

— Charity Lovica Curtis Dickman —

Her own history

— Life with Her Father + Mother —

The first that I remember of our home when I was a little girl, consisted of two adobe rooms. A bedroom 12 x 14 feet, and a kitchen and living room combined, 14 x 14 feet. The bedroom had red pine floors, and the kitchen floor was of white pine, all doors, and window-casing were of white pine.

Home-made bed steady, and a trundle bed, a toilet-box, which was nothing more than a large drygoods box, with shelves fixed inside of it, for mother to store her linens such as sheets and extra quilts and towels and that sort of. She had fixed white curtains in front and two sides and covered with a lace trimmed cover, also of white cotton — it looked quite nice in the bedroom.

The bedsteads were of unpainted yellow pine, made with pegs and ropes. The ropes were woven from side to side and end to end, across from foot to head, and then from side to side, forming squares which served the same purpose as our springs do, today — (1950's + 1960's, etc.). And straw ticks, for our mattresses. Made from unbleached sheeting and filled with clean oats straw. The ticks were emptied, washed, and refilled with clean straw two or

three times per year.

Mother stirred the straw each morning, then smoothed it down, and when the beds were made up and a pretty patch-work quilt cover put on, they looked very pretty, indeed. She also had white foot curtains across the front and one end of the bed, they fastened onto the rope pegs and under the edge of the quilt. They were gathered fully like a deep white ruffle and looked so pretty as if attached to the quilt itself.

We four girls were older than the boys, so we slept four in a bed, two at the head and two at the foot of the bed. The boys slept in the trundle bed, which in the daytime was slid under one of the large beds, then pulled out at night, to sleep the smaller ones - it had casters, or rollers, on it.

The bedroom was warmed with a small wood-burning stove. Father hauled green oak or maple-wood from Logger (or Looper) Canyon, and cut it into short lengths, to burn in the heater.

Father had little ground in cultivation but he had planted a few fruit trees, Apples, plums and a few small white peaches. We had wild, red plum and currant and ground cherries. He had enough ground cleared so he could harvest enough wheat, potatoes,

Corn, sugar cane, and a few other vegetables. And he had a team of horses, two cows and he always kept two or three pigs and mother had, usually about 30 hens.

Father managed to raise ~~several~~ ^{seasonal} vegetables and fruits, such as the pioneers had in cultivation in Utah, in those days. We did not know anything about bottling fruit. I can remember when we first canned a few wild currants in tin cans. We bought the cans in the store, whenever we could afford them, one or two at a time. When we could spare the money we received from our eggs. After our currants were cooked with sugar, and the cans filled, we sealed them with Beeswax and labeled them. They were surely a treat during winter time.

We dried every apple that fell on the ground, plums and the little old white peaches, and also the ground cherries. We peeled the apples, cut and dried them on the roof of the house. Plums and peaches were not peeled. After they were all taken care of and the ground cherries ripe, we were very busy, for there was more of them to be had and believe me, we were busy indeed! For it meant the more dried fruit we had to sell, the more and better were our coats and dresses for winter.

We sold our dried apples for 3¢

per pound, plums 3¢ per pound
 peaches 2¢ per pound and ground
 cherries netted us 3¢ per pound.

About Thanksgiving time mother, father would load our dried fruit, a few chickens, ducks and we usually had around a half-dozen geese, and took them to Provo or Lehi, sold them and returned home with our winter clothing (not too many). I assure you, all we could get.

Father sold a hog or two and a calf or two. He paid the taxes, bought our shoes, a bolt of factory and a bolt of linsey cloths. Mother made all of our underclothes and sheets from the factory (about 50 or 60 yards long) goods. Father and the boys shirts and our dresses the linsey. The linsey was usually half black and white, small checks half wool and half cotton.

Mother always kept about 30 hens but we seldom ever ate an egg, or chicken. She sold the eggs to the store to pay for our groceries, such as coffee, salt, a little sugar and other necessary things. In spring she would buy our hats on credit and we here began to moult, or shed their feathers, she sold them for about each and paid for our hats with money.

With the money father recy
 public work, such

pound-keeper, justice-of-the-peace, or jurymen; he managed to buy our farm and garden implements. But his pay was very little. For jurymen, \$1.00 per day, as J. P. trial, usually paid him \$2.00. He fed stray cattle for 8 or 10 per head, each day. Advertising usually amounted to about 25¢, but it all helped us out.

