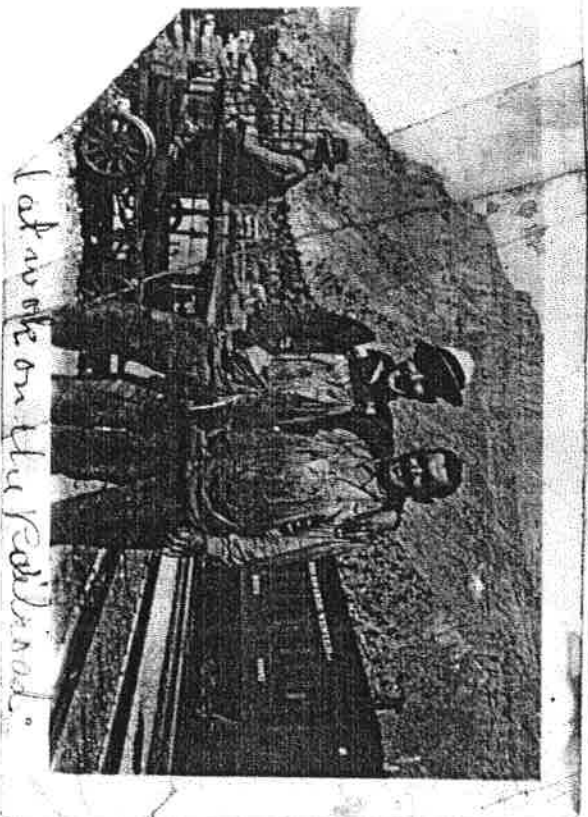
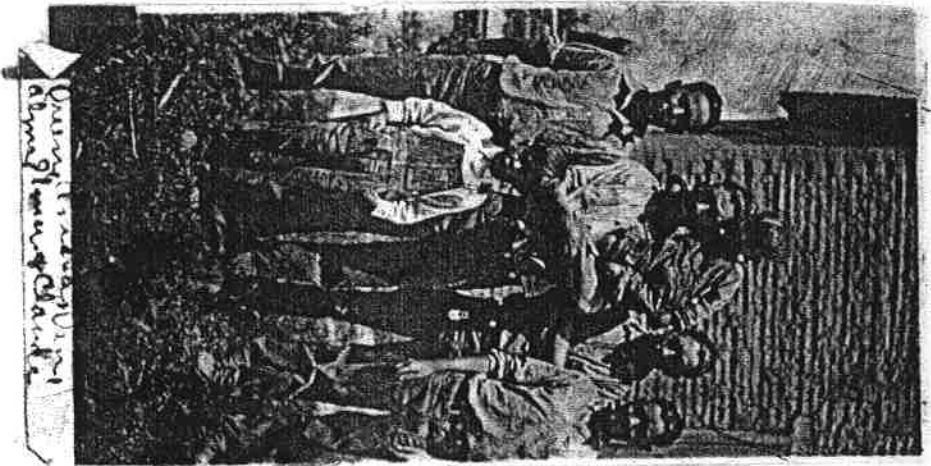


Alma Asahel Seouill



late work on the railroad.

For several years Dad worked on the Railroad. There
job was repairing old bridges and building some new ones.
lived in railroad cars, which were hooked on to trains and
at home much but there were



This is a picture of all six of my brothers, taken by a corner of the family home. They are, left to right: Drien, Amasa, holdin Van, Alma, Elmer and Claude standing in front.



The three oldest girls.

Sarah, Helen and Leola all dressed up in our Sunday best.

I didnt have my hair cut until

I was in the third grade in school. I was not very happy with my ringlets. Mother had to put my hair up with strips of cotton cloth. The hair was wound around and around the cloth and then tied in place until dry. It was very painful to have it combed out.

Each spring as soon as school was dismissed for the summer, we loaded a wagon with food, clothes, bedding, etc. For the summer and spent nearly all of one day traveling to the sawmill in the mountains west of Orangeville. We had a car but the mountain roads were very poor, no upkeep at all and very few people tried to take cars up on the mountain.

We had a two-room house there that Dad had built out of rough lumber from the mill. It had a wood-burning stove, some homemade beds, tables, chairs, cupboards and all the other things we needed during our stay there. We had straw ticks on some of the beds but they had to be hauled, filled with the straw from home so most of our mattresses were pine boughs trimmed off from the trees that were run through the mill. The bed was actually a large flat wooden box with legs and a head board and this box was filled periodically with fresh pine boughs.

Our toys and games were all hand made too, at least most of them were. The only ones that we took from home were small dolls five or six inches tall. They usually had movable arms and legs. These dolls we played with almost constantly, sewing clothes out of the scraps of material that Mother had brought from home for this purpose and to make quilt blocks. One piece of furniture that we brought from home was Mother's treadle sewing machine to make quilt blocks and clothes for us.

