

Some of The

LIFE HISTORY

OF

R. A. RABINOVICH

SOME OF THE LIFE HISTORY OF RASLUS ANDREW RASMUSSEN

Father's parents were Rasmus Rasmussen Eojessgaard (born 15 May 1800, died September 1875) and Ane Kirstine Soresdatter (born 6 November 1804). Their children were:

1. Mariane Rasmusdatter, born 14 Sept. 1831
2. Anna Jorgene, Christina Rasmussen Madsen
3. Maren Rasmussen Mortensen
4. Rasmus Højessgaard Rasmussen, born 30 June 1840, died 20 October 1901. *our Father.*
5. Rasmus Petersen (do not know of him since 1886; he was then on the U.S. Steamer Manzanita, Astoria, Oregon.)
6. Soren Rasmussen, born 9 June 1845, died 4 August 1853.

Mother's parents were Jens Nielsen (born 14 August 1798, died 25 August 1869) and Johanne Petersdatter (born 7 December 1809, died 20 December 1875). Their children were:

1. Peter Jensen
2. Maren Jensen, Hansen
3. Christian Jensen
4. Karen Maria Jensen, Rasmussen (our Mother)

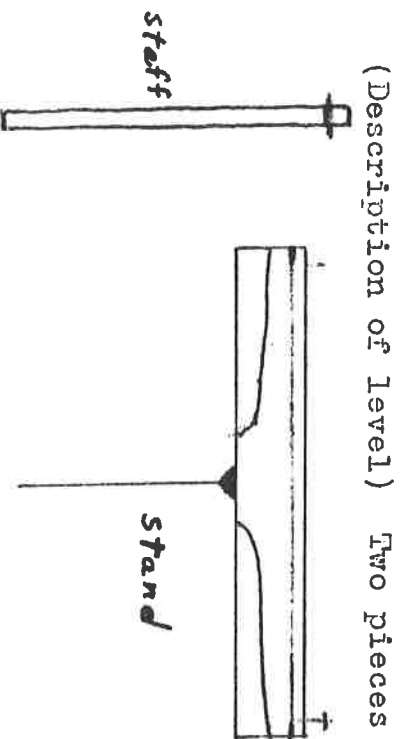
My father, Rasmus Højessgaard Rasmussen, was born June 30th, 1840, in Odder, Aarhus Amt, or County, Denmark. On May 25, 1868, he married my mother, Maren Maria Jensen, who was born Mærslæt per Aarhus May 26, 1841. They were baptized by Christian Madsen, in Beder per Aarhus Denmark, October 8, 1872.

Came to America 1873, to Salt Lake City July 24th. Lived in Mt. Pleasant until Fall; moved to Ephraim. Father worked in Christian Willardsen's grist mill until 1879. Then he was called by Brigham Young to settle at Green River (where the D.& R.G.N.R. crosses now).

They were unable to get water out of the river for irrigation, then they came back to Ferron Creek. A man by name of Ferron was baptized in the stream by one of the surveyors; then they named it Ferron Creek.

Rasmus Rasmussen applied for citizenship July 31, 1875, at Provo. He became a citizen February 17, 1885. James and I became citizens as Father was a citizen before we were 21.

The job of getting water on the farm was very great; after helping with the main ditch, Father had more than one-half mile of private ditch to make. First he leveled (or surveyed) the ditch, then plowed 3 furrows, and cleaned it out with a shovel.



(Description of level) Two pieces of timber. Red mark is groove cut in both pieces so water can pass through, on each end a round bottle with bottom broken off. Pour water in bottles.

Then sight over top of water in bottles. Place staff so it can be seen over top of water in bottles. Slope of ditch should be $\frac{1}{4}$ inch per rod. Go about 25 yds. with staff; cross mark on staff should be 1 inch above water mark on bottles. Do this going down ditch.

The first winter we lived in a rented log house on the north side of the Creek. Father filed on part of Sec. 1's 23 & 24, Township 20, South of Range 7 East. During the winter he dug a place for a dugout; in the Spring we moved there, and saw the Bishop of Castle Valley for the first time. This was Orange Sealey, Sr. He was Bishop over three counties, San Juan, Grand and Emery. That was before Carbon was taken from Emery County. He visited his people on

horse back; had a pack horse so he could camp when night came. That year we got Bishop William Taylor on the Creek, were organized Oct. 9 by Canute Peterson (1879). Next year a log house was built and school, Sunday School, and Meetings were started.

I herded cows along the Creek in 1880; I could wade the Creek all Spring. Vegetation on the mountain was so thick that when the snow melted it did not run off as it does now, so we did not have much high waters, as now. The Creek ran zig zag, from side to side; it did not run so swift.

About 1881 Father became owner of a few sheep which were clipped with common scissors, the wool washed and carded, spun into yarn and woven into cloth of which Father, Jim and I got each a suit of clothes. It seems as the job took most of a year.

At about this time Father and Mother made adobes of mud enough to build a house, the first of its kind on the Creek.

Our grain was cut with a cradle the first years, and hay cut with a scythe instead of a mower. Grain was bound with straw.

In 1885 worked on brick yard and helped make brick for the building of the Social Hall on the lot south of the Church; it burned down. We built a brick house in town on lot 1, Block 2, the same year.

Herded sheep when I was big enough.

Was told to look about and if I saw a man like I wanted to be, to imitate him. I did. When I had worked out some this model man deceived me badly. I did not care to attend Sunday School and meetings as before. My parents were puzzled; I did not tell them the reason for my change of mind. Finally they asked me right out, so I told them. Father tapped me on the shoulder as he said, "You have

worshipped the man, forgot God." He gave good advice; it did not take me long before I understood just what he said.

One of the first years, Fred Killpack and Roy Beach came down to the Creek where Jim and I were herding cows. They picked the green sprouts of the greasewood brush for greens; they supplied several families.

Denmark

Was asked to go on Mission and after some study I promised. The Spanish American war broke out; my time to go was postponed, and I did not know when my call would come. Helped my parents carry butter and eggs to Joseph Welsen and George Stevens; they were peddling. The price of butter was 12 to 25¢, eggs 8 to 15¢. My folks had only a few cows & chickens.

I left on Aug. 10, 1898. Received blessing and appointment Aug.

under hands of B. M. Rowley.

12. Took 4 days to Philadelphia, 12 days to Liverpool on boat - ticket \$66.25, 7½ hours to Grimby on the east coast of England.

While at Liverpool, the report came over the cable Sept. 2, 1898, that President Wilford Woodruff died in California. We went by way of Hamberg through the Elbe River, and by rail to Copenhagen. From there was sent to Falster and Lolland; the priests tried to banish us at once. Did not hold public meetings; we could not get a place to meet because the priests had all public places secured. Ole Sorensen and Gardner were banished some time before we came to Falster and Lolland. Peter Petersen of Ephraim came there on a short term mission. I was asked to show him around. He had done Missionary work when a young man before he came to America. In one house he told of a cottage meeting (in which a man from Salt Creek, now Nephi,

was preaching) which was broken up by a mob. When they came in they (the mob) cried out, "There he is." The man's name was Brown; he stepped over to the wall and put on his overcoat. The mob said they would throw him in the well. While the scuffle was going on, he (Brown) slipped out of his coat and walked out of the door where the mob was coming in and they never saw him. They threw the coat in the well. When it did not make the splash they expected then they began to search but did not find him.

Blessings

The priests continued their threats; when they did not succeed, they assessed us at the rate of \$1500 a year. It was so near time for General Conference that we were transferred, so we did not pay the tax.

Was transferred to Jylland, Aarhus Conference, April 11, 1899, and was appointed to work out in the country. Had just come in to the City for Sunday one evening when a small girl asked if I would come and administer to some of their children. I referred her to the office; since there was only one man in, he asked me to go with him. Two of the children were sick and we administered to them. Went in the other room with the Mother after some time. While there a health officer entered. When he had been to see the children he told us we were breaking the Law by coming into a contagious sick room; he said the children had black diptheria, and he ordered us out. The next day the health officer decided the two we blessed were not sick, but he took the other three to the hospital and isolated them. The three appeared well the day we blessed the two.

A Blessing. March 11, 1900.

Visited a family in the Southwest part of Denmark. The man was baptized some time before. The Mrs. asked to be baptized; this was

attended to. Then they revealed a defect in their boy. For a time they thought perhaps he might be deaf and dumb, but as they watched he seemed to pay attention to children at play. They thought the smartest Drs. in the world were in Germany, so they took the boy there. After an examination, the Doctor said, "His defect is beyond all human help." They asked us to administer to him; that was done. As we were ready to leave next morning they asked me if we would again bless the boy. Miller anointed him and asked me to seal the anointing. After calling his name I said, "If there is Faith enough for you and in you behalf you shall talk as fast as you are able to learn," etc. We had hardly taken our hands from the boy's head when a very unpleasant voice said, "You knew you did not have the right to say what you did," etc. This torment kept on till we were some distance out on the road, then I put my foot down quite firm and said, "Get behind me." At that the torment ceased.

