

GEORGE MAGNUSON BY LEE STORY

History books tell the story of the dreadful fire in the City of Chicago in 1871. The story says that Mrs. O'Leary was milking her cow early one morning. Old Bossie raised her leg and kicked over the lantern, kerosene was spilled onto the dry straw, and in minutes fire was spreading everywhere and in a short time the city of Chicago was a raging inferno. Carried by a high wind, the flames rushed across the city. It was the worst disaster to ever hit that state.

People threw a few belongings into wagons or carried what they could under their arms and dashed in panic through the streets, trying to escape the fire. Hundreds of people waded into Lake Michigan up to their necks. The wind carried great sparks through the air, setting fire to the hair and clothing of fleeing people.

The heat of the fire was so awful that metal coins melted together. Bottles and tumblers and even marbles melted into lumps of glass. Some of the melted lumps and other interesting reminders of the great Chicago fire can still be seen in the Chicago Historical Society Museum in Lincoln Park.

It happened that Grandmother and my mother were headed west, after running and walking for miles. She was fortunate to come

onto a party of pioneers that were going to Utah. Although they didn't have much room in their old covered wagon, they took Grandmother and my mother and shared their food with them. Grandmother was a proud independent lady and often she would get out of the wagon and take her turn walking. She would gather wood when they stopped at night to make a fire. She helped whenever she could to move rocks from their path so the wagons could move on.

When she arrived in Salt Lake City, she stayed there several years, working in homes to support her young daughter, Emily, and herself. After living in Salt Lake several years she had a yearning to go to California as she had heard there were more opportunities for work there. She got a chance somehow to go to California and settled somewhere in the vicinity of Mountain View where my mother grew up to woman-hood.

It was the spring of 1897 when my parents William and Emily Neilsen Magnuson came to Utah and settled in Castle Dale, Emery County from Mt. View, California with their three children, Charles, Edith, and myself, George, to settle down and make their home. It was August and the country was dry and dusty. They had been encouraged by my mother's step-father, Adam Yerlam, to come to Emery County.

Father took up some land that a man named Stapley had become discouraged with and left. He had been a sailor in Sweden and he

knew nothing about the quality of the land or of farming. He didn't realize that the 160 acres he was going to homestead, one mile south of Castle Dale, was the poorest land in the surrounding county. There was a little adobe house on the property. When the family was settled in this make-shift dwelling Father left with Yerian to go to Sevier County. He had heard rumors about gold deposits and was anxious to go prospecting.

A short time after the two left on the prospecting trip, Adam Yerian took sick and died and was buried somewhere in Sevier County. Father came back to his family and went to work for Carl Wilburt on his farm. He wasn't satisfied there so he decided to go to Bingham to work in the mines. Father worked there several months, but came home several times and brought money to Mother. She was left alone most of the time to manage as best as she could.

My folks had brought a few pieces of furniture, including beds, tables, and chairs, and a small rocker and some bedding and there was a coal stove left in the two-room house. I will remember my grandfather Yerian holding me on his lap, rocking me and telling me stories about prospecting. He told me he would bring me a chunk of gold bigger than a baseball when they came back from this new adventure and he would cup his hands to show me how big it would be. I was always disappointed that I didn't

get that gold.

It was rough going for my mother to keep the little home, poor as it was, warm and livable. Mother was used to hard times, but she was a courageous, cheerful person, who never complained but made the best of her lot. Somehow she managed to keep our little home scrubbed and clean. I remember her reading to us children from the Bible. When we were small she gave each of us children a Bible and I still have mine which I treasure. Mother would tell us stories and sing to us. She always taught us truth and honesty and emphasized these principles to us many times.

After Father quit working in Ringham he hauled freight for the stores or any jobs he could get to make a living. I remember Mother taking us children and walking in to Castle Dale to buy a few groceries at the Pearson and Peterson stores. The roads were deep dirt in summer, deep snow in winter and when spring came the roads were rough sticky mud. Women wore long skirts then and my mother would hold her skirts up aways to keep the bottoms from getting muddy.

My brother Monroe was born in this little home when I was seven years old. When I was eleven years old my mother felt she could take this life no longer and she took Edith and Monroe and went back to California. Father took Charlie with him when he was hauling freight for the stores so I was left alone to do chores, cook my own meals, and study my lessons. Father

obtained a divorce from Mother and later married a woman by the name of Annie Ottosen who lived a mile west of Castle Dale. She had a young family of her own. From this union my half-brother Bill and my sister Eva were born.

When I was 10 years old Father took me down by the old river bridge, where I was baptized September 1, 1906 by Richard Miller. Father had joined the Church and been baptized several years before.