ARTEMISSIA (MISHA) SCOVILL

Artemissia Burnett was born 9, Nov., 1889 in Kanab, Kane, Utah. Then before 1891 the family moved to Orangeville where they lived until after June, 1898 when they moved to Fredonia, Arizona, which is across the state border from Kanab. They stayed there until approximately 1904 when they again moved back to Orangeville. The family lived in Orangeville until some of them married and left. Misha lived there most of her adult life.

On 19, Sept. 1907, she married Alma Asahel Scovill in the Manti Temple. They had to go by team and wagon to Manti so his sister, Clara Ware and her husband Samuel went along as chaperones.

When they returned home they moved in with his mother in the family home. She lived with them until her death in 1921.

There were ten children born into this family; first four boys, Amasa G.; Joseph Alma; Orien B.; and Elmer R.; then three girls, Leola, Sarah; and Helen; then two more boys Claude E.; and Van Earl; and last another girl, Emma Jean.

There was also another member of this large family. In 1918, Sarah Ann Woolman, a sister of Asahel's passed away leaving three little girls without a mother. Ila, the second one became an important part of the family even after she married and had a family of her own. For several as the family grew, they lived during the summer at a sawmill in the mountains west of Orangeville. Asahel was employed at the sawmill by the owners, Wm A. Foykes and Arthur Van Buren. All families had cabins at the mill where they lived from the time school dismissed in the spring to opening in the fall.

The life was not easy for Misha at the mill. There was no electricity, so clothes had to be scrubbed by hand on a scrub board. Ironing was done by irons heated on a wood stove. She took her sewing machine (a treadle) to the cabin so she could patch clothes, make school clothes and make quilt tops from all the scraps. Water was packed into the house in buckets from a nearby spring. Shopping could only be done by making a list of the items needed and sending for them with one of the men who was periodically sent to Orangeville twenty five miles away with a team and wagon to get supplies. It took at least two days for the trip. The mountain roads were so terrible, that very few people tried to travel them in cars.

Much of the time Misha was left at home with the family while Asahel was away trying to make a living for his family. He worked for the railroad on a bridge building crew for some time, quite often he went shearing sheep in the spring. He was a carpenter and had to go where he could find work. As a result of being left alone with all the responsibilities of a large family, she had a complete breakdown at one time. She was bedridden for some time before she regained her health.

Tragedy struck the family when the youngest son, Van Earl, became ill. He was running a very high fever and because he was recovering from rheumatic fever at the time, the concern for him was very great. It was discovered that he had Tick fever or Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever, and the disease was fatal. He was thirteen years old at the time.

Then in 1942 Asahel was injured at a job and was brought home to be taken care of. The injuries resulted in almost six months in hospital and in his death in September 1943 about a year after he was hurt.

Misha was always known for her beautiful quilting, no one knows how many quilts she made and she helped on so many others. She was also very adept at darning socks She said that was because she had so much practice. With a large family and limited funds for new clothes there was much patching and darning done. She was considered to be an expert cock darning.

When she had the large family at home there was much cooking and baking went on to feed everyone. At one time some members investigated just how much bread she was baking. It was found that she baked on an average of 16 to 20 loaves of bread every other day, using a fifty pound sack of flour every six days.

Misha Scovill was a dedicated Relief Society Visiting Teacher for many years, probably most of her married life. She and Asahel spent many years as members of the Ward Genealogy Committee. They did much research on their own family records which resulted in much temple work being done. They were able to do much of this themselves.

After her youngest daughter was married she spent many years alone. She always had problems with high blood pressure as well as other ailments. When it was found she was not taking proper care of her health, the members of the family took turns taking her into their homes, but she was not happy with this arrangement so it was decided to place her in the Emery County Nursing Home at Ferron. At first she did not like this arrangement either but she soon made many friends and spent much time with some old ones. She and Alta Reid had been neighbors all their married lives and they enjoyed quilting on many quilts that were put on at the home. She also did much embroidery and crocheting articles while there.

Many times after her health started to get very bad she reported to family members visiting her that Asahel visited her at numerous times. It was a great comfort to her in her falling health to know that he was there to comfort her.

ALMA ASABEL SCOVILL

Alma Asabel Scovill was born 9, April, 1886 in Orangeville, Emery, Utah, the son of Amasa Scovill and Clarissa Ellen Guymon, the eighth of nine children.. His father died when he was only ten years old. After the older children left home, (Ethel, the youngest child was drowned in an irrigation ditch when very small) Asabel or Asa, as he was known, lived alone with his mother until he was married at nineteen to Artemissia, (Misha) Burnett, who was seventeen at the time. They traveled to Manti, where they were married, by team and wagon, a journey that took two days. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Ware went along as chaperones, (Clara Ware was Asa's sister.)

