



I found the following poem and humorous essays posted by various people on the National Genealogical Conference carried on the FidoNet network. I hope you find them as amusing as I did.

Poem on Starting

I started out calmly tracing my tree,
to find if I could, the making of me,
and all that I had was a great grandfather's name,
not knowing his wife or from whence he came.
I chased him across a long line of states
and came up with pages and pages of dates.
When all put together, it made me forlorn,
I proved that poor grandpa had never been born.
One day I was sure the truth I had found.
Determined to turn this whole thing upside down.
I looked up the record of one uncle John,
but then found the old man was younger than his son.
Then when my hopes were fast growing dim,
I came across records that must have been him.
The facts I collected made me quite sad.
Dear old grandfather was never a dad.
I think maybe someone is pulling my leg.
I'm not at all sure I wasn't hatched from an egg,
After hundreds of dollars I've spent on my tree,
I can't help wonder if I'm really me.

-Anonymous

Quoted from *The Family Tree News* from The Ellen Payne Odom Genealogy Library, Moultrie, GA, published free bi-monthly, August 1992.

Genealogy Spouse

You know you're a Genealogist's Spouse when:
You're the only person in the bridge/poker club who knows what a Soundex is.
Some of your best friends live over 200 miles away.
You have more pictures of tombstones than of the kids.
"I need a little help at the courthouse" means forget the cleaning, washing, dinner, chores; the day is shot.
The mailman can't believe you get this much mail from someone you don't know.
You explain to Mom why you can't go 25 miles for Sunday dinner, but can go 100 miles to check out another cemetery.
"As soon as I check this census record, I'll fix the leaky faucet" means "call the plumber."
You get home from a trip to an out-of-state courthouse with the kids needing scrubbing, car needing fixing, and clothes needing washing to find the housework, bills and lawnmower to greet you.
Your neighbors think you're crazy, your friends wonder, and you know you are.
Despite it all, even you are a little anxious for the next family reunion.

Quoted from Mid-Michigan Genealogy Society Newsletter, Spring 1991. Author unknown.

GENEALOGY POX

WARNING: NO KNOWN CURE!
(very contagious to mature adults)

SYMPTOMS:

<http://www.idcomm.com/personal/bbunce/humor.htm>

What my music has done for me by Jeanne Scovill

I don't remember when I started to play the piano, but I remember I would lay on the couch and listen to my sister Mae practice the piano. I loved to hear her play,

Just before world war 2 I became very ill and the doctor diagnosed it as polio and I was not allowed to do much. Mae had just returned from Chicago where she had studied music at the Sherwood School of Music, so she started giving me piano lessons and she tried to teach me voice lessons also but-----

I entered a few contest in high school, I played Impromptu by Schubert and the judge gave me an outstanding highly superior, for my score. Mae taught me to play Three Blind Mice because John Thompson had gone to the school and taught them how he wanted it played.

So when I went to Snow College I was asked to play in an assembly and I played Three Blind Mice, By John Thompson. When I got on stage and announced what I would play, I could feel what the audience was thinking (ha ha three blind mice is that the best they could come up with haha)but I sat down and played it and when I got up to leave the whole auditorium stood up and applauded and I had to play it again. I played in a lot of assemblies at different schools while I went to Snow College.

I was the organist for the primary in the ward all the time I was in High school.

When my sister Mae married John Barton and moved to Logan. I started taking piano lessons from Mrs Anna Larson, and took from her until I graduated from High school.

After the war I married Claude Scovill and I kinda let my music and piano go. It seemed the ward didn't need or want my talent so I just let it rest. One day a couple of ladies from the Senior Citizens band came to me and asked me to come and help with the band. I told them no I don't play that well any more and no I am not a Senior Citizen yet, and no no no, but it seemed for all my excuses they had a better reason why I should, so I finally consented and played with them for over 25 years. We would go to all the nursing homes in Carbon and Emery County and play. At Christmas time we would go to all the elementary schools and sing Christmas songs with the school children. We would join in the parades and have a float and play as a band in the float. and where ever we were asked to play we were happy to go. If they wanted a special number, I would find the piece and get Ludean Jewkes to play with me. He had a special talent and could play any thing you started , by ear.

Some of the

music the band wanted to play I would obtain for them, at times it would be too high for them to sing or play so I would transpose it into a lower key that was better for them. or if I couldn't find the music and I knew the tune I would write it out my self.

Also copies of the songs were made for each band member and much time was spent making folders so the members could have a copy when ever we played.

In 1996 I was awarded the Silver Bowl award by the governor of Utah for my volunteer work with the Senior Citizens Band.

In 1984 Claude and I were called to go on a Mission for the church . We went to the Illinois Chicago mission. There I had many opportunities to use my musical talent, even in the mission training center. They would ask me how I could find a certain note that they were trying to sing in a choir; I just laughed and said I just listen to the piano. but I would help them find the note they needed. I won't try to list all the experiences that I had while on my mission. but will just say there were many.

I have been going over to Ferron to the Nursing home every other week for many years for a sing-a-long. I play the old songs they like to hear and if they request a special number, I try to find the music and play it for them.

I have been ward chorister , and Relief Society chorister , I worked in the primary nursery teaching the little ones primary songs.

I guess my latest is with the D.U.P. although I don't think I have been much help to them . Just a member mostly and lead them in a song.

Jeanne Scovill

Life Sketch of Hannah Ralphs

My fathers name is Peter Hansen. He was born March 27, 1839(?) in Denmark. He joined The Latter Day Saint Church as a young boy and came to America with his parents. His fathers name was *Olaf Christen* and his mothers name was Johannah Maria Jensen *Ralphs*

They came to Utah September 1862 with the Van Cott Hand Cart Company. While they were crossing the plains my grandfather was parted from the Company. He wandered around and was lost. Then he knelt down and prayed that he would be delivered safely to his family and the Company. After he had prayed, a bright star appeared before him and he followed it until he came to his Company. This has always been a testimony to our family. After reaching Utah, they settled in Manti. My father was a minute man in the Black Hawk War. He was married in 1863 to Beata Gustava Bergerson. She was born November 18, 1839 in Sweden. *Bergerson*

My father was a mason by trade, and built a brick home. He also helped build the Manti Temple. He was a farmer and owned 80 acres of land. Their home was always open to the young people to have dances and parties in. They had nine children while we lived in Manti. Four girls and five boys. One boy died in infancy.

In 1878 father was called by Brigham Young to help settle Castle Valley. He crossed the mountain and went to Castle Dale, and homesteaded on a quarter section of land and made dobles and put up a two room house. Then he went back to Manti where he sold his home and farm and moved his family to Castle Dale. My father wasn't satisfied with his farm so he traded his house and land for some land and a dugout in Ferron. They lived there for a while and built the house that Les Cox owns. They later moved to Emery and lived there until their death. Mother died July 28, 1900 and father died February 2, 1915.

I was born in Manti September 7, 1867. I was the third of a family of ten children. My family moved to Castle Valley when I was about ten years old, but I stayed in Manti with my Grandmother who lived alone and wanted me to stay and be with her. I was able to attend school in Manti for a few years and I was glad to be with my grandmother as she was always so good to me. She had never learned to speak English so I learned to speak Danish to her.

I recall one of my experiences in Manti as a girl. I wanted to join the Sunday School Choir. My girl friend had been asked to sing and I knew I was a better singer than she so I went to practice without being asked. The leader asked me why I was there and I told him I wanted to sing in the Choir so he took me in a room and I sang for him and he said I could sing well enough to join the Choir. I was very happy about this and really enjoyed it. We used to go and serenade people when they were married. I especially remember when Andrew Nelson was married, after we had serenaded them they treated us to home beer and cake.

My family were very good friends with Chris Jensen's family. One day we went out to Funks Lake for a picnic. We children all got in the boat. The one Jensen boy started to rock the boat and we all begged him not to. Finally, I told him if he would stop I would give him an egg when I got home. I don't know if that saved us or not, but we got out without having an accident. There had been children drowned in that lake before and we were all afraid of it.

When I was nine years old Brigham Young dedicated the grounds for the temple. Mother, Father, and my Grandmother went to the services, but we children were left home to take care of the younger children. I was determined to see Brigham Young so I put on my little black shawl because it was raining and ran barefooted through the rain to see him. I stayed in the background so my mother wouldn't see me and hurried home before the services were over.

I stayed in Manti with my Grandmother until I was past thirteen then father came over the mountain on horse back to get me. He had to take provisions back so we had to walk across the mountain. We left Manti in the morning and reached home late that night. I took

hold of the horses tail to help me along. There were no roads, just horse trails. When father moved the family to Saddle Dale, they came over with ox-teams and wagon. The next day I was so tired and weak, I had to stay in bed. I was so happy to be with my family again as I had missed them so much and there was a new baby boy in our home whom they named Andrew.

At this time my folks were living in the dugout in Ferron. The new house was up but not ready to move in to. While we were there the floods would come from the river and wash our food out of the cellar. We had no lights but a rag dipped in grease and put in a saucer to burn. We had a big family and not much to do with. There were days when we didn't have any flour for bread. Mother ground a little of our precious wheat in the coffee grinder and boiled it for mush. Our cows were dry and mother made a vinegar sauce of vinegar and water and thickened it and we put it on this mush.

We raised corn and later father made a molasses mill. I remember sitting out in the cold grinding the sugar cane. People came from all around to get the molasses. They payed for it with butter, eggs, wheat and anything they had to trade.

One day, after we had moved into our new home, mother was washing and we had just taken the tub of hot water off the fire. Willy, my six-year old brother was playing near it and fell into the boiling water. There were no doctors around to give his medical aid and he only lived six hours after the accident.

Father and Mother had all the young people come to their home for parties. We made molasses candy to serve and our house was large so we had dances there. There was one old gentleman who always played the fiddle for us to dance. Mother was a friend to everyone.

I didn't stay home long because we had a big family and not much to live on. Mother found a place for me to work for my room and board and they paid me twenty-five cents a week. The people I worked for were old and their names were Felsted. I stayed with them a year. Then I started waiting on women who had new babies. I had to cook and wash and wait on the family. I had to carry water from the ditches to wash with and had to wash on the washboard.

The first dance I attended was in the old meeting house between Molen and Ferron. It was raining hard and Jim Remussen took me home on his old yellow mule. He lived on the other side of the creek and there was a big flood and he couldn't get here so mother made a bed for him and he slept there all night.

My sister Eda and I started going with the Ralphs Brothers. Eda went with John and I went with Parley. We went steady for two years. Father was building a rock house on the land the Ralphs boys owned and it was for the one that was going to be married first. We were both working out, so I didn't know when Eda was planning her wedding. One night when Parley came after me he said we're going into Ferron to a wedding dance. I tried to think of who was going to be married as there were only a few young girls. I couldn't decide who it was and Parley wouldn't tell me. Then we got home, there it was, Eda and John's wedding, so they were married January 1st and we were married January 18th, just 14 days apart. Later we were married in the endowment house in Salt Lake City, May 23, 1884. John and Eda rode with us in the covered wagon and it took several days.

For my wedding Mother prepared a big dinner and invited all our friends and neighbors. My father-in-law, who was living in American Fork, came for the wedding. He was a great entertainer and sang songs and did the clog dance and spent the rest of the winter living with Joe and Amanda. For my wedding dinner she killed chickens and had all the trimmings including starch cake. We stood at the head of the table and Bishop Olsen married us. After the wedding dinner, we sang and danced all night. My wedding dress was a cream mohair, which I bought from Mrs. Stringham for eight dollars. She had just recently been married in it and wanted to sell it. It was a lovely, well made dress.