When I was 14 years old I decided to leave home and went back to the old farm. One day a man by the name of Oscar Nelson from Ferron stopped and asked me if I would like to go live with him. I lived with the Nelsons for two years. Mrs. Nelson was a kind pleasant lady, always singing while she worked. They gave me chores to do around the house and yards. I went to school both winters; the Nelsons were good to me and saw that I had good warm clothes. After my second year of school in Ferron I decided to go back to Castle Dale and live with my father and his wife.

I lived with Father and his family for about two years and during that time he and my step-mother gave me an alkalied calf they didn't think would live. With good care and proper feeding the calf gradually got over its sickness and grew into a healthy productive cow. This was the start of my cattle set-up. It was always my dream to own a herd of cattle.

In 1910 I went to work for Dave Seeley in Castle Dale. I

lived with the Seeleys for five years. They were pleasant ones and they took me into their family as one of them. Their friendship has been a bond which I have always treasured.

My education consisted of finishing the 7th grade. I remember Evelyn Lowry as one of my teachers. She was a very good teacher and I did very well in school that year. My year in the 7th grade was in the old Emery Stake Academy up on the hill.

About the year 1915 and 1916 I went to work for Hyrum Seeley on the East Desert herding sheep. I was camp mover and Arran Oman was the herder. I remember Arran always carried a little note book and pencil and he would write all about the happenings of each day. He was a pleasant man to work with.

Later on I was working for Pete Barbolio with sheep on the Big Desert and I was camp mover. One day I put up our tent, it was on the 28th day of January about the year 1917 and I thought I had it anchored quite solid. During the night it started to rain and and the wind started to blow. I woke up just in time to catch the tent as it was blowing over. I called to my partner Frank Beebe to bring a pack bag of oats to tie the tent to. As he got the bag of oats in his arms his drawers fell down so he couldn't move and it made quite a scene. After we got the problem of the tent solved we had a good laugh.

The spring of that same year I went from North Springs to Neuhgh's ranch (on the San Rafael River) for supplies. I had five

pack mules loaded with food stuff and grain. The next morning as I started to return to camp the wind was blowing so hard that I put my hat on the side of my head to keep the sand from blowing in my eyes. I didn't have to touch my hat that day to keep it on the side of my face as the wind took care of that. When I returned to camp that night my partner, Tom Hudson (who was the herder), said, "George if I'd been you, I'd of stayed on the San Rafael river and waited for a better day."

When I unpacked that night I noticed there were ditches from the mules eyes down to their noses from the moisture that had ran from their eyes and the sand lodging in the moisture. The trail that I came out on from Neuglie's ranch was blown level full of sand. I don't think the mules missed the trail two inches all the way.

In January 1918 I went to work with cattle for a man by the name of Pete Barbolio on the San Rafael River. He had just bought about a hundred head of cattle from Moab. The next day we branded them and took them on the desert to Dugout Springs and then went back to the Barbolio's ranch house on the San Rafael River. A couple of days later Barbolio said, "George, take a pack mule, some grain for the mules and horses, and food for yourself and camp out at Dugout Springs. Circle the country to see if the cattle are still out there and if they have left, follow their tracks until you can find them, and bring them back

again."

I followed their tracks down to the San Rafael River. I found some scattered along the river about where the San Rafael River empties into the Green River and saw "mush" ice floating on the river. I decided if any had crossed I had better go up around the bridge as the water on the river would swim a horse. I gathered what cattle I could find and took them back to Dugout Springs. Then I went back to the Barboglio ranch and told Pete what I had done and that I should go around the bridge and gather them up.

The next day we were putting up ice at the Barboglio ranch. I was in the ice house placing the large blocks of ice. Mr. Barboglio kept telling me, "Put this one here and that one there." I wasn't used to working under those conditions and I jumped down out of the ice house and told Pete to write me out my time. He said, "No George. You're not going to quit now; I want you to stay with me. I'll sell you a hundred head of cattle. You won't have to pay for them now and it won't cost you a dime to feed them. I want you to stay with me." He also said he'd keep me out of the army and I wouldn't have to pay for summer or winter feed. I quit working for Barboglio and came home and lived with the Seeleys. I worked for Dave until I was inducted into the Army August 8, 1918 and left for service in the United States Army. When I left, Dave Seeley said he would take care of my little

herd of cattle.

First I went to Fremont, California. I spent two months there in military training. From there we left by train, nine cars of service men, on our way to Europe.

As we were going through Illinois we had a train wreck about 11:00 o'clock at night. The railroad ties had become old and rotten causing the rails to spread. Several cars went over the grade, injuring about fifty service men. They were taken to nearby hospitals for injuries and weren't able to go on to Europe. By morning we were put on different cars and proceeded to New York where we were issued new clothes, new guns and other replacements.

No time was lost and we boarded a big ship, the Mlaminie, and set sail for Europe. When we were part way to Europe, word came that the Armistice was signed and all fighting on the battle fronts was stopped.

