

Samuel Jewkes, steel maker, soldier, saw and grist mill operator and musician of early Sanpete County and pioneer of Castle Valley was born in Tipton, Staffordshire, England on March 23, 1823. He was the son of William and Jane Woodward Jewkes of Dudley, Worcestershire, Eng.. Tipton and Dudley are both suburbs of the huge industrial city of Birmingham.

Samuel's early training was in the field of engineering and his work experience in the iron works and heavy industry in Birmingham. In the mid 1840's, England was exporting its technology to other countries and so it was that Samuel Jewkes, his young wife, Sarah and baby daughter arrived in Mount Savage, Maryland, the place where the first steel rails for the emerging railroad industry were made in the U.S.

Other children were born to Sarah and Samuel in Mount Savage and later in Norristown, Pennsylvania and Cincinnati, Ohio, none of whom survived childhood. The cruellest blow fell when Samuels wife Sarah died in St. Louis, Mo. in 1850.

While engaged in business with his old friend Elias Morris in St. Louis, Samuel married Sophia Lewis on May 11, 1851 and she with her 10 year old son, John Lewis who later took his step fathers name and became John Lewis Jewkes, came to Utah and settled in Salt Lake City. While in St. Louis, Sophia had introduced her husband to a young girl, Mary Gardner, who with her mother, Mary Nash Adams, were also on their way to the valley in the mountains. Later, in Salt Lake City, Sophia suggested to Mary that she enter plural marriage with her husband, Samuel. They were married by Brigham Young on June 4, 1855.

With the threat of Johnsons army marching on Utah, Samuel, because of his training and experience in the Iron Works of Birmingham Eng. and heavy industry in Hunt Savage, Norristown, and Cincinnati was called with others to the Iron Mission in Cedar City. It was here that he moved his two families in 1857 for a short time until the threat from the army had subsided. Samuel had previously served with the U. S. army during the Mexican War and later in the Blackhawk war as a Lieutenant. His army record also shows him listed as a musician.

Samuel moved his families from Cedar City to Moroni, Sanpete County, and about a year later to Fountain Green, Sanpete Co. where he had purchased two farms and acquired other property. With James Boswell, he built a saw mill and a grist mill northwest of Fountain Green. Both mills were built together in order to make use of the same water power. Logs were hauled from the nearby canyons, one of them called Jewkes Canyon, to be sawed into lumber for construction of the various pioneer homes in that area. The hauling was done by Ox team and many stories have been written concerning this mode of transportation and its problems. My grandfather, Joseph Hyrum Jewkes, a son of Samuel and Mary Gardner Jewkes has written "We had a fine outfit in Fountain Green for shoeing our oxen, consisting of a pen or frame of about 10 inch square lumber(10x10) and being about six feet square with a beam overhead for hoisting the oxen. A wide belt extended under the animal's belly and a windlass was used to lift him up so that he could not kick while being shod. We would place one foot of the ox on a block, remove the old shoe, if not already gone, and tack on a new one."

It was at Fountain Green that Samuels musical talent and ability was recognized. He organized and directed one of the first choirs in the State of Utah in 1862. The Fountain Green Ward Choir was known through the State for its fine performances. Samuel was a perfectionist and he drilled each part separately over and over and not until a number was thoroughly learned was it ever attempted in public. Samuel could sing any part himself and was able to fill in wherever his voice was needed. When the choir was first organized it was necessary for them to sing acappella because of lack of an organ or piano. Samuel used a tuning fork to set the key for the choir to practice and to perform. Some of the members of the Fountain Green Ward Choir remembered by my

Samuel Jewkes, Director  
Jane Jewkes Growther  
Sarah Jane Growther  
Emmy Growther  
Laurie Growther  
Hannah Collard  
Mercy Collard  
James Collard  
Cornelius Collard  
Elizabeth Green  
Steny Guymon

Alma G. Jewkes  
Mellissa G. Jewkes  
Samuel R. Jewkes  
Susannah B. Jewkes  
Joseph E. Johnson  
Reece R. Lewellyn  
Maggie Lewellyn  
Julia Ann Lewellyn  
Jane Jewkes Miles  
Julia Wakefield  
Maria Wakefield

Samuel R., eldest son of Samuel and Sophia Lewis Jewkes, was band leader in Fountain Green for many years. Like his father, he took great pride in his music work and would often write the score and arrange the parts for all the instruments when the printed music was not available.

Samuel and his two families were then called to assist in the colonization of Castle Valley. After living in Fountain Green for seventeen years, it was difficult to pull up stakes and move to another unsettled valley but again the pioneer spirit proved equal to the task. Samuel settled about two miles west of Orangeville, Emery County, again building another saw mill and grist mill and obtaining the best in farm machinery in the way of a threshing machine and gang plow.

Samuel was never very enthusiastic about politics, concerning himself mainly with farming and the milling business; however he was appointed by the governor of the Territory as the first judge of Emery County.

The first winter in Castle Valley was a disastrous one for Samuel and his families. It was an extremely cold winter and they lost nearly 200 head of cattle to the cold and out of twelve yoke of oxen only two yoke were able to withstand the cold winter. Through hard work and perseverance, they were able to recover from this loss and many of the descendants of Samuel still reside in Castle Valley.

Samuel Jewkes died August 23, 1900 at Orangeville. The anniversary of his death for many years was an occasion for a family reunion. He was survived by his two wives and eight of his children.

Novell Jewkes

*Samuel Jewkes*

I would like to pay tribute to Margaret Emily Jewkes, wife of my son J. B. Jewkes, who so intelligently and sincerely completed this record. Through her ability and exceptional talent, she has been able to draw from me incidents and little happenings connected with my early life and put them together in story form, so that it can be read and understood by all who would be interested. I appreciated very much the efforts she put forth, for she spent many hours of her time. Her whole heart and soul was with me in this work. May she always be blessed for the good she has done, not only for writing this history, but for other things she has accomplished during her life.

Also in the summer of 1953, Frank Jewkes, son of my brother Benjamin F. and Maggie Reid, came to me and offered to make mimeographed copies of this history. My granddaughter, Lorna Fall, daughter of Fred and Vile, volunteered to make the master copies. She is doing a fine piece of work and is spending many hours at it. As fast as she types the pages and takes them to Frank, he proceeds to run off the copies.

I believe every member of the Jewkes family joins with me in expressing deep appreciation for their efforts, and in extending best wishes to them for their success in all future activities.

Joseph M Jewkes

— 00 —

Illegible material for text included at the end of manuscript.

Samuel R Jewkes

This book was purchased by Joseph Benjamin Jewkes for the purpose of preserving a record of the incidents and stories that have occurred in the lives of members and descendants of the family of Samuel Jewkes who came to Utah from England in the year 1848.

It is hoped that these first stories told by his son Joseph Hyrum and his grandson Joseph Benjamin will prove a nucleus for further recordings especially by these the oldest living members of the family: Alma G., Amelia G., Jesse D., Minnie R., Melissa G., and Maggie R. together with those of their descendants, as well as those descendants of Samuel R., Jane Wiles and Mary E. Gwynon. It is further hoped that this record will be carefully kept by the duly elected historian of the Jewkes family organization.

If a story has already been written by one person and another remembers it a little differently, let it be retold or more details added.

An attempt should be made to accurately index the work as it progresses. In the back a space is reserved for clippings and illustrations.

This is not to be a genealogical record as that work is done by the family genealogical committee.

The following stories were related by Joseph H. Jewkes during January and February of 1946 at the home of his son Joseph Benjamin (Benny), in Price, Utah. In general they are recorded in his own words.

An attempt has been made to somewhat organize the material but it is written in the style in which it was given. J. Benny assisted his father in telling the stories.

#### MOTHER COMES TO ZION:

My mother often told that when the Latter Day Saint elders first came to their home in England her family recognized their teachings as Gospel truths. The three of them—Grandmother, her son William Adams and Mother (Mary Adams) were soon baptized and William went to Zion to prepare the way for his mother and sister to come on. Mother had to shoulder the responsibility of providing and caring for the home and her blind mother. She was a skilled seamstress and was able to save enough to pay their passage across the Atlantic and to transport them to St. Louis, Missouri where she again took up sewing and gained means to continue the journey to Utah.

Mother attended church in St. Louis where she met one of her English friends, Sophia Lewis, who, by the way, had been born the same day as mother—February 19, 1830. Sophia was five years older, her date being 1825. Mother asked her friend when she was starting for the mountains. She replied, "Next week." Mother explained that she would be detained in St. Louis until she earned more money. The next Sunday Sophia was present at meeting and she told mother, "You see, I did not get started for Zion, I got married instead. Come and let me introduce you to my husband, Mr. Samuel Jewkes." Little did Mother suspect that she too later would become his wife. That was the last she saw of Aunt "Sophie" until she reached Utah.

Finally Mother and Grandmother were able to continue their journey. After the first day's travel the family they were with decided to go back. They asked Grandmother to accompany them, but she staunchly replied, "No, I did not start for Zion to turn back." She sent mother to the captain of the company. (I believe his name was Smoot) to find another wagon in which to travel but he informed her that there was not a chance for anyone without an outfit. Being quite discouraged, Grandmother cried. They sat there at the side of the road with their belongings stacked around them, but Grandmother's courage and faith returned and again she sent Mother to the captain. This time he replied, "There is one chance with two young men in a tattletrap of an outfit. If you can put up with this outfit you may go." Needless to say, they accepted. After a few days with this outfit they discovered they were lousy. That was most humiliating and it was disagreeable to get rid of lice, but through her perseverance Mother finally succeeded in exterminating them, Mother walked all the way across the plains.

The company was met in Salt Lake City by crowds of people and playing bands, but William, to their deep disappointment, did not meet them. Nearly everyone had left camp when a man came up asking for the Mother and sister of Mr. Adams. Of course, they were overjoyed at hearing him, but he brought bad news. To Grandmother he said, "Your son would have come but his wife died just as he was ready to leave." They were taken to Pleasant Grove where they found Will with his three motherless children, two boys and a girl. For several years they lived with him, caring for his children.

**SAMUEL JEWKES AND MARY ADAMS ARE MARRIED:**

In the meantime Sophia Jewkes paid them a visit and made the suggestion that Mother enter plural marriage by marrying her husband Samuel Jewkes. When he proposed Mother said, "But what would I do about my mother?" He replied, "Don't worry about her. I'll take care of her." And so a happy married life began for my parents and Aunt Sophie. No distinction was ever made between the children of the two wives, but all lived in perfect harmony under the same roof and we loved Aunt Sophie always. Father had previously been married but had lost his wife and their six children by death in St. Louis, Missouri, before marrying Aunt Sophie. He had made quite a stay in that city so as to assist his old friend Elias Morris buy cattle for the sugar company, which was no doubt, the pioneer factory at Lehi, which was built under the direction of Brigham Young, who sent John Taylor to England to buy equipment for the manufacturing of sugar.

After they were married, Father, being an engineer, was called to Iron County while there, my brother, Alma G. was born at Cedar City, June 12, 1858. He was the eldest of mother's children. Later they returned to Sanpete County, settling in Moroni, where Ben and Jane were born. From there, they moved to Fountain Green where I was born, April 6, 1869.

**THE FIRST JEWKES MILL:**

About the same time, Father went into the mill business, building both a sawmill and a grist mill, just a little Northwest of Fountain Green. He purchased two farms there also and acquired some other property. Brother James Boswell was connected with Father in the mill business, but he died, so Father went on alone. Both mills were built together, thus making use of the same water power.

Father worked in the grist mill, and in the next mill room Sam R., Orson Miles, Jesse D. and I worked at the sawing. When the sawmill was not running we had to sack flour, shorts, and bran. We didn't have any "jayoffs". Our sawmill had the old time style of head block which had to turn five times to the inch. Jesse D. and I were tickled to death when the mill would break down so we could rest from turning that head block. Whenever idle boys came to the mill, Father would say, "What's the matter? Don't your Father's and Mother's have anything for you to do? My boys have to work." When Father thought we had done a pretty good day's work he used to call us into the mill office and say "Now you can play, but you'll have to come into the office and say "Good Afternoon Father." I hate to say this, but it's true anyway--it doesn't show as much respect on my part as on Jesse's. I rebelled. I thought it unnecessary so, though Jesse would say "Good Afternoon Father", I'd stick. I'd just rather stay right there in the mill and work. X

Father was strict and maybe I was stubborn, but as he found out later, I treated kindly and without unnecessary domination I'd do anything. Father's worst enemy was his temper, but usually he was as kind and gentle as a lamb. We often thought in those early days that he was a little stiff with us by making us work while other boys played, but in after years we could see that he was right. Work doesn't hurt anyone. My sisters knew my disposition and so did Mother and they never had any trouble with me. Jesse D. and I were always called the "Little Boys".

