

Emery County Archives

Summary Description of Donation

Archives Number: ECA-2001-031A-PFH	Date:
Creator:	
Title: Family History of Minnie Rasmussen Jackson Greber (180k)	JAN 16, 1906 -
Quantity: (folders, boxes, etc.)	
Abstract:	
Topics: Personal Family History	
Places: Born in Married on Ferry 1906; Sept 5 1925 in SLC	
Background Information: Born to Andrew + Anna Karoline Rasmussen	
Scope and Content: Stories & events from her life.	

HISTORY OF MINNIE RASMUSSEN HICKSON GERBER

I was born January 16, 1906 at Ferron, Emery County Utah to Rasmus

Andrew and Anna Karoline Rasmussen Rasmussen.

Blessed and given my name by John Zwhlen-March 4 1906 at Ferron, Utah.

Baptized July 4, 1915 in the Ferron river by Herman Behling, just west of the

country bridge. Confirmed the same day by Victor D. Nelson still in wet cloth-

ing. I changed to dry clothing in Dads White top buggy. Baptisms were per-

formed only during summer months, because the water was too cold in winter time.

My first vivid memories are as early as 1911, that is the year our baby

brother Herman Andrew was born. He was the last of Mothers five children. Me

being the third or middle one. One boy Charles and one girl Anna, older and

one girl Christy and one boy Herman younger than me.

Until I was 13 years old we five children shared one big bedroom, two

double beds, one for the girls and one for the boys. Mothers' five children

came along in a ten year period.

Farm life: My father owned a 120 acre farm, where we lived during the

summer months. Then we moved back to town for the winter months. On the farm

we lived in a one room log house with a shanty lean-to, with a dirt floor un-

til 1911 when Dad built a two room adobe house with wood floors and wood shing-

les, quite an improvement over the log house. We had a Cistern with a pump

for culinary water. When the water in the ditch was not fit to use, Dad would

haul water from town in the town owned water tank. Two tanks would fill the

Cistern. Each time the Cistern would be empty, it had to be cleaned, often we

would find dead mice, or birds and always some bugs on the Cistern floor, funny

we stayed well as we did. Dad had animals at the farm the year around so when

we lived in town he would travel 3 1/2 miles every other day to be sure they were

O.K. The animals that were needed for the famli's use in the Winter were moved

along with the chickens, when the family moved to town.

easy for me.

I had to work hard for everything I got out of school, nothing ever came

and Miss Ingram. Ten in all.

taught my father and each of we children), Mr. Darton, Mrs. Hunter, Mr. Foster

Killpack, Lillian Nelson, Adele Peters (from Provo), Fred Killpack (who had

I liked all my teachers, they were Lillian Rasmussen, Irene Killpack, Eva

School house was ready for occupancy (school house still stands and looks good).

and only one teacher for both classes. When I was in the 3rd grade, the New

school at the age of 6 years in the school house with 2 classes in each room,

School days: My school days were a very happy time of my life. I started

years only.

of the upper half of the walls. I lived with the family in this home for 4

I remember catching the adobes' as they were tossed up to me, for the building

crete. Nailing the lath on and helping to put the lumber siding on the outside.

adobes and stacking when dry, putting rocks in the forms to help save on con-

It was on this particular house I helped to build it by carrying the

men. The note went sour and Dad was left holding the bag.

which he had secured because he signed a note with his brother and two other

farm house that Dad and the family had built in the upper west end of the farm,

for his Mother to live in. From this time on we lived all year long in the

needed. The town home was in Ferron. The house sold in 1919 to Owen Barton

fruit trees provided much of the fruit, red currents and Goosberries the family

ditch ran through the yard, so the animals always had water to drink. Also

for Chickens, a pen for Sheep, the Horses and Cows occupied the barn. A drain

end and a buggy shed on the east end. The corral housed the pig pen, a coop

barn, a big building with a grainery in the center, a washhouse on the west

in each room for stones was built on a quarter block. There was also a large

Our home in town was a four room adobe with lumber siding with a Chimney

My favorite subjects were Arithmetic, Spelling, Geography and Art and Recess. I was more of a tom boy than my two sisters. I was always on the Girls' Basketball and Baseball teams, our only competition was the kids from the Presbyterian School there in Ferron.

Mr. Foster was my 7th grade teacher, he came to Ferron from Texas. He seemed to have a teaching method different than any other teacher we had. I was caught chewing gum in school, so my punishment was to stand 15 minutes, with my nose in a ring Mr. Foster had drawn on the blackboard. To say the least that can be embarrassing. Speed was one of his methods too. The times tables were to be memorized and each table to be given in ten seconds. I knew the times tables but couldn't say them fast enough, so I was detained along with other students after school, for 3 or 4 days. My father was upset over this detention, because my brother and sisters couldn't go home until I joined them for the buggy ride home. Dad decided to visit the school, he did and immediately, class was dismissed and Mr. Foster apologized to my Dad for the delay. The subject was ended there.

We students would spring surprises on our teachers occasionally, when we were not ready for the up-coming exams. We surprised Mr. Foster, first class afternoon, and he became very angry and grabbed one of the boys in class and was beating him, it caused such a commotion, Mr. Fred Killpack rushed in and explained to Mr. Foster, the surprise was a normal procedure in school. After 4th grade the field trips were fun times, we often walked to the foot swinging bridge, for lunch and games. We often walked into the nearby canyons to view the Indian writings on the canyon walls and visited the Cliff Dwellings. I didn't quite finish school, because \$30.00 was required for high school and it was more than my Dad could pay. I was offered \$30.00 for the summer, helping Millie Christensen at her home, but my father said I was worth more than \$30.00 as farm help--but just before school time, my father said we would all have to go get a job so that ended my schooling.

After the home in town was sold, we kids had 3 1/2 miles to go to school,

by this time Charley had graduated from the Emery County Academy in Castle Dale, so we four drove to school in a one-horse buggy. The horse shedded

hair badly and we would be covered with horse hair many days when we reached

town. Dad provided a shed or corral from some family in town where we could

leave the buggy and horse during school hours. One of we 4 kids would go each

Noon to water the horse and give him some oats and hay that Dad had provided.

Then after school we hitched the horse up to the buggy and all went home to-

gether. During high water time the County bridge would sometimes wash out,

then we had to have a heavy wagon to ford the river, during the heavy snows,

some mornings we could follow Dad and his home-made snow plow till we came to

the County road, which was cleared by County snow-plows. Sometime after

Anna was not in school any longer, we three, Herman, Christy and myself would

ride "Old Stewart" a little roan horse, to school. We could turn him loose

and he would go straight home. We then would walk home after school, if the

weather was dry.

The following are some of the things, I remember as a young girl on the

farm at Ferron.

Roughing it up one evening, while our parents were away from home, we kids

broke one leg off the kitchen table, rather than get reprimanded for the damage,

we set the leg back in place and said nothing. (Fire, broken table leg)

It was moving time again so, we three girls were to entertain Herman "then

just a baby still in dresses" while the parents caught the chickens and put them

in the wagon box with a wire cover, to keep them in the wagon until we got to

the field the next day.

Herman was frightened of chickens when they squawked, and even frightened

of the sight of a chicken feather. So to entertain him we put him on the broom

and dragged him around the table, we knocked the broken leg off the table and

the Kerosene Lamp fell on the floor and started a fire, which caught Herman's

dress. We put out the fire quickly, so not much damage was done, but it could

have been serious.

On the farm we had trouble keeping Herman from pulling the ground wire off on the phone line so we hung some chicken feathers on the wire, he left the wire alone after that.