His mother was unable to take care of the home and property so instead of starting a new home, they moved into the family home with her.

Seven children were born into the home before Grandmother's death. The eighth, Claude E. was born only months after her death so was given a name which gave him his Grandmother's initials.

Misha Scovill confided in one of her daughters that she had never known a kinder, sweeter, more thoughtful person than her mother-in-law, but that she had never felt that it was her home until after Grandmother's death.

Asa was a man of many trades and skills, but he seemed most happy when he was building something. He was an expert carpenter but there was not always that kind of work to be done, so he did what needed doing. He was also a very good mechanic when he needed to be, he repaired clocks, he did butchering for others as well as all that was done at his home. It seemed he could do anything he put his mind to doing.

It is doubtful there was a death in Orangeville when he was around, but that he built the casket, many times without pay, when he felt they couldn't afford it, He heated the boards with hot water and bent them to the shape needed to make an attractive casket. The last coffin he made was one he was very sad making. When his youngest son, Van Earl passed away at the age of thirteen, it had been some time since he had been asked to do this. There was now morticians around and people bought ready made coffins. When Van died, he felt that he wanted him laid to rest in a coffin he had built, so he got put his tools, went hunting the right kind of boards and sawed and planed and worked with it until he had it built to suit him. It had been some time since the Relief Society had had a sewing committee to pad and cover the coffin but enough sisters were found who knew how to do it and a beautiful coffin was ready for Van to be buried in.

Every spring during a period in the 20's, he went with a crew of men to the Jewkes-Van Buren Sawmill in the mountains west of Orangeville. Some worked in the timber, felling the logs, others hauling them to the mill where they were sawed into boards for sale. Asabel was the 'off bearer'. He was a very husky broad-shouldered man and his job was to take the sawed boards off the carriage that went back and forth past the saw, and he packed the lumber, several boards at a time, to a pile nearby, or if they had a wagon there ready, he loaded them on the wagon.

As soon as school was out in the spring, he took a team and wagon and moved the family to a cabin he had built at the mill. He had a car at this time but the mountain roads were awful and very few people tried to travel them in a car.

The family stayed there all summer until time for school to start in the fall.

He worked for many years on a bridge building crew for the railroad. They lived in railroad cars that were hooked on to trains and moved from job to job. It meant he was gone from home much of the time which made it hard for his wife to handle the family at home. He was always well-
comed by a happy group when he made it home.

Almost every spring found him away, shearing sheep. He learned on hand operated clippers. Later they were made to hook up to a motor which made for easier and better as well as faster shearing. He was known to be very fast at this as well as one who seldom got on the sheep he was shearing.

When his sons were old enough to need work, and none was available around Orangeville, he bought a farm on Rock Canyon Flat. He suffered a great deal from hay fever, so he was only able to supervise and help plan what went on on the farm but it gave some young men not only a way to earn their own spending money, but taught them the value of work, to be workers who learned to give a good days work for a days pay.

During this time when the family was operating the farm, some bad misfortune hit the family. During a very short period of time several animals, cows, horses, calves etc. died for one reason or another. One day a neighbor was sympathizing with him on the losses and he said, "Yes, it was rough, but as long as death stayed in the corral and didn't come into the house, he would not complain".

Asahel Scovill was a happy, kind, good natured man. He had a hearty laugh and enjoyed pranks whether they were played on him or by him. He allowed no foolish pranks where someone might get hurt.

He was a handsome man, nearly six feet tall, broad shouldered, dark hair that usually had a slight curl to it, dark eyes that almost always had a twinkle in them.

He loved to dance. Misha did also, but even after she had an attack of what was then known as milk leg and had to cut down on such things, they still liked to go to dances. He danced with her as often as she felt able to do so. Then he danced with other ladies in the ward, even his daughters when they were old enough to go, sometimes he danced with his sisters or widows who usually had to sit on the side lines and watch. One night at one of these dances, he was dancing a fast one with Kate Childs, a widow. She was as fun loving as anyone and they were talking and laughing as they danced. Something really funny was said and she laughed so hard that her false teeth came out and scooted across the floor. Asahel didn't hesitate a minute but took after the teeth. He brought them back to her. She wiped them off, put them back in her mouth and they continued the dance.

As father of six sons he learned to cut hair, in fact he also cut the daughters hair for many years. He also pulled teeth when someone had a bad toothache, not only for the family but others also. It was many years

before a dentist came to the county. If a tooth was really a problem, Dr. Nixon, the family doctor pulled quite a few until a dentist came to take care of such things.