About three days after, the Father came to our abode and said the boy had started to talk.

I did not see them more; was transferred. The family came to Idaho some years after. Miller visited them, and Brother Gregersen visited us here. They lived in Logan some; he worked in the Temple. He died about 1940. She, Maron Patrine Gregersen, lives in Idaho (1949). Nearly all the children live there. (Later) Mrs. Gregersen has one daughter in Salt Lake City, two in Sacramento, California. She is the mother of 12 children.

Persons Baptized by R.A. Rasmussen in Denmark

Anne Karoline Rasmussen. Born in Egens, Mols. Herred., August 2nd, 1877. Baptized Sept. 14, 1899. Confirmed by Andrew Petersen. Joanne Christine Foulson. Born near Alborg Nov. 23, 1891.

Baptized Dec. 3, 1899, in Aarhus Conference. Confirmed by Andrew Petersen.

Sörine Cecelie Eliassen. Born Jan. 3rd, 1889. Baptised Dec. 3, 1899. Confirmed by N. Nielsen.

Maren Petrine Gregersen, born in Ulme Brande Sogn June 14, 1873. Baptized Mar. 12, 1900, in Filshov. Confirmed by R.C. Miller.

Caroline Josephine Albertine Jensen. Born Årum Grenaa Dec. 10, 1874. Baptized Esbjerg Mar. 20, 1900. Confirmed by R.C. Miller.

Kristine Maria Johanne Nielsen. Born in Ulme Rengine, Sogn, Mar. 9, 1872. Baptized in Horsens Nov. 16, 1900. Confirmed by Lars Christophersen.

While laboring as missionary in Denmark.

Had engaged a hall and appointed a meeting for a few evenings ahead, in the country. Went to Aarhus to get some help for the meeting. The Conference musician was sent out with me. "e were at the appointed time and place, and the hall was lit up. After we waited a few minutes, finally a person came staggering in. Petersen asked him what he wanted. The man said he wanted some of that good spirit. Petersen said it looks like you have too much of the good spirit now, so you better go home. We heard some giggling by the big hedge by the wall. None others came in so we went in to pay for the hall. We were told there was no charge because we did not use the hall. A new piano was in the room where we talked to those people. Petersen seemed much attracted to it. The lady asked, "Do you play the piano?" Petersen said, "Some." "Oh please play for us. The piano was bought for our daughter; now she is married and we have no one to play it." R.C. Petersen of Wink Creek, Idaho, played several pieces. Was asked, "Do you sing?" "Some," was the reply and we sang hymns and other

Howe had been non-indifferent

songs. We were given beer and cake. ² By this time many had gathered to listen to the music and singing. It was a great opportunity to talk to the people who did not care to come to a meeting. Many shook hands and told us to come and visit with them. This was a little out of the ordinary manner to get people together to talk to them. I traveled alone at that time. Missionaries were not very plentiful at that time and place.

Little out of the ordinary meeting.

While people were gathering for a meeting we had arranged and advertised, among quite a number of boys and young men came the Principal of the High School. His name was Hasselbalch. He kept his hat on and was smoking his pipe. He stomped rudely on the floor and talked quite loud with the boys. Elder Lauritzen was appointed to preside at the meeting. When he called the people to order, the principle did not take off his hat nor stop smoking. Lauritzen said, "That big man must be hard of hearing," and told the man to take off his hat and quit smoking. He complied grudgingly. After songs and prayer, I spoke. Then Hasselbalch jumped up and was going to talk but Lauritzen told him to be quiet until the meeting was dismissed. Other Elders spoke and the meeting was closed. The School Principal came over and shook his finger in my face demanding that I notify him when we held meetings in that neighborhood. He was going to do all the harm he could and was going to use half of the time. Lauritzen said, "Do you want to pay half the cost?" "I won't pay and I will use half the time." Lauritzen said, "If you and I were going on a trip, would it not be fair for each of us to pay equal part of the cost?"

"I am not going on a trip with you; I won't ride with you. I will do you all the harm I can," was the reply. Then the Millman took

A man I became acquainted with.

him by the shoulder. "Look here, Teacher, you are very unreasonable. Treat these men with respect. Remember you are training to be our Priest when the Priest gets too old." But Hasselbalch kept on threatening, and said I should bring him the Golden Bible so he could learn some of our secrets. After considerable squabble, the crowd disbursed. This obligated me to deliver a Book of Mormon to him. That was delivered the first time I went into that neighborhood. His house was quite a long way from the street. As I came to his gate he came out of the house, met me half way to house, asked price of book, gave me the price and went back into the house without saying another word.

One of our cousins attended his school. The students took turns sweeping and keeping things in order. This cousin was also at a meeting when the Principal did some talking. She was sweeping the evening the Board of Education had their meeting. She said she kept as near them as she reasonably could. After he said what he did and told what he intended to do, the President of the Board told him to stay at home because he acted so unreasonable and disgusting at the Mormon meeting. She reported the outcome the next time I saw her.

Hasselbalch did not show up in meetings any more, not that I heard. Other than those little occasions we were treated reasonably good. Denmark is considered one of the most friendly Missions in the World.

EARLY IN CASTLE VALLEY

Healed by Faith.

A certain person's mind was very bad, not reliable, commonly called lost, or evil spirit.

Authorities called the Saints together and asked for circle prayer, and the Bishop said, "This will require much fasting and

and prayer." All knelt in a circle and each prayed in turn to the Lord concerning the one so badly afflicted.

The person in question improved and became normal in a short time.

The Lord is Merciful

A person suffered severe pain many hours. The Dr. said it was appendicitis and placed ice on the person, then I called the Bishop who brought two others. We all knelt in prayer and the sick was administered to. The one who sealed the blessing said, "He will live to fill the measure of his creation." He was well soon. The Dr. did not expect him to live, so we were told.

Indians

In the spring of 1880 Father and Jim went over the mountain for supplies. About the first day we were alone Indians came begging. Flour seemed to be uppermost on their minds; they had a measure and asked that full for every Indian. They practically took what they wanted. All the flour was gone the second day. Mother saved some rice. I did not know how she did that until Father came back in about 15 days. Then she told how she had tussled with the big box which contained our provisions, had moved it and dug a hole in the ground, placed the rice in the hole and moved the big box over the rice so the Indians would not detect it being moved. The rice lasted until Father and Jim got back. The road then did not go through Salina Canyon, it went over the mountain to the South. They had big snow drifts to dig through, that took them so long to make the trip. They said sometimes when they moved camp they could throw a rock back to where they camped the night before. They shoveled through big snow drifts.

Charley's View.

While telling some prospectors through Sinbad and on the desert there was a shortage of water. So at one time especial water was so scarce they could not get a drink. He (Charley Swasey, a prospector) had all the water in the coffee pot and it was not full. A selfish thought struck him. He picked up a dry buffalo chip and placed it over the coffee pot saying it would prevent ashes and other stuff from falling in the coffee. After the meal was finished, Charley offered them more coffee, which they did not take. He said they might have disliked the lid on the coffee pot.

The Small Still Voice, or Guarding Angel.

While riding on the Big Mountain Dec. 31st one year there was not much snow. I came to a swale or low place on a trail, could not see any danger. I was told to get off which I did. I took the bridle reins in hand and started to lead the horse. The country sloped down quite steep and the place formed into a wash. After only a few steps the horse slipped down and swung around quite fast on the ice. I was much excited. I ran down and grabbed a piece of timber and threw it over in the wash just in time to stop the horse from going down off the side of the mountain. Looks like it would have been sure death if I had not listened to that voice of warning. I soon put a rope on the horse's neck, took a turn on a tree stump, then lunged full weight on the rope. I moved the horse nearer the edge of the ice, then kept taking up slack till the horse flounced and got up from the ice. Then I soon arranged the saddle and was gone again.

Voice of Warning

Was over at Hans Jensen's saw mill after lumber and started down over the dugway. When I was driving over a nice level place, I was

told in a clear voice, "Stop and look around." I did not stop, just looked back. When I released the brake rope, then one of the wheels slipped off. By that time I was between big rocks and trees. The brake blocks had creases worn in them so that when the brake was tight against them they held the wheel in place. I did not obey that warning so was compelled to take off all the load from the back of the wagon. That took half a day and the weather was very hot and dry; whereas if I had obeyed orders all that trouble would have been avoided. Along about the middle of the night it started to rain and the road became so slick the horses could not pull the load, so I unhitched and waited until morning.

Experiences as these make us more attentive.

Lack of Law Enforcement in Early Days

In early days in Castle Valley, Livy Olsen gave this account. Casper Christensen tended what was known as the Co-co herd in Spring Town (now Spring City). He was called to go out and settle on the Huddy and was advised to take the herd of cattle with to Huddy as that was considered good range.

Another outfit also ranged cattle on the Huddy Mountain. This last mentioned party were so much out of line they branded many of the calves that belonged to Ep. Casper's cows, so when Ep. Casper saw calves branded with other than his brand he became much troubled. When the others had a chance they threatened Ep. Casper and accused him of trying to steal their calves. That is the way things were carried on for two or three years until Ep. Casper's herd were all gone. No doubt the Law extended out this far, but Law enforcement was not in effect as it is dealt out to Law breakers now.