Mother's Incubator: Mother had an incubator, heated by Kerosene oil, to be able to check the incubator periodically it was set in the house. After the chicks were hatched and put in a wire pen, on the sunny side of the wagon shed, a large pig mashed the pen down and ate all but one chick. The remain-

ing chick became the family pet.

I remember the roar, preceding the Hall Storms that beat down upon the horses in the field. The horses were tortured and frightened and would run swiftly, trying to escape their torture. Many crops of grain and seed were ruined by large hail through the Valley.

Comes Across River: One evening I rode the little Indian Pony to the

pasture to bring the Cows home at milking time, but the cows were not in sight, they had broken the fence and crossed the river. I rode through the river and drove the Cows toward home. Nearing the river on return, the pony was startled by a badger and I fell off, the pony and the cows went home, because of high water in the river, I had to wait for help to get home. Mother was plenty worried, for fear I had been injured by a stray bull.

When the grass in the pasture would be eaten, Dad would have me drive the Milk Cows to the foothills, east of our farm to graze. I had herded the cows day after day until the pasture grass grew high again. In my little lunch sack, I had a spool of thread and a crochet hook, that is where I taught myself to Crochet. I practiced until I learned to crochet well. I made a piece of lace for the Clock shelf and as long as I can remember the lace was on the shelf which hung on the wall.

During high water season, often the Canal boarding the farm would overflow, flooding the garden spot, and the road leading to it. Christy and I decided to investigate the damage after the flood, walking along some trees lying along the side of the road, Christy became covered with red ants, the ants began biting her something awful. We soon stripped her clothes off and put her in the water to drown the ants.

Endless Work on Farm: The work on the farm was endless, I learned to use all the horse drawn machinery on the farm except the grain binder. At age 8 years I learned to plow with the hand plow, Charley and I worked well together, I drove the trusty team and he drove the more spirited horses.

One day I was using the leveler on a plowed area of ground and got my foot caught under the cross piece, before I could stop the horses, my shoe was torn off and my heel badly torn.

I slipped off the haystack with a pitch fork in my hands, I dropped the fork and when I reached the ground the fork tine stuck into my knee. The wound became fly blown and maggots hatched. My Dad came to my rescue, and poured turpentine in the hole to kill the maggots, then Eumbug oil and Arnica salve healed it O.K.

Trapping: My brother Charley kept a string of traps set on and around the farm, in hopes to catch some fur bearing animals.

I helped out by checking traps each day, as I rode the pony to one set of traps, the pony refused to go close to the traps, because of a huge pile of dirt there. I got all excited and hurried to the house and reported there must be a great big animal in the trap, it turned out to be a hissing badger, badger fur was worth very little.

My parents and younger sister Christy along with our neighbor Minnie Nelson went to town to buy some strawberries, while Dad was getting the berries, a paper sack came tumbling across the road and the horses became frightened and

started to run, they went over the bank to a pond of water and tipped the buggy over on its side. Mother and Christy got their legs under the buggy and each had one broken leg. Mrs. Nelson had a scratch over one eye. That ended the purchase of the berries.

Mother and Christy were taken to our town doctor for casts on their legs. Dad left the broken buggy and team of horses with his brother Jim in town and borrowed Uncle Jim's team and wagon to come home in

Mother & Christy-broken legs: Mother and Christy remained at the home

of Dr. Graham until the next day. Mother was in bed for some time. She was

also expecting a baby. We lived in a one room log house with a dirt floor.

I was too young to remember whether Mother had help other than Dad and we kids.

In spring the Prairie dogs were so numerous. Dad would have us drown them

out of their holes and kill them with a shovel.

After the long winter, there was a tremendous amount of mice around the

grainery and feed yards, so Dad said he would give us kids a penny for each

mouse we could catch. We set and made all the traps we knew how to make, even

trained the dog to help catch the mice. Our final count was over 1500 mice.

We each received a new pair of shoes for our efforts.

In the fall we would glean clover seed along the ditch banks and hard to

get to places with the binder. Just stripping the seed by hand, we had 100

pounds. The seed sold for 16¢ a pound. We kids thought we were millionaires.

Memorial Day: As soon as Memorial day was officially declared, we kids

would climb what we called the big hill and pick yellow buttercups, red bells,

sego lilies and blossoms from the Cactus, and the whole family would go to the

Cemetery in the white top buggy. The flowers were pretty badly wilted when we

arrived but it was a trip for us kids and a satisfaction for my parents. At that

time there were only 2 graves of the family, my father's parents, Now at this

writing there are 17. I remember my little 6 month old cousin dying and my

Dad nailing up a small casket of white pine lumber. My Mother lined the casket

with white silk material and let me help get the folds and frilly part in place.

Then the funeral was in the parlor of Uncle Jim's home. "I always thought of that parlor as a sacred place just for death and funerals." My Dad and Uncle Jim "the child's father" put the small casket on their laps and drove to the cemetery in Dad's white top buggy for the dedication and burial. In those days, the family was responsible for digging and covering the grave. Umbrella Man: The 24th of July was a great celebration day at Ferron, Utah. Our family were eating the picnic lunch Mother had brought to town from the farm, when a big Indian buck came through the front gate, came to the table and asked if we had any Umbrellas to fix. I don't think we ever owned an Umbrella. Dad said we had none for him to repair. Dad asked if he would stay and share our food, he was happy to do so. Mother had just enough dishes for the family to use. Mother said to me to go get the cup on the drainboard for the guest to use. The cup was one Mother used for butter coloring and it was stained in one crack. After the Indian had used the cup to drink out of, none of us kids would ever drink from the cup again. We thought the Indian would leave his germs on it, and the germs could never be washed away.

Indians begging: While the subject of Indians is fresh, I'll relate another incident. Spring and fall the bands of Indians traveled through our area going to Uinta reservation for Summer and back to St. George area for Winter. Each time the Indians came to Ferron, the news would spread like wildfire. Each family could get their gates and doors locked so the Indians could not help themselves. They would manage to call at every house in town and beg for food and money. I remember one big fat squaw came and asked for bread. Mother wrapped a large loaf of bread in some paper, the paper was torn off, she wanted a flour sack instead. Mother said she had no flour sacks, so the squaw took her dirty hood off her head and wrapped it around the bread. Another squaw raided the Chicken coop and took a big Rhode Island Red Hen. It

was always the squaws that did the begging. The gypsies would come through town too, they were tricky and would take most everything they could find, some gypsies told fortunes for pay. Mother was asked to have her fortune told but she was afraid and said NO.

Stove Man: During the coldest part of winter, an old man traveling through country in a covered wagon with two worn out horses. He came to our home in Ferron, wanting to repair stoves in return for provisions. Dad said we needed

no stove repairs but until the weather improved he could stay in the wash house. At least he could keep warm and do his cooking on the stove we heated wash-water on. Dad provided a bed and other essentials for the old fellow. Mother made

garments for him out of unbleached muslin. He had just rags to wear. He did his cooking, mostly frying, then he let his cat lick the fry pan clean, for

the next meal. His horses were put in the barn and fed along with our animals, at no charge, for he had no money. The poor old man stayed there all winter.

Carl Nielsen: My father befriended an immigrant from Denmark who came with his family and had no money and no place to live. Carl Nielsen, wife and two sons lived in 2 rooms of our house during the summer months, while

we lived on the farm. Dad bought and gave Nielsen the necessary barber tools, so he could make a living, which he did for many years.

4th and 24th of July: The 4th and 24th of July were the two special

holidays during the summer at Ferron.

