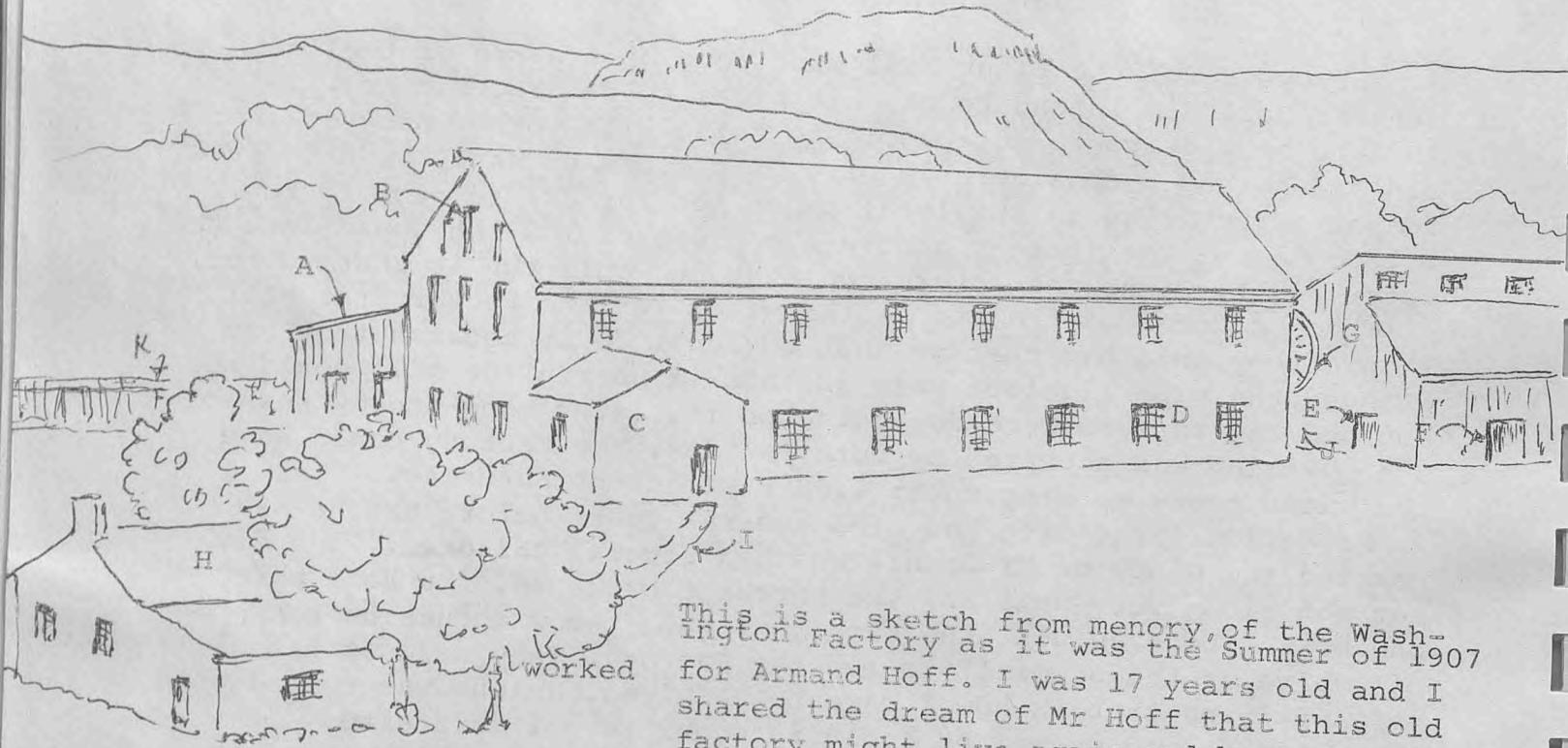


Ditch that came from the Sand Hollow Dam where the Creek was diverted.

Note how in the original setup the mill could store water in Pond #2 if the Factory was running. They stored in Pond # 1 if the Factory was not running. When they thought the Factory was finished they abandoned both ponds and installed a Pelton Wheel instead of the turbine. A 12 inch pipe instead of a 24 inch. The creek would fill a 12 inch pipe and they needed no ponds. But if the Factory ran they could not turn a wheel.

the Factory was not running. When they thought the Factory was finished they abandoned both ponds and installed a Pelton Wheel instead of the turbine. A 12 inch pipe instead of a 24 inch. The creek would fill a 12 inch pipe and they needed no ponds. But if the Factory ran they could not turn a wheel.





This is a sketch from memory, of the Washington Factory as it was the Summer of 1907 for Armand Hoff. I was 17 years old and I shared the dream of Mr Hoff that this old factory might live again and be restored to its former glory. Perhaps even greater.

Follow the letters and I will conduct you on a self-guided tour of the plant. Please forgive me if I grow somewhat emotional at times. The glory of the dream still lingers.

A. This was the store room. It was still intact when I was there. The shelving still carried the butter-fat stains of the cheeses they had once held. Some smelled of smoked bacon, others were crusted with salt where they had held plain salt bacon and perhaps fish from Panguitch Lake.

B. This is the door to the baling room. I carried all of batting up here and baled it, then carried, or slid it down the stairway. I wanted to pitch it out of the window, but Mr Hoff said not to. This was a hot place to work in July.

C. This was the Office. Here we received our weekly checks.

D. The looms were all on this side. The carding machines on the other side of the ground floor. Behind these was the Lap Machine.

E. The door to the Gin Room. Here the seeds were removed from the cotton.

F. The door to the Dye-house and Wheel-house or Turbine.

G. Was the big fly-wheel that could be seen from the Flour Mill. They watched it eagerly around 1:00 P.M. When it stopped they could start.

H. The caretaker's cottage. With great difficulty and great pride Mr. Hoff kept alive a few cottonwood trees. Here he lived. I was never in his living quarters. The front parlor he had converted into a study. Here were books on Textile Design, stacks of books filled with silk garment labels, samples of his work in New York. Here was the punch-card machine for the Jacquard Loom. Here I studied and punched when not busy in the Factory.

I. The well-worn path between cottage and office.

J. The Breezeway between the Factory and the Dyehouse.

(I did not have room to ~~grow~~ emotional so I held back)

grow

KK. A high board fence.

Armand Hoff had found that the people did not take kindly to the growing of silk worms, but this did not stop him from trying to induce the farmers to grow cotton. Perhaps they were willing to grow it, but who would pick it?

There was no labor available like that in the picture at the right.

The machine to pick cotton had not been invented.

Only a limited number of farmers responded to his call

The photo on the right is the Factory as it looks today. The fence is gone, the Dye-house is no more, but the thing most missed is the Caretaker's Cottage and the trees.

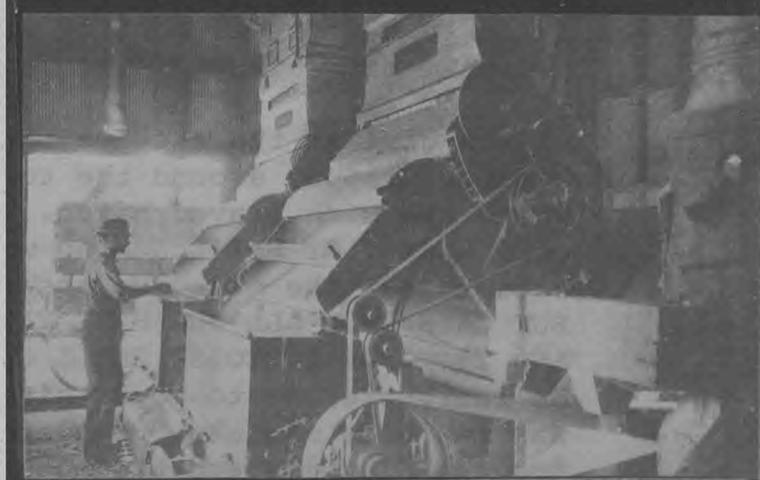
But this is the story of the dream and not the end of it.

When I started work the storage bin was about three fourths filled with cotton on the seed.

We had only one gin two are shown with suction to remove the dust. We had no suction. The operator ate it, or rather breathed it.

When I think of all the dust I have breathed I marvel that I have any lungs at all..

On page 27 I will show a section through the Gin and attempt to explain how it worked.



The inside of the Cotton Gin is shown on page 27. The letters refer to the various parts. After the cotton had been stripped from the seeds it still was quite dirty. Bits of the hard shell-like ball that had held the cotton, pieces of stem and leaves etc. These had to be removed before feeding to the carding machine. Also the cotton could not be fed to the carding machine loose like it came from the gin. After further cleaning it had to be formed into a roll called a lap. The cleaning and the making of the roll was done on a machine called the Lapper. Many called it the "Devil" because it made "a devil of a noise" I suppose. It could be heard almost anywhere in town. It was located in a small room at the back of the main building and close to the carding machines.

Fig. 2 on page 27 is a sectional drawing of the Lapper. The letters refer to the various parts. "A" is the two bladed knife that revolved at about 1000 rpm. "B" is the moving belt of slats on which the cotton that I carried from the gin on my back in a sheet was spread on this belt. "C" is the cotton or "lint" as it was called. "D" the grate through which the rubbish dropped as knocked out by the knife. "E" another belt of slats that carried the clean lint to the roller "F" where it was formed into a "lap" "G". The completed lap was carried to the carding machine. It took a bit of doing to get the lap started forming on the roll of the lapper.

Fig. 3 is the carding machine, or rather a row of them. We only used one and robbed the others for parts to keep it going. The carded lint comes off the machine in a flat thin stream almost as delicate as a spider's web. If it is to be spun into thread it is converted into a rope about an inch in diameter. We did no spinning. We converted it into a flat stream about 12" wide. This was wound around a roller until a roll weighing a predetermined weight was reached.

Fig. 4 is a sectional view of the carding machine. The lap is seen at the right. All the rolls shown small and large were covered with wire brush fabric made by fine wire staples driven through leather. These all had to be watched and kept in good shape. On the right you see the comb "F" removing the lint from the "doffer". Here is where we made it into rolls to be sold as batting for making quilts. This was our main product and our only source of income.

The girl at the station where the roll was made, after weighing, placed a paper wrapper around the roll and fastened it with flour paste. Here is where the mice played havoc. They would eat the paste and the roll would come apart. Mr Hoff came up with the "brilliant" idea that we should get cats to eat the mice. He prepared a sign which read: I ARMAND HOFF WILL BUY CATS FROM ALL WHO HAVE CATS TO SPARE. I WILL PAY 15¢ FOR PLAIN CATS AND 25¢ FOR TORTOISE SHELL CATS. BRING THEM TO THE WASHINGTON FACTORY. He instructed me to post this at the Meeting House. I told him that he was making a mistake. He glared at me and informed me that he was running the business and was not paying me to run it. (Watch what happened)

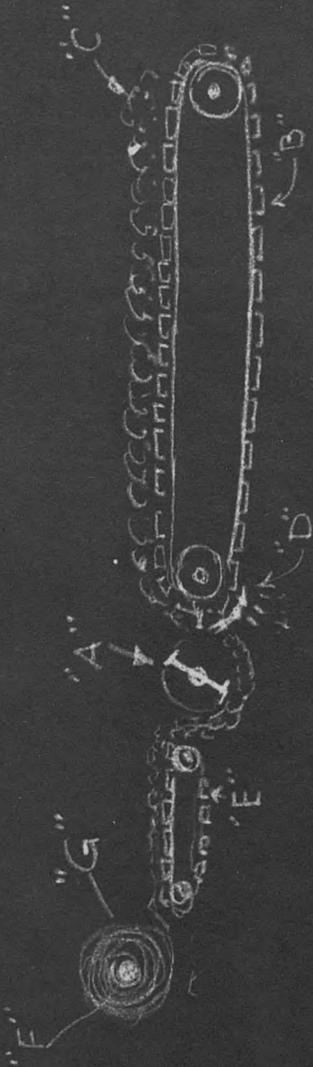


FIG 2. THE LAPPER OR WHEEL  
 Note: This was acquired on a stand  
 about table height.

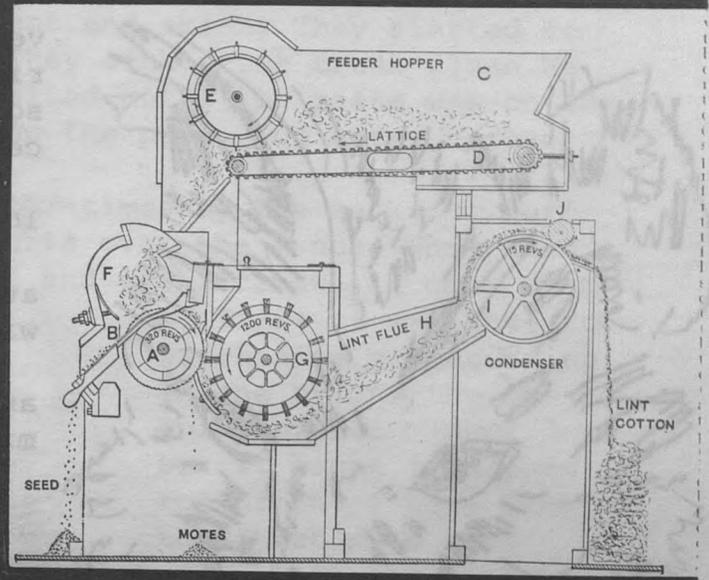


Fig. 1. Inside of a Cotton Gin

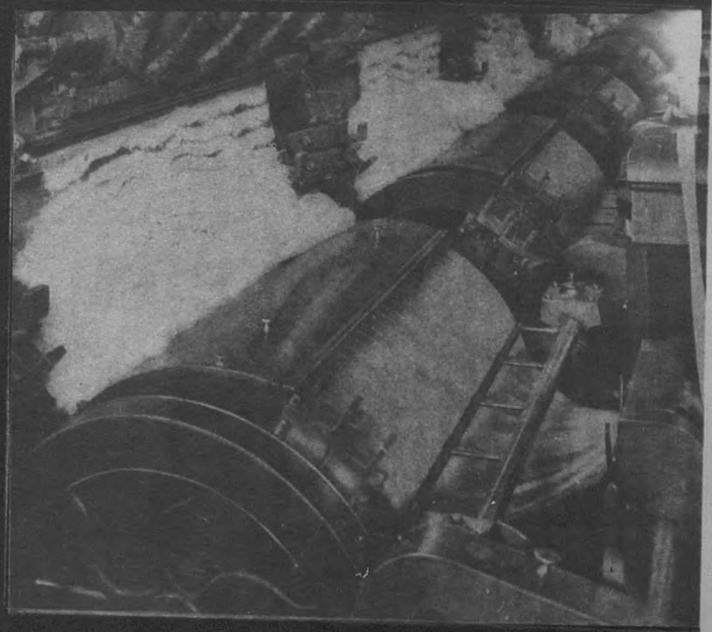


Fig 3 Row of Carding Machines

Note: In the description of Fig 4 on page 26 I got my arms mixed. The Lap is on the left instead of the right as stated. Okay.

Instead of the coiler as shown we made the "lint" into a roll like the Lap only much smaller. This was known as "Cotton Batts" More about it on page 26.

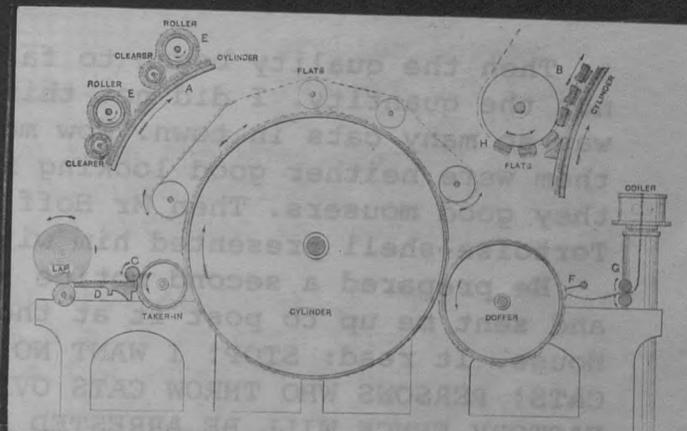


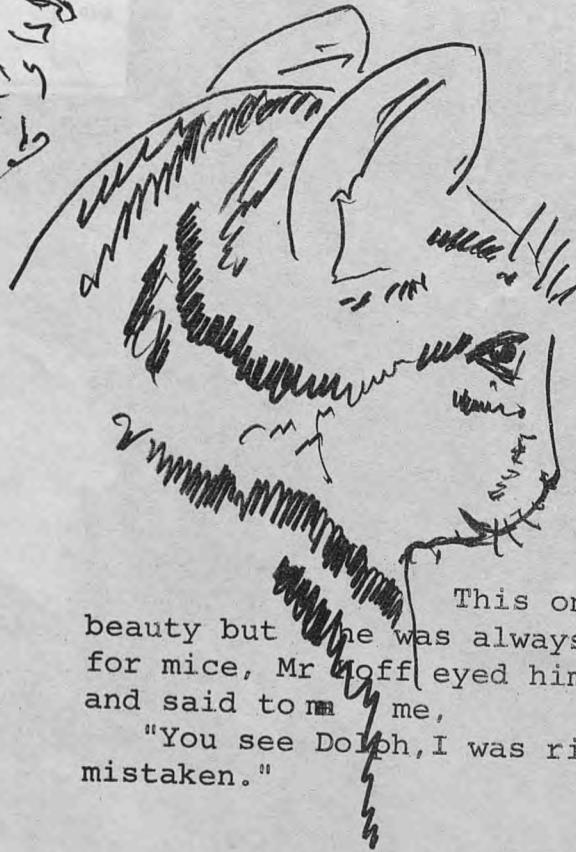
Fig. 4 Insides of a Carding Machine

The first cats that arrived were very fine specimens. Some were down right beautiful. Mr, "Father" Hoff was so proud of them. Especially the 25 cent ones, The "Tortoise-shells".

"But we do not care about their looks, I said, "Will they catch mice?"

"We must wait for that", he frowned at me, "If we do not feed them they will catch mice or starve!"

Some were just natural mousers and they went right to work on the mice.



This one was no beauty but he was always watching for mice, Mr Hoff eyed him with pride and said to me,

"You see Dolph, I was right you were mistaken."