In later years, when mining became a paying industry, we soon had better ways of living. Saddlers bought our butter, eggs and poultry and a few vegetables. Father also had more ground under cultivation, kept more cattle and hogs. Altho these things sold for very small prices, they kept a few dollars in father's pocketbook. We had better clothes, better farming implements. Then too, father decided to build the house larger. He built a kitchen, milk cellar and a pantry - put an extra bedroom on building an attic over this. He built the cellar first, walls were of rock, floor also of rock. It was very cheap this way.

Everytime he'd make a trip to farm about 2 miles distant, he would bring back a load of sand and gravel. And whenever he went to Brown, he brought back a load of lime. After time he had a pile of each. They were ready to start on the pits. He made floors and window-cases from white or yellow pine lumber. Concrete boards were

of pine lumber. Father laid a rock foundation and was ready to build the concrete walls. Then mother and I entered the scene. I was then eleven years old and very strong for my age.

Father built the molds, mother and I carried the mortar in buckets and father worked them into the molds. As long as father could reach the buckets he took them from our hands, but when the walls were up so high, and he could not reach, he put up a pulley and hoisted the buckets on a rope.

It took us most of the summer to build the kitchen and the pantry. Sometimes we could make only one round a day. But when it was time for harvest, or to cut our hay and haul it, the building was delayed. We managed to get the roof, walls doors and casings for windows on, and father plastered and whitewashed inside. During the winter months, we kept a fire in the kitchen stove to dry it, but we could cook and eat in our new kitchen by the end of the year, also to use the pantry, cellar and the loft bedroom.

The next year we built a front room. Father feared that he could save expenses and labor by putting adobies inside of the concrete walls. We made our own adobies in the yard. Father sold a colt to Antone Erikson for six dollars, fairs at 50¢ per day, he hauled the adobe clay, and sand and piled it

into our front yard. He cleaned and smoothed the ground ready to lay the adobes on. He built a mixing trough and made adobe molds, from lumber, with sections for adobes. It had bottom and top boards, so we could press the mud adobes firm and smooth. We measured the clay, 3 parts sand and 1 part clay and just enough water to make a firm ball. Antonio used a common weeding hoe for a mixer. He filled the molds and pressed the adobes tight into them. Then he and I carried them out onto the drying ground. The adobes had to be turned every other day to allow them to dry evenly. Then we were stacked and ready for the walls. At the end of 12 days we had enough adobes and Antonio had paid for the Colt. By November we had the front room and another attic bedroom completed. It was very comfortable indeed, for father and mother's growing family. And it was surely a happy home.

We would scrub shelves, table and floors of both cellar and pantry, each week. We strained milk into pans and put onto the cellar shelves for the cream to raise. Then in about 30 hours, we'd spin off the cream to make our butter. It took about an hour's churning, to get the butter separated from the milk. We made it into pound bricks, we often sold our butter for as low as 12 ¢ per pound.

Although we had a fireplace in

our house, it was seldom used, because it made the walls yellow and smoke-stained, which mother objected to. So father bought a small wood heater for the front room and bedrooms and at nights we'd go to bed at 9 o'clock, in order to save fuel, in the winter.

Our washing-machine was two wooden tubs and a washboard, no wringer. We started washing early in the morning and washed until that afternoon. If our washing was not so large, or if two of us worked, we usually completed the washing for the week in one day.

As Indian troubles had all been settled, and the Indians out on their reservations, people living in our little prospector community were quite neighborly and usually very good people. Crime was practically unknown. The younger people enjoyed more freedom than they do today. But they must be morally good, or be an outcast from any society.

Salem, at first, boasted of only one building which was used for church, school and recreation. During winter, we usually had about one or two dances each month. But the youthful ones managed to dance more often, by holding them at each others homes, each week. Furniture was removed from a room and the fun would go on. Many times

we'd have a group at our home

I was born in Salem, Utah on February 21, 1876, to Samuel Thomas Curtis and Sarah Olive Butler. My education through the years was in the little one room schoolhouse. The last two years I went there; school, there was added to it another room. I was baptized into the First Church when I was nine years of age and I attended Primary, Sunday School and religious classes regularly through my childhood years, and on into my teen-age years, and as often as I could after my marriage.