John C. Duncan came from Cedar City 1879 and brought his Father's

cattle and horses to Ivy Creek. He stayed there until Spring of 1880, then went to Quitcuppa, claimed land in the mouth of the canyon, and turned the animals on the mountain in the summer as Sp. Casper did. They were taken as Sp. Casper's were and by the same outfit. Duncan blamed others for taking the cattle, but Singleton and Tom Barker knew who were at fault.

Joke

When I was considered big enough to drive and handle a team I was permitted to take the mules to the sawmill after lumber alone, in care of Peter Fjeldsted who helped me in general. We were a little late for supper. I was the boy and was expected to get wood and keep the fire going; Peter did the cooking. There were others late as we so we got supper together. We 4 or 5 sat down to eat. I remember it was quite cold weather. We got up and warmed the freezing side a time or two. Finally after I got a little better light ~~tm~~. Behunin said I must not have washed before eating. Ed King told Behunin, "You look like Andrew, just as black." Then Behunin turned around and picked up the frying pan and now he did laugh. It was turned bottom side up and we had been sopping our bread on the black side of the frying pan, it being too dark to see all that was going on. Peter was up to such tricks. Such as this happened often.

Some of Peter Fjeldsted's Wits.

While going up the Huddy canyon after lumber, the men wanted to fish as they went up along the creek, as there were trouts. They asked if I wanted to fish; no, not me. So they (Joseph Nelsen, Livy Olsen, Chris Nelsen, and Pete Fjeldsted) asked me to drive my team up in front, then the other teams would follow. After they had fished a while I stopped and waited for the men. Then they lay down to take

a drink. Livy took a big rock and dropped it near their heads which splashed water all over them. This stopped fishing for the day. When we got down to the creek next day the same proceedings was arranged, so when I got down about to the mouth of the canyon I waited for them. Near the road I saw Livy much interested, holding a willow so he could lean out over the creek. Then Pete cut the willow, and Livy went in all over.

Some Facts About Irrigation In Early Days

People were united in ditch digging. All would start at the head of the ditch; when they got down to where a private ditch would take off, the man's interest ended. And so on; by the time they got to the lower end of the ditch help was not so plentiful, only a few worked that far.

When irrigation started, some of the men took more than their share so that some of the lower people waited long before they got watered over. Those conditions carried on a few years. Then it was thought best to organize. A Company was incorporated for \$50,000 or shares at \$1.00 each. 10,000 shares were taken up; 40,000 shares were set aside for building reservoirs and increasing the water. This went some time. Jacob Johnson told Ep. F. Olsen, in his opinion the situation was not very good. If a big company should buy the 40,000 shares they could levy such big assessments that perhaps some stock holders could not pay. Johnson suggested the stock holders should own a majority so they could control. The Company was rearranged to read 20,500 shares, and 10,500 shares were taken up or sold. Then 10,000 were set aside to build reservoirs and increase the water. These conditions carried on for some time. About the time work was started on the North ditch, at the annual meeting when business was

attended to a motion to adjourn was made. Most all said, "Aye," and went out. Bp. Reid of Orangeville said, "No," and began talking. Among other things he said the papers of agreement did not look to be fair. They should read 10,000 shares should say set aside to build reservoirs and canals. That motion was carried, so the men got stock receipts for working on the North ditch. Actually, the 10,000 shares were set aside for building reservoirs and increasing the water. The change that was made was illegal. The Lew informs that a change in agreement must be made by giving notice of meeting at least 10 days ahead and giving each stockholder notice of the time and place of meeting, at the last known address of each.

Some of the old stockholders got up a petition and said they would have a law decision. John Zwalen's name was with this class; after some time Zwalen's name was stroked over. When asked why he stroked his name over he said that John L. Allred, Bishop's Counselor, said, "If you got to Law I will have you brought up before the High Council." One of the members of the First Council of the Seventies, by name of Heart, was sent out to tell the people they had a right to go to Law.

Was much embarrassed to think some would try and bluff with Church organizations.

People were greatly disorganized and discouraged on account of this upheaval. The paper of agreement concerning the 10,000 shares which was set aside to build reservoirs and increase the water could not be found since that time. Many of those who voted at the time it was changed were not stockholders, and were only interested in the North ditch.

While this trouble was going on, Bp. Reid, Ben Jewkes, and two

other men of Orangeville came over to attend to some business with the Irrigation Company. Secretary Killpack was mad at something. Bp. Reid asked him why he was so mad at the Irrigation Co. Fred said he was not mad at the Irrigation Co., but at that Son-of-a-bitch of secretary. Jim Rasmussen was secretary. Jim was selected secretary at the annual meeting and Fred was angry because he did not get to continue being secretary. He had some back work to finish before turning over the books to Jim. Bp. Reid told me what Fred said, and gave me a written statement signed by those four men. It took this evidence to settle a trouble started just through selfishness and greed.

I was watermaster much of the time, therefore these things were brought to my attention, and naturally I did try to settle my brother's troubles, brought up without any fault of his.

Experience. About 1896.

While herding sheep I was helped down off of the Ledge, so it is called, or the orange cliffs down near the Colorado River. Andrew Miller left me there alone with the sheep herd and three pack mules, alone down there 20 days. Andrew went to Hanti and came out with the rams. There was a pup in camp. It followed me out one day so I tried to keep track of same. We worked the sheep around on ledges in small droves so they could get good feed. In working my way back to camp I went down some steep ledges. The pup did not follow. I went back and took the pup in my arms. So when I was down some distance the dog became frightened, got its feet against the ledge and made a great lunge which nearly sent me headlong down the high ledge. I was compelled to let the dog go, but not until I moved it away from the ledge. That is the quickest ^{move} climb I ever made; was very

nervous but got down. After doctoring for some time the dog remained with the herd.

When Andrew, Sophus, and Jack Mackey's men got back they trumped up a queer idea. They spent most of the night tearing out rocks and burning timber that was used to make the trail so animals could get down and up again; they intended to prevent others from coming down. They no doubt got the rocks hot. Next morning when Andrew put on his rubbers they were about twice as big as before; walking on the hot rocks enlarged the rubbers so they could hardly tie them on their feet. They soon made a trip to Harlsville for new rubbers. On their trip after crossing the Dirty Devil River they discovered Fyfe Postoffice at Dandy crossing on the Colorado River. They wrote letters and cards to home folks, creating excitement as they had only been away a short time. Measuring on aiprline we were more than 200 miles from Ferron. I think we would go twice that distance with the sheep.

Early Doings in Castle Valley.

The first celebration of the 4th of July on Ferron Creek a bower was erected on the present school lot north of the Seminary building. The cannon was the big attraction of the day. It was composed of two blacksmith anvils, the first one placed right side up, a big wagon burr filled with blasting powder placed on top of the anvil, the second anvil placed face down on the wagon burr. When the order was given to shoot, Jim Taylor, who was gunman, picked up a big birch with an endgate rod attached to the end of the birch, and the rod being in the fire. He put the red rod on the anvil; that caused the powder to explode. They shot off several charges. Finally the wagon burr broke. We heard the pieces go whistling through the air, but

they did not strike anyone.

Just at that time, Seth Wareham drove up with a much excited team. Warren Peacock, Sam Killpack and Tom Jackson were in the wagon with him. Those men got out and held the horses while Seth stepped up on the spring seat and waved his hat as he called for attention. "Don't try to induce anyone to come to Ferron to live; we have used all the water and do not have enough for ourselves, so don't induce more to come here." This must have been talked of in other places for at a conference held over on Cottonwood Creek that Fall, the Church leader told the people if they would keep the Commandments of the Lord the water would be increased according to their needs.

The same Church leader (Erastus Snow) advised the people about politics. He thought the people should divide into about equal parts and then should talk over their ideas with each other in all friendliness. (It is necessary to refer to that advice now.)

Water.

Then starting here, people needed water to drink as now. At first it was hauled from the Creek; those conditions continued until ditches were made. Then barrels could be filled by the ditch. Soon that became very disagreeable as the water got warm and often unclean in flood and high water. Then in winter water could not run; it would freeze up. In summer time small holes, or wells, were dug so water could be settled, or cleared, and kept cooler. This method was very unsafe for small children. The cistern was the next thought; that was a great improvement. Finally, we have pipes that convey water according to our desire.

Then there are men who are telling us the water is not fit for common use. Many years ago we had much typhoid fever. The doctors

said it was the fault of the water. The doctors went up the canyon looking for the cause of the fever. I was along to show them where to go and when we reached the narrows the Dr. said, "water running over gravel and sand as this does will purify within 7 miles." He decided that water was not the cause of the typhoid fever.

After much inquiry it was thought the fly was the cause of the fever. So committees were appointed to help the community improve conditions against the danger of the fly. Wm. H. Worthen remarked how glad he was that they raised their family before these damn germs got here. (We were pals.)

