

Memories of my Father, Elmo G Geary

By Ed Geary

My Father's name was Elmo G Gear. He was born on May 31, 191. The house where he grew up still stands. He was delivered by Dr. TC Hill, shortly after he arrived in Huntington, and was Huntington's physician for many, many years. The story is that it was a rather slow delivery so in the quiet intervals Dr. Hill would walk up to the strawberry patch, my Grandfather had planted a few strawberries, up here just south of the mill, and so when it became urgent, somebody had to go bring Dr. Hill down from the strawberry patch to deliver my Father. He was the third of three children. His older siblings were Fawn, who married Ray Macandle's, and Merlin who married Dora Nielson. I think there were two years between Fawn and Merlin and five years between Merlin and my Farther. He didn't have close siblings in age. Both of his parents, Edward George Geary and Alice Grace Wakefield, had grown up in Huntington. Grace was born here and Edward George came here as a boy of six. My Grandmother in particular came from a large, much involved family, so most of the relatives I have are through her. The Geary's were a smaller family. My Great Grandfather was the only member of the Geary family to come to Huntington, and my Grandfather was the only one of his children to live into adulthood, so we're kind of an isolated branch it that respect. My Grandfather grew up in Huntington. He lost his Mother when he was seven or eight years old and mostly lived a number of years with his Father. They had housekeepers from time to time. My Great-Grandfather was a large-framed, very strong man with great durability, and my Grandfather was always undersized. The boy was asthmatic and not very strong and they didn't expect him to survive to adulthood. But he did. My Great Grandfather had a considerable amount of land and cattle, they had a threshing machine that they operated each year, and then when things were quiet, he would drive on the freight roads to the Uinta Basin, and take merchandise out to the Army post at Fort Duchene and the Ute Indian agencies. From the age of about fourteen, my Grandfather went with him on all those trips, and by the age of fifteen he was driving a four-horse team with two wagons on the freight roads. So his freight road stories were part of what we grew up on and in fact we have a personal history my Grandfather wrote when in his later years that have a lot of details. My Grandfather served a mission in the Central States Mission that was headquartered in Chicago. He spent most of his time in the Michigan Conference

of the mission. Just before he left on his mission he had been courting a young woman named Louella Wakefield, and the same time he got his mission call, she became very ill with a rheumatic heart condition. She probably had rheumatic fever earlier in her life and she died just a week before he left for his mission. So as he went to Salt Lake to go on his mission, her older sister went with him and they went to the Salt Lake Temple and had Louella sealed to my Grandfather. That was before he left on his mission. When he came back from his mission, my Grandmother, who is Louella's younger sister, had grown to a marital age so he began to court her, and there were some years between them. She was quite young when they married, I think sixteen or seventeen maybe and he was into his twenties. My mother took the position that Grandmother had married too young, she hadn't got through growing up. So she had some girlish characteristics. Whenever the grandchildren were playing house or getting the play dishes out, Grandmother would be right there, playing with them. She actually had graduated from the eighth grade which was as far as you could go in the public school in Huntington at that time and had done well and had ambitions. She got a job in the Nixon store in Huntington, and liked that work and really wasn't quite ready to get married when my Grandfather began courting her. But her parents put pressure on her and so they were married. My Grandfather then farmed. When he came back from his mission, his Father gave him a forty acre farm, and a good team of horses and he built up from that and acquired additional land. Fawn, the first child, was born in a little house they rented out in the south part of Huntington but by the time Merlin was born my Grandfather had built the first three rooms of the brick home that they lived in. By the time my father was born the home was entirely completed. So that's where he grew up. My Grandfather, in addition to farming and cattle and the threshing machine, had taken a short business course as he was growing up using his freight road earnings to pay for a proprietary at college in Salt Lake. So he was the secretary at the Water Company, the Huntington Canal and Reservoir Company for years, and then after the merger with Cleveland he was the secretary of the combined company for another twenty or twenty-five years. He was the cashier of the Castle Valley Bank that was organized in Huntington in 1912, so he was always working at a variety of things. And he was a **hard** worker, but not a very nurturing man. None of his children felt very close to him. Probably Fawn was the closest of them, and my Father certainly never felt very close to his Father. My Mother used to tell a story. Shortly after they were married, my Grandmother would never buy a new dress. When her dresses wore out she just wore aprons over them and my Mother

thought that was rather embarrassing and told my Father that his Father should get her a new dress. My Father said “Me, tell my Father to do something?”

My Father was much closer to his Mother, being the youngest child, and probably had more of a Wakefield personality than a Geary personality in a lot of ways. He was not really outgoing, he was an introverted person, but he liked to perform. So when he had an audience he could be very sociable and outgoing and he loved to entertain his Mother. He kept a diary when he was twelve and thirteen years old and it's quite interesting. But he very often would put in, “I stayed home and entertained Mama.” They were quite close in that way. My Father was always bright and loved to perform, to entertain when he had an audience. He had a lot of friends. At that time there were a lot of young people who lived in the neighborhood. The Sandburg's up at the mill had a big family of boys, and the Johnsons down on the corner there had a big family of boys. The Westover's, where the Allred's live now, had a family mostly of girls and so there were a lot of actives of young people as they grew up. My Father did very well in school but was almost always the smallest boy in his class. And he was quite sensitive to that. It didn't seem to affect other people's attitude toward him as much as it did his own. When he was in the third grade there was some kind of re-arrangement of teaching assignments during the middle of the year and his teacher was asked to take the fourth grade instead. She did it on the condition that she could take Elmo with her. So now, he was really the youngest and the smallest boy in class. And he was always sensitive to that. You can see that in his diary pretty much. In spite of that he was popular. He was the student body president his senior year in Huntington High School. He was in all the dramatic performances and events around and in addition he organized a dance band that played regularly at the Wilberg Resort. He had a lot of good friends and was quite popular. After graduating from high school, he went to BYU and graduated there.