Each holiday started with a town parade. The local people prepared and

participated in the parades, no special outside talent was needed. The celebrations were similar, only the 24th, the pioneer theme was carried out to

the limit. After the parade, everyone congregated at the school house auditorium for a patriotic program, always using local talent, and it really was

enjoyable. After the program, a dance for the kids was held in the same auditorium. 2:00 P.M. the Baseball game then horseshoes and races for the kids.

Prizes were given to the winners. There were also bucking horse and calf roping. Always ending the day with a movie and dance for the grown-ups. During 1st World War, one woman refused to salute our flag. She was called in the bishops office for questioning. She said her son was in the Army, fighting her kin in Germany, so she did not feel she could salute our flag. Mother was a soft spoken lady, a very sweet disposition, she seldom spanked us kids, but she would rub us across our ears, and say something in Danish. We knew we better straighten up. I never remember my Mother being idle. In cold wet weather she sat with her feet in the Oven, always sewing, crocheting, knitting or embroidering pillow cases etc. She knitted stockings for the whole family. Usually the stockings were black, made from yarn she spun from black sheeps wool. My parents always helped with Old Folks Day. Mother was the only one of her family that joined the Mormon church. Consequently, she was disowned by her entire family. As years passed she began corresponding, and after the deaths of her parents, she received a small amount of money. She spent the money to buy material for a fence around their lot in Ferron and material for a new chicken coop. She did well selling eggs. Before she was disowned she made her own trowseau, most of it by growing, spinning and weaving the flax into towels, sheets, pillow cases and lots more. It was difficult for Mother to pay the \$11.00 duty on the shipment. My father was very stern and to the point. With the help of the family he was a good provider. We always had plenty of food and a warm house to sleep in. We became accustomed to our life style, we didn't know how poor we were. Dad was very Civic minded, always attended Town Board Meetings and voted on projects that affected the Town of Ferron, Utah. Dad was Water Master, Town Marshall, worked on roads and dams. Interested in a better Cemetary, School house and Church building. Each summer he would work on the reservoir on the mountain to improve irrigation water. When we

Now there are two large power plants in the county. One in Hunting Canyon

the population dwindled to only 350.

ashed school in Ferron they were forced to go elsewhere for employment until

Before 1920 Ferron had a population of 1500. Then when young people fin-

farmers in Ferron.

at school. For winter time--meat, vegetables and fruit was furnished by the

Under supervision, we high school girls, canned the food for hot lunches

the Presbyterian school.

wore bloomer type gym suits, the only competition we had, were the kids from

I always played on the girls basketball and baseball team in school. We

all stayed well. Now we see a single fly, we get rid of it in a hurry.

and forth across the table to shew the flies off the food. It's a wonder we

one member of the family would wave a green branch from the willowpatch back

ed on the screen doors until the doors were black. Each time meals were served,

Each day there would be dead flies a foot deep in the fly traps. Flies gather-

were so thick around the house, we used home-made fly catchers all summer.

Flies hatched by the millions in the feed yard for our animals. They

clothes to get rid of the hair.

ding, we kids would be covered with horse hair. We tried to brush each others

school. We rode in an open buggy to go to school. When the horse was shed-

being embarrassed to wear odd overshoes or one rubber and one overshoe to

them for 2 years and Christy for awhile, they were about worn out. I remember

child. Anna being first born girl had more new clothes, by the time I wore

We kids wore our share of hand-me-downs from the largest the the smallest

up nights with we kids when we were dangerously ill.

The whole family were regular church goers. Dad was the one that stayed

ing every Monday evening.

lived in town, Dad put on his good bib overalls and attended Priesthood Meet-

and one near Castle Dale. So there is a boom now all over Emery County. Every available house has been bought and many trailer houses have been brought in. Now the area isn't the same peaceful place it used to be. A robbery in Huntington bank and both tellers were killed, is just an example.

When Mother went to town for fruit or items of food, one of we kids went with to handle the horse that pulled the buggy. This particular day as we were returning home, a huge pile of shiny honey cans were stacked beside the road just south of the county bridge. The horse was startled and refused to pass the cans. He started to back up and the buggy was being backed off an embankment. Mother became afraid and started to scream. I jumped out of the buggy and tried to keep the horse from backing further. We had bought Apricots and had more than the box would hold, so we filled the newly purchased wooden churn with the balance. Consequently the Churn tipped over and Apricots rolled out all over the ground. But I got the horse and buggy back on the road and picked up all the Apricots. I have the Wooden Churn now and each time I see the Churn I remember this happening.

We kids had to create our own fun although we had very little time for play and fun.

We had an old one horse buggy minus the shaves. We would tug and lug that buggy to the top of a small hill, all jump in and ride down with no way to guide the buggy, then drag it back up the hill for another ride of about 1 minute. It's funny we didn't get our necks broken.

We girls would go skinny dipping in the nearby Canal. We signed for fish, because Mother liked fish so much. We would catch Pollywogs in the pond and keep them in a jar and watch them turn into frogs. Bob skated on Molen ditch. Went sliding down the moss covered flume and haystacks. Roaming the hills for arrowheads, popping corn in the pot belled stove, making honey candy, dressing the cats in doll clothes, sailing the pond on our cobbled together raft.

The neighbor's children came to play so we kids were permitted to take time from work to play also. We were playing hide and seek, hiding in the banks of the wash near our house. I ran further up stream than usual and ran into a bunch of beehives. The old man yelled at me so I started to run back towards home. He came after me, just pumping his bee smoker. He was so excited by the time we got to our house he was still pumping smoke at me. He was German, he let out an oath as long as your arm, in his German brogue. He told Dad I was stealing his honey. Dad told him why I was there and asked him to take his smoke pumper and go back to his bees. I wasn't about to touch his beehives. I had been stung too many times by bees.

Sometimes during the hard winters we had at Ferron, snow would be too deep for our old horse to pull the buggy through the drift. On our way to school we would follow Dad driving a team of horses on his home-made snow scraper to the County road, where the county removed the snow. The snow would drift so badly sometimes we could walk over fences.

During high water in the Spring of the year, the wagon bridge over the river would wash out. Making it impossible for us to drive our one-horse buggy across the river. Until the water subsided, we kids would either walk or the three of us would ride Old Stewart, our Roan Indian pony to the river, where one of the farmers would use his heavy wagon to ford us across in the morning, and the same after school. Our Roan pony would go home, then Dad would usually meet us at the river to take us home at night.

Mary Biddlecomb, a heavyset, part Indian, Midwife, assisted the doctor in delivering babies. I remember Mary being at our house after my brother Herman was born. She cared for Mother and baby. Usually carrying the baby around the house with her, in her apron, she would tie 2 corners of her apron together to make a cradle, taking the weight on one arm. She cooked, washed and cleaned house. Mother said she would stay until the Mother could take over the household duties. This Midwife had home-made remedies for most any problem in the

Soot from the coal stove, pig lard and sulphur healed Ekema etc.

Easter Trips: Easter was a special day at our house. We always celebrated Easter on Saturday, with trips to the farm, and picnic lunches. We had hard

boiled eggs colored with crepe paper dipped in hot water. We kids rolled eggs down the big hill, the one that had the egg that didn't crack received the

prize--a piece of candy or a penny.

One trip to the farm, we kids with some friends were playing hide and

seek. I ran into a porch post and knocked myself unconscious. When I came to I was in the wagon and half way to town where we lived. I had a big headache

which was all the damage I received.

One trip to the hills to get a load of fire-wood, we decided to take some

friends along with the whole family and make an Easter celebration all in one.

