

**SAMUEL AND JOY HARRISON
EMERY COUNTY ARCHIVES ORAL HISTORY PROJECT
SCHOOL CONSOLIDATION IN EMERY COUNTY
INTERVIEWED BY DOTTIE GRIMES**

Joy: We have a little great grandson whose name is Harrison Duerseh so they want his history.

Dottie: Good! If you'll just start out by telling me your name and who your parents were, and where you were born...

Samuel: You want my full name? Samuel Thomas Harrison, and I was born in Huntington, Utah, on the farm just north of Huntington. My mother tells me I was born on the kitchen table, and she should know; she was there. (laugh)

D: When was that?

S: August 19, 1927

D: Who was the midwife?

S: No midwife. Dr. T.C. Hill--Dr. Hill was the doctor.

D: Great. And who were your parent? What were their names?

S: My mother's name was Lenora Bell Grange Harrison; my father's name was Ezra Harrison. My mother was born in Huntington Utah; my father was born in Hindley, Lancashire, England—convert to the church. He came over to the United States and went to work in the coal mines. My father's family were all coal miners. I had my grandfather and two uncles killed in the Castle Gate Mine explosion.

D: Really! What were their names?

S: George Harrison and Norman Harrison, and of course, my grandfather was Thomas Harrison. That's where I got my name from. I got my name Samuel from my Grandfather Grange and Thomas from my Grandfather Harrison.

D: Oh. Neat.

J: And as far back as we can go in genealogy, everyone of his ancestors has been killed in a coal mine.

D: Oh, my!

J: As far back as we can go.

D: And you said your grandfather was killed in the Castle Gate Coal Mine?

S: Yes. My grandfather and two uncles.

J: It stopped after his grandfather.

D: And did you work in coal mines?

S: Yes. I worked in coal mines.

D: Okay, let's start back – when you were born. Who were your brothers and sisters? Tell me about your childhood.

S: I have eight brothers and sisters. And you want their names?

D: Yeah.

S: Oh, boy. Douglas, Lois, Rex, Elwin, Edith, Zenda, Me, and my younger sister Margaret. Oh, I left out Quinton. He came between Elwin and Rex.

D: Did you live in Huntington then?

S: No. We moved to the coal mining camps just a short while after I was born. I remember moving to Gordon Creek—up to National in Gordon Creek Canyon. And I went to the first three grades of school in National, and then we moved back to Huntington. In the meantime, my folks had lost the ranch in Huntington. We had an old house in Huntington, down on the east side of Huntington. Most of my childhood was spent in that home in Huntington. Then we got a house—when Mohrland was done away with as a coal camp, my father bought a camp house from Mohrland, and all of us kids—the whole family went up and tore the house down and moved a piece at a time from Mohrland to Huntington and re-erected it on the south side of the old home that was there. I remember most, anything that happened in Huntington.

D: How old were you when you helped tear the house down?

S: Well that was third grade so I would have been about 12—no about 8 years old. I didn't do much. I was more or less in the way. Dad took me along.

D: But you remember it.

S: But I can remember it all up there.

D: They did that a lot, so tell me how they did that. How many pieces did they... did they take the roof off or split the roof into half or...

S: Well, we tore the house down completely before we ever started to move it. I remember we tore the roof off, and we loaded the roof and the walls in a four wheel trailer that my dad had, and we hauled that to Huntington. I guess we must have stacked it up in the yard. I don't remember unloading the trailer. And then we'd go back up on weekends and got the rest of the house, and we also got a bunch of cement sidewalks to bring down. We didn't have any cement around the house. All we had... when it rained we had mud. So my mother was pretty happy that we brought cement down. We made sidewalks out of already poured cement.

D: Out of the pieces?

S: Out of the pieces.

D: Oh, how interesting! I've been through that mud. Anything like that would you happy.

J: Tell her about your house in National and how you went sleigh riding.

S: Oh. My dad was the Fireboss up to National.

D: Where was National?

S: National was in Gordon Creek up in Price. There was National, Consumers, and Sweets—three mining towns. We lived in National. My dad was Fireboss so we lived in the executive houses which had hot and cold running water, and indoor plumbing. We were elite, I guess, in National. But when we first moved up there, we couldn't open... the back door swung out, and I remember when we opened the back door, it only opened part way because it hit the mountain. So we dug out and built a porch back there. In the winter time, it was pretty slick--there were no snowplows to plow the road. We'd get on our sleighs after the road was packed a little bit and coast clear down to town—below town a little ways, and pull our sleighs back up to the house. I can remember one time going down the hill and there was a train on the tracks, and I couldn't stop, so I went under the train, and fortunately I made it all right.

J: How far did you go?

S: Oh, we coasted down the road a mile or mile and half.

D: Were you terrified?

S: Scared to death! I knew I was going to be in trouble when I got home because I had been told and told and told, "When there is a train on the tracks, you don't play out on the road" - especially if you had a little wagon in the summertime and I took that down the road a few times. I remember one time taking the wagon and going down the road, and my brother Doug was quite a motorcycle enthusiast, so him and his friend were coming up the road, and we were four or five miles below National by then, so he and his friend hooked the wagons up in back of the motorcycles. Of course with motorcycles you've got to get going about 25-30 miles an hour to keep it upright, but to get in a little Western Flyer wagon going that fast, it scared the H-E-double toothpicks out of me! (laughing) And I knew I was going to be in trouble when I got home, over that, when I got home.

D: And were you?

S: Yes. I told my mother but I never did dare tell my dad. My dad was a firm believer in putting one foot in the seat of your britches if you didn't behave yourself. My dad had big feet. So other than that I went to grade school in Huntington.

D: Wait. So you would coast down the hill in your wagon like you did on the sled, and then you'd get miles out?

S: Yep. And then turn around and pull them clear back up to the house.

D: That would be a fun thing for kids.

S: Oh, we had a lot of fun! I don't know how people ever lived if they didn't live in a coal camp.

We had fun in the coal camp. The whole town all worked together and played together. We never did have any discrimination—the kids didn't. The mines had places where the Chinese people worked and that was "Little China," and the Japanese worked and that was "Little Tokoyo," and they had places where the ... well we called them Whops and Dagos—you can't call them that now, or you'd get in trouble—the Italians and Bohunks*. Anyway each individual nationality had their own section of the mine they worked. Everybody got along good. Everybody worked together and played together. We had big company parties. When we moved down to Huntington that was all done away with. I was one happy camper, but when we moved to Huntington... I didn't ever really like living in Huntington. I was born there, but I don't remember it. I was only two or three years old when I moved to Huntington. *(Bohunk is a slang term for Eastern European peoples)

D: Moved to National?

S: Yeah, moved to National.

D: And how old were you when you moved back?

S: Third grade we moved back. I moved to Huntington in the third grade, and I went to grade school in Huntington and I went to Jr. High in Huntington until I went into the Service. I went into the Service between my junior and senior year in Huntington, so I missed out on a lot of the kids growing up in school.

But our class in school—we all stuck together and done things together. If one person got in trouble, the whole class got in trouble. I can remember one teacher we had, her name was Stella Hill. I tell you she was a... she was a teacher, and we all loved and respected her. Boy she was strict, and if one kid got in trouble with Mrs. Hill, we were all in trouble with Mrs. Hill.

D: Who were your friends when you were young?

S: Oh, I didn't have very many friends. I don't think I had any close friends.

J: Yes, you had Glen.

S: Well, I had a kid by the name of Glen Grange—a shirt-tale relation.

J: And Ray and Ferris.

S: Ferris. Ray and Ferris and Glen were all brothers and they were my second cousins.

D: And you kind of hung out with them.

S: I kind of hung out with them.

J: He never had any time for friends.

S: I never had time for friends. I had too much work to do.

J: He stared in the coal mines when he was twelve, with his dad.

S: My dad believed that... I never had any games—I never played any school games because my

dad was a firm believer that if you had time for playing games, you didn't have enough work to do. So I never had any games to play or anything. I had to work for the different farmers and ranchers around and had to go to the mine and help my dad up there. My dad was starting at the mine and trying to get it going.

D: He had his own mine?

S: Well he worked for a guy that had a lease on a mine, and Dad had a lease on him and Dad worked for him and all the brothers worked for my dad.

D: Who was that?

S: Well the guy that owned the mine was Malcom McKinnon. It was American Fuel at that time. It's Deer Creek Coal Company now. So anyway, I worked there for several years.

D: You said that they lost the farm while you are National?

S: I think the farm was sold for back taxes. It was during the Depression. Times were hard. If you had any money, you were darn lucky. I worked for those farmers around and I'd get a dollar a day. Then my uncle wanted me to come to work for him, and I said Mr. Strong pays me a dollar a day. My uncle said, I'll do better than that, I'll give you ten cents an hour. But my uncle didn't tell me the days were 12 and 14 hours long. I was 10 or 12 years old when I was doing that. So I didn't have a very fun childhood. We never had any fun times; we never went on vacation; we never went camping; we always had too much work to do. I'd go to school and come home from school to go to work; I had chores to do for us and two or three other families in Huntington. I'd do the chores, milk the cows, and feed the chickens. So my childhood was not really the happiest time in my life.