There was a stopper in the pen stock of the mill which we used to undo in order to wash the sawdust away from underneath the saw. Sometimes by way of a joke we'd get a boy to look at that spot then we'd turn the spout of water right in his face. Uncle Art Miles was always getting jokes on some one like the time he dared me to lick the frost off of his axe. I thought it was kind of funny if I couldn't do that, but I soon found out the reason. One of the men who had brought grist to the mill took his towel and soap and went down under the flume to wash himself. Uncle Art and Sam R., as full of fun as of business, turned the mill stream into the pen stock until it overflowed from about twenty feet above the man. They watched his drenching and got a good laugh at his surprise when he got that unexpected shower bath and watched his soap and towel race away from him, he scrambling after them. He decided he was clean enough.

A man by the name of George Crowther used to ride back and forth on the sawage whenever he came to the mill, despite our warnings. He tried this once too often. His foot slipped too close to the saw and was severed from his leg.

On those days when grist was taken to the mill an extra sack or two was brought along to hold the extra flour due to expansion during the milling process. Now we have to take back half the sacks empty. Where does it go? Then men always got what mill products were coming to them. Father had hundreds of dollars out to poor families who always were given flour when they needed it, whether they could pay for it or not. Father would never turn them away.

One time Al was coming down Jewkes canyon with a load of poles, on his way to Mountain Green, when suddenly a snow slide descended upon him, covering his wagon and killing his dog, but he and his team escaped injury. The road was so narrow the single trees touched the edges. He and Andrew Kelson were thrown onto different sides of the canyon. The cart stayed there until spring.

Two Danish boys, Niels Kelson and Olenis Jensen used to work at our mill and sleep right there. They would have prayers each night. One night Olenis was praying. He prayed for the health and strength of the mill and of course of the Twelve Apostles. Niels said, "Olenis, you surely missed it that time. There are only eleven right now."

#### HURT ON A HIPSTOCK:

Pope (Henry) Allred who had a swelling on his leg so he could not do heavy work was hired by Father to make buckskin whips for driving the oxen--12 or 15 feet long for two yoke of oxen and shorter whips for one yoke. I was playing one day, when five or six years old, with a cedar whip stock which was pointed on one end as a prod for the purpose of poking the oxen. I fell, the prod running through the thin part of both my cheeks. One of my older brothers put his foot on my head and pulled the stock out. It hurt terribly but healed rapidly.

#### YOKING OXEN:

Erastus Wakefield used to make the oxen's yokes out of pinion pine. Father had about twelve yoke of cattle at that time, used for logging, plowing, etc. No lines were used in driving oxen. When we wanted to yoke them, we'd go out with a yoke over one of our shoulders and the bow in one hand and call, "Come under, Brock." Then we'd put the yoke on him, fasten the bow, and raising up the other end of the yoke, we'd call, "Buck, come under here." After fastening his bow we'd hook a chain to the ring underneath the yoke, then fasten the other end of the chain to the logs, plow or whatever we wanted to pull. We drove without lines, tongue, or double trees--nothing but the yoke, chain and whip. We always drove from the left, usually walking. When we wanted a left turn, we'd call, "Haw", at the same time cracking the whip over the face of the near (left) ox which would stop it and allow the other one to begin the turn. A right turn was made by calling, "Gee," and cracking the whip over the face of the off ox. Here I used the names of the team I remember best. Others I remember were: Tom and Bright, Pone and Braddy, Roy and Brin.

#### SHOEING THE OXEN:

We had a fine outfit in Mountain Green for shoeing our oxen, consisting of a pen or frame made of about 10 inch square lumber (10x10) and being about 6 feet square with a beam overhead for hoisting the oxen. A wide belt extended under the animal's belly and a windlass was used to lift him up so that he could not kick while being shod. We'd place one foot of the ox on a block, remove the old shoe, if not already gone, and tack on a new one.

Carl Fredricksen, a blacksmith from Denmark, was employed by Father to make the shoes. He had a shop and house near the mill. I remember once his wife sent him to the store with eggs. When he came back he said, "Oh, Mudder, I just feel like I can't hardly look you in the face." She said, "What's the matter Paddern? He replied, "I fell down and broke all de eggs." Uncle Art used to love to tell that story. The cattle had to be shod because it was a ten mile trip over a rough, rocky road to the mountain and back again with a load of logs. The shoes were of course in two parts so as to fit the split hoof of the oxen. Without shoes they became tender footed.

I can't vouch for this, but they tell me that the day I was born, Hans Peter Olsen's corral attracted the greater attention as it burned that day, and everyone but mother and I attended the fire. We decided to stay at home.

One of the first things I remember was that Jesse and I used to go to Sunday School and Primary wearing little red flannel shirts and kilts (short pleated skirts). I fell into the spring ditch and those clothes that I had on just about held me there.

As we grew older, we took the cows to the pasture up by the Springs, the source of Fountain Green's water supply. We'd go past the Jewkes' Mill, Ole Spruells' Mill, and Prater's home. After we had the cows pastured one day we came down part way to watch a shooting match with bows and arrows. Just at the winner was about to be determined, an arrow missed the target and hit Jesse in the breast. When I saw the blood, I was frightened to death and drug him frantically over the sagebrush for home. He was alright as far as the arrow was concerned, a mere scratch but was much the worse for wear.

A little later I learned to ride a pony and John Lewellyn, Herbert and Charles Langston, my chums, and I took the cows to the Springs. Afterward Cora, Lewellyn, and an older boy who was full of mischief and always playing tricks, raced up to us and yelled, "They sent me up here to tell you the Indians have broke and went." Of course we started for home in a hurry. He took particular pains to see that my pony was right behind his, then in a narrow place in the trail he suddenly stopped. My pony did too but I didn't. I went right over Mag's head, landing on my back in the trail. He laughed and shouted "There's nothing to it, I just wanted to get you riled up." Well he did. He just about scared the soup out of us.

Another incident I remember was when we were playing Danish Ball. I missed the ball and hit Frank Leslie over the eye. It knocked him out and I thought I'd killed him. I was mighty glad when he came to.

When I was eight years old, I went down to the pasture, where they used to baptize in the Spring ditch, three of four times before I could get up courage enough to get into the water. Uncle James Guymon baptized me.

One night about dusk, so late that I could not see well, after Aunt Polly had been washing, I drank out of the lye can. It hurt near killed me. They poured vinegar and milk down me until--well anyway I lived, but I certainly thought it was all off with me. It took quite a long while to heal my tongue and mouth.

My first school teacher, as I remember, was Steny Guymon. She taught in a red brick building used for both school and church, located right near the rock wall of the old fort in Fountain Green. My next teacher was James Woodward who was considered an unusually efficient school master. School work was easy for me and I was very apt but it doesn't seem to have stayed with me too well. Now, mother used to have to guide Jesse's hand but at the present time he is a splendid penman but I can hardly read my own writing.

My sister Annie, two and one-half years older than I was a wonderful singer and although I can't remember much about her I know she was a beautiful girl and in just about broke mother's heart when she died. I think it was when she was eight years old, just after she had been baptized.

#### MEETS LORANNA ANN:

When I was about nine years old I went to Mt. Pleasant with Al and Willie to visit her sister Clara Scovill. Boy-like, I soon landed in the currant patch. In a short while a plump, little girl with long black hair and large blue eyes came out and she looked pretty good to me. We ate currants and gooseberries and talked until we became quite well acquainted. I didn't know then that my little friend of the berry patch would later become my wife. (I had to ask J. Ben what color her eyes were. When I asked his father, he said "Well I really don't know, but they always looked mighty pretty to me," M.E.J.)

When I was a young buck in Fountain Green I was riding to town with my brother Mr. H. who was driving old Brock and Buck. We rode in a spring seat on a double bed wagon. The cattle seeing a ditch of water decided they needed a drink. They turned right around in such a short turn that the wagon tipped over. The bolt to which the tongue chain was attached fell out, freeing the oxen and they ran away. John Condit ran to my rescue and lifted the wagon box so I could get out, not hurt but plenty scared. I didn't dare to get into a wagon box for a long time after that. You see, I had landed the wagon, Will the oxen. He was thrown free and went after them. He soon had them yoked to the wagon again. Sometimes later my brother Ben was driving Ben and Poppy, Uncle Richard Jewkes' horse and oxen, to town. I went along but was still so frightened that I rode all the way there and back with my arms over the endgate ready to jump if we started to turn over. I was kind of aissy anyway. I think

Uncle Will was born in May of 1857 at Cedar City. Sam H. in Salt Lake City in 1858. Aunt Sophie had a son John Lewis, 10 years old when she married Father.

I used to ride with Ben on old Topsy. Now Topsy could smell an Indian a mile off. Whenever that happened, she snorted and bolted discarding us in snort order. You can guess the rest.

Uncle Richard wanted me to come down and ride Dan while he plowed out his corn. I was riding with my feet on the quarter tug and my head right next to his when suddenly he threw his head up and hit me on the nose. I just bid that mule and Uncle Richard goodbye and hit the trail for home.

A rather remarkable incident occurred when Ben, Bill Jewelllyn, and some other boys were going to Eubraim on horses to a jubilee. As they were riding down the land from Fountain Green to Moroni, one of them ran over our dog "Old Tiger". Thinking him dead, they drug him out into the brush, hit him in the head to make sure he would not suffer, and went on. Returning home, they stated that they had killed the dog. Eleven days later the faithful old hound came home, nothing but a skeleton, just a rawhide. Mother and Aunt Sophie cared for him until he was well and he came to Castle Valley with us.

The Jewkes family has, as a general rule been musically inclined. This talent is exemplified by a relative Father used to tell about, His name was Absolon and though blind was an unusually skillful maker of harps.

For many years Father was director of the Fountain Green ward choir. He could sing any part and was able to fill in wherever his voice was needed. His choir sang in other wards of Sanpete Stake as well as in conferences. He always drilled each part separately and not until a number was thoroughly learned was it ever attempted in public. Some of the members of Father's choir in Fountain Green were: Jane Jewkes Crowther (father's sister), her three daughters, Sarah Jane, Emmy, and Mary; Hannah Collard and her daughter Mercy, who was exceptionally talented; Jane Jewkes Miles, my sister; Stevy Guymon; Susannah B. Jewkes, Sam R.'s wife; Mellissa Guymon Jewkes, Wm. H.'s wife; Maggie Jewelllyn, very talented; Julia Ann Jewelllyn; Julia Akerfield; Maria Akerfield; Reese R. Jewelllyn; Joseph E. Johnson; Samuel R. Jewkes; Alma G. Jewkes; James Collard; Cornelius Collard and Elizabeth Green.

A German named Ostler, who lived in Mt. Pleasant used to come to Fountain Green to teach the band. He gave Samuel R. the foundation for his musical training. When things went wrong, he'd say "Dat is false, dat is false!" Whenever he played a cornet solo, he'd tighten his belt as a preliminary.

For many years, Sam R. was band leader in Fountain Green. Like father, he took great pride in his music work and faithfully practiced the band before public appearances. When I was eight years old, I joined the band, playing an E Flat Alto Horn. Sam R. liked best to play his rotary cornet and base viol. He always numbered his band music and it was distributed accordingly. (When I wrote this, Grandfather, Joseph R. Jewkes, truned or hummed all the different parts of No. 6 for us. A compliment to his musical memory as he will soon be 77 years old. M.E.J.) Sam R. would write the score and arrange the parts for all the instruments of any given tune if they were not otherwise available.

Before moving to Castle Valley, Father, together with Henry Reid, Charley Moffitt, and S. P. Stacy, went to Arizona where they remained for a year working on machinery, they returned to Utah, they were moving to Emery County.

During the Indian depredations, in company with James A. Guymon and other Sanpete men, Father had made a trip to Castle Valley in search of horses that had been stolen from the settlers by the red men. Among the horses were two of Sam R.'s but none were recovered. They traveled up Spanish Fork Canyon to Soldier's Summit, then through Emma Park and down Soldier's Canyon to Greenriver. Returning, they crossed Castle Valley thence up Cottonwood Creek Southwest above where Orangeville now stands, through Rock Canyon, and over the mountain to Kanab.

When I was eleven my brother Sam R. told me I could go to Castle Valley with him, it being his second trip there. He was loaded with tools, food, etc. and drove two yoke of oxen on his wagon, and with a little assistance from a Mr. Yergensen, I drove a wagon with one yoke. Bishop Jasper Robertson's mother and her husband Edward Smith were also in my wagon. We traveled from Fountain Green to Mt. Pleasant, Fairview, then up Fairview Canyon up what was known as the Fall Road. We had to pay 50¢ a wagon for the privilege of driving up it. From the head of that canyon, we entered Flat Canyon, then over Horse Shoe Bend, through Miller's Flats, Sand Valley, Upper Joes Valley, up Joes Valley Canyon and down Cottonwood Canyon to where Orangeville was later built. I remained in Castle Valley two years before returning to Fountain Green.