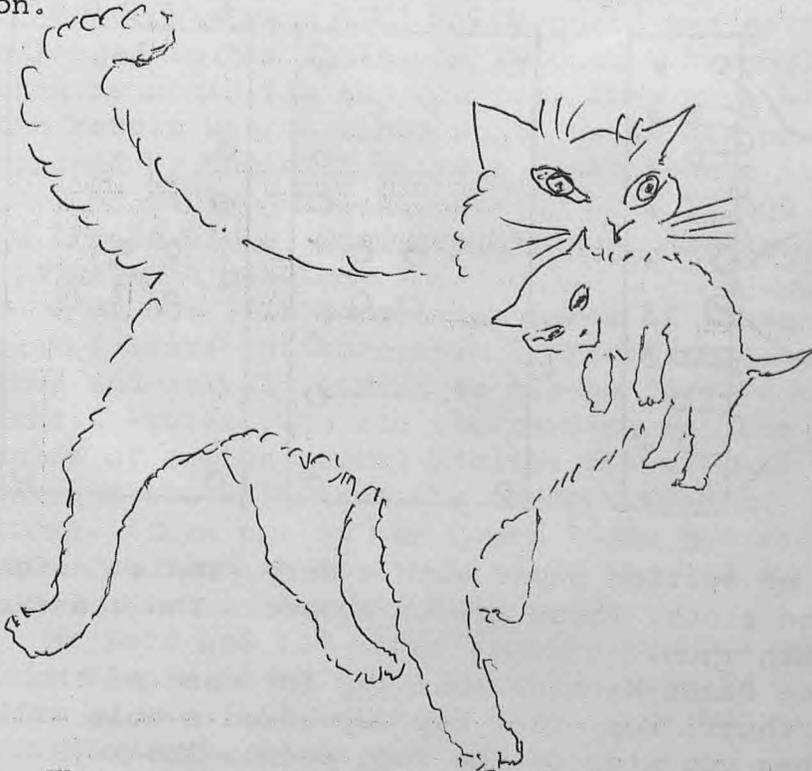
Then the quality began to fall off, but not the quantity. I did not think there was so many cats in town. Now most of them were neither good looking nor were they good mousers. Then Mr Hoff's prize Tortoise-shell presented him with kittens.

He prepared a second notice in haste and sent me up to post it at the Meeting House. It read: STOP! I WANT NO MORE CATS! PERSONS WHO THROW CATS OVER THE FACTORY FENCE WILL BE ARRESTED AND TRIED FOR TRESPASSING. A. HOFF.



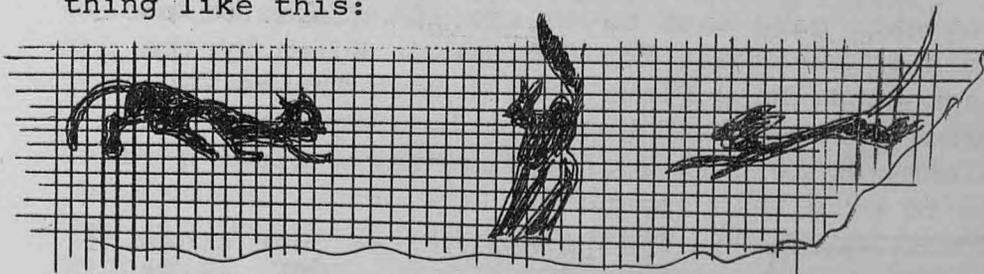
The posting of the new notice was useless. The biological balance began to tip the other way. The mice were gone, but the cats were now our problem. They grew hungry, gaunt and skinny. They started to eat the paste right out of the pan. They licked the brush clean. We had gained one point. The mice had waited until the paste was on the roll of batts. With the cats in charge the paste got eaten before it could be put on the roll.

The boys continued to bring cats, sometimes by the sackfull. Hoff turned them away and they threw the cats over the fence. When the boys finally stopped, nature took over and the increase in cats went on.



At first it was cute to watch some mother bring in one by one the results of her "labor," but it began to happen too often. I have been told that male cats often kill the kittens. I guess that we did not have that kind of Tom-cats. Please forgive me, but wished we did. Mr Hoff mixed up more flour paste and our cat colony lived on it, I would not say that they thrived on it. They were a skinny, gaunt and always crying lot. I felt that they were always hungry.

They even got mixed up with my studies of the weaving process. In fact they almost got me fired. One of the first steps in textile design is placing the figure to be woven on cross-section paper. Mr Hoff had given me a rose to work on. When I came up with something like this:



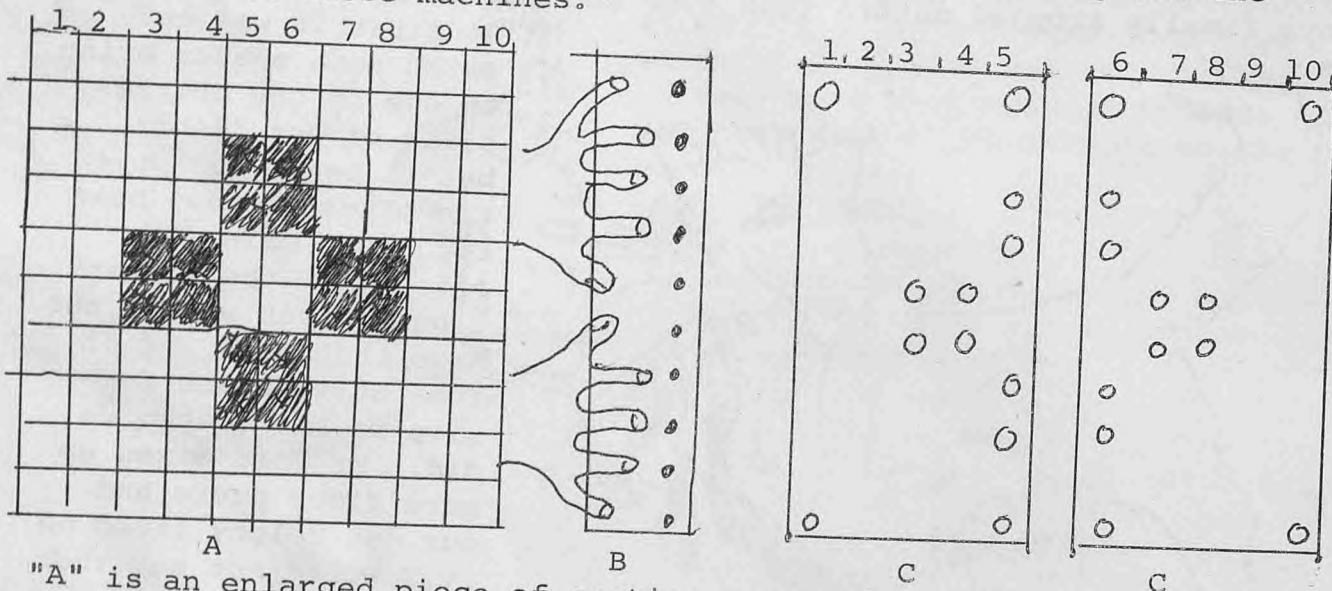
He glared at me and said, "Dolph you are making merry with our very serious problem. Anyway you are not ready to indulge in

original design. Tomorrow afternoon we take the wheel-barrow and go up to the "Green" and bring down the Jacquard Cylinder and the Card Punching Machine. You will clean, oil and put them in operating condition."

We have mentioned three things that need explanation. The "Green" was Mr Hoff's original home, it was a mile or more from the Factory. Here was a small spring and a few acres of ground. He had built a small house and planted mulberry trees all over the acreage. No one had told him that these trees would not grow in

alkaline soil. His dream of a silkworm plantation was shattered. His beloved wife Mary died and he seldom visited the place.

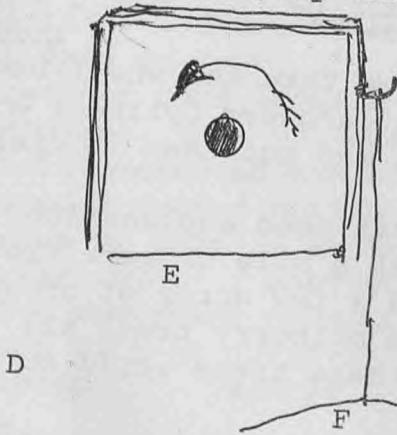
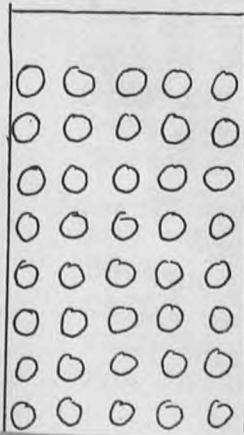
One of the things that he had brought with him from New York was a Jacquard Loom (pronounced Shockard) and its related equipment. One of these was the Punch Card Machine. (No it was nothing like the one that the IBM machines use today.) We brought them both down to the Factory. I learned to operate the Punch Machine but we never did get the Jacquard Loom set up completely. I shall try to explain the operation of these machines.



"A" is an enlarged piece of section paper with a very simple design that is to be woven in the cloth. These are  $\frac{1}{4}$ " squares. The standard section paper was one tenth inch.

"B" is the keyboard of the Punch Machine. One key for each of the fingers and one for each thumb. For every key depressed a hole will be punched in the card when you step on the foot pedal. The keys controlled by the little fingers are used for making holes in the corners of the cards and have nothing to do with the design. These holes are for lacing the cards together.

"C" "C" are the cards punched according to the pattern. Note there are five positions on each card that match the 10 squares of the design or pattern. No 1 Blank except for the corner holes by the little fingers of each hand. No 2 Blank No 3&4 Both Thumbs. No 5 & 6 Both index and middle fingers and both little fingers. No 7&8 both thumbs. No 9 blank. No 10 both little fingers. It took a lot of practice to learn to play this "piano".



"D" is one of the four sides of the Jacquard Cylinder. In each of the holes is a little hook on a spring. These are held down by the card as it passes over unless there is a hole in the card then the hook will come out and engage a wire which will lift a tread in the loom and the pattern will be woven into the cloth.

"E" is an end view of the Cylinder  
 "F" is the thread in the cloth.

Mr Hoff told me the story of the Jacquard Loom. I have checked his account with the Encyclo paedia Britannica and found that they agree on the main points.

As it is with most inventions they are not always the work of one man, but the combined efforts of many men over a long period of time, so it was with the Jacquard Loom. Before his time patterns were woven ~~xxxxxxx~~ on a draw loom. The threads were lifted by means of a string fastened to each thread. The strings were pulled by a boy called the "draw-boy". He followed the pattern on a perforated sheet of paper which told him which strings to pull.

About the year 1801 Mr Jacquard was called in to fix a loom that belonged to the state. He told them he could build a better loom easier than he could fix the old one. They gave him permission to try and the result was the loom which bears his name. His invention was opposed by the silk weavers, who feared it would deprive many of them of their jobs. However, by 1812 11,000 of his looms were in use in France alone. His invention was declared public property and he was given a pension.

I do not like to mention names of those who worked in the Factory lest I leave out some that I should remember. I will mention two of them and ask all others to please forgive me. I remember ~~Mxxxxx~~ Mattie Averett, who run the carding machine and tied or pasted up the rolls of cotton batts. Eveline Stewart was one of the girls that unwound the silk from the cacoons. She may have worked on one of the looms. I ran one of the towel looms and made a few towels. I also made one blanket on the blanket loom. I wove considerable plain cloth but I have no idea how many yards.

Mr Hoff had the cards already punched for a design of the Salt Lake Temple to be woven in silk. Many of the cards had become damaged by mice and water. I made replacements for all the damaged cards but they were never used.

Late in August we ran out of cotton. The thread in the looms was getting so rotten and snarled that it was impracticable to weave any more, so Mr Hoff decided to close down. He had preserved the water right for another seven years so he was happy but in very poor health. He offered me the chance to continue my studies in textile design and the operation of the Jacquard Loom, but said he could not pay me as he had no funds.

He had always said, "There are three reasons why the Washington Factory could not run viz. Waste of time. Waste of Labor. ~~xxxxxxx~~ and Waste of Material." I began to see that there were other reasons. The 24" iron pipe was falling to pieces. It would have to be replaced and would cost a lot of money. Only a very few farmers down at Mesquite were raising cotton. No one was raising Silk Worms. The Flour Mill people were determined to have the water right. The dream had begun to fade. I had lost much of the spirit I had in the Spring when I went to work at the Factory. So I declined his offer and stayed home to help Papa on the farm.

I realize now how much he must have needed me. I doubt if I was fully aware of it at the time. Why do we have to become so old before we become smart?

It must have been difficult for Papa to haul hay alone. I became aware of this as I helped mighty little by driving the team, but he assured me it was helping a lot. I was of more help at unloading as I did the stacking and tromping. With the hay put away I sought a job on the threshing machine. Not the Blue Jay. It somehow struggled for survival but it had competition. Uncle Henry Schlappy and Ormand Wilkins had a big new red J I Case machine with six teams on the horse power. I followed it not as a member of the crew, but took a job if they could use me, which was most of the time. Quite a change from the cool Factory (Except for the Attic where I baled Batts it was shady and cool)

Late September Id Nielson and I started to school at St George in the Woodward School. We stayed with Id's sister Till when we did not ride over on our bicycles. The weather got too cold for that and I run my bike into a hole and broke the frame. Till had married Willard Sorenson and I think he did object to my staying there so ~~Ik~~ I had to move to Sister Snow's home. Here I stayed until I came down with the measles. I felt them coming on in school. As soon as school was out I started for Washington. Five miles is quite a hike when you are all broke out with measles. They went in and settled in my eyes. No more school that year. As soon as I was well enough I got a job out on the Acoma Road. This was the same road that I had worked on the year I was 14. Now I was 17 and my pay was \$1.50 per day and board. The road was finished, but the slides and ravages of winter had to be taken care of.

I worked with pick and shovel. William Prince, aboy about my own age went along and Hyrum Prisby was there with his team. We camped in tents and moved camp as the road was repaired.

This was nearing the end of the summer of ~~18~~ 1908. I was now 18 years old. I returned just in time to get a job on the Schlappy and Wilkins threshing machine. I was on the regular crew this time as Tally-man. The horse power had been replaced by a one cylinder gas engine owned by Frank and Chester Whitehead of St George. Chester was Bandcutter and Frank was one of the feeders. Orman Wilkins was the other. I wanted to be a feeder. Ormand did not think that I could do it so he would not give me a try at it.

One day we pulled into a farmer's ~~yard~~ yard that had a stack of badly rusted wheat. To make matters worse it was loaded with ~~sun~~ sun flowers. Clouds of red dust filled the air as the straw hit the cylinder of the machine. Ormand could not take it. He said here was my chance to feed that I had been asking for. I fed my share of the stack.

The next job was a beautiful stack of oats. Now oats can be very rough on the tallyman. Ormand was ready to take back the feeder's job. The crew balled him out. "Why not give the kid a chance at the oats. He ate ~~your~~ your dirt on the other job." He stayed with the tally job and we buried him up to his waste in oats. You never saw anything like the way the oats poured out of that machine.

Came fall and we ~~were~~ were off to Cedar City (55 miles north) to attend the Southern Branch of the State Normal School. BNS for short. Id Nielson, his sister Mit, Marcus Tegan and my self. Marcus brother Rupert took us up with his team and wagon. We had rented rooms at the

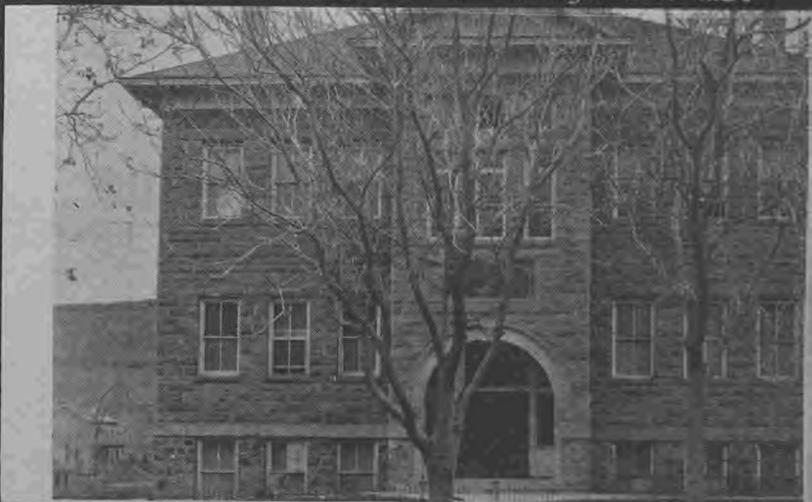
Before I say any more about BNS I would say some more on Woodward School. The winter was not a total loss. I got a good start in English and Algebra under Clarence Gardner. I made a firm friend of Arthur Welling the Principal. His class in Old World History was a delight. My reading of Gibbons "Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire" was a great help to me. I made myself the most hated "kid" in the entire school because I made maps for my notebook. Mr. Welling asked the class to do likewise.

My reading of the Arabian Nights was put to good use. It helped me "break the ice" and gave me confidence in talking and thinking on my feet. The first week the question of Ali Baba or The Forty Thieves came up. Had anyone ever heard the story? Mine was the only hand that went up. Could I tell the story to the class? I could and did.

Woodward School boasted but one red sandstone building. It was "higer education" though and it was a thrill to be in its classes. The measles took me out of it and I was back on the Acoma Road. Quite a different life. One of the fellows, Ernie Nelson by name had a phonograph with a few cylinder records. The words of one song I still remember. Here is a sample: "How'd you like to be a Mermaid and live beneath the glassy sea? If you could swim like she could what a pleasure life would be. But suppose she took a street car. Suppose the cable broke in two. What a shock. She couldn't walk. What the dickens would a mermaid do?" Then there was one about the camel with seven bags filled with eats but was an unhappy beast because he travelled seven days without drinking.



Hauling hay was quite a change for me.

