

Long Wave Old Glory

Close your Os and cross your Ts
Dot your Is, and open your eivEs
~~Please your Os dot your Ts~~

Ruby Corabelia Hansen Melson

Biography 1889 - 1974.

X I was born in Log and adobe house with clay dirt roof, in
Moen, Utah.

My parents were early Utah Territory Pioneers my father
Hans Christian Hansen was born in Ridgway Denmark.
He was three years old, ^{When he} was thirteen was 14 September 1850.
Came to America with parents and little sister Marie and
new baby sister in the God Ship Fane of November. Came
by steam to Utah - Manti - 1853.

My mother, Mary Leona Meloy was born in Manti
23 March, 1852 daughter of Isaac Morley and Hannah
Finch Morley.

X I was born in Moen the tenth child of the family
of eleven. June 1st 1889.

X Mine has been a life of purity. I was born in
a family with Religious attitudes L.S. Church. Faith, and
Prayers, and hard work.

My first assignment of responsibility in this life, I can
recall now to watch my little brother, two years younger
than me, was learning to walk, as we played in the door-
yard just outside the door. One day I let him crawl into ^{that}
cabin from the fireplace and burned one of his feet.
I cried almost as he did.

As I grew up I was always on the Mountain, Father, My
brother, when he was home, and two sisters.

I will never forget my first introduction to coal. That
big wagon box filled with black shiny rocks, Big lumps

for the fire place and smaller pieces for the cook
stove. I say stove - for it had 4 ribs to left of
with stove top. Stove about 8 inches above - the fl
on 4 legs. A board over the ash box could swing
aside so ash pan could be emptied. So it was not
a "range".

Daddy went for wood "into hills south east of
Maden. Sometimes I could go with him and gather
a tin can full of pine gum, that was a holiday for
me.

I learned to gather the eggs. Be careful not to
break them. We took them to the store and got sugar
and sometimes cloth for a new apron.

I went to Primmy and Sunday School and
learned how to find the page in the song book, book.
Daddy lead the singing

I remember Brother Biddlecome, he played the
fiddle. And he played and tapped his foot for
emphasis, and sang: Hi! Ti! tiddlecome, Old George
Biddlecome, played the fiddle, come, Hi! Ti! Tiddle come
over and over until we learned to "Reps time".

I learned to "pick wool". When spun yarn
on the large wheel spinning wheel. After ~~the~~ the sheep
were shorn, the wool was carefully gathered up,
washed and dried and then carded into long round

rolls for easy handling in spinning. There were small knots that had to be pulled apart as the yarn would be smooth, no knots when the yarn was knitted into sock and stockings, shirts, jackets, little girl petticoats; I often got tired of picking wool, and would run out side on my exercise.

Mother liked to tell me stories of her little girl friends. On one such day, I ran out side, glanced toward the farm gate and saw some people down by the gate on horses. A man got off to open the gate, led the other horses inside, and I saw they were Indians. I ran back into the house to me and said: The Indians are coming." Mother said "Now! Lucy! If my stories make you act this way, I'll never tell you another." I slammed the door shut and locked it.

Well, Daddy working in the garden, had seen the visitors, too. He came to welcome them. I kept after me, until she left the spinning wheel and came to the door to see. By that time they were in the door yard. Four men, two women and a baby. On one horse two poles were fastened, and were brought together to hold a pack, and the ends drag on the ground.

They were Indians! They had lost their way to Salina, since their last trek that way. The land had been fenced, ditches made, and fields

planted, destroying all their old land marks. Their
mother turned to me and spoke of it for her
disbelief.

It was near dinner time so daddy helped them
off the horses and they made ready to eat with
us. The horses were led to water then fed hay in
our cow corral.

My father had had many experiences in his
youth with Indians in Manitoba so he could converse
very well with them.

When dinner was over, the chief came toward me
I threw mother's spoon over my head as she stood there.
The Indian pulled me to him and said, "Cali got the
Singer. Then took a strand of beads off his neck
and put them on mine, well, among my treasures,
I still have a few of those beads; I dare say, of 75 years
ago. That is my only Indian story."

My school days began in the town of Molen - East
Zem. All school age children attended the one room
school, from beginners to ~~eight~~ right grade, as judged by
present day schools.

My first teacher was A. W. Wray (Mr. Wray.) The
word in one of the first I ever learned to spell and write

As a child growing up and into young adulthood I was
never popular with my age young people. No one liked me, I

couldn't play games without ~~travelling~~ and falling down. So
I was seldom invited to parties. Many days I never went
out to play at recess.