Asa seldom had any problem with doctor bills. Dr. Nixon always had some building remodeling or new building to be done and Asa Scovill was the only one he wanted to do the work. It seemed that one was always in debt to the other but not for long, with a big family there was a constant need for a good doctor.

During the early years of World War II, the government relocated all of the Japanese people living on the west coast. These people lost their homes, farms, businesses and were brought to relocation camps, one of these was known as Topaz, near Delta on the western desert of Utah. Prefabricated houses were put up by the government to house these people. Asa got a job building these houses. One day as they were putting up an outside wall to one of the houses, a sudden wind came up and blew the section of house over on top of him. He was rushed to a hospital where he was given emergency treatment and then returned home to recuperate. He continued to suffer, so he was taken to the Price Hospital where he stayed for several months during which time the doctors said they could find nothing wrong with him. In February, the family had him removed and taken to the I.D.S. Hospital in Salt Lake City, where they were able to help him get better in all but one area. They found a cancer but said he was so under-nourished that they didn't dare operate immediately. He went home where he continued to improve but the cancer grew so fast it became inoperable and he passed away on 14, September, 1943, about a year after the injury. He was only fifty six years of age.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND GENEALOGICAL

REGISTER

OF THE SCOVILL FAMILY

FROM MARCH "28, 1666

TO 1866

BY LUCIEN N. SCOVILL OF

SPRINGVILLE, UTAH

AND ADDED UNTO THEREAFTER

BY OTHERS

Mar. 13th, 1953

This book was presented to me many years ago while I was living in the home of William Beecher of Willard (Co) Boxelder Co., Utah. He being a cousin to a member of the Scovill family, and having past away years ago, I feel it is wisdom to place this book in the Genealogical Office.

I hereby present this book to the Genealogical Society.

signed

Rose Marsh Butler

Garland Utah

HISTORICAL RECORD OF THE SCOVILL FAMILY

Historical record of the Scovill family beginning with John, First. He was one of the proprietors of Farmington, Connecticut. That town was settled by a small company from navigable waters in Connecticut. It appeared as early as 1657.

Some of the people of Farmington had become acquainted with the Naugatuck Valley and obtained a deed from some of the native elements belonging to the Francis or Farmington Tribe. The deed was dated 8, Feb., 1657. It was given to Wm Lewis and Saml Steel, signed by the marks of three chiefs.

The people of Farmington sent a committee viz. Thos Howell Sr., John Warner Sr. and Richard Esemar. They were sent to the General Court House at Hartford for permission to make a settlement on the Naugatuck River. Dated 6, Oct., 1673. This committee carried the petition which was signed by 26 persons. In answer to the above petition, the court appointed a committee to send Lieut. Thos. Bull, Lieut. Robt. Webster and Nicholas Olmstead to view the premises and report accordingly, 9, April, 1674.

We, the undersigned having been appointed to view the lands on the Naugatuck River. Having viewed the premises and recommended the same as a good place for 30 families. Signed by the above committee, whereupon the petition was granted by the court, and they appointed Major John Talcott, Lieut. Robt Webster, Lieut Nicholas Olmstead, Ensign Saml Steel and John Maddenworth, a committee to regulate and order the settling of the plantation at Naugatuck. Whereupon said committee drew up articles of agreement which the proposed settlers signed (32) in number. Soon after this they made another purchase from eleven Indian Chiefs, in order that they might have a clear title, for the sum of thirty eight pounds sterling on the 21st Aug. 1674. Whereupon the people made a location for the village of Naugatuck and early in the spring of 1675, they made a beginning, but were soon obliged to abandon the place and return to their former homes on account of the

war in England, known as King Phillip's War. It was a fierce and bloody war and was brought to a close here in the summer of 1677 by the death of King Phillip. On the 10th of September following, a few persons went back to Naugatuck without their families and put in some grain, then returned to Farmington for the winter. In the spring of 1678, some of them returned with their families and built some log cabins, which had to be built, each one 18 x 16 feet square according to the articles of agreement. Each person drew land in proportion to the amount of cash paid. None were allowed to pay over 100 pounds except two large lots of 150 each.