From then on, I helped pioneer Orangeville. I carried water for the coal workers and did other odd jobs.

About a year later Father followed me and settled about two miles west of Orangeville where he built another grist and sawmill, having brought with him machinery as well as a gang plow, threshing machine, etc.



At that time the L.D.S. were practicing the United Order. Father and his sons, Samuel, Richard, Alma Gardner, Wm. Henry, Benjamin Franklin, Joseph Hyrum, Jesse David, and his son-in-law, Orson Miles, had entered the order in Fountain Green. In Orangeville, they were united with Wm. Miles Sr., Joseph Curtis, Ole J. Sitterud, and Andrew Anderson. It did not last long, any more than that Father and his sons continued working together.

In general the men settling here made preparation for a year or two in this valley before selling out in Sanpete. I have always thought that Father would have been better off financially had he done so.

The cattle were brought in by Ben the next fall. During that first winter which was intensely cold, nearly all of them, approximately 200 head, froze to death. Out of Father's twelve yoke of oxen only two yoke were able to withstand the hard winter. The next summer a little grain was planted but it proved with disappointing, as the Clipper Canal they had built was constantly breaking.

While we built the mill and established ourselves in the new country I helped in every way possible for my age, doing incidental jobs, mainly driving the team in plowing, harvesting crops, and hauling lumber. As I remember, our first crops were corn, sugar cans and rye.

Father had brought a molasses mill with him, in which I helped make molasses. I don't care much for that sweet nre. I guess I ate my share when a boy. Before cutting the cane we went through the patch, knocking off the leaves with a stick, but leaving the head or tassel on the stalk, then we cut it with a sharp hoe, piled it, and cut off the tops on a block with a hand ax, retaining the seed for next year's crop. We stacked the stalks like stove wood convenient to the mill which was set up where Ery's house is now, right where the canal runs through the lot. We fed the cans between iron rollers, each about one and one half ft. in diameter, fastened together in such a way as to crush out the juice. A vessel was placed underneath so as to catch it as it was pressed out. These heavy rollers were operated by means of a horse being hitched to a sweep and constantly circling the mill. The juice ran down a trough into a barrel by the vat where it was used as needed. The vat was of heavy tin or galvanized iron placed upon a rock oven, in which a fire was kept burning by throwing in pine knots. The juice was boiled until it reached the desired consistency. During the process it was constantly skimmed and these skimmings were the basis of many a jolly candy pull. When the molasses was just right it was drawn off into jars and cans. The cattle ate the pulp or pumny, the horses the tops, we children the skimmings, so nothing was wasted, not even the smell. I can smell it yet. We even fed the "blowings" to the cows. It was practically nothing but dirt. A cow could eat a wagon box full and not get 5¢ worth of food, but we pioneers had to make use of every available bit of food.

While we were working at the molasses mill, Sam R. had Frank Fulmer working for him. He sent Frank up the creek for a load of pine knots. These knots had been trimmed from the logs at the mill before sawing and were full of pitch. Sam R. had a new wagon so Frank put on the double bed and started out. He stopped at his home about two miles up the creek and took his sisters Sade and Stella, and his brother Len along. He loaded in a couple of baskets and a wooden rake. Incidentally his father was a basket maker. Toward evening Samuel came to the molasses mill which was kept going day and night, and asked Sam if he weren't getting worried about Frank, as he had been gone twice as long as was necessary. Sam R. said, "I've been thinking the same thing. I'll get on a horse and investigate." Just when they heard the chuckle of the new wagon so they knew Frank was coming. When he drove in Sam told him to go into the house and get warm, had care for the team. That attended to, he climbed on the load and threw off the cedar limbs he had asked Frank to get for kindlings, when he and behold! the wagon bed was full of pine nuts, not kernels. Sam nearly fell over laughing.

To build our mill, long leaf pine was brought from the head of Cottonwood Canyon about 3 miles above the mill. It was hauled down by ox teams and was sawed by horse power. The mill was built by Brother Brigham T. Higgs, who later became an instructor at the Brigham Young University at Provo, and married Alice Reid of Orangeville, his second wife. He came to Castle Valley across the mountain from Mendon just in time to build the mill. His coming was very opportune, as he was an architect as well as a skilled carpenter and supervised the entire construction. My Father-in-law, Amasa Scovill, Delbert Childs and all of Father's boys helped with the building. During the building of the mill, there was no food for the horses, so they were taken up on the high benches every evening and rounded up every morning.

When completed, it being the first mill in Castle Valley, a celebration was held. Everyone came who could possibly get there. Messop Jasper Peterson, as I remember had a rather amusing outfit. It consisted of a wooden cart piled high with green bushes

and kettles loaded with appetizing food, with Sister Peterson in the midst of it all. His brother Jim drove the oxen that pulled it.

Mother had a large wooden tub about 4 feet in diameter and 18 inches high. She placed buckets underneath the tub where a hole was bored in the bottom with a two inch peg for control. Then she placed clean straw on the bottom of the tub. She soaked wheat in water until it sprouted. This was put in pans and brewed in the oven, then poured into the tub and covered with boiling water. Here it remained until it fermented when it was drawn off into the buckets underneath. After this process the malt was warmed and sweetened with molasses and last of all home made yeast was added. After it started to work the beer was placed in a forty gallon barrel and when sufficiently aged was ready for drinking. And was it good? Well, good enough to make us dizzy. When Father came home from the mill at midnight either or Aunt Sophie prepared toast and hot beer, the hot beer being poured over the toast in a large bowl from which he always ate.

For the big celebration, Mother prepared a barrel of this delicious beer. I don't know how much, perhaps 2 or 3 barrels, anyway plenty so that everyone had all they wanted. She also made "Bhuberry" pies and molasses candy, rather "ekiminger" candy. All the women - Aunt Sarah, Aunt Jane, Aunt Polly (My sisters) Aunt Ann, Aunt Samner (sisters-in-law) all did their share in regards to cooking for the success of the celebration. In fact all the women of the valley made great preparations for the big event. Among them were Mrs. John K. Reid (Aunt Lizzie), Mrs. Andrew Anderson (Diantha) Mrs. Jasper Robertson (Aunt Ellen), Mrs. Ed Cox (Aunt Jane), Mrs. Sylvester Cox (Mary), Mrs. Henry M. Reid (Hattie), Mrs. S. P. Snow (Hattie), Mrs. Charles Martin (Mary). Beef was plentiful as well as all kinds of available food. We were all poor, but we had plenty. I think I shall never forget that celebration, the program, as well as the eats, and the good sociable crowd visiting and joking. Martin's Peterson, Angus Stocks, Theo Housekeeper played for the dance.

The first real conference held in Castle Valley was held August 15, 1882 in a bowery down on the Wellington (Link) Seeley farm. Erastus Snow and John Feary Smith of the Council of Twelve Apostles, came for the purpose of organizing the saints. Christian G. Larsen was set apart as Stake President with Rasmus Justesen 2nd counselor and Orange Seeley 1st counselor. Jasper Robertson was made Bishop of the Orangeville ward. In October of 1879 Castle Dale and Huntington wards, also Ferron ward had been organized, by Knute Peterson, President of Sanpete Stake.

We had a log house about eighteen by thirty feet that was used for school, church, and amusement in Orangeville. It now stands on the bench east of town. Here, as in Fountain Green, Father was chorister. We used to hitch the team to the running gears with boards for seats and take Father to town to choir practice. That country rattled enough so you could hear it for 40 miles. The road ran all over the hills winding down to town. We'd have to wait until after practice to take him home again. Father's sight was failing him rapidly then and Mother spent many an evening reading him the songs. She would read the words and then they would sing a verse at a time, repeating it until he had learned it well. Father was chorister on the Orangeville ward for many years, practically all the time he lived there.

We had both a family band and a family choir. Sa. R. leading the band and of course Father the choir. I remember especially how beautifully he and Jane Cox used to sing "Star of the Evening".

Some of the members of the first choir in Orangeville were: Samuel Jewkes, Sr. director, Samuel R. Jewkes, Alma G. Jewkes, Green Miles, S. R. Cox, Janet Nordward, Jane R. Cox, Fattie Reid, Mary E. Guymon, Polly J. Guymon, Melissa Jewkes, Susannah Jewkes. There was for a long time no instrument, Father using a tuning fork and practicing each part by note.

We usually had a good band and orchestra in Orangeville, and our family was always connected with it first under the leadership of Sam R. His first band, and also the first orchestra, was practically a family affair, but later others joined. He directed the band and Juvenile Choir, which he organized until the time of his death. After he was killed Jens Nelson was appointed band leader.

My brother Paul and George Tattou for years prepared and drove the cow and wagon. The day before a celebration they got the very best looking horses in a city, curried them until they shone, decorated them and the wagon in gala array, ready for the dawn to court at sunrise.

In the old log town house I began playing my corner in the orchestra. Sam R. played the cornet and bass viol. Mr. Johnson played his piccolo. His brother Robert Johnson the violin. As far as the band was concerned I played in it from the time it was started until it died out. Our orchestra played for fees in many town dollars soon to nothing. We played free for many occasions such as at the faraway farwells and fir-veing of wars and town.

Father had bought an organ and I used to hear it work and for a time it was in the town and was played at the church and at the school.

one dollar each time out of my own pocket. That shows how poor I was in the head. I said I helped make our living (that refers to my own family) by playing. It's a wonder we existed as long as we did, but my father raised me up on the saying that "what is worth doing at all is worth doing well". Our ten dollar fee was when we came all the way to Helper for the "Fireman's Ball" each March 17th. On St. Patrick's Day. This took a day to go over and another to return. Sometimes we'd stay on another day to play for another dance. We'd drag all day with a horse and buggy. It makes me tired now to think of it. We even brought the organ to Helper, Price and Cleveland for dances.

The very first Dance ever held at Orangeville was held in one of the log cabins at the Jewkes mill, the music being furnished by Bill Simms and George Harley, who came from Moroni. I think they played a banjo and a violin. It was so crowded you could hardly see, but they nearly danced their heels off. I was too young to join in the fun. This dance was held during that first terribly cold winter. It was 19 of the first dances in Castle Valley and was before Orangeville was settled, so could not really be called an Orangeville dance.

For years I directed the Orangeville band. We would practice as a rule on Thursday night. My theory was to teach the band members to go home quietly without disturbing everyone with their "tooting." All were taught to keep their instruments clean and bright, especially before a holiday. We did not practice the night before we played so as to have our lips in the best possible condition. The band always was on hand when needed and the "Star Spangled Banner" our first number on national holidays. It was our custom to play at Castle Dale as well as Orangeville. As time rolled on I tried very hard to keep the band together until it became too discouraging. So many members had drifted away that it became impossible with only a fraction of the necessary instruments. Every 4th and 21st of July the band serenaded both Orangeville and Castle Dale, beginning at sunrise. It was, I believe, the life of the celebration.

I spent many pleasant hours with the band as well as many hours of hard work and worry. Although often times unpleasant incidents occurred due to the lack of members, yet I believe the public appreciated our efforts.

In the old log house John K. Reid, Jane Cox, Sam R. and others put on some rather heavy plays such as "The Lost Ship", "Ten Nights in a Bar Room", "Jack Long", "The Rose of Eric's Vale", "The Lonely Man of the Ocean", and "Uncle Tom's Cabin". Later Jesse D., Wm. Andrew, Gard and Maggie R. Jewkes all took active parts in dramatics, but I leave them to tell their own story.

Gavin Jack painted the curtain for the new amusement hall. It represented "Ben Hur's Chariot Race"--a beautiful curtain. He also did the decoration of the hall and all the scenery.

The Johnson-Jewkes orchestra was always in attendance at the theatricals, playing before the first act and between scenes.

Here is a list of most of the orchestra and band members other than those already mentioned: Rob Johnson, George Fulmer, Tom Fulmer, Theodore Hrussekogger, Alma G. Jewkes, Jesse D. Jewkes, Arthur Van Buren, George W. Snow, J. Berry Jewkes, Will Johnson, Bert Hadfield, Martinus Peterson, Harry Evans, John I. Bryant, Al Johnson, Jim A. Jewkes, Cheyne Van Buren, Clyde Van Buren, Henry M. Reid, Chester Vay, Buren, George Snow Sr., George Snow, Jr., Arnold Snow, Leonard Snow, Spencer Snow, Sam Johnson, Louis Johnson, Clarence Johnson, John F. Reid, Ed Peterson, Elbert Fox, LeRoy Thayne, Fred Reid, Ruth Fox, Earl Snow, Arnold Snow, Edwin Jewkes, Jennie Jewkes Peacock, Edgar Jewkes, Russel Snow, Jim A. Jewkes played his father's (Sam R.) rotary cornet.