While I was yet health officer, Dr. Graham came and talked with me. Reports of how bad the fever had been was some of his conversation. After I said, "Are you our Dr.?", he said, "I have the book learning; now I am out for the experience."

The Dr. said filth and uncleanness is the cause of typhoid fever. He was our next door neighbor. Soon he sent word to ask if I would tend his horses. He got worse. He advised he get the nurse, Nettie Nelson. He did not know how he got the fever. Nettie told him, "You eat apples without peeling them." "That is how I like them best," said he. He was taken to a hospital in Salt Lake City. He did not trust the nurse. The townspeople got some of his experiments.

We moved to the farm every spring so we could be near our work. Some time after we had gone to the field, there was some kind of special sport and the children all went to town. That night one became very ill. Next morning we called the Dr. He came and after examining the girl said she had typhoid fever. Next day he said she had appendicitis. The next day she was up feeling pretty good. It

looked like Dr. Graham was experimenting or guessing.

About Dave Killpack----None are Perfect

Not finding fault, only giving facts, same as we read in the Bible about Apostle Paul, of misdeeds as well as good deeds.

After crops were gathered on the farm, we drove three calves and a dry cow down so they could get some of the cheap feed in the fall. There was not a very good fence. The calves might have gotten out or perhaps have been driven out; we missed them and started to hunt for them. After a week or ten days I found them in Dave's calf pen. I was looking at them as he came out. I said, "I found our calves." He said very simply, "They are not yours; they are branded." I put my arm over the pen fence and called, "Galfie, calfie, calfie." The black one jumped up and licked my hand. Still he would not let me take the calves. I told Father all about what I saw and how I was threatened. Father was advised to ask the sheriff to get the calves. He asked, "How many witnesses do you have that know they are yours?" Father said, "The boy and I know them well." The Sheriff said, "There are three boys and the man says they are their calves, so if you want me to get the calves you must start court proceedings." Father asked "What will that be?" The Sheriff said, "You must put up security so if you lose the case you must pay the cost." "How much will that be?" The Sheriff said, "It will be more than the calves are worth," so Father thought best to drop the matter.

Dave Killpack was put in Bp. of Ferron Ward some time later.

Father was a better Saint than his boys. Jim voted against him (Dave); I did not vote. Father said Killpack must have repented or he could not have attained to the office of Bishop. Father said we are commanded to forgive all people and the Lord forgives whom He will.

Young Killpack must have repented also; he went on a Mission and after his return home was appointed President of the Idaho Temple.

Am proud of our Parents for the example they set for us, for the teaching they gave. If we could follow their instructions we would be better than we are.

Was asked my opinion of Repentance.

Let us take the Father who was teaching his boy, "Remember when you do something you know is not right, drive a nail in a board that is planned smooth. When you repent and overcome the wrong, pull the nail out of the board. Keep that in mind; when a wrong is committed drive a nail in the board, when wrong is righted pull out the nail."

The thought may be, after all the nails have been removed the board is as clean and smooth as before the nails were driven. Let us turn the board over; what do we see? Sometimes the nail will break big splinters as it goes through the board and other bad marks may be made. So let us not treat the principle of Repentance lightly.

is a Ward Teacher, I visited people who reported some things they committed and some things omitted. My partner said, secret is tell. Some things we do that we should not do; other times we don't do what we should. Perhaps deeds are done that cannot be recalled or undone.

Prayer was our subject one Month as Ward Teachers

One Family said, "Why do we need to pray? We have a home, quite well provided for, have plenty to eat and wear, and have reasonably good health." Eans Dain was my companion, done the talking. He said, "How thankful we are when our parents do us a good turn. They sure are pleased when we show our appreciation. Then how about the Lord, our Heavenly Father? If we would thank Him for all the gifts

and blessings we receive from His bountiful hand, no doubt it would be pleasing in His sight."

This talk seemed to have an effect; some time later the need of the afore mentioned family gave a very reasonable prayer in closing of a meeting, showing he knew how to pray. It has been said we don't have time to pray; the Saviour said on one occasion, ^{Ye shall} Lord and thine bless He and mine. That was a very brief prayer; we surely have time to say that much.

Prayer, continued.

When out on the Atlantic Ocean about half way over a very severe storm came up which looked very dangerous. Great droves of porpoises were following the ship. The steward told us those fish were a warning of heavy storm. Many passengers were seasick; everything was confusion. The Captain asked Mormon Elders to pray. The storm eased in a short time. When the Captain was asked if he was not afraid of bad storms at sea, he said, "Not when Mormon Elders are aboard."

We sailed on the ship Rhineland, one of the White Star liners, which line the Church dealt with for many years. We went during the Spanish-American war, and sailed from Philadelphia instead of New York.

Concerning and during the heavy storm, I was up on deck because it seemed to smell so oily down below. I saw one of the sailors run at top speed across the deck and grab a little girl just as a big wave swept over the ship. The girl would have been lost if the sailor boy had not prevented her from being swept overboard.

Some waves looked as big as the blue hill south of Ferron, between here and Rochester. When we saw those monstrous waves coming, it looked like certain destruction. But as the waves came nearer, the

ship would seem to rise from a deep valley, so the waves did not cover the ship entirely but did wash the deck clear of everything that was moveable. We are told experience is a good teacher; I sincerely hope that I never again shall be under the necessity of undergoing such dangerous things.

While reading the history of Castle Valley
I saw name of Harm Curtis.

We understand all people have some good about them, some have history which is not the best. I have not grudge or malice against any, but think it fair to present facts.

Curtis did not always try to help others. From the first we knew of him he seemed to be quite selfish to other people. He went down to Bailey's field and was intending to file protest to his claim. Ed explained that they moved for a time so the children could go to school. Curtis just insulted him; this went so far Ed Bailey told him (Curtis), "Don't bother more or I will shoot."

Curtis stole a farm from Henry Keel just that way. Keel went out to earn something for the family. While he was gone, Harm jumped Keel's claim. Curtis carried on in that way till Jim Henrie took him in hand and started to lead him down out of town. Curtis said, "There are you going?" "Oh, just down there where you won't stink." At that Harm jerked loose and ran. Jim was most too drunk to run but he finally caught him and knocked him down. By that time other men took Jim in hand. Then Harm had Jim arrested; it cost him \$5.00. A notion was made that we pay Jim's fine, which was carried out. That made Curtis angry. He retreated some very shabby, but he commenced to be afraid of losing his job as Postmaster, but he was cruel to the helpless. One Sunday J.S. Stevens & I sat on the steps to the office

as he had just handed us our mail. A young man, Teacher from Claxson, asked for mail. Curtis cursed and swore at the Teacher, called him ignorant and several unmanly names. He was hardly through abusing that young man when Joseph Swasey rode up and asked for his mail. There was no hesitation; Fern handed Joe his mail without a grunt. That was his way, abuse those that he dared to.

Fern bought a gun of me, gave one dollar when he got the gun and should pay \$1 per month until all was paid. I waited many months and did not get more pay. Eli wanted to borrow a gun, knowing I had two. I said one was sold to Curtis, but he was slow paying for it. Eli said he would borrow it and return it to me. Eli said, "I know him too well." I gave Fern his \$1 back.

If there was really much good about him, that must be something he learned since leaving our part of the country. When Guy came to visit his Father, his wife Agnes stayed at Price. She said he was too unreasonable to talk to.

Let us remember none are perfect.

When Pioneering is mentioned, some people seem to think it was all sport and amusement, but there is another side to those times.

We sometimes read of the wild west; might was right to a great extent.

The cattlemen notified the Farmers when they would bring cattle from the mountains. All crops must be gathered into the stockyards, as they were called in those times, or the cattle would soon eat or destroy whatever they could get to. There were no fences around the fields, everything was open. This condition continued a few years. Then some men who thought they understood the law advocate a method of asking damage for what trouble the cattle did. Some of the Farmers soon got cattle and some of the cattlemen gone farming. By that time

some disagreements were among the people. If the Lord could get time to come down and instruct His children surely He would have repeated one of His commandments, Thou shalt not Covet.

Some persons vain finance quicker than others, some are more selfish, so the wise man tells us. He said selfishness leads to greed. We are advised to be very thoughtful along these lines. War is caused by unwholesome thinking.

I asked a stockman if he would help keep his cattle off our field so our animals could get the feed. He said he had to keep them some place.

What above may seem as all was wrong in Castle Valley. Not so, the majority of people were reasonable and helpful to each other.

Perhaps I may be considered rather odd. Generally in giving a man's history only the good deeds are mentioned. By reading of the Apostle Paul, some of his wrong deeds come before his good deeds. History is real, just as things were.

Before I was 20 I served as watermaster on the Town ditch. I had difficulty in getting water to people on the lower end of the ditch. Talked to those who were persistent in taking more than their share of water. One man said, "You little rascal, stay away from my head gate or I will throw you in the ditch." That warned me not to let him get hold of me. He was a big headstrong fellow. I could outrun him, that was my only protection. His head gate was a long way from nowhere and often tinkered with. He said he had always had all the water he wanted and was always going to have.