I paid a little on it each week until it was paid for. I had been making a dollar a week and had bought ten yards of factory which I sewed up for two sheets and four yards for two pair of pillow slips. I was very proud of them. Mother gave me two quilts and two and two pillows and father gave me five head of sheep.

We had enough brick on our place across the street from the rock house to build a four room house but in the meantime father was helping to build the meeting house and they ran out of brick and took all our brick to finish it so the men went and got out logs to build a four room house and then later I had it weather boarded.

The water was a big problem. We had to use the ditch water which we dipped up in barrels to settle and then carried it to the house. Later on I had a cistern made and that was a big improvement from what I had always been used to. Our light was a small kerosene lamp and later we had the gas lights.

We had lots of cows to milk and I made and sold butter at 15¢ a lb. Ida, my sister helped me make cheese to sell. Some of the cheese weighed 15 lbs. and sold for 1.00 a lb. To make the cheese we put the new milk in a big tub. Rennet was added to curd the milk. Then we would take a sencer and dip off the whey. We added butter coloring and salt and put it in hoops and put it in a press. The whey would all run off. Every day we would have to take it out of the press and turn it and grease it to keep it moist. It took about two weeks before it was ready to eat. With the money I earned from the cheese, I bought a dining room extension table and chairs to match.

My first churn was a dash churn and my first separator was a large tin can held about fifteen gallons. It had a cream gauge and a spout. You had to add water to the milk to get raise. You let the milk and water out and the cream was left. Wheat was about a dent a pound and they would take a load of wheat to the mill in Orangeville and get enough flour to last for a year.

We went to Church and went to a few dances and parties but we couldn't go to much because I had a baby about every two years. My husband was always good to help with the children and would take the boys with him wherever he went. One day as they were coming back from the farm in the wagon, the high water had washed on the bank and when they went to cross the water ~~had~~ was so high it took the horses down and Bill, Leon, and Cliff jumped in the stream and floated down stream until he came to the barbed wire fence where he held on until help came. My husband's brother who had heard the calls for help came down and helped get the boys and horses out of the river. That was really a close call, but I knew our Heavenly Father blessed us.

We had a large farm 80 acres across the river south of town and fifty-three acres down by Moien. We had about sixty head of cattle and enough horses to do the farm work and horses for the boys to ride. There was enough work for the boys so they stayed at home as they grew up. Each of the boys sometime in their youth had broken arms or shoulders caused from riding horses.

We had eight children and one still-born. Six boys and two girls. The last twelve years of his life, my husband had ulcers of the stomach and was not able to do much work. The older boys had to do the farm work. He passed away October 1, 1905 at the age of forty-four. The oldest boy was eighteen and the youngest was two years. He left me with an insurance of two thousand dollars and the farm and a title.

I was in poor health after my husband died, also suffering with ulcers of the stomach. I was very sick and lay at the point of death, but I prayed to the Lord that I might live to raise my children and I regained my health and my prayer was answered. I bought one of the finest pianos in Ferron, also a new rug for the front room and had the rooms papered and painted. I moved to Castle Dale for two years with my children so

Ferron Utah, February 2, 1922

Blessing given by Abinadi Olsen, Patriarch, upon the head of Hannah Marie Hansen Ralphs, daughter of Peter Hansen and Beata Augusta Bergeson Hansen. Born September 7th 1867, Manti, Utah.

Beloved sister Hannah Ralphs, I place my hands upon thy crown and bless thee in the Authority of the Patriarch and seal upon thee a blessing as seemeth the Lord good in the sacred name of our redeemer.

Blessed art thou because of thy integrity, thy devotion to God, his priesthood, thy devotion and faithfulness as a widowed wife and mother. The example of purity is an inspiration to woman kind, thy sacrifice is known to God and angels.

Thou hast been true to thy trust and the Lord hath not forsaken thee, He hath thee in special keeping. God hath visited upon thee his spirit. Thou hast conceived and brought to the world a wealth of offspring reserved in yonder heaven to come forth in this most desirable of all ages. I promise thee thy sons and daughters and children's children shall rise up and bless thee forever. Of the sacrifice, no burden too heavy, no thorn to sharp, for thou hast come to the rescue of thy offspring, thou hast nestled them in thy mother arms and fed their lives upon yours.

Thy trials hath not been crutch to thee, for thou hath developed to a perfect mother so far as mortality can be perfect.

Thy sins be forgiven thee. Oh I bless thee for giving thy sons, thy stalwart sons unto the Lord, thou hath twined thy mother arms around them, kissed them, and sent them into the world to become fishers of men, thou hast stayed at home like a waiting saint, thy mother face whitened with anxiety and care, thou hath imparted for their succor the widows mite, oft has thou given the last farthing. How be it, as the widows ^{CRUISE} CURSE of oil of ancient days failed not, so to may it be said of thee, thy name written in ivory and gold, and the

Lord hath multiplied thee in the earth, for thou hath not eaten bread
neither worn apparels, that hath not been tithed.

God hath seen thy righteousness and sanctified thy ^{MORAL} temple, thy
home and the land of zion to thee, and thy posterity forever.

I do bless thee, gentle mother, that hence forth thou shall be
refreshed, God will charge thy spiritual batteries with his love his life
giving spirit, thy days are lengthened out, thy years be multiplied,
thy joy increased, they who would oppress thee will come to naught,
God is with thee, who is against thee. Thou shalt stand as a savior in
thine own house for the living and the dead.

I do seal upon thee the spirit of Elijah, and the power of redemption
be upon thee as proxy to this end and purpose do I bless thee. Oh
there is much for thee to do, the love of thy youth is praying for thee,
he borrows from the gates of heaven and brings glad tidings, a
husband and a fathers blessings I seal upon thee.

Thy lineage is of Ephraim, thou art a legal heir unto the crown and the
blessings of the throne of Israel. I bless thee Hannah, peace be unto
thee, wisdom and discretion be thy portion eternal increase be thy
heritage.

I do bless thee with every requisite to finish thy beautiful mission so
well begun, I seal thee up unto the Lord, unto Jesus Christ, aye I seal
thee up in to eternal life to come forth in the rosy dawn of the
resurrection morning ~~clothed~~ with robes of the Priesthood to be
crowned a priestess unto ^{thy} ~~then~~ husband, a celestial mother, unto thy
children, to be escorted unto the city celestial, there to live and reign
with Christ forever, even so shall it be, in the name of Jesus Christ,
Amen.

Memories of My First Home
Irene Ralphs Lemon

Parley P. Ralphs was born July 25, 1858 and Hannah Marie Hansen was born September 7, 1867. Father was 26 years old and mother was 17 years old when they were married. They had been married 19 years and had eight children and one still born when father died at the age of 45.

Mother was 35 years old when her husband died and had 8 children to raise and support. She lived 93 years and was a widow for 77 years.

When Parley P. Ralphs' parents died, he and his brothers, Joe and John came to Ferron to live. Parley and John went with the Hansen sisters, Hannah and Eda. Grandpa Hansen brought rocks from Ferron Canyon to build a stone house. He told the girls that the first one married would get the house. Mother was working in Molen for thirty-five cents a week. Her father made a trip to Molen to get her and when she arrived home, she found the table set and a big dinner prepared. Mother was so surprised when they announced Eda and John were getting married, so Eda was given the rock home.

Parley and Hannah were married two weeks later and built a little house in the meadow. Then later moved to town in the log home that Grandpa Hansen built for them. (This is the home that Walter and LaVon live in now.) At the time they moved into the new home, they had three little boys, William, Leon and Cliff. Later Elwin, Mirl, Neva, Irene, and Walter came to bless their home.

When Neva was born, mother was so happy to think she finally had girl. Mother said so many times, she would wake up in the night to see that her baby girl was all right. She was worried that something would happen to her.

I don't remember too much about my older brothers as they worked with my father on the farm most of the time. Clifton was the one that helped my mother in the house when she and father had bleeding ulcers. You have all heard the story of how we knelt around the bed and prayed that mother's life would be spared to raise her family. Mother promised the Lord that she would pay an honest tithing and bring her children up in the church.

Father's life was taken and mother lived to keep her promise to the Lord. She always paid a full tithing and brought her children up in the church. I don't ever remember missing church. Mother sent Leon and Walter on missions.

After Father died, Mother picked up the pieces and lived for her children. We had a very happy home life. When the boys would begin quarreling and fighting, Mother would get us all around her and read Bible stories to us and the boys would settle down.

I went with the boys to gather drift wood from the river bed to burn in our fireplace. (We burned only wood). I was busy as a little bee, here, there and everywhere. As the boys were throwing wood in the wagon, I got in the way and a log knocked me down and broke my collar bone.

The boys never let Neva and I go near the corrals. They would throw rocks at us when we came near. They did the chores and Neva and I helped in the house and garden. They had the farm, cattle, milk cows and horses to care for. The older boys would get jobs away from home to help with the finances.

Mother, Neva and I were kept busy in the house, cooking, washing, ironing, cleaning for six boys. Mother taught us to sew, embroidery, and crochet. Mother would knit long black stockings for us to wear.

We had a big tall separator with one spout in it. We would partly fill the separator with water and then pour the milk in it. The cream would rise to the top and we would let the milk and water run through a spout into a bucket. Then

we would catch the cream in another container, and then churn the cream into butter. Sometimes mother would set the milk in pans and the cream would come to the top. When the boys would come home at night from their dates, they would skim off the cream and drink it. Elwin especially liked the cream.

We also made our own cheese. We would set the milk, put the coloring in it and then add rennet to make the milk clabber. Then we would dip the whey off and put the cheese in presses. We practically raised everything we ate. When corn, peas, tomatoes and other vegetables were in season, we would have them for breakfast.

My friends and I played school under our old Pottowattomie tree. I would always be the teacher because I could stutter like our school teacher, Mr. Burdick.

Neva was saddled with a younger sister to care for and had to take me everywhere she went. One time she locked me inside the lot and wouldn't let me go with her and her friends. She had such a guilty conscience that she didn't enjoy her freedom at all. We only had one mirror in the home. When the boys were getting ready for dates, Neva and I had to wait, then after they were through Neva and I could use the mirror.

Mother, Neva, and I shared a bed in our only bedroom, three boys shared a fold-away bed in the living room, and the other three boys slept on the couch in the dining room.

Because Walter was the youngest and the others were all married, he was left to care for Mother. He was always so kind, considerate, and thoughtful of her.

Although we were poor financially, we were rich in spiritual blessings.

Ralphs History
by Myrtle J. Christensen

Four sons of Benjamin Ralphs and Mary Edwards emigrated from Hodnet, Shropshire, England: Joseph (christened Jan. 8, 1810), Richard (christened Sep. 8, 1812), William Benjamin (born May 16, 1816) and Thomas (born July 22 1819). They crossed the ocean and landed at New Orleans, where they took a river boat up the Mississippi to Nauvoo in the spring of 1842. Richard, Joseph and Thomas were potters, and were part of a company making fine earthenware china in Nauvoo. Joseph was killed by lightning while at Nauvoo at the age of 35. Richard, traveled to Utah in 1852 in the "Second Company of James J Jepson", which crossed Iowa with teams in order to avoid the dangers of the Missouri River. Richard stopped and lived in Provo for a while, after which he migrated on to San Bernardino California. His family started the Ralphs Grocery Chain. Thomas settled in Brigham City, and his son Thomas Heber Ralphs moved on to Clifton Idaho, in Cache Valley where a large number of that Ralphs line still reside. William Benjamin Ralphs settled in Salt Lake. He moved later to South Cottonwood and finally to American Fork. Three of William's sons migrated to Castle Valley in the early 1880's. Joe, the oldest, homesteaded 160 acres in the meadows between Ferron and Molen. He divided this in thirds among his younger brothers Parley and John.