But there were big books in the Book case with pictures of places all over the world. I loved them, they agreed with me by staying open where I wanted them. There was a kind of rock cut in the hills, my daddy Galbraid and after looking it in hot water he could mould into pretty round marbles. I took some to school once, and, to get to ping at marbles with the kids of my leg, I had to give each one a marble. That took all I had, so I couldn't play. I never tried that again.

Daddy made me a nice ball, with raveled string. Then he cut the top off a pair of my old shoes and sewed it onto my ball for a leather cover. That was just what was wanted at school recess.

Daddy told me that if I lay wouldn't let me play the games, I was to take my ball into the school house - put it in my desk, and go look at the big books. That ball was my only entry at Ont's High over the School house game. It finally wore out and I went back to the big books.

My daddy was my best friend and teacher. He was self educated, and told me "use your eyes and ears see things, if something is wrong, fix it. And with that instruction I learned to walk out - fix it.

Remember there was a logplace on the garden place where water would stand. One day I found some

Potty-stops; Pelli-wops playing in it. So with some friends we rescued them from drowning. Back came by and asked what we were doing; we told him we didn't want them to drown. We should have they're just dying for want of water. We hurried and put them back, and just in time to save their lives.

(Ellen lived near school house and every)

My sister Ellen married John Friedrich Larson and her home was near the school house. Every morning at recess she would come to her gate and wave a cloth and call me. I'd run over to see what she wanted. She had a pan full of dirty dishes for me to wash. I'd have to hurry, and run back to school when the bell rang. Many times I was late at recess. So one day the teacher told my daddy I was going over there, playing truant. Daddy questioned me, I told him my story, I wasn't playing truant I was washing dishes on, dirty dishes. Well Ellen did dishes for a while. But when her baby came, the dish pan turned to a tub and the contents was dirty diapers, often wet.

As my years passed, I was called by neighbors to run errands. The post office was nearly a mile away and seldom a day passed I wasn't sent to mail letters, or get the mail.

Then as I grew older, I took more serious calls for help in times of sickness. I often made with the Dr.

People ^{is} was a people to people call, used by the Western Indians.
It meant something - } white people didn't understand.

From one place to another. I learned home care from being shown and told what to do by the doctor. One I will never forget was Grandma Biddle's. Other to young to remember ingredients, but gather many ~~over~~ ^{sets} full of America weed. She made medicine from. ~~Suit~~ ^{Suit} band land was a ~~bein~~ ^{bein} cure.

One thing I will never forget! Grandma Strongham of Boston, a mid-wife, came to attend my little brother Francis. She smoked a pipe. I often watched her put in her mouth. So one time when she laid it aside, I tried it, to see how good it was. I put it in my mouth just as she saw me. She gratted it and said: My God, kid, That's kill you. Well I'd had a Taste, I believed her! I never tried it again.

My daddy always had beer. Before his marriage in Mantle, he freighted by oxen, wheat and other produce from Sango to Perla Nevada. The day was hot, the oxen tired, daddy, was walking and noticed some odd looking stuff ~~staying~~ ^{running} down a half dead tree. He called it to the other drivers to stop and rest a bit while he looked into that stuff. Well! It was a honey bee tree. The stuff was ~~bein~~ ^{bein} and honey. The ~~oxen~~ ^{oxen} were in hitch and every empty container ~~bein~~ ^{bein} and filled with that precious stuff.

They had to take their extra shirts and wrap each other heads to keep the beer from stinging.

but they marked the location for future visits when they were prepared to gather more honey.

I had made daddy better understand bee keeping. So when I was big enough to turn the extractor, I worked in the apiary. And was "on call" for many neighbors. Bro. John Guadalupe south of Ferman, Andrews Nelson west of Ferman, Merial Belarmin also west of Ferman. The Kings in Ferman. Jim Jette in Cable Road East of Clawson, ~~Werners~~, I loved the job. One time in the hot summer, I was alone to

keep an eye on everything while my patients were away. I noticed honey running out of a beehive. Daddy had fixed a hive, should I find a wasp. So I took it to the damaged one: took out all the empty frames and carefully lifted the full ones from the damaged one. Then I emptied emptied the broken comb and honey into a big dish pan. Put the clean bare bees and all onto the place where the clean bare bees been, took it to the canal the merry one had sweetened ^{the merry on} water on the sod, and the bees could save some of it. They were swarming all over me.