Have been watermaster many times and have dealt with all kinds of people, Mormons and non-Mormons. The Lord said He would have a

tried people. In my opinion, Irrigation is what will try most people. I have had all kinds of Mormon officers disregard regulations, some as outsiders. Am sorry to say some good apparent Church members have been fined for misappropriating water (that may not sound quite so rough as to say stealing water). The Town Marshal has the handling of water also. By careful study the selfish inclination stands out so boldly - so, in reality a person, or persons, must have good control of themselves in order to continue good faithful Mormons. Example has a great bearing on us humans; we are told to forgive all people, but can we forget?

None are Perfect.

With others was out on a man hunt when Kofford and Pickle shot Sheriff Burns in Joe's Valley. One of the men was shot in the leg. They went to Orangeville and ordered the Dr. to dress the wound. None seems to know where the boys were kept for some days. Reports have it that one of our neighbors housed them some. Ed Olsen and William Worthen went up the canyon one night after a dance. Going on a high lode they saw someone in front and shouted, "Get out of the way or we will run over you." They later learned that it was some men moving the boys. They finally went to Mexico.

Let us see if Kofford and Wickel were all bad. They took a boy who had a hairlip, could not talk plain, and had him operated on in the best hospital in the Territory or State of Utah. The boy was George Barton. He afterwards talked good, worked for them, and praised them for their kindness.

Rumors have it that Sheriff Burns arrested those boys on suspicion more than once; they told him not to try to arrest them again without a warrant. The Sheriff came again without a warrant, gun in hand.

He told them to throw up their hands. When he shot they tried to defend themselves.

While I was Constable, I was deputized by Sheriff Ervy Olson to go up the canyon and retrieve a horse from Doc Phillips. He, Doc, said it was his horse. There was a man called Whiskey Lue because he had a salmon; there was another Lue Olsen, he was called Lame Lue. Doc said Lue was very liberal with whiskey one night and got him, Doc, drunk. Then Lue took a poor horse up to Doc's yard and took Doc's much better horse. When Doc got up in the morning he was much surprised to find Lue's horse instead of his own. He went to Lue's and got his horse. Whiskey Lue said they traded; Doc said he did not trade and knew nothing of it.

When the Sheriff gave me the papers he tapped me on the shoulder and said, "Now you have as much authority as I in office as Sheriff. You must remember that an Officer does not have the right to abuse anyone. Do please remember that," and he tapped me in order.

Some people have always been curritable and had time to help those in need. For God it makes us fool when we give of our time and means to those in need. There have been many fires in our community when much help has been given to those in need.

The Lord said in answer to some questions, as you have done unto the smallest you have done it unto Me. Several houses have been built for some who could not help themselves.

A little dark cloud in town appeared in early days striving as best he could to provide for his family. A man asked the Bishop for help (a man member came along as this request was made). The Bishop

said, "If you don't get out and provide for your folks I will kick your overalls clear off of you." The non member said, he ran like a wild coyote. George Hertz and Bp. laughed heartily over the incident when they were down in our field threshing.

Temple foundation.

An instructor in Sunday School parents class said that Brigham Young had the stones removed from the foundation of the Salt Lake Temple because the masons were using one kind of wedge in laying the stones when they should have used another kind. In the Life of Willford Woodruff (Page 425; June 9th, 1862) Elder Woodruff wrote that the foundation stones of the Temple were raised because of the poor work done on it by the masons. The work was a disappointment to Brigham Young and the leading men.

Was told by L.P. Ovesen that when Johnson's army was coming to kill the Mormons, the Saints were preparing to leave and the Temple foundation was covered over so it looked like plowed land. After the Saints came back and uncovered the foundation they discovered some of the rocks were dissolved or losing shape. Had sand stone had been used. About this time Granite rock was discovered in Cottonwood canyon. With the understanding that the Temple should last forever, Granite was used for the construction. Some stones were hauled with oxen.

Temple garment.

In Priesthood meeting during conference the idea of changing the garments was discussed. It was said the ladies could not dress as fashion guides propose. Low neck and short sleeves were advocated. After some argument President Grant said if that is all the protection the people want that is all they will get. But I have noticed the

allowance has not changed the Temple request. All workers must wear the full bod-- garment.

Can You?

O where can you buy a man's cap for his knee,
Or a key to the Lock of his hair?
Can you call his Eyes an Academy,
Because they have Pupils there?

In the Crown of his Head what Jewels are found,
Who travels the Bridge of his Nose,
Can he use when shingling the Roof of his House,
The Nails on the End of his Toes?

Can the Crook of his Elbow be sent to jail?

If it can pray what did it do?

Where can he shergen his Shoulder Blades?

I am sure I don't know, do you?

Can he sit in the Shade of the Palm of his Hand

Or play on the Drum of his Ear?

The Answer is simple you understand

As English is very clear.

L.D.S. Missionaries.

William Behling	Frank Cox
Richard Behling	W.A. Crawford
Los Ralphs	George Stevens
Livy Olsen	Kenneth Stevens
Christen Petersen	<i>Hermans</i> Friede Stevens
Wilford Petersen	L.F. Thompson
Lorenzo Petersen	Ralph Lemon
Alma Petersen	Leland Behumin
John Zvaehlen	Larl Barney
Joseph Zvaehlen	Austin Barney
Sam Zvaehlen	Bert Williams
Ivrum Zvaehlen	Victor Nelson
Peter Petersen	R.A. Rasmussen
Peter R. Petersen	D.A. Lowry
Ferdinand Behling	J.E. King
Harry Behling	Warren King
Erna Petersen	L.F. Ralphs, 2
Winnie Stoker	Surrelda Ralphs
Lewis Alfred	Jasper Petersen
Clive Millpack	Don Duncan
Detty Millpack	A.C. Olsen
Oscar Rasmussen	James H. Cook
Walter Ralphs	Calvin Jensen
Marion Cox	Floyd Jensen
Fred Cox	Willie Behumin
Clell Cox	Don Hansen
Henry Thompson	Harold Sorenson

*don't reproduce
again please.*

Olive Worthen	Warren Peacock
Carlson's wife	June Caldwell
Jesse Bryan	Edwin Caldwell
Jos. Christensen	Chris Christensen
& Sister	& Son
Thos. Alfred	John Killpack
Oscar Soderquist	Richard Peterson
George Killpack	Wife & Daughter
Von Killpack	Allan (Greenriver)
Levellin Killpack	Edwards (Hoore)

Politics are rumbling again, brings to mind some things that has happened. We are advised to vote for good men. That may be a hard question to decide. When President Grant talked to us asking a vote against liquor when whiskey was voted for, it was said there were not enough Mormons. It was asked, what percent of Salt Lake City was L.D.S.; answer 65 percent. What percent of State was L.D.S.; 75 percent was reply. That will show something is necessary besides voting. More than 5000 missionaries are out among non-members of the Church proclaiming what the Lord wants His children to know. Are we obedient Children?

Sometimes we are deceived. By reading a History of Castle Valley saw name, Ex-Marshall Ireland, some credit to his name. There were also some not so good by those who knew him. He was deceitful, not reasonable, was discovered defect in Co. books, hired one of the Robber Roost men, he shot a sheep herder without cause, he was

provided with good outfit and sent away at night. Ireland finally ~~again~~^{the} abandoned his ranches. According to Chas. Aldridge he went to Alaska. His wife had difficulty in getting insurance after his passing. There were more cattle on the books than could be found on the range.

Early days in Castle Valley.

Have heard much about the good old days. Brings to my memory some of the things that happened. One Sunday in summer in 1880 Heds Larsens were invited to our place. They lived on ~~one~~^{one} mile north. We saw when they started from their place. They drove oxen. When they were about half way to our place they stopped for a long time. Father said they must be stuck in the mud. He said we will take the mules and help them out. The oxen and wagon were badly mired. Sister Larsen was sitting in the wagon. Heds was wading in the slush. When water was turned on the land, it seemed to melt and get very soft. Father brought a chain and Larsen had one but they were too short. They could not get the mules near enough to hitch on to an ox. In a few minutes I was sent home to get the cre. Father cut down a tree. After trimming it he fastened a chain on the neck of an ox, then the other end of the chain on the end of the tree, then another chain on outer end of tree. This did not reach to the mules, so they cut another tree and fastened the two trees together with the steychains which was on the double trees. Then the long chain reached out so the mules could be hitched on to an ox. After much digging and lifting the oxen was dragged out one at a time. Then the oxen and mules were hitched to the hind end of the wagon. The men was almost compelled to swear at the mules and oxen before they pulled the wagon out on dry land. Teamsters did not think animals would pull

their very best unless the teamster would swear some.

(Necessity is the mother of invention). That was not the only thing the early settlers had to substitute.

Can we form an opinion how the Sunday dinner kept till the visitors arrived?

Do we have any idea how Bro. Kads looked after that ordeal?

Ground Cherries.