Joseph Ralphs
by Walter Ralphs

Uncle Joe, as everyone called him, was born in 1849 in Iowa on the way to Utah. He was raised in Salt Lake, but not much is known of his early life. Joe married Ann Cable, but she would not move to Castle Valley with him. Joe divorced her and left her in American Fork. They had one daughter. When she was grown, she moved to Canada married, and stayed there. Her mother went with her and lived with her. Hannah related an experience she had on her trip to the Alberta Temple. In their visit to the temple, they witnessed a marriage sealing. Later, she found out that it had been this daughter of Joe's, and she was fit to be tied to realize she had witnessed it and had not realized who it was.

Joe married Amanda Jensen, daughter of Christian Jensen. They had no children. However, they took in Amanda's sister's son Ray Nelson. Ray was formally adopted and took on the name of Ray N. Ralphs. Later in life, they took in another child, Ann, from a broken home in Salina. Ann helped them out in their later years.

Joe bought a lot in the east end of town along the Molen road across from Jess Conover and built a nice brick home. Later, when Amanda's parents died, they moved into the house across the street from the Church that Clive Worthen lived in. Joe died in that house in 1930.

Ray was raised as their own son. As he was growing up, he helped on the farm. He dated Edrie Nelson and married her. Ray worked as a car salesman, and after a time, moved to Price where they lived a number of years. Later, they moved to Salt Lake. After Joe's death in 1934, Amanda sold her home and went to live with Ray. Ray had three children, a boy and two girls.

Maxine Lemon Jensen
by Renee Jensen Jordan

Maxine was born on a lovely summer day. She was the third child of Irena and Arthur Lemon. She had an older brother Ralph and an older sister Mae. Maxine loved being a child and exploring the Lemon Cattle Ranch. One of her favorite things was to climb the two cherry trees that were located near her home. In fact, sometimes her parents wondered if she were part monkey. One day the family was very busy as usual, tending to the many activities that go along with farm life, when it was noticed that Maxine wasn't around. The house and surrounding property were searched with no success. Then someone noticed one of Arth's Stetson hat boxes sitting on the lawn. Maxine was too big to fit in the box, wasn't she? Well the family decided that they should check it anyway. Maxine was curled up asleep in the hat box. The only question remaining was how did she get the lid back on the box?

Two younger sisters were soon added to the family. Beth and Jean brought the tally up to one boy and four girls. One of Arth's favorite things to tell acquaintances was that he had four daughters and they each had a brother. The unsuspecting person thought that he had eight children.

Maxine loved to ride horses and she enjoyed telling about going up the mountain in the summer with her family. They would go to stay with their father when he had cattle on the mountain. She often said that the best meals she ever had were mutton and sourdough biscuits at the sheep herders' camps.

A dashing young man came into Maxine's life and swept her off her feet. She married Bruce Ray Jensen in the Manti Temple on Oct. 18, 1941. She later wondered how Bruce was able to give up the deer hunt to get married. Bruce loved to hunt, but he loved Maxine more. Two years later, their first child, Lynn Bruce, was born on Oct. 18, 1943. Maxine loved being a mother and wife. She even found the mining camp they lived in adventurous. This adventure was not to last long because war broke out and Bruce was drafted and sent to the Philippines. Maxine returned to Ferron to stay with her parents while her husband was gone.

After the war, Maxine and Bruce had three more children. Their second child was a girl, Renee. The next two were boys, Ray Arthur and George Ralph. When George was a little boy, he asked if he could change his name. When Maxine asked what he wanted to change it to, he said "George Ralph Washington".

The Jensen family built a home in Price and they were very happy with their new home. When the coal mines in Carbon County were closing in the mid-50's. Bruce lost his job and then got a job with the State of Utah as a government trapper. He worked in LaSal Utah and came home on weekends. They were both very glad when he was able to get a job with the Fish and Game Department as a beaver trapper, and was again able to stay at home during the week. But this happiness was short lived because one year later, Bruce was promoted to Game Warden, which meant that the family would have to move to Duchesne County.

Maxine missed her friends and family but soon became very busy in her new home. She had been second councilor in the Primary while she was in Price, and she was soon called to be second councilor in the Primary and Blazer A teacher in Hanna, Utah. She was also Bee Hive teacher at the same time. Tuesdays were very busy days. She got up and went to Relief Society at 10:00 am, then she went to Primary at 4:00 pm, and then she taught the Bee Hive class at 7:00 pm in the evening.

Hanna is a small town at the foothills of the High Uintah's. At the time the Jensens lived there, there were approximately 100 people in town, counting a few cows and chickens. When they were able to move to Duchesne, a town of 1,000 people, the family thought that they had moved to the big city.

While living in Duchesne, Maxine was happy to be back at an altitude where she could raise a garden. Maxine had a green thumb and always had beautiful flower and vegetable gardens. Gardening was one of the things that Bruce and Maxine enjoyed doing together. Their strawberry patch produced beautiful strawberries, and Maxine was well known for her delicious strawberry jam. In fact, her family and friends marveled at how she made such delicious strawberry, rasperry and mixed berry and cherry jams.

After the children had grown and left home, Bruce was transferred to Emery County and purchased a home in Castle Dale. Maxine was very happy to be back close to her parents so she could help them in their remaining years. Maxine was called to work in the Relief Society as second councilor. She enjoyed this calling very much.

Bruce changed jobs and went back to work in the coal mines. He had been working for about 11 years when their mine shut down. In early winter of 1986 when the mines started calling back their workers, Bruce decided to retire. That spring and summer, Bruce and Maxine enjoyed gardening and fishing and camping together. Maxine often told friends and family how much fun she was having. Then in early September as they were camping at Lake Powell, Maxine fell as she climbed down out of their travel trailer. When they got home, Maxine went to the doctor who told her that she had broken one leg and sprained the other leg. About a week later, Maxine realized that her legs were getting more bruises. When she went to her doctor, it was discovered that she had leukemia and she began chemotherapy. She developed pneumonia and on Oct. 11, 1984, while holding her daughters hand, Maxine went to sleep never to awaken.

Maxine left a great heritage for her family. She taught her children to be loving through her example. she also taught them to find humor in life. On many occasions, Maxine laughed until she cried. On one occasion, she was visiting her daughter in California and they had gone to the Pacific Ocean. Maxine was walking in the water with her grandson Kevin, when a huge wave came and knocked her down. Maxine sat in the water laughing with tears pouring down her face.

We all have wonderful memories of Maxine. She enriched the lives of all the people who knew her.

Beth Irene Lemon Stephenson Jensen

I was born January 7, 1926 to Arthur and Irene Lemon in their kitchen. I cried a lot as a baby and the doctor said, "When she is older she will be energetic and can do anything and will stop her crying". I attended kindergarten at the Presbyterian church when I was five and when I turned six I attended Ferron Elementary School. Miss Shiner was my teacher.

As a girl, there was lots to do. In Mother's kitchen, after canning all summer, there was still a lot to do in preparation for winter. We sliced cabbage for sauerkraut. Killing a pig was work for everyone. Jeanne and I washed the big entrails to stuff with sausage. The head was boiled for mincemeat and head cheese. Dad cured the bacon and hams with brine and salt. Afterward, they were put into the grain bin to help them keep through the fall.

My folks were glad to have fruit at Ferron. We picked up the windfallen fruit from the ground, the good ones were cooked and the rest fed to the pigs. Mother in her late years picked up the apple windfalls with a long handled spoon. One year Jeanne and I made cider (with a neighbors cider press) from the windfall apples. Two bottles froze leaving alcohol on the top. Grandma Ralphs spent many days a week at our home. Sometimes Ralph picked her up (to ride behind on his horse), or mother got her in the car. Gas was a premium in those days. Those days were spent sewing, piecing quilts or tearing worn out clothes into rag rugs. On one occasion, Jeanne had a severe disease. The upstairs room was covered with quilt pieces when I saw the doctors car drive up. Mother, Grandma and I flew around gathering the cloth up, then Grandma and I hid in the closet while the doctor was there.

I was Dad's second boy, helping with the cattle and the farm. I was proud that I could balance on a harrow pulled behind the team of horses. When it came to branding, I held the hind legs of the calf while a man was at the neck vaccinating or marking the ear, and Dad branded it. Dad bought me cowboy boots and also riding pants.

I took piano and voice lessons. My music came out in singing second or alto in trios or choirs. Maxine played a clarinet. Because of her tutoring, I went into the large band at an early age. I had never been taught which was my right foot, and I had quite a time learning to march.

I was very popular. I was editor of the school paper two years and elected President of the girls pep club at High School, so my mother didn't see much of me.

When I graduated, I found employment at the Salt Lake City Sears store (with my cousin Louise Ralphs). In the fall I went to Utah State University for one year, the following year at Snow College and the summer at Brigham Young University.

I taught school at Holden, Utah and married Linford Stephenson. I had Rhea, a beautiful little girl. Then I had Dwight, Howard, Larry and Kendall.

When Kendall was in kindergarten I found myself deserted. Linford had run off with another woman.

I took correspondence and extension courses to work toward a teaching degree. With Utah State financial help (also welfare checks) I attended Cedar City College one and a half years and got my teaching degree.

My first teaching assignment was at Vernal, Utah. Maxine and Bruce were at Duchesne. My family enjoyed some weekends at Aunt Maxine's and our children became very close.

In 1963, I moved to Fredonia, Arizona, where the children grew up. Dwight and Howard served missions that overlapped eleven months. It prepared me for Kendall and Larry being out fourteen months together. Larry and Dwight served on Spanish speaking missions. The four boys graduated from college; Dwight is a mechanical engineer, Howard is an advisor in taxes, Larry is a school teacher and Kendall is a medic in Germany. Rhea teaches dancing and acrobatics.

July 6, 1985 I married Bruce Jensen. We have nine children, thirty-nine grandchildren and six great grandchildren. I enjoy gardening, fishing and piecing quilt tops. I have pieced a star, tumbling blocks, Amish strip and a thirty-two pointed blazing star.

Mae Lemon Barton

I feel, as Nephi of old, that I was born of goodly parents. I was born in the Lemon home, and was delivered by Dr. Hill from Huntington. He was in a car accident on the way to Ferron, but made it just in time.

I was named Emma Marie after my two grandmothers, but Ralph nicknamed me Mae and I have gone by that name ever since. Ralph and I were playmates and grew to be good friends. Since our birthdays were just four days apart, we celebrated our birthdays together. I was followed by three sisters: Maxine, Beth, and Jeanne. Ralph wanted a brother and was disappointed each time another girl came into the Lemon home. We had a happy home. Mother was such a good cook and we always had well balanced meals - no fast foods as we have today. Meal time was a happy time. Mother always claimed that laughing helped digest the food.

When I was in the fourth grade, Mother and Dad surprised me with a piano that I had been begging for. I have always had a great love for music and some of my happiest times was learning a new composition, especially by my favorite composer, Chopin. I took piano lessons from the Presbyterian teachers who were excellent teachers. My first teacher was Miss Leber who was from the East, and my favorite teacher was Miss Hood from the West Coast. When the Presbyterian School and Cottage closed, I went to Price once a week to take lessons from Ora B. Harding, and finally had the opportunity to attend the Sherwood Music School in Chicago.

John O. Barton and I were married at the age of twenty-one. Uncle Leon told me John would be a good provider, and John proved him right. We lived in Logan two years while John finished his education at Utah State University. We moved to Hinckley, Utah where John taught in the Hinckley High School for three years. We then moved to Price where John went into the automobile business. He had the Lincoln-Mercury Dealership and eventually went into the used car business which he enjoyed much more as there wasn't so much overhead. The President of Zion's Bank made the statement that only John had the expertise to run the car lot as it should be run.