D: It doesn't sound like it. And your father was very strict and stern?

S: My father was very strict. He was fair, but he was strict. My father could run faster on one leg than most people can on two—not that he was one legged, but when I'd run away from him, one of his feet was in the seat of my pants every step I took (laugh). He was quite stern, but he was fair.

J: But he never went hungry.

S: There were lots of meals we had to skimp back on, but we didn't miss very many meals—even during the Depression. There was always food on the table. My mother could make a meal out of almost nothing. She was a very good cook—a very good mother.

D: Wow. Let me ask a couple of questions here. So your brothers all worked the same as you?

S: Yes.

D: So you didn't even get to play with your brothers? Did you have a best friend among your siblings. Were you closer to one of them than the others?

S: Yeah, my sister Zenda and I were kind of close. As a friend, she was about the only friend I ever had, you know, in grade school growing up. We were always together and doing things

together. That's about all we had.

D: Okay, when we come back to you, I want to start with you going into the coal mines.

Joy, tell me when you were born and who your parents are.

J: I was born in this house. My father was Nephi Williams. He was a school teacher, and my mother was Dagmar Christina Williams, and I had four siblings. They were all older than me. The next girl to me was 10, and then 16. My brothers were 21-22 years older than me. I was born when my mother was 46 and my father was 52. And that was old. I never felt loved because I was overly loved and I couldn't do this and I couldn't do that. But I discovered after I got older that I was loved. I never remember my older siblings at home. My oldest brother went on a mission and came back and was home for quite a while...

D: Were your older siblings—did they live around you, so did you have a lot of parents?

J: Yeah I did—my brother—two brothers. My next sister to me was married when I was 7, and she was gone. And she passed away when I was 12. My other sister—I wasn't even really acquainted with her until her husband died.

D: So were they more like aunts and uncles?

J: Uh-huh. But I was close to my dad. My mother had a nervous breakdown, and I remember her crying all the time. So I was really close to my dad.

D: Was that when you were a child?

S: (whispering) She was a child when I married her. (laughing)

J: And I went to work in a telephone office when I was 12. Why they let me do that, I don't know. But anyway, I worked for 10 cents an hour. It was a fun thing to do. I still remember telephone numbers for people.

D: Did you ever make any funny mistake—plugging the wrong people into the wrong phones?

J: The telephones had two big batteries. They were that big and that big around. You had to shout a lot. You've seen the old movies. One night I was there and this man from Orangeville called, and I said, "Number Please?" And he shouted into the telephone, "Can you hear me?" Well it knocked the head piece off of my phone, I went clear across the floor in that sliding chair. He had hooked his telephone up to a truck battery and then screamed into the phone. And I called Alvey Wall who owned the phone company. And I was just crying and I said, "Mr Robertson's (inaudible) and it's knocked my ear phones off and I can't hear very good... And he went right up there and came back and said, "He'd hooked his phone up to a truck battery."

Arlene Grant worked there, and we had fun. We had more fun there at night, because there wasn't many calls.

D: How fun. What did you do? Just visit?

J: Just visit and yell out the window to the kids. (laughing)

D: Was it on the ground floor or was it upstairs?

J: No it was upstairs, and there was no indoor bathroom. So to go the bathroom, you'd have to go down the steps, through the gate and clear down into the yard to the outhouse or there was an old vacant room to the back that had no windows and lots of papers on the floor and sometimes you just went out there (laughing)

D: How old was Arlene when you worked with her?

J: She's about five years older than me. She was about 17 or 18.

D: Were there always two people working there?

J: No. That's why I said I don't know why my mother ever let me do that. Sometimes I was up there was no lights on those dark steps, and people would come up. People always lived up there, most of the time, and the telephone office was in the front of their apartment.

D: Wow. How interesting. About what year did telephones come into Castle Dale?

J: They came in fairly early because my grandfather had a store on that old building next to the bank. It was my Grandfather Miller's store. There was one phone in the county, and it was in his store, and they would take messages. Let's see my mother was married in 1907, and she worked at the store, so that phone was there in 1905.

D: Was that the brick store? It's such a pretty building. Who was your grandfather?

J: Richard Miller.

D: Oh, Richard Miller!

J: And then he had—where the liquor store is—he sold his share in the store in the brick building, and he started a lumber yard where the liquor store is. And he had all the scales that weighed freight there at the lumber yard. He would let me... we would walk up to the store and he would let me sit and unwrap the casket handles—they were brass and wrapped in tissue paper. He would sit and let me unwrap the casket handles. He had a special little hammer that I could hammer nails into the nail cage.

D: Oh! How fun. So you remember your grandfather quite well?

J: Yes.

D: Was he a kind man or a ...

J: He was he a very, very kind Danish man—very methodical. Things had to be just so.

D: I don't remember if you gave it to me or who... but I have a copy of his daily log when he was the Justice of the Peace. He tells in there when he bought a car, and tells about his trip to Richfield.

J: He was so methodical with his record keeping.

D: Yeah, that's neat to have because he has written down every name and where they are from and their ages.

J: He married my sister on the front porch here, and my oldest brother took me to Price to dinner because he couldn't stand crowds

D: He didn't want to be around the wedding party?

J: He went to Denmark twice on a mission...

S: Your grandfather.

J: My grandfather. And when he came back he was telling my mother, who was named Dagmar (and didn't like her name), that he had blessed a little baby in Denmark and had named her Dagmar, and she had passed away, "the poor little soul." And my mother said, "Well no wonder!"

D: Oh! (laughing) She really didn't like that name!

J: Well, she was named after the Queen of Denmark, but that didn't make any difference.

D: Was it a popular name at the time?

J: No, it wasn't. (laugh)

D: Do you have any pictures—like of the wedding on the porch?

J: No. Anyway, he lived where the Senior Citizen's Center is, and he always had a nice car with window blinds in the back seat with pompoms edging...

D: Fancy!

J: Yes, but my mother didn't like to ride with him, because he was not a good driver. He would say, "Whoaaaaaaa!" When he stopped, you know. He'd say "Whoa! And put his foot on the brake. So if we (mother and Joy) were walking to the store and he was coming out of his yard with his car, we were always hiding behind a tree so he couldn't see us and give us a ride. (laughing) I loved the rides.

D: What stores were here?

J: There was the Co-op and the drugstore, and Huntington Brothers was on the corner. Mother would put on a fresh apron, and we'd walk to the store. But when I was 15, Mr. Hunter would come and asked me if I'd like to work in the drugstore. So I worked there and made 40 cents an hour. That's where I met Sam—at the drugstore.

D: Wow. Tell me a little bit about L.T. Hunter, since you worked for him. What was he like?

J: He was...

S: Stingy! (laughing)

J: (laugh) a very good business man. Yes. He loved the Emery County. He was always for

improving things. I remember when Morrison and Knudsen came in and did all these test holes. This is really dating me.

D: Well that was in the 50s.

J: It was in the 40s.

D: Oh, was it?

J: And they would come to the drugstore and oh, my goodness they were good looking guys! Helen Jensen and I would just go. There was one man who would come up out of the desert and the first thing he would do was he would wash his car, the tires and rims to get all that dirt off. We thought that was really strange. One day he said to us, "I wish I could tell you what we are doing down on the desert. I really wish I could, but someday it is going to make big news, and you'll know." I'll never forget that. He worked for Morrison-Knudson.

D: Wow.

S: I got a little story to tell you about L.T. Hunter. That's where I met Joy; she was working there at the drugstore. I'd go in there and wait for her at night. Mr. Hunter would charge you 15 cents for a root beer float, but you could buy a glass of root beer and an ice cream cone. The root beer would cost you 5 cents and the ice cream cone would cost you 5 cents. So I'd buy a 5 cent ice cream cone and a 5 cent root beer, and tell them not to put any ice in the root beer. Then I'd dump my ice cream into my root beer and then I'd have an root beer float and a nice little cookie to eat with it!

D: (laugh) Very clever.

S: One time I took our one son up there. He wanted to buy a cap gun. And we went up at the drug store. My son had 50 cents. I don't know where he got it; he must have got it from his mother. But anyway, the cap gun was 25 cents. My boy took the two cap guns up to the counter, and he said, "You don't have enough money to buy two cap guns. You've got enough money for one." So my son gave him his 50 cent piece, and Mr. Hunter give him back a quarter and the cap gun. My son went out the door, and he looked at that and he had a quarter in one hand and a cap gun in the other, so he put two and two together and went back in and bought it for a quarter. He was only about what? (Was this because there was no tax on .25 but there was on .50?)

J: About seven.

S: He's been a shrewd operator ever since. (laughing) That was our son David.

J: No, it was Tom.

S: Oh, our son Tom.

D: I know Hunter was the Assayer for the county...

J: And he made his own cough medicine. I think it was mostly out of...