Now you're into the great Depression, and so things were tight. He majored in business at BYU and minored in speech and drama, which was his real love. When he graduated, he got a teaching job first at Central High School in Castle Dale where he taught the business classes and advised the school paper and didn't actually do much dramatic things there at Central but did a number of other things. That's where he had met my Mother. He knew my Mother in high school. She dated some of his close friends, but they never dated each other until he was teaching in Central High School. They married in 1936, and were living in my Mother's home on the Castle Dale bench. That's when they had me. I was born in

the hospital in Price but most of my friends had been born at home, but there were complications, and it's probably a good thing that they took me to a hospital to be born. I was born on December of 1937. They said that, that year, the winter of 1936, was an exceptionally cold and snowy winter. My class in elementary school was the largest that had come along in Huntington. I think there were forty-eight of us in the first grade. The story was always that the winter was too bad to do anything else. People just stayed home and had babies.

My father had taught at Central High School for two years and then he got a job at North Emery High School, and came to Huntington. We first lived in the little square, Dave Leonard house. It still stands abandoned down at the Third North and First West on the corner. I don't remember living there. I was just a year old at the time. My Mother said there was a stray cat that adopted us and if she wanted to see where I was she would just look for the cat's tail, because the cat was always following me with its tail up in the air. The next year, we moved into an apartment above my Grandfather's store on Main Street at First North. That's where I first remember living. It's hard to sort out, focusing on one person at a time because you get involved with other people. Let me just kind of run through my Father's basic history then. He taught at North Emery High School, he taught business classes and speech and drama. He is the one who instigated the development of the little theater that's in the old high school building. When they took a wall out between two classrooms on the lower floor, they put a stage at one end and had a place where they could show plays and he was very active in putting on numerous productions every year. Young people were very much involved in theatre and in speech. My Father always believed an essential part of one's education was to develop the ability to stand up in front of an audience and give a talk, clearly organized discourse, or to act a role. It's been interesting how many people I've met over the years who have told me about that, how he forced them to get on their feet when that wasn't what they did and that made a difference in their lives, the confidence that he gave them. So he taught at North Emery then through the war, and after the war he became the principal of the high school, which didn't last very long. He was, I think, not well suited to administration. Plus a lot of the faculty was older than he was. He probably had more of the academic qualifications than they did. At that time the school district office was in the high school building. So I think it would be difficult for anybody to be the principal there when the superintendent was just around the corner. And the superintendent, Mr. Chipman, was a person that my Father

didn't get along with well. He came home angry one day because Mr. Chipman came into his office and told him to "Get something done about the ruts in the street out in front of the high school". So he resigned after just about half a year, and left teaching and got a job as bookkeeper at Angus Johnson's Super Service Station in Price. Angus Johnson had a big service station at First West in Price and had a tire recapping operation which was the biggest part of the business. He had about a dozen employees. My father was kind of the bookkeeper. My Mother always said that's why he died young, because the office was right near the vulcanizing shop, and all that carbon stuff got into his lungs. She said that Dad would come home and blow his nose, and of course it would be black with what he had taken in. He did develop lung cancer in his mid-forties, without ever having been a smoker, so it could well have had an impact on that. From that job he got a position with Nabisco, as a travel representative through the central Utah area. So in the late 40's early 50's he had a two week cycle. One week he would be home every night and would service the stores in Carbon/Emery Counties. I think a couple of times per year he had to go as far as Moab, but he didn't do that regularly. Then the other week he would go and service the stores to the West and spend Monday night in Nephi, Tuesday night in Delta, and Wednesday night in Salina, and sometimes Thursday night in Ephraim, but usually he tried to do two days work in one and come home Thursday night. In the summertime I would sometimes go with him on that trip, which was kind of interesting. He was with Nabisco for a three of four years and was well liked. They offered him an opportunity to move up in the company, but to do that you had to move around and he would have to go to the District in Boise, Idaho. My parents seriously discussed that but elected to stay here. The Utah district manager who wanted him to get into the management track later became the CEO of the company, so perhaps it could have become a profitable choice, but he was very much tied to this area and so he remained. In addition to his work, of course, he had a little bit of land which he tried to expand and he built everything around here. Typical of the area, if you want something done you pretty much did it yourself. He got an opportunity then to teach in Carbon College in Price. Actually his department was divided between the high school and the college. They were together in the same building at that time. And that's where he remained then until his death. He enjoyed working there. At one point the college was threatened with closure By J. Bracken Lee, the Price Mayor who was elected governor of Utah and decided to get the State out of the junior college business so he proposed to close Carbon College. The Church had given Dixie, Snow and Weber colleges to the State and in

1930, he proposed to give them back. Erbert Wilkinsin, who was the Church's Commissioner of Education, was always happy to expand his empire. So it took a serious campaign program, and I remember my Father worked for one summer just traveling around the State getting people to sign petitions and working with people in St. George and Ephraim and in Ogden to present a unified front which did get the Governor's decision overturned by the State Legislature. In addition to his work my Father was always involved in civic activities of various kinds. He was the county Chairman of the Utah Pioneer Centennial Celebration of 1947 and that was quite a big deal, a lot of events. And that's when they first built the rodeo grounds out here, north of town and that's where a pageant was presented for the centennial events.

Bernice: what do you remember about any holidays or family traditions or celebrations?

Ed: Holidays were centered on my Grandparent's home, so for Thanksgiving and Christmas the extended family would always gather there. Those were the events there. At Christmas we would get up at home, of course, open our presents and spend an hour or two playing and then go down to my Grandparents house where all the cousins would come and that would be where we would spend the remainder of the day. Then Thanksgiving also was always held there. In the way of self conscious family traditions we just did it the way it was always done. My Grandfather couldn't tolerate large numbers of people and more than two or three were a large number, so I remember that we would go down there and he would always disappear. No matter how cold the day was, he would find something to do out in the barn yard and would come in just in time for dinner, and would take charge. Dinner being, of course a very patriarchal kind of situation there and my Grandmother and my Mother and Aunt Fawn and Aunt Dora, I remember, would be bustling around the coal stove preparing the meal and the kids had a lot of room in the house to play. That's one thing I remember. We had traditional diet I guess. Breakfast was always bacon and eggs and mush. And anything less wasn't a real breakfast. My Mother was a good cook and would prepare for the major meals, you know, Sunday Dinner and we would have all kinds of things. The evening meal otherwise tended to be fairly small. I remember salmon loaf was a common dish served, or sometimes scrambled eggs. We always had chickens and in 1949 Dad built this chicken coop out here and decided he was really going to go into it in a serious way. But with chickens you have to replace your flock every couple of years. And so we would have a massive butchering day

for all the old hens. We'd get a couple of ladies to come and help cut them up in a disassembly line I guess you know from the chopping block to the wires on the basketball stand and you would pin them up high and strip off the feathers and then into the house and all this sort of thing and I have to say my most vivid nightmare I think involves that... I had a dream of these monstrous human figures with chickens' heads coming after me in some way. So we always ate lots of eggs and the old hens would be bottled then and Sunday dinner typically, you would open a bottle and make homemade noodles and soup. Very, very tasty. When my Mother was out somewhere, my Father did supper. He would always open a can of tomatoes and have tomatoes and toast.