Names of persons who secured their rights are as follows:

Names	Pounds
Thomas Judd	100
John Whetton	80
Isaac Brunsen	90
John Stanley	100
Joseph E. Cishon	60
John Warner	90
Thomas Hancox	100
John Carrington	60
Widow Warner	60
Edmund Scott Jr.	70
Joseph Gaylord	80
Abraham Androo 2nd	100
John Hopkins	100
Robert Porter	100
Richard Porter	50
Obadiah Richards	80
John Richards	80
Daniel Porter	90
Jeremiah Peck (Parsons lot	100
Edmund Scott	100

Andrew Andrews	80
John Scovill	80
Samuel Hickon	85
John Brunson	80
John Newell	100
Thomas Richins	50
Thomas Warner	100
Thomas Newell	90
Stephen Upson	50
Benjamin Jones	100
Benjamin Barnes	100
Thomas Judd jr.	100
Samuel Scott	50
Thomas Judd Smith	100
Phillip Judd	100
Timothy Stanley	?
John Southmarne	?
Town Clerk	150

? (a smudge obliterates
these two amounts)

The General Court at Hartford changed the name of the town from Naugatuck to Waterbury 13, May, 1686. The inhabitants of Waterbury received a quit claim deed of all their land. Dated 20, Oct, 1720, with the names of all lands at that date, also to the heirs of those deceased. Signed by G. Saltowstall, Governor of Connecticut, and Herg Wylis, secretary.

John Scovill the First gave a deed of all his landed property to his son, John 2nd (except 10 pounds annually to go to his wife provided she outlived him). The same bearing the date 18th July, 1696. After which John First moved to Haddom Ct. Seargant John Scovill 2nd had his first grant land in Waterbury 21, Jan., 1689. He was engaged in public business, was a school committee and collector of the

town and ministers rates. Grand Juror, townsman in 1698, 1699, 1702 and 1703 and constable in 1707. Deputy to the Colonial Assembly in 1714. Keeper of the pound key in 1725, lived where his father died. His son John 3rd was known as Lieut. John. He was accepted as Batchelor 1715 and was constable for many years - also townsman and deputy to the Colonial Assembly 1745. He also lived where his father had lived before him and died 28, April, 1759 and his son Obadiah occupied after his death.

WILLIAM GEORGE POTTER

William George Potter, son of William Washington Potter and Sarah Ann Whitney. Born about 1839 in Ohio. Came to Utah in 1847 with the Daniel Spencer Company.

Married Artemissia Minerva Washburn about 1865, Fort Ephraim, Utah. (daughter of Daniel Abraham Washburn and Tamer Washburn of Monroe, Utah, Pioneers) She was born 17, June, 1849 in Nebraska. Their children: Artemissia Minerva, married Joseph Burnett; Sarah Ann, married Samuel B. Shumway; William George married Mary Brown; Kljja John, died; Tamer Jane, died; Daniel Abraham , married Sophia Jensen; Thomas Gardner, married Agnes Hughes; Stephen and Susan, died; Almeda, married John Burnham; Essa, married Knude Jensen.

Family home Mesquite, Nevada. Made three trips across the plains for immigrants and freight. Hauled the tithing grain from San Pete County to Salt Lake City

Information copied from the book "Pioneers and Prominent Men of Utah".

WILLIAM GEORGE POTTER

William George Potter was born 11, January, 1842, in Ohio. When he was fourteen years old, his father, a scout with a group of surveyors, was massacred along with the entire group of surveyors.

Artemissia Minerva Washburn was born 17, June, 1849, in Winter Quarters, Nebraska. They were married 5, May, 1864 in Manti, Sanpete, Utah. When Artemissia was a small girl her father, William George Potter fought in the Black Hawk War from 1850 to 1872 and received many medals for his service.

Artemissia Minerva Potter was born 26, February, 1865 in Manti, Sanpete, Utah. When she was a small girl her parents received their endowments. They had eleven children, she was the eldest. The first four children were born in Sanpete County, between 1870 and 1872 they moved to Rockville in Southern Utah. They stayed a short time there and the moved to Kanab where they lived until about 1914, when they moved to Orangeville, Emery County where they lived the remainder of their lives.

Artemissia Minerva Potter was baptised twice when she was a child. The reason for this was that shortly after she was first baptised a cousin of hers who was also a very close friend was to be baptised and she was horrified at the thought of going into the water. She said if her friend would just go in first and wasn't hurt then she would go in. Those in authority had a problem but finally they gave in and Nerve as she was called was immersed first so that the other girl would be.

When she was about 18 she went to St. George in October and stayed until February. During this time she spent a great deal of time in the temple doing baptism and endowment work.

Garret Petersen Burnett and his twin sister Phoebe were born 17, July, 1812. Martha Briggs was born 16, June, 1815. There is no record available at present of the circumstances of their marriage. They had seven children, Joseph Garrett was the youngest. When he

was four years old, he was sleeping in the same bed with his mother when lightning struck. The mother was killed instantly and the boy knocked unconscious. The boy remained unconscious for 24 hours and then recovered.