How ground cherry came to Ferron, Joseph Wrigley's second wife, Dinah, preserved ground cherries in American Fork, brought them here and used them same as other fruits. Their rest room was outside as all others were in those days. Father worked for Wrigley and I helped clean the outhouse. Bishop Taylor and Wrigley informed us and others that the ground cherries grew after they were preserved and eaten. We helped tend Wrigley's farm while he was in hiding because of his second wife. We remember gathering ground cherries from their old garden spot.

First flood, 1881 (was called Sunday flood).

While herding cows one Sunday along the creek, was badly soiled by continual rain. Jim and I changed about. Was riding the black mule, it became too wet to walk. Towards evening I went to Svend Larson's to get Jim as he was there. The Folks induced me to let Jim take the mule. He and Olof Larson was to help Edith and Hannah Hansen home. The road was so muddy they could not walk, they lived 3 miles up the creek. I hurried back to get the cows home. Father had built a foot bridge over the Creek. When I had driven cows over the water was quite muddy and rising fast. I ran over the foot bridge as it started to move down stream. All was reported to our

parents soon as I got home. They seemed to be very much excited, I was the only one who ate supper. AFTER clothes were done, Father went down to the Creek. After a long wait he came back, embraced Mother as he said, "I saw want don't objects go down in the flood. Maybe some of them was the black mule (name Detsy)." He said the flood was going down some so he would take the yellow mule (name Lise) and try to get over to Svend Larsson's. It was getting ~~dark~~^{dark light} when he returned. He said some of the swales were so deep with water they almost made Lise swim, other places were soft and wiry so she could hardly get through. The boys had not come back to Larsson's so he went up to Hansen's. All was there safe and sound. That is said to be the largest flood known in Ferron Creek.

Fashion tries to save on clothing.

Morning of July 4th was in Salt Lake City, Utah. Went out and sat on front steps of the house. Folks was out late last night, not up yet. I picked up the paper and looking it over, thought I felt sein drops. Was going to move under shelter. As I turned there was a person springing the lawn next door. Person's only covering was a small bib in front and the shortest shorts. Belly band was missing, back nude.

If people were in want of clothing to that extent how miserable things would be.

A Family in Ferron Creek 1879-81 were very much in need of clothing. A boy our size and age went down with us to swim in the Creek. He removed his clothes, was in and wet over before we could get our shoes off, if we had any on. His gear was a two bushel sack, holes cut for his head and arms, lower part was cut and sewed to protect his legs, was barefooted. This was not done to make new fashion or style.

1881

Was on an errand up to Christensen's, parents of Mrs. Joseph Thornton. They lived about where the remains of Christen Petersen's house now is on the School Section. They were not in their dugout. After searching some I discovered them out in the field cutting wheat with the butcher knife. I watched them, it took a long time to cut enough for a bundle. The woman then bound it with straw. I told the folks what I had seen. Father went up next day and cut their grain with the cradle, as it was called.

While in Denmark was reminded of earlier days here. Sometimes men were harvesting grain with the cradle as we did, and their wives would rake and bind what the men did cut. Uncle Niels Mortensen took me around on a very large plantation where Father worked much of his time while in Denmark. After we had been in the forest and seen where they kept their dead in a large place built in the side of a hill. Bodies were kept in large boxes made of stone which had been rubbed on other stones until they were made smooth and made to fit so boxes were air tight. When I thought we had seen all, Uncle said, "There is a little spot you might want to see." Only a patch of willows and weeds it looked to me. He elbowed his way in and said, "That is the remains of a selffinder, the first brought to that part of the country. The people mobbed, destroyed it by breaking it in pieces with big rocks, all left there in a heap."

Hofjessgaard was the name of the big place Uncle Niels Mortensen was working on, and that is the name added to Father's name. Many Rasmussens lived in Denmark and names of such big places are given to signify about what part of the country certain names or persons can be found.

A word about tobacco.

While herding sheep on the Mountain Fete Fjelsted came to camp. Boss was away so there was room for him. We went in same bed but I did not sleep, the air was so strong or foul. Turned my back and covered my face and made sort of a shoot or tunnel by which I got my breath. When he came next time I let him use part of the quilts and blankets so he could sleep by himself. Never before have I had such experience, although I have worried with tobacco users. Peet smoked a pipe. Have sometimes wondered if Ester was effected as I was.

Theirs was the first wedding we knew on Ferron Creek. They were leaders of sports and entertainments.

Have sometimes wondered about Drs. They are the wisest persons among us and quite a large per cent are tobacco user. Am not finding fault, only wondering, does it effect all the same. One good person said he could think quicker and remember much better after he quit using tobacco.

1879-80 was called the hard winter here, deep snow and very cold weather. Father, on the way over to work on the dugout went through a patch of very big brush. Cattle stayed in the brush as for protection against wind and cold. Occasionally he found a cow frozen down. The heat of the animal would melt some snow and the tail would get frozen in the ice so the cow could not get up. Father offered help by chopping ice from tail so the cow could get up. It happened some of the animals would fight when they got up. There were some small cottonwoods among the brush so he could climb out of their reach. A pen was made of small cottonwoods for the mules and a cow. This was renewed a time or two. The animals ate branch, bark, and

wood. The managers were replaced several times. Reasonable feed for the animals could not be had. We now cannot understand the privations humans and beasts endured. Several different weeds and plants were used for greens--greasewood sprouts, etc. Mother was advised to take a good supply of spinach seed when we left for the wilderness. Spinach seed was planted soon as water was brought on the land. The folks were inspired to plant the garden far enough away so the chickens did not interfere. Then we did soon appreciate the garden in general.

About 1882 I was permitted to go with Father over the mountain for supplies. We went with Mr. & Mrs. Svend Larson. No difficulty was had until we got up near the top of the Mountain, south west of Gilson's cabin. Up came a big storm and high wind. Wood was scarce and it was cold weather. Ate little supper. When we retired I shivered until I shook the wagon. Next day we had some trouble getting up the big hill on to the summit or divide. Storm made the road slippery. (This was before the road went through Saline Canyon.) No more dark spots until we started back home. We had been in Sanpete, Larsons had been south after their daughter, Maria. When we were going up Gooseberry the road was damp, slick in places. Svend's one horse quit. Mules were hitched to Larson's wagon tongue many times that afternoon in order to help along. We camped at the foot of the sheep corral hill, that was a long, very steep hill. Svend was angry at Meg, the sulky mare, gave her a rap with the rope. She jerked loose while they were being watered. Mules were well acquainted with the horses, so they jerked away from Father and down the road they went in high speed. Sam Killpack had a riding horse

and went after them but could not catch them. There was a man who Sam travelled with who had a team but he could not get up the big hill alone so he too was compelled to wait. Sam went after horses and mules early next morning. The mail carrier came from Salina. A request was sent to Ferron for someone to bring two yoke of oxen out where we were. Am not sure just how long we were waiting; it must have been 4 or 5 days. I remember how mud was handy at edge of the snow. Many horses and mules were muddled. If mud got too dry my tears no doubt was enough to keep it damp. Am unable to give an account of how we felt, on the wrong side of the mountain, blustery storms often. Finally Herinus Christensen came with the oxen. Two horses and four oxen finally got the wagons up the big hill. We went over the top and down past Gilson's cabin over towards meadow gulch when Sam caught us with the long lost animals. From then on it was a pleasure trip.

The same winter in very cold weather Edith, & Hannah Hansen, Rejins, and Louise Stevens, got drove a pair of oxen hitched to a wagon down to our place on Section 23 & 24, Township 20, South of Range 7 East. Was hardly through with chores. Father asked me to come and ~~tramp~~ some feed down in the wagon while the girls go in and warm. They had three miles to drive, oxen could only go two miles per hour. Do we understand what that would mean if now in our time we were compelled to make the trip with such locomotion. Of course it is impossible for us to fully know what things really meant to people of that time.

While at Esplanade, before we came to Castle Valley, I came near

being by Indians. A flock of us boys were playing in the dust on the County road. A drove of Indians came on horses. They stooped down and picked up one of us. As a man shouted and came running with a gun they dropped boy and ran.

The more pleasant views of things should not be overlooked by people who started settlements out here in the wilderness. After the busy season we had amusements also, home made, as now, some then. All the people were invited to one home, eat and drink was provided by home folks. In preparing for such a time I did beat eggs several days helping Mother make starch cake and other goodies. Father was very busy along his line; better malt could not be made. Barley properly soaked and sprouted, dried in the oven and browned to give the desired color and taste. Our cellar was our former residence so we had plenty room to keep beer at proper temperature, plenty for all. Had accorcion for dance music, an instrument many could play, whereverout they could dance about. Mostly round dances, did not need many dance callers. Never saw any tipsy and there were never any wall flowers. All seemed to be about equal, perhaps not in size and shape but there were plenty for all to that for which they were best adapted. This was not just one home or place but it was carried out about the same in most Families, such as that caused all to feel more free about visiting and associate more freely in their work. Bishop Wm. Taylor, Sr., was a leader of men, appointed October 1879. Sometimes it seemed there were not enough room for all the teams when they came to a party, but we lived on the Farm. There was room for all, and glad they came.