I say he began courting my mother when he was teaching in Castle Dale. That's where she lived and they went together for about seven or eight months before they got married. a December wedding. They, my mother, didn't want to go to the Temple. She didn't feel they were ready for that and I think my father didn't have much interest in it either but my Grandmother wouldn't hear of anything otherwise, so they acceded to the pressure and went to Salt Lake and were married in the Salt Lake Temple and returned.

Bernice: what kind of transportation did they have then?

Ed: When my Father got his teaching job, in Castle Dale, they bought a Plymouth coupe, which you could buy for \$300.00 back then. Which they had through the war, I remember it well. Just a little two door, with a very narrow half seat in the back. But we did have a car. It was a new car when we got it. He always liked new cars. So that's how they got around and traveled, for the time fairly extensively. There was a point where they were living in the upstairs of my Grandparent's store. And the summer between living in the Dave Leonard house and moving into the store, my Dad went to the University of Southern California, that short summer break. He studied dramatic arts of course. So that's really my first memory. I was eighteen months old. I was born in December and the June of the following year my memories are of that trip, which I don't remember in coherent ways. I remember having a tantrum, and screaming and fussing for some reason and they had to turn around for some reason. My mother later filled it in. What had happened was the car had to be serviced in some way in St. George so while they were doing it my Mother took me to the courthouse yard. It was a hot, humid day and when we got back in the car my Mother said "Wouldn't it be nice to have some ice cream on this hot day?" My Dad didn't like to go back for anything, so he said we would stop at the next place. But of course when you go

out of St. George in those days there is no next place. There wasn't a ice cream store in Santa Clara and that was it so they ultimately had to turn around and go back to St. George to get an ice cream.

Benice: And you remember that?

Ed: uh huh, eighteen months old.

And then a couple of other memories of the summer. We stayed down there with my Mother's brother Sam and his family in South Gate. His wife, Aunt Erma, I called Aunt Toma, would give me bread and butter with sugar sprinkles on it. That was an Aunt Toma sandwich. I was always asking for a Aunt Toma sandwich. And the other memory I had is of being in a high place that I knew was close to the ocean but I didn't see the ocean, and hearing a band play. My Mother said that in fact they did one day go out and on the sea coast and there was a little band playing. They were up on a cliff above the ocean and I don't remember the context but I remember that impression. When we came back from that we moved in above the store and were there for a couple of years. The living room had two windows that looked down on Main Street. I remember being fascinated by the cars going up and down and the cars parking, always at an angle in those days. And they would park in front of the post office or Clare Guymon's, or down the block in front of the high school. So I remember having a fleet of toy cars and I would move them from place to place and always line them up at an angle parking as I looked out of that window. So that would be before I was three, I was two years old. We were living in my Grandparent's house by my third birthday so it would have been the fall of that August or September of 1940 I guess. The pre-school workshops were being held in Green River. And so my parents left me with my grandmother and drove down for the meetings. During the time, the Brashers who had the hotel adjacent to that building were putting up fruit, bottling fruit and had the stove very hot and ignited the chimney. Most houses were burned down by chimney fires and that building caught fire and it was a frame building and Grandfathers store was a frame building. There was only about a four inch gap between them and a little sheet metal fire wall. (There was no firefighting equipment in those days). People would just haul out what they could. So I remember my grandparents of course went down to help taking things out of the little narrow staircase that went down from that apartment and onto First North and kind of a porch built out on the second floor, pillars above that. I remember sitting in a car across the street watching as people came down carrying things. They would go out on the porch and throw things over. One of the things they

threw over was a box of my mother's china, and I remember seeing that. I don't remember... they said I kept calling "don't forget the corn flakes!" If you're going to rescue things". I don't exactly remember saying that but I remember the excitement and then later on...

Bernice: Did they catch the china then?

Ed: Uh, they weren't all broken so it must have landed on something soft. She did have some of that original china. Then they took me down to Uncle Don Wakefield's house which was east of the square and I remember Aunt Irene got a drawer full of spare buttons and Aunt Irene let me play in that and I got sleepy and went to sleep. Well they called down to Green River to let my parents know that the building had burned down.

Bernice: I wonder what they said?

Ed: Telephones had just been installed so they did get a call threw so of course they left immediately and went home. The highway used to turn where Gordon's Nursery is now and cross the old bridge down there and then come up on fourth north and then turn south on Main Street and Mother said, "what if when we got there, we found that it was still standing?" and dad said, "now, don't be absurd." And they got down there and it was! It hadn't burned! It didn't catch fire. We didn't move back in. That was the school lunch building later on for the high school. We moved in with my Grandparents here and began work on the original part of this house which we moved into the following spring.

So my father had an esthetic temperament. He liked things to be a certain way. And one of the things he wanted was, there was an old canal that went down the street in front of here and he wanted to build on this land and incorporate the canal in the landscaping. So he built in a little alfalfa field here and the next year made a nice sloping lawn down to the stream and a waterfall there so they could listen to sound of the water fall on summer nights and he was quite particular about how he built things including the various other things he built.

I remember my third birthday, at my Grandparents house, the three candles on the birthday cake and I think it was the next spring they began working on this house. The first three rooms were cinderblocks. They built a cinderblock plant in Price so that was a common cheap building material at the time, and the crew came in and laid up the blocks and then the carpentry work which my Grandfather was involved in. I remember coming up and spending the whole day.