One of the saddest times of our lives was the loss of our baby boy who was premature and only lived seven hours. We were blessed with four other lovely children: Shirley, Paul, Deann, and Becky. Our children attended schools in Price and took part in all school activities. The girls were cheer leaders, student body officers, and majorettes in the high school band. Paul was active in sports and was on the main basketball team. He also went out for baseball, football and track. John was very proud of the fact that all of his children graduated from Brigham Young University. Paul also graduated from the University of Utah Law School, and then graduated from Washington University in St. Louis with a degree in taxation.

John passed away at the age of fifty nine and left me with an automobile business that I knew nothing about - I felt that I had been thrown to the wolves. I have had enough experiences closing out Barton Motors to write a book. John financed everything he sold and the majority of people were very good in making their payments, but there were some who thought they could get something for nothing and did. I met up with some really rough characters. I have often said our investment in Paul's education paid off. With the help of having an attorney in the family, I made it through this difficult time and feel that I have grown through these trials. I also had the support and help of my daughters, daughter-in-law, and three son-in-laws.

I have seventeen wonderful grandchildren. Six of these are adopted and I feel like an international grandmother as I have a grandson from Costa Rica and two granddaughters from Korea. I love them all dearly.

February 1990, I sold my home in Price to the Episcopal Diocese of Utah for their priest who came from Florida and wanted to live in Utah. I lived with Becky and Marty while my condominium was being built. On July 2, 1990, I moved into a beautiful condo right next to the Jordan River Temple, and feel that this is a safe place to live.

I enjoy seeing my families often and I am able to give my grand children piano lessons. I enjoy living in the Salt Lake Valley where I can go to the Utah Symphony, Ballet West and do things I enjoy most.

I have a firm testimony of the Gospel and have always been active in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. Positions I have held have been Primary President, counselor in Stake Primary and Stake Relief Society, organist in ward and Stake Primary and Relief Society, and Relief Society visiting teacher.

Irena Ralphs Lemon
by Mae Barton

Irena Ralphs was born to Parley and Hannah Ralphs, the seventh child of a family of eight. She was named Irena, but was sometimes called Rena, and most often called Irene and signed her name Irene.

When she was a child, she became very ill and the doctor couldn't find what was wrong. The doctor recommended a higher altitude. Hannah decided to take her to the mountain for the summers. They took milk cows and made butter and cheese, and Irene was nursed back to health. When she died at the age of eighty eight, the doctors said she must have had hepatitis sometime in her life. Perhaps this was the illness she suffered as a child.

Irene was a pretty girl, and because of her jolly, friendly nature, had many friends. She enjoyed attending school, but there were so many pupils in the public schools that Irene began attending the Presbyterian school. She enjoyed these excellent teachers and took piano lessons from Miss McCan. Irene often stayed after school to sweep and clean up. The family began moving to Castle Dale in the winter to enable the boys to attend school, and in the summer they moved back to Ferron. While in Castle Dale, Irene attended her first year of high school at the Academy.

The following summer, Irene went to Oak Springs Ranch in Salina Canyon and hired on as a cooks' helper to cook for the ranch hands, thus she became a very good cook. Eventually, she went to work at the John Lemon home in Ferron, where she met and fell in love with Arthur Lemon. After they were married, Arth would tease Irene by saying he taught her all she knew about cooking. She would reply, "I cooked for ten different men before I married you." and Arth would say, "Yes, and they are all dead now."

Arth and Irene were married in Castle Dale at a hardware store by a Justice of the Peace. Family members attended the ceremony. The marriage was later solemnized in the Logan Temple. After the wedding, Arth and Irene journeyed to Salt Lake City by train, and then to Manti. While there, Arth was baptized in the Manti Temple by Soren P. Jensen, and confirmed by Lewis Anderson.

After the honeymoon, Arth and Irene moved into a home that Arth purchased from his sister, Delis and her husband Joseph Peterson. They were eventually able to remodel this home. Five children blessed their home. Ralph was the first born and was followed by four sisters: Mae, Maxine, Beth, and Jeanne. Arth was proud of his family and would say he had four daughters and they each had a brother.

Difficult times came after World War I and during the Depression. Arth and Irene learned that by hard work and thriftiness, they could save enough to buy the necessary things. Arth always said if it hadn't been for the help of his wonderful wife, they couldn't have made it through this difficult period.

Irene and Arthur were hard workers and taught their children the value of work. They always had a big garden and a variety of fruit trees. All the children had to help with the garden, cattle and farm. When Ralph went on a mission for the L.D.S. Church and was in the service during World War II, Irene and the girls would help with the plowing and other farm work.

Irene was industrious, and with the help of her mother, Hannah, and the four girls, would make rag rugs and piece quilts. Irene made many beautiful quilts and gave one to each of her five children and twenty-six grandchildren as they were married.

Irene was free hearted and would give to others a bucket of fruit or vegetables from her garden. She would always say, "One gives and shares of their fruit and garden goods, and the Lord blesses them with more." Irene was very hospitable and when anyone would come to visit, she would cook a meal or serve refreshments.

Irene was very religious and active in the church. In 1932, Irene was called to be Primary President of the Ferron Ward. She served in this capacity for six years and she enjoyed this calling immensely. She taught many classes in the Primary organization and loved all Primary work. She also taught Sunday School and was secretary in the Relief Society. She was a Relief Society visiting teacher most of her life.

Irene and Arthur always had a beautiful yard. One spring day (March 21, 1976) while they were working in their yard raking and burning, an evergreen tree next to the house caught fire. Before they could put the fire out, it reached the roof. With the help of friends and relatives, most of the furniture, clothing, and food was salvaged. While their home was being rebuilt, they lived in a mobile home parked by the previous home. After much worry and work, they were able to move back into their much loved home.

Arthur Lemon was born in Ferron, Utah to John and Emma Lemon. The love of animals was second nature to Arth, and it was very natural to choose this as a profession. He always enjoyed working with his cattle, and in 1958, was named Cattleman of the Year. He was president of the Cattlemen's Association for several years as well as vice-president and secretary. Arth was active in civic, church, and community affairs. He served five years in the Ferron Ward Bishopric, and was very proud to note that during his service in the bishopric, the church grounds were landscaped and a tennis court built.

Arth and Irene celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary in Hawaii. They felt Hawaii was indeed beautiful. This trip made Arth realize the many modern inventions that had taken place in his life. He remembered traveling by ox team, horse team, horse drawn buggies, and finally automobiles and then airplanes. He remembers when it took longer to go to Salt Lake City by buggy than to go to Hawaii by plane.

Irene and Arth celebrated their 70th wedding anniversary November 1986 in the Ferron Ward Cultural Hall. They were also honored by a plaque from President Ronald and Nancy Reagan complimenting them on their exemplary marriage. They also received a letter from the editor of the Deseret News complimenting them on their 70 years of marriage. The letter read, "Being happily married for 70 years is a significant accomplishment, one we feel should be recognized. Your example may well go far in setting an example of eternal and permanent marriage both to those now married and those yet to be married. In this day and age of so many broken homes, it is truly refreshing to see a couple who has been so successful. May you continue in the example so clearly set forth!" Besides being married for 70 years, Arthur and Irene were blessed to live in the same home that he took her to as a bride. Arthur quotes, "Mid pleasures and palaces, tho I may roam, be it ever so humble, there is no place like home."

They were leaders in the community. They were loved by family and friends. To honor them, Ferron City asked them to reign as King and Queen of Peach Days in 1976. Irene and Arthur loved and lived "as one" that they left this earth within a year of each other. She was 88 and he was 95. They left a large posterity of 5 children, 27 grandchildren, 92 great grandchildren, and 5 great-great grandchildren.

Elaine Jensen

Elaine was born June 29, 1927 in Castle Dale, Utah to Ernest Eugene and Neva Beata Ralphs Jensen. Her grandparents were John Y. and Sarah Nielsen Jensen and Parley P. and Hannah Hansen Jensen and Parley P. and Hannah Hansen Ralphs. Elaine has one sister named Helen and two brothers named Ernest Ralph and Don Y. One sister named Dora died when she was three days old. Elaine went to school in Castle Dale at Central High. When it burned down in 1943 she went to South Emery High in Ferron, where she graduated in 1945. She then attended two years of college at Brigham Young University before her marriage to Jim.

James A. (Jim) Jensen was born August 12, 1926 at Huntington, Utah to John Alferd and Ila Woolman Jensen. He is the oldest of eight children. They are James, Alton, Vernon, Merle, Rita, Karen, Keith and Ruby. His father owned and operated a sawmill in Flood Canyon in Huntington Canyon for many years. He can remember having to help his mother cook and wash dishes for all the workers (I guess that's why Jim is a good cook today). His grandparents were Hyrum James and Sarah Scovill Woolman, and John Justus and Josephine Dunn Jensen.

Jim went to school in Huntington and was drafted into World War II before he could graduate. He served in the Philippines and Korea. The outfit he served in was the next highest in Military service in having the most consecutive days in combat. He was released in June 1947.

Jim married Elaine Jensen December 10, 1947 in the Salt Lake Temple. Jim and Elaine had one daughter and two sons. Their daughter, Renee died in 1960 of leukemia, at the age of eleven. Their oldest son, John Ernest, married Laura Dawn Morley on April 19, 1974 in the Salt Lake Temple. They have 6 daughters. John is a glazier and they make their home in Kanab.

Their other son, Kevin Wayne, married Annette McMullin on October 15, 1977 in the Manti Temple and they are building their own home in Cleveland. Kevin works at the coal mine in Hiawatha. Annette works at the Post Office in Price. They have one son and one daughter.

Jim and Elaine lived in Oregon for two years where he worked in a sawmill. They lived in Huntington for ten years where he owned his own truck hauling coal and drilling mud. The rest of their married life they have lived in Castle Dale where Jim has herded cows and sheep, worked in the mines, driving truck and is now retired. Elaine has been employed at Sears Roebuck for 32 years and is now retired. Now that they are both retired, they find much enjoyment going to the temple often.

After living away from Emery County for two years, they were very happy to return and are content to make their home here for as long as they live. They purchased Neva's home after she died and really enjoy it.

Early History of Emery County
by Marian Ralphs

Remnants of the early inhabitants of Emery County lie buried in the sediments of two world famous dinosaur quarries: Cleveland-Lloyd and Long Walk. An ancient shallow sea covered what is now the Colorado plateau, and dinosaurs and other ancient forms of life roamed these areas.

The first human inhabitants of record were Indians of the Archaic Culture. They came to Castle Valley about 1500 years ago. They hunted and gathered their food. The Fremont Indians lived in Emery County from 500 to 1300 AD, at which time they mysteriously disappeared. They were mainly farmers. Paiute and Ute Indians hunted and migrated through Emery County when the white settlers first came.

Father Escalante was one of the first white men to enter Utah. He entered by way of the Uinta Basin and entered Utah Valley in 1776. Subsequent Spanish traders found a more southerly route from Santa Fe to California which crossed the Colorado River at Moab, entered Emery County at Green River, passed south of Cedar Mountain through Buckhorn Draw and east of the present towns and exited through Salina Canyon. It was a well used route with the tracks still apparent today.

Early American Explorers came into Castle Valley in the late 1840's and 1850's. Kit Carson was looking for a mail route from St. Louis to California. He carried news of the gold discovery in California back through Castle Valley to eastern America. John W. Gunnison, an Army topographical engineer, surveyed a route for the Union Pacific Railroad through Castle Valley in 1853. He followed the Spanish Trail except that he veered north of Cedar Mountain by way of Woodside and Desert Lake and picked it up below Huntington. However, when the railroad was finally built, it passed through Price Canyon to the Wasatch Front rather than going through Emery County. John C. Fremont, another famous explorer came through Emery County in the winter of 1853-1854. His party nearly perished due to the lack of game and the inhospitable environment.