S: Cherry flavored Vodka.

J: Yeah, I think that was the cough medicine that we all had. (laugh)

D: And how did it work?

J: It worked good! (laughing)

S: After two or three doses of cough medicine, you weren't worried about your cough any more.

D: My mother in law loves Nyquil. She keeps it by the side of her bed and if she wakes up coughing, she takes "a swig" of it, and if she wakes up again, she takes another "swig."

S: I think that cough syrup was about 80%.

D: And that's what she was treated with when she was young, so she swears by it.

J: He was a good pharmacist. My brother Mark worked for him—not full time—when he needed somebody. And my dad would work up for him when he needed someone. It was neat to make those fountain drinks. But Mrs. Hunter was pretty tight too. Lots of times she'd take the ice that's left over from the drinks, rinse it under the tap and put it back in the ice...

D: Oh, my word!

J: Well, at that time she'd bring it in from the refrigerator, and you cracked it like that with the ice cream paddle.

D: Well, think about it. It would spread the germs, get people sick, and they'd come in for medicine! (laugh)

J: Yeah. Mrs. Hunter was... Mr. Hunter never went to church—never—but she did and had a very beautiful voice, a very talented, tall, stately lady—always had a choir, always led the singing, and then on Christmas Eve, in the old church house up on the corner—the Old Academy—they would hook up a loud speaker in the upper floor and put up the window and she would sing Christmas Carols.

D: Ah! I would love that!

J: Yeah! On Christmas Eve.

D: Do you remember bells? Did the church have bells?

J: Oh yes! They always rang Sunday morning, you know to come to church.

D: I wish we still had bells.

J: And then we always knew when there was a funeral, because they had white curtains up to the windows—just two white drapes. Oh, that old church house was neat.

D: Oh, I'm so sad it's gone.

J: I still have dreams about that old building. It must have affected me quite a bit. My mother would give me a clean hankie every week, and say, "Now don't chew on that hankie." I'd say, "Okay, I won't" But then you'd go up those black steps—there was no lights—see I was a

timid child. The belfry was a classroom, and two broom closets, one on each side of the hall, and four big class rooms up on the top floor. Well the little kids always got the belfry or the broom closets. You'd always have to clean the pigeon stuff off the seats before you could sit down. I don't know if I cleaned it off with the same hankie I chewed on...

D: No wonder she said, "Don't chew on them."

J: I was just scared to death to go up those steps, and I had a teacher I frightened of, and I came home and my hankies were chewed to death every Sunday.

D: Ohhh. Who was the teacher who scared you?

J: (laughing)

S: Better not tell any names, Mother.

D: It's okay...

J: It was Alma Rasmussen, and he just had rosesia really bad all over his face, and there was Hyrum... he had Epileptic fits, and when I was a little girl, my mother took me to conference and it was in the auditorium, and I witnessed an epileptic fit, and you know how it echoes in the auditorium.

D: Oh. So you were afraid of him from then on?

J: Yes. He was my Sunday School teacher (inaudible).

D: Well, I don't blame you. What was his name? Hyrum?

J: Rasmussen. He was a kind man. Oh, and then the movies... as long as we are on the church—Wednesday nights—if your parents paid the budget, you could go to the movie on Wednesday or Thursday nights, and on Saturday you had to pay a dime. But you went to the movie, and you know how the film comes down to the screen, the bats would just swoop...

S: Through the lights...

J: ...all through the movies! And then invariably... there were no restrooms, and invariably somebody would go up behind the piano and there would be big puddles Sunday morning. (laughing)

D: Oh the wooden floor?

J: Yes, on the wooden floor. Yes. Saturday night movie and Sunday morning church. There was only one entrance, and the kids would put a stick through the door, so nobody could get out. I remember two or three times somebody started a fire outside of the window and everybody would try to get out the door, or they'd make a stink bomb out of film and wrap it in paper and light it—oh, that's bad. Then they'd throw that in there and put a stick in the door.

D: You had some little hoodlums in this town!

J: And then my dad taught seminary, and almost every time we'd go to the movie, they'd stick

up a potato up the exhaust or they'd put Limburger cheese in the car. He'd gun it, you know, and the potato would come out of the exhaust and away we'd go like that. Well, Sam and his friends chained my dad's bumper up to a tree in Huntington, and his bumper came off. (laugh)

D: Now how come everybody was picking on your dad?

J: Well I don't know. They loved him. He never got mad, and they loved pulling tricks on him.

D: So you had a dad that never got mad, and (to Sam) you had a dad that got mad easily?

S: Well, yeah. Later on he settled down. When the kids were all gone and left home, then he settled down.

J: He was a good grandpa.

S: He was a good grandfather. Our kids loved my dad as a grandfather.

D: I've heard a lot of people say that—they had two dads, one they grew up with and ...

S: One that the grandkids grew up with, yeah.

D: Let's go back to the coal mines. Why did they hire 12 year olds in the mine?

S: Well, I was not really hired. I'd go up to the mine and I'd help my dad. I'd work mostly outside. We were building a lot of mine cars. We put them together and bolt them together, and I'd be the one... I was the little so I'd be over on the inside of the car poking the bolts through the board into frames of the coal cars so they could take them into the mine to haul the coal outside.

In the meantime, if they didn't have any work for me at the mine, I'd go down and work on the farms down in Huntington, and work for the farmers around and down in Lawrence where my uncle lived—he had a beautiful home down there. I'd work for him...

J: Tell what Aunt Ivy would give you for lunch.

S: In the summertime, if there was nothing going on at the mine, I'd work for the farmers and go out into the field. In them days when you went out to work, you were out in the field working at sunrise—as soon as it got light enough to see, and you never left the field until it got so dark you couldn't see what you were doing. But I was quite fortunate because I could leave the field about 5:00 in the afternoon and go up to my uncle's home and start getting the cows ready to milk. He had a dairy herd, and it was my responsibility to get the cows ready for the dairy herd.

D: What was your uncle's name?

S: Reuben Brasher. Not the Reuben that lived in Castle Dale, but the one that lived in Lawrence.

J: The big white house.

S: The big white house that is still there in Lawrence. Back to the mines... I started to work in the mines—working underground when I was... well I guess I was old enough to work in the mine. I didn't ever really enjoy working in the mine, but it was an income. It was money coming in. During the Depression... I can remember when I was working for the farms, I'd come home

from work... I usually got my check, or the money—there wasn't much checks going around. I'd get paid on Friday night and I'd always give my money to my mother, so she'd have money enough to buy a few groceries—enough to last all week. My dad was working in the mines; he'd be gone all week; he'd come home Friday nights or Saturday, and then he'd go back to the mine early Monday morning or Sunday night. My dad was a good provider. He made sure there was plenty of food on the table. Maybe not plenty of food, but there was enough that we didn't ever go hungry.

D: So you knew that you were working for the family not for yourself.

S: Yeah, the money went to the family. Yeah. And I was just a snot nosed kid at that time.

J: Tell what Ivy gave you for lunch.

D: Oh yeah, I interrupted you when you went in to take care of the cows.

S: Anyway, we'd go out in the field, and my aunt would send lunch out to us. I remember it had been hot, and we were sitting up on the ditch bank under a big old cottonwood tree, and my cousin brought our lunch out to us in a paper sack, and she set the sack down. It was a kind of squashy looking sack, so we very carefully opened the sack and pulled out the sandwiches, and the sandwiches weren't individually wrapped, they were usually just shoved into the sack—a sandwich or two for everybody that worked in the field. I reached down and got a sandwich out, and it just folded over my hand and juice run down the back of my hand—it was tomatoes and cottage cheese, and that was all (laugh). They were so soggy because there was no butter. It went to the dairy. We never had butter. We'd drink milk, but never had butter—the butter and the cream was saved for the dairy. You can imagine how much cream there'd be and what flavor and everything it was in a week's time—no refrigeration or air conditioning.

J: Tell her how big the cream can were.

S: Big 5, 10, -- 15 gallon cream cans...

D: They'd collect it for a week?

S: Every day we'd have the cans sitting out in the ditch in the summer time, to keep it as cool as we could.

J: That's what they churned the butter with.

D: At the dairy?

S: At the dairy—they made the buttermilk and the cottage cheese, and I can't hardly gag down cottage cheese, and I can't drink buttermilk to this day.

D: You know that sandwich sounds yummy to me, but I can see if it sat for 10 minutes, it would be mush.

J: Well it was homemade cottage cheese.

D: So it would be really soupy I bet—ooh.

J: And he had a lot of those.

D: Oh, my gosh!

S: Cottage cheese. I'm just getting where I can eat it now. My mother would make our own cottage cheese. There was always a pan of milk sitting on the back of the coal stove.

D: Curdling?

S: Curdling to make the cottage cheese with. Ugh. I just...

J: Tell her about the refrigeration at your house.