When daddy comes, I showed him my job. He said; "I couldn't have done it any better. Then I had a Big Head, Daddy gave ^{Prince} credit every time, and did right.

My home had three 50 gallon barrels of honey Niagara. Yes, I said "Honey Niagara" was sold in the only one who brought containers and to the grocery store in Ferman, if they had containers.

I have memories of sickness and Sadness.

There was no medical help for many of those years, early Melan times, Lyman S. Reed set broken bones, he was disabled by an accident working on the laying of the railroad into Carbon County.

It was a broken leg - the horse slipped apart and heeled crooked, so he always limped. It pulled teeth - with a force in your lap, some one holding you firmly, the tooth came out. Perished. I know from personal experience. He set my right arm, broken in a fall from the high end of a long pole ~~teeter~~ teeter - ~~Ho~~ Ho in a fence. I landed in hard, plowed ground. He gave Prayerful attention to all who came to him. He died from a fatal battle with a wild horse. He was a widower for many years. His mother, Adaline, lived to be 93 years old. Passing away in 1913.

She stood behind my mother's rocking chair and held her arms pointing up over her head, for hours, to relieve her suffering from Lung Congestion. For a long time she suffered from Kidney failure. It finally ended her life. Some at her side. Daddy and I had an arrangement: -

On a fence post, he would spread a white sheet, if he needed me in daytime. If it was at night, he hung a coal oil lantern on the post. I could see the post from my front door. It meant time, I need you, he could show the letter, I could mind it.

I was married to Niela Wilford Nielson
25th Sept. 1912. We had intended a long time

but Mother was seriously ill. Daddy was inclined
to be, shall I say, ~~superstitious~~ ^{superstitious} ~~superstitious~~ ^{superstitious}

anyway a wedding should never be postponed. So
on that day Niela and I went to Castle Lake, got our
license, went to my old school Teacher who was Justice of
The Peace in Castle Lake Beaver Valley and he made us
Man and Wife by Civil Law.

Mother never gained in health apparently for a wedding
until after Thanksgiving. I stayed at her bedside.

Niela finished full farm work, then came to Melan from
Emerg and made the old place which would be our
home, comfortable. We moved into it in late march

1913.

Daddy had three married daughters living in Melan
besides me, but the same arrangements for signs
could not be made, on account of the locations of their
homes.

Some episodes in my life.

I was a very poor writer, the old spelling book showed the alphabet in three designs, Capital, and print and hand writing. One day the school teacher sent me to the large front black board, with the Speller Book. I had to write the A B C's in ~~both~~ all three styles and the rest of the eighth grade class had to copy it in their note books. Well! I had to do a job they could not make fun of. And I did. I got a 100% mark from Mr. Wegeland in his hand writing. From then my note books could be read.

Arithmetic was my nemesis. So my daddy with my recollections, he taught me the multiplication tables. I loved that big dictionary on that moveable stand. I used it daily as I wished. It held up me right hand, the teacher nodded his head and I walked up to that big book. ~~Then~~ from my note book I found the word I was searching for. I copied the answer and quietly returned to my desk.

The S. D. S. Meeting House was near the school house. It had a chapel organ. The School teacher was an Organist and he was lonely for it. The often offered his services to church meetings. An arrangement was made, that I could climb through a certain window open the church fence door with key on inside the door, for Mr.

Waggon and. I left the building through the door.
But I loved to watch his feet on the pedals, his
knees against the wheels, and his fingers on the
black and white keys. His eyes on the music
book; often held up, by my hand.

Come Memorial Day. - Graves of loved ones were
decorated with wild flowers in bloom. Sugar Lilies, Cut Red Lilies
tangle grass, etc. and pretty rocks. Jennie McDonald and I were
gathering our papers full, when we saw a beautiful black
hawk with richer dress all in black coming. He rode up to us.
A long rifle bay across his lap. Two long knives showed in
his boot tops. A hand gun hanging from both hips. And his black
hat tilted to the left side of his head.

Pointing a finger at Jennie he said: "See you Jennie Mc Donald?"
She said "y-y-yes sir". He said, "you just go down and tell Lee
me Donald that Silver Tip will be there for Supper tonight!"

Well! our papers dropped spilling everything and we ran!
Jennie gasped - Silver Tip! -
One other time, I saw Silver Tip dancing in the Lee Mc-
Donald home at a young folks party.