About Schooling.

Started at Ephraim, at L.M. Olson's school, in the Fort surround-
ing Tabernacle. Had only a few days when something must have tormented.
He grabbed his cat-o-ninetails (a birch stick about 16 in. long, $1\frac{1}{2}$
in. thick with 2 leather straps tacked on end of stick, straps cut
in narrow strips) and began striking right and left on both sides of
the aisle. He was getting near me so I ducked under the desk and
crawled out the door, did not go back. Then our Parents sent us up
to Dickson's School farther up in town near where Stomp Anders, High
Hansen, Mormon Preacher, Sorn Bese, Knor Fomes, Wimmelnick, Little
Witch, and many other people lived, also Long Soren, Chris Geller,
Devil in the Hole, Pirty Pete, and little Talk Tailor.

About the most exciting thing about the School was some 3 big
boys not obeying Teacher's demand. He asked them not to play cards,
they continued. He finally said, "If you do not quit that game, I
must punish you." They persisted. He got them in. He then told
two of the big boys to hold the third boy, one to hold his hands, the
other his feet, belly down, while Teacher tanned ~~ed~~. The three were
all treated same. Then the boys took Teacher over desk same as they
had been. By that time some ran for the School Trustees. That was
the end of shem trouble that we saw in Ephraim Schools.

George Aldridge taught in log house down on what is now called
the Molen road. Mrs. Brown taught after house was moved up on Town
site.

School Teachers were paid by Parents of children attending
school, also furnished fuel and other things needed in the school.
There was no tax for such. In those days the Assessor also collected
taxes but none for schools.

We were few and some just beginners. Jim King from American Fork went to Mrs. Brown's School. He had the highest Reader. When he came to a big word he stooped, would look at her and wait. She said, "Go on Jim." If he did not continue she threatened him. He said, "If you do I will kill your rooster." She had a few chickens. Jim King was a big boy, quite amusing, kind and helpful to Teacher. Classes were named by readers, not by grades as now. After the little tid bits we had I think we have had as good schools as any place this size. Teachers were improved as time went on. One winter us boys went to Holen, taught by May McDonald who became Mrs. Joe Swasey. Everything advanced as fast as was reasonable. By and by things did seem to change little by little. Some people did not think children could get as much out of the Academy at Castle Dale as at Provo. When they came home they were asked, "How often do you recite at Provo?" Answer, about twice a month. Children here said they were up nearly every day. So Emery State Academy did not seem so bad.

After the pleasant and enjoyable times we have had, my mind goes to thought of how some people were caused unspeakable grief and misery. Have been thinking of how many accidental deaths there have been. I remember about all but not in rotation as they happened.

1. A man by name of Henning was first person killed, shot by Merican John Rembro, too slow on the draw. He threatened John many times.
2. Man killed by Jake Ivey with neckroke, don't know his name.
- 3,4. George Biddlecome and daughter Rachel, drowned in Creek.
5. Mack Biddlecome, killed in coal mine.

6. John Benling, shot in neck by man who told him not to go on his land to tend bees.
7. George Thompson, killed by tractor.
8. Ray Herring, killed by Railroad.
9. Peter Jensen, fell from high building. *in Salt Lake City.*
10. Justen Olsen, drowned in Will Killpack pond.
11. John Barton, killed by horse tract ran over a cow. *up on Precinct*
12. Ruth Leslie Nelson, drowned in Owen Barton's pond.
13. Kenneth Smith, killed by horses at Rochester.
14. Ray Olsen, killed by light tank explosion.
15. Sam Swahlen, struck by car.
16. Emma Zvahlen, Hyrum slammed brake while truck was in high speed and caused wreck.
17. Haselton Holen, drowned in Holen Ditch.
18. Eddie Bailey, by blast while working in the C.C.C.
19. John E. Stevens, snowslide in Price Canyon, working on road.
20. Alma Wrightley, killed by horse.
21. Rulon Wild, killed by horse while raking hay.
Central Swasey, derrick fell on him.
23. Christian Jensen 2nd. Found on road down on Desert, dead by wagon.
24. Vern Kofford, apparently roping horse either fell or threw him off; head covered in sand. *out on Sandberck.*
25. Sheriff Wm. Black, shot by Hugh Wayman.
26. Roy Black, shot by Hugh Wayman.
27. Hippy Petersen, Carpenter. Carl Christensen jumped and broke scaffold while shingling Holen meeting house. All fell.
Petersen died.

28. ^(Hazel Varman) Varman's baby drowned. ^{A. Andersen's} baby drowned also.
30. Willie Zetter, kicked by horse.
31. Mother, Karen Marie Jensen Rasmussen, burned. Clothes took fire while changing.
32. Theodore, J.J. Rasmussen's son, strangled while eating.
33. Bigge Blackburn, killed by team, while under influence of liquor.
34. Stanley Leslie, drowned in ditch near house.
35. H.A. (Tan) Crawford, killed by team going down meeting house hill, car passed with chain links tapping or hitting tender, exciting horses.
36. Orson Lowry, shot.
37. Elwood Crawford, killed in California.
38. Ray Huntsman, run over by wagon.
39. Udel Fowler, in coal mine
40. Joseph Kolovich, war.
41. Floyd Nielsen, war, Pearl Harbor.
42. Leon Henry, coal mine.
43. Willie Hansen, scalded.
44. Arvel Henrie, football. ~~Eph~~ Henrie's son.
45. G.T. Stevens, killed by mob in South Sea Islands. *Dr. Mission*,
46. Sherril Stevens, coal mine.
47. Royal Nelson, war.
48. Orson Wareham, war.
49. Homer Dean Duncan, war.
50. Reveal Lowry, shot on deer hunt.
51. Carl Christensen, car accident.
52. Andrew Lamar Nelson, coal mine.

53. Merik Petersen, tractor while digging silo pit.
54. Lawrence Barney's boy, wagon tipped over on him.
55. John Westenslow's boy run over by wagon.
56. Lizebeth Conover, drowned. (Mrs. A.G. Conover)
- 57, 58. Jez Fugate's girl, burned. Boy, drug to death by horse.
59. Bruce Funk's boy, electrocuted. (Dean Funk)
60. Richard Thomas, coal mine.
61. Willard Hitchcock, coal mine.
62. Reece Killpack, war.
63. Clyde Killpack, football game.
64. Carl Soderquist, drowned.
65. Ray Hitchcock, shot.
66. Raymon Aldridge, coal mine.
67. Eli Fredericksen, Jr., coal mine.
68. Harold Smith, coal mine.
69. Ruone Caldwell ?
70. Alma Killpack, car accident.
71. Cecil Deannin, coal mine.
72. Clair Wareham, shot.
73. Jed Pullen, drowned in Green River, 1880.
74. John Westenslow, car accident in Spanish Fork Canyon.
75. Clark Swasey, struck by truck. *77 Kicks Blackburn*
76. Iven Jensen, mine. *of World War 1*

The foregoing is all I think of now, accidental and other deaths.

This is record of this little community from 1879 until Oct. 25, 1950. People have enjoyed many blessings, also endured strenuous experiences, both man and beast.

Another dark cloud was the cause of divorce. About 50 families (over 78 Peter Anderson, shall shocked. died from effects.

were divided. Much grief and agony must have been suffered.

Could not show proper appreciation for our lin if I do not mention some of their kindness to me. The Folks here have been and are very helpful in every way. Herman and Jane when returning from Detroit where they had been after cars picked me up here (Ferron) went to S.L., rested & visited a day, then to Boise, Idaho, remained a day, then to Eugene, Oregon. Was sight seeing nearly every day. Was with them several times to Portland after cars. Went over the Columbia River after the terrible destruction by the flood on the Washington side of the River. Words cannot express the horrible destruction. Houses and furniture all mixed in water many feet deep; 16 persons lost their lives. Went out to the Ocean, saw many different kinds of sports. Timber is their main product. They took me back to Boise. Lyman and Minnie brought me to S.L. where I remained a week. Bob and Christy came for me. Kin took me more ^{than} to 1100 miles. Traveled more than that while there, went 3500 miles by time I got back home. Home is a wrong expression. I only camp here.

(Foregone 1943)

Had an offer of help to again visit our baby and his. Bob Lewis took his truck to Dragerton and exchanged it for their son-in-law's car, his being out of commission. Next morning they came and took Mrs. Thorvald Nelson, her Granddaughter, and I to S.L.C. and went back to Dragerton the same day. See how they sacrifice just for me. Lyman and Minnie took us to Airport next morning where we had reservations on United Air Line. Left 7:20, landed in Portland, Oregon, about $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours later, some over 1000 miles. (Nelsons went to Seattle,

Wash.) They came to Portland and assisted me back to camp, after I had a very pleasant time with the Folks, went out to coast, and many interesting places. Hot water and cold came out of ground near each other 60 miles from Eugene. Also attended I.D.S. Gatherings, visited about three weeks. Oldest town in Oregon, is said to be near Portland.

Our motive should be do what good we can and as little harm as possible.