In school I was considered very good in oral expression, English and Arithmetic. My teachers were Bill Irving, Lucy Taylor, Zachariah Taylor, Mrs. Stone, Andrew Stewart, R. J. Nutall. Until I quit school when sixteen years I attended when I could not get work wages, which came first. When fourteen, I worked for Mrs. William Ramsey in her boarding house in Provo. The boarders were men working on the Academy. Mrs. Ramsey took care of the boarding, her son George, and his wife Rose, who took care of the rooms, and the hired help on the floor on straw tick beds. Rose made me a dress and charged \$1.00. George became a professor in the Academy and Rose a music teacher. Bill Ramsey became a famous singer and an artist (in later years).

When fifteen years old, I worked for the Wrightmans, they had a dining and rooming departments. Mrs. Steel did the cooking, but doctors' orders were for her not to stand on her feet at too long a time, so she chose me, the youngest girl working there, to cook under her instructions. I had started working in the hotel for \$1.50 per week as a dishwasher, then \$2.50 per week as a waitress, and then when I got top wages for cooking at \$5.00 per week, I was very pleased, indeed. I worked there long enough to save enough money to buy my parents furniture for two rooms of their house. Five upholstered chairs, Brussels carpet, center table, and other things for a living room, and a bedroom set.

At sixteen, I worked for the William Miles family in Payson, when Mrs. Miles was in bed with her fifth girl. For \$2.50 per week, I cared for her and her baby, did the housework, cooking, and laundry for the family, and cooked and delivered hot meals to harvest hands working on a ranch three miles away. I cared for the horse I used to drive to and from the ranch.

My sister, next ~~youngest~~ oldest to me, (I being the 2nd oldest of the children) was poor in health, I was always the one to do the hardest work, which I did willingly enough. I helped father do to chores, harvest crops, weed, hoe, irrigate and such. My reward for help to build onto our house, was a new pair of boots for the winter.

— My Courtship And Marriage —

I first met my husband when I was about seven years old. He and his brother Chris were walking from Spanish Fork, his first trip to Salem, where I lived. They inquired of my father about where they could find Claus Bahr, a friend they had had in Germany. Henry and his family had themselves, just recently come from there.

Next time, when I met him, he was at his sister Emma Petersons' home. She was Olive's and my Sunday School teacher. We called to learn about our lessons. Henry, Emma and Andrew, Emma's husband were playing a game called Smut. Henry won the game. He caught Olive and I and sure did black our faces.

Henry had herded sheep and studied the English language for three years — I attended my school and worked. Then, on a Sunday in November, when the snow was melting and the streets so muddy we could hardly walk across the intersections, we met again. Henry laughed at us, then asked me if he could walk me home. I invited him into the house that evening, to meet my family. And the very next evening he called again. And believe me, he called on me every evening after that, when he was in town.

He invested his money in a home. He had a four room brick house completed and money enough to buy a wagon and a team of horses. He raised a vegetable garden and sold his produce

and brought enough from the neighbors each week to make a good load, which he sold at Eureka, fifty miles away. His peddling business took him out of town to Eureka, all but three days per week. Those evenings he spent with me.

He asked me to marry him in December, I was delighted and said "yes". He had planned on asking me to marry him on Thanksgiving, but since business was good and produce plentiful, especially poultry, calves, hogs, our wedding was postponed until Christmas. He then bought a load of poultry and other holiday goods at a bargain, which he must sell before New Year's, so our wedding was again delayed until New Year's. He sold out the load of produce at a good profit, and three days before New Year's, and we managed to get to Reno for our marriage license, and plan for our wedding in my father's house, on New Year's Day, Jan. 1, 1894.

As my husband must make his regular trips to Eureka and supply his customers with butter, eggs and other produce, he was compelled to leave next day after the wedding. I did not move into our home the first week of my marriage, but the second week we were comfortably settled in the nice brick home.

Then he took his second big load to Eureka. The cops, judge and other

other city authorities there, were a lively bunch of fellows. They decided that Henry should have brought his wife and should have, at least, given them a dance. He sold a box of soap to one of his customers, and they were arrested. At the trial, he pleaded innocent, said the soap was made from a farm product. He was found guilty and was fined \$15.00. He refused to pay, and there was no jail in Eureka at that time, he thought that he had won the day. But the city fellows kept him with them, and decided to put him in the nephi jail for fifteen days. They took him to the railroad station and just as the passenger train pulled in, Henry paid the fine and the celebration was on for everybody, for the evening. Henry arrived home about ten days later, believe me, I was worried! We had no phones, roads were slick with frozen ice and snow, but, everything came out O.K.