S: We had a good refrigerator at our house. We had thing built out of boards sitting out under the old crab apple tree, and had a gunny sack... it was kind of like a teepee that had gunny sacks over the top and a five gallon bucket on top of there that had holes poked in it. We'd fill the five gallon bucket full of water and let the water drain down over gunny sacks, and it would make a cooling effect to keep the milk and cream cool inside of the cooler. So that was our cooler.

D: Did it keep it pretty cool?

S: It kept it pretty cool. I used to get in a lot of trouble. My mother baked a lot of bread—well she had to for the family—I'd take a slice of bread and go out into that cooler and drop that piece of bread down into the pan of milk and lift it off and of course it would pull the cream right up off the top. (laughing) I still have a hard time drinking rich milk. You get this raw milk that's got the cream on it, I have to scrape the cream off of it.

D: Cottage cheese and tomato sandwiches, huh? So were you hungry enough that you ate them?

S: You bet you ate them. You either ate them or went hungry all day. Yeah. That was quite the experience.

D: What farming chores did you hate the most or like the most?

S: Well I didn't mind milking the cows as long as we had automatic milkers, but if I had to milk the cows by hand, I hated that because I was milking... well, we had... we always had at least two cows and sometimes four. Our neighbors always had two or three cows. I was milking by hand... oh, 8 or 10 cows twice a day, and then to get up in the morning and milk 8 or 10 cows by hand and get ready to go to school—you had to get up *pretty early* in the morning, and then at night when school's let out—I had to be home right after school. School let out at 3:30, and I'd better be home, getting the chores done by 4:00, or I'd be in deep trouble, so I never could stay after school. I'd have to get home to get the chores done—milking the cows. I think that's the thing I hated worst about doing chores—milking the cows by hand. 'Course then I had to feed all the chickens and slop the hogs, feed the pigs—whatever chores had to be done, I had to do it. I was doing our chores and for Ira Strong, Armon Anderson and Andrew Anderson. That's about the four I done those chores for. They were all... you didn't get in the car and ride to work to do your chores, you had a bicycle or you walked. I remember the first bicycle I ever had was one that somebody had thrown in the garbage out at the dump, and I went and got it and brought it home and my brother Elwin and I rebuilt it. I never had any brakes on it; it never had a chain guard or anything on it; I'd get my pants caught in the chain—it would chew my pant legs up. So

anyway, it was quite an eventful childhood.

D: Now you said that Rueben Brasher lived...

S: He lived in Lawrence.

D: Do you remember when the war started? How old were you? Do you remember hearing about Pearl Harbor?

S: Oh, yeah. I remember Pearl Harbor.

D: How old were you then?

S: About 14 or 15 years old when the Japs attacked Pearl Harbor. I got pretty upset because I wasn't old enough to even volunteer for the service. As soon as I turned old enough for the military I was gone. I joined the Navy when I was 17. I spent three and a half years in the Navy and then I come home. But I never got in on any conflict in the Navy, because I went in, in August of '45, 1945, and that's when they dropped the atomic bombs on Japan, and that ended the war. But I was in there when they had the changing over from a wartime military to a peace time military, and you talk about the military being all screwed up, boy they were really fouled up then. They didn't know what they were doing from one day to the next. They were completely running in circles—on a short leash, I always figured.

D: So where were you? Were you on a ship?

S: I was on two ships. I took my basic training at a naval training station in San Diego, California. Then I was transferred to a place that's out of business now, but it was called Shoemaker, California. It was a receiving station, and that's where I was sent to before I was sent to a ship. The first ship I was on was the U.S.S. Niagra APA 87, and it was a troop ship—a troop carrier ship, and they were outfitting us up with... 'course the war was over with by now, but they were still on the war footing, and they were outfitting the ships to go out for what they were calling "Magic Carpet Runs" out in the South Pacific, so we left San Francisco to—nonstop—to the Philippine Islands. Then I was stationed at the Philippine Islands, and come back to Pearl Harbor once, and then the ship I was on was a target vessel for the atomic bomb tests Bikini Atoll, I think in 1946. The ship I was on did two of those atomic bomb tests out there in the South Pacific. So when we come back to the states, we come back to the east coast in ? Virginia. I was stationed there as long as the ship was there, and then they put the ship out of commission, so I come home, back to Utah with what they called a decommission leave, and then I reported back to Virginia, and when I got back there, I was in ? Station for a short while, and then I was sent to the aircraft carrier Midway—USS Midway CVB43. It's a museum down in San Diego, California right now. Anyway that's where I spent the rest of my time, and most of the time we spent was over in the Mediterranean and North Atlantic. When I got three years in the Navy, I come home, met my wife and got married.

I told her when we got married... somebody asked me how long I had been married, and I said, "I've been married all my life." She got mad at me, but I told her, "I never lived until I got married." That was it.

D: Were you anxious to go in the military to get away from home?

S: Oh, I couldn't wait to go in the military!

D: were you disappointed that the war ended? Or were you excited?

S: I was kind of excited. I knew then that I hadn't been in long enough to get any combat training—or any combat. So I was thankful for that. But after I got in the Navy, I couldn't wait to get out. The Navy wanted me to reenlist. They were after me even right after I got out. I had been on that carrier for quite a while, and I never received a court-martial or anything like that on my record. The Navy was looking for guys like that. Most of the guys at that time were in the Naval Reserve, but I wasn't. I was in the straight U.S. N. I got my hitch in, but in the Navy I was discharged and that was it, but I would get letters—even after we got married I'd get letters from the Navy Department wanting me to reenlist.

D: But you had had enough of the military?

S: I'd had enough.

D: How did you like the ship, The Midway? Have you been down to see it?

S: Yes. We went down once. I went down to see my brother Elwin and his wife, and they took us down to San Diego to see the ship. The main portion of the ship, where the tourists go now, is what we called main engine control, Engine Room #3, that's the engine I was stationed at when I was on the carrier, so it brought back a lot of memories. I quite enjoyed it on there. I'd like to go back and do it again.

J: He got to ring the bell.

S: Yeah, there was a big sign there "If you served on this ship, you have the privilege of ringing the bell." 'Course there were only 230,000 men that served on the ship. It was one of the longest serving ships in the Navy. I can't remember... I was on the ship in '47, and it was a new ship then. It had only been in commission two or three years old. Then it went over to Europe for quite a while. Then when it come back, they took the ship and put it in dry dock. When I was on the ship, it was straight flight deck—straight forward and aft. They took the ship in and revamped it and cut it in two. They said they literally cut it in two and extended it out and put on it a slanted flat deck so they could have aircraft take off and recover aircraft at the same time. So anyway, that's how it is now.

J: You just can't imagine how huge that ship is...

D: I want to see it; it's so famous.

J: Yes. You can't imagine all the men on that ship—how you would feed them and...

S: If I remember right there were about 7,000 men on that ship, and they were having trouble with the communists over in Europe at that time. So they sent 5,000 Marines over there. 3,000 of them was stationed on our ship--on the Midway. So anyway, there was food on that ship from the time you got up until you went to bed at night. They feed the ship's company first and then feed all the troops. I bet there were 10 or 12 mess halls on that ship.

D: I've been on a battleship, but I've never been on an aircraft carrier.

J: They rent it out for big conventions. They were doing one on the deck—getting ready for one on the deck when we were there. They were set up for this convention and there was still acres of room.

D: So what did you do when you came home from the Navy?

S: Got married.

D: Was your family still living in Huntington?

S: My family was still living in Huntington. Mother and Dad and my sister Margaret was still living in Huntington. My sister Edith joined the WAVES and she met a guy while she was in the Navy. They were living in Alaska; my sister Zenda met a guy from Idaho Falls, and they were living in Idaho; my brother Elwin was living in California; Quinton was living in Castle Dale; Rex was living in Dragerton—East Carbon now—it was Dragerton when he was up there; Elwin was in Southern California. My brother Elwin was a B-38 pilot during WWII in the European Theater.

D: Oh! When did you come over here—to Castle Dale?

S: I was going to school and living in Huntington with my parents, and my dad came and told me one day, “Son, Margaret and I are going to California...”

J: You’re getting too far ahead.

S: Okay, then you take it up.

J: His father had... during the war you had to order new cars. You had to wait a long time. His father got the first new car in Emery County—it was a ’49 Ford—a maroon color.

D: Woo!

J: And he and his friends came over to the drug store one night...

D: In the car?

J: In the new shiny car, and they came in and got root beer floats, and asked he asked me if I wanted a ride home, and I thought, “I’m going to be the first one to ride in your new car.” So I did and it went off from there.

D: And that’s the first you met her?

S: That’s the first I met her. Dean Wilson introduced me to her. I had asked this Wilson kid, “Do you know any nice young ladies around here,” I said, “You know that I could go on a date with?”

He said, “Well, there’s a couple in Castle Dale. Let’s ride over there and maybe we’ll see one of them.” We rode to Castle Dale, and he said, “I think one of them works up here in the drug store.” So we stopped at the drug store and we went in and got us a root beer float, come out and I asked Joy, “Would you like a ride home?” And she about came over the counter after me. (laughing) She wanted to ride home in that new 1949 Ford, maroon, 6-cylinder car.