One of the first dances after Harry Evans joined the orchestra, we were paid in produce, that being the way the dancers had paid their tickets tickets. Tickets consisted of squash, potatoes, chickens, pigs, etc., it being a benefit dance.

Harry received a little pig for his pay. He took it on a horse after the dance and started for his home in Castle Dale. He got down by the old Twin City Brewery when the pig got away, so he and his dance fee were soon parted. Harry used to say "nice sound your hay". (A)

Many special requests were made at the dances. Some I especially remember were by Jasper Robertson a request for "Oh Say Mr. Brown" a waltz. Robert Logan always asked for the "Proley Hoppy", Andrew Andersson for the "Seven Step Schottische" and George Fulmer and John Snow for the "Masurka".

We always did a lot of singing and among special numbers that I recall were John K. Reid often sang "Gonhillity" Harry M. Reid Anna's Little S. M. Fox, Reid, Reid and Jean Cox used to sing "Bakshazart", "When You and I were Young" "The Old Row Row Row Boat". Will Ashcraft sang "Over the Garden Wall" and "The Slipper".

Rennie MacCallister Fox and I sang a duet at the first jubilee held at the Brewery in Oraggenville when I was about twelve years old. We sang "Haven For'ted Man". I was wearing a pair of new shoes made by Jim O'Sullivan of Naphin, with buckles as big as George Washington's. I thought every one was sipping at my new buckles. A little later I sang "Maggie and Barry" with Rilla Guyman in the old log school house.

- Some family singers and their songs, as recalled by my son Benny and me:
- Grandfather Samuel Jewkes--
- Orson Miles--
- Alma G. Jewkes--
- Samuel R. Jewkes.
- Lorena S. Jewkes--
- Irvin Jewkes--
- Jesse D. Jewkes--
- Harry E. (Polly) Guyman--
- J. Frank Killian--
- Mary Adams Jewkes--
- Polly Sorensen--
- Joseph H. Jewkes--

- Jennie Jewkes Peacock
  - Jesse D. and Minnie Jewkes--
  - Minnie--
  - Mrs. Wm. Jewkes (Aunt Stell)--
  - Luduan Jewkes--
  - Calvin and Opa Jewkes--
  - Deloss Jewkes--
  - John K. Reid--
  - B. F. Jewkes--
  - Reid Family--
- "The Motto That was Framed Upon the Wall"
  - "It's Sweet To Be Remembered"
  - "He Isn't a Marrying Man"
  - "Stand Firm by the Ark". The Ark, and the Pew, For You're Sure of Your Pay in the End"
  - "Sing Me to Sleep"
  - "Songs My Mother Used to Sing"
  - "Peleg and Betsy"
  - "Sing Me the Old Songs"
  - "Mistletoe Bough"
  - "When I'm Far Away from Home"
  - "Perfect Day"
  - "When He Played on His Old Bass Violin"
  - "Mandalay"
  - "Gentility"
  - "Waterloo"
  - "Traveling Home Again"
  - "Shamrock of Ireland"

My Father, Samuel Jewkes, was the first judge of Emery County. He had to sit on a case soon after his appointment by the governor. Although he received this appointment, he was never very enthusiastic about politics.

We made a tunnel extending from the turbine wheel to carry the water back to the river. It was covered with cedar logs and boughs then surfaced for a road. We had a bridge twelve feet above the water.

Once Aunt Sophie was returning from Huntington Creek where she had been doctoring the sick (I think it was a diphtheria case), she fell, the driver, put on his brake while driving over the ice covered bridge, causing the team, wagon and all to roll over into the river. We were killing pigs at a corner when the accident occurred and seeing the trouble, rushed over, expecting to find them seriously hurt or killed. Aunt Sophie was wrapped in quilts and was consequently pinned but was not hurt. Mandie Miles (Davis) had ridden around the dugway with her grandmother. She was thrown free from the wagon down into the river. She rose, shaking her hands and screaming, "I know I'm killed". However, like the rest, she escaped injury. The only casualty was a horse that was hurt quite badly by striking a timber that protruded from the bottom of the wash.

Father always wore the English model "Barn-door pants". They had a bit and were fastened with three of four buttons on each side with no opening in front. I wear them this because they were so different from those we now wear.

One morning Sam R. was putting lumber on the head blocks to square it up. He had the anchor piled up ready to make a line. He pressed the lever which worked on the power and started the saw, not knowing that his little son, Sam was lying "belly down" across the belt. I was just underneath the belt, but could do nothing to prevent the accident, as it happened so suddenly. As soon as the lever was thrown on Sam R. noticed the boy, but too late to prevent his being hurled through the air for about forty feet. He landed in an excavation over which we had intended to build the mill. Sam R. ran and picked up his son whose head was mashed flat like two hands pressed together. He immediately administered to him then carried him to the hospital. In three days, without medical attention he was walking around completely healed through the power of the priesthood and the faith of his parents.

The last two yoke of cattle that Father owned the Uncle Ben sold to Oliver for a team--John and Doll. John had been broken as a saddle pony having been used in the corral to rope calves and as a pack horse. He had saddle marks on each side

of his weathers from having been packed so much. He was a noted puller, both by saddle and wagon and he had more sense than lots of men. He had carried mail from Oak Springs to Wilsonville, Wilsonville was about three miles southeast of Castle Dale and for years was a mail station. The Emery County mail came via Sevier County, Oak Springs being about ten miles southwest of Emery between Ivy Creek and Quichempan, from Wilsonville it was carried to Greenriver, across Buckhorn Flat and down Cottonwood wash.

Old John weighed only a thousand pounds but in the Bryce Camp Grounds one day he out-pulled a team, each of which weighed as much as he. Whenever anyone wanted a good horse it was "Go get Old John". He fed him well with plenty of grain and he was always willing and ready.

When he was old he was a privileged character. He knew when the grass would be nice on Trail Mountain. He'd come up missing in the field but we would always find out that he was up there grazing. He would go up by himself and return when the grass got dry in the fall. Usually he would show up in the middle of the grain patch or alfalfa field. No one knew how he got in there but he knew well enough.

He was the family horse and almost the town horse. Everybody loved him.

Although I never remember seeing Father either drive or ride a horse in his life he used to say, "If I am alive when Old John passes away I am going to build him a coffin and see that he has a respectful burial." Old John outlived Father and came to a sad end at Mud Springs on Trail Mountain where he had evidently gone for a drink. With his old crippled legs he was unable to pull himself out. So there, on his old stomping ground, he fell over and died, being nearly thirty years of age. All the lumber that is in the house in which I live today was pulled by Old John and Doll.

At the time of Sam R's death Charley Stilson rode from the old water power mill in Joe's Valley to Orangeville and back again for medicine. He overtook me about halfway down Cottonwood Canyon and told me about the accident. Of course I could do no good by going back to the mill, so I continued on to Orangeville, returning to the mill the next day. As I rode along I recalled that that morning when I loaded my lumber Sam said "Jodo, tell Father that I'm sending him these 2x4's because I know he needs them". I remembered our lives together and how he used to tease me by singing to the accompaniment of his bass viol. "Jodo, Jodo, Pudding and Pie, Killed the girls and Made them Cry", "We unhooked Old Doll, replacing her with his horse which was quite tired because of his having ridden so fast. He made the trip of about fifty miles in two and one half hours, having changed horses with me again on his return.

My brother-in-law, Orson Hiles and Sam R. were rolling logs over the pile in order to get a bill of lumber for a man who needed a certain length. Someone attracted Sam's attention just as he had his hand spike in such a position that as the log rolled it dropped onto his spike pushing it into his abdomen and seriously injuring his intestines. The men at the mill attempted to bring him home by placing him on a bed arranged on boards on the running gears. They tried to make the bed "springs" for his comfort, but after riding for about a quarter of a mile he said "I can't stand it. You'll have to take me back to the mill." They returned to a little frame house near the mill. Many trips were made up and down the mountains for medicines, and supplies. His wife was taken up and many friends and relatives came up to see him, among whom were: John K. Reid, Andrew Anderson, Johannes Nelson, Field, Jasper Robertson, and other prominent men.

The decision was made that we must get a doctor. Since there was none in Emery County my brother Ben F. and Ned Olsen (a great friend of ours, Delon's father) started over the mountain to find one in as dark a night as you could imagine. They had to feel their way over the trail. Arriving in Spring City they found a doctor who returned with Ned to the sawmill. Ben went on to Fountain Green to let Sam R's wife's parents know. They and Ben arrived at the mill about an hour after their son-in-law had passed away, the doctor having been unable to help him. He died three days after the accident suffering intensely.

Driving down to Orangeville that night were many wagons with men on horses, holding lanterns to light the way. They arrived home in the middle of the night. At his funeral, he being the juvenile choir leader, that group sang, "When Shall We Meet Thee, Dear Savior Above." The services were beautiful, all the male and speaking being very good. It was said to be the largest funeral ever held in Emery State up to that time. People came from all over the State. He was the first to be buried in the Orangeville cemetery. Aunt Amelia was there when Sam R. died.

A similar incident occurred in our family again when our son Floyd was killed. It was in June of 1931. Fred Fall, Vilda's husband and Floyd were working in the timber about three miles from the Jewkes sawmill located in Little Creek Canyon, west

of the head of Straight Canyon. They took the four teams up with them that morning and began felling trees. A tree was ready to fall just as the noon whistle blew. They remarked about how hungry they were and how good food would taste. Fred wanted to eat then, but Floyd said, "Oh, let's finish it now and then go and have dinner." The tree was in a bad place but they thought they had a way figured out to fell it without tanger. When it started to fall each had decided on a safe position but Floyd apparently became confused and ran in the opposite direction than he had planned. The tree hit another one and Floyd may have been afraid of being caught by that one. At any rate, he ran right down by the side of the falling tree. He fell and Fred thought he had slipped but when he did not get up he ran to him, finding him unconscious, his hat split open, his head smashed badly. Fred dug him down to a little scream, leaned him against a tree and tried to give him a drink. It was useless so he raced to the mill for help. The men could hear him calling and ran to meet him, all hurrying back to Floyd. They brought him down to the mill on the running bears of his wagon. Carl Seeley drove his car down to the ranger station and called Dr. Nixon. They loaded Floyd into the car and started for Orangeville meeting the doctor on the way, but he could do nothing for Floyd. He said he had been unconscious from the time he had been struck. Floyd lived until just as they were crossing the bridge at the head of Straight Canyon.

None of us in Orangeville knew anything about it until Ole Sitterud came to talk with me where I was working in my garden. After chatting a minute he said, "I thought I had better come and tell you about Floyd. It seems to me you have a right to know." I replied, "Floyd, what about him? I should think I would have a right to know." "Well," he said, "he has been hurt." "Bad?" I asked, "I'm afraid so" said Sitterud. I then suggested getting the doctor, but he told me the doctor had already been called. I immediately told Will Faacock and we started for the mill. Up by Joe Sitterud's ranch we met Dr. Nixon. When he saw who we were he stopped and came over to our car and told us that my boy was dead.

Della and Jennie were at a meeting when they heard about it and by that time the men were almost home with Floyd. Before any of us saw him Mr. Wallace of Price had prepared him for burial. It was a great shock to Della and all of us, in fact to the entire community.

#### SIMILARITIES BETWEEN SAM R. AND FLOYD'S DEATHS:

Both he and Sam R. were killed near a sawmill owned by Jewkes. The first, a water power mill owned by Sam R., the second a steam mill owned by his sons. The two mills were situated only about ten miles apart. Sam R. was very musically inclined and so was Floyd, who sang bass in quartets and in choir and was learning to play the trombone. They were about the same age when killed, 37 years old. Both left small children and both were with their brothers-in-law at the time of the fatal accidents. They were buried side by side in the Orangeville cemetery. Both were strong, healthy men and hard workers. Floyd had one of the strongest and best built bodies that had ever been examined by Dr. Nixon, as he remarked at the funeral, a splendid physique. Neither Sam R. nor Floyd ever smoked or dissipated. The children of Sam R. and his wife Suzanne Barnesen were: Harry, Sam R. Jr., M. A., Alma Edgar, Winnie and Ervin. Floyd's and Della Rein Jewkes' were Beth and Shirley.

Della and Floyd had just returned from a trip to the World Temple and were as usual happy together. She says he never spoke a cross word to either of their little girls. She told about how he kissed her goodby that last morning before going to the mill. The two of them called at my home the evening before as they were returning from church and from ward teaching. I suggested that he stay home and not go to the mill at that time, but he wanted to go so I did not insist. That was the last time I ever saw him alive. Della has raised two lovely daughters and Beth is now married to Ray Hassinger and they have a fine baby boy, Brent.