One day going ^{home} from school with a little friend,
she took me into the grainery to show me her
grandpa. He was dead, lying on a plat form. He did-
not ~~see~~ smell good. I ran all the way home and told
daddy. Daddy was mending a big tin pan with the best
soldering iron. He put everything aside, cleaned him-
self up, and went to ^{10:30} Bishop Parnum's home and
told him my story. ~~The~~ The ~~metal~~ frame was just
across the road from the Spi home.

Daddy and Pa. Rasmussen went there. The family could not afford the cost of Grandfather's funeral expenses. So the Moran & D.S. Ward did and my father made the coffin and the funeral and burial took place next day. My daddy made all the coffins needed in Moran at that time.

As I aged in years, ^{into my teens,} I did many things, one of them I went around town and sold medical salves and pills for a company in Chicago. As the Uncle Joe Swaney from Iowa greeted by a nice saying "Good Morning." I answered, "Good Morning." Several times. I could hear the folks inside laughing. I went to the door. O magpie flew down from a tree saying "Good Morning." The Swaney family were laughing at me talking to a Magpie. (a bird)

Another Magpie episode was at the Van Beach home. Bessie and her mother were in the garden gathering a mess of peas for dinner. In the kitchen their Magpie was leg deep in bread dough ready for the oven. Magpie was lifting one leg and then the other trying to get free. He could talk. He was saying "Help, poor Mag," I ran to the garden and told Aunt Till and Bessie. Aunt Till grabbed Mag by the neck and threw him outside, stringing all dough all the way. Mag's wings were free, he started stringing dough from leg to leg with his beak, saying

"Poor May!" "Poor May!" Well she bread dough now
to the pigs and the family had soda biscuits for
dinner.

My experience changed as I grew older. Sick
in many places. One heart breaking time was the
illness and death of Becky Hawker. A young man
waiting her first baby. She developed Diphthery DROPS.
It drained through her in the flesh in her legs.
It made her bed so messy she wouldn't be in bed. For
the last six weeks of her life I did all I could for her
night and day. The Doctor Graham told me to give her a
drink when she asked for it. But that was seldom, for
when pouring water through her sore legs into the duck in
buckets her feet rotted. The doctor said as long as her
baby was alive, she would live. She would die when it
did. Her husband worked in the Orangeville Coal mine
every day. Tried as he was, every night he carried her
in his arms to see the birds, blossoming fruit trees.
Every thing of interest. Many times with tears streaming
he blamed himself for her condition and suffering.
I didn't understand, for I was unmarrired, But he
suffered untold anguish. I know he did.

During these years I was my daddy's helper. I help
in the fields at planting time, weeding times, and
harvest. I had a bushy green gangster then and he
was kept busy. At the end of one day in the field, I
said, "I've done my share ^{share} for today. My daddy said,
"Young lady, no one's share is done until the work

is done, chores included. I milked my cows, fixed bread and milk for supper, did kitchen work and then went to bed. Daddy and my brother had a lot of chores to do. Chopping stove wood, taking out ashes, gathering kindlings for morning fires. Their cows to milk. I knew daddy was right.

One ^{CORAL} coral was decided by a board fence, any piece that would fit in. One had a knot hole, about 2 inches wide. Chuehan went on both sides. A large stem - snake crawled into the coral, swallowed an egg, saw that knot hole and crawled through into another. nest and swallowed another egg. So there I found it. I didn't know what to do. It could not go on through the board, it could not back out. I watched it until Daddy came home. He said bring the cage. I did. He cut the snake in two. A complete egg rolled out on each side of the board. Daddy said, throw them on the shed for the magpies. It was a sure thing we didn't want them. When the snake quit wriggling Daddy threw both pieces on the shed for the magpies.

I had one year school ⁱⁿ ^{an} ^{at} ^{the} ^{place} ^{called} ^{Emergy} ^{State} ^{Academy} ^{Castle} Dale, Utah. 1906-1907. My sister Jimmie died of Child birth, a girl, weighed 14 lbs. 3 oz. June 5th 1907, in Castle Dale. It was at the ^{place} ^{called} ^{the} ^{place} ^{with}

I first saw the Shadow of Death. That night
in real, not just a suggestion. As real as the
shadow of a love bird as it darts past your
window where the sun shines ^{over} five seen it at the
bedside of my brother and sister and husband
and mother.