I helped Henry raise the produce he sold in Eureka, on our 2½ acre market garden - sometimes he'd buy produce from others - in Salem, Spanish Fork, ~~Provo~~, Springville or even as far off as Provo Bench. I had a one-horse delivery wagon and often drove to and fro from Springville or Provo Bench for them.

We kept one or more hired men and a girl to help - usually a man in the garden and a teamster to deliver produce to Eureka. My husband was in

Eureka most of the time, selling the produce.

I was 18 years old when Popsy, my oldest child was born. Popsy, Allene, Donna and Henry, who died when eleven days old, and Sam were all born in Salem, Utah. We moved to Eureka, Utah, after 8 years in Salem, after our marriage. It was, in 1901, Sam was then about four months old.

- In Eureka -

My husband bought a building in Eureka, and started a butcher shop. I helped him in the shop - I kept the books and worked at the counter when my husband was out on his delivery work. I learned to cut up steaks, make sausages, and all kinds of cuts of meat from veal, beef and pork and mutton, and to do anything necessary around the shop.

We bought houses, and rented them. Business was good for awhile, but in those days a mining camp was either boom or bust. It was hard for a person to succeed unless he was hard boiled enough to refuse credit to people who were out of work or food.

The butcher shop proved to be a poor investment, miners wages was very low, payday once each month. One had to give so much on credit, then men would get laid off and not be able to pay up. Some of them left for other parts of the country,

still owing for their last months bill.

We remodeled the butcher-shop into living quarters, rented it to a family. Then later, we used it for a rooming house and boarding house. I ran this, and my husband went back to the produce selling business.

The boardinghouse paid well, as we bought most of our groceries at a wholesale price, and we knew our boarders we had some good men boarding with us. They always paid their bill and most of them were from Salem - we were just like one big family.

Then in 1908, business became so tight, business and mines were closing up, or having to lay off so many men. With too many men out of work and families without money, needing food, there was only one thing to do - either trust people and end up by going broke ourselves, or quit the business too.

So, we traded our home in Salem for a ranch out by Woodside, Utah, on the Desert. Ten miles from Woodside, no school. No church near by. It was thirty miles from Sunnyside, Utah, and our nearest neighbors were three miles away. It was near the river a future misery to us all, if we had, but known it, when we moved out there to this God-forsaken country. If there were ever a Hell on earth,

it was Woodside.

We moved to Sunnyside in December 1908, and then out to the Tunnel Ranch in the Spring of 1909. Henry had been on, out to the ranch in the winter, and batched there until I moved out with the children in the Spring. We kept a rented home in Sunnyside all the time because the children had to go to school there, most of the time, and that is where I would go to have my babies to be near a doctor and good care. There was none in Woodside.

My first trip ~~for~~ Sunnyside to the Tunnel Ranch (called this because of a Tunnel not far from the house, that the Railroad had built, then abandoned later, the people of Woodside dug an irrigation ditch through it, from the river, thinking to dig one all the ten miles to Woodside to carry water to the place, but they had to give up that idea too) —, with our five children, was started about 10 a.m. on the morning in March of 1909. We traveled 20 miles, of the 30, on crooked and muddy roads. As the snow and ice was thawing, and there was little or no trail on it in winter, it wasn't kept up.

We had to be careful about getting off the roads and into places that our team could not pull us out of. But we managed to do that. We slept in our wagon box that night.

Next morning, we were on our way again, to the ranch. We drove over, horse, crooked, water-covered, slick roads, or to put it rite, merely a trail, part of the 10 miles, and at the end of the road, dry alkali, dusty roads, part of this in a big wash, which had nice clean gravel and a solid bottom. And, by the time we reached the ranch about 2 pm, the sun was shining against the mountains which almost surrounded the farm, it was not good, we were shedding our winter gear, before we reached the log cabin that we then, would call home.