We gathered bushels of pine cones, loaded with pine nuts, during our picnic

lunch, the freshly ground horseradish was passed around. Our friend Austin

Huntsman took a big spoonful and put the whole thing in his mouth at once.

He swallowed and nearly choked to death on it. He drank plenty of water when

he could breathe again. He said that must have been an old tough gray horse.

We raised domestic rabbits for table use. In fall when we moved back to

town, the rabbits were turned loose to fend for themselves. By Spring we had

rabbits and more rabbits, all over the place. They dug burrows in the hill near

our farm house for shelter. They became almost like wild rabbits. We lost a

lot of them by the Chicken hawks, that would swoop down and carry a whole rabbit

away. The Hawks would take chickens too.

My Dad and John Bohleen spent most of one winter out in the hills, trapping

fur bearing animals. They were quite satisfied with their catch of Wild Cats,

Coyotes, Wolves and Fox. These furs were heavy, being caught during cold weather.

They sold for a good price too. Dad was so proud of their successful catch.

He displayed the furs on the side of the Wagon shed and had a picture taken of

them. I still have the picture.

made for the winter supply

cloth to ripen or cure. Every other day cheese would be made until enough was

round cheese, about 2 days in the press to set solid, then wrapped in cheese-

then the curd was put into the home-made hoop, then in the press to form a nice

ing in to make the cheese the right color, and some salt to give a good taste,

the curd up in fine pieces with 2 wooden paddles. Mother put some butter color-

During this process the curd would settle down in one big slab. We would break

and curds. I remember helping to dip the whey from the tub, with a saucer.

milk was warmed, some tablets were put in the warm milk to separate the whey

cause we had the correct tub, the hoop and press. About 15 or 16 gallons of

mornings milk with the neighbors. The cheese was always made at our house be-

Cheese Making: In order to make an 8 or 10 lb. Cheese, we combined the

and burned him.

so everyone could see it, they hung the Kaiser, the ruler of Germany on a pole

posed to be the head and called it the Old Kaiser, in the center of Ferron

old overalls and an old shirt full of straw, put an old cap on what was sup-

they were so relieved and wanted to celebrate the occasion. They filled some

when Charley and some of his buddies heard the news that the Armistice was signed,

At the end of World War I, and dangerously near draft age for Charley, so

supervise its use.

We children were not permitted to use the phonograph unless Dad was present to

Johnny Comes Marching Home - - My Buddy - - Over There - - Johnny Get Your Gun.

My Wondering Boy Tonight - When The Lights Go On All Over the World - - When

off the needle and select one of the few records we owned. Such as, Where Is

off the top of our clothes cupboard to a table, then he would wind it up, dust

played cylinder records. On special occasions, My Dad would take the phonograph

We had one luxury our neighbor didn't have. An Edison phonograph, that

Made Potato Starch: In the Spring of the year we could use the left-over potatoes from the last Fall harvest to make Potato starch. We selected good firm potatoes, washed them and grated them on a large course grater,--Dad had made from one side of a 60 pound honey can, with a wooden frame. The grated potatoes were put in a large tub of clean water. The potatoes would float on top and the starch would settle to the bottom after stirring to release the starch. The potatoes were skimmed off and the water carefully dipped off so as not to disturb the starch. The tub covered with Mosquito netting and left in the sun 'till the starch dried. This supply was enough, until next Spring. Sure made delicious starch cake. Using a ratio of one egg, 1 tablespoon of sugar, 1 tablespoon of starch. Whip until thick and bake. My father said Starch Cake was the only cake his Mother ever made.

We also made all the laundry soap we needed, by boiling grease and lye in a tub of water. When soap would form in a big cake, it was cut in bars and put out to dry.

I had one thing in my favor, I had one year of perfect attendance at school, for which I received a nice book of Longfellow's Poems that I still have.

Just by chance I found a new Hen nest, with eggs in it. I took one egg and went to the grocery store where I bought an eggs worth of brown sugar and I ate it all. Boy was I sick as a dog..

In Spring the snakes on our farm shed their skins. I wrapped a skin around my hat for a hatband. Days later I had forgotten about the skin, when it came loose and hung down in front of my face, I nearly took a fit trying to get rid of that snake head.

When Herman was just a toddler, he wanted his own telephone. We fixed a couple of empty thread spools strung on some string to the window sill in our living room, each time our old crank type phone would ring he would answer on

his phone. He used to say 'Hello' in this Dusselose, I'd like to borrow your wheelbarrow to wash my clothes in. We never learned who Dusselose was, but am sure he knew.

After our town home was sold in 1919, we lived the year around on the farm. Four of we children were still in school. We needed the buggy and horse to use, so Dad arranged to have a place in some family's corral to leave our horse and buggy during school hours. The 4 of us would take turns to feed and water the horse at noon. After school we would hitch the horse to the buggy and all go home together. No matter what the weather.

When I was old enough to date or go to parties, I lived $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles from town, which limited my dating, the fellows dated the girls in town. During good weather we had lawn parties at our nearest neighbors. One time I remember especially was, when 4 or 5 of us were sitting on a wash-bench. Two fellows left the bench and one end of the bench raised off the ground and my foot got hurt when they sat backdown. I limped all the way home.

We had basket dances, where the girls furnished a nice lunch for 2 in a beautiful basket. The boys would bid on the baskets, not knowing what girl furnished it. The highest bidder won the basket and the girl that furnished the basket was his date for the evening.

Our only picture show house was over the Greenhall grocery store. Only silent pictures were shown, accompanied by music from a player piano. We three youngest kids could all go in for a single 10c.

I double dated more the year I lived with Miffie and Niels Christensen, because I was in town. I met and dated Bob Maines, stationed at Fort Douglas. My sister Anna and I double dated two Tescher brothers from West Jordan. When I reached the ripe old age of 19 I met my first husband. We dated for almost a year. We were married Sept. 5, 1925 in Salt Lake City.

Our first home was at 1154 Ramona ave., in Sugar House Ward. We bought

a branch of the National Cleaning and Dyeing Co., and called our business

Sugar House Cleaners, because the business was in the center of Sugar House.

I soon became acquainted with the work. I managed the inside work while Ernest took care of the delivery and picking up cleaning all over Salt Lake City. As business improved we hired 8 employees. We did O.K. money wise, and soon payed off our obligation to Harry Morris and Joe Cumming, prior owners.

Frequently we detected someone had been in the shop after we closed up for the night. We suspected Harry Morris was checking the books, but he denied being there so we got us a big Police Dog and left him to guard the place. Next time Harry went in, he confronted the dog, and only got inside the door, so he called the next day and said we must get rid of the dog....so Harry got caught, but never bothered us again. We kept the shop open from 6 A.M. to 6 P.M. The help quit at 5:00 P.M. I was alone in the shop till 6:00 P.M.

A Mrs. Love was disgruntled over a dye job we had done for her. She wanted a new dress in its place. She learned dye jobs were not guaranteed, so she grabbed an expensive dress off the rack and tried to get outside, but I grabbed her and took the dress away from her. She threatened to come back but I never saw her again.

Several times after hours a Trustypriisoner from the State Prison (only 2 blocks from our shop) came to sell dressed chickens and rabbits. He would be covered with blood, he surely looked gruesome. We enjoyed the Chicken and Rabbit meat, and bought several over a period of time. Then one evening he offered me a prison made bracelet, as a gift, but I refused to take it, because Ernest would have objected and I wanted no trouble.

I asked the Trusty why he was in Prison. He said if I told you I stole a trunk off an elephant, you wouldn't believe me...Then he said he had murdered his wife and had spent 10 years in the Prison.