We landed in Brist, France and from there we were marched four miles to our living quarters. This place wasn't fit for a pig to live in. It was raining all the time, night and day. We were sent back to Brist where there was better living conditions. We were there all winter, not doing anything because of weather conditions.

In the spring we were ordered up into Wittlich, Germany to replace men who had been in action and were being sent home.

About fourteen of us were sent to guard an old prison in Mitchell. It was in the 8th Division. This was the Division I went into when I entered the army.

While there the 28th Infantry, including the 8th Division, was transferred into General Pershing's 1st Division. This Division was the first troops to go to war in Europe and had been put on the front lines and had suffered heavy casualties. Men were needed to fill the ranks to parade in New York and Washington, D.C. I have pictures of the parade down Pennsylvania Ave., in Washington D.C. and down 5th Avenue in New York.

Following these parades we were taken to a good dinner, each man was given a ninety dollar check, and we then left by train to our homes.

I remember seeing the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor and a large American flag waving in the breeze out over the ocean. This sight brought tears of joy to my eyes and pride that we were nearing the shores of the United States, after seeing all the devastation and horrors of war in France and Germany.

Emery County looked mighty good to me and coming into Castle Dale I went to the Dave Seeley home where I was treated warmly. When I asked Dave what I owed him for taking care of my cattle he said, "Not a cent, George, consider it a small part of what I could do in helping win the war." I lived with the Seeleys for several months and helped Dave with his cattle.

I went back to the farm to live with Father, who had separated again. I worked with big cattle outfits and herded sheep and saved my money to buy more cattle.

At this time the San-Pete Emery County celebrations were started on top of the mountain on Horse-Shoe Flats, rodeos were becoming popular. My friend, Dave Nordell, and myself had the contract for the riding at these events.

These celebrations were held each summer for several years, climaxing the completion of a road over the mountains joining San Pete and Emery Counties. They were discontinued because of heavy rainstorms that came at the time of these celebrations. Some lightning struck in the places where people were camped and a young girl, Jean Cox from Orangeville, was found huddled behind a tent very badly burned and unconscious. It was finally decided to discontinue these celebrations.

I lived in the old home, which had been improved somewhat, out on the farm for several years and did some farming and raising my cattle and increased my herd.

I went to work with sheep for Hyrum Seeley in the years 1925 and 1926. The winters we were on the East Desert, about 50 miles east of Green River. In the summers we'd move the sheep up into the Mantl Forest Mountains west of Orangeville. The summer of 1926 we were stationed in a most beautiful area of the mountains, our camp was on Little Creek. There was a huge snow

drift near by where we kept our milk and butter.

During the summer of 1926 Feno Huntington was herding the sheep and I was camp caretaker and mover. One beautiful early evening, as Feno and I were sitting around the campfire after supper, out of the timber and shrubbery three young men and three young ladies rode up to our camp and got off their horses. The young men we knew: Bruce Cox, Vaughn Cox, and Lloyd Killian from Orangeville. They introduced the young ladies, Dorothea Reid, Lorna Moffitt and Ada Jensen, also of Orangeville. We invited them to tie up their horses and join us by the fireside. Then I suggested I would cook supper for them. The boys gave a laugh and Vaughn said, "George, that's exactly what we came for." I said I wouldn't mind some help from one of the girls. Bruce suggested that the young lady they called Ada help me.

Bruce and Vaughn said in unison as they watched me put choice mutton chops in the bake-oven on the hot coals, "Now that's what we came for; mutton-chops and sour dough biscuits." Bruce said, "Ada, you help George make the biscuits," and so we became acquainted with our hands in the flour sack molding the biscuits and putting them in the bake-oven. They all talked and laughed, enjoying themselves by the cheery camp-fire while Ada and I managed to get dinner ready. I learned that she was a school teacher in Orangeville, where she lived with her mother. By the time the biscuits were made and baking, I asked this young

lady if I could come see her in October when we would be moving the sheep off the mountains. She said, "yes" and I gave her the date when I would call on her.

I think Lloyd got an idea that he was loosing out and he didn't act at all happy about it. Lloyd Killian was a fine young man that any girl would be proud to keep company with. After supper and a pleasant evening around the campfire, they all thanked Feno and I, and got on their horses and left for their camp at the Ranger's cabin in Joe's Valley at the head of Straight canyon.

October finally rolled around and we moved the sheep off the mountains. I kept my date with the school teacher and went to see her. As we visited by her cheery fireplace, her dear mother came in with a plate of cookies she had made and glasses of cold milk. After about an hour by the fireplace I asked Ada if she would like to go for a ride. We drove around town in my little coupe and then I took her home. She didn't give me much encouragement to come back again and I left after a pleasant evening.