IF BEN'S STORY: Just a day or two before his death, Floyd came here to Price and we had a long brotherly visit together. We discussed so many things, it has often seemed to me since that my brother wanted to tell me about everything, so that it would be taken care of as if he had a premonition of coming disaster. Floyd was a real worker. He never loafed a day in his life. He mentioned some money he had to pay me that he asked my advice about getting his insurance lapse. I said, "No, Floyd. I won't take the money. You go home and say that insurance." The next day he and Dela paid to me. I left after getting the mail and his last trip to the mill.

#### CONFERENCE

At the conference one April in the early 1880's, which I attended with my father, Daniel R. Jones, and Ole Sitterud of Orangeville, a very fine day was had. They carried out wood poles putting them on when they reached the mill.

the summit toward Mt. Pleasant, wearing snowshoes for about fifteen miles. They had but little trouble except that Brother Sitterud was the only one experienced in wearing them. They left the snowshoes on the Sanpete side of the mountain so as to use them again on their return.

After attending conference they began the trip home, changing to snow shoes when necessary. A big snow storm and blizzard came up after they had crossed the summit and had begun to descend Bacon Rhine Ridge on the east side of the mountain. They could hardly see their way and Bishop Robertson and Sam R. began having trouble with their snowshoes, finally breaking one of them. Brother Sitterud would break trail then go back to help first one then the other, repairing the snowshoes the best he could. It became necessary to tighten the straps or cords that hold them and this resulted in poor circulation. This trouble continued all day long. About 10 PM they reached a log cabin built by my father-in-law, Amasa Scovill near the old water power mill site. Upon arriving there they tore up the floor and Indian fashion built a fire in the middle of the room. It was then discovered that both Sam R. and Bishop Robertson had frozen their feet. Brother Sitterud carried snow in and rubbed their feet with it. About sunrise the next morning he started on snow shoes for Orangeville to get help, not knowing whether or not he would ever reach there. He followed the same route they had taken and arrived home Sunday at 4 P.M. just as meeting was letting out. He told about their predicament and immediately a posse of men including Henry W. Reid, S. P. Snow, Robert Logan, Alvanah Hatch, James Alma Gagnon, Orson Bliss, Benjamin F. Jewkes, John C. Snow, Al G. Jewkes, Ezariah Tuttle, Horron Tuttle, Wm. H. Jewkes, Sr., J. C. Woodward and Brother Sitterud started to the rescue. They rode in a wagon until they reached the deep snow then they took burrs riding (Doris A) Orangerud "Old Prince" to break a path. In this way they reached the cabin at sunrise the next morning. When Sam R. and the Bishop heard the sound of human voices after twenty-four hours alone and without food you can imagine how they felt. After eating and getting warm the men built two sleighs, one for each injured man. These two sufferers had at least kept warm during Brother Sitterud's absence as he had piled plenty of wood near them, but of course they could not stand heat on their frozen feet. The men pulled them on the sleighs across Noe's Valley and up Jew's Valley Canyon, a distance of about ten miles, the horse being hitched on occasionally to relieve them. Along the way the sleds tipped over a time or two but nothing serious happened. They reached Orangeville Monday night and it was found necessary to amputate some of Bishop Robertson's toes. Sam R. recovered completely with no trouble other than much suffering for a while. For several years an annual celebration was held in Orangeville to commemorate their safe arrival. The cabin where they had stayed was within a few rods of where Sam R. was later killed.

My brother Will H. was the main cattle driver in logging for Father's mill in Fountain Green. He was a great timber man, working for years in Clear Creek, Susfield, and the Park north of Price, after coming to Castle Valley. One time he and Ole Sitterud, Thomas Fullmer, and Johnny Curtis ("hook possession" of the narrow gauge railroad track there being no road up Price Canyon at the time. They were using a hand car that was standing idly by the track, lifted their wagon once it, then hitched a horse to the car and went merrily up toward Home. Johnny went ahead on old trick to signal his pals if a train were coming. When they came to a bridge where of course there was no footing for the horse they span him across Price River which was in high water and continued up the canyon. They had just reached their destination and pulled the hand car off the track when Johnny signaled that the wagon was coming. Later they returned the hand car to the place it had been, having left their belongings safely to camp.

They lost their horses up there and Brother Sitterud always a few days later to hunt them. He went down the railroad track, flagged the train and asked the engineer if he had seen their horses. The engineer's reply would not do to put down in the diary.

Another time Uncle Will ran out of chewing tobacco and he became so cross that again Sitterud flagged a train and asked the engineer if he had any chewing tobacco. It wasn't the same engineer or no doubt he would have shot Ole.

After Father's sight failed my brother Al and Art tried to change of the hands with the exception of a short period when Ole Stenson, Wm. and Joe Grack were in charge. All being ill, were hired by Father to run it. The track had to be kept and wore it in trails like the Indians. The tracks were to be kept in good order.

This mill was finally given up and a cooperative roller mill was built. It was run by Father and Al having shares in it. Al ran this roller mill for a long time. It was built by A. J. Wellington, Kelly, and several others. Being now in the hands of his wife, Myrtle Taylor, and his brother George Taylor. I left the roller mill when I left home and took charge of it. After the mill was down the sawdust was used for fuel.

Blacks at Blanding, San Juan County,

Al and others laid out the Orangeville cemetery and started the waterworks. In fact, he was always a leader in the community and was connected with almost every civic enterprise developed in the town. He made the first attempt at building a cistern for the purpose of piping water into his home. Others becoming interested, it became a community effort. He was always exceptionally active in ward and priesthood work. The church authorities never asked anything of him that he did not willingly do.

Jesse D. was always anxious to get an education and he worked in every conceivable way to get one. As a young man he herded sheep for thirty dollars a month in order to get money to attend the B.Y.U. at Provo. Later he taught school for eleven years. He was elected Treasurer of Emery County which office he held two terms, then he was sent to the State Capital, first as State Auditor and then as Treasurer. He was very active in music and dramatics. Anything of an intellectual character attracted him. He has at all times been an outstanding citizen of Orangeville.

I remember that Minnie rode with me to Spring Glen the day before she and Jesse were married. He had taught there that winter and it was the last day of school. The next day they went to Salt Lake City to be married in the temple. Jesse D. and I, being so nearly the same age, were always pals.

I have purposely mentioned both Al and Jesse only incidentally as we hope they will write their own stories in this book.

Most of our life story hinges up to water power mill work. Grandfather Amasa Scovill, my wife's father, and Mr. Reynolds, both carpenters by trade, lived at Pleasant. They used to walk from their homes over the mountain to the water power mill at the foot of Bacon Hind Ridge. They built the first flume, pen stock, franc work and water wheel of the first mill operated above Castle Valley. They also built a canal and reservoir in order to bring water to the mill. They built the first log cabin, the one that proved a haven to Sam R. Bishop Robertson, and Ole Skelton, on their almost fatal trip from Salt Lake City. This mill was built several years before any of the Jewkes family settled in this valley.

Scovill and Reynolds used an up and down saw and they used to say it went up and down once a day. Of course it did better than that, but it was slow. After the mill was in operation Grandfather Scovill moved his family over the mountain to the mill site. His daughter, Lorana Ann, later my wife, used to take care of the mill while he went up to the house for his meals. She would move the head block when necessary so as to continue the sawing during his absence. I think the lumber was at first taken over the mountain to the Mt. Pleasant planing mill.

Later this became the Jewkes mill but new equipment was installed, including a modern circle saw, to replace the old up and down saw, and a ratchet which allowed a lot of work. This mill was capable of sawing 5000 feet of lumber a day, every time there was then the old Scovill mill sawed.

Lorana Ann's mother, Ann Gledhill Scovill, a sister to Thomas Gledhill (Kessie) County, died when Lorana was two weeks old. She was raised by Aunt Sarah, her father's second wife. Aunt Sarah used to make her wear a sort of net to hold her hair up, it being very long and heavy, so long that she could sit on it. She felt very bad about this as she wanted to arrange it more attractively.

When she was about twelve years old the family moved down to Castle Valley by ox team. She blocked the wagon and helped with the driving all the long day across Sheep Flat, over Baldy Mountain, into Upper Joe's Valley, thence up Joe's Valley, Canyon and down Cottonwood.

There is a saw frame in Orangerville was a little "bearded" bull. I think it was a big water power mill with one window and a door located a few rods down of where the Peacock lives today. Later they bought a lot in the East part of town, where he now has his "lean-to" and used it as a shop. At that time I remember that Lorana was not yet half grown up with a large bow of ribbon on top. She kept company with a lot of boys before she met with me. She was a lovely singer and had been to Perron to sing at a celebration when "Visionary Andrew", a married man, decided he wanted her. I was going with her then. He came to Uncle Al's home where she stayed and, stating like a love note how that he had had a vision that she should marry him. When he visited Grandfather Scovill and told him about it, Grandfather listened then said, "I had a vision too. In my vision you weren't to have her."

I was working up at Joe's Valley logging for the old water power mill. One day Al Belle came up on a trip to celebrate the twenty fourth of July. They came with me to see me, I guess. Another day the mill hands got a letter saying that they had found gold there and they got to teasing us. Brigham told us to go down to see if you two were to get married, I was the justice of the peace and I had promised to do it. When we arrived at night, so acting as his secretary, we were waiting for the news. We arrived there and found that our date had been changed. My doctor, who is a daughter, says she was the one who had to get the news.



My arrangements were made for the wedding. Sam R. s home. A large party  
seating about fifty couples with a bride and groom at each end was set up at the east side  
of the house. Brigham Moffitt performed the (wedding) for first one couple then the others  
located on the lot where the present chapel stands. The school building was later brought  
by Wash T. Gayman who moved it on to his farm.

When I talked with my mother about being married she was agreeable thinking we  
well of Logan, but she warned me about the responsibility I would have to shoulder  
Lorana's father also was agreeable, as well as my mother, in fact, all concerned. Nothing  
of us ever regretted it a minute.

We lived with my brother Al for a month or so then with my parents for a short  
while. Later we got the lot and a house where Frank Killian now lives. It had two  
rooms with a shanty on the west side. There most of our children were born.

I don't remember much that happened before our first baby Joseph Benjamin was  
born, but plenty happened when he came, almost ten in the morning of Sept. 9, 1888. As  
if that event weren't enough, our neighbors to the west had a baby boy, Wilford Stevens,  
father had given us a little runty pig and that one day she had ten pigs. We had a little  
dog named Primmy. She gave birth to pups that afternoon. Across the street South one  
neighbor's cow had a calf. It looked like every dog was coming our way.

My wife suffered with her breasts and Belle suffered with hunger. As an expedient  
Aunt Sophie placed a little pup to Lorana's breast until Bonnie was able to take a turn.  
Young husband as I was, I thought that if all babies had to have such trouble I was afraid  
this would be our last.

The next April we three, with Aunt Clara & baby tender went to the West Temple,  
We rode in a covered wagon, drawn by a team of horses, and went by way of Salina Gayman,  
at Mantel we stayed at the home of Mr. T. Reid, father of Henry M. Reid. We were sealed  
April 12, 1890.

In Salina, all through the night of April 11, a terribly cold wind blew and we had  
difficulty keeping our seven month's old baby warm. It was almost impossible to keep  
the wagon cover tied down.

On our return we traveled with Johnny Parry. It was loaded with grain. We stopped  
our wagon just behind his when we camped at Mayfield. In the morning my team refused  
to go forward, and in their backing broke the neck yolk. When it was fixed, we continued  
our journey. Gene Fox rode home with us.

On the night of July 24th the next year, I played my concert for a dance and upon  
reaching home afterward I learned that I had to make a 1 1/2 day trip to the mill for Ann  
Sophie. I made that four miles in a hurry. Jenny, our first daughter was born that  
night, July 25, 1890.

The next child born to us was Mary Dianah, who arrived May 15, 1891. Ida Reilly  
Van Duren worked for us and Aunt Sophie, as usual, took care of my wife and baby. She acted  
as midwife when all our babies were born, as well as for hundreds of others, both in  
Mountain Green and Gable Valley.

Willa was born November 23, 1897, Anasa Ploya March 1, 1899, Proben Samuel  
December 23, 1903, Ira October 20, 1902, and Dorcas June 30, 1907.

During this time my labors consisted mainly of making cordals, venting lumber, and  
doing whatever jobs I could with the team to make a living. Don't remember ever having  
one hundred dollars at once all the time we were raising our family. I never considered  
that my wife married me for my money. If she did she made a great mistake because I did  
not have much when and haven't had much since, but no family could have been supported  
never remember of our being without enough to eat and wear. If it ever were done, it was  
my credit was always good.