Could think of more little nic nacs to write but this should suffice for now.

Foregoing gives some of my thoughts and knowledge.

RA Rasmussen. Resident of Ferron, since Sept. 1879.

Dec. 1st, 1950

While at Ephraim, Sanpete County, Utah, was reminded of some things that occurred while we lived there. A person I met said he was a descendant of Andrew Bjergo, whom I remember so well. Bjergo was occupied with freighting out to the Silver mines out west. Our Father was working for this man, cutting grass and clover, alfalfa and whatever grew among the fruit trees. By permission I went with Father some times. This man drove a four mule team. At that time he was taking the flat strips of iron off the sides of the wagonbox and gathering pieces of gold money. Holes had been bored with an auger deep enough to hold the gold pieces. When Father saw this he

sure wondered what kind of people lived out west. He said, "Why don't you hide the money in your wagon grease can? It would be so much easier." Bjergo said, "When we get to Utah they will steal our wagon grease."

The same was seen at Rasmus Knups (nickname), also a freighter *step father of Christian Johnson* to the Silver mines. Saw him taking gold from sides of wagon box, all gold and silver, no paper money then.

We were here in Castle Valley when the D.S.R.G. were building Railroad grade west of Green River across the Great waste country south of the Cedar Mountain called Buckhorn flat. While working along through those hills and vales there were some time for sports, perhaps some had time to gamble, bet and challenge. Lars Christensen was the largest and thought much strongest man on the Railroad. After some betting and arguments he went out to grade and arranged a non spiked rail supposed to weigh some over four hundred pounds. Two men sat on rail, one on each end, and when Lars got all ready and well braced he lifted that rail, man and all, with his two hands and arms.

Recently while in Sanpete was reminded of a very remarkable and outstanding strong man. His Parents and ours lived within 2 or 3 rods of each other. He was not taller than the average Good sired man but he was built good and strong all the way round. He moved over to Huntington and lived with his Bro., Marten Jensen. While threshing there they had an accident, one of the front wheels of the separator fell off. The men were trying to find some way of raising the machine so they could get the wheel back on again. Peter came along just at that time and saw the trouble they were having. After some bantering

and loud talk Peter went over to the machine and said, "Two men take the wheel and put it on when I lift the thrasher." That was how the wheel was again put in place. He was known as Tossy Peet.

(In early days)

Our Parents made arrangements for a vacation to Huntsville, up in Ogden canon. Margaret ~~and~~ Mrs. Thomas Tugate were to go with them as far as American Fork. I took them to Frice, then Thomas was to bring them home after their vacation. It was a very stormy time, rained and flooded often. Went to Castle Dale first day. Next day we got to Frice River. The bridge over the River was washed away. Arrangements was made so we could walk over. We camped there in the mud. Mother and Mrs. Tugate slept in the wagon. Then in the morning we carried a trunk and what luggage we could a long half mile over very muddy road.

A couple weeks later Thos. went to Frice after them. It took them a big day to go to Huntington. They phoned me from there. I went to the Farm at night and got the horses, left early next morning, met them about four miles out of Huntington. From there it seemed a sort of a pleasure trip the balance of the day. I remember it was night when we got home.

(Other pleasure trips)

When Jim was at Ephraim attending the Academy I was a big boy at home. After threshing, and seedcleaning was all done, next on Father's mind was the hauling of the crop to Frice. I said I was well enough acquainted with the mules and the road so we would not need to hire the seed hauled to Frice. We loaded about a ton for the mules. They

went along all right till we got about to Huntington, then it started to rain. Road became very slippery so the teams could not stand, so we had to double, put two teams to each wagon, so that way for some distance then take the teams back and get the other wagons. When we got to Huntington there were men to show us where to detour, the County road was so swampy, very miry. Finally all wagons were at the Creek north of Town. Rain had nearly stopped. From there north the road was more sandy and did not get quite so slick, but we doubled many times up the hills that were too steep for teams to pull their loads; made the trip to Price and back in five days. There was another trip to be made, another car was to be loaded soon. We prepared so the horses could be taken the next trip. They loaded my wagon about as the first. Father said that would be about all I should take. Many of the fellows did not load as much as before, so it took more teams. The outstanding was Dan Henrie. He had an order for the Store Goods. Seth Wareham camped with Dan and asked if he could get some of the Store goods to haul but Dan refused to let him haul any. The storm continued so the road kept on being muddy but we were not loaded as heavy as the first time. It was late at night when we got to Price river. Some of them did not stop in very good places, could not start in the morning - so they asked me to help them start with my leaders. That made me the last one to unload into the Railroad car. I was practically alone. The others no doubt were busy shopping. So when I got to camp they helped with the horses and mules. This came from some of those I did not think I had helped.

Next morning Dan asked Seth if he would take some of the Store Goods because he could not start his wagon. Seth said, "No, haul your own load," and Seth drove off. So Dan put some on my wagon. We

had not gone far before Dan put some freight on other teams. Stopped for noon on Secebrush bench where Dan gave some goods to every man in the crowd. While going across Washington flats the blue mud stuck to the wheels so they would not turn around. After some consultation we were compelled to take some boards off of the Storegoods boxes so we could use them to dig the mud out of the wagon wheels. Otherwise we could not move along. We fudged little at a time until we were going from Rockcanyon wash up the blue ridge north of where Clawson now is. The road was so heavy that they left $\frac{1}{2}$ the number of wagons and put $\frac{1}{2}$ horses on others and went home, then returned next day for the rest of the wagons. I had power enough so ours was taken home. Next morning I was first to deliver my box to the Store. Bp. Olsen was first to see lid broken off box. He was not long in telling me I should be arrested for breaking lid off box. That seemed to be a great crime. I was there alone and scared. After a long time the others came, that was much relief. They talked right up to the Store man. The road was so bad we took turns in going first or breaking the road. It became my turn to go first. I was the last so I turned out to the side of the track intending to get up in lead. Just then the horses and mules wired down so they could not get out before they were unitched. Everything was so wet we could not tell the swampy places.

Another time on trip with a car of wheat, Bp. Brinkerhoff of Emery and I had four horses and two wagons each. We left Cleveland Canal long before daylight in the morning. All others had but two horses so we were last to leave camp. When we got out to wheat was called Cedar creek wash, 10 or 12 feet deep, one of Bp.'s leaders was

a bronk and it fell through a hold in the bridge. From the noise I could tell some thing was wrong. Finally after we got the animal unhitched it fell down into the wash. We could hardly see, it was so very dark. Think if you can how we were trying to locate and catch that wild horse which we could not see, besides the others on the broken bridge stomping around much excited. The circumstances may sound amusing to some, but not in reality.

Have had several dangerous experiences, am grateful that I have escaped so far. (When the bridge was repaired we crossed without more trouble.)

Peter Rasmussen and I were on our way with supplies for sheep men out east of the Desert, in deep snow and very bad roads. While west of Sinbad on a place called the Devil's race track, a very dangerous place, we were preparing to double. If the outfit should fail to pull up through this place it would no doubt go off the ledge which is several hundred feet high, therefore we did not take such awful chances. Just then Henry & Larry Thompson met us. Seeing our intent they said they would help us up with their saddle horses. Their ability was questioned. Larry said, "You are as safe as if you were in the arms of Jesus." We got up OK.

That was a very severe trip, that is why it is so well remembered. Robber Roost members were seen, did not molest. We brought Rams, old poor sheep and lambs so it took us a long time.

Eli Frederichsen & I were coming down the Dragon dugway in a heavy rainstorm. One of his front wheels struck a rock and knocked one of his horses down. He laid over and tried to unbuckle name

strap so horse could get up. The horse floundered and threw Eli against a big rock, striking the back of his head, stunned him badly. I did not know what to do. Was impressed to let him lay still. Cannot tell how long it was before he began to move a little. Then I rubbed him lightly. After some time he mumbled something I did not understand. Finally I relieved the horse of the harness and with a little help it got up. By that time Eli was trying to get up. With some help I got him over in the road on kind of a level place, asked him if he could stay there while I get the team. He was much bewildered, tried to follow but could not. I unhitched my team and tied them then got his hitched up and drove them down. Eli followed down, he wanted to get on his wagon. I fastened his team and went back up after mine. Then I intended to lead his horses and get him on my wagon. He said no, if I would hitch his team up he would drive it home. He had regained much, he drove his load home. I told his folks about him. Next morning he did not remember much of what happened the day before, only that he had a very sore head.

Could go along indefinite and write of things I remember, will try and not overdo.

Things happened on spiritual side of life also but that seems little considered by some.

We are here for a purpose. If we commit or omit any thing contrary to the Ten Commandments no doubt the real meaning of the frequent used word Hell will be realized.

Opportunity is given, why not try to procure a reasonable report

card.

Some thoughts of RA Rasmussen

Some say we get too Religious. We may become too pretentious, but we cannot do too much good.

My motto is, do all the good we can, and as little harm as possible.

Dr. Easley asked, "Why do you Baptize?" I said, "That is how we make citizens for the Kingdom of God here upon the Earth."