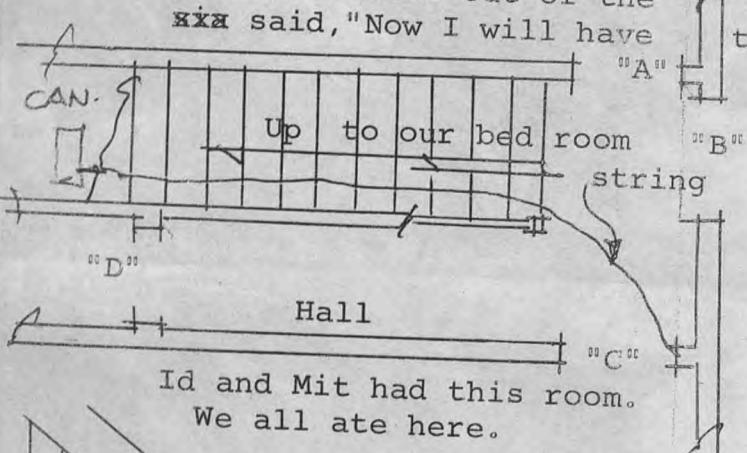


Woodward School in St George Utah



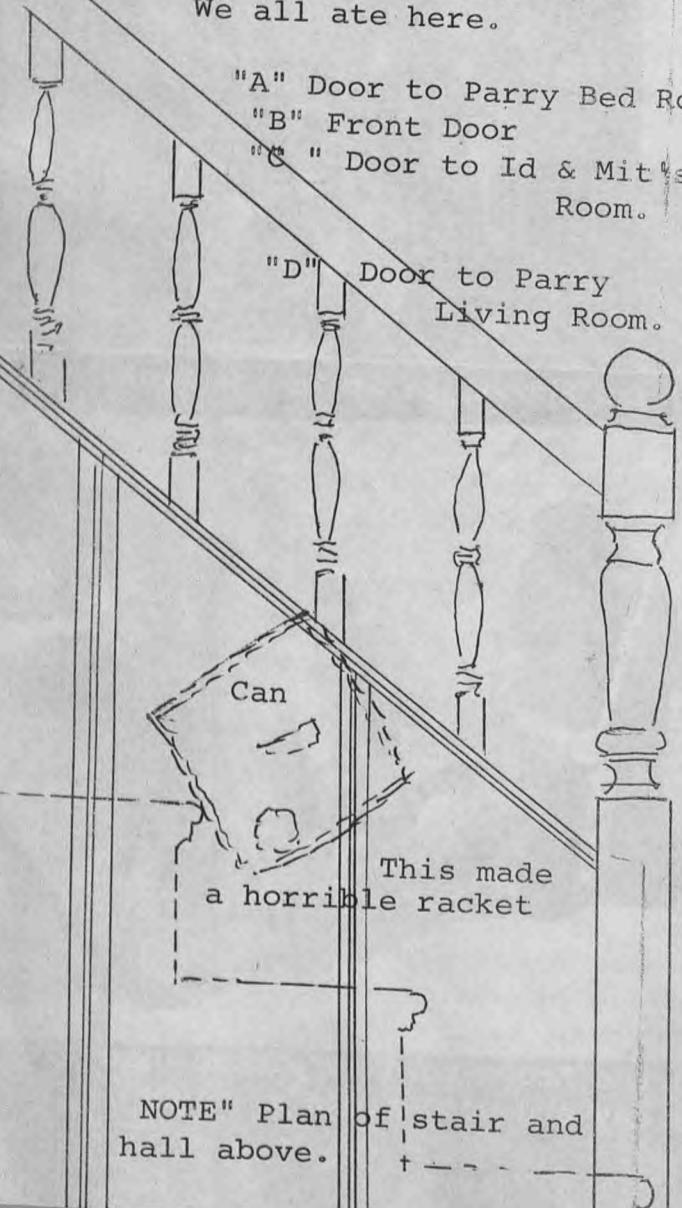
On the Acoma road we picked dirt by day and wood-ticks by night.

John Parry Residence on the corner where the Union Pacific Depot now stands. Marcus and I slept upstairs. Id and his sister Mit had the room downstairs, which also served as Kitchen and Dining Room for all. The room across the Hall from our room upstairs was occupied by Roy McBride and his sister Belle. It served all purposes cooking, eating dining and sleeping. The first time we saw Belle she came tumbling down the stairs mixed with a large ~~was~~ wooden bucket of slop. She picked herself out of the ~~xxx~~ said, "Now I will have to mop them dam stairs again."



Id and Mit had this room.  
We all ate here.

"A" Door to Parry Bed Room  
"B" Front Door  
"C" Door to Id & Mit's Room.  
"D" Door to Parry Living Room.



NOTE" Plan of stair and hall above.

If the good people had have known that students would walk on it with "muddy" feet and sometimes even scuff at it, I wonder, old memories sting me as I recall a few of the terrible things we did in their homes to which they so kindly welcomed us. Yes I wonder they didn't keep the "red carpet" tightly rolled and stored in the attic. But they did not. A very patient and understanding people.

Perhaps it ~~was Belle's~~ was Belle's accident that gave us the idea. I do not know, but we got a bang out of rolling a five-gallon empty oil can down the stairs. It made a horrible racket. It was almost bed time and Mrs Parry told us to stop. We could not have stopped quicker. All was silence.

Then somebody got the idea. I hope it was not me. People might think I was jealous of Sherm. I had nothing against him. We had been good pals out at Pioche. He had never done anything to me except go with a girl that refused to go with me.

He was still out with Mit and should be bringing her home. Id wanted to know what time he brought her home. So we set the can at the head of the stairs and tied a string to it. This would bring the can down the stairs.

But things went wrong. Mrs Parry and her daughter Estelle went to bed before Sherm and Mit came. They brought the can down. We ~~xxxx~~ were asleep, but awoke to hear the angry voice of Mrs Parry coming up the stairs, "Boys-" then Estelle broke

in with, "Mama they didn't do it. We did. It's tied with a string."

When I told of Weddings I Remember in Volume I 1890-1900 I omitted the wedding of Aunt Annie Sproul to Uncle Bryant Jolley. This was because I did not have a picture of her or Uncle Bryant so following the pictures I forgot the incident. It was an incident to be remembered. They were married before Uncle Olaf and Uncle Jim. Uncle Bryant was a widower and Aunt Annie was a school teacher. I guess they thought these factors gave them the right to marry without giving the usual "free dance". In this they were mistaken. They made their bed down in the vineyard. It was a warm summer night. The gang came to give them the "chivaree" for not giving a dance. They found them down among the grapevines and carried them bed and all for a parade around town. Uncle Olaf played "We won't go home 'til morning" on the "G" string of his violin until he wore it out.



"Aunt Annie"

Before we started for Cedar City and the B.N.S. I was present at the wedding of Uncle Elmer Sandberg and May Barlocker. Here I met Donald Schmutz. He said that he was also going to attend the B.N.S. the coming winter and that would see each other again. We did.

I was now looking at weddings in a different light. I began to wonder if it would ever happen to me and who would be the bride. I wished I could see myself and "Mit" Nielson standing before a cake like that. But that was vain hoping. Her amours were were all on Sherm Cooper. He had been to the B.N.S. the year before. He had the start of me. It made no difference that "Mit" and I would be eating at the same table all the coming winter. It was all on a brother-sister status.



Uncle Elmer and Aunt May Sandberg.

Donald Schmutz had said. "The people of Cedar City will roll out the red carpet to welcome students that come to the B.N.S." As we drove down Main Street and were passing the Tabernacle a drunk ran out into the street and told us to stop. We stopped. He pointed to our front wheel and said. "Did you know that wheel is going around?" Was this the "red carpet" that Don had spoken about? Someone ran out and wispered in his ear and he took off his hat and said. "I am so sorry! I did not know that you were students. Welcome to Cedar City and the Branch Normal School." So it was a kind of red carpet treatment in a crude way, but he said it like he really meant it. We found the people of Cedar City were friendly, and willing to help all students of the B.N.S.



"Tabernacle"

The building at the right is the Cedar City Tabernacle as it looked the day we drove by it, looking a bit "seedy" as we sat on our wagon-load of provisions.

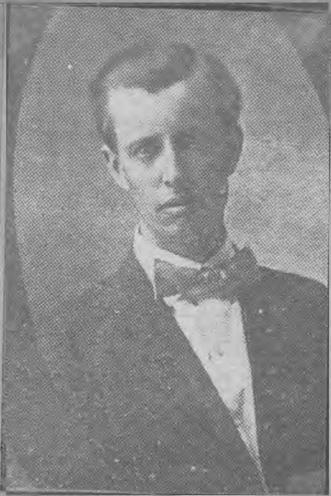
Life was not all tin cans and noise. Once enrolled at the B.N.S we soon settled down to hard work. I remember an incident at the time we were choosing our subjects. M.J.Macfarlane, later Dr.Mac. was helping me. I pointed to a subject that I called Physic Ology and said I would like some of that. He smiled and said, "The word is Psychology and you are not allowed to take that until the Third Year." That was poetic justice for me. Once I had laughed at a boy in school for referring to Egypt as "~~Was~~ "Egg wiped".

The school had a form of city government and the Fall Elections were getting under way, that is the selection of candidates and rally work. There were two parties. I do not recall the names. One of the parties wanted me to run for City Attorney. I jumped at the chance and plunged into the campaign with my hands full of mud. The night of the final rally I made my final speech from the lip without notes of any kind. Even to this day I am ashamed of some of the things I said, but they were the truth. However, the truth is often an unkind thing to say. When I got through with the opposing ticket, I doubt if even there was left a single new student who would vote for them. Our campaign manager followed me and called attention to the fact that I had spoken without notes while my opponent had read his speech. He asked. "Do you want a man for attorney who can say nothing unless he has written it down beforehand? Is this man capable of being our city attorney?"

We won the election by a big majority. I knew nothing at all about law and court procedure, but I studied hard and soon learned. I went at it for all there was in it. I remember one case in particular. An older student had been arrested for talking in the Library. He pleaded "Not Guilty" and the fight was on to convict him. I obtained the information that he had talked a girl into telling a lie to prove his innocence. This was perjury. I had him arrested for perjury. He went to Mr Decker, the Principal, in great alarm. If this charge could be proven it meant expulsion from the school. There was no alternative. Mr. Decker advised me to drop the charge. I did. He changed his plea to "Guilty" and that ended the hardest fought case of my entire term.

Our life was not all school work. Isaac Parry, son of our landlord, had a field of potatoes to harvest. We helped him on Saturday's and earned our winter's supply of potatoes. We needed firewood. John Parry let us take his team and wagon one Saturday. We went up Dry Canyon on a road that looked steep going up, but coming down it seemed twice as steep. We did not have the solid team and outfit that I had when I hauled timber out on the Arizona Strip to the Grand Gulch Mine. Because of that experience I was elected to drive down. I made a loop on the brake rope, hooked my heel in it and down we went. Just as we reached the bottom of the steepest hill the tongue broke in two. We wired a "splint" on it with baling wire and made it home with our load of firewood. We had a wood-burning range and a small heater.

Uncle John, as we now began to call him had a stallion. In order to give him exercise he hitched him to a light two-wheeled cart and drove around the fields. Sometimes we would take the gentlemen-horse for his exercise. This was a fun but we had more fun with the cart without the horse as you will find out later.



MARCUS TEGAN

Note: We have to make another bit of a change. We are getting so many pictures that we will need one entire page for them from here on. The narrative will all be on the back and comments on pictures will be with the pictures on this side. The blue side.

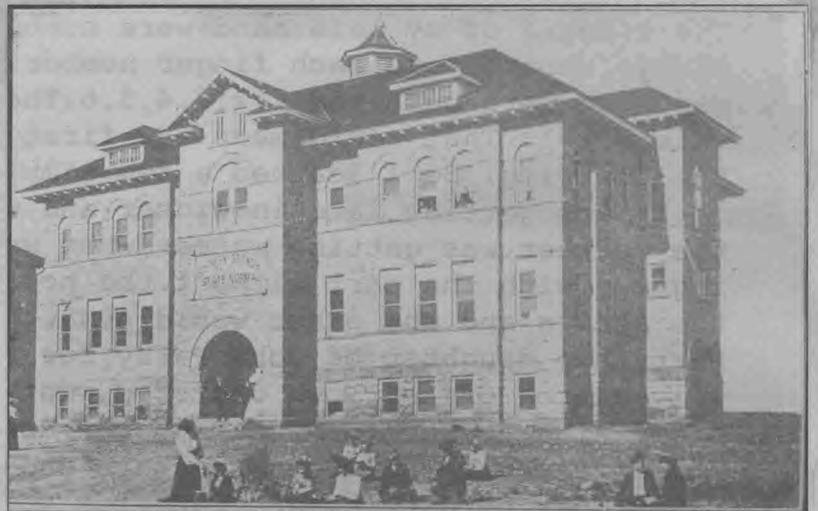
Sherm was covering himself with glory on the track. He now had the inside track as far as Mit was concerned. Marcus was coming home from his workouts in the "GYM" He found a new muscle everyday. Well I should talk. I felt that I was

feeling changes everyday also. I was sure that I put a new "convolution" in my brain every day. Such is the mind of youth bent on improvement.



SHERMAN COOPER

In front of this building was a small tri-angular patch of lawn. In the center of the lawn, cast in concrete were the numerals '07. This poor job of casting was an eyesore. Put here by the class of 1907. They were not here to defend themselves and it was a cowardly thing to do, but sometime in the middle of the night the concrete was dug up and taken down back of the boiler-house. I have no idea who did it, but I am sure it was done as a demonstration of "class Spirit."



THE LIBRARY BUILDING

The Science Building was quite new when we arrived and the Shop and Gym were nearing completion or was built the summer of 1909. I am most dim about some dates. If someone cares to write in the information I will be pleased to print it in a future volume. This goes for any period where my life travelled the same road as your life dear reader.



SCIENCE BUILDING - GYM AND SHOP

One of the required subjects at the B.N.S. was a thorn in my side. It was Vocal Music taught by Albert N Tollestrup. I signed a petition for permission to drop it. Mr Decker said to talk to Tollestrup. I did more than that, I sang the scale for him. He told Decker I was a hopeless case. I was excused from Vocal Music. Id Nielson was "Old Man Music." He could do anything as far as music was concerned. A man that feels the "bumps" on your head and tells your abilities came to the school to read heads. Id and I went to him and he "read" my head and ~~said~~ that I would go far in music. It would be my very best subject. Then kinda quick like he "read" Id's head and said, "You will never amount to anything in music. You might be able to play a phonograph if someone would wind it for you." We lost all confidence in phrenologists. Is that what you call "head readers?"

But I had some interest in music. Id had a mandolin. I wanted to learn to play it. I could do nothing by ear. I knew nothing about notes. Id worked out a system which allowed him to write music for me without notes. I learned that the four strings were E, A, D, and G. The fingers of my left hand were numbered 1, 2, 3, and 4. The letter f always went before each finger number. The frets on the neck of the mandolin were numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. The written music looked like this: Efl-1. That would mean the first finger on the first fret of the E string. So I learned a few simple tunes.

It was getting late in winter and well into early spring, anyway the weather was getting warmer, when we struck upon an idea of having fun with the cart without the horse. One of us would get between the shafts and the other would push. We took Mit, Belle, and Edna Parry the daughter of John Parry, for rides around the block. Then we ventured off our own doorstep, went up the street and on to the other side to invite Gwen Matheson now but was Gwen Higbee then. Her Grand Mother came to the gate and said no she could not go. I said, "Come on Grandma you can ride too and be the chaperone." Many years after she told me that she rather liked that fresh young man and that was the reason she let ~~Gwen~~ Gwen go for a ride. Edna gave us to understand that Gwen was already spoken for and for us not to get any ideas.

The next Sunday after this Mit was sitting at our Kitchen window that looked out on a small uncovered porch leading to the Parry Living Room. I was studying at the table when Mit called to me. "Want to see a pretty girl? Come here." I had been looking at Mit out of the corner of my eye and I wanted to say, "You are the pretty looking girl that I like." But I did not dare say it. In order to have an excuse to move closer to her I came and looked through the window. Wow! I had never seen a girl that made me feel like that. All thought of Mit or other girls left my mind forever. That was for me. Who was she? After she had gone Edna came into our Kitchen and I asked her who that girl in the straw sailor hat was. She sighed and said, "That was Irene Jones, but do not get ideas. Her Father kinda hates boys I guess. Anyway he will not let her go out with a boy." That did not scare me a bit. I said, "Monday night I will take her for a ride in the cart." She shook a finger at me, "You would not dare. Even if her father did not object she is too shy to ever get into that cart,"

I was studying at the table . . .  
 when Mit called me. . . . .  
 "Want to see a pretty girl? Come  
 here." I came and looked through  
 the window. . . I had never seen  
 a girl that made me feel like I  
 felt at that moment . . . . .  
 If a photograph had been taken  
 from the outside looking in . it  
 would have shown what you see at  
 the right . . . . .  
 If a photograph had been taken  
 from the inside looking out . it  
 would have shown what you see be-  
 low. . . . .



provided it had been taken at the  
 moment the girl lifted her hat  
 and removed it in order to let  
 one of the girls try it on. . . .

But a long lonesome summer herd-  
 ing sheep on the Cedar Mountain -  
 would have to be endured before  
 I would be able to let her know  
 I felt about her. . . . .

Andrus came early the next morning. The sin of my failure hung like  
 a sword over my head. I expected to be fired for sure. Not a sheep in

Monday night came and we rolled out the cart and went for Irene. Perhaps Irene, in her own story will tell how we prevailed upon her to get in and go around the block. Now the details are blank how we managed it. All I remember is that we had done what Edna said could not be done. Perhaps she would be allowed to go out with boys too.

But an entire summer at a sheep-camp on Cedar Mountain was to be dealt with before I could do much more about it. I met her a few times in the halls at school. She would always blush and give me a very quick and timid "Hello." The last night that I would be at BNS was Friday and there was a dance at school. She came to the dance with Guy Hafen, one of the ~~graduates~~ graduates of 1909. So she was allowed to go out with boys. I danced with her once. This was quite a feat as she played in the orchestra and had but few chances to dance. I remember she had on a white dress with small black figures and a black band around the bottom of the skirt. Very little was said during that waltz.

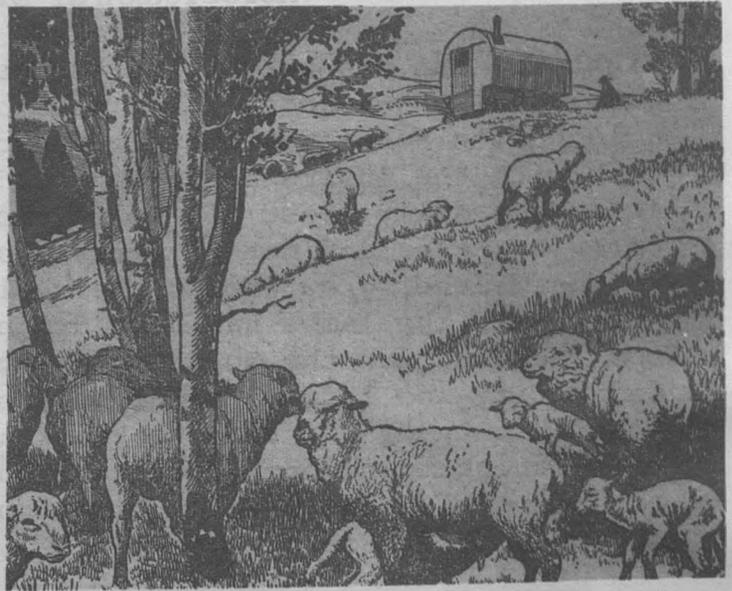
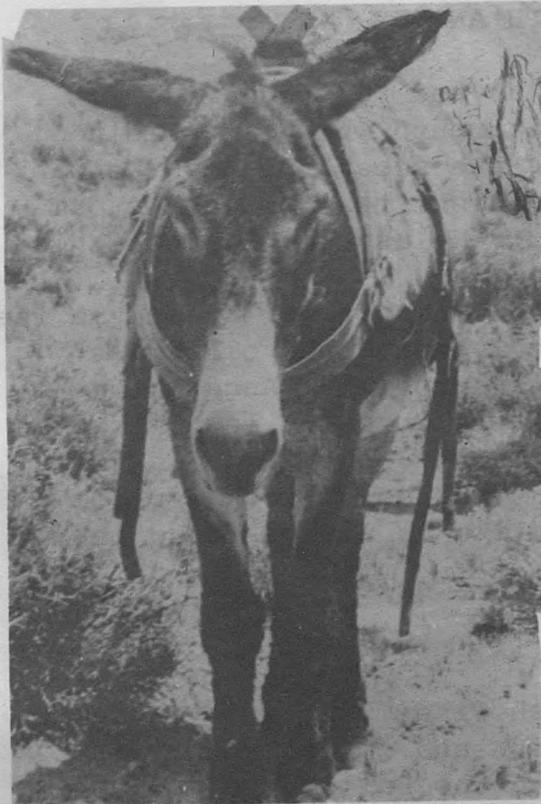
I was pinning all love hopes on something I had read in a book. I think it was in Lorna Doone but I am not sure. I do not remember the exact words but the thought was this: "The plain boy that can convince a girl that he is really in love with her stands a better chance and has done more to make her in love with him, than the handsome fellow who cannot produce that conviction." It had worked for John Ridd and Lorna Doone, perhaps it would work for me and Irene.