My grandfather was not a very nurturing father, but he was a **great** Grandfather. I think somehow by the time grand kids came along he was a little less uptight or something but he enjoyed not just me but all of his grandchildren. He liked to spend time with me. My mother asked if I was in the way and he said, “No, no, no, I like to have him with me, he asks such **intelligent** questions” So anyway, I do remember spending a lot of time there and I remember also Grandfather telling me stories about his youth and other things he did when he was a boy. They had a threshing machine so he had made me a toy threshing machine out of wood and a powder box. He put spools, you know, in various places and cranks and belts so it could turn and this kind of thing. As I got a little older it wasn't quit as much fun to do the work. I remember when I was a young child when he was hauling manure, he had a manure spreader in the barn and I would go watch while he shoveled in the manure then when it was ready to go out to the field I would get on the seat with him and go out and back and forth between the hay and the barn and a big Jackson fork. The wagon would come on this side of the barn and they would put it up and tracks threw the barn and they could come back so they had a horse on the other side pulling it out. When you worked back in the day you worked. What great fun it was to ride with my cousin Ted MaCandles on the horse. He'd pull it out and trot it back and pull it out. Working on the front of the barn and Tony helping Grandpa pull the fork out of the barn. When you had to actually do the work it wasn't nearly as interesting. There was a lot of work to be done and he expected everybody available to do it. So I grew up in the summer time pilling hay and nothing is bigger than a hay field that's just in the win rows. All those piles had to be made, or the hauling or of course having to tromp on the loose hay on the wagon load was miserable, but a he'd call in the morning and say, “ come down we've got hay to do” and you had to go do it. He always paid me for the work, but I didn't have any choice about whether to do it or not so I grew up with... and then he was an interesting man. He would tell you to do a job but never tell you **how** to do it. You had to figure it out yourself. And then afterward he would tell you what you did wrong. So that was the way we kind of inter-reacted. But I did not spend a lot of time with my Father. He was working in Price or on the road or this sort of thing during much of my childhood. My Grandfather was always here so I spent probably more daylight time with my Grandfather than with my father.

Bernice: Did you have any Pets?

Ed: Yes, when I was a, there was a stray cat that adopted me, but I don't remember it. The first dog I remember was Jocko, a little, kind of half breed Collie type thing, and no Tippy was the first one. He had a white tip on the top of his tail and Tippy unfortunately like to chase cars and so he was run over down on the corner here by Theo Leroy's coal truck. So that was the end of Tippy and then not to long after my parents were in Salt Lake for the UEA Convention and coming back they stopped at a cousin's in Provo whose dog had had a littler of Scottish Collies, the brown and white ones, so that was Jocko. So we had Jocko for quite a few years. I grew up with Jocko. He got hit by a car, but made his way back and came down the bank out here into the canal and so Mother had to come and we fished him out and got him up here and he eventually survived for several more years. So those were my only pets.

Bernice: What games did you play?

Ed: I wasn't a great game player. We did have Monopoly. I remember playing when the kids got together. There are always those standard games. Annie I over, and tag kind of games that we played at birthday parties and that sort of thing. I might mention what it was like growing up during the Second World War. You had, there were of course scrap collections of all kinds for the war effort and one of the things was supposedly important to save was tinfoil. And so every time you got gum. Gum wasn't usually available so you would carefully peel the tinfoil off the paper and then you would put it in a ball and pretty soon the ball would get to be worth bragging about and some kids would have balls this big and they were still adding to. And then you would turn it over to somebody and then we would also gather milk weed pods. That was also a war thing. The fiber from the milk weed pods would be used for life jackets. So then the other thing I guess wasn't directly war related but maybe indirectly, the decided that magpies were damaging animals because they would eat pheasant eggs. And so there was a bounty for magpies. You could get a cent or a fraction of a cent for each Magpie egg and then if you had some hatchlings and you ripped the head off you could turn that in and get the bounty for that. So I remember we would go with Jerrold Cook up the road, we would go hunting for these things and a climb up to Magpie nests. The nests were always in a bushy, bushy willow thing...you'd have to climb through all this sort of thing. He'd climb up there and would kind of toss down to me the eggs and I'd gather and collect them and would turn those in and get a little bounty for that. And of course everyone, all the young men were in the Service and the young men would come home for furloughs. During the war I

think they actually had to wear their uniforms even when they were on leave. You'd see people coming and going in their sailor suits or what have you around town and I remember the time that Pete Grange was killed in the Pacific. The Red Cross agency, for rural areas at least, were responsible to get the news to the families. We didn't have telephones and Audrey Stanford was the Emery County Red Cross Chairman but she had another obligation so she asked my Mother to. I think Audrey went to Pete's parents but his sister worked in the Post Office and she asked my mother to go. The initial news was that he was wounded. Of course, by the time that news came he was already dead. But the news of his dying didn't come for. .. I remember going to the post office and seeing his sister crying. The war was pretty much a part of things. I remember going to a movie in Price with my parents. When the newsreel of the Normandy Invasion came on and seeing these things going toward the shore and this sort of thing and everything was carefully censored so anything that looked like it or was not doing well did not get in the news reel. The newsreel was always how wonderful the equipment we have and the things were going forward. But I remember that and of course a lot of the movies that they had were of the war. The local movies were shown in the meeting house.

You of course you grow up with the same kids, so go to the same birthday parties all your life and we had that kind of experience and the teachers, the elementary school teachers. My first year of school was in the first grade. The teacher was a Mrs. White. She had just recently married her husband. He was overseas in the Army and she had forty-eight first graders, so they divided them. She had twenty four in the morning and twenty four in the afternoon. This was probably fairly stressful. I mean she was a new teacher as well. But then I didn't like her. I thought she was very harsh. Some of my friends talked about how much they liked Mrs. White and I never liked Mrs. White and I hated to go to school. Then in second grade we had Mrs. Moffet, and I loved Mrs. Moffet. She was a very nice teacher so I felt better about school after that although I've always said, you know that school had to let out before the end of May, about the 20th of May and it couldn't start again until after Labor Day, And I've said, you know I would have been a drop out if the summers had been any shorter. It was only that much time that got me back to school again in the fall. In the earlier years of school here only women teachers taught in Elementary school. The few men teacher's that there were, taught in the High School. And so there wasn't really a principle in the elementary, the High School principle had that responsibility to be kind of the defacto boss. May Arnold the third grade teacher, I remember being terrified of

her. In the younger grades, if May Arnold came after you, you were in big trouble. And the horrifying thing is she would go right into the boy's restroom to get you. I remember how shocking that seemed to us...(laughs) there was no place to go.