Up until most of my children were born I had only five acres of my own, this  
piece of land was west of Orangeville and I sowed it to alfalfa. After starting this  
patch of lucerne started I went to work on the railroad near Grand View where the narrow  
gauge track was changed to wide gauge. This was in the summer of 1900.

My father died in August, 1900 at the age of 77 and is buried in the Orangeville  
cemetery by the side of his wives Mary and Sophie. He looked unwell for some time  
earlier. Mother remarked that his skin looked like wax. Of course there was no embalming  
done in those days.

My wife Lorana Ann passed away October 24, 1920. She had been a great sufferer  
because of sick headaches. She was very fleshy when she died, weighing 150 lbs. She weighed  
only 90 lbs. when Benny was born. She was ever a faithful wife and mother devoted to her  
home. Her husband and children always came first.

Jennie was married to William Peacock Jr. in the Salt Lake Temple. She was the  
mother of two fine sons, Morris and Max. She died July 11, 1913 and is buried in the  
cemetery near Salt Lake City. She died Jan. 24, 1939. We all missed her especially her boys.

When married Fred M. Fall at Orangeville. Her children are Clara, Virginia, and  
Ole married Island Davis and their little son is named Paul. Willa passed away in June  
township also, leaving her two girls and her son to the care of their mother. She was a  
clever conversationalist, always telling interesting stories.

too, had a beautiful voice. I am mighty proud of my grand children.

Reuben married Ida Black. They have three children, Mona Lee, Rayona, and Liddell. Rube and Ida are real homemakers, thrifty and industrious. Rube has played his violin for public gatherings and in the orchestra since he was just a youngster. He made himself a violin out of a cigar box when he was nine years old. He could play tunes on it.

Ma has been handicapped by being hard of hearing but she has developed a very artistic touch in all kinds of handwork. She does beautiful sewing, crocheting and embroidering. No one can beat her as a cook. Dortha often remarks about her cream biscuits. Her preserves and jellies are perfect in my estimation.

Dortha, the youngest in the family has assumed the responsibility of most of the home management since her mother passed away and for years also clerked in Penelope's store. (She has given her father the best of care and has often told me how much he means to her. M.M.J.) Her work as Beekeeper in the Orangeville M.I.A. was outstanding. She was married on Sept. 4, 1943 at Benny's home here in Price to Carlyle Jones, President Frank Killian performing the ceremony. She is the mother of one son of her own, Kelly Carlyle, and of three children of Carlyle by a former marriage, Ella Belle, Pete and Ronald.

In January 1906 I was called to the bishopric of the Orangeville ward as second counselor to Bishop Henry M. Reid with Uriah E. Curtis as first counselor. I held this office for fifteen years. Anthony W. Ivins at one time came to visit our ward and examine the records. When he came, to the fast offerings he said "about what is the average per capita of fast offerings in your ward?" I replied "I don't know". He said, "well, I can tell you, it is just three cents." I could hardly believe that.

When called as bishop's counselor, Stake President Reuben Miller asked if I kept the word of wisdom. I told him no, I drank a little tea and coffee. He asked why. I told him I couldn't get my meals down without it. He said "Don't you think you can quit?" I replied, "I guess I can". "Well", he said, "if it kills you Brother James, I'll pay all your funeral expenses and see that you get buried."

#### A TRIBUTE TO BISHOP REID:

I always felt Bishop Reid was very lenient with my negligence in failing to perform some of my duties. I had the greatest respect for him because he was sincere, firm, yet able to humble himself if proven wrong. He was staunch in standing by the right when he knew it to be right. He was very influential. In introducing me to anyone, he'd say, "Meet Brother James, I don't think he has an enemy on earth. I'd reply, "Oh, no. I have enemies, but I have a lot of friends too."

Brother U. E. Curtis had great ability in teaching and expounding the gospel, being exceptionally intelligent and an outstanding speaker.

After Brother Curtis, S.P. Snow was made first counselor. He and Bishop Reid were boys together in Mantel, and having worked together all their lives, were very congenial in the bishopric. Everyone felt that Brother Snow was a splendid worker in that capacity, as well as a leading citizen of the community.

I recall now a few items and incidents that might be well to record here.

The cradle in which all my children were rocked and part of Benny's, was made by B. W. Riggs out of native lumber and built in box style. It had been used for his family also. The rockers were worn flat when it was taken down to Clara Ware's. Later Brother Higgs wrote for it as a relic, but we were unable to find it.

My mother, Mary Adams James, always had great difficulty eating without choking. She ate for fear she would choke. When she was past ninety a bit of food lodged in her esophagus and for days she could neither eat or drink. Seeing that she was starving to death, we decided to risk having the food removed. Dr. Ross answered a tube that enclosed some sort of instrument and worked the food loose. Dr. Ross was able to eat and drink again. She wasn't the only one either. We were all relieved.

James Alma Guyman married my sister Mary Miza (Aunt Polly) when she was but fifteen years old. Previously he had been married to Orson Ann Aldess, who died when her son Milton was born. Polly raised him as well as a large family of her own. James Art, Rhoda, Sophronia, Nellie, Ophra, Jessie, Ethel, Elmer, Fannie and Maggie. Her husband moved into Castle Valley from Fountain Green about the year 1847. Her dad, and helped the pioneering of Orangeville. He bought a little log house just east of the mill, across the creek in a grove of cottonwoods. Here Polly and a child James Art, was born. Across the creek in a dryont Orphe Miller, my father, James Art, was born about the same time. Labor Day moves from four weeks to the house where Bryan James now lives.

Polly was one of the best souls that ever lived. Everyone loved her as she was always willing and ready to lend a helping hand, right or try to right or poor. Her husband was also well respected, a successful farmer and supervisor of the county thresher.

My brother Wm. H., my brother-in-law Alma G. Guymon, and Art Miller moved their families into the San Louis Valley in Colorado when it was being opened up. Well, one Art moved their families back to Castle Valley after about three years, but all remained there, where some of his children still live. After leasing a large productive farm for several years, A. G. Guymon decided to buy it. In later years he returned to Orangeville, then went back to Colorado, where he died.

While in Colorado, Polly's health failed. In addition to relieving her own family she cared for the little son of a neighbor whose wife had died, with all the work required of her she was finally forced to ease up so she came back to Orangeville.

Jane was similar in disposition to Polly and like her was ever willing to help a neighbor or anyone in need. Taking pleasure in doing good to others, she thereby won their love and respect. Polly had a most excellent soprano voice. I very well remember her solos, her active work in the choir and in quartets. She sang beautifully at many funerals as well as celebrations.

At the time they used to run the old bur mill above Orangeville, Uncle Al and Uncle Art used to take turns working nights. One night they did not keep the mill open. Uncle Art who lived nearby, was awakened at midnight by a knock. Jane came asked, "Who's there?" A voice replied, "Wm. H. Angel." Uncle Art said, "What the angel has come." He got up and took care of Mr. Angel's grist. Just as they were closing again, another knock was heard. This time a voice said in answer to their question, "It is Mr. Lord." Uncle Art chuckled, "Janke, the Lord's come now so I'll have to get up and take care of him."

In December, 1879 I was traveling from Sanguete to Carbon County, down Siskiyou's Canyon to where Wellington now stands. Here we camped and lost our horses. At that time, there were no buildings, no roads, etc. in that vicinity. We had to pick our way to Huntington the next day. In our company were my father, Al and L. Noah T. Guymon and his sons John, Will and Owen. After searching for our lost horses we found them and proceeded on toward what is now Huntington. There was a piercing wind all day long, blowing so hard that it constantly blew rocks in our faces.

Albert Guymon, Aunt Walle's oldest brother, had a dugout where Huntington was later settled. He gave us hot bread and milk. It was the best food we saw and frozen fellows ever tasted. I can taste it now. The men had ridden in covered wagons but we boys had driven sheep all the way. This was the coldest day ever recorded and was generally known as "Cold Friday".

My first recollection of any consequence was when I was 7 years old. In January, 1890, when Orangeville celebrated Mah's statehood, we were taken outside most of the time, could watch the proceedings. There was great excitement and people rolling, stinging and otherwise giving vent to their feelings.

I remember that when I was just a little fellow a man came to see Grandmother. Becoming very interested in the large pile of money by his side he wanted to know if he could not haul it for him. Grandfather replied, "Yes, I'd be very glad to have you haul it." The fellow beamed up thinking he had made quite a good job dropped his wings when grandfather said, "Yes, you may haul it for me. I'll give you what I want it, right out here in this field." He wasn't so anxious to haul it then.

Another thing I remember about Grandfather. He was that he was very fond of butter milk and he used to say to mother, "Lorena, when will you have one of those butter milk puddings? She would tell him and sure enough on that day he would come up to the kitchen and say along with a cane, "Father would get the churn ready and be out in there churning and stinging, beating time with the dash in one hand and his cane in the other. "Tom-pom-pom". He had a very keen sense of hearing and feeling. Several times when I was just about every time we got to Grandfather's house he would be sure to come out and get for it. He'd get out a yellow corn, Ben, where's my egg? and stop out churning and get the ax back right now. He was always good to us and kind, but he liked his words in their places. He didn't mind our using them if we asked but we wouldn't bother anybody if we could get them back before he missed them.

We used to climb upon the barn, being as careful as we could so as not to make a noise, but there were but very few times that we got by with it. He would always say us and yell, "Boys, get down off that barn."

He was very fond of hot bread and milk. Grandmother or Aunt Sophie would fill the old yellow bowl with boiling hot bread and milk, had pepper in black, and then he would enjoy it.

He had several cows and old freckled faced brock would shake her head at me through the bars, when I was just a tine chap, I thought she was mean but it was because she had a non calf.

My Grandmother Jewkes had a keen memory. She could remember dates, poems, recitations, and songs. Many a time when I've sat at her knee she has recited long poems, some of which she had learned when only five years old in England. She used to tell how on a clear day she could look across the English Channel from the Green and see France. She sang songs to me and would tell when and where she had learned them. She'd be sitting down and all at once she'd laugh and tell some amusing incident or sing a song. One of her poems was about "Two Tomcats Met on a Cobbler's Wall."

When I was a little boy I often used to go to see Grandmother Jewkes. No little boy or anyone else for that matter ever went in that home but that Aunt Sophie or Grandmother would ask if they were hungry, and we'd usually come out of the house with bread and molasses or something else, when we got hungry we always knew where to go.

Aunt Sophie was a homopathic nurse or doctor. If ever we complained of not feeling well she'd say, "Open your mouth," then look down the throat and say "Oh, ho." She would then go for her medicine bag and get out some belladonna or some other homopathic remedy. It was the little sugar pills we wore after but she finally caught on that often our sore throats were a pretense to get some of those good pills. She was always ready to go help with the sick day or night, rain or shine. I don't think a better soul ever lived than Aunt Sophie. We never hear just as much as our own Grandmother. She would ride on sweating gears, hay racks, or walk or any other way to get to the sick.

When Jane Miles was her only daughter and when Grandmother, Aunt Sophie's brother died, she went to live at the Miles home, up near the old mill site.

Father set out an orchard up the creek near the old bridge when I was about twelve. He and I would go up there to work almost every day during the growing season. We'd dig the trees, irrigate the alfalfa etc. and every day if we were there at noon we'd have some come out and wave a dish towel to call us over to have dinner with them. That's why, always full of fun, would constantly tease Aunt Sophie. She knew him so it resulted in good laughs for all.

Once when Uncle Auri's cow was sick Aunt Sophie told him what medicine she could use. Not hearing any on hand herself, she sent him over to Olive Buckley, who was always a practical nurse. She somehow misunderstood and give him the wrong medicine. Uncle Auri, knowing what it worked, "Just fine," he replied, "she died a few minutes after I gave it to her."

When there used to make lots of the yellowest butter I ever saw. The farmers had plenty of good rich cream from her Jersey cows. A number of times over to Aunt Sarah's when she was old and I used to get a big can of clabber. When we'd divide out the jam by

making marks in the cream, sprinkle it well with sugar, and try to see who could eat his share first.

Aunt Jane was another Aunt Sophie in that she never let anyone go hungry around her. She could fix such an appetising meal that if you weren't hungry, you'd soon get hungry. I always loved Aunt Jane and Uncle Art and I wish I had words to express how I really felt towards them.

One time I was at their place when a storm seemed to be approaching. While we were eating a clap of thunder came followed by hailstones as big as marbles. Aunt Jane was terribly frightened by thunder, always. Now she thought of her young turkeys and asked Uncle Art to get them into the coop so they would not all be killed. He put the dishpan over his head but the hail pelted him so hard that he came back in saying, "Go hell with the turkeys." And it was just that for them. Practically all were killed.