The ^{Prigiam} physicians I have been associated with in

my years of ailing at home of illness were
Dr. Graham, Dr. Easley, Dr. Burgess, Dr. Nixon, Dr. Flood

Dr. Flood took my appendix out and operated on my left
kidney. It was in that treatment in Fernon's only hospital
where the mouse got in my bed. Justice an remedy
that when I asked Miss Mela Nelson to get that mouse
out of my bed, that had teased me all night, she
thought it was just one more of my bad dreams
finally to place me she lifted the covers. The mouse
ran up her arm, she screamed, the Doctors and other
nurse came running from the office room. The mouse
jumped off her arm landed in the face of the next
patient, she screamed. The mouse got away without
Miss Nelson showed the mouse track in my bed
when she put on clean sheet. Little black lumps
all over and as high as my knees. The excitement
ended in fun and laughter. We never saw the mouse
again. That happened in July 1910.

In the year 1909 my mother ~~definitely~~ died. This
was sick then she ^{was} attended at heavy duty job, this

The road to Price follow the
contours of the hills and valleys at
that time in Emery Co. Sept. 1909. #9

~~opportunity~~ opportunity provided. The nearest hospital was
Salt Lake City. The only conveyance to Price, to the rail-
road ^{or} team of horses. So Lafayette died in dreadful
pain. He could never have endured a trip to Price. To S. L. C.

With several men, Thomas Chantry, an ardent bee-
man among them, Dobby and mother, went to his beehive
side. Effie was seven months pregnant, with three
little girls to care for. Grocery stores three miles away
and we were in the midst of the fall, autumn, honey
season. Dobby turned the men's part over to
Uncle Thomas, and me to the extracting, in the
kitchen. I had to fix meals, and clean up afterwards.
Our house water-taps were about 15 feet away
from the door. For which I was so glad.

Here, let me tell of a day extracting. The
extractor was a galvanized 25 gallon tank,
about five feet deep. With bottom "up side-down"
Jumell shaped, with socket inserted to hold

the frames of honey ~~at~~ ⁱⁿ the ^{holders'} ^{machinery}
across the top of the tank was the machinery
of small wheels arranged all shaped for the
rod to the crank hand wheel. The two frame holders
could swing from side to side for turning. So
both sides of the honey filled frames, direct from
the bee hive, could be thrown from the comb, on
to the inside walls of the extractor tank. To run

down over the elevated bottom to the out-
let, where a ~~cloth~~^{net} bag hung to strain the
honey into ~~the~~ an open can. Which, when
full was poured into a 5 gal. can. The extractor
was mounted on a wooden bench high enough
to allow for the honey to drain into the 5 gal
can. The net straining bag caught any bits of
wax, or bees which could be in the extractor.

And after a big day in which we have had
enough honey to fill 50 cans, 5 gal., its a tired
crew. But, then I had to mop the wood floor -
Had to have a knife handy to scrape off wax
packed down with our feet. ~~Water~~^{DAWB} of honey -
and dirt tracked in. The floor had to be mopped
up, everything pushed aside and supper prepared
and dishes washed. Tired, the bed felt good to me.

But my sister Effie's daughter was a polio
cripple. Her right arm hung helpless, bent double
at the elbow, since babyhood. Her right leg was
affected also. Her name was Magdalena.

So, with her mother at Lafayette's bed side, I had to
go along with ~~Mother~~^{Margaret} Magdalena. We had just got
into bed, when Effie came in saying Lafayette
wanted me. I hurriedly dressed, nearly ran the 3/4
to mile distance. O! He was so sick! He raised his hands.
I ran to his side, and knew it was a final good by
I held his hand, and felt the life slip away. That

was the ~~first~~ ^{second} time, I saw the Shadow of Death.
 By now, it was just past midnight. I had to go back
 to Magdelaine. There was much to be done at Lafayette's.
 So, Daddy sent me back, to rest, for another big day,
 with the bees. I had to fix breakfast for three
 men and myself, and brother Francis. (My heart
 aches at this remembrance)

In October of 1909 typhoid fever broke out in Emery
 County. My sister Ellen came down with it. Such a short
 time after Lafayette's passing. His widow and 3 little girls were
 now at home with my parents. awaiting for the new little
 one. That made our family eight persons. I had to look
 out for all house-keeping chores, tend children and an ailing
 mother. Then was another time I learned the value of
 my father. His dependence on Faith and Heavenly Father
 in a ~~short~~ Sacred remembrance.