Henry had been trying to clear ground and clean the Tunnel Ditch and trying to put things in shape so we could move in. He soon got some seeds in the ground, not knowing that we could not depend upon Spring rains. The ground was already too dry. When came his next step, to prepare the ditches so he could irrigate.

There was about 2 feet of sand in the tunnel, about 60 feet of this ditch was covered by the hill, or banks so high, he could not pitch the sand over and out with the shovel. It had to be worked out with a wheel barrow. Ditches around the farm all sanded up soon. By May 1st. 1909, he managed to irrigate. Part of the potatoes sprouted, but many were too dry and never did sprout.

I was expecting my baby Pearl to arrive soon and must leave for Sunnyside, where there was doctors and other things necessary to make me comfortable. June 1st. Pearl was born, though it all things happening so fast. First a drought, then rain and high water and floods in the Rice River. And in Sunnyside, the big wash about 20 feet from our rented house, was filled to overflow. I laid in my bed, with my new baby girl, with either Pursey or Allene to care for me, and I was so worried about those at the ranch, but I managed to pull through without a nervous break down. And when Pearl was three weeks old, we were all at the ranch, together again, but with very little furniture. It still being in Sunnyside, and Deery not finding the time to go after it. He was too busy with our crops on the ranch.

One of the girls remained in the house as a housekeeper, while the rest of us was out helping with the farming. I was afraid of the lizards, and there were so many, also tarantulas big spiders - snakes. They were everywhere around the house, in the tunnel, and on the farm. There were crickets, and Centipedes in our bread-box, then to cap it all off, a skunk in our cupboard.

Neither my husband, nor I, had ever seen a small Civets Cat (skunk

before, we thought it would make a good pet, so we decided to try and catch it. I had an empty flour can with a lid, so while Henry got the skunk into this can, I was supposed to hurry and put the lid on - then we would cage him and tame him. I insisted that Henry should put some gloves on, and I am certainly glad I did. I held the can up near the thing while he caught it with his hands, and Oh! Then we found out, we had a skunk in our flour can. We hurried and put the lid on the can, and got rid of the thing as fast as possible.

Later on, we'd run into lots of blue snakes around the ditches, scorpion on the hills and under rocks, and then big rattle snakes. But our crops were growing nicely and we looked forward to good harvesting, as we were near sunnyside, a good place to market our crops, and we were happy.

The first of August of that first summer, Allene came down with Typhoid fever and I had to take her into sunnyside to a doctor, and where she could get better care. We hired a man and his wife to help Henry on the farm.

My husband had just picked his first two boxes of tomatoes and a variety of seasonal vegetables

and was ready to start for Sunnyside with his first load of produce, when a hailstorm came and stripped the leaves from the Cottonwood trees and beat the crops into pulp. A second crop of Alfalfa was about six or eight inches high, but when the hail storm was over, the ground was as bare as a highway road and water running off the hills, washed it all into the river, or buried it with sand.

Floods in the river overflowed through the tunnel and into our house, which compelled the family to move into an old log cabin on a hill near by. After it was all over, we had two feet of sand in the house and no crops to harvest.

We decided we must stay on the ranch and rip rap the ditches, or give it all up as a total loss, which we should have done, but, we decided to stay on the ranch and rip-rap, and try again.

Pussy, Allene and Donna were of school age, but circumstances would not permit us to send them all to school. We arranged for Allene and Donna to go to school in Salem and board with my parents. The rest of us remained on the ranch.

Pussy, Sam and I rolled rocks down from the steep parts of the hills, to where we could load them on a wagon. My

husband and I loaded and hauled them to the river bank, where we put cotton wood trees or willows, or anything that would hold the rocks, then rolled them into the river.

We worked this way nearly all winter. Then we soon learned that there was nothing we could do, to save our farm from washing away, season after season. We let the children start staying in Sunnyside in the winter months, to go to school, as they reached school age. Oftentimes, I went with them for a part of the winter. I had a selling business also - and earned a little money to help out.

After six more years of constant heartache and struggle and hopelessness we moved from the ranch. There was not even a garden spot left to farm. The floods had washed the soil away, year after year, until there wasn't a place to farm. The house was slowly being ruined, from the constant flooding. The worry and strain of these times was terrible on I and Henry. We had nothing left - we must move on.