The first attempt at colonizing Castle Valley was the Elk Mountain Mission, established on the Grand River east of Green River in 1855. It lasted only a few months before the Indians grew hostile and the Missionaries hurriedly fled back to Manti. However, the Huntington brothers had seen the country and would make several trips back before permanent settlement occurred. In the Black Hawk war of 1865-67, many men from Sanpete chased raiding Indians across the Wasatch Plateau into Castle Valley in pursuit of stolen livestock, thus becoming more familiar with the country.

Agustus D. Ferron was assigned by the Government to survey Castle Valley for homesteading in 1873. He promoted settlement of the area by extolling the excellent bottom lands and the fine grazing lands. Yet, settlers were reluctant to move there, due to the harsh conditions and isolated location.

Stockmen from Sanpete took herds of cattle, sheep and horses into Castle Valley in the winter of 1875-76. Orange Seely, Justus Wellington Seely, John S. Jorgensen, Aaron Oman, August Nielsen, Jacob Jensen and Tim Fuller wintered 1500 sheep and 1400 cattle from the United Order in Mt. Pleasant on the Cottonwood Creek. They grazed on the mountains in the summers and wintered

Historical information was taken from the Emery County History, 1981.
Emery County Historical Society.

in the valleys in 1876 and 1877. The Swasey boys; Charles, Sid, Joe and Rod brought horses to Ferron Creek in 1875. Four stockmen, Leander Lemon, James Mc Hadden, Bill Gentry and Alfred Starr, brought horses over the mountain from Sanpete through Huntington Canyon in the spring of 1875.

Brigham Young instructed the Sanpete Stake President to issue a call for 75 men to settle Castle Valley. The call was made in Priesthood Meeting, but no one responded. Orange Seely was called by a council of some of the Apostles to lead the colonizing movement into Castle Valley. This was the last colonizing effort of Brigham Young. In the fall of 1877, three groups migrated across the mountain into Castle Valley. A group led by Orange Seely settled on Cottonwood Creek. A second group led by Elias Cox settled on Huntington creek. The third group which included Swen Larsen and his son Neils, Nicholas and Helena Larson and Peter and Caroline Peterson came through Salina Canyon and settled on Ferron Creek. Their journey lasted 21 days and was difficult and harrowing. There were a few stockmen already in Ferron Creek: John Lowry with his sheep, Tom Simper and Sam Gilson were herding cows for the Bennion Brothers. Mike Molen also had some cows there. They provided a welcome source of meat for the settlers.

The next year, 1878, two or our ancestors settled in Castle Valley. Hyrum Cook and his wife Emily settled in Molen the fall of 1878. Their daughter Millie was the first white child born in Castle Valley on 30 November 1878. Their youngest daughter, Blanch, married Mirl Ralphs. Peter Hansen crossed the mountain from Manti and settled in Castle Dale. He accepted the call from Brigham Young to help settle Castle Valley. After homesteading a quarter section near Castle Dale and building a 2 room adobe house, he went back to Manti, sold his house and farm, and moved his family to Castle Dale. He wasn't satisfied with the farm, so he traded his house and land for some land and dugout in Ferron. He then built the biggest and finest home in Ferron at the time. He assisted in construction of many homes and constructed the first molasses mill in Ferron. He moved his family to Emery in 1890.

The Ralphs brothers, Joe, Parley and John settled in Ferron around 1880. Parley and John married daughters of Peter Hansen, Hannah and Eda. An LDS branch was organized in Ferron in January 1879, and a Ward was organized on Oct 9, 1879. William Taylor was the first Bishop. The 1880 census listed 90 residents in the Ferron/Molen area.

Background on the Rochester Flat

The Independent Canal and Reservoir Company was established Dec 26, 1894. There were 22 men from Emery, 17 from Ferron, 2 from Ephraim and one from Koosharem. Each bought 10 shares at \$10/share to start the company. Parley and John Ralphs were original investors. The original intent was to build a reservoir on the Muddy creek to store excess water, and build and maintain a canal running north and east 7 miles to the Big Wash. There was a potential to irrigate 2500 acres. A few individuals bought or settled on the land between 1899 and 1906.

In 1900, the Emery County Land and Water Company was formed to buy land and water on the Flat. Mr H.B. Whitney of Chicago was President, G.W. Lang was manager and George Williams of Minneapolis was Secretary/Treasurer. Mr. F.E. Kennaston, of Rochester Minnesota held the mortgage. The name of the Flat was changed to Rochester by either Mr. Kennaston or Mr. Whitney, who was from Rochester NY. In 1907, Lester C. Moore (LC) was appointed manager and moved to Rochester with his wife and took over management of 10,000 acres of largely undeveloped land. Through Moore's efforts, a large part of the Company lands were put under cultivation. Later Mr. Kennaston wanted to sell the company and offered L.C. a commission if he could sell the property.

Between 1911 and 1921, several men acquired land from the Company or from the earlier settlers who had kept land on the Flat. Mirl and Leon Ralphs were among these. They built 2-room log houses on their lands. Water was collected in 50 gallon wood barrels filled from the ditch. Later, a cistern was built to store water from the ditch.

A branch of the Emery Store was opened in Rochester in 1906. When L.C. Moore was made manager of the Company, he took charge of the Store. In 1919, the store was moved across from the new brick School House. Surelda Ralphs managed it. A fire destroyed the store in 1921, but another small building was built and run as a branch of the Ferron Merc. Business amounted to \$60-75 a week. People paid for groceries in eggs, butter, veal and pork, which was then sold in Carbon County.

Leon Ralphs was appointed the first Post Master in 1919. Mail was delivered once a week and dispensed from the store. In the spring of 1924, L.C. Moore became Post Master and moved the office to the front room of his house. He remained Post Master until 1940. At that time, the U.S. Post Office Dept. changed the name of Rochester to Moore, in recognition of Moore's contributions.

Cattle were the main agriculture commodity on the Flat. A few families had large herds of hogs. Crops included alfalfa, wheat, oats, and barley. Alfalfa and clover seed were grown as cash crops. When clover seed prices dropped, coupled with the drought of 1922-24, many of the farmers left Rochester. Leon left at this time.

An LDS Branch was organized on June 20 1920, with Leon Ralphs as the Presiding Elder. Mirl Ralphs was presiding Elder from 1931-1940. The branch was dissolved in 1946 and the memberships were transferred to Ferron.

Historical information was taken from the Emery County History, 1981.
Emery County Historical Society.

THE HISTORY OF PETER AND BEATA GUSTAVA HANSEN

(Thanks to their daughter Hannah who has furnished us with these incidents in their lives.)

Peter Hansen, son of Hans Ohtlsten and Johannah Marie Jensen Hansen was born March 27, 1837 at Hesterland Zealand, Denmark. At the age of 21 years, he heard the Missionaries preaching the Restored Gospel in his native Hesterland and joined this new faith. This event changed the course of his life and in four years new adventures were opening up for him in America. After arriving in America in 1862, he affiliated himself with the company led by Captain John VanCott to cross the plains. He arrived in Utah Sept. of that year and located at Mantli. He was an excellent Mason, having received his training from the hands of his father and growing up in a land where it is an honor to have a trade and be proficient in it. His talent along this line was soon recognized and he helped and gave assistance in the construction of both the Mantli and Salt Lake Temples.

Into his life was soon to come a companion who enriched and edified the position he was soon to take as a pioneer in the colonizing of the southeastern part of Utah.

In the faraway land of lakes and forests in a village named Hamster, Sweden a beautiful little girl was born in the family of Per and Ingra Burreson on December 14, 1838. She had four brothers and with whom she played as she grew to womanhood. Her father was one of the city officials whose duty it was to keep the axe used in the beheading of convicted wrongdoers. She went with her father on one occasion to witness the beheading of a man.

Her destiny and future was not sealed up in this little hamlet of Hamster. As she entered her 25th year, events in her life were to change. I. D. S. Missionaries had arrived at Hamster and were teaching the Gospel and Beata could not refrain from listening and believing the message they had. She joined the Church with such faith that when her parents demanded she either give up this new faith or leave home, she sought sanctuary with some friends who were members, until she had saved enough money to pay her way to America. After arriving in America, she crossed the plains in the company of John F. Sanders, arriving Sept. 5, 1863. While crossing the plains she became a very close friend with a girl named Albertina Carlsten. This friendship endured their entire lives. Together they were very happy and seemed to be very popular. With Beata's ability to cook and Albertina's beautiful voice, they soon became the favorites of the company and many a proposal of marriage to become a second wife was made to them. Something on the horizon was becoming them on and an unseen hand guided these two girls on to fulfill a destiny that must have been arranged and agreed upon at some primeval date. They arrived in Mantli and in a very short time fell in love with and married two Danish boys by the name of Peter Hansen and Christian Jensen, Beata marrying Peter and Albertina marrying Christian. Their friendship held the two families close together and they lived as neighbors most of their lives.

Peter and Beata were now to plan their future and their home was subsequently blessed with ten children. All of them being born at Mantli except Andrew who was born at Castle Dale. The first child to come into their home was Eda who was born Nov. 25, 1864, then a son Peter in Feb. 1866, Frederick was born August 1869 (who died in infancy) Hannah born Sept 7, 1867. Mary was born April 1874, Beata born July 19, 1872, Alfred born Jan. 23, 1875, Wells born Feb. 1877, William born Sept 7, 1879, died when he was five years old. This unhappy event happened as little William was playing in the vicinity of a tub of boiling water which he backed into and died eight hours later from scalding. Andrew was born March 28, 1881 at Castle Dale, Utah.

Out of the ground comes a greater understanding of life. There, the true position of man is revealed. The inner nature of the tiniest blade of grass is beyond human understanding. There the mystery of life is forever present. There man and nature become reconciled as nowhere else. The pioneers wanted every man in the community with them to have such contact with the soil. The small compact village with home gardens made it possible for every man no matter what he was doing to secure some of his sustenance and spiritual power from the land. Thus as the Church grew in membership, new land was to be found and cultivated and settlements established. Each village was laid out according to a common plan. The rectangular square or blocks contained eight to ten acres. The streets ran north and south, east and west. They were 132 feet wide and provided propheticallly for the automobile age. Farms surrounded the villages. It was felt that the time lost going to the farm and back was compensated for by close contact with the community, religious solidarity and protection from Indian marauders. With the colonization of the West under the inspired leadership of Pres. Brigham Young, who is recognized as the greatest colonizer, members of the church were called to certain areas of this land to settle and develop it. Thus in 1878, Peter and Beata received a call from Brigham Young to move to Castle Valley and help settle this country. With some of their friends, they made the move to the valley and settled in Castle Dale. They remained there about six months and then moved to Ferron. The amount of work involved in establishing a new community is tremendous. Roads had to be built, canals completed to bring water from source to farms, community buildings were to be erected and homes for the family were to be built. For temporary shelter, like others, Peter completed a "dugout" in the creek bank where his family lived while waiting for the time they would have a home. In order to keep the high water of the floods from snatching away and drowning any of his children, a high fence was built around the front of the "home" but at times angry waters would take away most of their belongings and then it would be necessary for Peter to return to Mantli for new supplies. The trip would be made by horseback and as in those days the money was short, the number of supplies were consequently short. He was not to remain long in these living conditions as he was soon able to make "dobbies" and constructed one of the largest and finest homes in Ferron. His services as a builder was sought after by the townspeople and soon he was busy building homes for his friends. Many of these homes are still standing in Ferron as a monument to the ability and industry of this man. He also constructed and used the first molasses mill in Ferron. His yield of sugar cane was so great that in addition to what he sold and gave away, the family always had a big barrel of molasses on hand for winter use.