My sister Latta Mr. Donald was expecting a new baby.
 She had four children with typhoid, two beds one on each
 side of the fireplace. Her husband, Johnnie Mc Donald,
 had a chronic ailment, that would strike him in on-
 cious without warning. One day it was necessary for him
 to ride horseback to Farm for medicines in slaking
 turpentine. It was a cold, stormy day. He brought the
 cold medicine into the house, set the turpentine on
 the mantle piece over the fireplace and dropped in on-

cross on the floor, Lottie for got the verperentine on the warm mantle piece. She got him in bed at last, considering her own condition.

Another bother they had to melt ice for all their needs of water. So there was always ice melting on the kitchen stove. So when the turperentine bottle exploded, throwing the flaming stuff onto both beds she ran into the kitchen got the ice water and threw on it's mass, doused the flames in the beds.

There were no neighbors nearby. A block away in two directions. Well it was too much for her. The wet beds had to be dried. Marcella, her oldest girl (my age) got out of her sick bed to help. All together it was too much for Lottie. She was carried.

My ^{own} daddy had been paying daily visits to their house and brought the story with the message for me to come and help. I went, of course, and stayed for three days, got well, recovered, and could take care of the outside chores, getting ice, wood and coal, tending fire - stock chores, etc. I had to do for Ellen and family and for my parents too. Then Magdeline took convulsions, in her spell with typhoid. So I had 4 places to be with. From the 18th of October to the 29th of January, I never rest on a night even and went to bed. I enjoyed when I could. Dr. Graham told me many times I'd be next. I wouldn't listen, I couldn't take time out.

I'll never forget the night I went to bed, at last time I couldn't sleep. Every sound, ^{and} Cat's meow, aroused me.

#11

Smiled my hot coffee. Oh Lord! The nights came back to normal after awhile and I was thank full that the only death was the 12 day old pre-mature baby me Donald, a girl.

During the serious illness of crippled Magdelaine, it was so terrible this particular day that I ran down the hill across the field toward home to get my daddy and Elder David Kilgus to come and Administer to us. A neighbor Thorsold Rasmussen saw me coming, got his saddle-borne, and stood out side his gate, waiting for me. I still having tried to pass him. He grabbed me and swung me to him, demanding, "What's the matter? Through tears, sobs, and gasps for breath I told him, "Magdelaine is dying." He wanted to know who he should tell. I told him. Then, he shook me again and pointed across the field, and up the hill and said, "Now, you go right back - walk every step; I will go tell your dad and Uncle Dave. And I'll go for the Doctor!" He mounted the horse and spread him away. I walked back as I promised him. Magdelaine was unconscious, but with Faith and Prayer, she revived. There were no telephones in this area at that time. And Choir Christiansen Magdelaine's father, was the first to have a telephone installed, some time later. As did Thorsold Rasmussen. The Doctor Dr. Quasam had to come from Castle with horse and buggy.

Ellen continued very seriously ill, at one the neighbor ladies from Faxon, who came to "set up", one night, pulled the sheet up over her face. They thought she was dead. But John, her husband, pulled it away saying "She's not dead!" and she wasn't. She lived until 1950.

Oh! It only I had had nurse training. The sick was needing it, and I could only do as I saw best, like the Mr. was so far away and a good Doctor was hard to get for such distances. They spent more time in traveling than at bedside.

This reminds me of a day when as Councilor in Primary I went to the meeting house and no one came not even the President. I had left several things to be done at home. So I took a short cut path ^{to} across a field - came to a ditch of irrigation water. It was narrow but deep. I went into that cold water to my hips. That took the mad out of me. Costed me instantly with another kind of anger. I went home, put on dry clothes and went to see Hannah, Pres of Primary. I found her alone with a Quinny. So there was a chance to help her. She could not swallow food, but drank some hot chocolate I fixed. Another need for me to have professional nurse training.

I had a chance to take a class in the Mining Hospital, work my way through for one year, but mother's health condition would not permit it.

The sheep men of this area established a shearing corral on the south east range near Melen. I earned \$20.⁰⁰/₁₀₀ one spring helping in the corral tent. Daddy took me over in the morning, horseback. I rode home at night with a worker there or walked ~~it~~ home, about three miles. The men were served when they come. Sometimes several; often just one. So there was always dishwashing to do and the men cooks didn't like to wash dishes. Those were the days! - I've seen as many as 35 big wool bags filled in a day. All the shearing done by hand and man power. The job lasted more than two weeks. So many sheep! so many sheep men! so large a range, and worst of all, when heads wiped and had to be separated on that vast area, I worked from sun to sun every day.