I often stayed all night with Sam and Art. We slept out on a straw shed. When the grasshoppers got bad, the chickens were put out in Dell Peacock's field and in the evening the eggs were gathered. One night after dark, Art, knowing where all the nests were, took a bucket, climbed on a horse, and went for the eggs. He reached into a nest containing not a hen, but a skunk. It just about ruined him. They burned his clothes and he washed and scrubbed before coming to bed, but before he got in Sam and I grabbed a couple of quilts and ran for the other end of the shed. For several nights he had to sleep alone.

I felt highly honored when asked to dedicate Aunt Jane's grave, but my health would not permit so Father dedicated it.

At the last birthday party I remember our having had for Uncle Art, a number of relatives gathered at his home while he yet lived at the ranch and we had a fine time. Uncle Art was in a circle with the rest of us with Nell Cox in the center. When,

following her directions, we were all down on our knees with our faces to the floor, she had us repeat the following rhyme: "I know my heart, I know my mind, I know that I stick up behind." When it came to the last line Uncle Art nearly fell or laughing and said, "Let's play it again, let's play it again."

Aunt Jane used to make one of my favorite cakes, a light cream cake with rich whipped cream heaped high on the top of it.

I do think the Primary Association is one of the greatest organizations of the church for placing the foundation of religious training and character. I remember the things we were taught in Primary more clearly than other teachings. My first Primary teacher was Sabina Oliphant. She was a beautiful singer as well as a fine teacher. She taught me my first poem and I recited it before the entire Primary. It was:

"A man that has a thousand friends,  
Has not a friend to spart,  
But he that hath one enemy  
Can find him anywhere."

When I recited it, I was so bashful that I could hardly raise my head up but I felt that I had really put something big over when she praised me so highly. It seems that now there is not enough stress placed upon attending Primary. I always loved the As I remember, I started school on my birthday, Sept. 9, 1892. My first teacher was Mr. Jameson from Castle Dale. He always called his Brother Jameson in son of. He ate his dinners at our house, riding horseback to Castle Dale each night. He brought me a little blackish-gray pup for a birthday present that I named Sport. I kept him until I was about seventeen years old when I helped move Uncle Jesse to Ferron. During there we found the town quarantined for smallpox, so I was not permitted to visit Sport out with me. Andrew Rasmussen offered to keep him until after the quarantine was raised. When I went back the two had become so attached that Rasmussen would not let me have my dog and Sport would not follow me. Afterward whenever I saw the dog I would get sick at my stomach because I missed him so much.

Our school was held in the old town hall. At that time we had long narrow benches. Once when I got down to pick up paper, one of the girls raised her hand and said, "I got under the benches. As a result I had my hand hit a few times with the ruler. Some of my teachers were Emma Biggs, Adelle Page, Jess D. Jerkes, Ole Swenson, and Christensen, Louis Oveson. Later in and I served together as company officials, being the only two democrats elected that term.

When I graduated from the elementary school, I attended the Sweet Shaker Academy at Castle Dale. G. F. Hickman, Johnny Hand, Archer Willy, Thomas W. Dyer, were in the Academy instructors.

After that I worked for my uncle and found school recited Jesse D. Jerkes, the County Treasurer's Office.

Before this, when I was a young man about seventeen years of age, my father, Royel Hole and I decided to earn some money for spending on the farm. We went on a trip to the Wilkian Lodge, Bassett in the afternoon. We had to get back home the evening of the third as we could not stay longer. We had some party money and had some more money from the party. We had some money from the party.

We started out in high spirits, loaded with baled hay, oats, and yellow snow for our trip. Our first stop out of Price was at the head of Suddier's Canyon where we turned our horses out on the nice green grass. We left our provisions at these camping stations along the way, so as to pick them up as necessary on our return trip.

We landed at the Haven Mine on the Uintah River, just north of Ft. DeChesse on the 27th of June. Our first disappointment came when we learned that we had to lay over at least six days to get our loads. In order to show our Fathers that we were not mopeys, but had the guts to stick it out, we stayed there with no money and no provisions but a little flour. We made water gravy in the huge bake oven that we saw caused all our road trouble. "Whenever we had been stuck it had proved to be the wagon hauling the bake oven, so we'd always say, 'Throw off the bake oven', we ate our gravy with frogs hind legs, frogs being plentiful in the Uintah River. We did not enough flour for anything else than gravy. That was our rations for six days. Paid some a reducing diet! A man who lived nearby let us turn our horses in his alfalfa field

When at last we were loaded, we started for home on the afternoon of the third of July. Our horses being fresh and the loads heavy, they just went straight in the air, but we doubled them up until they got the idea of pulling. It took us all afternoon to travel four miles. We camped just outside of the old fort. The next morning we were awakened by the cannon firing the salute at Haybreak. That was the first knowledge we had that it was the fourth of July. We had paid no attention to dates. Instead of celebrating we hooked up and started on. We had a swim at the Myton bridge that noon and just then the stage coach passed and we felt mighty sorry for ourselves. We attempted to reach "the wells" that day, but our horses gave out and we had to camp three miles short. Then too, our tires kept slipping off and at every camp ground we'd hurt up baling wire to fasten them on. Arriving at the Wells we used all the money that would be coming to us at Price to buy water to soak up our wheels, and set our tires. They charged us plenty for that "Jeppson salts water". The horses could hardly stand to drink it. We stayed there two days then moved on to Nutter's Ranch at the mouth of Gate Canyon. Preston Nutter had his horse saddled up ready to go to Price to hire hay makers. Instead we got the job. Frank, the youngest one had had enough and began to cry saying, "No." We finally talked him into staying and remained a week eating \$1.25 a day in addition to board and horse feed. I remember very well that Preston Nutter's cook, whom he later married, was a real cook. Meals were splendid but their any food would have tasted good to those fair starved boys. We were about four days reaching Price after leaving Nutter's Ranch.

Our trip home was rather interesting. Ray chewed tobacco and having been without it a week he became very cross. My team was on lead and I soon noticed a package in the road. It proved to be a new plug of tobacco. Ray was plenty thrilled, and the rest of us decided to celebrate, so we each took a chew. Soon the road started to vibrate up in our faces and the horses went around in circles. If three boys were ever sick it was Frank, Royal and Benjie. I started spitting up that tobacco as fast as I could to try to get rid of it. We vomited again and again, and were deathly sick. That was my last chew of tobacco. Ray was the only one who could laugh.

Now that was my last chew of tobacco, but not my first. When I was just a little lad we had an old black and white faced cow named Butte. She got sick and someone suggested that Father give her chewing tobacco. He bought it but used only half of it. While Father and Mother were out doctoring the cow I thought, "Now, here's my chance to get a nice chew of tobacco." I bit off a big chunk and went out by the brick pile, but those bricks began to tip toward me. About that time I staggered up the lot to the ditch, but in drinking I swallowed more of the juice. Father and Mother called and called me for breakfast but I was indisposed--I then took to walk around a little even answer them, when at last I could walk to the house, they could not imagine what had made me so ill for I was still white as a sheet. They felt awfully sorry for me until they discovered I had bitten a piece off that tobacco.

Back to our Utah trip--We arrived in Price about noon on July 11th. My Father and Benjie decided to go to the store and get a new pair of shoes. My Mother and I went to the store and I decided to drive on to Orangeville that night but Royal and I went to Orangeville and stayed in Orangeville, so we stayed over and celebrated our arrival. Next morning I bought a new pair of \$3.65 gloves, my sole earrings and a pair of them in the jewelry box of the wagon. Royal loaded on a barrel of glass marbles, Father's stove and a new clarinet. When we got out on the road we was the saddest among freighters. Royal had his reins to the end of the line and he was the one who came back to talk with me and we both fell asleep. The next thing we realized we were trotting down the hill by the Cleveland clinic. Royal jumped and ran down the hill of his team galloping when, instead of stopping, they ran straight down the hill and into the river. I was the only one who was not hurt. The team was running away and that my jockey boy controlled my own horse and I was the only one who was not hurt. I expected my team and went back to try to find them. I was the only one who was not hurt. I was the only one who was not hurt.

Royal and we found his team lathered and wringing with sweat at Huntington. The horses and Clarinet were completely ruined, every dish smashed. Needless to say we were sick about our trip, but Orangeville looked very good to us.

A day or two later Royal went to Green River to work and got more than a week after that while swimming he was drowned and his body was never recovered.

Speaking of our cow, Old Butte, she was the first cow I ever milked. I milked a teacup full and she kicked it all in my face. Father used to milk her by favoring her in with a pole between him and the cow. One time when the bucket was about full of milk Old Butte belched. Always being nervous while milking her, he jumped, expecting her to kick, when she didn't it made him so angry that he dumped all the milk on her and yelled, "You old s--- of a b--- (stranger language than he usually used)"

At the time of the construction of the Green River Irrigation Dam which is built seven miles above the town of Green River Father and I had raised a fine crop of potatoes that year even by the next March, potatoes weren't worth the sacks they were but the so Brother Orestime Fessio Larante, our neighbor, asked if I would not like to go to Green River with a load of them. He planned to load with honey and beef also. We knew nothing of the market price there but decided to take a chance. Mother had about two hundred pounds of sour blue plums that she had dried. The bees struck me that they might sell so I said, "Mother, let me take some of those plums along." She laughed and said, "Yes, take them all. I don't think you will be able to give them away." I soaked them up, threw them on the potatoes, loaded haled hay and oats for the horses, and a "grub box" for me.

We traveled over the old route across Buckhorn flat where much of the way the road was completely obliterated. We camped the first night on the flat at "Little Holes", a watering place for horses. Next day we drove to the "Big Holes" at the head of Cottonwood wash, then followed the bottom of the sandy wash, camping the third night on the Saleratus wash. The fourth day about noon we reached Green River.

As soon as people found out that we had produce for sale, they came from all directions. We sold the potatoes for \$3.00 a hundred, whereas in Orangeville they had been priced at \$1.50 a hundred. Mother's sour plums sold for \$30.00. Larante's honey and beef went like hotcakes.

While Brother Larante prepared our outfits for the return trip, I took our checks to the bank for cashing. After getting back to camp I handed Brother Larante's money over to him and when I counted mine I discovered that the bank had given me \$10.00 too much. I went back and approaching the teller, I said, "I was in here a few minutes ago and cashed some checks. You made a mistake and---", but raising his hand, he cut me short, saying "We correct no mistakes after you leave this window." I said, "Thank you" and went back to our wagon where I handed Brother Larante five dollars and kept the other five myself.

I had no money purse and as he had a big wallet, I gave him mine to take care of. The first night we camped at the Big Holes where we made a nice bed of hay with our quilts on top. That night it snowed and the weather being so miserable we left early in the next morning. After traveling five miles Brother Larante discovered that the wallet was missing. He unditched and rode our horses back to camp. We halved around in the hay and there was the purse with all our money in it.

As we continued our journey across Buckhorn flat we drove through the worst windstorm I ever experienced. The sand blew so heavily that we could not see a hundred yards and finally the horses rebelled. They could no longer face that sand barrage but would turn completely around. Seeking the only possible shelter for our teams, we drove them down into a wash while we remained all day and the next night in one wagon wrapped in quilts. X "a could not even make a fire--that red sand filled the air. We could scarcely stand to open our eyes. By morning the storm had abated and we set on over sand dunes until reaching the main highway, when we soon arrived safely in Wangeville. Needless to say my folks thought I had done pretty well and Father was stunned when I gave her the plum money.

A day or two later I received a very nice letter from the Green River Bank stating that they had discovered their error. They commended me for my honesty and asked that I return the ten dollars. I just wrote across the letter, "We correct no mistakes" and returned it.

During the time that I was working in Uncle Jesse's office I was walking down the street one day when I met a beautiful girl right by the big cottonwood tree near the place now owned by Jesse Penstock. I was so attracted that I turned around for another look. Just as I turned, she did too. We both smiled and of course she answered a hello. The next day Uncle Jess told me he had a nice girl at his place and was going to stay all winter and attend school. It wasn't long before I made an error next day after that we saw each other every day. She was Mrs. Pearl and was living in town. I paid Mrs. John K. Reid) and had come from Tipton. After a while she was spending her winter was taken all so she had to return home.

-5-  
(Berry)

to Price with a horse and buggy and buggy and took her to the train then returned to Orangeville the next day.

In the autumn (1908) I went to visit her, riding the "Sleeping Beauty" from Thistle to Sigurd. The engine made a noise like a real toy engine it whistled to blow off steam just like a real engine. (I always resent his puns at our little Sevier County train, but I laugh too. M.E.J.) I had left Price at 9 P.M. and did not reach my destination until the next afternoon about four, having had to lay over in Thistle eleven hours. When I got off the train at Sigurd, about one and one half miles west of town of course there was no one to meet me as I had not let Fern know I was coming.