Again in 1890 Peter and Beata with the remainder of their family (4 girls having married and remained in Ferron) moved on south in the valley to the location now known as Emery, where they remained until their death. Again Peter assumed the duties of a pioneer leader and helped to construct the settlement of Emery. At the outset of this new adventure, before homes were built, they again lived in dugouts. Peter usually carried with him a large plate glass used in making a window over their dugouts. On one occasion one of his steers being of a thirstry nature, mistook this glass for a pool of refreshing water and in his attempt to drink fell into the "dugout". After the city of Emery had been planned and laid-out and the community work done, Peter became a farmer. He acquired 80 acres of ground in the south section of Emery and engaged in farming the rest of his life.

During the time these sturdy pioneers were conquering and settling the land, the Indians were constantly depriving them of the use of their best horses and cows. Wars were being fought with them to preserve their property. About this time Chief Sandpitch was killed in Salina Canyon while he was returning from a raid on some ranchers and during this time the infamous Black Hawk War claimed the lives of many pioneers and Indians. Peter took an active part in this war, serving in the post of minute man.

While Peter was engaged in all these activities incident to pioneer life, Beata was encouraging him in his work and at the same time relieving the family. Her abilities were equal to his in the roll of pioneer. She had a spinning wheel and in her very fine way weaved and sewed all the clothing the family needed and used. After her family was reared and no longer living at home, she assisted other people in sickness, often performing the services of a midwife. Her understanding and sympathy took the load off from many a shoulder of those in trouble and her memory still lingers on in the thoughts of those she helped.

Peter found time to serve as a school trustee thus rendering service in many ways to the people with whom he lived.

As Beata and Peter grew older, their personalities mellowed into beautiful expressions of love and kindness. Each one had filled their years with usefulness, performing the mission given them by our Heavenly Father. In retrospect, one feels that society has gained from the lives of these two people. Whatever might have been a fault or failing has disappeared into nothingness contrasted by the accomplishments, ideals and memories of their beautiful lives. The honor is ours that we are of their lineage and God grant that we can at some future date be in their association in a world devoid of all heartaches and pain. May we always have their memory with us to hold us together in their family of sons, daughters, grandsons, granddaughters, and great grandchildren.

End.

A Biography of Parley Pratt Ralphs
by Hannah Ralphs

Parley was born July 25, 1858 in South Cottonwood, Utah. His parents were pioneers who had joined the Later-Day Saint Church in England and left to join other Mormons who were moving to the West. They faced many problems that are familiar to early Church members. They had known the Prophet Joseph Smith, and enjoyed their association with him.

In the year of 1865, Parley's father had gone to California to visit his oldest daughter, Mary Ellen. While he was gone the mother took sick and died. Because of transportation difficulties in those days, he was unable to get home in time for the funeral. When he finally arrived, his large family of children were staying with different relatives and friends.

Parley had gone to Payson to live with his sister, Emily. He stayed on with her family until the early 1870's. It was then that his oldest brother, Joseph, took him and his brother John to Ferron. The three of them took up homesteading. The boys lived together south of Ferron until they married.

Parley and Anna Marie (Hannah) Hansen were married in 1884. Also at the time, John married Hannah's sister, Eda. Peter Hansen had promised to build each daughter a home. So John and Parley worked along with him and got stone out of the canyon west of Ferron and built a large stone home. The second home was directly across the street and built out of logs. This is where Parley and Hannah raised their six sons and two girls. Both of these homes are in down town Ferron today. Walter, youngest of the children, still lives in Parley's original house.

Farming and cattle raising were their livelihood. Parley was especially interested in horses and always had the best team in town to work with. He had plenty of horses so that his boys could learn to ride. He always took his boys to the field with him, and no matter how young, he tried to find jobs for them to do. Each morning in family prayer, they would ask for safety and protection. Because of this, Hannah never worried about crossing the creek. She was very faithful and implicitly expected the Lord to answer her prayers.

One time when Mirl was only five, he and the other four boys were returning home with their father after a day's work. It was during the time of high water and although the river was high, they had still been going back and forth to their farm. As they neared the opposite bank where the horses were to pull them out of the river, they noticed the bank had washed out and left such a high embankment that the horses weren't able to find a place they could get out of the river. In the excitement the boys jumped out of the wagon because the water had started running through. The older boys were able to get ashore, but Mirl was washed down stream but finally rescued by his father. When he got safely on the bank, his little black cap, which he wore all the time, was still sitting on his head. Farmers near-by had heard the excitement and had come running to help get the horses unharnessed and freed from the wagon so they could get out of the water. It was a close call, as the water was so swift and high. But the family looked at the cheerful side and had many laughs that in all that swift water and being wet from head to foot, Mirl came out of it all without losing his cap.

Parley was a good citizen and helped in many ways to improve the community. He worked at digging ditches, building roads or any other work that was important to the early settlers. He invested money in the co-op's so that things could be made available to the people in Ferron.

For the last few years of his life, Parley was troubled with stomach ulcers. He went to California for a while, taking his son, Leon, with him. He had been in hopes the climate might help his condition, but it didn't seem to justify moving there. Parley died October 2, 1903. His family was still young, but he had trained the older ones to work and they were able to provide for the family who had been left behind.

Parley left a life insurance policy of \$2000. This was a large amount of money and there was no bank to keep it safe. Hannah was very concerned for her safety, since she was a widow with a young family and all that money was in the house. She lived in fear that something would happen to her and the money. She put it to work by lending it out to people in Ferron. Many of the prosperous men in Ferron got their start from Hannah's money. They would borrow it and pay it back with interest.

Will was 18 and Leon was 16 when their father died. They did all the work on the farm, and the other boys helped as they got big enough. At times, Hannah leased out the farm and cattle to other men in Ferron. This was unfortunate, because many of the cattle were "lost" or died of hunger during the drought. As the boys became of age, they ran the cattle and took the increase to get their start. Hannah used her money and her means to help each boy get started.

Jeanne Lemon Scovill

I was born September 6, 1928 at Ferron, Utah, the youngest child of Irena and Arthur Andrew Lemon. They had hoped for a male child so that they could name him after his grandfather, John Lemon, but when the baby was female, they gave her the feminine version of John, thus Jeanne is my name.

When I was five years of age, I went to kindergarten school at the Presbyterian Church in Ferron; then when I was six I started school at the public school that was about a mile from home.

While I was still quite young, I would have terrible headaches and continued to have them at times, all my life. At the beginning of World War II, I was told I had polio, which left me very nervous. The doctor suggested that I should have a hobby for therapy, so my father gave me some steers to feed and groom for the stock show. I enjoyed this and had some success, as I won some Blue Ribbons for my showmanship ability and also for two of my calves.

During the years of World War II, my brother Ralph was called to serve in the Army, so my sisters Mae, Maxine, Beth and I were put to work on the farm. After coming home from school in the evening, I would change clothes, put on a pair of slacks, and drive the farm tractor, pulling the plow, until nearly dark. We were always kept busy working in the house, on the farm, in the yard or working in the garden; there was always plenty to do.

I learned to play the piano while quite young and became quite good at it, winning several contests. I was organist for the Ward Primary all through my high school years. Playing the piano has continued to be a major interest throughout my life. At one time, the ability to play was nearly lost; I didn't practice much because there was nothing to practice for. Then two ladies from the Senior Citizens Band came to me and ask if I would play the piano with the band. I declined, telling them that I didn't play that much any more. They persuaded me to try it for a while. The band plays for the people in the nursing homes at Ferron and at Price each month, and at the various senior citizens centers in the county. At Christmas time, they take a program to the Elementary Schools in the county also. We are called to play on many other occasions when requested. Because some of the songs they play and sing are keyed too high for the group, I have been able to develop another talent; I transpose them to a lower key that they can be more comfortable with.

I first met my husband when my sister, Beth, asked a couple of my friends and I to be blind dates for some of her friends. Claude was to have been my date but he was not at all pleased, as I was only fourteen and he was twenty. He said he felt like he was robbing the cradle and was very rude.

After graduating from high school in 1946, I went to Salt Lake City to work at the home of a Dr. Skidmore, doing housework and tending kids. He had four little boys that I became very fond of. I worked there one summer and Dr. Skidmore urged me to remain in Salt Lake City and attend school at the University of Utah. I had a scholarship at Snow College at Ephraim, Utah, however, and at the end of the summer I left the city, the little boys, and returned home. The little boys cried and cried when I left.

I attended Snow College at Ephraim for a year; then returned home. My intentions were to go to Carbon College at Price, as this was much closer to my home. World War II had just ended and my girl friend, Beverly Nelson, and I were dating boys from Orangeville. Beverly was dating Morris Curtis and I was dating Claude Scovill. Claude gave me an engagement ring for Christmas that year and we were married the following March 8, 1948 in the Mantl Temple. After a short

honeymoon that took in Southern Utah, Boulder Dam and Salt Lake City, we returned home and moved into a house in Orangeville that was owned by Claude's brother, Orien, and his wife, which we bought a short time later. This was our beginning. This was a hard year for me; there were no light switches on the walls, no bathroom, no electric range or central heating; things I had been accustomed to all my life. To top it off I got pregnant right away and had a terrible time with morning sickness, being sick most of the day. There was an old coal stove in the kitchen to cook on and it was a problem for me to keep a fire burning because I always had to cut wood to start a fire. We had a coal heater in the living room to provide heat for the house, and between the smoke from this and the cook stove it was very hard to keep things clean.

Our first child, a baby girl with red hair and whom we named Claudia, was born December 8, 1948 in the hospital at Price. Being winter, we had a real problem keeping the house warm enough for the baby. We moved the bed into the living room by the stove to keep warm. I should add at this point that these conditions were not unusual for that time as most people lived this way and things like central heating were rare. Also we were happy. Two years after Claudia was born we had a baby boy come to bless our home and whom we named Dennis A. Scovill. He was born January 19, 1951, also at the Price Hospital. In fact all our children were born at Price. Shortly after he was born we moved to Price so that Claude could be nearer his work. When we were married he was working at a garage in Castle Dale and he later went to Price to work as foreman at the Lincoln-Mercury Garage. We rented a house on second west where we lived for about two years.

While we were living in Price I thought I was pregnant again, and in a way I was, but it was a strange thing called a hydatiform mole rather than a normal pregnancy. I was ill for about a year and was in a lot of pain. The doctor had to operate and remove the mole. To add a bit of humor, one day while in the hospital, I had told Claude that I would call him at a certain time, but when the time came, they were giving me a blood transfusion and I couldn't make the call, so I asked the nurse to call him and tell him I would call later. She didn't understand what she was told and she told Claude that I wanted him to come to the hospital right away. When he came in, I told him that they were giving me some blood. He said that it wasn't blood they were giving me, but embalming fluid. I told him I wasn't dead yet, and he replied that it was much easier to give the fluid while a person is still alive so that it can flow through the veins easier. We laughed and joked about it for a while, and finally Claude said that he needed to get back to work. As he left he said "I'll tell Mitchell (the undertaker) to come and get you". I replied that I would be right here. Someone timed it just right, as about the time it would take for Mitchell to come to the hospital, he came down the hall pulling a gurney they haul dead bodies on. I wasn't sure what to do; I thought of hiding or jumping out the window, but just then he turned into the ward next door; a man had just died of a heart attack and he was there to pick the body up. While it started out as a joke, it turned out not so funny. Our third child was born November 3, 1954, our second boy. We named him Garth J. Scovill, the J for me, his mother. Irene then came along. She was born September 5, 1958. She had dark brown eyes. One of her cousins said her eyes were like two black olives. We were then blessed with one more baby girl, completing the family. She was named Michele Scovill and was born February 2, 1962. I had a difficult pregnancy with her and so said this was enough, giving us three girls and two boys. At the time of this writing they are all married and away from home. We are proud of all of them.