I loved to read. I hung the old Grit magazine on the kitchen range, on the warming oven, held in place by a quartcan full of alk = used for leavening. when cooking. It held very well. The Emery Co Progress printed the news items I sent them from Melen, for many years and paid me for them. ^{the} ~~the~~ ~~news~~ ~~to~~ ~~news~~ - papers, with compliments or complements, and had them printed. I have written poetry for fun, or singing, and made up stories, too. One poem won 1st prize.

and it was printed in a magazine.

One day the Doctor came to see me about how my medicine was acting as he got out of the car but he staggered, I looked into his face. He was exhausted. I said, "Dr. Diggins when did you sleep to

He said, "about 36 hours ago. I said well, I'm going to be the Doctor today. You are going into my bed room, right now and sleep! Oh I can't do it. There's two babies in Emery waiting on me. I said, "Dr. you are too tired to drive on that winking Ferron durgery. If you shove off you'd never get to Emery in time or alive." He said I know it. So I'll take you up on it. I led him in; he took off his coat as he dropped onto the bed. He was asleep when he hit the pillow. I took his shoes off. He had made me promise to wake him in 3 hours.

At 1:15 P.M. waked him to a hot country style dinner, with plenty of hot strong coffee; when I waked him, he stretched his arms yawned and said are those three hours gone already? He eat heartily and left for his work in Emery.

One day my husband and little boy and I were going to the Ferron Flour mill with wheat for flour. As we neared the Ferron durgery from the south we saw a car as near the edge of the road

near a deep wash. We recognized Dr Ripon's car. It had moved in the seat he could have tumbled head first into the wash, with the car on top of him. We had a log chain in the wagon. Nels fastened it to the car. Put the team on it and held it while I worked the Doctor. When, when he saw his danger said, "I was the distance of a sneeze from death." We got him straightened out and he drove on to Emery and we went on to Ferron.

When Nels and I got settled after my Surgery in July, 1913 in Salt Lake City, where we met his 90 year old grandmother and other relatives he had never seen before. His grandma worked all over ^{Liberty} the City Park seeing the animals, birds and old pioneer relics. This Storer fascinated me. I could not go just now, but I would sometime. I did many years later after both of them had gone to The Great Beyond.

As fast as I could, I resumed gardening, farm work. We got an incubator and hatched chicks for the neighbors. Seal oil lamps for warming, a steady heat. Neighbors would bring their choice hen's eggs for hatching. Then I had to be sure with chicks of those who. I disinfected the egg trays with strips of

could quietly talk to us, he told us to discard the Thune name, and use Nielson. Our children would be the only family to carry on. The girls would marry but their families would carry their husbands names. We accepted mail addressed Thune, but encouraged the use of Thune.

[Now, ^{our} my son, Wilford Lee Nielson, ^{and family} would be glad to adopt the Thune name for the same reason Grandpa did.]
 A glance in the telephone book will tell you.]

Although many miles separated our homes. Nils and I were childhood playmates, for his grandma was also the grand ma of my sister Ethel's children. Grand ma Christensen. Grand pa and Grand ma Christensen accepted me as one of the family.

Our farm land was the property share of Grand ma Nielson from her parents in Neden. There our only child, Wilford Lee Nielson, was born 14 April 1915.

When he was ^{was} six years old, Nils and his father drew up papers where by Nils would take over the ranch near Emery, and we moved into the place.

Grandpa bought the old Wyatt Biron store in Ferron where they moved to.

Grand pa was a scientist, was the Green Guy. because he could make synthetic gold. "Could make it rain." Old timers often tease me with these sayings even since I have been in their mining home.

The old Stone building still stands not far from this home.

On the ranch in the core north of Emery - we worked hard at farming the year round. We ~~had~~ had cows, pigs, sheep, geese, chickens, turkeys, and garden. Besides the farm ^{A C R E S} acres, we went there on the 23rd of March 1921.

On the Ranch was an orchard, grapes, apples Peaches, Apricots, pears, a fenced space for garden vegetables, nice dooryard.

House was three rooms of logs with cloth ceilings dirt roof. Granary was brick with roofing cover. L shaped joined together. Warm in winter cool in hot summers. House water was hauled in 50 gal barrel on sled summer and winter. Wood and coal were heat in kitchen range.

There we began a life span of hard work, many friends and recreation for young people. Our little boy's life was one of labor. He rode horse-back to school in the early morning and came after school was set for the day.