Garrett Petersen Burnett and Martha Briggs were born in the eastern states. They came to Utah in 1852. Joseph Garrett was born 13, September, 1853 in Salt Lake City.

Garrett Petersen Burnett and son Joseph Garrett came to Castle Valley (Emery County) in 1877, herding sheep before any settlers came. John K. Reid, a pioneer of Orangeville relates the story of these two being in Castle Valley when the Reid family first moved there. Brother Reid said the two sheep herders whittled shingles for his first house with their pocket knives. They stayed on for some time before going back to Salt Lake City where the father died. The exact date of death is not known at present.

In about 1888, Joseph Garrett made a trip to Southern Utah to visit his sister, Jane, whom he hadn't seen for 25 years. She lived in St. George. The group with which he was traveling were headed for Kanab so he stopped with them for a while. While in Kanab he became acquainted with Artemissia Minerva Potter. He got his foot hurt and had to spend the winter there and during that time they became very good friends. He came back to Castle Valley in the spring and they corresponded until the next February. He then returned to Kanab. From there they went to the St. George Temple and were married 16, February, 1889. A year and a half later they returned to Castle Valley for a visit. That summer they settled in Orangeville where they lived until the fall of 1898 when they moved to Fredonia, Arizona, which is just across the state border from Kanab. The wife and mother's health was very poor. While they lived there the father, Joseph Garrett served as first counselor to the Bishop of the ward there. In the fall of 1903, they moved back to Orangeville.

Joe as he became known to everyone was janitor in the Orangeville Ward Church House for many years and is remembered by many people for his little acts of kindness in this capacity. During this time one of the duties of the church janitor was to be notified as soon as a death occurred in the ward. Then he hurried to the Church House, no matter what time of day it was and tolled out the age of

of the person who had passed away. A tap of the bell, slow and solemn for each year the person was old.

Joseph Garret Burnett wore a beard the greater part of his mature life. A friend of his, Brother Andrew Anderson had the same birthday as he did. On the night of 13, September, 1922, the Burnett and Anderson girls entertained both families at a birthday party honoring the combined birthday of the two men. The next day Joe went to help a neighbor, Ted Peacock with his haying. Shortly after noon Ted brought him home in an unconscious condition. He never regained consciousness. The doctor pronounced the cause of death as paralysis of the heart.

Nerve Burnett, as Grandmother was always called had an outstanding memory for dates and she remembered the birthdays of everyone she knew. Although crippled with Arthritis until she was almost completely home bound, she always had some little remembrance for every birthday. Though her progeny was many, everyone got at least one item of crocheted work to remember her by. If a new baby arrived in the family, there was always some thoughtful remembrance given. She had very little in worldly goods but she always found some way to give a gift. Though the gift was small, the love that went with it filled the world.

The children, grandchildren and greatgrandchildren all had a great love for her. Very few of them but what had her rock them to sleep a few times.

Joseph Garrett Burnett and Artemissia Minerva Potter had eleven children. Nine of these were raised to maturity to add children, grandchildren etc. to enlarge the number of descendants of these good people.

Joseph Garret Burnett, Sr. came to Castle Valley about 1877. He was here herding sheep for Orange Seely. His father, Garret Petersen Burnett came with him, but later returned to Salt Lake City. About 1888 he made a trip to southern Utah where he met his future wife. They were married in February of 1889 and came to Orangeville in 1890 and lived here for eight years. Then they moved to Fredonia, Arizona where he served as 1st Counselor in the Bishopric. In the fall of 1903 he returned to Orangeville where he died on 14, September, 1922. Mrs Burnett passed away in May 1947. He appeared in the first theatrical production in town.

Taken from the book

"Castle Valley - A History of Emery County.

Taken from the book "Pioneers and Prominent Men of Utah"

Noah Thomas Guymon, son of Thomas Guymon and Sarah Gordon. Born 30, June, 1819. Came to Utah 8, September, 1850.

Married Mary Dudley 24, December, 1837, at Caldwell, Missouri

Married Margaret Johnson

Married Elizabeth Ann Jones, (daughter of James and Sarah Ann Jones) who was born 12, February, 1829.

Their children:

William Albert born 26, April, 1849, married Marcilla Fowles.

Clarissa E. born 29, August, 1851, married Amasa Scovill.

Noah Thomas Jr. born 18, April, 1852, married Carliline M. Hansen.

Sarah Ann, born 30, August, 1856, died.

Amy Amelia, born 18, January, 1859, married A.G. Jewkes.

Elizabeth Ann, born 8, January, 1861, died.

Family home Fountain Green.

Married Louisa Rowley 2, March, 1857.

