

LOOKING BACK AT MY PARENTS

-- J. Rulon Nelson

'Twas July 23, 1880 when Andrew and Anna were young and quick
They came by ox team to Ferron Creek.
The crossing was rough and the stream was swollen
As they crossed to the north to the home of Mike Molen.

Then with their faithful oxen named Brin and Brod,
Turned westward their wagon, they slowly trod.
Turned toward the canyon and a few miles west
To seek for a land they thought was best.

'Twas in a covered wagon instead of a tent
Where Andrew and Anna their first summer spent.
While up under their wagon roosted chickens a few,
And on the ground 'neath the wagon slept a yellow dog, too.

The coyotes came with a hunger for meat,
Then that yellow dog stood up on his feet.
He chased those coyotes out across the land
And they chased him back in a cloud of sand.
Those coyotes gave that poor dog a fright,
As they chased him back, night after night.

'Twas in a dugout for the winter which wasn't mild
Where they were expecting their very first child.
'Twas March of eighteen eighty one
To them was born their first new son.

Now Andrew and Anna, strong and quick,
Built a small cabin on Ferron Creek.
They plowed some land, and planted fruit trees
They kept some cows and honey bees.

So the years rolled by and the children came,
And planting and harvesting went on just the same.
The trees bore fruit and the bees made honey
Which was used for food and to sell for money.

The needs of the family grew and grew
Especially for a home that was large and new.

Now Andrew and Anna still strong and quick,
Built a larger home on Ferron Creek.
The roof is high and the walls are thick
For they are made of stone and brick.

In this old home built in '95
And of those who built it, not one is alive.
Six years later on a windy Sunday morn
'Twas the nineteenth of May when I was born.
As I think of past events now and then,
I'm reminded that I was number ten.

Andrew Nelson and his loving spouse
Rear'd twelve children in this big house.
Of those twelve children, and of those who survive,
Only two are still living in late seventy five.

Of Dad's horses, there was big black Fanny, She was mother to some and to others was grannie. Her black colts were sired by John Lemon's stallion named Glad And were some of the best colts she ever had.

There was Mollie, Ollie, and big boy called "Nig". George Petey bought him because he was big. Nig was gentle, trusty, and honest to pull, And for dragging George's saw logs was strong as a bull.

Of the cows, there were Red, Beauty, and a Jersey called Star, She was the gentlest of the cows by far. Then there was Crump with the crumpled horn About the most ornery critter that was ever born.

Out in the bee yard down by the pear trees,
Stood Shoemaker Pete and Andrew by an open hive of bees.
A German immigrant was Shoemaker Pete,
'Twas he who helped most families keep shoes on their feet.
'Twas queen cells he wanted from those crawling bees,
As they crawled up Pete's pant legs, way up past his knees.
With a match box in one hand, the other gave his pants a pull
As he said, "I go now, mine pants iss full!"



ANDREW NELSON, JR. and his son JESSE standing in front of the log granary. The north end of the building at the right of the picture stood on the section line where the center of Ferron Canyon Road is now located.

Andrew is sitting on the large box in which he was treating seed grain.