I left school early because I was out of funds and I was offered a job herding sheep for Bullocks. I made arrangements with all my instructors for my credits by doing extra work and in some cases by taking a special examination. The morning after the dance I was on a loaded wagon driven by Pete Bulloch and headed for the Escalante Desert. The camp was a sheep wagon not more than 15 miles from Modena. Here were the shearing corrals. Once before I had been to Modena looking for work (Page 14 this volume) Now I was to herd the sheep that had recently been shorn there. They were "yearlings" and mean to handle. To make matters worse there were about 200 head of old ewes, too weak to be taken on the mountain with the lambing herd. Now they were dropping their lambs and always heading for the mountain every chance they got.

Angus Bulloch stayed with me and it was all the two of us could do to handle them. One night he went down to Modena and left me alone with them. It looked like a storm was coming up and he warned me that the sheep might try to leave the bed-ground. We always bedded them close to the wagon at night. He said to try and hold them, but always leave a light in the wagon and not to get so far away that I could not see it lest I got lost on the desert.

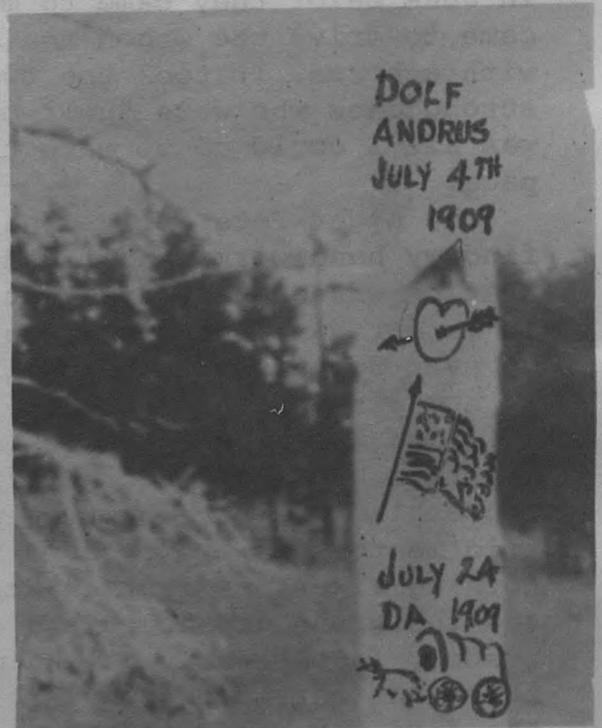
A terrific wind came up with snow and sleet. I tried my best to hold the sheep, but the darkness was so great that I could not go far without losing sight of the light in the small window in the rear of the wagon. Soon I was a shepherd without a flock. I thought sure I would be fired. Lose an entire herd of sheep and they were worth a lot of money.

Angus came early the next morning. The sin of my failure hung like a sword over my head. I expected to be fired for sure. Not a sheep in



James Tweedie had painted a glowing picture of life on the Cedar Mountain - Sheep Wagon among the aspen Trees.

I was given a burro, a tent and allowed to move my camp & work my way to HOG HEAVEN.



My thanks to A.T.Jones of Naples Idaho from whom I obtained this picture of a Sheep Wagon.

I hated most of all to go away from the aspen. I was having fun on their white bark.

sight. The sun was bright, the air was clear and you could see for miles. There was about 2" of snow on the ground which soon melted.

Angus, on horseback, went in search for the sheep. By noon he was back with the entire herd. They had sought shelter from the storm in a deep gully about two miles from camp. He assured me that this often happened and not to worry about it.

The weather grew warmer, the wool on the sheep grew longer, the feed was better, the lambs had been dropped and keeping the old "gals" from heading for the mountain was the only problem. Angus went to Cedar City and left me alone on the desert. It was a lazy life and I had plenty of time to think about Irene Jones. I did a silly thing, thinking no one would know about it but me. I took a piece of baling wire and with a pair of pliers like is always found in a sheep-wagon I made this:

*Irene Jones*

I thought it was a very poor way of showing my love for such a wonderful girl and tossed it into a bush and forgot about it.

James Tweedie had put me in touch with the Bullocks and was to have the credit for my getting the job. He had painted a glow-picture about life in a sheep-wagon on the beautiful Cedar Mountain. It began to look like I would never see the mountain. It was late in June before they came to move me to the mountain. Pete Bulloch came to drive the wagon and Angus on his horse, also another man with a horse. It took the two men on horses to hold back the old strong ones who were "hell-bent" to get to the mountain and it was all I could do to make the "drags" keep up to their held-back pace.

The night Pete arrived, he needed a piece of wire and happened to find my handiwork that I had thrown into the bush. He kindly told me that he was going to take it in and show it to Irene. I was ready to murder him. Angus told me not to worry that Pete was too bashful to ever do such a thing. Well I watched my chance and got hold of it and straightened it out.

James Tweedie's picture looked good to me when we got onto the mountain, but I did not have the wagon long. They gave me a tent and a kind old burro with a pack saddle, to move my camp with and told me to work my way down to "Hog's Heaven." Now this place is nothing like the mountain at all. It is right above Zion Canyon and the ground is rough and covered with a dense growth of oak bushes. In the early days a man called "Hog" Allen used to live there and raise hogs which he fattened on acorns from the oak. But the feed was good and the sheep were easy to herd.

In September I returned to the B.N.S. to pursue my studies and Irene Jones. Guy Hafen was not around and no one else was in my way. We now had some classes together and my first dates were that we might study together. Oh yes we did too. We had to. There was nothing else to do. Her brother Emron would come in and sit with us until he would fall asleep behind the stove. Well! We kept on studying anyway. I met Irene's father and mother and liked them both very much.



Papa



Mama



Abbie



Treharne

This is Irene's Family about as they were when I first knew them. Treharne was on a mission. I saw his picture. Abbie was married and had a baby girl named Virginia. It was quite sometime before I saw much of the three below. Ashton, Zelma, Emron. In that order. We saw Emron a few times in the parlor asleep behind the stove as we "studied"?



Irene



...and said, "I was going to see you. Be strong, and you will be. I will be with you on the stage. People who are not always here but the people like those on the ball diamond play are always down here."

Our housekeeping setup for the Fall of 1909 was quite different--far closer to the BNS. We rented two rooms in the upstairs portion of the residence of Hyrum Perry. Marcus was no longer with us. He was boarding out this winter. Aunt Emily Sandberg was with us. There were four rooms upstairs. Id and I had one room, Aunt Emily and Mit had one room which also served as our kitchen and dining room. A teacher at the BNS, Roswell C Belknap had one room and took his meals with the Perrys downstairs, Sherman Cooper had the other room with his brother James. I do not remember where they got their meals. They did not batch it I am sure.

We bought our milk and flour from the Perrys. When we would ask the price of the flour Uncle Hy would say, "I do not know the price. one of these days I will find out when I am down town." We knew the price of flour would be higher in the spring, but it was late spring before he went down town and obtained the price. Now he was ready to take our money. We asked him how much. His reply, "Do you know what they are asking for flour?" Before we could answer he went on, "Six Dollars a hundred! Well Three Dollars is enough for me." That was the price that it had been in the Fall. We had enquired at the Store.

Uncle Hy was very particular about his fine team, but he let us take it to go after our firewood. Id and I went. Miss Inez Powell the Domestic Science Teacher at the BNS and Dewey Farnsworth a Teacher in the Cedar City School went with us. They furnished the lunch. We went up the road that had been made to haul pipe for the Cedar City Water System. We were gone all day and had a wonderful time.

"Auntie" Perry was always bringing little extras up to us to help sweeten our eating. There was no cans rolled down the stairs. They would not have made much noise as the stairs were carpeted. This was a special house. Here most of the former teachers of the BNS had lived and boarded. Belknap was the last of the teachers to board here.

My fooling around with the mandolin the year before had itched me with a desire to learn more about music. I purchased a violin from Uncle Elmer and took a few lessons from Mr Tollestrup. He told me I was hopeless as far as the violin was concerned. "You should get an instrument like a clarinet. If you have sense enough to cover the right holes and press the proper keys it will make the notes for you. The violin will not do that, your ear must tell you where to put your fingers. You have no ear at all." I always thought I had fair sized ears, but that is not what he ment.

So I sold the violin and bought a clarinet. He invited me to join the orchestra and band for practice sessions only. "I don't want you squaking around when we play for real." Well that was okay by me for Irene had two clarinets and played in the Dance Orchestra as well as the regular school organizations. Just another pleasant contact.

I came to orchestra practice one afternoon. A lone violin was being sawed on in a horrible manner. Mr Tollestrup was standing by the window that overlooked the ball diamond and track. I walked up to him and asked if we were going to have practice. He growled at me and said, "With you and that noise on the stage? People who are no good are always here, but the people like those on the ball diamond who can play are always down there."



Israel Nielson, Washington, Utah  
1911-1912—Chief of Police B. N. S. School City.  
Mayor of B. N. S. School City  
An eye like Mars,  
To threaten and command.  
A level head,  
And a ready hand.



EMILY SANDBERG  
WASHINGTON UTAH  
Her bird-like voice and  
bewitching dimples mark  
her as a Dixie darling.  
1909-10, 1910-11, 1912-13 -Opera



Randolph Andrus,  
Winner of Second Prize  
in the State High  
School Oratorical Con-  
test, 1910.



NOTE: The photos were not all  
taken in 1909, but they are the  
people who lived at Hyrum Perry  
house the Winter of 1909 & 1910.  
Israel Nielson Jr 1912. Emily  
Sandberg 1913. The Orator 1909

Cart 1900  
"Mit" ?  
"Smarty-  
pants" ?

1! Id and Dolph in cart! Read on  
page 40! 2! Irene calls this one  
"Smarty Pants"! 3! Mit Nielson!

Tollestrup did not do all the complaining. The coach complained if Band and Orchestra players were not out on the field and the English Teacher, Mr Morgan thought everything was nonsense except literature and English Grammar. He said to his class one day, "It's a pity. Your parents make a great effort to send you here to learn something and you spend your time over there blowing on horns or else on the baseball field playing ball or running around the track in you underwear."

Mr Morgan was a Democrat and made bold to let everyone know. Mr John S Woodbury was a Republican for sure and he did not hide it from anyone. Crowds would gather at the Post Office waiting for the mail to be put in the boxes. One day I was standing close enough to Morgan and Woodbury to hear the following conversation:

MORGAN: (A very short man looking up to Woodbury a rather tall man)

"John Woodbury! Do you know that there is a lot of Church Influence in the Republican Party in this State?"

WOODBURY: (Smiling kindly down on his small tormenting fellow teacher)

"Brother Morgan! You will lose your standing in the Church if you start talking like that."

MMORGAN: (Shaking his finger as near to Woodbury's nose as his short height would permit)

"I do not give dam if I do! It's true and you know it!"

.....

Tollestrup taught the Adult Class in Sunday School. Belknap, a returned missionary and very liberal in his views often clashed with him. Monday morning after one of these clashes they met on the path between two of the buildings at the BNS. I was walking with Belknap so I heard all the conversation. It went like this:

BELKNAP: "Good Morning, Brother Tollestrup."

TOLLESTRUP: "You have no right to brother me! You damned Infidel."

.....

I hope that I am not giving you a wrong impression of these men. They were all wonderful teachers. It was an inspiration to sit in any of their classes. Mr H~~h~~ssong, my Latin teacher of the first year was not at BNS in 1909. He was a different type. Reserved and dignified. You would never hear anything like the above from him.

The spring of 1910 there was a State Oratorical Contest. I entered and came off second. I wish that I had a copy of the speech. I do remember the opening line: "Early in the history of civilization. . . ." because Mr Morgan drilled me on the correct pronouncation. The subject I remember was THE INJUSTICE OF CAPITOL PUNISHMENT. It was a most unpopular subject at that time. An editorial in a Salt Lake paper was entitled SIXTEEN MURDERS AND NO EXECUTIONS. I used this in my talk to show how we were demanding the shedding of blood. The winner of the first prize did not submit his speech to the University of Utah for examination prior to the contest. This was a kind little gesture to the BYU in order to promote better feelings between the schools. He was allowed to enter at the last moment. His speech was highly emotional ~~about Mother~~ about Mother. Well if they had not broken the rule and let him in I would have taken first place. So there.

I was a proud boy when one morning after my return, I met Irene's father on the steps of the Science Building (he had spoken in Chapel)

and he put out his hand <sup>and</sup> congratulated me on my success at the State Oratorical Contest.

I hope the reader will not mind if I go back to the Spring of 1909 and present some original documents from that period. I kept a diary by "fits and stats" (the word is Starts). It was mostly "starts", well here is one of them. If this reproduces well I shall give you all of it. It was kept every day from April 4 1909 to April 14 and then ends suddenly. In some detail it will not agree with somethings I have said about this period, but this was written on the spot and the other was written more than 50 years after. If the reader does not care for detail just let him skip the hand-written part. Here it is:

*April 4, 1909. Went to Sunday School today. Nothing happened worthy of note. Came back to the Purdy Home to see everything worthy of note thru an 8x10 window pane. Mit was sitting on Ed's cot over by the west window. I was sitting at the table studying. I glanced at her out of the corner of my eye and that how nice she looked and wished she did not belong to Sherm. Then she motioned for me to come over and be quiet. . . . .*

§ Since I am not sure how this will reproduce, I shall give you only a sample of the hand writing. I was a very poor writer writer as you can see, perhaps you will not be able to make it out so will copy with the typewriter.) Without quotation marks the diary goes on:

"Want to see a pretty girl" she wispers. I came over. It was nice to get invited closer to her. I looked and there she was framed by the wooden muntins of an 8x10 window pane. . . . . (from here on the diary checks with what I have already written but the next date adds something)

April 5th 1909.

If the Branch Normal Traing School of the University of Utah had been the publisher of a daily newspaper I am sure I would have made the headlines today "FRESH FIRST YEAR STUDENT CORNERS SECOND YEAR AND TRIES TO MAKE SMALL TALK." I placed myself in her path as she came out of the library. She was polite and stopped for a monent at the head of the stairway. I had her stopped alright, but she had me stopp- ed too. I could think of nothing to say. (Can't read my own hand- writing so will have to skip a portion)

I have been talking to my teachers <sup>and the</sup> average results. are: . . . . . All teachers are willing, except Morgan the English Teacher. He thinks I should do some extra work. To morrow he will have it outlined for me. \* *to allow me to leave school and still get my credits.*

Mr Hansen the Algebra teacher says he will be glad of an excuse to give me less than 100%. He does not think any student should get a final mark of 100. So far all my <sup>monthly</sup> exams have been 100. He will give me a final grade of 98 if I drop out now. (Just a line now and then to remind the reader that this is copied from the original)

April 6<sup>th</sup> 1909.

Had a round with Morgan, the English Teacher. He says if I will write ten themes for him by the end of this week he will give me my credit so I can take the sheep herding job.

I told him ten themes was impossible. I reminded him of the work I had done outside of the regular classwork. I had been prosecuting attorney that was worth ten, ~~thousands~~ All that reading of the law books and making pleas to the jury. I reminded him of my work in the Oratorical Society. I thought that would bring him down. He had expressed lots of delight in the manner in which I had delivered Patrick Henry and the interest I had taken when so few were interested in his Society. Now he turned on me. Reminded me that he had already done much for me by jumping me from First Year English to Second Year on account of my partial year at Woodward School in St George. He could stretch himself no farther. How about three really good ones? ~~Well~~ Well he said they would need to be extra good. I might try it.

Morgan had three weak spots. Looked that way to me anyway. 1. He liked to hear himself quoted. (I had worked that one in exams) 2. He had a pet peeve about Church Influence in the Republican Party. (his argument down at the Post Office had shown that) 3. He had a liking for themes about the desert (Dick Tweedie had written one, and had received loud praise from Morgan) These were the elements for the three themes I intended to give him. . . . .

April 7 1909.

What a night I spent last night. Who can describe his jumbled dreams? I had gone to sleep with thinking what I would say to Irene Jones the next time I got her cornered. . . what could I say about a desert. . . . I chased rabbits with pink ears and wide straw hats all over a desert. . . . There seemed to be two suns. . . . They turned into Morgans glasses as he glared at me from his desk high in the air above me . . . . . etc

I was up at 4 o'clock writing about the "dull grey ~~monotony~~ monotony of the vast expanse of blue haze that was the desert just before the dawn of daylight and the rising sun". I let the sun shine until it got pretty hot. Then I turned the "fairy folk" of the desert loose. "They began to signal the business of the day to each other with little dusty whirl-winds like Indian Smoke Signals." I ran on and on about the lazy peacefulness etc. . . I finished with "the long shadows of the closing day made by the lantern-like sun as it bobbed along over the western hills."

Did not see Irene Jones at all today.

April 8th 1909.

I blew horns last night. Up again at four trying to put my dream into a theme. I took my theme from ~~Morgan~~ Morgan's own words. "Students come here at great sacrifice to their parents and considerable expense to the state in order to be trained to teach in the public schools and then spend the major part of the time over there blowing horns." . . . I struck a high note with the title. IS THE BNS PRODUCING TEACHERS OR HORNBLLOWERS?