One or two experiences that I had: One night, when I was alone with my two small children, Pearl and Buster, my husband was in Sunnyside for supplies, and to check on our school age children, there. It was

in February, a rain storm came up. The river was coated with heavy, thick ice. This rain caused a big ice-flood and an ice jam causing the river to rise dangerously high. In fact, it was so high, I could see the ice-cakes strike the mountains and bounce back above the headgate.

When dark came the tunnel was very dark and we could hear the roar of the flood and ice striking the head-gates and side of the mountain. I dare not go to sleep, as our house was directly in line with the head-gate and the tunnel ditch.

I lit my lantern and decided to watch as long as I could. I wanted to protect my children from the rain and rocks falling from the hillside. I don't know how many times I went through that tunnel, to learn that the water was continually raising. I decided that we must move out, and up into the old log cabin on the hill nearby, if the water reached a certain point. I went back to the house, as I had done many times that night. I prayed for protection, covered my children and warmed them in their beds, then made another trip through the tunnel.

Finally, I decided we must move out. I prepared the children, packed blankets so I could carry them, said my prayers and then decided to make one more trip to the head-gate.

And Oh! what joy! The ice-jam had broken and the water was down over a foot.

My husband was on his way home, and was caught between two washes and had to remain there for nearly three days. We came out lucky, that time, for we came near losing out, but came through it all O. K.

No tongue can describe the terrible floods and destructions. Another time Allene and I were alone on the ranch, with Buster and Pearl. My husband again was on a trip to and from Sunnyside to get supplies and to check on the children there. This also was in the month of February. A rain storm and ice-flood, caught my husband between two washes, and he was marooned for two days.

I was expecting the ladies out from Woodside and surrounding farms, to give me a stark shower at the ranch. Our groceries were low and Henry was supposed to have been there, before the ladies arrived, so we could give them a good feed. When the rain had let up, and the sun was shining again, the Woodside ladies arrived in their buggies and teams, and the lovely hand-made dainty baby things to give to me.

We were so unprepared, due to my husband being late, and we had very little to fix for them, but they had some food with them, and we

managed to put on a good meal. Altho, we were very much embarrassed, because all the ladies from 10 miles around came, and brought my expected baby hand-made articles of clothing, and we had so little to give them, back.

Next day, though, after Henry did arrive with the Grew supplies, we took a box of celery from our Cool Cellar, and other things to make cakes and such, and drove into Woodside - where most of the ladies met us, and we were able to put on a good feed for them after all - And everyone had a great time.

When we finally decided to give up on the tunnel ranch, we bought a small farm near Woodside and a school for the children to go to. We had a small herd of cattle and we moved this herd to the small Woodside farm. With a two room log cabin on it to move into, we started all over again. We made sure this time to get a home, near a school. We were just one mile from the good one room school house. Woodside then, had about two dozen children of school age, and they kept one teacher for them. Sometimes a good one, sometimes a 9th or 10th grade student.

If we had a good teacher who cared to keep a religious class, then:

some sort of a Sunday School was held. This was better than no religious teaching at all. But, sometimes we would be organized by a Methodist or a Presbyterian and if we had a Latter Day Saint teacher, we had a decent Sunday School, but no books, our lessons were from the Bible only.

This then, was the hell on earth. Woodside! When we first moved there, we moved 80 head of cattle from the ranch, to the Woodside farm. Cattle rustlers and quicksands reduced our number about half in one and a half years. We then learned that if you were not one of their kind, you could not run cattle there. Sam and Dean, built two rooms on our house. We then had four rooms, although they were of logs and old trees, they had good floors and as the walls were lined inside with g.g. factory and were painted, they were very nice.

Our farm crops were good. Our boys worked on the railroad to help out, or on the highway crew, when not in school. Henry had a large storage cellar and tent at Sunnyside, where he would batch part of the year, to sell his produce.

But that was too good to last. In 1930, floods washed our ditches and the Woodside Dam out, our farm ground was washed away. We thought this farm would be safe, so did the

So did the railroad I guess - as they had built their rails near us. But all was washed away by the floodings. Nothing could control the river, not even the railroad ~~tracks~~ company. Inside of twenty years we cleared ground and cultivated two good farms, only to have everything washed away on both. Lots of our cattle had died in sand, on the railroad tracks or poisoned by the alkali or stolen by rustlers. No one knows what a life is like there, only those who have lived it.