Bernice: No place you can hide. (Laughs)

Ed: No place. We didn't have a library in school, but all the old text books they would just stick in a closet and leave them there, so once a week we could go in there and pick out whatever we wanted to. Those readers from the early twentieth century were actually marvelous thing, you know! They'd have simplified things of classical kinds of stories, and of course at that time the curriculum kind of things were Bob and Jane kind of stuff where real life education, so these people for whom nothing was ever very interesting and so it was really nice to have those old books to look at and I loved to read I wasn't a very good student doing anything else. But I would read as much as I possible.

Being a rural person you begin with tractors obviously and the first tractor we got was 1946 just after the war they became available again. And my Grandfather always had farmed with horses and wasn't interested in tractors but my Dad finally pressed him to get a tractor and they went in together on an early Ford Tractor. So that's what I learned to drive on. I drove it around on the farm and back and forth across the farm and thought I was pretty good about it because you just put it in one gear and then you go and you had to stop and put it in another gear anyway and so it was explained when you stopped you push on the clutch, the tractor would stop, you would do whatever you needed to be done or whatever. One time we were doing some work out in the pasture that was south of town that had some greasewood in it. And we ran over a greasewood stem and it punctured one of the rear tires. And of course the air was coming out and Dad didn't want to have to change it so he told me to get on it and drive it down to Jacks Motors Service here and he got in the car and drove down there. He got there first, I was going as fast as I could and I came in and there was just a slight slope from the road to the garage. It's all been rebuilt since that. It's a little different layout. And so Dad was there and he told me when I came down, "Just turn in here, turn off the key." And I know how you stop the tractor, you push on the clutch, and I came and turned and pushed on the clutch and it rolled down that slope and crashed into the door. (laughs) But a cars, a lot of kids drive earlier, drive trucks especially on the farm. We didn't have that so I didn't really drive a car until after I turned sixteen. And ah, then I was fairly slow in learning to do it

since we were only a one car family I wouldn't get to drive it anyway. I eventually did, and I failed my first driving test but passed the second so was able to drive a little, but most of the social life I was actually riding with other people who had easier access to their family cars than I did. When I was a Junior or Senior we actually got a second car. Dad had commuted to Price all the time, and I wanted something, so we had a little white, used probably about a 49 or 50 Plymouth. Later I was driving my Mother back from Castle Dale and there was this place North of Willberg, a narrow bridge and a truck was coming the other way and I thought, well you know, I can get by them. I didn't stop and the bed of the truck clipped the door handle off, it didn't do anything else just took off the door handle... (chuckles) my Mother about died. It was sometime before I had the opportunity to drive again after that. Driving the truck as young as I was, there was Rydell George from Ferron. Mc Candles cousins down here, I spent a lot of time down there. Ted was five years older than I was and Gary was seven years older. So I wasn't really equal with them but they had lots of comic books, and so I would go down to read the comic books. One thing they did was had a bunch of friends over and one guy would lie on his back on the lawn and pull his legs ups and you would sit on his legs and he would see how far he could toss you. So I tried that, and I landed on my left arm, and it was very, very painful. But I figured that was probably something I shouldn't have been doing in the first place. I didn't tell anybody I was hurt, so I came home and I looked... I guess I was behaving rather oddly but it was two or three days before my Mother found out and finally took me to the doctor. It had begun to mend itself anyway. Slightly crooked, but they just let it go. So that was my broken bone.

Bernice: So they didn't cast it?

Ed: At one time I could bend this arm back farther than I could this one, which I attributed to that but...

Well we had milk cows up until I was probably fifteen or sixteen. And I left the door the grainery open and the cow got in and foundered on the grain. And my parents always suspected that was deliberate. But it wasn't. But I hated milking. It wasn't so bad in the summer time, but in the winter time they get so filthy! And you know and you had to brush off the dry stuff, and then you had to wash it and then you had to wash them again and finally you'd get them clean enough you could milk and then before you were threw they would flick a tail or something and get some manure in the milk and so Mother always said that more often than not the milk went to the pigs because I wouldn't bring it in after it got there so I

didn't enjoy it, then of course you would come in and you couldn't get the smell off your hands and you'd wash, I remember we had some really powerful kind of soap I'd use and still go to school feeling like I was smelling of cow. So I was very relieved when we decided not to replace that cow and buy our milk from Ken Brasher. Although I do have to say that when you grow up on that raw milk the flavor is different. It is very distinctly different. It's much sweeter, and my Grandfather would always say that pasteurized milk tastes like chalk! So I didn't enjoy my milk as much. In the school lunch, the Brashers provided little glass bottles. And of course they weren't homogenized, they were pasteurized but they weren't homogenized. My generation, nobody ever picked up a carton of milk with without shaking it. You automatically do that to shake it to mix the cream with the milk. I said I was a picky eater and school lunch was only twenty cents or so a meal but it was largely money wasted I think on me because I remember they'd have macaroni and cheese about once a week and that was ok, and they'd have cinnamon buns once a week and **that** was **fine**, rice pudding, deserts... I was ok with, but most of the kind of casserole kinds of dishes I really didn't care for at all. (pauses) When I was in the fifth grade we had a teacher Mrs. Holmes. Her husband was a principle, and she was a very, not local, I think from back east, mid-west or something. But she was the kind that knew what was what, and was fairly strict enforcing it. And I remember one time she called me out in the lunch room. You would take your tray and dump into the various containers and she was sitting a few tables away and she said, "Stop that! Look what you're throwing away". "You know if you were to start eating right at this very moment, you could never make up for the damage you've done to your body, the way you've eaten in the past!" (laughs) She went on and on and on and really chewed me out." I was so wasteful of food.

I've always enjoyed being outdoors, roaming over the hills. I still get a lot of Pleasure out of that. I still like to read.

Suzanne: Were you ever lost as a child?