My son Ernie, born June 28, 1926 was a handsome baby. While he was small I would put him in a clothes basket and set the basket in the front window of

our shop. Many people stopped to see him. He would play for fours there. When he could walk well, he would go next door and visit with the Auto-top Man, a Mr. Hardy who thought Ernie was special. On the other side was a Shoe Maker, Mr. Saniger, who had a metal turtle that intrigued Ernie. When Mr. Savager quit business he gave Ernie the turtle. I saved the turtle until Ernie's 50th birthday. At that time I gave him the turtle and he took it to California.

We kept the cleaning business going at 1115 E. 21st St until the Depression years. Business declined so we had to let all the employees go in June 1931. We moved our business to our home at 2021 Douglas St, putting the steam boiler and press on the back porch and used one large room in the front of the house for sorting, spotting and finishing. This move made it possible for me to care for the children and home.

My husband Ernest had been a semi-invalid since Sept. 1927, when he had his first heart attack, at Holy Cross Hospital. He was tending Ernie while I was visiting Herman who had just had an appendectomy. Ernest collapsed at the waiting room and had dropped Ernie, Ernest was under Dr. care until he died October 13, 1939 at home.

I continued to operate the cleaning business. Ernie taught me to drive a Model Ford, so I could pickup and deliver the clothes. I made calls on the route before 8 A.M. and after 5 P.M. When one of the children could answer the phone etc. When I became in control of the income, I was able to do and get some needed items. I decided we needed a basement and a furnace, so with the help of my two young sons, we dug a basement under the north half of our house, by me digging and shoveling 2 hours before work and the boys helping on Saturday and after school. We had help with the concrete and windows and by Fall 1940 we had the basement and a good furnace to keep our house warm. The furnace is still in use at this writing - 1979. I paid off the mortgage on the house, bought a refrigerator and range and floor covering for 2 rooms

After Ernest's death, his brother Bill told me, that he told Ernest, he would take care of me and the children. That was a big laugh. Bill was pennyless, he just wanted to move in with us for his own benefit. When I rejected him he became mean and hateful. He would spy on us, because he could tell who happened to be here and wanted to know why. I told him it was none of his business, and I bought new window shades for all the windows. He brought 4 other fellows to my front door one night with all their wines and liquors and said they had a party on but no place to have it, was it OK to come to my home? I took one look at the men and said I had no room for such a party. They all apologized but Bill.

I took my three children to a picture show in Sugarhouse. I became uneasy and left the show at half-time. I told my children to come straight home after the show. When I came in the house, Bill was here. He had put together a 22 caliber gun, by finding gun parts hidden in different places in the house. He pointed the gun at me. I could see I couldn't talk him out of it so I dashed out the front door. He thought I had gone in my cleaning room, so it gave me a few minutes to get away. I ran behind the house and one of my neighbors was coming home so he came in the house with me. Bill denied having done anything wrong. He had hid the gun in a corner of my bedroom and set a strip of linoleum in front of it. My neighbor Dick Lambert told Bill to leave, but Bill said NO. Dick stayed with Bill and I went to find the children at the show. On the way I met the cop on the corner in Sugarhouse. I told the police my story. He said to go home with the children and there would be 2 officers at the house real soon. When the officers came, Bill began to cry. Said this was his home and he had done nothing wrong. I told the officers to take Bill away, they had to drag Bill out of the house. Not long before this happening, Bill came in while I was away with Herman. Bill had all my bank statements and cancelled checks spread over the dining table. I was upset and said what business did he

also met a timely death from the neighbors dog. The Deseret News had the Duck
The children were given a baby duck for Easter. The Duck became a pet. It
mental purposes.

We raised Guinea pigs and sold them to the University of Utah for experi-
than his was.

Chickens and Ducks the Mink had destroyed. No law-suit. Our loss was greater
loss. I told him we would pay for the Mink, when he paid for the 3 coops of
of the Mink came to collect for his dead Mink, or else he would sue us for the
hiding at the Roberts home. Ernest took his gun and shot the Mink. The owner
The loss was great because we depended on the eggs each day. The Mink was seen
our Coop and killed all our Chickens and the ducks were still alive but dying.
Roberts pen was raided and all their chickens were dead. Soon the Mink came to
the pen and killed all the Chickens in Lamberts Coop. About 3 nights later,
coule ducks also. Another neighbor raised Mink. One of the Mink got out of
We and two of our neighbors raised our own chickens. We had a dozen Mas-

ply of groceries. I felt I had enough here at home to feed.
till Ernest died. Auntie Patet was very disgruntled because I stopped the sup-
Roast of beef, she received the same. This practice went on for 11 years, un-
sister became a widow, Ernest felt he should help support her. When we got a
would have given Bill a good trowncing which he honestly deserved. When Ernest's

by shaking him off the ladder. I should have let the boys handle it, they
use his radio. So Bill was going out and tear the wires down. I stopped him
thing else, but Bill Hickson said it caused static and noise so Bill couldn't
Whiteheads house to Mays' house. The kids would use it more for fun than any-

My two boys and Bill Whitehead and Howard May strung a telephone from
door. Bill kept coming back. He had keys made unbeknowns to me.
by the seat of his pants and the nap of his neck and threw him out the back
what I was spending my money for. This made Herman furious, so he grabed Bill
have to go through my financial account. His answer was he wanted to know

replaced, but the new duck was never to take the place of the first one. We raised several fancy show pigeons, luckily they escaped the Mink. The boys received special ribbons for the show pigeons at the State Fair. After wearing out a couple of washboards, I obtained a worn-out washer from Irene Hart for \$7.00. The oil dripped from the washer, but it cleaned the clothes. I was the envy of the neighborhood because now I had my laundry on the line before any of the neighbors did. Mrs. Mullins needed a pink slip to wear under a lace dress. Unable to buy one, she brought a new bedspread for me to make one from. Not long after she brought an overstuffed chair and said put a new cover on it. I felt the challenge was too great, but she was pleased with the results. The depression worked a hardship on most people. My neighbor brought her sugar bowl to our window each day for a refill. Mildred, my baby sitter filled the bowl. Mildred and the neighbor decided to make some home-brew to save buying beer. They stored the brew in our cellar. They consumed it all before I was told about it. I forbid them to make more. On our way to see a picture show downtown, we were involved in an accident with another car. The driver of the other car was a daughter of the Hoffman Hardware owner. She had earlier in the day been to the Country Club Golf Course and brought home a young Wood Chuck in a box. Her father insisted she return the Wood Chuck. On her way back the Wood Chuck crawled out of the box onto her shoulder, trying to get rid of the animal she pulled the steering wheel to the left, came across South Temple street and hit us broad-side. She called her Dad, he came to help her. Our car was demolished. We hit a tree. It wrecked the front also. I was the most severely hurt. With one elbow, both knees bruised and 5 ribs caved in. Willard had a bad cut on his sit down from flying glass. Ernest insisted no harm was done and let the Hoffmans get by without paying for the damage.

I have great admiration for my Brothers and Sisters. Each one being different, but precious to me. Charley always has done more than his share all his 66 years that he lived.

Anna was conscious of any ill folks in Ferron. She always helped the poor and unfortunate ones. If a funeral, she thought would be sparsely attended she was there. She was a good doer all her 44 years.

Christy has a more jovial spirit. Taking situations as they come and making a fun time for all.

Herman is the educated member of the family. Raised a family of 4, educated them well. Now able to travel and enjoy life.

Anna and myself had an opportunity to help Dad drive a team of horses to Price 45 miles from Ferron to get a load of freight, which paid pretty good. That was the first time I had a look at a train. I was 14 years old.