I just blew my jumbled dreams onto paper. I opened the first valve on the sacrifices that Cedar City had made to establish the school. I blew sweetly on the disappointment of St George because they did not get the school. I spoke of Beavers failure to get the school in double tounge and explained how Murdock (our rival school) had come in to being. Then with a final blast I pushed every valve and slid all the slides: "As far as public schools are concerned we may as well be training glass-blowers as horn-blowers."  
 April 9 1909.

I am ashamed of the theme I wrote this morning. It showed in my dreams. I was herding both goats and sheep. I was herding sheep with my right hand and on "the other hand" (my left) I was herding goats. I mixed them. I tried to separate them but I could not tell the sheep from the goats. Then I was at the polling place trying to tell the Democrats from the Republicans by the signs of Church Influence. They all looked alike to me. . . . I awoke and started on my 3d and final theme I hoped. Mr Morgan had said there was Church Influence in the Republican Party, so there must be. But how? In what way? I knew nothing about it, but that must be my theme if I was to win.

Now in Washington County, where I was raised, there was no doubt in my mind that there was Church Influence in the Democratic Party. I was familiar with all the deft little touches, and gentle shadings and plain hints that were used. If I write about this I am sunk.

Here I did a horrible thing. I charged all of the sins of the Democratic Party in Washington County to the Republican Party in the State of Utah. No wonder I dreamed about not being able to tell the sheep from the goats.. . . .

*There is a dance at School tonight. I should like to ask Irene Jones to go but I am afraid and away with I have not been able to find her all day. Saw Pete Bullock and he says that I am to leave for the Lund Desert with him in the morning. Good night BNS.*

April 10th 1909.

(Note: This was not written on the spot but later when I was alone at the sheep camp. )

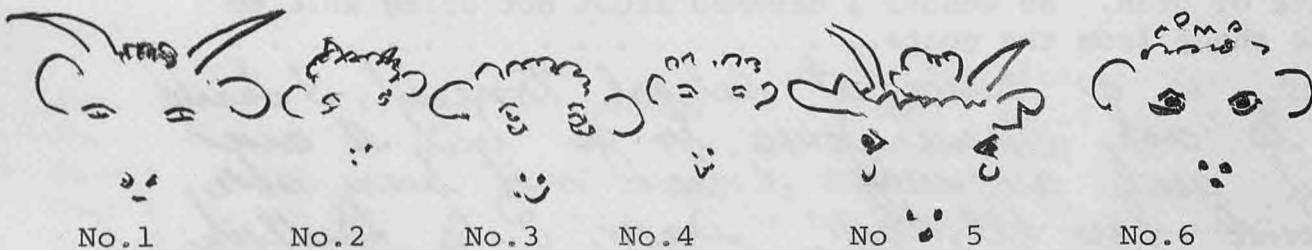
Camp by the side of the road somewhere on the Lund Desert. The spot was chosen by the closing day and Pete's idea of the grass for the team. Water did not matter. We had a 50 gal barrel on the side of the wagon.

Pete has been talking to me all day as we rocked along on the top of a load of provisions for the sheep camp. I have not been very attentive.

I danced with Irene Jones last night. It was a waltz. She wore a ~~walk~~ white dress with small black figures in it and a black band around the bottom of the skirt. ~~She~~ She came to the dance with Guy Hafen. You do not dance close at the BNS. Arm's length is the rule. I did not break the rule. . . . .

I told her I was leaving. I am afraid she did not think it very important. Herding sheep for Bullocks did not sound very romantic. She wore her hair in ~~one~~<sup>TWO</sup> large braids wound around her head and looked very sweet. . . . She did not know that I was going to be a different kind of shepherd. I had searched the Library for a text on herding sheep. There was none. I would write one. She did not know that. All she knew that I was out of step and waltzed with "sticky feet." . . . I am going to do something for the shepherd. . . I am going to make it an honored profession . . . . . (The diary for April 11 & 12 adds nothing to the story already told, but 13 & 14 make some contributions. They are long and "wordy" so I will chop them down a bit)

April 13.1909. Meet some of the herd.(See Numbered Sketches below)  
 No.1 Old ewe. A real "she-Moses".Wants to lead her people back to the Promised Land on Cedar Mountain. No 2. Understudy of "Moses."  
 No. 3 Vamp type. No 4 Sleepy old "gummer" No 5. Does not belong in Bulloch's Herd.I have drawn all the others with whole ears,but they were really marked with cuts and slices that marked them as belonging to Bullocks.I have drawn his ears as cut. Hope someone will claim him ~~and~~<sup>and</sup> take him out of the herd. He is a handicap. No 6,Has a legal look. This is my first contribution to better sheepherding. "Know your sheep instead of relying on "Bells and Blacks" as is the custom now. This could also stop the mutilating of the ears. I have drawn them as they would appear before marking. I sure am going to write a book that will change the practice of handling sheep.

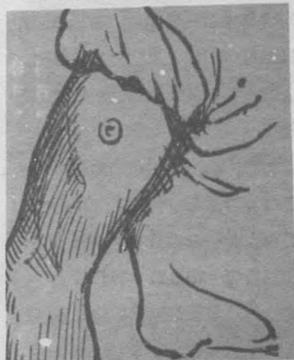


April 14 1909.  
 Below is a picture of the sheep camp. Taken by moonlight with a pencil. The sheep are supposed to be lying down. They call it "bedded for the night" Hard to make them "bed" when they are hungry. Hard to draw them lying down too.



The "silly-ette" is me ~~kwxx~~ with a gun making the rounds before going to bed.Call this picture.MOONLIGHT ON THE WOOLIES. (End of Diary)

CHRISTMAS VACATION 1908-09



WE WERE VACCINATED AND FUMIGATED AND CERTIFIED NON-DANGEROUS SMALLPOX CARRIERS



BUT PEOPLE ON THE WAY HOME HAD A HORRIBLE PICTURE OF A "POCK-MARKED" 'face' AND REFUSED US LODGING

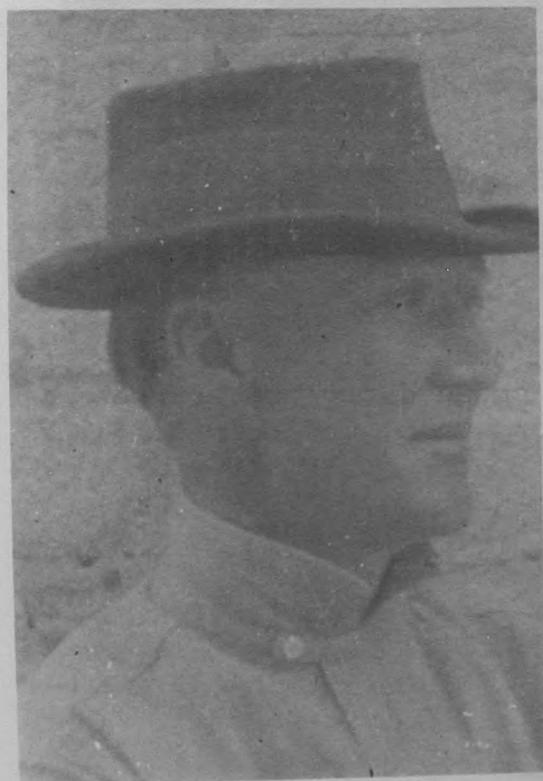
CHRISTMAS VACATION 1909-10



NO TROUBLE TO GET HOME!!!! RAIN RAIN RAIN GETTING BACK

UNCLE WILL WAS GOING BACK WITH US

JANUARY? RRRR? SHOULD WE ?? START BACK??



GRANDPA SANDBERG GAVE US THE WEATHER REPORT: "SMOK'S GOING STRAIGHT UP. NO MORE RAIN. SAFE TO START FOR CEDAR CITY NOW.

UNCLE ELMER WAS TO BRING THE TEAM BACK FROM CEDAR CITY. HE BROUGHT IT BACK FROM BELVUE

BELVUE WAS HALF-WAY TO CEDAR CITY. IT IS NOW CALLED PINTURA. YOU MIGHT NOT SEE IT FROM THE FREEWAY.

## THE CHRISTMAS VACATIONS OF 1908-1909 and 1909-1910 ESPECIALLY JANUARY 1910

Sometime in December of 1908 a Small-pox Epidemic caused some alarm in Cedar City. Should the BNS students be allowed to return home for the Christmas Hollidays? It was decided that if we were fumigated and were vaccinated we would be allowed to go.

Old timers with "pock-marked" faces told of the "horrible sickness". "Like trying to lie down on a bed of gravel"- "or a board driven full of nails." Yet they advised us against vaccination. "I would not let them put that filthy stuff into my body." - "I knew a young man who lost his arm, just rotted away." We had confidence in our instructors at the BNS and gathered with our arms bare in Aunt Allie Knells front parlor above the Knell Drugstore to have our arms "scratched."

Id Nielson and I went together. It was warm and close in the crowded room. We were standing near the stove. Our arms had been "scratched" and we were waiting for the blood to dry before the bandage could be applied. Id was looking at the blood on his arm when he said, "I'm going to faint." I thot he was kidding and I gave him a shove and said, "Well faint then." He did.

I do not remember who drove or who was in the party, but they were all boys and we rode in a "White Top Studebaker Buggy." We had no bedding as we intended to stop in a Hotel for the one night we would be on the road. People were afraid of us. They would not take us in. We had to give our team a rest so we stopped in Leeds. They told us to feed our horses and sleep in the barn. Some did not even try to sleep but built a fire in the street. This attracted the attention of a man who was not afraid of anything, not even us. He came to our fire with a keg of wine on his shoulder and a tin cup in his hand. He poured we drank. Warmed by the "fire-water" we dug those who were sleeping out of the hay to share our good fortune. Morning came alas too soon and we were on our way home. No one got drunk, but all were warmed and cheered. We sang all the old songs and retold all the old stories. Perhaps we were a bit noisy.

Getting home for the Christmas of 1909-1910 was no problem, but getting back! Oh Dear! A recent issue of the Iron County Record has this to say about an old issue dated Jan 14 1910.: "NORMAL NOTES tell of a heavy winter with some students having a difficult time getting back owing to the almost impassable conditions of the roads. 'A number of the Dixie students,' the report states, 'were held up at Belvue for several days, and were finally compelled to return to get other means of conveyance'."

We were that "number of Dixie students" and we did not return "to seek or get other means of conveyance". We changed our conveyance as we went to suit the conditions as we found them. Our help came from Knarraville and it shows the spirit of the people who were ready to do anything to help students of the BNS. Never was a people so loyal to a school.

I should like to risk losing the reader's attention by giving a detailed account of the return to the BNS in January of 1910. Our vacation in Washington was spoiled by an unusual amount of rain. This came in the form of snow north of Belvue (Pintura). Much of the

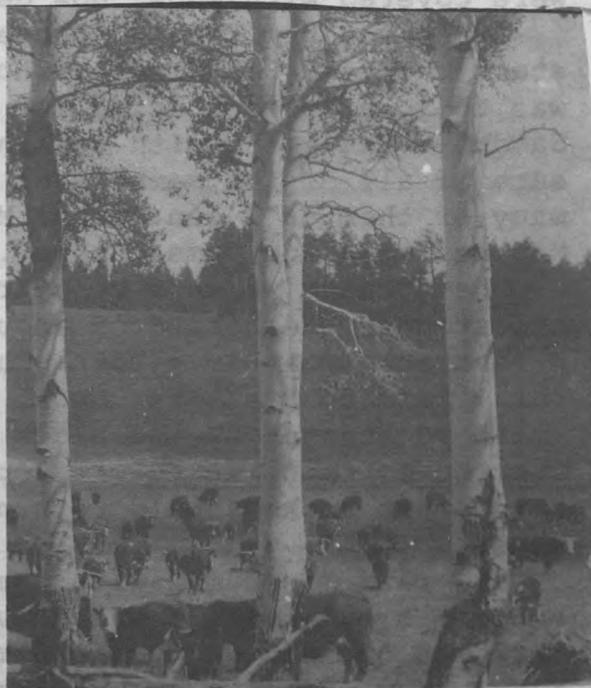
(Cont'd on page 54)

THE SUMMER OF 1910

BULLOCH'S OFFERED ME A JOB HERDING SHEEP BUT I TURNED IT DOWN. THEY THEN OFFERED ME A JOB FENCING ON THE CEDAR MOUNTAIN. THIS I ACCEPTED.

IT WAS NOW MY PAINFUL JOB TO CUT DOWN THESE LOVELY ASPEN TREES AND CONSTRUCT FENCES WITH THEM. THE SUMMER BEFORE I HAD SPENT MY SPARE TIME CARVING FLAGS AND PIONEER WAGONS ON THEIR WHITE BARK.

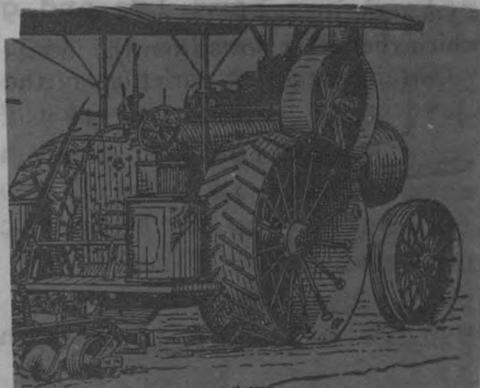
I WAS CAMPED IN A HOUSE AT A PLACE CALLED "BILL SPRINGS". THE FENCE COMPLETED I WAS SENT TO CEDAR CITY TO HAUL COAL FOR A STEAM TRACTOR



ONE OF THE BULLOCH BOYS DARED ME TO GET ON A MARE THAT HAD NEVER BEEN RIDDEN. I TOOK THE DARE. WE PUT THE SADDLE ON HER. I GOT ON. SHE BUCKED.

I H-ELD ONE HAND IN THE AIR LIKE A REAL BRONCO-BUSTER, BUT THE OTHER HAND HAD A STRANGLE HOLD ON THE SADDLE-HORN. I THINK THEY CALL IT "pulling leather" BUT I STAWED ON ANYWAY.

I HAULLED COAL FOR THE MONSTER AT THE RIGHT. IT WAS DRAGGING A BRUSH-GRUBBING DEVICE CLEARING THE LAND OF SAGE-BRUSH. WHEN NOT HAULING COAL I HELPED OPERATE THE GRUBBER THEREBY ALMOST GETTING KILLED OR SERIOUSLY HURT. IF INTERESTED IN DETAIL THE READER WILL NEED TO READ THE NARRATIVE. WHAT PAGE? I DO NOT KNOW OR I WOULD TELL YOU.



area around Cedar City and Knarraville had as much as three feet of snow. More in the mountains. Even the foothills north of Washington were covered with snow. How deep I do not know.

After the New Year's Dance we loaded our wagon and prepared to start back for School even though it continued to rain. Uncle Elmer was to go along and drive the team back from Cedar City. Uncle Will Sandberg was going with seeking employment and adventure. I am not sure of all of the members of the returning party, but I shall name as many of them as I can: Id and Mit Nielson, Aunt Emily, Sherman Cooper Marcus Tegan and James Cooper.

The morning we were to start we arose to a leaden sky but the rain had stopped. We hesitated about starting, but Grandpa Sandberg gave a favorable weather report: "The smoke's going straight up! No more rain. Safe to start for Cedar City now!" We started.

As we started up the black ridge dugway about a mile from town it started to rain. It never stopped raining or snowing for seven days. I think that smoke should return to its fire and hide its head in the ashes.

Now rain mixes mud with the lava rock and every dusty chuck-hole becomes a mud-hole. I was driving our team. One of the members of the team was our old gray mare named Polly. Folks said that she was "balky" but I knew better. True she had her "moods" when she would not move until she got ready. But she always "pulled" pulled good when she was ready. Mama and I had taken care of her when she had her front foot cut badly with barbed wire. Perhaps the old wound hurt and she just had to rest a bit. Papa was patient with her. He taught me to be the same but this time I lost my patience.

A cold rain was falling. About the middle of the black ridge the front wheel sank to the hub in a mud-hole. Polly refused to tighten a tug. We were stalled. No one could pass us on that narrow road. High bank on one side and piles of lava rock, dug out to make the road, on the other side.

A buckboard carrying the mail came up behind us. "Make way for the United States Mail!" the driver shouted. "Come and help us make way", I shouted back at him. I knew him well and it cut no ice with me that he was driving the U.S. Mail. "Boy," he said, "I am wrapped up snug, and warm, and dry. I have a long cold drive to make. If I get out and get wet and cold I shall perish. You have no right to stop the United States mail. Now get going. Take a stick and go over the ribs of that balky old mare of your dad's."

Against my training and my own feelings I did just that. I had not struck more than three blows when she turned and looked at me, then she raised her hind leg and gave me a not too gentle spat on my thigh. She could have broken my leg, but she only chose to remind me. If she could have spoken I am sure she would have said something like this. "If you will wait until my sore foot is rested I will pull you out of this. I have never let you down have I? Have you forgotten the time that I stood still in a hail storm and let you crawl under my belly? Have you forgotten how my bare back took the hailstones that would have hurt? How about the time I let you have both hind hooves on the seat of your pants, because you struck me with a willow just as you had taken the bridle off. I could have hurt you real bad and you know that you had it

coming to you. You had no cause whatever to strike me. Now get back on the driver's seat and I will go when I am ready and not until."

I dropped the stick and walked up to her head. I stroked her nose and told her I was sorry that I had struck her. Silly no doubt as far as the rest of the party and the man driving the U S Mail was concerned, but to me it seemed the right thing to do.

I climbed onto the driver's seat and waited while the man behind in the buck-board fumed and shouted. After a time Polly turned her head in my direction as far as she could. I took it as a signal that she was ready to go and spoke to the other horse. Polly tightened her tugs the wheels turned and we were on our way. But not for long.

The rain had reached the foothills and was melting the snow. Every stream-bed, dry most of the time, now crossed the road in torrents, as it paraded the generous supply of water furnished by the melting snow. We waited time and time again for these parades to pass, before we were allowed to pass. No damage was done to the road so we were able to arrive at Belvue, but it was long after dark. Then it started to snow. We moved into the camp-house. There was a fireplace but no wood. They said there was a big cottonwood log out in the field that we could use if we would cut it up. One of the fellows grabbed the axe and went at it. He soon returned with the empty axe. He observed that the log was hopeless. He could not get a splinter off from it.

I took the axe and said I would try it. He looked at me in utter disgust. But I remembered how Papa had worked up logs on the river in Washington. He would make wooden wedges out of green wood and drive them into the cracks. There was always cracks in a large log. This I did with the log in the field. I returned in triumph with an arm-full of wood. The glory of my victory was not all that I had hoped for. I had hoped to "show-off" before the girls, but the owner of the camp-house had invited them into the house for the night. They were gone.