Ed: No, but my Mother thought I was. I remember when I was eleven or twelve guess, like I said I like to go up in the hills west of town here and all of the younger kids would come along, so we'd get up there the place you wanted to go, it was always a little farther than you thought, and so the by the time you'd get there the younger kids would be complaining about being too tired and so it took a long time getting home. So sometimes I got chewed out for bringing people home after dark. They assumed I was lost but I knew where I was. My theory has always

been that in a place like this you can't get lost because you could always see something to orient yourself by. I remember I had a neighbor in Provo that told me about coming down and going horseback riding in the San Rafael and getting lost and halving to ride through the night. I couldn't fathom that! How could you get lost in the San Rafael? (laughs) You can see thirty miles in any direction? How can you possibly get lost? (chuckles)

Suzanne: What were you afraid of as a child?

Ed: I had a great fear of the dark. I was afraid of dogs. I was afraid of horses. To ride horses. Probably that was my Father's caution. My kids call it the "Geary Caution gene". Because I remember I could never enjoy eating fish because my Father always told me, "These little bones will kill you if they ever get caught down there, they'll tear holes in your stomach and all this sort of thing and so you had to first kind of tear it apart a then get a tiny, tiny little morsel and put it in your mouth and chew it and chew it and chew it and make sure there weren't any bones. And it was more trouble than it was worth to try and eat a fish so I've never been able to enjoy eating a fish. And I've never been able to enjoy riding a horse because my Grandfather had a riding horse that he took with the cattle and it was a well behaved horse, but it was the **HARDEST** riding animal in the world. Just walking it would jar you and if it broke out into a trot your fillings would fall out. So it wasn't too tempting anyway, but sometimes my Father would go out and look at the cattle and so on and I would ride with him on the saddle and he would instruct me, "Now you watch your horses ears, And what you want to see is your horses ears go this way and that and he's looking all around, he's keeping in touch with everything around. But if they start going forward, then you be on your guard, because he's focused on something when they do that and of course if they ever lay their ears back you've had it. And so I could never ride a horse and do anything but watch its ears. And to this day, Bryce Brasher took me down to see the Sorrel Mule Mine ten years ago when I first came back here, and of course he had some very nice horses. Those Tennessee Walking horses, but wasn't able to get them shoed when he wanted to so he borrowed a mule, an elderly mule for me, which probably was just as well. So we went down here, Bryce and Reed were there and Chris Young from Elmo and a friend of his riding down the river and of course I with the mule brought up the rear. The horses could really go sometimes and I was just amazed because you know, I'd look at them and when the horse went up they went up and when the horse went down they went down. For me, whenever the mule was going up I was coming down and whenever the

mule was going down I was going up. I was holding on with one hand on the saddle horn, you know holding on for dear life,(laughs) so I like horses as friends but not as mounts. I've always been afraid of dogs if I didn't know them well, and I was always afraid of the dark. We had all kinds of scary stories when ever kids got together about the spirits of the Gadianton Robbers being out in the hills and that sort of thing so...

Suzanne: tell us about your first serious girlfriend.

Ed: Well I was pretty unsociable. I was a romantic so I would be fixated on a girl and that meant I couldn't have anything to do with her. You know I suppose the first one that affected me that way I was probably in the fifth grade. It was Fawn Roper. She was a very striking. Had this black hair, had pale skin and she was just very attractive. She was a year older which of course was in itself was impossible and then she had a boyfriend, Bobby Stacker. He would walk her home from school every day and I would follow along, about half a block behind, and watch. So that was the first of those. And then when we got into Jr. High. The Jr. High kids would get together from Cleveland and Elmo and so I became aware of the girls down there. And the first girl I was interested in from down there was Cora Dolton. She was very lively. (laughs) And then Rosely Carlton. She was a very attractive girl. I tried to keep those things secret. Some how my parents found out that I had some interest in Rosely Calton and said, "If you ever want to see her, go to Cleveland and look for chickens." They've got lots of chickens". So without much guidance I decided one day to walk to Cleveland. So I did, ten or eleven o'clock in the morning and I walked all the way to Cleveland and looked around town till I saw the chicken coops, and I figured that was probably it and kind of stationed myself about half a block away where I could see if anybody went in or out.(laughs) And I stayed there until for several hours but nothing every happened. So I turned around and walked back home again. So that's pretty much a foretaste of my romantic life. And of course then you go to ninth grade and they came up here and you get to know them well and they've lost their charm, the magic wasn't there anymore. You couldn't be attracted to girls you knew. So then the focus was always on the girls in Castle Dale or Ferron.

Suzanne: Who was your best friend growing up?

Ed: I had a lot of friends. I guess my earliest friend was Allen Lyster because when we lived above the store then they lived just down the block from it and our Mothers were close friends so I guess he was a friend as long as I can remember.

By the time I went to school I had quit a lot of friends coming and going. For as long as I can remember, there was a Center Street Gang. When I was younger, it was made up of the “big boys” including Gary and Lamont Arnold, LaVell King, Tim Richards, and Bevan Young, and Therald Leonard. In my day it included the Wakefield boys, Gregg and Garth and Shelton, Kent and Willard Young, and Therald Leonard, Allen Litster lived a block away on First North, but he was included too, as was at the younger end-Richard Larson on Main Street. Tom Nielson, Jerrold Cook, and I lived farther away, but we hung out with the Center Street Gang most of the time. They had the advantage of location, right next to the town square where we played baseball, and to the high school gm where we could play basketball if somebody could get hold of a key.

Jerrold Cook and I lived fairly close together at the west end of town. We felt left out because we didn't know about some of the spontaneous activities of the gang. So we did some things on our own. There was a bounty on magpies and magpie eggs, and we would go robbing nests in the thicket of trees and willows along the Big Canal. Jerrold was a better climber, so he would shinney up the tree and toss the eggs and baby birds down to me and I would put them in a gunny sack. In the hot weather we would skinny-dip in the canal or ride inner tubes. But we preferred to be with the gang if we could. In the summers everybody had work on the farms, but in the evenings we like to hang out with the gang. There was nothing much to do, so we would just walk around and visit. Sometimes we would call the operators on the pay phone and try to flirt with them. Or if the girls were having a sleepover somewhere we would try to sneak up on them and douse them with water. One time we found a group of girls a few years older than us who were just hanging out too. They were sitting on Claudette Potter's lawn-Claudette (who was the cutest girl in school) and Rose Mangum and Janet Nielson and I don't remember who all, maybe Millie Leamaster. Anyway, we walked out to Black's Hill together and sat on the hillside talking, and they taught us how to kiss. It was a pretty memorable evening.