I worked for Hyrum Seeley another year and was away from Castle Dale most of the time and by that time I'd put her out of my mind. In September 1926 the Emery County Fair was held in Castle Dale, and by that time I had quit working for Mr. Seeley so I could bring my cattle off the mountains. The first evening

of the fair I went to the dance and ran into an old friend, Oscar Evans. He was living in Columbia, Carbon County, where he was working. He said to me, "I have a couple of ladies I brought down with me, how would you like to meet them? The ladies were Ada Jensen and another school teacher. I danced several dances with Miss Jensen and we talked about having met before but I didn't forget her this time. The next year she was teaching in Orangeville and again I met her at a dance and asked her for a date, but she put me off saying she had a date with some other man, but we did make a date for a future time.

In the fall of 1928, on a Sunday afternoon I drove to Orangeville and made a few trips past her home. Finally I got courage enough to knock on her door. She answered the door and invited me to come in. We went for a ride in my little coupe and from then on we kept steady company. We kept some of the neighbors quite worried. They thought I stayed too long, especially one evening when I couldn't get my car started. We warmed tea kettle after tea kettle of water on her fireplace and try as I did I couldn't get that dependable little car of mine to budge, so I was forced to leave it and walk home in the bitter cold weather and go back the following afternoon on my horse. I found that the ignition hadn't been turned off when we came back from our ride. Ada had been driving and forgot to turn the key off when we stopped, but I couldn't blame her. This really

caused a stir in that neighborhood. I went into her house and got warm by the fireplace before leaving and we had a good laugh about it all.

By New Year's we were engaged and made plans to be married in June. I bought the Orson Madsen home in Castle Dale, a small four-room house, but it was ours until we could afford to build a new home. One morning, a few days before our wedding, I picked up Ada and we went to Price to buy furniture for our home. It was to be delivered the day after we were to be back from our honeymoon.

We were married June 11, 1929 at Ada's mother's home. The ceremony was performed by Bishop John H. Taylor. The words were beautiful. Bishop Taylor said it was a new ceremony sent out by the L.D.S. Church authorities to the Bishops and this was the first time he had used the ceremony.

After the ceremony Ada's sisters, Eva, Ida, and Cella, served a delicious dinner they had prepared. Those in attendance were Ada's mother, Eva Jensen; her sisters and their families; Ada's brother Edgar and wife, Alta; her brother George and his family; Ada's friend Dorothea Reid and her mother Alice Reid; and George Mortensen and wife from Emery. My dear friend Mrs. Carrie Mortensen was my step-sister, who I always loved and admired. We always were close friends.

We spent ten days in California. On our way we stopped in

St. George to visit Ad's Aunt Sina Bunting, her father's half-sister. She had a lovely home and insisted that we spend that night with her. She called all her family living in St. George and Cedar City and told them about us and asked them to come and get acquainted. In the early evening a big table was set in the dining room and such delicious food as we enjoyed. All the cousins and their families came and we had such a nice evening getting acquainted. We left early the next morning for California.

We spent eight days of our honeymoon in California. We stayed three days with my mother, where she was living in Oakland. While there the first evening we took mother to a place she knew about, she said they served such delicious food. It was such a beautiful large old home and such a nice place to relax and visit with Mother. The next morning Edith came to see us. She was also working and living in Oakland. While there we took Mother and Edith and visited some very interesting places. The Golden Gate Bridge wasn't built then; so we took the ferry and crossed the bay to San Francisco and Berkley and visited places of interest in both cities. Soon it was time for us to leave for home. I had a water turn coming up in a few days and I was anxious to get home.

The weather had turned very warm when we got back to Santa Rosa, so we decided to rest part of the day at a cool motel and

leave in the evening so as to cross the desert during the night. Road construction was going on at high speed that summer, new hard surfaced roads were being built through parts of southern California to Cedar City, to replace the rough dusty roads of that time and there was one detour after another. I had to pay a high price for water to cool the radiator and 15 cents for a glass of water while crossing the desert.

As we came into Utah Ada had fallen asleep and I could hardly keep my eyes open. I barely missed a deep ravine by a few inches while making a sharp curve. I decided we had better find a motel in St. George and get a few hours of sleep. We were glad to get a cool shower and were going to get some rest, but it was so hot that forenoon and there was so much noise from children playing in a nearby yard that we packed our suit cases and headed for home.

We got a good nights sleep at Ada's mother's home and our furniture was delivered the next morning. We were ready to start our lives together in our little home.

During the fall of 1928, the year before I was married, I bought 29 head of range cattle from Hyrum Seeley for \$80.00, cow and calf. I borrowed the money to pay for the cattle from the Emery County Bank in Castle Dale.

In the summer of 1929, besides getting married, I had a lot of irrigating to do on my farm. It was a hot, dry summer and I

had to take advantage of every water turn. Then there were trips to the mountains to check on my cattle. In July I took my new bride and went with the other permittees and their families to our summer range on the Horn Mountain, where we held our "poundup". We spent a week there branding and vaccinating calves. Our camp was situated on what is called Wagon Road Ridge, a most beautiful area of the mountains.