Missionary to Great Britain 1852-56, President 81st Quorum Seventies, Merchant, farmer, stock raiser.

Died 7, January, 1911, at Orangeville, Utah.

FAMILY HISTORY OF GRANDPA AND GRANDMA BURNETT

My mother's father, William George Potter was born 11, Jan, 1842, in Ohio. When he was fourteen years old, his father, a scout with a group of surveyors, was massacred along with the entire group he was with.

My mother's mother, Artemissia Minerwa Washburn was born 17, June, 1849 in Winter Quarters, Nebraska. They were married 5, May, 364, in Nanti. When my mother was a small girl, grandfather fought in the Black Hawk War and received many medals for his service. My grandparents received their endowments when Mother was a small girl. They had eleven children, my mother being the eldest. The first were born in Sanpete County.

Between 1870 and 1872 they moved to Rockville in Southern Utah. They stayed a short time there and then moved to Kanab, where they lived until after Mother was married. They moved to Orangeville about 1914 where they lived for the remainder of their lives. Grandfather died 18, Jan., 1918, and Grandmother died 7 Jan., 1920.

A short time after my mother was baptized, a cousin of hers that was a close friend was to be baptized, and was very frightened of being drowned. She wanted my mother to be baptized first, then if it didn't hurt her, the cousin would be baptized. Since Mother had already been baptized, the authorities had a problem. Finally it was decided that Mother should be rebaptized.

When Mother was about 18, she went to St. George in October and stayed until February. During this time she spent a great deal of time doing baptism and endowment work.

My father's parents were Garret Petersen Burnett and Martha Briggs. My grandfather had a twin sister, Phoebe. They were born 17 July, 1812, We have no record of their marriage. They had seven children, my father being the youngest. When he was four years old he was in bed with his mother, when lightning struck, killing her and knocking him unconscious. For twenty four hours he was not expected to live but he recovered.

My grandparents were born in the eastern states. Part of their children were born in New York State. However, in June of 1850 they had a child, Ellen born in St. Louis, Missouri. My father was born three years later in Salt Lake City.

My grandfather Burnett and my father, about 1897 were in Castle Valley herding sheep before the settlers were sent to this vicinity. I was told by John K. Reid, a pioneer of Orangeville, that they were here herding sheep when his family came here. He said they whittled shingles with their pocket knives for his first home. They stayed on here herding sheep for some time and then Grandfather went back to Salt Lake City where he died. We don't know the date of his death.

I don't know who wrote this history.

THE THIRTEEN ARTICLES OF GENEALOGY

- 1- We believe in Aunt Luey, the eternal pursuer of our genealogy, in the tradition that says to let Luey do it and in her persistence in supplying zerox copies.
- 2- We believe that men will be excused from their genealogy work if they are earning a living or are just too busy.
- 3- We hope that through the Temple attendance of others all mankind will be saved.
- 4- We believe the first principles of genealogy work are: first, faith that someone else will do it; second, repentance when it's forced upon us; third, baptism by immersion in so many other things that we don't have time to do it anyway; and fourth, laying on of exuses.
- 5- We believe that a man must be born a genealogist or he will never have the ability to perform the functions of record-keeping or any research thereof.
- 6- We believe in following the same organization that existed before the correlation program: namely, don't try to improve the system, Don't take genealogy Sunday School Class, don't form a family organization, etc
- 7- We believe in the Gift Of Time - Time for T.V., Time for Golf, Time for Movies, etc. . . .
- 8- We believe the Record Submission Manual to be the word of the Church as far as it is translated correctly, we also have doubts about the Genealogy Lesson Manual.
- 9- We believe nothing the genealogy committee has revealed and doubt that it will ever reveal any great or important thing that we do not already know.
- 10- We believe in the literal gathering of names from library books only and that pedigrees can be built upon this theoretical foundation; that all our family group sheets and pedigree charts will be automatically renewed to paradisaical correctness just as if real honest research had been done.
- 11- We claim the privelege of interpreting family traditions to suit our own beliefs and allow all men the same privelege - let them assume who, and what they may.
- 12- We believe in being subject to discouragement, lack of confidence, and, in ignoring, resisting and misunderstanding the law.
- 13- We believe in being lazy and in not supporting genealogy work which would result in doing good to all men: indeed we may say that we follow the lines of least resistance - we hope all things but we do nothing; we have not endured anything and we do not think we can endure much more. If there are any ways to get out of these responsibilities, we seek after these things.

DO YOU KNOW SOMEONE WHO LIVES BY THESE ARTICLES OF FAITH?

A brief sketch of the life history of the family of Joseph Alma
and Leona Bigelow Scovill Family.

I have written this from memory with-out research, so please understand
the dates, places, and events stated in the following pages are probably
not in proper order as they happened.