Latter on when we were old enough to drive, we would all pile into whoever's car was available and go to Castle Dale to get out hair cut by Lee Peterson. Then afterwards we would cruise the streets looking for girls. If Hunter Drug was open and Andrea Bell was working, we would gather there and wait for her to get off work. She would then go with us to roust out the other girls – Ruth Tuttle, and Janet Jenkins, and Kaye Johansen, and Emma Lou Guymon, only occasionally Coleen Rasmussen, on whom I had a secret crush. These girls all had more serious

boyfriends, but they were not averse to hanging out with us when nothing else was going on.

We were regarded as the “good boys” in comparison to the rougher guys including the Mangum and Gardner boys and their pals, but the status was rather dubious. I remember a couple of Saturday nights when we dropped off a couple of guys near the Canyon Club in Orangeville to ransack unlocked cars for bottles of liquor. Or the time we got into the state shed in Huntington, where they kept the dynamite, through an unlocked window and retrieved a couple sticks of dynamite and some caps and got back out. I don’t remember who was driving, maybe Therald was the one driving. I was sitting in the front seat and Jerold Cook was sitting in the back seat holding the dynamite and he, I remember when he was nervous he had kind of long hair that hung down, his nervous gesture was always to straighten his hair back up. So he had the sticks of dynamite and of course was nervous and got the worst nitro headache you could imagine because of that so we finally decided the best thing to do was go down to Greens Grove and set it off. So they went down there and put the fuse on and everything and then we got as far away as we could so we were clear back up on this other end of town before it went off. But I know that Ken Gunderson said that he had been taking a bath and it had made waves in his bathtub. (laughs) But it went off. (laughs) So we did the things we hoped our kids wouldn’t do.

Suzanne: What games did you play as a child?

Ed: Night games, you know, when you get a camp fire and this sort of thing and mostly kind of hide and seek sorts of things where you find them and so and then the birthday party games were always the, Annie I over or tag or kick the can or fox and geese kind of things. And sometimes as early teenagers, I remember at that time Lund Leonard was putting some rooms up in the upper story of the house for his boys who had been sleeping in the basement, but they weren’t finished yet so those were wonderful places to go and they played card games quit a bit and occasionally we would have New Years Eve where we would stay up all night and play games but I don’t really had but the games were the big thing.

Suzanne: What was your most embarrassing moment?

Ed: I had so many that it’s hard to say. (laughter) When Mrs. Holmes called me down for throwing away my food in front of everybody in the lunch room, that was fairly embarrassing. I was so shy that I would avoid embarrassing situations.

So I was off somewhere hiding instead of being out where I could be embarrassed.

Suzanne: How did you meet your wife?

Ed: We at the same student ward at BYU. I lived in the Gary Allen Hall dormitory and she lived in a little alley behind it. The houses had been divided up, and she lived there so we met at church lived close together and began doing things together and went together for I guess about a year maybe a little bit more before we got seriously involved.

Suzanne: what was your wedding day like?

Ed: My wife could give you a better story than I can. We were going to school in Provo. We got married in Manti and my, uh brother had died the year before and my mother was still kind of shaken from the loss of my father... her nerves. But anyway, the plan was that she would come to Provo and my wives parents who lived in Orange County, California came in and we'd meet there and go to the Temple. This was the 16th of December. And so we woke up that day to a heavy snow storm. And my wives mother and sister, she had to ride to Manti with them. So they were in their car and my mother and I were in my car and we drove down through this snow storm. It was really, we were going very slowly. Got down there and we got to the Temple and realized that we had no witnesses.... My wife's father was there for a witness but nobody else so we had to go requite somebody else to take care of that. Janet's father began having some kind of kidney episode so he was in pain and was sweating profusely. And everybody in the Temple was so touched about how distraught he was to be loosing his daughter. (laughter) He was in agony. It was quit an awkward ceremony with us doing everything wrong and having to re-do many aspects of it and then my wife's parents had some friends who lived in Ephraim in a big house on the left side of the road in the south part of town. It had several wings and towers you know on it and they lived in that house and so we got him that far and then my wife's parents stayed there for two or three days until he recovered. We came back to Provo, where we'd rented an apartment a few days before, so we went to our apartment, it was Saturday and that's where we honeymooned and we got up the next morning and went to church. My wife says," I can't understand why in the world we went to church." (laughs) People said," Oh, I thought you two were getting married" (laughs.)

Bernice: You mentioned that your mother wasn't too keen on it.

Ed: Oh mother liked her. My mother at that time was not keen on anything. Emotionally she was pretty distraught. She certainly liked Janet better than any other girls that I dated.

Bernice: Let's talk about what had happened with your father. You've mentioned your mother was distraught.

Ed: This happened later, in 1960-61 when I was at BYU. He had a persistent cough and was kind of run-down. We had chickens, and the initial diagnosis was that he had some kind of germ or virus spread by chickens, and they tried to treat him for that. So it was really quite advanced before the chest x-rays showed it was lung cancer. I guess they weren't looking for that because he was not a smoker. He got diagnosis late in the summer and died the following February. There wasn't much in the way of treatment for inoperable cancers in those days. He had a couple of rounds of nitrogen mustard treatments. That was a crude early form of chemotherapy based on the poison gas of World War I. The treatments were very hard on him and did nothing to slow the cancer — probably hastened his death somewhat, which was not necessarily a bad thing under the circumstances. He kept teaching at Carbon College for as long as he could. They were building the theater at the time, something he had campaigned for for a long time. He was very closely involved in the design. He died just before it was finished, and the college named the building after him - something that would never have happened if he had lived. The theater students claim that he haunts the building. And I guess if he had a ghost that would be the most likely place for it to haunt. My mother was a strong person though quit high - strung. And that was a hard thing for her. I was at school, and not here and so my Mother, brother and sister were in the middle of things and I was not around as much as I should have been so it was tough all the way around. (Years later she remembered Dr. Hubbard telling her, "If we can just keep him alive for six more months, we'll have a cure." She was remembering this not long before she died, she said, "And we still don't have a cure." Dr Hubbard had a high reputation in those days, and pretty much dominated the Price medical community. If the other doctors didn't like him, they kept it to themselves. Dr. Dorman, in his later memoir, claimed that Hubbard was a terrible surgeon and pretty much a fraud. He didn't name him, but it was obvious who he was referring to.)