My boys were given a little bummer lamb, by a sheep herder. We raised the lamb till he was grown. The neighbors complained when Buck Wheat broke loose and ate up their flowers. He became such a pet. We felt we couldn't eat his meat so I sold him for \$4.00 to Don Ship who was putting on a roof on our back porch.

Our wedding in the Salt Lake Temple, May 21st 1945. The President of the Temple, Jesse W. Knight performed the ceremony. Witnessed by Hyrum Joseph Smith and Albert E. Cocking.

We neglected to turn off the car radio so we had a dead battery when we came from the Temple. George Albert Smith became President of the church that day. There was no pomp or celebration for us when we were married.

Lyman's sister Jeanette had his brothers and sisters together, so I could get acquainted with the family and all I heard were stories about Lyman. It wasn't until April 17th, 1953 that I was able to have his brothers and sisters at our house. It was on Lyman's 57th birthday. All 11 were there. We served Turkey and all the trimmings.

After 25 years in the Dry Cleaning business I quit and worked with Lyman, on the houses he built. He built a duplex and our big home in the county. Re-modeled our present home and the one we had at 818 So. 8th East. I did most of the painting and learned to put in insulation bats and a dozen other steps such as asbestos siding etc.

Lyman and I have had 20 years of good life, traveling to near-by places in Utah, 2 trips to Old Mexico, one in 1956 and one in 1957.

In 1956 we were trapped by a flood in Coolidge, the bridges washed out behind and ahead of us. We had our car put on a flat car on the train, it took all day, and when the train was ready to move we bought passenger tickets and rode in the car with people and all kinds of animals. It took all night to go 50 miles, where our car was unloaded. We found a hotel and went to bed, for we had no sleep on the train.

I had never been out of Utah, before our marriage. My first trip to California was a little one. Lyman had a bolt on his arm, but he felt it was OK to go in spite of the bolt.

It was during war time and we couldn't find a cabin to stop at, so we kept on driving till we came to the Feather River and a small town. We took the first cabin available. I sat up all night putting hot towels on Lyman's arm - and it seemed to get worse. Lyman said he knew a doctor in Redding, California, so we drove to Redding, and got to see the doctor right away. The Dr. picked up the phone and made reservations in the hospital for Lyman. The bolt on his arm had turned to blood poison.

The directions were all turned around for me, but I finally found my way back to the Motel we had rented. Lyman was in the hospital 4 days. All I could do was stay in the Motel and go back and forth to the hospital.

When Lyman was released, we decided to go to Albany, California where our new daughter-in-law, Gloria lived. I was trying to do all the driving because Lyman had his arm in a sling. We came upon a crew of road workers driving a

buntings and crib quilts and other things. I started learning to quilt at age 14 of all sizes and kinds. I have made some beautiful rugs and afghans too, baby For the last twenty years I have devoted much of my time in making quilts I worked as a Receiving Judge at the Voting polls for 8 years.

petition was the deciding factor to make me withdraw. That deprived me from going to church. Then the dog eat dog attitude in com- was an excellent way to attract buyers, but I was expected to work every Sunday. checking the listing cards each week and canvassing for listings, open-house Selling Real Estate was one of my most challenging occupations. I enjoyed

Unfortunately no one was hurt. at least 2 blocks, but turned to one side before entering Scowille Lake. For- accidents like the hitch on the boat came loose and the boat ran down the hill We enjoyed many fishing trips in our camper and boat. We had many near in New Mexico, Thermolis, Wyoming.

point, Capital Reef, Solvang, Labre Tar Pits in California, Carlsbad Caverns other interesting places we have visited are Sinbad, Goblin Valley, Dead Horse couldn't get out of the parade for the street was lined with spectators. Some and was the first car in the parade. Our car was covered with mud. We stroyed all the produce. The next day we were directed onto a certain street to get some fresh fruit and got in a terrible hail storm that just about de- My first trip to Denver in 1947 during Decoration Day week. We stopped

4:45 P.M. to get a 15 minute job done. The next day, we took the car for repairs at 8 A.M. and waited until folks - let them know where we were and they came and found us. got to Albany and couldn't find the address. But a phone call to Gloria's lost all the brake fluid. The hand brake was all we had to use. Finally we there are no brakes on the car. We had worn a hole in the brake line and so close to that machine? be more careful while you are driving." I said big road oiling machine. Lyman said to me, "didn't you take a chance going

at Mothers' Quilting Bees. I learned alterations and repairs of men's and

women's clothing while I operated the cleaning business. I also learned to

upholster furniture and repair fur articles.

Some of My Church Duties:

Teacher of Genealogy in Millcreek Ward

Secretary for Relief Society (twice) Sugar House and Grant 4th - 5 years.

Quilting Committee

Visiting teacher since 1950 - Sugar House

Work Director - 4 1/2 years - Sugar House

General Supervisor of Visiting Teachers - 8 yrs. - Sugar House

Quilt Chairman - - - - - 14 yrs - Sugar House

Class Secretary - Sunday School - - - - - 8 yrs. - Sugar House

All at Sugar House Ward

Temples I visited and attended: My Welfare Assignments:

Salt Lake

Logan

Worked at Welfare Square sewing

Ogden

Provo

center on 8th East

Idaho Falls

St. George

Worked at Soap factory

Manti

Mesa

Welfare sewing at home.

Los Angeles

Oakland

1979.....We are having such a winter as we did in 1948 and 1949. I was re-

covering from major surgery, when Lyman and his brother Hugh, hit out for

Sacramento, California where they expected to find a selling job, as Hugh was

out of work here. The selling field was saturated with other salesman. Lyman

bought a lot on Sheridan Way in Cornical and he and Hugh spent the winter build-

ing a house that took two winters to complete. I stayed home to keep things

going. Glade, Willard and Irene worked with the ever falling snow of '48 and '49.

I believe it snowed everyday for 6 weeks. I said it was too cold to snow but

still the snow came. The boys kept busy clearing snow from the roofs of houses

to prevent cave-ins. They also hauled load after load of snow out of our yard with the ton and half truck. The City snow removal equipment only cleared the main roads. All other streets had ruts for the car wheels to travel in. No turning between blocks or cross roads. Glade went to Doctors office to have his tonsils removed. I stayed all day to make sure the bleeding had stopped, because Glade is a bleeder, and with the roads in such bad condition, I knew I'd never get him back to the Doctor in time if the bleeding would start again. Willard came and drove us all home in my old A-Model Ford. Usually the only car that could make the trip. Glade had invited a group of his friends for a New Year's party the next evening. I notified his guests that Glade was in no condition for a party.

During World War II, I was notified that our wholesale Dry Cleaning plant may be taken over by the government for Military Service. At that time I applied for a job at the Remington Arms Plant. I went to work there until the decision was settled about the Cleaning plant.

My job there was to put caps on the bullet casings. Rotating shifts and being away from the children for long hours was very trying. As soon as I learned the government would not take over the plant, I went back to my Dry Cleaning business. I also laundered shirts and curtains, because most of the laundry business had been taken over by the government. I had but one curtain stretcher and it was in constant use. The shirt customers were glad to get quick service too.

A Tribute to the Quilting Chatman - Minnie Gerber - given by Pauline Pert.

As work day begins and the ladies start to come, with their thimbles all poised for the task that is to be done.

There's a very special feeling that permeates the room, as these housewives do assemble, leaving home their Mops and Brooms.

The Quilt's so very beautiful, and you can hear the sisters say, "I wonder who has been here first to pin it up this way."