But my vanity received some satisfaction from another source. A little man with a strong Swiss accent, came rushing into the camp-house from out of the night. He rushed up to me and gave me a big hug. He said in part (I do not know how to write Swiss Accent) "I will take you to Switzerland with me when I go. You have get-up, go ahead, what you call pluck. I saw big strong boy march up to big log. Take one swing and walk away. No wood. Then I saw smaller boy come out and look carefully at log. And then I did not look for a while. And then I look and he has armfull of wood and heading for camp-house. So I follow to make him what you call gratitude."

Early the next morning, two men came along from the south in a very light buggy. They told us that as soon as Ash Creek diminished enough for them to cross they would push on to Cedar City. They expected to find the road washed out at every point where heavy floods of water crossed the road, but they could carry the buggy over these places and go on. They would inform the people at Knarraville of our situation and they would send some kind of aid.

I do not know how long they waited at Ash Creek, but it was several days before help came from Knarra. I am not sure of the name of the man who came from Knarra, but I think that it was Bishop William Berry. Anyway we were taken to his home. He had brought his wagon as far as the head of the ridge. The road at Dead Man's Hollow was completely

gone. He had left his wagon there and had ridden one of his horses and had lead the other. We would have to walk from Belvue to the wagon, (I would have spelled that "Bellview", but the Iron County Record spells it "Belvue" and that is "authority.") The girls were to ride the two horses, but it was so cold they preferred to walk most of the way. We could bring no luggage. Uncle Elmer was to return to Washington with the team, leaving our "stuff" at Belvue. When the storm cleared we would figure out some way to get our clothing. The rest would have to wait until the roads were repaired.

At Bishop Berry's house the girls were given the spare bed room and the fellows slept on the Living Room floor. The next morning it was clear and cold. I hate to tell you this, but the "smoke" was going straight up." Will Reeves offered to go for our luggage. He would take the wagon and an extra horse. The suitcases would have to be emptied into sacks. He would like one of us fellows to go with him. The girls requested me to go and gave detailed directions for unpacking their suitcases. I swelled with pride and was happy to go. I had no idea how cold it would be. I had never felt cold like that before. I felt sure that I had a frozen ear and the side of my face felt numb, but there was no damage done and I was the happy hero.

=====

The spring of 1910 I was offered a job herding sheep for Bullocks, but I turned it down. Then they offered me a job constructing fence on the Cedar Mountain. This I accepted. It would be my job to cut down the lovely aspen trees that I had carved so well the summer before. I was camped in the ranch house at Bill Springs. David C Bulloch, who worked with the cattle out on the Arizona Strip, said for me to construct a small enclosure out of the smaller logs first and one of the boys from town would come up to help me with the larger logs. He said he would bring me a horse to ride, so I could visit around after work in the evenings.

He brought the horse, it was a mare that had never been ridden. He taunted me: "I guess you would not try her would you? I have never seen an Andrus who would climb onto a bronco." I looked him in the eye and drew myself up proudly, "You are looking at one now who will. Put the saddle on her."

She bucked for a spell and then quieted down. I held one hand in the air like a real "bronco-buster", but the other hand held the horn of the saddle in a vise-like grip. Dave left her with me. I treated her kindly. She never bucked anymore. I rode her many times and had great fun visiting around to sheep-camps and ranches.

Now the man came up from town to help with the big logs, but he brought his family with him. He said that I was to take the sheep-herd as there was no room for me at the house. In the middle of the day I could help him with the fence while the sheep were "shaded up". I told him that I would not do like that. He said, "I never hired a man that would not do what I told him to. You are fired." I replied, "You can't fire me, because you did not hire me. Dave hired me I will go to town and talk to him." I saddled the mare and went to town.

Dave said I could take his team and haul coal from the Cedar Canyon for a steam tractor that was plowing and grubbing brush down on the "bottoms."



Our party at Navajo Lake Starting on the Left:Gene Woodbury with hand on hip: Emron H Jones, squatting on log:Gwen Higbee, same thing on another log:Carrie Leigh standing behind Gwen:All on the same log:Ashton Jones sitting straddle: Gordon Matheson, one hand on hip, pole in other:A.T. Jones, standing with hands on hips:Arthur Jones with pole in hand.Dolph Andrus on raft with pole in both hands:Irene Jones, in front of raft knee-deep in water.

Same as above in new positions. I stuck with the raft and persuaded Irene to get on with me. Then I "rowed her across the lake. I have since learned how risky this was. Raised in warm water I had no idea what cold water can do even to expert swimmers and I was far from being in that class.



The bathing beauties at the left are not of our party. They are Cedar City girls and the picture was taken in Navajo Lake the same summer that we were there. I cannot identify all of them so will not name any of them. I print it to show how bold the girls of 1910 could get when on a camping trip on Cedar Mountain. This was before we had bathing suits

Before I start telling you about the crowning event of the summer of 1910 I should tell you of a sad event that <sup>caused</sup> me to make one more trip over the road to Washington. Uncle Will Sandberg had left us a few days after we arrived in Cedar City and we never heard from him after he left. We had no idea where he was. Then Aunt Emily received a telegram saying that he had been killed at Gold Springs, Nev. We drove to Washington in a light buggy with a team hired from the Sam Bell Livery Stable. It is a curious fact that when some one passes on, there keeps coming to your mind some unusual thing about them as you have known them. It comes as a saying, or an unusual act. In the case of Uncle Will it was something he said to Aunt Emily as she came home after the last day of a school term in Washington. "Small one glad one school one stopton?" He was always making up silly jingles like that. It was a cold trip, but no rain or snow. The smoke went up.

Now for the "crowning" event. Irene says it should be called for my part in it, "the clowning event" as I was always clowning. She says she does not remember it <sup>the clown part</sup> with any degree of pleasure. Well let me say that I do. I had a lot of fun.

Irene's brother Treharne (A T) had recently returned from a mission to South Africa and I think he was the one who organized they trip. Irene's mother went along as chaperon. The members of the party I have named on page 57 along with photo of our fun on Navajo Lake.

I had plenty of coal on hand for the steam tractor so Dave Bulloch gave me permission to go. While I was gone a cowboy who worked for Dave got on the mare I had been riding and she threw him off. He got on a again and dug his spurs into her sides. The more he spurred the more she bucked. He got thrown off again. Dave let them have her for the "bucking horse contest" at the County Fair that Fall and she was the best "bucking animal" they had. I never got to ride her again nor did I care to. A gentle animal had been made mean by abuse.

When I entered BNS the fall of 1910 I found that the Three Year Course had now been extended to Four. I found that by "loading up" I could make enough credits to graduate from the Four Year Course in Three Years. Aunt Emily either boarded or did not come that year and Id's sister Mit did not come so Id and I boarded out, but kept our old room at Hyrum Perry's. I think this was the first year that my cousin Lafe Jolley attended the BNS. Anyway I know he was there that year.

Since I did not have enough to do with my heavy course I became interested in the 440 yard race and started to train for it. I felt that I could not afford to spend money on a regular outfit, so the "spikes" was all I bought. For ~~track~~ I cut the legs off from an old pair of pants. I was a clown again. The funny man of the field. The coach said he would eat his hat if I beat the regular 440 man. He came near to it at the tryouts. The regular runner beat me to the tape by inches and then fainted. I could have gone another round but could go no faster. The coach thought that I could improve my speed if I worked hard at it, but I had found that track work and heavy courses do not go well together so I gave up the track.



Left  
Israel  
Nielson Jr  
"Id" to me  
One of the  
best friends  
I ever had.  
We ate at  
the same  
table &  
slept in  
the same  
bed for  
three years  
while at  
the BNS.



Right.  
Dolph  
Andrus  
Spring of  
1910  
20 years  
old.

Below. This picture was taken as we were getting ready to leave our camp on Mammoth Creek. I do not know who started it. Perhaps I did. I was always playing the clown. Anyway I found myself with a saddle on and making like a horse with Emron Jones in the saddle. He held a pistol in each hand and Treharne Jones took the picture. Irene looks on with a gun in her hand. Left is a sketch to make clear the "horse" saddle & rider. If it looks like either it was intentional.



Out of the many papers that I prepared in my school work, only one has survived and it is in such poor condition as to make reading very difficult. I am going to include it in this biography as I wish to keep it and also I want to show the quality of high school work that was done more than 50 years ago at the BNS in Cedar City. This was written for a class in English History.

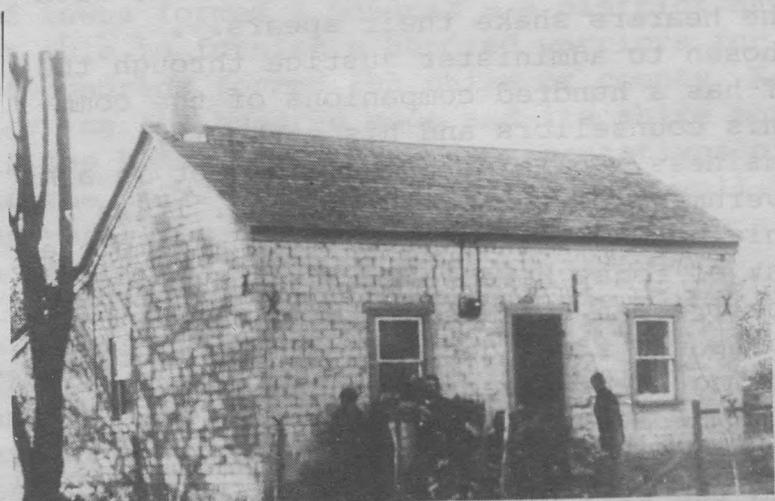
#### THE DEVELOPMENT OF REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT IN ENGLAND

In order to trace out a perfect continuity of the development of representative government, for a beginning, we need go no farther back than the early home of the Anglo-Saxons in the German Forest. There in every little clearing, surrounded by a belt of forest land is a simple form of self-government; in every tiny knot of farmers is a true democracy. Not a democracy in the missused sense of the term, but a democracy in the original meaning of the word. A government by the people - and by all of the people - not a portion of them.

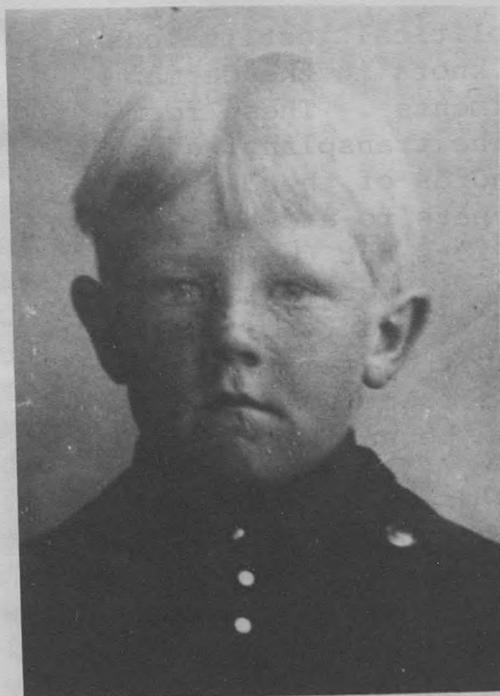
The United States of America, regardless of her much boasted of democracy is far from democratic. She is not, neither can she be, because of her size, be truly democratic. Her system of government is the best known substitute for a democracy, by which all of her subjects can, if they will, have at least a share in the management of governmental affairs; the form of her government is one that nearest approaches democracy - a government by representation. England worked out the pattern for that representative democracy and the United States of America is the biggest and best government that has ever been cut from it.

But where did England get that pattern? Did she get it from Rome? Did she get it from Greece? Did she get it as a result of her study of any of the ancients? No, not a single idea. Selfgovernment is the heritage of the Teutonic race. It is true that the classical nations had ideas of it and in many cases attempted to work it out; and it may be that it as Freeman says that the idea of self-government is common to the Arayan Family. In speaking of the leagues of ancient Greece he says that they trod upon the very threshold of representative government without once entering. Nevertheless, England did not get her idea of government by representation from any classical source. She worked it out for herself. It was a tree that grew on her own soil from a seed carried over by the Saxons from the forests of Germany. The tree grew to magnificent proportions and bore good fruit.

Let us go to the direct words of Tacitus, the greatest of the Roman Historians, for a discription of this crude Teutonic form of self-government as it was found in its unsullied state before the advance of civilization. He says: "They choose their kings on account of their nobility, their leaders for their valor, nor have the kings an unbounded arbitrary power, and the leaders rule rather by their example than in the right of command; if they are ready, if they are forward, if they are foremost in leading the van, they hold the first place in honor . . . . . In smaller matters the chiefs debate, on greater matters all men . . . on those things the final decision rests with the whole people. . . . The multitude sits in such order as it thinks good; silence is proclaimed by the priests, who also have the right to enforce it. Presently the King or Chief, according to the age of each, according to his birth, accord-



I came back to the old home once or twice a year. The house did not change, but my brother Laron did before I knew it the curls were gone. Left I received a photo of his first hair-cut. On the back was a note. "GUESS WHO" and then a young man.



The winter of 1910-11 my parents were living on the James Andrus Farm in the Washington Field. There was plenty of good hunting in the fields and

hills near the farm house. Laron always went with me and we began to get better acquainted, but my stay was short and the trips home began to get farther and farther apart so that we never really got to know each other.



ing to his glory in war. . . .(cannot read faded Mss, ) . . . . . speaking by the influence of persuasion not by the power of commanding. . . . . If their opinions give offense they are thrust aside with a shout. If they are approved the hearers shake their spears. . . . . In the same assembly they are chosen to administer justice through the district and village. Each chief has a hundred companions of the commons assigned to him, as at once his counsellors and his authority. Moreover, they do no matter of business, public or private except in arms".

Thus, Tacitus pictures the government of the early Tuetons. It is a drawing in bold outlines that only needs filling in to make a complete picture of the English government of today. Here we see a republic of warriors and farmers in which each freeman has a share; here we see that the work of the General Assembly is the final decision on all matters of law; here we see the people ruling un-hampered by the arbitrary power of the king. Indeed this is where we find the nucleus of a power above that of the king; a germ of that spirit that. . . .(faded). . . . and demanded the Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights. It is true that at times it seems to sink almost out of sight, when the English people cowered under the power of a strong king, but thrown down it returns with double force to demand new concessions from the monarch and to warn him that there is a power -above that of the king - the power of the people.

Here then lay ready formed, the social and political institutions which we find in England today. In these tiny knots in the German Forest England learned to be a "Mother of Parliaments". These forms were soon to be transplanted to British soil. The transplanting began with the landing of Hengest and Horsa on the shores of the Isle of Trent in 449 A.D. They came with their war-bonnets to aid the Celts in keeping off the Picts. They drove out the Picts but they refused, much to the chagrin of the Celts, to return to their native land. They liked the low-rolling hills and meadow-lands of Britian. They were more pleasing to them than the forests of Germany and they made preparations to stay. They were re-enforced by bands of their countrymen from the continent and the so-called "Saxon Conquest" was begun. But it was no conquest, it was the transplanting of a nation. . . .(faded) . . . . the national occupation of a new country.

Soon the Tuetonic invaders had established themselves as a nation in Britian. By the 6th century their dominion extended from the German Ocean to . . .(faded) . . . to the Firth of Fourth. The only places that that the Celts could make a stand at all was in the mountains of the West and North. . . .(faded) . . . . all classes adopted the German dialect. The efforts of the Roman Conquest were almost entirely wiped out. Little of Roman Law and Roman forms of government survived the advance of the Saxons. The Anglo-Saxons followed their own form of government as nearly as they could make it fit their new conditions. But the new conditions demanded a change, if not in form at least in sentiment. Inevitably there must come an increase in the power of the chieftains.

The forms and civil divisions that were had in the German Forest were established in England. The smallest division was the town, or "tun".

It was surrounded by an embankment of earth set with a thick hedge or rows of sharp stakes. Outside of this was a deep ditch. A cluster of towns formed a hundred - a district having in it a hundred families or able to furnish a hundred warriors for the common defense. A cluster of hundreds formed the shire or county. Each division had its public meeting, its hundred moot and its shire moot. Every freeman was present at the hundred moot and representatives of each hundred were present at the shire moot. This worked very well in times of peace, but a state of war - the English tribes were continually fighting each other - made a stronger central authority mandatory.

Heretofore, as is shown in the description given by Tacitus, the ultimate sovereignty resided in the free armed people or assembly. The chief, or leader, was chosen by the tribe at large. But, now the ambitious and successful leader soon won for himself a stronger position and began to exert some power over the general assembly and from here on the history of England is a struggle between the people and the king. (The Instructor who reviewed the paper has written on the margin "This is not the only struggle") It is a perpetual see-saw in which at times the power of the people is down low and the power of the king is high. Almost an absolute monarchy. Then the people take a rise, only to go down again. But not quite so low as before. Each time they rise higher and the king goes lower.

The struggle for supremacy among the Anglo-Saxon leaders resulted in the consolidation of the various tribes into three great Kingdoms; Northumbria, Mercia and Wessex. Then came the struggle to see which of the three would be supreme. The leader of the faction that was successful, took the title of Bretwalda. He exercised authority as overlord of the semi-dependent states. Egbert of Wessex (806-839) was the eighth Bretwalda and is sometimes known as the "first King of the English". Under Alfred, also of Wessex, the invasion of the Danes forced a stronger union and more central authority. Though Alfred never succeeded in driving out the Danes, he checked their advance and built up a strong kingdom. His successors, Edward Athelstane and Edmund succeeded in reducing the Danes to something like submission; and in 959. . . . . (faded Mss) was crowned King of all England. . . . . uniting in his person the threefold sovereignty of the West Saxons, Merclans and Northumbrians." England was now a somewhat united kingdom and it is well to consider her forms and methods of government at this period, for a foreign power is soon to turn her institutions inside out and it will take years to return to the original principles - the original forms will never be returned to.

The civil divisions of the Anglo-Saxon Polity have been given and we have said that the king has been gaining in power. This is a fact, but all the time he has been limited - except when he was strong enough to have his own way - by the Witengemot, or General Assembly, a body which represents the people, but was not a collection of representatives as we understand it today. The English . . . . was now in a stage . . . . between the old Teutons . . . . and the later mediaval type of the time of Henry II. The people were still the source of power and the king was to be a servant and not a master.

The king was under the strict limitations of his Witan. This Supreme Council of the nation is a descendant of the General Assembly as seen by Tacitus and it is a progenitor of the English Parliament of today. It was not a body of elected representatives nor a meeting of all of the subjects; it was "democratic in ancient theory and aristocratic in . . . practice", however, it was a body that represented the will of the people and was an excellent check on the king. Its numbers were: the king, the governors of the counties, the king's theigns, the Bishops and Abbots, and the wise men of the kingdom, hence its name - Witenagamoot, the meeting of the wise. It participated in every act of government and exercised powers above that of the Parliament of today. Kemble . . . . . its powers into twelve. . . . . as follows:

I. They . . . . . possessed a consultive voice. . . . . the right to consider every public act. . . . . could not be authorized by the king.