We moved back from Price about 1953. We had to get out of the house we were living in, as the owner wanted to move back into it. We moved back into our home in Orangeville. By now we had installed a coal furnace to heat the house and added a bathroom. Also we had rewired the house, putting in lots of switches and wall plugs, so it was much more livable.

After moving back to Orangeville, we found that the American Legion Post and Auxiliary Unit were about dead. We became interested in this and became involved in getting them organized and going again. The Auxiliary had lost it's charter and we had to get that back. Because of our efforts, we were rewarded by me being put in as President of the Auxiliary Unit and Claude being put in as Post Commander. We had lots of parties and sponsored big celebrations on the 4th of July. All this activity brought further recognition and I was elected to the office of District Auxiliary President. Claude was also elected District Commander. We have maintained our membership throughout the years, even though the activity has fallen away a great deal. It was a lot of fun and we had some great experiences, but we got involved in other things and didn't have the time to devote to it that was needed to keep involved.

A sewing factory moved into Orangeville, making men's shirts, then leather jackets and finally parachute harnesses. I worked at the factory operating the machines on all of these projects. The pay was minimum and I didn't get very rich from this. The work was hard however, and should have paid much more.

I love to quilt and embroider and have spent a lot of hours at this. I have made some beautiful quilts for my children and for myself. As each of the grandchildren have come along, I have made a baby quilt for them. One of the tablecloths I made was entered in the County Fair and won a blue ribbon, and also received an award for the best in its class. I have also done a lot of other handiwork. These and my table cloth's have all been given away for Christmas presents, birthdays, weddings or other special events.

Claude was Postmaster of Orangeville for twenty two years. After he retired from this, we went on a mission for the church to the Illinois Chicago Mission. We went into the Mission Training Center, November 28, 1984. After our training we drove to Chicago and were then assigned to work in the Ottawa District and lived in Ottawa for the entire time of our mission. We had some great experiences and learned to love some wonderful people. We were involved in the open house and dedication of the Chicago Temple and this was a choice experience. I played the piano for the Primary in the Ottawa Branch where we served, helped with a music festival and helped wherever else I could assist. We did some tracting, taught the Gospel to both inactive members and non-members; baptized some and activated some of the inactive. I broke my right arm while at Ottawa, a very bad break near the wrist. The doctor said I would have problems using it again, but the Lord blessed me with complete use of it. We came home in May of 1986, arriving May 9th, the day before Mother's Day. We found everything, especially our home, in great shape on our arrival. We stopped at Nauvoo a couple of days on the way home and visited many of the places there, including the Scovill Bakery, where we picked up cookbooks for all of our children and a few others. We also stopped in Colorado to visit Dennis and Nancy on the way home. It was good to see family members again and it was especially good to see the mountains. I sure missed the mountains while back in that flat country. It was hard to leave Ottawa and the people in that area, as we may never see them in this life again, but it was also good to be home.

At the time of our mission call, September 4, 1984, Mother and Dad were getting along in years. Dad was 92 and Mother was 86. Their minds were very

good, however. We thought that with Ralph and Arlene close by, Maxine and Bruce living in Castle Dale and Mae in Price, and a number of grandchildren in the area, that Mother and Dad could be provided for while we were gone. The way it turned out, shortly after we received our call, Maxine learned that she had leukemia and she died about six weeks later. We were set apart as missionaries on Monday night in the Chapel at Orangeville by President Wesley R. Law and Mother and Dad attended and were very proud that we were going. We planned to close our home the next day and spend that night with Mother and Dad at Ferron, before reporting to the Mission Training Center on Wednesday. Early Tuesday morning we received a phone call that Mother had been taken to the hospital at Price. We hurriedly closed the house, loaded the car and went to Price and spent the evening with Mother at the hospital and stayed that night with Mae at Price. When we went on to Provo the next day, Mother was still in the intensive care unit at the hospital. She was having a problem with bleeding ulcers, a problem she had been troubled with a number of times before.

We wondered if we would ever see her again in this life alive. While in the Mission Training Center I received a call from my brother, Ralph, telling me that it had been determined that he had cancer, and was scheduled for an operation the 19th of December, the day we were to be at the mission home in Chicago. He asked if we would go through a session at the Provo Temple with he and Arlene if they came to Provo. I said we would, so they came to Provo and we visited and went through the temple. We completed our training in the M.T.C., and went to Salt Lake City, where we spent the night at a motel. Michele and Irene came and visited us during the evening, then we left early in the morning for Chicago. It was several days of concern before we received information about the conditions in Utah. Mother had recovered and was at home, but Ralph had his stomach removed, his spleen and part of his pancreas taken; his chances of living until we completed our mission and returned home seemed very unlikely. We had only been out a couple of months when my sister Mae called to tell me that they had found cancer in her breast. This was very upsetting for me as I was not only concerned for Mae and Ralph, but had planned that they would be around to care for Mother and Dad. We prayed about this and decided that the Lord wanted us where we were. We were blessed, as they were all still alive when we returned home, May 9, 1986. Ralph died March 3, 1987, nearly a year after we got home and Mother passed away just twenty days later, March 23, 1987. Dad lived almost another year then he died February 29, 1988. I feel that their lives were spared for a time so that I could be at home when they passed on.

I love to garden and we have always raised a good garden, with more vegetables than we can use, giving some to our relatives, friends and neighbors. We also have fruit trees, apples, peaches and pears. We have had a big success raising raspberries, raising many more than we consume, and we give them away. We like to experiment and have a nectarine tree that should soon start producing; we have some grapes and strawberries. Gardening is a part of living. I enjoy camping, fishing and traveling when we can find time to go, but we have many things going in our lives and finding the time isn't easy. Also, along with the piano I like to sing, and have been a member of the Ward Choir almost continually since coming to Orangeville when we were married.

When things began to settle down after the death of my parents, we were relaxing one day and talking and Claude said that if they would give us the summer to do as we wanted to that in the fall we would be ready to accept another mission call or something. Just two days later the phone rang and it was a call from the Mantzi Temple, and they wanted to know when we could come to the Temple

and talk with the Temple President. We went over the following Tuesday and were told that we had been issued a call to serve as Ordinance Workers in the Manti Temple. The call had been issued by the First Presidency and everything had been set up; they just wanted to know when we could start work. We are unaware where the call originated and still don't know, but we were set apart by President Burton and started work June 16, 1988. Along with my other duties, I have been privileged to play the Temple organ nearly every day we work. At this time we have worked in the Temple nearly three years and have had some great experiences. We love the people we work with and feel a part of all that goes on there. We work the Thursday and Friday evening shifts and sometimes on Saturday. We have a room in Manti, a "Home Away From Home" where we stay each Thursday and Friday night, returning home on Saturday in the daylight, and we enjoy it that way.

I have been active in the church all my life; I was chorister in the Mutual Improvement Association in the ward and then in the Stake. Also I was the chorister in the ward Primary. I taught in the Relief Society Nursery, teaching the little children songs. I also taught the Sunbeam Class in the Primary for three years. This was about the time the church changed to the three hour block meeting schedule. I have also been a visiting teacher all my married life.

Each of our children have married and have families of their own. They have married good people. At this time we have for our efforts, besides our five children and their spouses, eighteen grandchildren. Claudia lives in Crowley, Texas, Dennis in Gold River, California, and Garth in Parker, Colorado. Irene and Michele are still in Utah, Irene in Ogden and Michele in Centerville. It takes a lot of traveling to visit them all.

Life is not over. I am still going strong. When someone asks how I am I reply "Just Beautiful!" This has become a trademark with me. We are still living in the same house and at the same address we started married life at. We have, however, made many changes and improvements to the house and yard during the years. As stated before, we now have light switches on the walls and central heating; we had a coal furnace for many years and then when natural gas moved in we upgraded to a gas furnace. We cook with gas and have most of the other modern fixtures, conveniences and appliances that are available. It is much different from the beginning of our married life forty three years ago. We also added a nice carpet this past summer. Many more worth while and exciting things are sure to happen in my life and an attempt will be made to add them as they occur. Also, other things that haven't come to my mind at this time, may have been left out and if important, will be added as they come to mind, so this is not the end but the beginning of the future.

Katie Clara Lemon Hall
written by her

Born, October 14, 1889, Ferron, Emery County, Utah. My father John Carid Lemon was born September 4, 1853, Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah. His father James Lemon, born February 4, 1788, Northampton County, Pennsylvania. His mother, Martha Sweet was born November 26, 1819, in LeRoy, Genesee County, New York. My mother Emma Elizabeth Nelson Lemon, was born February 10, 1861, Manti, Sanpete County, Utah. Her father Andrew Nelson, born March 8, 1834, Kelhaug, Sanderburg Amt., near Gaden River, Denmark. He was the son of Nels Anderson, his mother, Marie C. Anderson. Her mother Metta Nelson (my mother's mother) born November 28, 1827, Jutland, Denmark. So far little is known of my father's family, that is the immediate family, there is however a short history of the Lemon Line from of whom we are descendants. This history is in the Archives in Salt Lake City, which I copied when last there. The books are out of print.

I was named Katie, for 3 of mothers friends; Clara for her sister, whom we all loved. We always spoke of grandfathers three other wives as Aunts. There was Christina, we called Steria, Camilla, Sophia, these last two were sisters. Grandfather brought them back from Denmark when he filled an LDS Mission in 1865 and 1866, 100 years ago.

There was very little communication between Manti and Ferron. Except trips across the Ferron Mountains, down on the Manti side. Ferron was settled by Manti descendants, that early grandfather had 6 sons over there and one daughter, our mother. Three trips across the mountains were hardest, after taking 2 or 3 days to go 50 miles, the long way, but dad Lemon preferred the hard steep road up over Wagon Road Ridge. On top was a long stretch of several miles where the horses could clip along at a trot. Close to the end of this flat toper, there was a beautiful lake which we called the Blue Lake. Its sides were so steep and deep, impossible to get down to it. I sometimes to this day, dream of that lake. We had a picture, a wedding present to mother and dad called the Lake of Three Canyons, meaning counties in Switzerland. (I wonder what became of the picture, I wanted it.)

I guess I got away from what I started to say about communication. None of the wives could write in English and although mother could talk fluently in Danish, she couldn't write it, so dad Lemon had made a promise to himself that he would always take her home to Manti every summer, which he did. This trip was always made in July about the 4th, which would be a nice time for the children. There was always a parade and games. Funny now, one makes that trip in a couples of hours. A scenic road built in the 1930's by the CC's under F.D. Roosevelt Administration. When dad and mother made each and every trip across the mountain, they usually made room for some friends, a woman and maybe a child or two. Once I remember we had Jurusha Feegate and her 2 daughters, Myrtle and Jessie with us. We were going over Wagon Road for a

ride. The buggy wheel struck a bump or a bad place in the road. My brother Clarence was thrown out of the buggy, thrown under the wheel. The wheel went right across his body, but he wasn't hurt. I used to wonder about that. I don't remember of any mishaps in all those years. But I do remember an incident years later when we were all quite grown up; Clarence and Delis were not with us but, on the way home we were traveling the long way across (around) by way of heliotrope, the highest mountain peak in this particular mountain range; 11,000 feet high, thats above sea level. (Grandma Kate lost what she was writing- she goes on to other stories.) Another thing might be of interest, all the settlements in what became Emery County were settled by Sanpeters. Manti people settled Ferron, Molen, Ephraim, Orangeville, Castledale, Mt. Pleasant and Huntington.