Early that fall my friend, Dave Seeley, was moving to Craig, Colorado and he had 53 head of range cattle and permits for sale. He asked \$80.00 per head for the cattle and \$20.00 per head for the permit. I couldn't afford to let this opportunity slip, by so I borrowed the money from the Emery County Bank to pay this debt and mortgaged my cattle to get the money.

About August of that year, the Emery County Bank and the Carbon County Bank merged with their head-quarters in Price and was called the Carbon-Emery Bank. Later on, the 29th of October, the crash came as the stock market in New York took a serious nosedive and caused panic all over the country. The banks closed their doors, closed in on mortgages, and no one could borrow a dollar anywhere.

Franklin D. Roosevelt was the President of the United States at that time and through his administration the Regional Credit Cooperation was established. They took over the loans held by the banks and this put them on a solid footing.

Since I had borrowed money to pay for the cattle I bought from Dave and I was deeply in debt. I contacted Claude Empey, the Carbon-Emergy Bank Cashier and a good friend of mine, to prepare the papers in order for me to borrow the money from the Regional Credit Cooperation to pay off my debt to the Carbon-Emergy Bank.

It was a big worry and I depended on my wife for support. Our home was filled with love and happiness. Ada and I knew we could make it together.

The year of 1930 dealt us a few blows. The cattle I had paid \$80.00 for in 1928 sold for \$20.00 a head in 1929. Cattle prices had hit rock bottom. The summer of 1930 was a dry year, the forage that the cattle usually thrived on, died out and the cattle ate Larkspur, a poisonous plant. Many cattle on the range died that year; I lost twenty head of choice cows and one registered Herford bull. This resulted in a big dent in my earnings that year.

We were over-joyed when we learned that a baby was coming to our home. How I wanted a boy and we were both sure our first baby would be a boy. We went to Price and shopped at Penny's for baby blankets and other things that a baby needs. Ada's sister, Ida, came to stay with us and everything was going very well.

On the morning of Feb 26, 1930, the sun came out warm and beautiful after a cold snowy winter. The snow and ice were

melting and I helped dear Ida get a washing underway. Dr. Nixon said, "George you have a precious baby girl." I couldn't have been happier-the baby was a girl.

As the days went by the baby had to have a name. I wanted her named Rose or Daisy or Pansy or Violet as she reminded me of a beautiful flower. Ada received a letter from a dear friend, Roma Stansfield, who was a nurse in the Holy Cross Hospital in Salt Lake City, congratulating us on our new baby girl. One morning Ada suggested we name our baby Roma. I liked the name and it wasn't long after that we took our precious baby to church and she was given a blessing and the name Roma, a name that has always seemed to fit her.

When Roma was barely a year old she was trying to climb out of her high chair and wanting to go with me. When she was three years old she would climb out of that high chair as soon as we would finish a meal and take hold of my hind pockets and say, "I wanna go wif." When someone would ask her whose little girl she was she would answer, "Gor Magazie." She managed to dress herself when just a little girl, but she would back up to me and say, "Bunnet my bunnets, Daddy."

Then in January 1933, on Friday the 13th, when Roma was almost three years old another dear baby girl came to live with us. That winter we had deep snow two to four feet deep and the temperature dropped to fifteen to twenty-five degrees below zero.

I had to keep a hot fire burning in the kitchen stove and in the living room heater to keep the house warm.

There was a lot of sickness that winter and the flu was raging again. Dr. Nixon was kept busy almost twenty-four hours a day. When he came to our home, in answer to my call, he looked worn-out and badly in need of sleep. In fact he did fall asleep in the rocker by the warm fire. I finally had to wake him as Ada was suffering and needed something done. When the baby was finally born the tiny little face was black and the little body looked lifeless. Finally, Dr. Nixon realized the seriousness of my wife and baby, and he and Natilla Andersen, our neighbor who was a nurse, worked feverishly to save Ada and the baby.

After a few hours Ada was resting comfortably in a clean bed, the baby had proven that it had a good pair of lungs, and the dark coloring was disappearing. After a good feeding she too was sleeping. I looked down at this little treasure with a perfect body and beautiful features, long curling eye-lashes, and not a whisp of hair on her little head.

On Sunday in May of 1933 we were going to Sacramento meeting to have this dear baby blessed and given a name. We couldn't decide whether to have her named Charlotte or Carolyn. We liked both names and just as we were finishing dinner Ada and I decided it would be Charlotte. This name was a family name in Ada's father's family. We have always liked the name and have always

been glad we named our precious baby, Charlotte.