J: He just winked so cute!

S: The only vacation I can ever remember taking with my family is right after we got that Ford, and we went to California. I remember one of the guys—some guy—I don't know who he was—some car salesman—he offered my dad four times the amount of money my dad paid for that car. My dad wouldn't sell it. If he sold it how would he get home to Utah?

D: So then what, after your first date was a ride home—you just dropped her off?

S: Oh, I walked up to the porch with her, but I didn't kiss her goodnight. Did I?

J: (laughing) No.

S: I didn't think so.

J: My dad said, "Who brought you home?" I told him, and said, "Oh, that's okay. He was a good kid in seminary."

S: Her dad was my seminary when I was going to North Emery.

J: At that time, they had closed Central High School here, so he was teaching seminary half a day over at South Emery and half a day in Huntington.

S: North Emery.

D: So what school did you go to?

J: South Emery.

D: Did you? They had closed Central before you went to high school?

J: I just missed it!

D: Do you remember the uproar over closing Central School?

J: I do! I do! I remember the fire! How we watched it. It was worse than a funeral. It was terrible. It's funny they didn't ride Mr. Chipman out of the county on a rail! It was bad!

D: How did the fire start?

J: I don't know. I don't remember that. It was a three story building, you know, and the floors were oiled and...

S: Wood

J: And wood... and I don't know. Of course they blamed Mr. Chipman.

D: Was he the superintendent?

J: Yes.

D: And they said he started it?

J: Yeah.

D: To get rid of the controversy?

J: Yeah. But you know that was hearsay. But oh, I'll never forget that fire.

D: What do you remember... I mean the fire was after they sent them over to South Emery. Do you remember your friends or anybody being upset that you didn't get to go there?

J: Yeah, I was pretty upset, but I was still young enough that it was, you know, okay.

D: Well I think Helen Wilberg said there was a war over it.

J: Oh yes! Yeah. It was pretty bad; I was old enough to know it was bad. My father taught seminary at the building... in fact I still have a picture of that seminary building. At that time you got credit for seminary, and he would have kids that they would round up out of the boonies and they would go to seminary six hours, and they just let them do that, because they were in school. My dad would catch a lizard up here on the hill, and that lizard would sit here on his shoulder all that day during seminary. The kids just loved him.

D: How did he feel about Central High closing?

J: He felt bad. See I could hear my parents talking.

D: Were they pretty mad?

J: Uh-huh. Yeah.

D: Why did they feel it had to close?

S: Consolidate the school district.

D: It wasn't because it was falling down?

J: No, I don't think so.

S: See there was a high school in Ferron, one in Huntington, one in Castle Dale, one in Green River. The school district was just getting... at that time we were getting few people moving in and it was just getting so hard that they just couldn't afford to maintain those buildings, so they closed up the one in Castle Dale. The one in Green River, they kept that open—they had kids from Grand County going to school in Green River. Of course Grand County was supposed to reimburse Emery County School District for kids that was going to school from Grand County into Emery County, but that's another story.

D: So what were they so mad about—closing the school in Castle Dale or that they were trying to split up Castle Dale and Orangeville?

J: Your whole social life, in those days, revolved around the school, and so when you took the school, there went your social life. It was just the whole hub of...

D: So that's why splitting the two towns that had gone to school together was so upsetting

because they were your friends?

J: Yeah. Like Helen said, it was a bad time.

D: I heard they ran buses, but they ran empty. Nobody would go to school. Parents kept their kids home.

J: Yeah, for a long time.

S: Well the Castle Dale kids were sent to South Emery and Orangeville kids were sent to North Emery.

J: No, they were sent over to South...

D: At first that is what they wanted. That is what I understood as why they wouldn't send their kids to school. How did North Emery feel when the kids didn't want to go over there?

S: Personally I could care less; I never knew anybody in Castle Dale and I never knew anybody in Orangeville, and school wasn't my favorite place to be, so I didn't really care one way or the other.

D: I know there was a big rivalry between South Emery and North Emery

J: Oh yes!

D: Where did Central School factor into the rivalry?

J: I never did know why the rivalry was there? Oh my goodness! Oh my word, yes! There was such a rivalry when I went to school in Ferron!

D: Somebody told me it had to do with the death of the football player.

J: That was before my time.

D: Yeah, that was in the 30s.

J: Yeah, that's when they quit the football.

S: That's when they quit just about all their sports in Emery District.

J: Yeah, these small towns revolve around school.

D: So you were bused to South Emery?

J: Yes. And I had my brother for a teacher for two years up here—7th and 8th grade.

D: Which brother?

J: Mark. He was the principal.

D: Oh, your brother is Mark Williams!

J: Yes, and then I went to Ferron and had my aunt as a seminary teacher Eva Killpack. So I had

to be good.

D: Who were your friends growing up?

J: There were only five girls in my grade, so we were all close. Then we were put in... later on we were put in the 5th and 6th grades together because there wasn't enough kids. 7th and 8th grouped together, so we had friends from both grades. But I had... the Jorgensons over here had five boys and a girl, and we were always very close—Shirley Jorgenson, and then Bells lived in Della Cox's house and they had six girls-- ? Charlene Peterson, Hope Hansen, Dixie Tuttle. We had a good group.

D: And what kind of things did you do for fun?

J: We played night games out under the street lights, and we had dances at the tennis court on Saturday night, always. And we had lots of candy pulls, and between Della Cox's and Pete Jones' on the corner, there was no houses in there it was just filled with trees like a jungle. We just went in there and ...it was a fun time...hiking the hills and...

D: So you had a fun childhood?

J: As much as I could—as much as I was allowed to do.

D: They were really strict with you?

J: No. I thought they were. That's why I thought that I wasn't loved. And Ray's children I'm very close to, and he was overly protective of them. And we laugh about this: I couldn't have a dog because it might bite me; I couldn't have a cat because it might scratch me; (laughing) I couldn't have a two wheel bike because I would get a leg ache and might wreck and break my leg. (laughing). I wanted to play an instrument in the band, but I couldn't because I would have to march in the sun and I might get sunstroke and I would surely get a headache! (laughing) so I couldn't...I was too well loved.

D: (laughing) Were the other kids raised like that?

J: I don't think so. I was walking on the fence—the neighbor's fence was made out of 2x4s.

S: A wooden fence.

J: A wooden fence and my brother come and gave me a quarter if I would get down and wouldn't break my leg. (laughing) So you can see why I thought I was never loved. Later years I realized I was just overly protected and overly loved. (laughing)

D: Oh, that is funny.

J: That's why I could never understand why my mother let me go work at the telephone office! I wouldn't have let one of mine!

D: So when you raised kids did you have a problem letting them go and do things?

J: (laughing) Yes, I did! Mark's wife used to have to say, "Now, Joy, let them go! They'll be okay, just let them go!" Oh, yes. I had a sad time letting them do things.

D: So after you guys met, how long before you knew you were meant for each other?

S: We're still wondering that. (laughing)

J: Oh, we dated for about six months, and his father was going to California for the winter, and it was either get married or go to California. So he said it was either, "Marry me now or I go to California." I said, "Oh, I will." So I started my senior year over to Huntington 'cause we lived in his house, and I thought, "I don't need to go to school." And besides that it wasn't long after we got married that I got pregnant. So I finished school when my second daughter Christine graduated from high school, Tom graduated from jr. high, Bonnie graduated from the 6th grade and I graduated from high school.

D: Oh! Well good for you!

J: I probably appreciated that certificate more than I probably would have done.

D: I bet! So how long did you live in Huntington? What did you do for a living.

S: Well, we lived in Huntington for not very long and then moved over to Castle Dale.

J: His dad came home.

S: Dad came home. I went to work in the coal mines in the winter months to try to make enough money to try to live through the summer months when the mines were all shut down. I got tired of that and decided to go to school. I met a guy that was working for... worked for job retraining, and he said, "Why don't you apply for this training on a new job. I applied for it and got accepted, and Joy and the kids lived here in Castle Dale, and I drove to Salt Lake to go to school."

J: No, no, no! You're getting ahead of yourself. We moved to... he went to Carbon College. We lived over there in the student housing, and Sam made \$114 a month from the government.

S: From the G.I. Bill.

J: From the G.E. Bill.

D: To go to school?

J: To go to school. And our rent was \$14.00 a month.

D: Oh, you were rich!

J: Oh! We were! But his dad was so kind... in the meantime his mother had passed away and my mother had passed away. So his dad brought us food all the time, and we had two little children. And that was another experience living at CEU. So he learned carpentry there.

D: Neat! Where did you live? Are those buildings still standing?

J: No, they pooled them all together and made one building out of it. I think it's where you go register. They brought in barracks from Topaz.

D: Oh!

J: We lived in one room; the stove was in the middle and the chimney went up and was held up with wire, and the stovepipe, for some reason, went clear across the ceiling and up, and it was always full of soot. But you know, we were so dumb, we didn't know that we were in dire straights. So we didn't realize that we were poor because...