It was in the 1880's, it had to be cause my sister was born in July of 1882, Delis, that my father and mother settled in Ferron, Emery County, Utah. It was only a valley on a river. Ferron Creek it became after a man survived, named Ferron. This story is the incidents and personal knowledge of the John C. and Emma N. Lemon settlers and explorers of Castle Valley, Emery, Carbon, and Grand Counties in Utah. And now I go back to the beginning how they met and married and all the rest, as it was told to me and as I remember from my own knowledge and told to me by my father and mother.

First father, John Carid Lemon, I guess because fathers are first or head of the family, was born in or near Salt Lake City. he told me once that his fathers log cabin stood in the middle of white (?), afterward became a city street in the year 1853, September 4th. His father James Lemon had crossed the plains in the following year after the first train with Brigham Young. In one of Brigham's wagons trains led by a man called Pegleg Parker, who was a scout and friend for the Mormons. He knew the plains, trails and watering places. His grandfather Lemon was a native of Pennsylvania, but was scattered around like so many Americans a little farther west. He talked of Springfield to my father when he was a small boy but there is a Springfield in almost every state from Pennsylvania to Illinois. My father, John C. Lemon, was an orphan at the age of 9, his father died when he was 8, his mother died the next year. We know little of their life because of this, but we do have records of their marriage and endowment. They were married by Heber C. Kimball, sealed by President Brigham Young. This was of course was before there was a temple but we do have in the Archives this record. Our or my grandfather left a family in Springfield in order to make and establish a home where his faith and religious affiliation sent him and his family would follow; his wife and he told my father, had 10 other children and their mother. Whether he ever heard from them again we do not know, we can only surmise. We have only the knowledge and impressions of a fathers story told to a small boy not yet eight years old and how he was some day to try to get in touch with the family in Springfield, but which Springfield. After he was orphaned, he told his story and a

letter was written by a friend of his mother and father, but no answer was ever received. Perhaps the letter went to the wrong Springfield, but to get back to the marriage of my fathers mother and James Lemon to Martha Sweet.

She was one of two young women assigned to grandfathers wagon. He was well equipped. He had a ox team, a cow, some chickens, grain seed, a plow, some furniture, and my dad especially remembered he said, a churn. My grandfather was already an old broken man, as my father remembered him. He had been a soldier having served in the War of 1812. He was stooped almost double and carried a pail with his hands folded across his back, the pail being down behind his back and legs. He and Martha were sent by Brigham Young to settle and help colonize a place called Alpine in Box Elder County, (I believe grandma meant Salt Lake County and Utah County.) Some how he traded for a mule. He paid his tithing with the other animals.

A baby son was born to them and named James. When he was 2 years old he was playing near where his father and mother were planting beans, wandered away in a river or as a we would say, a wash. He was picked up by a bad indian, named Squashead, who was a chief of the Ute Tribe. This indian wanted an heir, and felt he was in his glory to find a man child but the baby was frightened and cried perhaps screamed with fright. The Indian when afterwards was caught and executed, told his story while in his anger at the crying baby, killed him, beat him to death, hitting his head on a rock. Some time afterwards, grandmother Martha and a woman friend found the remains of the child and took what was left of him to bury. Grandmother Martha, almost lost her mind, but in her grief she went to Brigham Young with her sorrows. I have often wondered how she got from Box Elder to Salt Lake City, (Perhaps Grandma Kate forgot that Alpine is a valley near the point of the mountain going into Lehi.) but perhaps she rode part way with some travelers and walked the rest, any way Brigham Young blessed her. Told her to be a dutiful wife and she would be blessed with another child and so on September 4, 1853, she had another son and this one they name him John. But she did not get over her awful sorrow as her child grew up, she would hardly let him out of her sight and he became a little embarrassed as he grew up or at least to the age of 9 years. His father died when he was 8. He remembers that a man named Brother Steel gave him his burial clothing.

Many years after when I was having my family this same Brother Steel came to Manti to live and work in the Temple. He was a very old man by that time, but had found a young woman to marry and care for him in his old age. They had a daughter. Brother Steel was old enough to be her grandfather but he told me of my father as a small boy and I was glad I could repay in part some of his goodness by seeing they had eggs and milk. He lived to a ripe old age. My father visited him on one of his trips to visit me in Manti. There were other men in his young life he remembered. Men who became life long friends, but there was also the man who he was assigned to in bondage, which was quoted. "The most unkindest cut of all wicked man who he felt in later years he would rather not remember," and so he never told us his name or if he didn't remember, and perhaps just as well. There were also boys his own

age he grew up with or played with while his mother lived. Cyrus M. Dallen, George A. Sutherland, and one whose name was Knight who found Silver and became a very rich man.

Cyrus W. Dallen a great sculpture known to my father and boyfriends and Bertie George Sutherland became one of Utah's first Senators and Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court and I might say here, John C. Lemon ran for state senator, but was not elected. I remember he got letters when I was quite young addressed to Colonel Lemon and when I asked why he said it, it was an honorary title that wouldn't last, it was someones idea of greatness, but he didn't mention any names.

But to return to childhood incidents, orphaned at 9 years, he became a ward of the state (or Utah was still a territory) and he was bound out for 5 years, forced to stand guard in the block house or fort between Springville and Payson, that is my impression. He used an old musket perhaps his own fathers, but the bondsman charged him with it as his wages. He, my father had 4 days of school. It is difficult to put together some of the incidents which he told us which must have happened during the 5 years of bondage. He spoke of a woman, Mormon Sister, who in later years came to live in Orangeville, Emery County. Her name was Guyman and we called her Grandma. She must have been good to him. He told me once of how she took care of him when he had the mumps. They didn't think he would live. The mumps went down on him, so Sister Guyman steamed him over a pot of beans. I guess anything that would retain heat was the idea. There is a bit of story here relative to the mumps episode. He and my mother were married in December the 20th, there first born didn't come about until a year and four months later. Father thought for a time he was no good. He said the mumps had really fixed him. There was another childhood episode he told about when so many of the children of the village had measles. They were isolated or quarantined and one child, a girl that he was especially fond of as children. She got the measles and Johnny crawled through her window to be near her so he too could get measles. But it didn't work out that way, he didn't get them.

He also told us of a man who was kind to him. This man had a vegetable garden and brought vegetables to the store house, no doubt tithing office. The boys of the village would surprise or steal if they were clever enough to get away with it. But the man always had extra sack or bundle of carrots which he handed out to the children. They followed him like the Pied Piper of Hamblin. there were always some more greedy than others, so this man always held an extra carrot in reserve for Johnny and would call out here's one for "John". Dad often wondered in after years the mans nationality. He used "I" instead of "My". One time dad told about a man. He was gathering wood as every body did in those days and later on to, on the surrounding mountains. There was a shelf like incline down the mountain side with a drop over a ledge. The old man was after a certain dead cedar tree which was hard to dislocate. He pulled and tugged, and grumbled. When it finally gave way the old man slipped and fell and rolled down the hill

toward the cliff ledge. He yelled and cursed and in this matter-
"Stop I catch, I help, help catch I or his wife will be on the
Bishop." He stopped close to the cliff edge, crawled back up, sat
down and than thanked the Lord for saving I." I can still hear my
dad telling this story.

**Continued Notes of Grandma Katie Lemon Hall

No doubt Delis was baptized in the Ferron Creek. Clarence was
baptized in the Ferron Creek. Frank was baptized in the creek
under county bridge. I'm sure Frank and Arthur were after Grandma
died. Jennie shows about her baptism before 1918. Delis baptized
by Alonzo Cox, confirmed by Fredrick Folsen- must have been Vidias
Olsen grandfather who was Patriarch. Olsen also gave Delis
Patriarchal Blessing.

And grandmother at the same time told them she was divorced
from grandfather - a Temple Divorce, and wanted her to be sealed to
him. The family wouldn't have it and sent for grandfather, of
course there was a lot more to it which will write about later. He
made the trip across the mountain with a guy driving. He wasn't
much of a teamster type. He never was even years later when he
peddled. In fact he wasn't much of anything, anytime. That's one
reason why I can excuse Aunt Eunice for the lies she told about the
History of Ferron and Dad Lemon and the Chickens and cattle herd in
Quitchenpaw.

I remember when they were building the new big house. She was
going through with my father, there were 14 rooms; 4 bedrooms
upstairs and one very large room, supposed to be for grandmother,
but as they climbed the stairs she said, "where is my room, John,
not upstairs". Father knew he had made a mistake. She could not
climb the stairs even though they were not steep. The easiest
stairs I have ever seen to go up, no curves or landing. The hall
was 24 foot long stairs. Landing nor more than 2 or 3 feet at the
bottom. But dad decided right then to add another room to the down
stairs which was a beautiful room, such large sunny windows.

Those were happy years from 1898 until 1920 when our mother
died of cancer. Then the whole world fell apart. But, by then we
all had individual family except Frank D., the youngest and my
sister Jennie who was engaged to a young Army man. My oldest
sister living had 3 children. My oldest living brother had 4. And
by other brother had 2, and I had 2. My father and mother was
proud of their family and called the farm "Lemon Groves", we were
of the Lemon Tree. My father believed he was the only branch of
that tree, his father was the Rock. James, father of John. I
think now their are many branches and some body, some day will call
a son John and some one else, James Lemon.

I have pictures of that house taken when I was 9 or 10 months
old. Mother and father had sorrows and heart brakes. Their son
Carid age 7 years died and the 3rd child age 4 1/2 a little girl
named Dora. My grandmother had come to live with us. She too is
in the picture with Father John C. Lemon, mother Emma E. Nelson
Lemon, my oldest sister Delis who 7 years old looks much older, but

pictures were like that then. Also, my brother Clarence 3 years old, two dogs, Poarch and Blud, odd names for dogs. Our Uncle August had given my brother Clarence the dog called Porch, a name the little boy picked, no one knew why. The house must have been built before Delis was born. Part log or rough lumber and adobe. It was a good looking house. No doubt the best in the valley. Their children didn't come to fast, almost 3 years between most of us, except.....

Not long after John and Emma Lemon were settled in the Ferron Creek, word reached them that the railroad which was in progress of being built there from east to west needed workmen. Our father and mother were in need of funds to build a house, so they made the trip across the mountain which had been hazardous and couldn't possibly be as bad to go from Ferron to Green River, where plains, covered sagebrush, cactus and drifting sand, but they tackled it. There may have been other settlers in the company who ventured out. All of Castle Valley was by now partially settled. Father took a team horses and oxen which he worked with. Mother cooked for workers. They did well enough to start their 4 room house.

In 1960 a partial report was sent to use of the Lemon Family via Arthur Lemon, a brother, and forwarded to me through Genealogical Society Reference. We learn that James Lemons first wife was a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints and was in route with her husband James Lemon, and was at Winter Quarters. One of the stop over places on the trek west and that her name was Francis Eaton. Born in Scotland, 1785, and that she was 62 years old. The account was from the Deseret Newspaper 1851. The records says it's quite apparent they joined the church in Pennsylvania and had moved to the midwest by 1839 or joined the church there. She was burned to death at Winter Quarters. The Deseret News in that state, states or mentions property owned by James Lemon in the state of Missouri. Also by one John Lemon who could be either a brother or a son. Also that John Lemon died at Quincy, Ill. October 17, 1846 before any one started west. This is something to think about, could be the right family connection.