Charlotte always craved to be loved. She'd get out of her bed and come to our room shortly after we were all in bed and going to sleep. I'd hear a little girl quietly say, "Daddy, can't I come sleep with you?" She seemed to be afraid and wanted me to cuddle her awhile then I'd take her back to bed and firmly say, "You must stay in your own bed; now settle down and go to sleep." Finally we'd all be settled down for the night.

Early in the Spring of 1934 Merrill and Margaret Cook came to Castle Dale from Logan to live. Merrill was to be the new Agricultural Agent. They became good friends of Ada's and mine. Merrill encouraged me to accept the position as Chairman of the "AAA", an organization that helped the farmers to improve their farm lands. Their hay crops increased many thousand tons of hay because of the use of phosphate fertilizer. Other crops were also greatly improved.

I went to many farms in the county and helped farmers measure their grain crops to determine the amount of grain each acre produced. This program proved to the farmers that the farm land in Emery County could be more productive by the use of phosphate fertilizers and helped encourage the farmers to improve their farmland.

I worked with this program for four years and it was an education to me. I enjoyed every day I put in on this job and it

gave me an opportunity to get acquainted with the farmers of Emery County.

Our little girls grew like weeds and were bundles of energy. They would run to the corral gate to meet me when I'd come riding home on my horse, Tam. On rainy days they'd be standing by the kitchen window waving at me as I passed on my way to the corral. I can still see those pictures and I hope they always stay in my memory.

The little girls begged me every day to go with me to the farm when I went to do my irrigating. In the spring of the year when Roma was about seven years old and Charlotte four, I decided to take them along.

I left them by the car and the old house to play with some play things they had brought. I told them to stay right there and play and not to go near the large canal which wasn't far away. I had them promise to stay where they were and play. So with hugs and kisses and their promise to stay there, I left them to go to the upper part of my farm, where I was irrigating. There was a large plank across the canal I used for a bridge to cross over to the other side of the canal. I was only gone a short time when I heard Roma scream. I knew immediately what was wrong and, sure enough, the little girls had gone near the canal and were exploring along the bank when Charlotte ventured too near and fell in the stream. I leapt ^{ed} across that plank and never

had I ran so hard and fast, as I was about a quarter of a mile from them. Charlotte was carried by the stream for about a rod; then grabbed some willows near the bank and pulled herself out, by the time I reached her. I hugged those precious little girls to me and took them with me while I finished my work.

I had learned a lesson, never tell children, not to do something that may be very dangerous, as they are determined to find out for themselves and that's the first thing they will do.


When Roma was about twelve years old and Charlotte nine years old, they went with me to Range Creek, my summer range. A 640 acre ranch that I had bought from Nick Marsing of Price about the year 1939. The girls rode Silver and Tam, our gentle and trustworthy riding horses. They drove about 125 head of cattle. I drove the large truck we had, to take supplies, bedding, and grain for the horses.

It was 80 miles to Range Creek and it took us four days to make the trip. My brother Charlie's boy, Garry, went with us. He was a pleasant, willing boy and a big help to me.

We spent a week on that trip, four of the days driving the cattle. One day as we were going through Lawrence, I was riding a bronco, who I had named Rail. He bogged his head and started bucking, breaking the bridle-bit and throwing me off. I lit on the ground on my back with my foot in the stirrup. I thought to myself, "This is it, I'll be dragged to death." At that second my

foot came out of the stirrup, I got to my feet and on my horse and went on my way clearing the roads of other cattle, so my cattle could pass through.

I had a one-room cabin in Range Creek and we spent three days repairing the fence around my property. My Range Creek ranch is a beautiful area of the Range Creek Mountains, about 160 miles east of Price, where it is covered with beautiful Aspen trees, many three feet in diameter. The grass and other forage that the cattle thrived on, grew in abundance.

One summer we took our grandsons, Ralph, about 6 years old, and Dick, about four years old, to Range Creek with us in that big Rio truck. We left about six o'clock in the morning. It was about noon when we arrived at the ranch gate. I stopped but didn't say anything. All of a sudden Ada spotted our brand ~~was~~  on several cows that were standing near the gate. She was quite excited and I said, "This is the ranch." The little boys wanted to get right out of the truck but I told them to wait a little longer until we got to the cabin. When I stopped by the cabin Ralph and Dick were ready and anxious to jump out. They were tired and hungry.

We enjoyed the lunch Ada had prepared to take with us. We rested and took some pictures and the boys had fun chasing chipmunks. I gathered up all my belongings that were in the cabin. There were two ice-cream chairs that Ada had always liked

and I told her this was her chance to get them. I was planning to sell the ranch and I knew this would probably be the last trip out there for Ada and the boys. We spent about three hours there and then climbed up into the seat of the truck and headed for home.