S: Everybody else was.

J: Everybody else was in the same situation and we were in love and had two cute little kids and that's all that mattered.

S: We always done things together as a family. We didn't have any friends as we was growing up.

J: We didn't have any babysitters; we didn't have mothers to tend our kids so it was just us...

S: And the kids.

J: And the kids.

D: Who were your first two kids?

J: Mary Jean and Lenora Christine.

D: (to Sam) So you went to carpentry school?

S: I went to carpentry school over to CEU. I really wanted to get into forestry and soil conservation. So they told me, over at the college, when I was signing up to sign up for a class because they never had enough people sign up for forestry and soil conservation to warrant having a class. So... well to get the GI Bill started, I signed up for carpentry, and I no more wanted to be a carpenter than the man in the moon. But I got the bill started and while I was taking my training as a carpenter, the government froze all the GI's—I don't know whether it was nationwide or just Carbon—but they froze the GI's to the subject you were taking. You couldn't change subjects so I was stuck with carpentry. I didn't really want that, but... if I'd known enough to transfer up to Logan or up to the agriculture college, you know, I probably could have got in up there. I didn't know enough about it and no one told me anything about it, so I stayed in Emery County and we moved back to... Did we move back to Huntington then when we left Carbon?

J: Yes. We were starving to death, so we moved to Huntington and he worked cleaning coal cars in Mohrland, and oh it was bitter cold. We lived in Huntington for a while and then came back to Castle Dale. And *then* he went to Salt Lake to do school.

D: To do what? What did you go into?

S: Well I met this guy, so he got me on the this training program, and I went up to Salt Lake and took up electronics—radio and TV repair. And oh, I didn't know if I wanted that or not, but while I going to school up there, I met a guy who owned a little business. It was called Industrial Physics and Electronics and Company. He worked for them, and he said, "If you're interested

in a job,” he said, “when you get through with school, we can probably put you on in Industrial Physics.” So as we progressed, I got into industrial electronics. I went to school up there in Salt Lake and got a job at this Industrial Physics and Electronics Company. And they were wiring control panels for industry—wiring big control panels for power plants all over, so I got to work for them for several years until they merged with another company. Then they went broke. So I got a chance to work for Gallagher Pump Company. So I worked for Gallagher for a little over 20 years. I never changed buildings but worked for four different companies. So anyway that’s where I...

D: And that was still in Salt Lake?

S: That was still in Salt Lake. There still in business. I don’t know if they are still Gallagher or not. They changed so many times, I don’t even know the name of them now, but anyway they were manufacturing pumps for the industry. The company I worked for manufactured those big pumps they had up at Snyder up at ... not Scofield ...

D: Thistle?

S: Thistle—pumps that would pump the water up behind the dams were pumps that our company made. We were in good business until they went broke and then I... who’d I work for then?

J: Gallagher

S: Gallagher Company. I worked for Gallagher for several years and retired from Gallagher and then moved to Castle Dale.

D: Oh, where did you live in Salt Lake?

J: When we first went up we had six children, so it was a hard...

S: We had a hard time finding a place to rent for six kids.

J: But we lived on 4th North between 1st and 2nd West up close to St. Mark’s Hospital. We rented a duplex for \$75.00 a month. And I went to work for Dee’s Hamburgers. I worked on and off most all the time we were there. They payed more than other...

D: Which Dee’s?

J: The one on North Temple. Yeah, I worked there and... when we went back up, I worked for a daycare. Nanette and I worked together.

D: Oh. Where was that?

J: West Valley. We lived up there for two years and then his company opened a shop in Price... what was it called? A depressed area?

S: A labor depressed area. The company took a contract from the government, but 80% of the contract had to be worked in a labor depressed area. So the division was moved to Price... we worked over there in Price.

J: So we lived in Price for two years, and our last boy David was born in Price.

D: So what are all of your children's names? And when were they born?

J: Mary Jean was born in 1950, Lenora Kristine in 1951, Thomas Wynn in 1954, Bonnie Joy in 1956, Nanette in 1959, Pam in 1960 and David was born in 1965. And we lost Bonnie in 1979. She had Aplastic anemia. Her body worked up an allergy to itself. She was the most healthy one in the family, and um she was in an air bubble from July until the 1st of October in the LDS Hospital. And at that time, they didn't have bone marrow banks, you know. And out of all her siblings there wasn't a bone marrow match for her or for Tom, and their bone marrow didn't match. They were just totally different. So there was no bone marrow transplant for her, and they cleansed her blood with the, um...kidney...

D: Dialysis?

J: Dialysis—they cleansed her blood. They gave her horse serum, and the doctor said, "By all the means that we have done, she should have lived. All I can tell you is that God wanted her home."

D: How old was she?

J: She would have been 22 the end of the month. She died the 4th of October and Sam's brother Doug died the 5th of October, and they were so close—they were just like this (demonstrates) all of Bonnie's life. She slipped into a coma the morning of the 4th, and Doug was in a rest home—he had cancer real bad. He wanted out of that rest home so bad that he slipped out the door, and crawled over this 6' fence. And he was down to about 86 lbs.

D: What was wrong with him?

J: He had cancer of the lungs. He fell on the ground when he got to the top of the fence, and the nurses got out there he was saying, "Bonnie I'm coming; you wait for me Bonnie, I'm coming!"

D: Oh my word!

J: See she had slipped into this coma. And he went that night and she quit breathing at 6:00 the next morning. So that was special.

D: That was no coincidence was it?

J: No it wasn't. So we had her funeral Monday and brought her to Castle Dale and buried her and then went from the cemetery over to his funeral. She would say, when he got sick, "Don't worry Uncle Doug, I will take care of you. I will come down and take care of you. And you'll be okay."

D: Oh. That is so sweet!

J: Yeah.

D: So what did you do when you came to Castle Dale? Retire?

S: Retired, yup! Retired and I haven't missed a day's work since I retired. I don't know how I had time to work for other people. I've been working for myself and my wife ever since I retired.

J: We said to Tom and April—do you know Tom? You probably don't. He's a deputy sheriff. They have the three girls and a little boy. I said, "If you ever get another baby, we'll tend her."

And 12 years after this little boy, here she gets pregnant. So we tended Ragean for 10 years old after we moved back. So that was fun.

S: That was a full time job tending Ragean. (laugh) She's a sweetheart.

D: Back to this house--How did you move back to this house? Who had it?

J: It just sat.

S: We rented it to several people.

J: And we rented it to several people

S: And they tore it apart. I would never rent it again.

J: Larry Gregorson called him and his mom and dad lived up on the corner, and they moved in here, and he fixed it up good enough to live in until they built their home out by Clawson. And then Tom and April was... Tom was so... he hated the city. They came one day and said, "If we fix up the old house, can we move to Castle Dale? And oh, I 'bout died, 'cause it was in bad condition. But they sold their home and took part of the money, and her father was retired and he loved old homes so they come down and fixed up the house and lived here until they built their log... they have the log home across from the elementary school. So we just had a nice little home to move into when he retired.

D: It was already fixed up?

J: Yeah.

S: Tom and April moved out on a Friday and we moved in on Monday. So when we had that home in West Valley... I'd rented this house to so many people that I decided I didn't want to rent because I didn't want that problem with renters, so we decided to sell that home up in Salt Lake, and Mary and Mar knew a real estate agent up there, so we called her, and she come over and looked at the house. She said... this was on about a Wednesday and she said, "When do you want to put it on the market?"

And I said, "Well, as soon as we can." And she said, "Well, I can put it on the market tomorrow." And I said, "Well, that sounds good to me, put it on as soon as you can." So she put it on the market on a Thursday and we sold it on Saturday."

D: Oh, my gosh!

S: The house just up the street from us had been on the market for two years and only had two or three people come and look at it.

J: Well our doorbell still worked and we still had window screens, and we had hardwood floors. They squeaked but everyone sat down quiet while people come looked. (laugh) No one moved on the squeaky floors. It was in good condition.

D: Where did you live in West Valley? Granger or...

S: Uh-huh. West Valley.

Joy: It was a good area. It was 4500 West and 3900 South. It was in a good area. It was in an old area where the farms were and good established... and we had good friends there. It was a good chapter in our life.

D: So have a lot of your kids stayed up there?

J: The girls.

S: We have one that lives in Riverton, and one that lives in the Day Break area.

J: Just north of Day Break.

S: And Kris lives in Green River. Pam, she's the one that lives by Day Break. And we a son that lives out in Stockton. He's a commander over the jail in Tooele. They're both in law enforcement.

D: Well, this house is just darling. When did you move back here?

J: '90.

D: You've kept it up. It's so pretty and you've done such cute things.

J: Well, you know, there's a good spirit here, and we're happy, and we didn't have to start over again. It was nice just to come home.

D: Neat. Well, do you have any other stories you'd like to tell me—anything you'd like your grandchildren to know?

J: Tell what you did in the winter time—how you went ice skating and skiing on slats.