Our grandchildren visited often, while we were on the farm at Woodside. With them and Darnel and Eva, things were kept popping most of the time - my nerves were on springs. It was in 1916 that we had moved to the farm nearer Woodside, from our washed out ranch.

When the biggest flood came one year, and washed this farm away and the railroad tracks out, we tore down our house in the night, to save the floors, doors and windows and camped out, with only a tent and a dugout cellar to protect our household belongings. My husband's health had gotten poor, and since the depression was on and Sam (Samuel Curtis - our son) had little work for pay (the others had married and or gone on their own, except for Sam, Darnel and Eva.), Sam built a three room house for us,

using the flooring, doors and windows saved from the other houses, and using old railroad ties in the walls. This house was farther from the river and nearer woods side (Utah). He then bought a business building near the geyser.

I hid the postoffice in there, as Henry's health got poorer and poorer and when Eva became old enough, she came in as my assistant. We had a confectionary too, and sold a few groceries. Sam ran the Service Station that was with this building. I was also appointed mail messenger by the railroad. The post-office and mail messengering paid about 11 dollars per month. What profit we made on the other was little, but we were not so near the river and would not be washed out again.

It came a time when Eva cared for the business and the post-office, and Sam the Service Station, while I took over the care of my husband who had been taken quite ill by this time. In April of 1935, Henry and I went to five nearer doctors and a hospital, first in Castlegate, Ut. then with Susy and her husband George Sealey - then in Price, Utah. Then in September of 1935, Henry died of cancer of his bowels and I returned after his burial to Woodside and our little business there. Eva got married and I took charge

of the Postoffice and store. I was appointed health officer and registrar of vital statistics. Sam worked whenever he could get work. Business improved for a while and the postoffice profits gained.

Sam married and divorced - he had a young son 20 months old - I took over his care for him - his name was Jack, he is still with me here in Aram.

Then, a competing business, owned by a Mrs. Cook was built. It made things bad, since there was hardly enough trade to keep one business going. So, we decided to sell out to Mrs. Cook, and then we moved to Aram, Utah, near Eva and her husband, in the Spring of 1946. It is a great relief to be where there are close neighbors, a good church to go to, and especially good water to drink.

Charity Lovica Curtis
Dickman

- More Experiences -

Sam and I were irrigating an alfalfa field (one day at the tunnel ranch) and since there was plenty of rabbit brush on the ditch-banks, we were putting limbs into the water furrows to regulate the water. I had my hand raised over a bush, ready to pluck branches, when Sam called out, "Look out for that snake!" It was a big rattler coiled up in the brush, with its head held high, ready to strike at me. There was always these things to watch out for.

Once there was a flood on the river and the road was washed out in several places. We could not drive to Woodside for mail or supplies. My mother had written to come down for a visit, but we did not know it. When she arrived at Woodside on the train for her visit, there was no one there to meet her at the depot.

She could not find any man with a rig to bring her to the tunnel ranch but she could get a young boy with two donkeys and a buggy. So she, Mrs. Durden and Jan (the boy) a thirteen year old boy, started for the trip. Halfway up to the ranch, they found that the road was washed out and they could not drive to the ranch, but could lead the donkeys and walk. When about three miles from the ranch, mother began to tire, so they decided that she should ride

one of the donkeys. All went well until they came to a deep wash, and Mother fell off over the donkey's head, going down into the wash, and again, she fell off, when the donkey was going up the other side of the wash. The rest of the road to the ranch was O. K., so Van went on ahead on one of the donkeys, while Mother and Mrs. Durden waited, and delivered the news to us. Sam went after them with a team and wagon. The party, Mother, donkeys and all arrived and we had a good, warm dinner ready for all. We sure enjoyed that visit.

Sometimes a flood in our house would wash dishes and other household things out the window. Once we saw Allene's hope-chest floating on top of the water in our house, we carried it to a dry grade. When Allene and Al Quie were married two months later, she had all of her clothing and pretty handiwork safe in the trunk.

what with the children having to stay

in Sunnyside to go to school, we had to do something to raise the money to keep the rent paid on our house there. We were receiving a little money on our Chief Con Mining stock - and I secured an Agency for the Thomas Manufacturing Co. I sold scissors, cutlery and other kitchen gadgets and made a good profit. We managed to exist and keep my husband at the ranch, too.