Yes, someone had been there long before they came, to make sure it would

be ready for work day's quilting game.

She wages the battle of the tacks and the pins.

Then with her task completed, she surveys what she's done, and rubbing

her pricked fingers, hopes it pleases everyone.

So if you're a quilting chairman, or have been, or hope to be. May we

offer appreciation and our gratitude to thee.

Mothers Day - May 14, 1978, written by Melba Holt.....She's special in

fact at times she seems almost magic. Give her a small scrap even of some in-

significant material and presto she creates a lovely pillow, a scarf, an arti-

cle of lovely lingerie.

She's very humble and quiet and a perfectionist. Ask her to bring a dish

for an affair and its extra good and extra big. She and her husband are a great

combination as Handy Arm Handy Andy, as he many many times was fix-it Man for

Relief Society. She has so many "ables" in her possession which she unself-

ishly shares. She's sociable, charitable, capable, lovable, admirable and many

other "ables". But best of all she's dependable. I've always maintained no

matter how many capabilities a person has if they don't possess dependability

they aren't worth much. But this sweet wife, Mother and Grandmother is capable,

dependable, humble and willing. What a marvelous combination! With all her

beautiful quilts, afghans, clothing and most every other handwork she could

present, a one woman show of great magnitude. She's always been willing to

serve and go the extra mile. Though I'm sure many health problems she's had

and other problems. She's always non-complaining. I'm very happy to have

rubbed shoulders with, worked side by side, learned from and loved dear Sister

Minnie Gerber.

Some Touching Instances in My Life.....On my way to pickup Clyde and Lois

at her Mothers home, I attempted to pass a semi-truck and trailer, when a car

approaching was too close for comfort. I tried to get back in my rightful lane

my car traveled some distance on two wheels. I never knew why it didn't tip over on its side, unless I had help from above.

ONE sealing session in the Temple, for family of my Grandfather, which my Dad had urged me to complete, I felt a firm hand on my back and a voice very strongly said, Thank you so much.

I was all alone in the field, harrowing the corn patch, with Old Faithful Horse Daisy, when the atmosphere began to shimmer and the daylight almost faded away. The horse became skiddish. I was scared too, but felt no movement of the earth, and hoped the sky would become normal soon. It did and we learned later it was the eclipse of the sun.

I appreciate certain men in my life.....Glade Gerber is No. 1 on the list. He is my advisor, keeps all our appliances and other things in good repair. Helps in time of illness and chauffeurs us when necessary.

Dick Madsen is our snowplow man. He is so dependable and willing to help when needed.

Parts Jensen, our attorney, honest as the day is long. Reasonable on his charges. Capable and responsible. A good man we can rely on.

Our plumber is Vernon Payner. He knows his business inside and out. Reasonable in charges and stands back of his guarantee.

Vern Heiden, auto mechanic, has kept our old Chevrolet in good repair for over 13 years.

Mr. Dutcher, tax man for 25 years. Always manages to compute our tax for I.R.S. before deadline. January 15th each year.

Jacob Brand, 88 years old. Cross Walk Guard. Comes to visit us often and brings flowers for Christmas and Easter each year

I am the only Grandma Gerber the grandchildren have known, so I really feel they are mine...The whole kit and kaboodle of them. I feel a special closeness to all 28 of them.

Eleven have College Educations and degrees. With few exceptions all are busy working in the church. At least two have served Honorable Missions. Our combined families have also produced 33 great-grand children ranging in age from 18 years to a few months. If all goes well by next May--there will be 5 more.

There are already four generations of the Gerber Males. Great Grandpa Lyman, Grandpa Glade, father Steven and son Dustin Lynn. All the grand children and great grand children were born with sound healthy bodies and minds. That's a blessing worth remembering. I think its pretty wonderful.

Some of my Christmas traditions are that I make floor length tricots Nightgowns for all the girls on my Christmas list. One the children have become aware of are the 200+ popcorn balls, fudge, peanut brittle and fondant candy. It never goes begging around our house.

This is one for the Copper Choreboy.....As I was using my finger nails to scratch the mush off the mush pan. Herman said, Why don't you get you a chore boy I can't even afford a girl to help me around the house.

Just a reminder to the Gerber family.....Nov. 22, 1870, Lyman's grandfather Dr. John Gerber was buried in the first cemetery in Midway, Utah, called the Mound City Cemetery. Along with 2 daughters and a grandson and an estimated 150 or 200 residents of Midway settlement. Long after the Cemetery was in use Schnettlers, original owners of Schnettlers Hot Pots filled on a section of land containing the Cemetery. Since the big housing boom in Midway, the heirs want to bulldoze everything off the hill and build houses. We have felt a Cemetery was always a Cemetery. Probably when this older Gerber generation dies off, they will go ahead and build on the Cemetery anyway.

The fight to save the Cemetery resulted in a good many trips to Midway and Heber, to work with Mr. Smedley, the attorney. And many days of bookwork

on my part and Ralphena who did the research at the Genealogy Library. This is just a reminder to check on the Cemetary hill when you are in Midway. I used to be the workhorse of the family, but now Father-Time has gone and pushed me out of my youth.

My Mother was born and raised in the beautiful city of Copenhagen, Denmark. Then she came to Ferron. Very dry and desolation prevailed all her years. Never a complaint only perseverance and hard work.

Dad tried to up grade the grave markers in Ferron Cemetary. He knew nearly every person buried there. Where the marker had rotted away, he put new plank markers with name on all. Dad thought he could weave rugs. We had him try to work a loom but his legs were too weak to work it. Then he decided to make horsehair belts, so Bob and others gathered horse-hair by robbing hair from every horses tail in town. He worked on that project for a time then gave it up because it was too slow and tedious.

On a family trip with John Bohleen family for a couple of weeks, so Dad and John Bohleen could work on the dam of the Ferron Reservoir, Dad would row a little homemade boat and I would drag a little silver spinner on a small clothes line, usually one trip across the reservoir and we had fish enough for the two families for the day. We caught a fresh batch of fish each day because we had no refrigeration. We could climb high on the mountain and get snow from a snow bank, to pick fish in to bring them home. We had so much rain that the road was washed out on our way to Ferron. So to get home we had to go down Wild Cat Canyon. The road was rocky, steep and slick. Our Wagon slid side-wise off the road, lodged against a tree. All that kept the wagon from rolling down the canyon. The men folks using pry polls and the horses pulling, the wagon was again uprighted on the road. By going down Wild Cat Canyon made the route home at least 20 miles farther, or a long days travel by wagon and team. Mother was wearing a big brim straw hat, which became rain soaked. Herman being about 3 years old, ruined Mothers hat by pushing the crown up, until it looked like a

Her hat probably cost 50¢ or the equivalent of 4 dozen eggs or 4 pounds of butter.

At our last home on the farm, Dad built the Chicken Coops in the bank of a wash. Mother cared for the Chickens and found half eaten eggs every day. Charley and I were the trappers, and set a trap under the bank next to the coop and bated it with a whole egg. Next morning I bent over to check the trap, and low and behold there was a black and white skunk, with his machine-ery all primed and loaded, pointed square in my direction. I dashed out just in time to escape his ammunition. Charley destroyed the skunk.