Mom held up pretty well during Dad's sickness and passing, but afterwards she was bitter and angry for a long time. Not so much after she re-married. But clear to the end of her life, when anything went wrong she would complain about him leaving her to face problems on her own. I think these feelings are actually quite common after the loss of a spouse, are part of the grieving process, but my mother was more vocal about her feelings than some people.

It was interesting, just a few months ago I was clearing out or organizing some things and I found some materials from my Father's funeral. I remember a few things but surprisingly I kind of blocked some things out. One interesting thing is when I was writing the Centennial Emery County History, I went threw all the old Emery County Progress's and different editors so it was a mixed kind of thing. But when my Father died, they had a front page editorial. And in my memory there was only one other occasion that had been done. There was a Larson who was a big business man in Castle Dale who died in about 1910 and the paper had his right up and then my Father. And at the time it was "**ELMO GEARY, STATESMAN**". And it went on you know. And I was really amazed because I don't think I had a sense of how highly he was regarded. How many people regarded him in **that kind of way**.

Program marks Geary Theater opening

A program last evening, marks the near completion of the new Geary Theater at Carbon College at a cost of \$365,000, after eight years of intensive effort on the part of two administrators and a Carbon in-

structor of speech.

The building program was inaugurated eight years ago by Dr. Aaron E. Jones, former college director. Dr. Jones was responsible for much of the early planning and ground work of the structure.

Of particular significance is the contribution of Elmo Geary, Carbon speech instructor for whom the building is named. Mr. Geary spent many hours visiting other structures and designing plans for superior staging, lighting, and classroom facilities.

Completion of the project with its many difficulties became the lot of Dr. Claude J. Burtenshaw, who assumed the post of college director two years ago. Dr. Burtenshaw has added new features in addition to inaugurating moves for additional funds to complete the project. An additional appropriation of \$65,000 is still needed to complete staging facilities and landscaping. Dr. Burtenshaw states, State building board is currently presenting the request to the state legislature for action.

Special features of the building include the continental seating plan, a new type of seating arrangement in western areas. The plan provides for aisles on each side with no center aisle included. This feature affords installation of seats in the croce seating area. Increased spacing between rows of seats enables patrons to move back and forth freely without inconveniencing patrons who are already seated.

Seats are upholstered in royal blue frieze with matching curtains in a variation of the same material.

Other special features include a unique lighting system with special dimmer which enables stage technicians to control lights by decreasing or increasing light intensity to any degree.

Backstage a spiral staircase designed by Mr. Geary provides for quick exit to dressing rooms. A special circular stage swiveler for particular types of staging provides another exceptional feature.

Building interior is painted a deep rose to harmonize with the deep blue shade of curtain and seats.

First major production to be presented will be "Carouse!" which is set for an early date in March.

SOCIETY and CLUB NOTES

In the Spotlight . . .

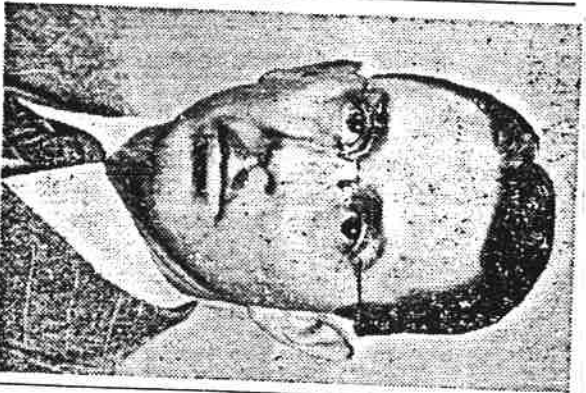
By T. L.

The figurative curtain will fall tonight on another outstanding accomplishment of the Carbon College drama department. The final performance of the dramatic Arthur Miller play, "All My Sons," will conclude a successful run at the Little Theater, where it was presented on the semi-arena stage, and where it has met with much praise and genuine appreciation.

Directed by Elmo Geary, the play was marked with the professional touch, and throughout the performance there was no let-down in the emotional continuity that was so necessary to its fulfillment as a psychological drama.

Compliments to the young performers were focused on the maturity of their characterizations. Especially was the difficult role of the aging Joe Keller, hiding a guilty secret to protect his family, skillfully handled by a college sophomore, Elmer Hamilton. Another performance marked with unusual understanding and ability was that of Brenda Migliaccio, playing the part of Ann Deever, whose father had been sent to prison because of Keller's crime. Equally able and effective in their parts were Linda Tucker as Kate Keller and Chuck Menzies as the son, Chris. Always capable and brimming with talent, James Pappas, Tom Platls and Larry Gonsowsky played their mature roles extremely well. Ably handling smaller but important parts were Joyce Bendetti, and Leah Jessen and Sue Plactell, who alternated their performances. Little Wesley Ennius captivated the audience as the small neighbor boy.

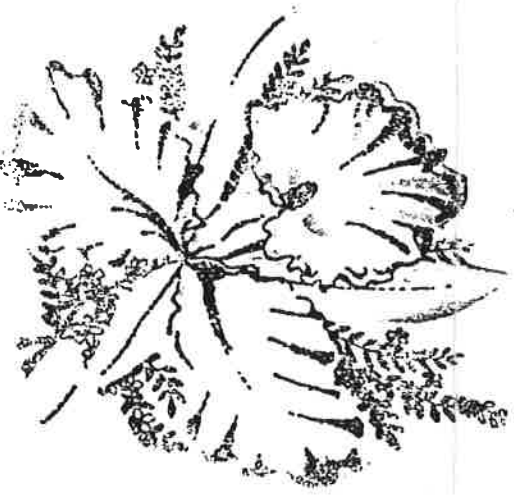
The stage setting, an outdoor scene, was realistic and effective, even to a small tree, which had been blown down by a high wind and was a focal point of the play's action.



ELMO GEARY

the most part by members of the cast, handling lighting, costumes, programs, business, etc. Darlene Enniss was musical director. Pi Gamma Chi sorority and Inter-collegiate Knights served as ushers.

The play was a notable achievement at Carbon College, and all concerned should be congratulated on their cultural contribution to school and community.



Honors should go to the producer...