S: Oh, well, we couldn't afford to have nice skis, so we made our own out of ... I think the first ones we ever made, we made out of the wood you use for house flooring—just hardwood flooring out of an old house. We just heated the wood—the ends of it with hot water and bent it up a little and tried to cut a groove down the bottom of it with a pocket knife.

D: Wow.

S: Tried to put a strap—nailed a strap—a piece of leather on the side of the board and up over your toe, and that was your skis.

D: Wow.

S: 'Course you wouldn't go very fast or very far or you tore up and fell down. But we never could afford decent skiis.

D: So you did figure out how to ski, huh?

S: We figured out how to get down a hill on a pair of slats.

D: Where did you go skiing?

S: Well when we lived up in National, we could ski down the road. When we moved to

Huntington, we'd go down what we called Green's Hills down on the riverbank below town where we lived. It would be northeast to where we lived in Huntington on the riverbank. The river cut down through the hills, and we'd go down there whenever it snowed, and take a scoop shovel and throw snow over on the trail, pack it down, and try to ski down that way. You skied down and carried them back up.

D: What about ice skating?

S: Well, we had a pond out... I'm trying to remember where the pond was—just a little pond that we'd walk out to go ice skating on. I did have a pretty nice pair of ice skates. But by the time you walked out to where the pond was, you were so tired you didn't feel like skating, so you'd skate a little bit and then you'd go over to the fire and get warm and start walking home and by the time you got home your pant legs was all frozen solid. It wasn't the best experience.

D: Do you remember having more snow here when you were young than there is now days?

J: Well my mother said the year I was born there was snow up to the window sills. And I remember... 'course I never did go sleigh riding 'cause my mom was afraid...the only time I was allowed to go sleigh riding, I was walking back up the hill, and somebody ran into me on my ankle (laughing). You just have to laugh. Anyway, they would close this hill off on the next street. It was closed every winter, and that's where we went sleigh riding, and even the main road where you come down the hill now, that was where I got hurt, walking back up that long hill. Every winter that was just what you did, you got a new sleigh. And the only time I was allowed to go ice skating (laughing) I almost made it to the pond, and the horses thought we were coming to feed them, and here they come so fast that we turned around and raced with the horses to get back to the car, (laughing) and we almost got trampled.

D: (laughing) You did live in a dangerous world!

J: (laughing) Oh, I did! So that was my ice skating experience. Oh, dear! So I just didn't do anything.

D: Well I've seen pictures of Central School and it's go a big long hill. Did you ever do anything on that hill?

J: Not that I remember. This was the sleigh riding hill, but my father would get his old car and gun it up and away we'd go up that front hill there.

D: Really? Was there a road there?

J: Yeah. Most cars couldn't make it to the top, it was so steep. But there was a road where you went up to the jail—that road, and there was a road down to the other side, so you could just go up and down the other side.

D: Oh. Did your dad take you to school?

J: Oh yeah. I went to seminary with him a lot. My dad took me on scout trips. He called me his little caboose.

D: Oh, cute.

J: Probably my dad would have let me do things. It was my mother.

D: Well you said something about your mother having a nervous breakdown. Did she recuperate from that or...

J: I don't think she ever did. She had a bad childhood. Her mother died when she was young and she had a stepmother who was very kind to her, but the stepmother's brothers was not kind and her father going away for two missions, and she remembered being so sick that her hair fell out when she was a child. She was never happy. She was beautiful and she gave lessons in Relief Society and the DUP that were beautiful—very knowledgeable in the gospel, but never a happy lady—just cried all the time. I think probably manic-depressive. And clean, she was so clean. I didn't have to do dishes if I practiced the piano.

D: So how did your father deal with her?

J: Very patient. My father took her tea and toast every morning for breakfast.

S: I never heard him raise his voice to her.

J: Never. Once in a while my father would say, "Himmel!" and I knew if he said "Himmel!" then he was upset.

D: What is that word?

J: Hell, I guess in German. I don't know! That's what I always thought it was. Anyway, she was dearly loved. Everyone just dearly loved her.

D: Well, I understand when you're depressed you think everything bad is going to happen. That's probably why she was so protective of you.

J: Yeah. And then my sister who is just older than me, she passed away, and that was hard on my mother. So I survived and...

D: How old was she when she died?

J: About 62.

D: And how old was your father?

J: He was 83.

D: I hear his name a lot. He must have been pretty prominent and a loved guy.

J: I think he was. I don't' think there was a funeral in Emery County that he didn't speak at. And I remember some derelict died, and they said, "Nephi, what are you going to say at this funer?"

S: ... That's good?

J: That's good. And he said, "Well you know, he had a good set of teeth.

D: (laughing)

J: He always had a good joke, and people loved him—dearly so.

D: Do you have his history?

J: I'm putting it together.

D: We'd love to have that at the Archives. And I just had someone in the Archives this morning looking for information on Richard Miller.

J: Oh, did you? Next time you have someone researching him, tell her to get in touch with me.

D: Okay.

J: Because we don't have many Miller contacts outside of this little...

D: Okay. I'll go back to the office and look her name up. She's the sister to Tammy that works at the courthouse.

J: Tammy Tucker?

D: Yes.

J: I'll have to get Nanette to ask them...

D: So what about the bishops. Who were the bishops in your ward in Huntington? (To Sam) Did your family go to church—your parents?

S: Yes. Well they weren't too much church going people, but my dad was always saying, "You need to go to church or clean the coops." So I'd go to church. Bishop Wakefield and who was the other one?

J: Bishop Leonard?

S: No, I never had Bishop Leonard. Bishop Wakefield is about the only bishop I can remember, but in them days when a bishop was called it was just about a lifetime position. That's the only bishop I can remember in Huntington.

D: Was that Adeline's husband?

S: No.

J: No. It was another...

S: It was another family—probably cousins.

J: He would have been a brother to Cary.

D: Oh.

J: Let me tell you about Christmas Eve in Castle Dale.

D: Good.

J: They used to... when Mrs. Hunter sang... they used to bring in cedar logs and old lumber and they'd put this great big, humongous bon fire in the middle of the square. Has anyone told you about that?

D: Huh-uh.

J: Well, the wood looked as high as this house. It was huge!

D: Wow.

S: A *big* pile of wood.

J: And then they'd put old tires on top of that, and in the afternoon the music--Christmas Carols would start. You could hear them all over town. And then it would get dusk and you'd go up to the bonfire—everyone in town. 'Course the rein deer were always frightened of the fire, so they had to land out by the garbage dump.

D: Oh, (laughing)

S: They sent the fire engine out to get Santa.

J: And they'd always send Wallace Ryan's pick up truck with the fire hose out to get Santa, and in he'd come to the bon fire. It was just—to children—it was just magical. You know? And we always got the same things in our sack—an orange and an apple and hard tack and peanuts. I don't remember what we did when we got there. I guess we sang carols and listen to Mrs. Hunter sing, and everyone visited.

D: Did you have food or anything?

J: I don't remember, they could have. But I thought, "What do they do in the city? They can't have a bon fire?" That tradition was so ingrained, you know? And you always hurried home and got into bed because Santa Claus was in town!

D: Oh! That was your whole childhood that you remember that?

J: Yes. My whole childhood—that bonfire. And when we got married, I thought, what do you do on Christmas eve? There's no bonfire. (laughing)

D: So did you start another tradition?

J: Oh yes. Oh, (to Sam) we just need to tell her about the orange peels don't we.

S: Uh-huh.

J: When we lived in Salt Lake and our daughter was so sick, the bishop asked us if we would take a placement student.

S: A Navajo boy.

J: A Navajo boy, so we told him yes. So we got him the same time our Bonnie was so sick in the hospital. The girls kind of took over, but... Then she passed away the 5th of October, and oh, my

goodness we just didn't feel like having Christmas, you know, Raynard's here. We just have to have it. So we got a tree and we had Christmas dinner, and everyone... it was a sad time. We had oranges and Tom took an orange peel and looked at it and just threw it, and it hit me right here on my glasses. And Sam has always taught the children to be very respectful of their mother, so rather than have words and feelings on Christmas Eve, I took it and threw it back at him. Well, it just opened the whole thing—it was what we needed. The Orange Peeling Fight began. Orange peelings just went everywhere, and it just did something for us. We just needed to laugh.

D: Isn't that amazing?

J: This has been 30 years ago. We have Christmas here with Tom and Kris's family, the rest of the children and families together up North, and they have Christmas Eve up there, and to this day we still have the orange peeling fight.

D: That is so cute. That is the cutest thing!

J: And I pick up orange peelings... (teary)

S: All year long. Vacuuming behind the couch or move the piano and there are these old dried up orange peelings back there.

J: And I keep them in a special jar in there. (teary voice) And that's what we do. When the boyfriends would go out on missions, the girls would send orange peels, and when the grandkids have gone on missions their mom's have sent orange peelings...