II. The Witan . . . . . upon the making of new laws which were to be added to . . . . . existing "folcright" and were to be promulgated by their own and on the king's authority.

III. The Witan had the power of making alliances and treaties of peace and of setting their terms.

IV. The Witan had the power of electing the king.

V. The Witan had the power of deposing the king if his government was not conducted for the benefit of his people.

VI. The king and the Witan had the power to appoint to vacant sees.

VII. They had the power to regulate ecclesiastical matters, appoint feasts and festivals, and decide upon the levy and expenditure of all ecclesiastical revenue.

VIII. They, the King and the Witan, had the power to levy. . . . . for the public service.

IX. The King and the Witan had power to raise . . . . . land . . . forces, when occasion demanded.

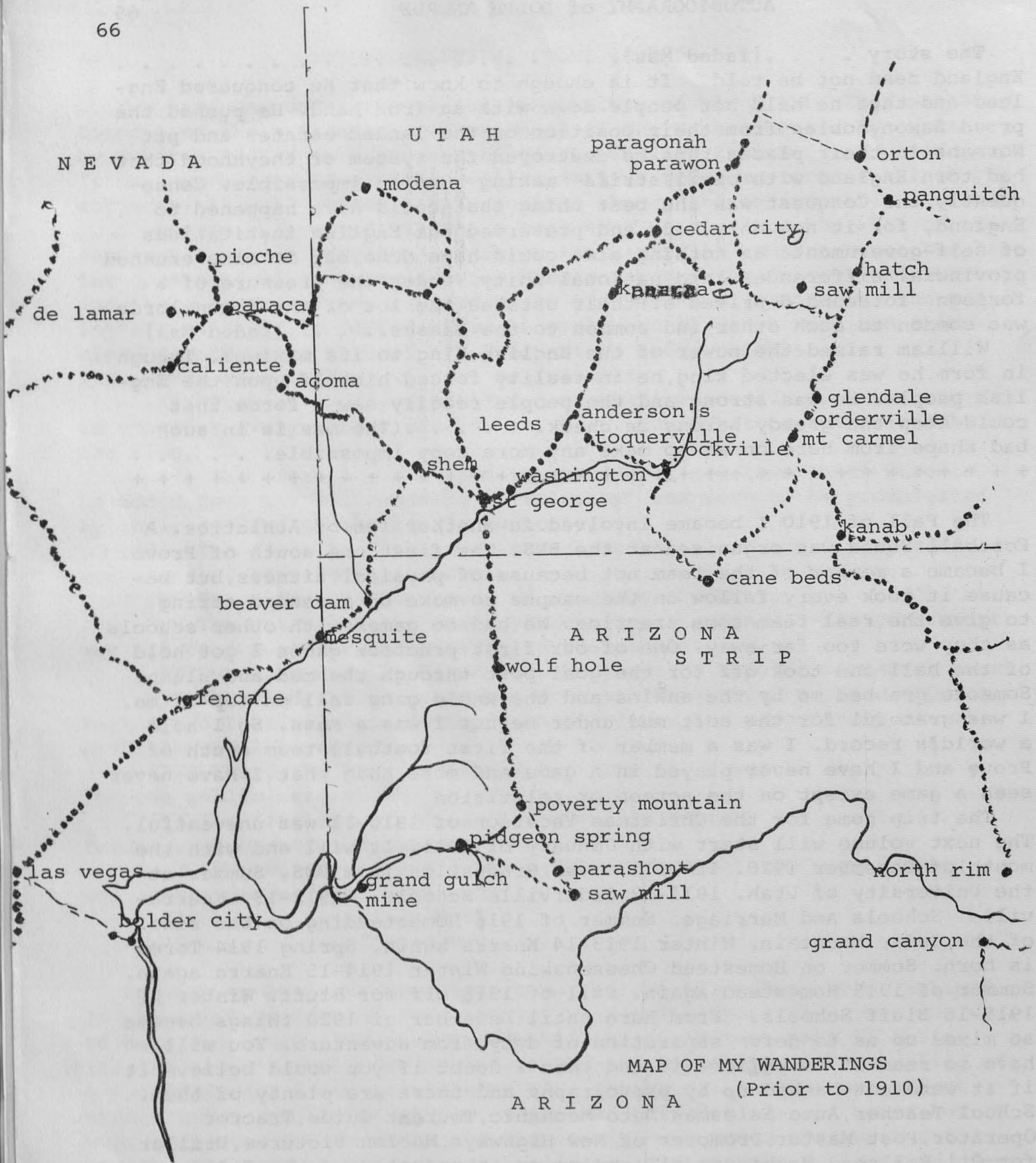
X. The Witan possessed the power of recommending assenting to and guaranteeing grants of land.

XI. . . . . (Faded Mss)

XII . . . . . (Faded Mss)

Notwithstanding the excellent form of self-government, here outlined in the rough, Englishmen were not yet to a point where they could unite and make use of it. The system that had served them so well in their tribal divisions could not be understood and appreciated when applied as a national one. Even the strength of a foreign king could not effect a stable union under this system. Cnut maintained a sort of union, but it went to pieces on his death and the country was again torn with civil strife. As a matter of fact, national self-government was years in advance of their understanding. Their simple Saxon ancestors had wrought a . . . . . in the forests of Germany that was beyond their comprehension. The unification of England must come from foreign pressure and under a different system. The system was a feudal one and the pressure was to begin with the Norman Conquest by William of Normandy.





MAP OF MY WANDERINGS  
ARIZONA (Prior to 1910)

My original intention was to close this volume with the end of December 1910, but this cuts a school year right in the middle. No life can be cut in even chunks of ten years. It is like trying to cut a soft strawberry pie, you may cut the crust fairly straight, but insides will flow unevenly. So it is with life. I tried to cut a line at December 31 1910, but this was the year of my graduation from the BNS and my thoughts kept flowing on until the day I would finish at the Southern Branch of the State Normal School. so I decided to continue this period until the Spring of 1911.

My thoughts dwelt first on the persons that were in my class, and then turned to the instructors. We had no Year Book. The custom had not yet come to the BNS. So we had no little summing up by each student's individual picture. In fact we did not have individual pictures. Just a group photograph and there was no room for comments. I have often wondered what they would have said about me. I shall tell what I know about my class-mates, but it will not be in Year Book Style. Just plain facts. Perhaps some reader may have something to add and if they will write to me at 10353 Jardine Avenue Sunland California 91040 I will include the comments in the next volume.

I will have something to say about my instructors. It will not be a glowing tribute nor an attempt at evaluation, but only the relating of a few incidents in which they were involved. This will not include the entire Faculty as I had little or no contact with some of the members.



GRADUATES of 1911 from FOUR YEAR NORMAL COURSE B.N.S.

Back Row Standing: Left to Right: HYRUM JONES, CORA JONES, DOLPH ANDRUS,  
 RUBY NAEGLE, MYRON F HIGBEE, EMMA LAMBSON  
 Middle Row Sitting! Left-Right : MARY BERGSTROM, WEBSTER LEIGH, JESSIE  
 JENNINGS, RONALD DALLEY, GWEN HIGBEE,  
 DONALD SCHMUTZ.  
 Bottom Row Sitting: Left-Right : IRENE JONES, JOHN FLETCHER, EFFIE JONES,  
 CARRIE LEIGH.

The Class of 1911 had not been together from Freshmen to \* senior. The second class to be graduated from the Four Year Normal Course they were made for the most part of members who had graduated from the Three Year Course. Some had been out and had taught school and had returned to take another year. HYRUM JONES: We received a letter from him recently. He is married and living in Spanish Fork, Utah. CORA JONES: Married Alfred Stucki and lives on a farm in Cedar Valley, Utah. I have not seen Cora since Alfred lost the sight of one eye. I asked her how it happened and she replied, "I let him chop some wood one day and not being used to the axe he flipped a splinter into his eye." He has since passed on and Cora is a widow. RUBY NAEGLE: Married and living in New York. MYRON F HIGBEE: Sometime during the 20's, he and I

served together in the Sunday School Superintendency of the Second Ward in Cedar City sometime during the 20's. EMMA LANBSON: Married to Roice Nelson, who was killed in a farm accident several years ago. She died during the past summer in Cedar City. MARY BERGSTROM: Mary never married. She operated a very fine cafe in Cedar City for many years. Deseased. WEBSTER LEIGH: Killed in a farm accident several years ago. JESSIE JENNINGS: Married and living in Hurricane, Utah. RONALD DALLEY: I have met one of his daughters, but have not seen him since 1911. She told me that Ronald was living in Teasdale, Utah. I have since learned that he has moved to Cedar City.

GWEN HIGBEE: Married to Gordon Matheson and now living in Monrovia California. We see her and Gordon every once in a while. We drive over to Monrovia and they drive over here. Gwen attended Summer School at the University of Utah in 1911. I was at that same School. When the 4th of July came we had a holliday. Since Gwen was Irene's cousin it was alright I thought for me to invite her to spend the day at Saltair on the Great Salt Lake. She packed a lunch and the way we went. Now if you do not believe in telepathy, consider this: Gordon got the same idea down in Cedar City and took Irene out. Well I never did hear much about their date, but I will tell you about Gwen and I. Gwen was persuaded to put on a bathing suit and we went into the salt water but not very deep. I remember well the bathing suit she wore. It was the start of the Bikini. It showed her ankles, her elbows and the neckline plunged almost to her collar-bone. When she came out of the bath-house she cried, "Oh! Grandma if you could see me now!" We ate the fine lunch Gwen had prepared, danced a little and returned home early as we had lessons to prepare for the next day. DONALD SCHMUTZ: He married and his wife died. He married again and is now living in St George, Utah. He operates a Motel there I have been told. IRENE JONES: If you have read my story you know about her fate, and when she writes her own story you will know more. JOHN FLETCHER: I have not heard anything about him since we graduated. The Blue Book says that he is living in Henderson, Utah. EFFIE JONES: Married to a man named Hooper. We have been to their home several times. Effie is now a widow and living in the town of Hooper, Utah. CARRIE LEIGH: Never Married. Deseased. She worked for years in the Iron County Hospital at Cedar City. She was down here on a visit shortly before she died.

There is a little story about Effie and Carrie that I shall have the nerve to relate. They attended University of Utah Summer School the same summer that I did and they boarded at the same boarding house where I was boarding. There were three houses, one for the boys, one for the girls and one for the family that operated the boarding house. Effie and Carrie came to the lady with the complaint that they had found bed bugs in their room. The good lady replied, "That's just the trouble with taking in boarders from everywhere. You never can tell what they will bring with them." The girls were indignant and moved to another place.

Please turn the page and we will start on the Faculty of the Southern Branch of the State Normal School. B.N.S. for short.



J WESLEY BARTON

GEORGE W DECKER

GEORGE W DECKER, Principal of the Branch Normal School. Mr Decker gave some advice on my leaving school that got me into some trouble and it gave me a lot of satisfaction. I do not remember if the advice was given to the class or to me individually. Anyhow, here is the advice.: (I put it in quotation marks to make it stand out. The words are mine as I remember the substance of his advice) "When you go out to teach in these small towns, do more than teach the school. Consider the town and it's needs. If there is a job that needs doing, and there is not anyone around any better qualified than you, dive into the job and get it done." Perhaps I took his advice too literally, or I may have over-estimated my own ability, but I dove into some jobs that were just a little bit beyond my ability. You will need to read the story of the next ten years of my life in order to know what I am talking about.

I had won Second Place in the Oratorical Contest for 1910, and when the 1911 Contest came around I entered the tryouts. There were no other entrants so I was chosen to go to Salt Lake. Two girls, Vera Pace & Elsa Anderson were going up for the Declamation Contest. Mr Decker went along with us. He drove us out to Lund in his "White-top Buggy." We got a late start and as train time approached we were still a long distance from Lund. In the clear air we could see the smoke of our

train as it approached the station. It is very difficult to judge distance on the desert. Mr Decker wasted no time in estimating how far the train was from the station, but whipped the horses into a gallup and we pulled into the station as the train came to a stop. He threw the lines to a man standing by and we climbed aboard just as the train pulled out of the station. In those days it was an all night ride to Salt Lake City. Mr Decker and I shared an Upper Pullman Berth. We both slept straight and quiet so the sleeping was not too bad. In the morning I made myself thin against the outer wall in order to let him have room to "fix his feet" for the pavements of the city. This he did by wrapping each toe with gauze and sprinkling some kind of powder into his shoes. He explained that unless he did this walking on the pavement blistered his feet. I would like to report that I won a place in the contest, but I did not. I did not deserve it. My speech was poorly prepared. There was no one who had time to coach me.

The last time I saw Mr Decker was long after he had retired from the B.N.S. and I do not remember the date, but the B.N.S. had long been the B.A.C. Branch Agricultural College. He was in the Iron County Hospital with several broken ribs and some internal injuries, from a logging accident at the sawmill on Cedar Mountain. He told me to get out as I made him laugh and he was in no fix to be cheered to that point.

J WESLEY BARTON. Psychology, Pedagogy, History, and Athletics, that is what the school catalogue says. I had a class in English History under him and one in The History of Education. He was the coach who was going to eat his hat if I beat the regular 440 man. He was also the Football Coach. He was always ribbing me about my skinny neck. He had a neck like a bull. He had been center on the U of U football at one time. He told a story that illustrates the need for rigid self-control when playing football. The teams were lined up waiting for the signal. The center of the opposing team spit on Barton's foot & he raised his foot, the signal came and he was caught off balance and got bowled over.

I made the following statement in a paper that I wrote for my class in The History of Education: "Religious people are prone to make use of scientific findings in order to prove their dogma, although they belittle science." He wrote on the margin: "Ha! Ha!" He liked that.

It was from Barton that I got the idea of sleeping without a pillow under my head. Barton and some others were down on a tour for the B.N.S. They invited me to go to St. George with them. It was the only time that I have spoken in the Tabernacle. It was a thrill even if the audience was very small. It was a warm night and Barton and I shared a bed. With his bulk the springs hit the floor. He proposed that we place the pillows under the bed to soften the blow of contact with the floor. He said that he never used a pillow under his head at any time and that it was better for your health. I could have slept as far as lack of pillow was concerned, but it was difficult to hang onto the edge of the bed with him "wallowing" in the middle. I have never used a pillow under my head since.



E.A.Morgan

Parley Dalley

PARLEY DALLEY. Chemistry, Physics, Algebra, and Trigonometry. That is the way he is listed in the 1910-1911 B.N.S. Catalogue, but when I knew him first, the winter of 1909-1910, he also taught Plain (Plane) and I do mean Solid Geometry. The reason it was so solid to me was because the Plane was not as plain as I thought it was at first. It was planned to take Plane the first half and Solid the second half, but you had to keep going in order to do that. Solid was not a required subject. Algebra had been so easy for me that I never dreamed Geometry could be so difficult. I gave the first few weeks of lessons very little attention. Everything seemed too simple to bother with. Then suddenly I found I was in real trouble. Others were in the same fix, so they organized a special class to meet at 7:00 A.M., and go slow from the beginning and take the whole year to complete Plane Geometry. I decided to take that class. The first class I attended, the teacher, Mr Macfarlane, said, "You get out of here, I will not have you in this class. Parley Dalley is willing and able to give you all the help you need. Go back where you belong and dig." I went back and Parley literally dragged me through Plane Geometry, but it was done so skillfully and in such a pleasant manner that I had no feeling of being dragged. He explained everything from the beginning as if it were new and exciting information. Never once did he say, "You should

have known that!" He gave every bit of information, no matter how old and commonplace, as if it were a new and exciting discovery. He made me feel that I was the first person that he had ever told about the lines, the angles, and their definitions. Axioms and postulates that were centuries old, were given as if they had just been discovered. I have never known anyone who could maintain such a fresh vibrant form clear to the end of a long tiring day. I had help from another source, Id Nielson had started the course when I did. He did not get bogged down and was able to give me considerable help. Between the two of them and my own hard work I made it.

Parley Dalley was my instructor for Chemistry and Physics. My only trouble here was my lack of knowledge concerning simple arithmetic. My grade school training had been poor, especially fractions and the use of the decimal point. Here again Parley was very patient. He taught me these elements as though they were part of the course. I made up my mind then that when I taught school my students would have to learn arithmetic.

E.A.MORGAN. I have had considerable to say about this Englishman and English Instructor on pages 46-49, but I remember him for other things somewhat different. The one that stands out most vividly in my memory is the talk that he gave in one of our Chapel Exercises. I can remember only one sentence of his exact words. "Cardinal Newman wrote those lines during an age of agnosticism." The Student Body had just finished singing, "Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom, Lead thou me on! The night is dark and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on! Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see the distant scene— one step enough for me." He placed special stress on the line, " I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou should lead me on, I loved to choose and see my path. . . ." He called attention to the fact that it was natural for youth to want to go its own way without guidance. It came at a time when I needed it. One of the other instructors had said, "People do not like to have the foundations of their lives shaken." Well I was having the foundation of my religious life shaken and Morgan's talk was just what I needed.

When the school started the publication of a school paper called The Student, I was chosen Associate Editor. It was my job to work with the printer, Mr Alex Rollo. I did the proof reading and worked with him on the layout. He changed the sentence structure in some of our copy. I demanded that he reset the type to conform to our copy. He refused maintaining that he was right and the copy was wrong. I went to Mr Morgan and he went after Mr Rollo. This is their conversation: MR ROLLO. "I will leave it as it is and write an apology, stating that I should have known better than to try and correct a stubborn English-  
man like we have over at the B.N.S."

MR MORGAN. "No! You write that there is an ignorant Scotsman in the printing office that does not <sup>know</sup> correct English and more than that he does not know he is ignorant."

No apology was written. The type were reset to conform to our copy.



ALBERT N TOLLESTRUP



JOHN S WOODBURY



elias m hansen



WOOD-WIND ORCHESTRA SECTION. Cora Jones-Irene Jones-Hazel Dalley-Hussong  
OBOE CLARINET CLARINET FLUTE

ALBERT N TOLLESTRUP. I have had considerable to say about this man on pages 38 and 44. The mention of his name calls to mind the death of his wife, leaving him with a family of children. This was followed by a severe illness. Irene and I visited him and I remember well something he said to us, "If you kids ever get married make your mate promise never to go away and leave you." Mr. Decker spoke at the funeral of Mrs. Tollestrup and the boldness of his words startled me but I believed them. He said in part, "This good woman was not called home by her maker, she died because of the carelessness of her doctor, she has left a family of little children, because a man failed to take the sanitary measures dictated by modern medical practice."