I followed a buggy in which two girls were riding until we reached Sigurd where I went into the telephone station to call Fern. When I asked the lady in charge to get Fern Jackson of Venice for me she said, "You are Mr. Jewkes, aren't you? I have heard her speak of you. I am her aunt." She was Mrs. Annie J. Dastrupt. When I got Fern on the line she asked, "Where are you?" I replied, "In Sigurd." She said, "What?

"I'll send father for you right now." I told her it wasn't necessary that I'd get there somehow. I followed the buggy in which the girls were riding, it being too loaded for me to get in but they hauled my suitcase. We went around by the Black Hills and in the meantime Fern and her father had made the trip by the other route. I beat them to Venice and her brother Orlando met me on the river bridge, showing me their home, after telling who he was. Sister Jackson met me at the door and welcomed me. After making the round trip for nothing Fern and her father showed up. He said, "Welcome. If I am going to chase your fellows clear around the world again, Fern." I was just about ready to take the next train back to Price, but she told me he was only teasing.

That night I slept outside with her brothers. They arose at five A.M. but I slept in. When I entered the house, the chores were all done and the family eating breakfast. Brother Jackson said, "Young man, we have breakfast here at seven. If you aren't here then we have dinner at twelve. If not here for dinner, we have supper at six," and he meant it too. It just about finished me. Then, I guess seeing how hot and humiliated I was he relented and said, "However, I think we'll fix breakfast this time for you." I was never late for a meal at his home again.

I learned that Fern's father, Thomas Edward Jackson, was systematic and on time about everything. He told his family, "You may stay up all night if you want to. When five o'clock comes in the morning, you're up, then when you get your work done your time is your own." His rule held summer and winter. He was always ahead with his work and was one of the most successful farmers in the state. He was one man who built his house with what he saved from not smoking. Anyway he used to say that. He sat one day when a young man, and figured up what tobacco cost him each year and decided to quit. He never smoked again. Once his mind was made up the devil himself couldn't change it.

In the summer of 1909 my sister Jennie and I went to Venice in a covered wagon South ofinery we lost our way as there was practically no road over this mountain at the time. Seeing a dugway to one side we followed it and enquired of a man if this was the way to Salina. He replied, "Does this look like the road to Salina, right in the middle of a man's lucern patch?" He directed us and when we got back to Ivy Creek there was another outfit consisting of Rasmus Johnson's family taking their daughter Hazel to the Bow Academy at Ephraim, so we had good company from there on.

Not realizing that I was on my way to meet my bride, Hazel rode with me until Jennie rode with Clement Johnson. We were havin', a real good time until Jennie squealed on me. Hazel jumped clear off the top of the spring seat and ran for the other wagon. She would not even talk to me.

It took only three days to reach Venice but we were five days returning to Orangeville prolonging our pleasant trip.

We left Orangeville November 1st in company with Jessie Guyton and Myron Evans - ran enroute for the Salt Lake Temple. Leaving our team in the livery stable we boarded the train at Price. In Salt Lake City we stayed with Uncle Jesse and Aunt Minnie and were married November 3, 1909, by Elder John R. Under, first counselor to Pres. Joseph F. Smith.

Myron and I had an amusing experience at the temple that morning. As he had to rent our white temple suits and since we did not know what to do and no one had been to show us, we just sat there in the hall and waited. Finally a man asked us if we were going through. We said, "Yes" so he said "Go right over there and get your suits. You'd better get started". The lady in charge said, "I'm sorry but it is no different as there are the only two suits left." The trousers I had would have slipped down on me twice and the bottoms barely touched my socks. Myron's bagged down at the seat on nearly filling the floor, while standing there laughing at our ridiculous appearance. He had come in and said, "Are you Brother Jewkes and Brother Hunter?" I said, "Yes" and he said, "Don't you know you are holding up the whole company?" We were by



and being screams, had to walk clear up to the front. Everyone snickered and Fern said to Jessie, "Who on earth is that?" Then Jessie caught sight of our faces and in a shocked voice whispered, "It's Hyrum and Bennie."

About five years later when I was recuperating from rheumatoid I went on an excursion to the Manti Temple. Fern had sent a long night shirt for me to wear when being baptized. In my weakened condition I could hardly get out of the shirt. I was "raped" around my legs and nearly drug me down. Right then I made up my mind that since my first outfit was so ridiculous, and the night shirt about as bad. I'd buy some recent temple clothes. I got a pair of twelve dollar pants, for my new wig and felt very comfortable in them.

When I married Margaret in the St. George Temple we took out of order with us. In the temple I changed from my street clothes only to discover that my white pants were left on a hanger in my car. President Snow said, "We can let you have a pair of pants boys." I said, "Oh no, Nothing doing. I'll get my own." I had to dress and go out to the car to get those pants before I could get ready. I had too much pants the first time and none at all the next. At any rate I was properly clothed for each ceremony.

The evening after Fern and I were married Aunt Minnie had planned a surprise party for us. When the guests arrived Hyrum and Jessie had gone to their beds. They found out where they were and went up to get them. The door was locked but they broke in and pulled them out of bed. They did permit Hyrum to put on his trousers but they carried Jessie down in her nightgown and made the two of them pass the lovely wedding cake Aunt Minnie had made. Their discomfort only added to the merriment of the crowd. We had a fine time and Fern and I especially enjoyed it. After our honeymoon in Salt Lake City, we returned to Price where I had to borrow money to get my horses out the livery stable, as we had spent all of our one hundred dollar wedding stake, but we had thoroughly enjoyed every cent of it.

We went to Orangeville and I began running the farm for Uncle Jesse out on Rock Canyon Flat. At first we lived in Sam Jewkes's house then in the spring we moved into Uncle Ben's home now owned by Bryant Jewkes. In a few weeks we went out to Rock Canyon Flat where we lived very happily in a tent all summer, despite the fact that the pigs and chickens visited us all too frequently. We just couldn't fasten the tent securely enough to keep them out while we were away. In July we moved back to Uncle Ben's house, where on August 30, 1910 our first baby, Delma, was born.

That winter I baled hay and hauled it to Castle Gate and Price, loading with freight on the return trips. Early the next Spring, although I did not have five cents, I started to build a home on a lot about four by twelve rods that Uncle Al Jewkes gave me. It was on a little hill west of Orangeville and father helped me scrape it and carry off the rocks. Here we laid the foundation for our little home. That summer I put up an adobe mill and made adobes for lining it. I got a Government permit to get out logs and with the help of Uncle Al Hyrum the trees were chopped and logged up and pulled into the Utterud Mill on West Mountain, where in that place an Opera's Cabin Mill set. Brigham Higgs had had a mill at the same place years before and in honor of his wife Susa both the spring and cabin had been named after her. lumber was sawed we hauled it down and piled it near our foundation. By November, with the assistance of Uncle Al Jewkes, I had the framework up and part of the adobe. The night of November 26, 1911, Lakar was born and that morning I discovered that the adobes had been blown out of the frame work. John K. Reid's barn had been blown down and trees uprooted all over town. Lakar seemed to have caused quite a commotion. I finished laying the adobes and by the following April we moved into our new home. We thought we had the world by the neck--we had two rooms and two children. The rest of our babies, Elsworth, Mervell, Mont and Jackson were born there.

The excursion to the Manti Temple previously mentioned was made by people from the Huntington, Castl. Dale, and Orangeville wards. Early on a Saturday in summer we left Orangeville in covered wagons traveling up Straight Canyon on the south side of a river then up Solly Crook over rough mountain roads. We camped that night near the Milberg Sammill site in what was later called Temple Grove. Everyone had camp and we remained there over Sunday.

Early morning we met together underneath the trees and sat on logs arranged in a circle and held meeting, beginning at ten A.M. After listening to Andrew Anderson, President Oveson, and Uncle Al give some excellent talks others arose and a most outstanding testimony meeting was held. Almost everyone spoke. I never before or after felt such a wonderful spirit as we had that morning. Suddenly, in the midst of the meeting Aunt Polly Sorenson arose and, holding up her hand, said "Brother, don't you hear that beautiful singing? A number of people seem to be singing. It is. One of the labor speakers remarked that it was the voices of heaven. When we were going to do temple work--(they were so happy about it) we were filled with the spirit of the gospel that we did not have the proper preparation. A clap of thunder came and we looked up to see bright colors appearing in the messy until some one arose and said, "Sisters, keep your seats. We're having a meeting and it won't rain a drop on us." We continued until we were through.

It looked as if rain would pour down upon us any minute. No one became restless, not even Robert Davis, who ordinarily was of a very nervous temperament. It rained all around us just pouring down but we continued, one person rising as soon as another was seated until all had borne their testimonies. By that time it was the middle of the afternoon. Everyone present had partaken of the wonderful spirit and it was generally spoken of as the most remarkable meeting they had ever attended. After closing, there was hard shelling with tears rolling down most of their faces.

We enjoyed our dinners then returned to the grove where a big bonfire was built in the center of the circle and we had a most enjoyable evening of songs, readings and sentiment. Monday we proceeded on to Mantl where we pitched camp on a lot adjoining main street and owned by Judge Ascock, Mr. Peacock's grandfather. The next morning we went to the temple. Due to my condition no one thought I would be able to be baptized except for my health, but I was so blessed that I was baptized for 100 of our dead. (I think that was the number). At that time I was chairman of the temple committee for the Jewkes family. I had typed the sheets which held the names of 1500 people. Brother Carpenter, the temple recorder asked who had prepared those sheets. Uncle Al brought him over to me and he commended me with these words, "These are in the best shape of any sheets we have had come in. Anyone can read them. They are very neatly done." Besides being baptized I sat as witness for other baptisms and after the work was completed most of the company went up the winding stairs. In the morning I had had to be helped up Temple Hill. "When I wanted to climb the stairs several said, 'You hadn't better try it.'" But I walked all the way up and out on top without assistance and felt alright. "When I left home I was not at all sure that I would be able to make the trip. I remained in Mantl all week doing temple work.

Friday morning we again worked at the temple then traveled up the canyon and camped, returning to Orangeville Saturday. I found Fern and the children well, she having been unable to make the trip as it was just a short while before Ellsworth was born. July 2, 1913.

At the time of Novell's birth February 14, 1915, I was ill in one room with rheumatism and could not move, and Fern in the other room. Father, Mother, and Aunt Polly took care of us. People were very kind, bringing supplies and otherwise lending encouragement. At the time no one expected me to live very long. In fact, right at the time Father was helping to move an oil well from Sibed, near Wherry to Vernal and I was so serious that Mother sent for him to come.

Tom Jackson, my father-in-law came to see us and he bundled us into his private wagon and took us to Venice. I was in a bad shape due to so much poison in my system, and was under the care of Dr. T. R. Gladhill of Richfield for a month.

Ired Shaw took me to Richfield one day when I was feeling better and I went on the next day. He said, "No, you're not going back tomorrow. It is a good day. I think we'll take those tonsils out. That was the first I had heard of the operation. He told me it was going to be a tough operation, as my condition would permit no anesthetic. He had one man hold my head and another my feet and he went to work. It was his idea to wait for a few days before removing my second tonsil but I said, "No, no. I'll never come back here, it's now or never". He proceeded to take it out and I hemorrhaged so badly for about four hours that he sent for Dr. Mal. Dr. Mal looked at me and ran back to his drug store for some medicine. Dr. Gladhill said, "Surely you aren't going to use that? I wouldn't use it on a horse." "Well," said Dr. Mal, "I've done everything else and he'll die anyway if I don't try it." Gladhill said, "I guess that's right. Go ahead." Dr. Mal swabbed my throat and I thought I was killed but it stopped the bleeding.

Dred Shaw had phoned to Venice that I might not recover so when he brought me back the Jackson home, they were ready for me. Under Dr. Gladhill's orders I was kept very quiet--no one was permitted to speak to me. I was unable to eat or drink for several days. That bleeding proved a blessing as it drained the poison blood out of my system, and I recuperated rapidly.

Upon our return to Orangeville, my brother-in-law Will Peacock, County Clerk appointed me his deputy, which position I held for three years.

In 1918 I was elected County Clerk with the biggest majority of any candidate in the history. In 1920 I was reelected, thus spending four years in the Orange County Court House in addition to the two years previously spent as an assistant to Uncle Jesse. We could do no campaigning in 1918 due to the flu ban and I could always have a good spot in my heart for the Emery County voters who so generously supported me. For two years I was manager of the Emery County Fair.

Upon completion of my second term I was offered the position of Clerk of the Court at Price Garden County, being recommended by the judge and lawyers of the district. Later I learned that my good friend Ben Fields had much to do with my appointment. January 1923.

Not by any means to get a house so as to move my family into a permanent home.

*Dr. Gladhill's office came to get a house so as to move my family into a permanent home.*