Gran called to remember aid to my in-law family many times. Once when Theria's baby little boy drank lye, it killed him. And when other children had illness. Larver crippled baby born that way, took convulsions.

I had arrangement with neighbors Maud Motterson when she was expecting new baby. A sheet on the granary would signal me, or a lantern at night.

Her husband Grant Morrison, with team of horses were at work far away on a road construction job. The big day for her came, I rode horseback to their place then to Emery for her mother in law and the Doctor.

The young folks of Emery made out home a play place. Few summer days passed, or evenings, without a crowd was with us.

Nick's sister Hannah lived in Price. Her husband uncle George Wilson hauled farm products to Price.

He brought supplies from Price to Emery. So it was few ~~less~~ weekends that he didn't bring a crowd of young folks to stay the week end.

On one such time Grandpa wanted me to look ^{over} a pig. I had to clean the ears, nose mouth and the whole carcass stuffed with bread seasoned, well that was the only one I ever did. But with the crowd giggling as they all watched, I got it done and we ate it.

Nick parents passed away in Price in the 1930s.

He was made administrator of his estate. There were arguments between his sisters. Finally Laura had her way. Sines were placed for horses. The court accepts it and we left Emery and moved back to mother - Nick's health was failing. We sold the sheep & goats, and some cows. That put all the farm work on to Dec. He had had to retreat to military administration

His injured knee, the result of an accident working on a canal entry from Ferron ~~creek~~ ^{creek} chopping a water washed log. The axe slipped and split his right knee-cap. He was exempt from military duty, but was held on the Food Production Plan.

His father listened to the radio, when war was declared, from his bedside, Dee felt the weight placed on him. He must get that log back in use.

Only he knows the struggle it was. And many were the slurs pointed at him. "Bapt Dodger," "Nicks died. I couldn't settle down. I made life miserable. Dee had married Delora Wayman daughter of Fred and Pearl Wayman. Then I took

up with the Red Cross work. Making sandwiches, collecting cotton cloth. Ball Durakim tobacco seeds, news, papers. Oh you know about that program.

One day Hanna my sister-in-law came and wanted me to go to Salt Lake to the funeral of Aunt Mary who had visited with us so many times. (I have a picture of her. One sitting with Nicks on a kindling log in the woodpile.) I didn't want to go but Dee & Delora and Hanna insisted. I did. While there I met Mrs. Adelaide Huntington. She asked me, "Am I going to return and you're going to take my job." "Oh yes. I'm not." But she persuaded me to go and she introduced to the Lion House Cokeria motion,

I took the job and have been most fortunate ever since. I never went back to Mober to live. This happened in June ~~1945~~ 1947, and I retired 12 April 1963. 16 years later.

I lived in my small trailer home in several counties in Salt Lake City. One at 47 West, 7th South main st.

It was on private ground, Mrs. Hammond, owner of plot next a Cripple on crutches. She said the reason she wanted me there was cause I could do anything. One thing was to un load a wagon box full of coal into her basement. I'd guess about a ton. She'd been riding out of the wagon. Carrying to the big store. The basement using one crutch. I emptied the wagon pushed it aside and had my small trailer home set there. I got a long inch water hose, to bring my water needs from her basement taps I run around for few days stairs where she had an old lady renter. And down stairs and in the lady's chamber. She was as sweet - I loved her. One day after I received my first pay check, from working 2 1/2 hours per day. I bought me a new blue dress, I showed it to Mrs. Hammond, She took possession of it, gave me the money so next day I bought another at ZCMI. Right across the street from where I worked.

Finally, I was promoted to a longer days work. I joined the 4th ward & D S C.

One day when I came home from work I found a note on my screen door. I had to move away. This was not a licensed trailer home location. When I showed Mrs. Hammond; she called the City Health Dept. A gentleman came. She showed her need of me. The man advised I had to go. Long way my trailer had to. She didn't have a room for me. So with tears and trouble I found a location on 5 South 2nd west. Mrs. Hammond had to be taken to a 'rest home, where she died. I have told of a 'Broken Heart'.

From this location I joined the 4th ward Temple New-Stake. From this ward I worked in several positions. Mostly Genealogy. Sunday School, M. S. A. There Apostle Thomas S. Menden became Bishop at age 23 yrs. I made many friends (from my Ward Book, we can be seen the wonderful people who became my friends. Ever since 12th of April ~~1944~~ ¹⁹⁴³ my life interests have come to a stand still. There in this missing home I just exist.

End - Oct. 9th 1974 -