JOHN S WOODBURY. I had no classes under him, but he was Irene's Uncle Hohn and that was enough to make him special, but more than that he had come up to me after I had spoken in the Ralley (See page 36) and said, "You remind me of your Grandfather Andrus. He was a great expounder of the Gospel. You speak just like him. I have heard him many times." This was enough to warm the heart of any boy.

ELIAS M HANSEN. I did not intend to belittle this man by writing his name in small letters under his picture. This was a slip and erasing is difficult on the material I am working with. Mr Hansen was a good teacher. Very serious. No nonsense in his class. He said that no one could get out of his class with a mark of 100%. He would find a way to mark them down. If the + signs were not square or if the -- minus signs were too long or too short etc, he would take points off for these errors. He had studied law at a school that also taught medicine. The one joke that I remember him telling was about this school. They had a professor who had a habit of pulling a handkerchief out of his pocket and moping his brow before speaking at a banquet. The boys bided a time when they could make use of this. They gathered up all the human ears they could find in the laboratory and wrapped them in his handkerchief. True to form he pulled it out and scattered ears all over the table.

MR HUSSONG. He is the flute player in the orchestra. I had a course in Latin under him. His favorite expression was, "Now if you do not learn in this class it is my fault." It was music to hear him roll off the latin phrases. I especially enjoyed reading Julius Caesar's Gallic Wars in the original language. Mr Hussong called attention to Caesar's method of telling the story of his battles. First he would go on at great length about the strength of the enemy. Then he would inform us about the smallness of his own troops. He always ended with the same phrase, "Ours conquered easily." I have forgotten the Latin for it.

WOOD-WIND SECTION OF THE ORCHESTRA. This was enlarged from a very small photo of the entire orchestra as they sat on the stage during a chapel exercise. The rest did not reproduce good so I do not show the entire Orchestra.



MABLE NAEGLE

ROSWELL C BELKNAP

INEZ POWELL

MENZIES MACFARLANE

Note: The pictures on this page and those on pages 70, 72, and 74, except Mr Hansen and the Orchestra, were taken from an 8x10 print of the entire school and faculty taken on the front steps of the Science Building. The faculty were seated and the students were standing behind them. The faces on the original are not much larger than this ( ) and it is a tribute to the skill of the photographer that they will stand an enlargement of the size shown on the pages indicated. Belknap and Powell were not sitting together in the original. A faculty member was sitting between them and his arm was in front of Belknap's arm. Since I had no classes under him I removed him and moved Powell near Belknap. Perhaps I did not need to tell you. Really does it show that much? There are so many faces of old school friends on this picture that I would like to enlarge them all and tell of my contact with them, but time will not permit. I must be "gettin' on."

MABLE NAEGLE. I had no classes under her. I remember her because she was Parley's Sweetheart. There was a lot of matchmaking going on at the school among the Faculty and also among the Students.

ROSWELL C BELKNAP. I had two years of German and one year of American Literature under this instructor. His room was across the hall from us. Id and I had many visits to his room and he sometimes visited us. I must tell you about a little incident that happened in our German Class. Belknap often conducted the class in the German Language. He would ask a question in German and the Student would try to answer in German. English was not allowed. The German word for "Yes" is "YA". No matter what was asked one little girl would always say "Ya." One time she kept silent when the proper answer would have been, "Ya." Belknap waited for her to reply, but no answer came. She just put her finger to her lips and giggled. He spoke rather sharp. "UN Gottes willen, sagen sie ya bitte." He explained that what he had said was the German equivalent of "For Heaven's sake say yes please." No! Gott is the German word for God and Himmel is the word for Heaven. It sounded to us like he had said, "For God's sake say yes please."

INEZ POWELL. I had no classes under her, but it was added pleasure to happen by the door of the Domestic Science Lab just at the right time to receive some choice left-over experiment. She was Roswell's Sweetheart, but she went after wood with Id and I as I have told you.

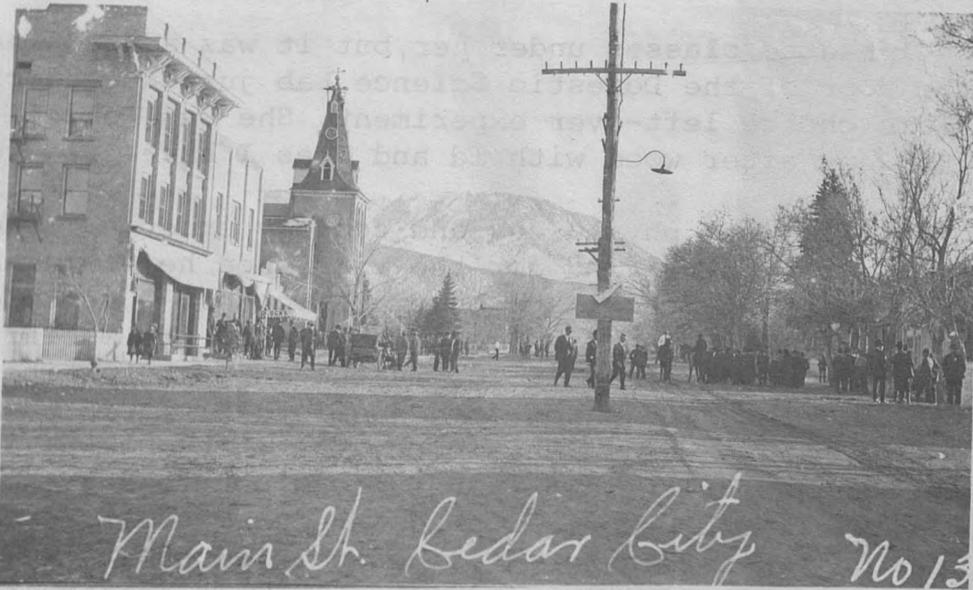
MENZIES MACFARLANE. I had physiology and zoology under him. He was a devoted teacher. He was waiting for the time when he would have the money to attend Medical School and become a Doctor. I remember some queer questions that were asked him in the class. "Mr Macfarlane, what becomes of the food after it leaves the large intestine?" His reply without a blush. "It is not food any longer. It is waste and is discarded." That one was in Physiology but this one was in the Zoology Class, "Mr Macfarlane did I understand you to say that I would have to eat an earthworm before I would have a kidney?" He did not laugh at the Student instead he explained what he had said time and time again. "One of the primitive forms of a kidney appear in the earth worm."

When I went up to the Oratorical Contest I missed an important examination in Zoology. He arranged for me to come out Saturday Morning and take it. He stepped up to the board and started to write the first question and then turned around and said, "Will you accept 90% without taking this examination? You could probably do better but I am willing to give you 90. It's entirely up to you." The nicest thing he could have said to me and I grabbed for the 90 before he could have time to change his mind.

I was to have many fine contacts with many of my old instructors and they will all be told in the forthcoming years. Right now I am confining myself to the school years.



"The Student" Staff



Main St. Cedar City No 13



Highland Flung in Duck Lake

THE STUDENT STAFF! This was the original staff. Back row from left to right. Lillian Higbee, Dolph Andrus, Nevada Watson, Dick Tweedie.... Gladys McConnell. Bottom row Ivan Decker, Arthur Fife, Rass Macfarlane, Leon Winsor and Effie Jones. I do not remember the position that each held except that most of them were reporters for various departments and classes. Nevada Watson was the Editor. I was associate Editor and Rass McFarlane was Business Manager. We were great at making up jokes. Here is a sample:

FIRST STUDENT: "Each face on the clock in the Tabernacle Tower gives a different time. Which one is correct?"

BRIGHT STUDENT: "Neither. You are supposed to walk around the building jotting down the time of each face. Then add them and divide by four. The answer is the correct time.

Here is another one also about the town clock:

CUSTODIAN OF THE TABERNACLE. (To newly arrived watchmaker)

"Will you take a look at our clock and see if you can fix it?"

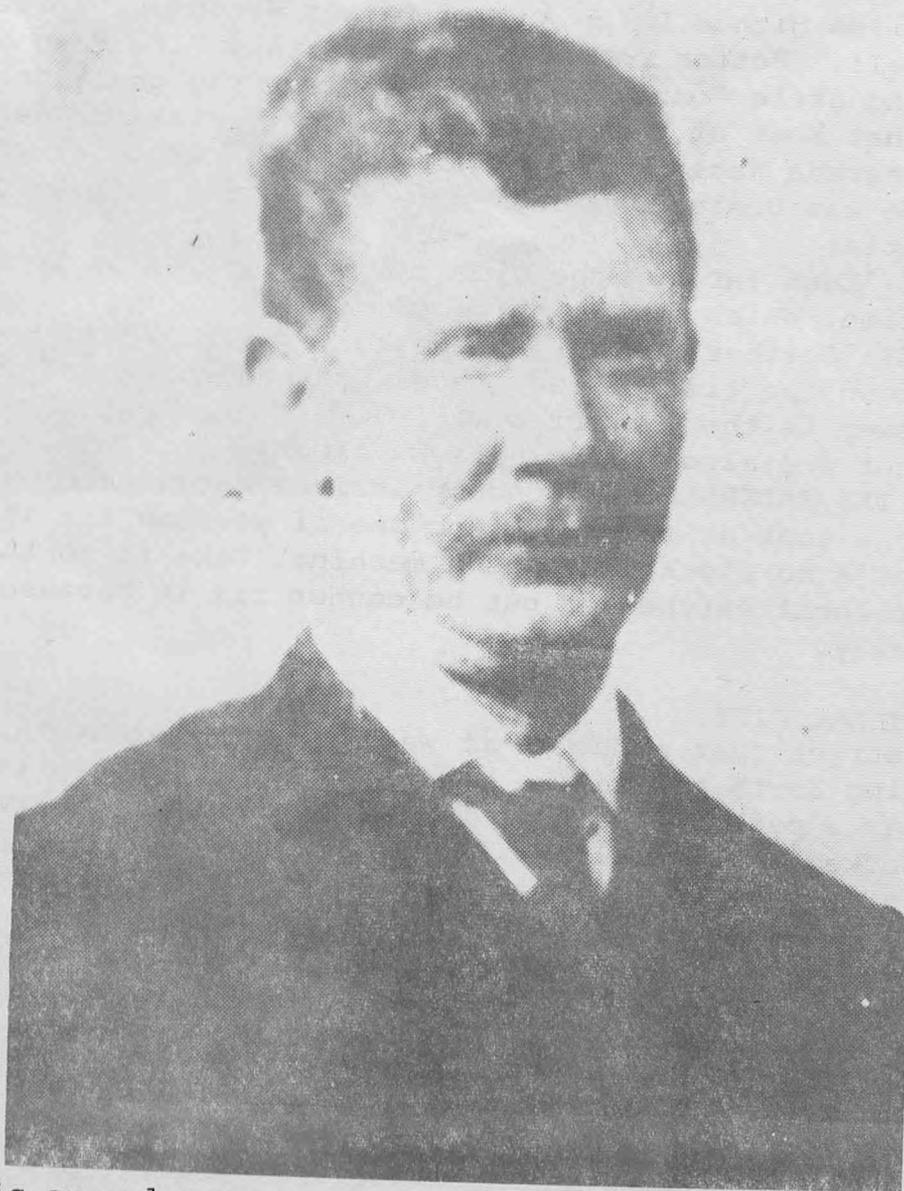
WATCHMAKER: That's no clock. That is a machine. Take it to the blacksmith or your local watchmaker but he cannot fix it because he can not send it away."

#### MAIN STREET CEDAR CITY.

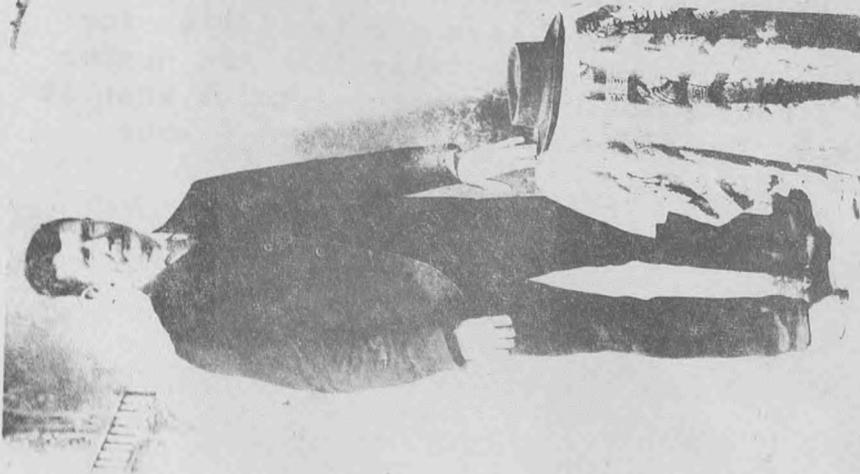
This is the street just about as it was my last year at the B.N.S. You are looking South toward the Cedar Mountain. This is the mountain that will play a part in the next few years of my life. From this mountain I looked at the welcome lights of Cedar City one cold December night, not knowing for sure if I would ever come any closer. A 15-ft snowdrift blocked the road. I had two horses with me, but neither one of them would come close to the drift. See you later on that.

BATHING BEAUTIES. I published part of this picture on page 57. This was a copy of an incomplete print. When we were up to Naples last summer, Irene's brother Treharne, gave us a bunch of prints and many negatives. This one and the one of Main Street were among the negatives. More girls are shown and he has given it a title. HIGHLAND FLING DUCK LAKE. He has the right because he took the photos. I still do not know who the girls are. Perhaps he or someone else will tell us.

ADVERTISEMENT. If anyone reading this has copies of the first few issues of the "STUDENT" will let me take them, I will make copies of them and return the originals unharmed. I have the facilities for making copies photographically. I would especially like the number that has my speech at the first oratorical contest. I think that it would be May or June of 1910. The address. 10353 Jardine Avenue Sunland California 91040.



This is an enlargement of the small photo shown below



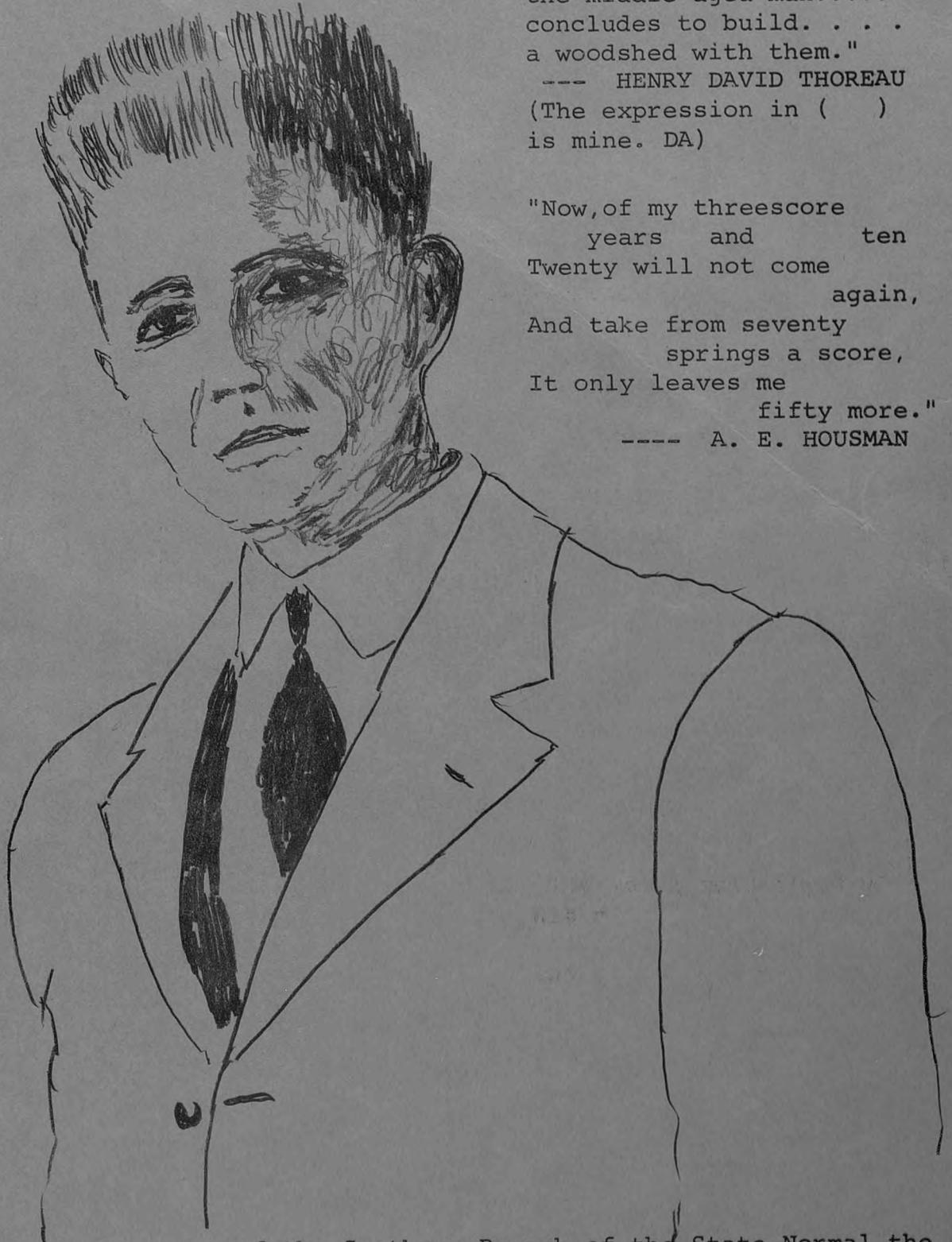
This is a reproduction of a small photo that Papa gave to Mama at the time of their engagement. He was about 26 yrs old. This should have appeared in the first volume but could not be located in time. This is not a blueprint. It was run on the Mottlith with blue ink from a halftone that I made myself. This is more like the Papa that I remember before he went on his mission. I hope to use this method of reproduction for the next volume. It is much faster than blueprint and the cost is less if I make my own halftones. Y This is the first time I have had any success.

"The youth gets together  
his materials to build a  
bridge to the moon.....  
and at(kindasad) length  
the middle-aged man.....  
concludes to build. . . .  
a woodshed with them."

--- HENRY DAVID THOREAU  
(The expression in ( )  
is mine. DA)

"Now, of my threescore  
years and ten  
Twenty will not come  
again,  
And take from seventy  
springs a score,  
It only leaves me  
fifty more."

---- A. E. HOUSMAN



This is what came out of the Southern Branch of the State Normal the  
Spring of 1911. It will have its 21st Birthday in July. If you pre-  
fer the real photograph to the poor artist's conception- -page 59.

"There is a foolish  
corner even in the  
brain of a sage."

— ARISTOTLE

"People have no  
right to make fools of  
themselves unless they  
have no relations to  
blush for them."

— HALBURTON