It was ten o'clock when we arrived home, 150 miles to the ranch and 150 miles back home was a long and tiresome ride and especially for two little boys. It didn't take long to eat supper and tumble into bed. I sold the Range Creek ranch to Therold Jensen of Price that fall for \$10,000. I hired my brother Charlie and a teen-age boy to help me move my cattle from the ranch to my farm south of Castle Dale.

Our girls had grown so fast. I could hardly believe Roma was eighteen. She had graduated from High School and was going steady with a young man from Ferron. Gordon Thomas was a fine clean-looking young man, but it was hard for both Ada and I to even think that they wanted to get married. Roma graduated from high school in May 1948 and in June she and Gordon were married in the Mantl Temple.

Charlotte was with us for two years after Roma was married and then she wanted to get married to Merrill Cox from Clawson. We didn't object to Merrill for a son-in-law but we did object to Charlotte wanting to get married at seventeen, as she had yet another year of high school. We begged her to finish her high

school first but she wouldn't listen to us. She was so determined they eloped going to Idaho where they were married.

We had hoped that both Roma and Charlotte would be interested in going on to college. I'm sure Charlotte's life would have been a more happy one if she had just listened to our advice. They came home and we had a nice little reception for Merrill and Charlotte in our home.

I was appointed for a job with the State Legislature for their session in January 1956. I had been recommended by my friend Jesse Conover, who was a Republican in the House of Representatives. That first year my job was just an all around errand boy. I was kept busy but I really enjoyed my work and I made many friends.

During one winter we lived in the Sherrill Hotel apartments. We had a nice living room-bedroom combination, a kitchenette, and a bathroom. It was nice and cozy. Our family, Roma, Gordon and their boys, Ralph, Dick, David, and Stuart, who was a small baby, came out often in the evenings to visit us. We enjoyed them so much. Dick called the hotel "Grandpa's hotel" and when they would come down State Street Dick would get excited and say, "There's Grandpa's hotel."

For eight years, when the Legislature was held, I worked at the Capitol holding various jobs. For two years I worked in the post office department, then the last two years I was in charge

of the mail for the Senators. I acted as Doorman for the Senate, a very responsible job as I had to be careful who I let into the Senate and who left. During those winters we lived in different apartments but they were all on State Street north of South Temple.

Governor J. Bracken Lee followed by Governor George Clyde were the Governors of Utah during the sessions of the Legislature when I worked there. We met many people and it was truly a rewarding experience for me.

I was always active in politics and I really enjoyed the time I spent campaigning for those on the Republican ticket. Much time, money, and effort were required in being involved in this kind of activity, but it was educational. I enjoyed every hour I spent working for my party. I was urged many times by friends from the County to enter the race, to run for State Representative, but I declined, as I felt I did not have sufficient education to fill such a position. I was County Chairman of the Republican Party for twenty years and I was a delegate to the State convention several years. My wife Ada enjoyed working in politics and she too was a delegate to the State Convention several years. We entertained many state officials and representatives on the State and National level. Among friends we made were Utah Governor J. Bracken Lee, his wife, Margaret, U.S. Senator and Mrs. David Wilson and others.

We were invited numerous times to banquets and meetings held in the Hotel Utah when national dignitaries were entertained. We always enjoyed these functions, they were entertaining and educational. I always kept my eyes and ears open. It was interesting to learn about the workings of politics from the inner circles.

My family celebrated my birthday many years. I'll always remember the party they prepared when I was seventy-five years old. That one was really special, they did a very nice job honoring me. Charlotte brought the beautiful birthday cake, made by her friend, Carol Johnson. It was decorated so beautifully. Our flower beds and the roses were never more beautiful.

Times that are precious memories to me are when our grand kids would take turns and come spend two or three weeks with us. One special week Collin, Ralph, Dick, and David, who was only about four or five years old, spent a week with us. It was summer and haying time. I had cut and raked the alfalfa on my twenty acre farm one and a half miles west of town. The boys really pitched in and worked and even David tromped around on the hay and had a good time doing it.

When it was noon time the boys could hardly wait for me to say, "It's time to go home for dinner." They knew Grandma would have some good food prepared. We rode home on the load of hay and the boys really enjoyed that. I could hear them say, "I sure

hope Grandma's got a good dinner ready, how about some steak and some potatoes and gravy". David said, "I ope she made a shoklet cake". Dick didn't have much to say, he was helping me drive and he was really tired. He had been the worker. He was worth Collin and Ralph put together but those boys did a fair job and had fun doing it.

When we all got washed up and down to the table I said the blessing. Sure enough, there was plenty of steak, potatoes, and gravy. Something elsef some bread and butter and Grandma's raspberry jam. They were really enjoying the meal and it was so quiet you could have heard a pin drop. Finally Dick said, "Five down you guys." We all had a good laugh. Sure enough, Grandma had a big chocolate cake and plenty of cold milk.