S: At Christmas time

J: At Christmas time. And a piece of Christmas bough, you know. But one of the girls forgot that you had to dry the orange peelings (laugh) and the boyfriend got moldy orange peelings! (laugh) and wondered what was going on! (laughing)

S: When one of our grandkids gets married and brings the girl home, we tell them that's one thing they've got to withstand is the orange peel fight at Christmas.

J: And it's just tradition at Christmas, you know? Don't tell them.

S: We make them the scapegoat, you know. They get all the orange peelings. The thing I insist on, though—the peelings come off the oranges before they throw them!

J: And there's been a couple that didn't pass the orange peeling fight.

D: Oh, really?

S: Yeah, one of our granddaughters brought a guy here, and we've got a little music box that plays Christmas carols.

J: A little clock.

S: A little clock that plays Christmas carols. We hang that on the wall and it plays one ever hour.

J: And no one can sing (laugh)

S: And when the Christmas carol comes on, everybody stops what they're doing... (laughing)

J: And hums. (laughing)

S: And this one boy, he sit there and "Oh. How boring!

J: "Not again!"

S: And the music would start, he'd say, "Oh no. Not again!" He didn't last long! (laughing)

D: I bet you were all glad to see him go (laugh). That is so cute. Neat traditions!

S: One time our one daughter was speaking in church and the bishop asked her if she had a tradition, would she tell about it and everything. Wee she decided that rather than tell them about the orange peel fight, she would just have a fight up on the stage.

J: She had a handful of them.

S: While she was making her talk, she was setting there peeling an orange and piling up the orange peelings and put the orange over here, and pretty soon—at the end of her talk she turned around and went "pow" on stage and plastered the bishopric with them. So then she had to tell them what the tradition was about.

D: Oh, how darling! Do you have a tradition?

S: No we never had any traditions in our family that I can recall or remember.

D: In Huntington?

S: Nor in Huntington. No.

D: So your life began when you married Joy?

S: My life did begin when I met Joy—the life that I want to remember begin when I met Joy. My mother was very good. My mother was a kind woman—very sweet. My dad was good in his way, but some of his ways were a little bit hard for young kids. But, of course, I realize that my mother and dad had nine kids, and that was a lot of kids to feed and clothe during the Depression. My dad had a lot of pressure on him.

D: Well, you're probably tired of sitting, so, unless you have something else you want to tell me, I'll just... If you come up with something things—other memories just write them down and get them to us.

S: She'll have to write them down because you can't read my writing. I can write, but you can't read it.

J: Well, I hope you've got something out of this.

D: I've learned so much! I've heard things I haven't heard from anybody else. That's really neat.

(to Sam) Did you hate working in the coal mines?

S: Hated it to death. Never enjoyed a day in a coal mine. In fact, when I first started working for that Industrial Physics and Electronics company is the first time I can really say I enjoyed getting up and going to work. And then the last couple of years I spent working for that Gallagher Company were the most two miserable years I spent on that job. They were in transition all the time. They were buying up companies and companies was buying them. You didn't know who your boss was. Oh it was just... at one time... I worked in the maintenance department at Gallagher, and at one time we had 14 men working for us in the maintenance department, and by the time they got done changing all these companies, we had two men left in the maintenance department and we were expected to do the same amount of work that those 14 men had done. And I just couldn't do it. Some mornings going to work I'd just stop and decide whether I wanted to go on to work, or turn around and go home. But I'd go to work. Two years before I retired, I told them, "In two years I'm retiring." They would say, "Oh, we'll talk about it." And then at 18 months I told them, "I'm retiring in 18 months."

"Oh we'll talk about it."

"I'm retiring in a year."

"Oh, that's alright."

"You know I've only got six months and I'm retiring."

"Oh, we'll talk about it."

So I gathered up my tool cart one day, put my tools all in it and wheeled it out one day. The shop foreman says, "Where you going?" I said, "I'm retired." I left. (laugh)

D: So did you get a retirement?

S: Yeah, I got retirement. But they changed companies so many times, that some companies didn't have retirement plans. We had a retirement plan, so we'd have to take our retirement plan and say, "Okay you get \$100 a month off this company but we've changed companies four times and they didn't have retirement plan, so you have to share your retirement with all these people. So I didn't get very much.

D: That's how my husband was working for Plateau Mining. We changed companies four times. And same thing—they were consolidating and you have to do the same thing with less people.

Okay, well, thank you so much for this!

J: I gave a picture to Bernice a year ago to see if your husband could fix it. There's a child, about 8 – 10. It was when it first came out, you know—get them repaired.

D: Okay. Uh-okay. I'll see. I vaguely remember something like that, so I will check and on that and see what happened.

J: And you would like these old music books that I have.

D: I would like anything like that—old music books, old books, letters, pictures, documents,

histories.

End of recording.

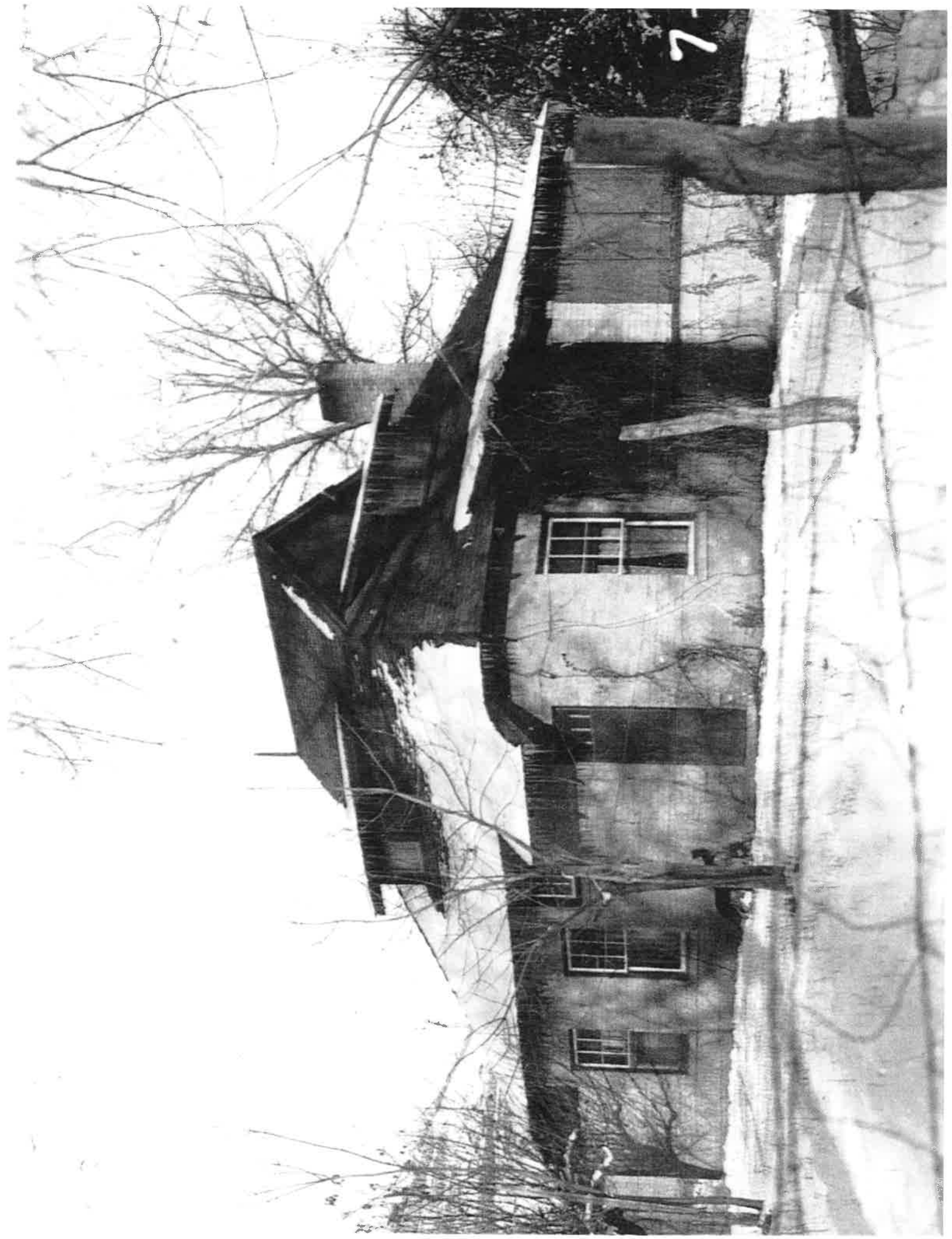












The Gale & Ann Jorgensen Home

This home located at 345 East Main Street was constructed in 1911. Nephi Williams had originally purchase the land in 1909. It is said that the home was built by Mervin Lowry out of local material. In 1982 an addition was built onto the structure. For a time the home was used as a doctor's office for Dr. Rose and also for a hospital. Patients would sit out in the screened in porch. In 1917 the home was sold to John & Lena Jorgensen. Later it became the home of Lester and Adela Jorgensen and Gale & Ann Jorgensen, the present owners.

Photo courtesy of Emery Co. Assessor