In order to have a telephone at our isolated farm house, Dad furnished polls and a single wire to reach from the Molen phone line to our home about 1 3/4 miles. The polls were set up along the fences of farm land and one pole was put right in the middle of the river, "because the span across the river was too far". At least once and many times more, high water would wash away the pole from the river bottom each summer, so naturally the wire would break and we would be without phone service, until the pole was replaced and the wire was spliced. Our telephone was the old crank type with three parties on the same line. We each had our own number of rings. We could talk to the other people on our line, without going through the operator. Some years later my sister Anna took a job of operating the phone office in town. It was a 24 hour job so we other kids took turns staying with her, just in case a messenger was needed to get some one to the office, who had no phone. We earned 10¢ for each city block, sometime we served as messengers during the night. We were not afraid to walk at night as we are now --in 1980..

We raised a flock of turkeys one year, and when you hear someone say you are as dumb as a dumb turkey, the statement couldn't be truer. Those turkeys were so dumb they would stand out in the rain and drown, rather than go under shelter. As long as we had the turkeys, we made sure they were in the coops at night, or the Coyotes would steal them.

When we needed shoes, Mother selected a pair from the Sears and Roebuck or Montgomery Cataloges, added one size bigger than the last pair and sent the order. We wore the shoes regardless of fit. New clothes were hard to come by. When I was 14 years old I took my old faded blue coat, picked it all apart and turned the pretty side out and sewed it all back together. Mother was more surprised than I was everything was O.K. except the buttonholes were on the left side instead of the right side. I was pretty proud of my new coat. As long as I can remember we were able to catch Trout on Ferron reservoir. We went up the canyon from Mayfield to Ferron reservoir with our truck, camper and boat. We met my brother Charley, his wife Verda and 14 others from Ferron. Weather good and lake quiet. Made for good boat fishing, especially trolling. I was especially lucky catching fish for all 18 in the crowd. I caught fish and cooked fish on a big grill over an open fire the whole time we were there. When ready to come home everyone was tired of fish, so I sent enough trout to the rest home in Ferron so those Senior Citizens living there could have a nice fish fry. John and Joe Zwhalen of Ferron delivered the fish to the rest home. Our fishing trips to Scowfield reservoir always provided easy catches. Moonlake was a complete reverse. We tried fishing two days and caught nothing, rained steady. We had a sour feeling about that lake because one of our renters drowned there. His body was never recovered. Tom Mannos (was known as Tommy the Greek), his wife and 2 children, wanted to show us a lake where the fish were just waiting to be caught. We drove most all day to get to Ocean Lake in Wyoming. We rented a cabin there. Our reward for two days hard fishing on that huge lake was 2 tiny Craple, probably weighed ¼ lb. for both. Then we went to Pinedale and fished in the river, using Magits for bait. Tom caught several but Lyman and I are just not stream fishermen. We

had one fish dinner of Whitefish but we had to sleep in the car. No sleeping room available because of Labor day Holiday. The night in the car almost spoiled our trip.

When Ernest Hickson, my first husband died, I went to the bank in Sugarhouse to get his insurance policy from the safety deposit box. I was told to have a seat, because the inventory of the box had to be checked by an officer from the Internal Revenue Service and for me to wait for him. They made a list of every little item including a two and a half dollar gold coin, that was tied in a silk handkerchief. I was told it was against the law to hoard money. All the written matter was carefully read and copied. So don't get caught with your pants down and your safe deposit box full of valuables.

You haven't lived until suddenly you find your house is infested with bedbugs. We moved here at 2021 Douglas St., June 1, 1931 and 3 days later I noticed a bedbug on baby Irenes dress as she lay in a wicker buggy out in the yard under a huge Boxelder tree. I picked the bug off and two more appeared. I took everything out of the buggy, even the padding. The padding and lining was infested as well as the wicker part. I took the buggy to our cleaning shop and cleaned it with steam from our steam boiler, and made new padding and lining for the buggy. I felt safe now, I had eradicated the bugs, but not for long because the house was lousy and bugs under all the door and window casings and under the loose wall paper all over the house. By this time the bugs were in all over the clothes, beds and even in our dish cupboard. I called the Magic Chemical Co. for help and they delivered a can of CeneLin, which was greaseless and odorless. I pulled all the loose wallpaper off, used the CeneLin as directed and the bugs disappeared, but I never forgot the experience.

Soon after my first husband died, I began shopping for a grave stone. A Salesman called here and we were discussing the business etc., I looked out the

window and saw a man get into the salesmans car and drive away in it. The man tried to catch the car, but to no avail. He reported his car stolen but couldn't remember his license number, so that delayed the report. To make a long story short, the thief had picked up his buddy at 21st south corner, the two drove toward Price, Utah. The car ran out of gas at Helper, Utah and the Hi-way patrolman arrested the men at the gas station.

The salesman's car was recovered along with the many gravestone sampler in the car. The two men had just escaped from the State Prison near out home. That which is most precious to us, are our loved ones, both near us and those who live some distance, in other states.

I appreciate the special notes and phone calls from our children. Mary and Ernie never forget us on birthdays and every holiday of the year. It's either a box of candy, or other gifts specially chosen for the occasion. They are two of the busiest people we know.

Willard has chosen to withdraw from the rest of the family. Irene and Sylvan are good parents and grandparents. Both working in the LDS Church. Sylvan is a structural engineer, Irene is a housewife. Dale and Jerry Gerber, live in Florence, Oregon. They have both worked at many jobs together. Dale has been ill with Emphysema for several years. At present he is in the Veterans Administration Hospital.

Clyde and Trudy Gerber, are two ambitious people. They are trying to make a comeback after a financial let down.

Glade and Janet Gerber are always available at our beck and call. Rarely do they miss a Sunday visit at our home. They provide that which is most desirable,--love and attention. They are Temple Ordinance Workers.

Ruth and Colen Sweeten, live in Idaho. They have raised five lovely children, all religious, sent the only boy on a Mission. Both are working in Boise, Idaho now. We appreciate their phone calls and visits too.

When Lyman and I were married, I had three children, an Lyman had four,

which makes a valuable combination.

Beginning with my first one: Ernie Andrew, Willard Edward and Minnie Irene

Hickson.

The four Gerber's are: Dale H., Ruth, Clyde H and Glade H. (twins.)

Grandchildren

(Ernie and Gloria)

Susan and Jim Waller

Steven and Connie Hickson

Scott Hickson

Shirley Hickson

(Willard and Carol)

Kathryn and Roger Porter

Colleen and Bruce Jensen

Lee Hickson

Bart Hickson

Korinne Hickson

(Irene and Sylvan)

Marlynn and Steven Hayes

Ann Marie and Donald Jones

Nadine Christensen

Diana Christensen

(Dale and Jerrt Gerber)

These two are Jerrt's children

Bruce Gerber

Diane and Lee Wright

Kimberly, Mathew and Raquel and Martin

Donald Ricks Jones

Tracy Irene

Jeffrey and Kimberly

Travis and Elizabeth

Steven Andrew

Jason Julius

Great Grandchildren

(Ruth and Colen Sweeten)

Susan and William Erickson

Eileen Hess

Christine and Brice Goodwin

Jan and Charles Isom

Colen Sweeten III

(Clyde & Lois Gerber)

Cherle and Viron Argyle

Gae & Richard Madsen

Larry & Kay Gerber

Connie Gerber

(Glade and Janet Gerber)

Linda and Douglas Smith

Kathleen and Scott Johnson

Nancy, and Kyle Ward

Steven and Lisa Gerber

Crystal, David & Michael

Sofona

Walt, Brad, Jeff, Mandy and Karlene

Bryan, Sharlene, Janette, Charles, Andrew and Justin

Jennifer and Crystal

Gregory, Leslie, Bryan and Daniel

Rebecca Sue

Weston

Dustin Lynn

Given to my sister Charity
March 21st. 1980 -
With love from
Memorie P. Gordon -