I sold my cattle in the fall of 1957. I hated to part with them, but I had to hire so much help and cattle prices were low that year. I was working too hard for my age so I decided I'd better retire from farming and the cattle business.

For many years while I was in the cattle business I was active in the State and national orgaizatlons. I was Vice-President to President L.C. Montgomery of Heber City for two terms and Vice President to President Wells Robbins for four years and a member of the State Cattle Board until I retired. The Montgomerys, the Robbins, the Larsons, the Swensons, the Hillis, the Harve Williams and Verda and many others were our dear

friends, we had many banquets and dances at the Hotel Utah and some years at the Coconut Grove. Those were good years and Ada and I looked forward to those conventions.

I went to the national conventions in Denver and Kansas City. Ada went with me to the nationals in San Francisco, Colorado Springs, Oklahoma City, Reno, Las Vegas, Phoenix, and Salt Lake City. The meetings were educational and I learned new methods and ideas pertaining to cattle raising. The socials were very nice affairs.

One year Ada and I were invited to the Colorado State Convention at Colorado Springs. We stayed at the city's best hotel for five days and nights. We were taken for a full day tour of big cattle ranches in the Aspen area, before the Aspen Ski Resort was developed. We enjoyed a big outdoor barbeque in Colorado's beautiful mountain cattle ranch.

One year, while Charlotte and Merrill lived in Denver, they invited us there to attend the Denver Stock Show. I really enjoyed seeing those beautiful prize cattle being paraded in the arena. One evening we went to an interesting and beautiful dog show in the large arena. Beautiful well-trained dogs really put on an outstanding show. I was especially interested and enjoyed the dogs that corraled the sheep. We enjoyed all the shows and the nice visit we had with our family. I will never forget the nice picnics in different parks, mountain hide-outs and all those

beautiful places that Merrill took us to. We enjoyed these experiences, seeing so many different places in the Colorado mountains.

For eight successive years we were invited out to the Uintah Cattle Convention in Vernal. They held interesting meetings pertaining to the raising of cattle. One evening we went out to a place called Jones's Beach, a large rustic building some fifteen miles from Vernal, where we were served a barbequed steak dinner. Afterwards we enjoyed guitar and violin music by a large fireplace and there was also dancing with a good orchestra. We spent five days in Vernal just enjoying it all and relaxing at the Dinosaur Motel. Our many livestock friends from many parts of the state were there and it was a nice get-together

June 30, 1955 was a very special day in my life. Our daughters, Roma and Charlotte, with their husbands, Gordon and Merrill, took Mother and myself and went to the Manti Temple to have our temple marriage performed. It was a beautiful heavenly experience to kneel at that beautiful altar with Ada and our girls, to have this work done and the four of us sealed together as a family.

Another very special day in my life was when our family honored Ada and I on our Golden Wedding anniversary at an open house at our home on Saturday June 9th, 1979. Our large dining table was centered with a beautiful cake, decorated in white

icing and a large gold "50" on the top layer. Charlotte again had her friend Carol make the cake and decorate it. I have never seen a more beautiful decorated cake.

The girls decorated the table with family pictures. Many dear relatives and friends came and enjoyed visiting out on the lawns and in our home where tables and chairs were placed for guests to enjoy refreshments.

We were so pleased that so many of our dear friends including the Lloyd Browns from Salt Lake who had been our close neighbors and friends, came and a most enjoyable pleasant afternoon was enjoyed. That evening a delicious dinner was enjoyed by the family and close friends.

About the year 1976 my eyesight started to dim. I was having a difficult time seeing the street signs as plain as I had always done. Ada was with me most of the time and I had to depend on her to read the signs to me. I was puzzled as to what was happening to my eyes and thought maybe I needed new glasses. I went to my eye doctor, Dr. Petty, in Provo who was considered one of Utah's best ophthalmologists. He gave me a ~~thorough~~ ^{thorough} examination and told me I had seen too many winters. I had been snow-blinded three or four times when I had driven cattle through blinding snow storms. He told me glasses wouldn't help my condition and it was something I had to live with. I kept thinking surely something can be done and Roma took me to an

optometrist in Salt Lake. He told me the same thing as Dr. Petty had. Finally I accepted what I was told and have tried to make the best of it and never complain.

I did drive my car to the farm and other familiar places for several years. The final blow came when I couldn't get my driver's licence renewed. I had driven a car for sixty-five years and never had an accident. For quite a number of years I could dial the telephone if Ada told me the numbers. She made a large card with the names and numbers in large dark print of people I often called and I managed quite well.

It was hard for me to realize there were many things I had to give up, but I have been most grateful that I have kept my mind and it is still good. I don't remember sometimes, or maybe I should say, "I forget easily". I have been able to go back into the years past and recall experiences in my life and tell Ada stories of those days so she could write them down for my children, grandchildren, my great-grandchildren.