Dad

Page One

I was born in Orangeville, Utah September 8, 1909. The second child of Alma Asahel Scovill and Armtisha Burnett Scovill. There were 6 boys and 4 girls. We slept four boys in one bed and we were always wet when we got up in the morning so we didn't know who had wet who.

My early years we lived in a 2 room log cabin, we used kerosene lamps for light. We hauled our water in barrels from the creek in a home-made wooden sleigh pulled by a horse. We washed our clothes on a wash board and 2 galvanized tubes on a home-made stool. We made laundry soap with animal fat and lye.

When World War One broke out , my dad being a good carpenter was drafted to go help build houses for the coal miners in Spring Canyon, Carbon County. We lived up there until the war ended then we moved back to Orangeville.

I think I was about 7 or 8 years old when I heard my first radio, about that time my grandmother Scovill died and we moved into her house(it was bigger and made of Adobe). About that time we filled our water from an irrigation ditch in front of the house. Around the same time the people in town built a dam in the creek and put a paddle wheel on the water fall and made their own electricity. They just ran it in the day time at first and finally they put enough men to run it 24 hours a day, but it wasn't very dependable the light would flicker and go out several times a day.

When I was about 10 or 11 years old, my older brother and I herded cows out in the hills in the summer for 5¢ per day per cow, then when I got a little bit older I worked for farmers for 25¢ per day. That was around the time someone came to town in an automobile, that was the first automobile seen in our town.

When I was about 14 my dad and a few other men bought a saw mill up in Little creek above Joe's Valley. They built some houses up there and as soon as school let out in the spring we would move up for the summer & move back again when school started in the fall. I would spend the summer herding the milk cows and wrangling the work horses every morning so they could use them to haul logs. That's how I got hooked on the mountains and I still have to go to the mountains every chance I get.

When I was about 16 years old I got a job at a dairy in Price. I milked 16 cows twice a day all summer, when I returned to school in the fall I could out-grip any kid in school.

About that time my dad bought a farm out on Rock Canyon 7 miles from town so being our only transportation being horses we built a little cabin out there and my older brother and I camped out on the farm all summer. We kept our milk cows out their so we could feed and milk them. We had a cream separator so the only times we would go to town was when we had a 5 gallon can of cream to ship to the creamery. That was about the only income we had in the summer. That winter my uncle Will Jewkes had a contract to furnish coal for the schools in Orangeville and Castle Dale. He was the janitor in Orangeville school so he didn't have time to haul coal, so he hired me to haul the coal. I would leave Orangeville about 4 a.m. with the horses and wagons and it was so cold I had to put a washtub about half full of dirt in my wagon and keep a fire going in it to keep from freezing my feet.

I had my own saddle horse and saddle by then. When I went to High School in Castle Dale we had to ride to school in a closed wagon pulled by 2 horses, it looked like a funeral wagon.

I quit school around this time, I had just started my second year of high school. I decided my dad had too many to feed and clothe so when I was 18 years old, my Grandmother moved to Green River and I came with her.

I got a job with a construction company who were building a power line from Carbon County to Thompson and up to Sego Canyon. That's when I first saw my future wife Leona Bigelow. I went to a dance at the church one night and there was the cutest little girl I had ever seen. I asked her to dance and she had to ask her mother if she could dance with me. I asked her for a date and she told me she wasn't allowed to date-she was only 13 yrs. old.

Well the construction company finally moved us to Thompson where we lived in a hotel, 2 to a room and that is where I met my life-long friend Ray Christensen. Him and I were put in the same room. Ray had a car by then and one night we drove down to Moab for the first time for both of us. Moab was then a sleepy little town about 400 to 500 people. The businesses had hitch racks out front for the horses. While I was in Thompson the company put me on a truck as a helper and that was where I learned to drive truck.

When we finished that job I went to work on the tippie up Spring Canyon in a coal mine, in Carbon County and Ray went to work at a grocery store so we still spent our week-ends together.

I worked then for about 2 years then they had a lay-off so I and three boys I was working with loaded our clothes in a car and took off. We were going to Yellowstone and then to California but when we stopped in St.

Anthony Idaho to visit an aunt to one of the boys they talked us into just going to Yellowstone and then returning back to Idaho to help them on a thrasher. So we spent all summer working on farms around St. Anthony and

Sugar City and East nearly to Jackson Hole Wyoming. While in St. Anthony I fell in love with a girl and nearly got married. I am sure glad I didn't. When I came home from Idaho, with a few hundred dollars, so I bought my mother her first electric washing machine. Just the look on her face

made it worth more than anything I had ever done in my life

Page Four

That Fall we came back and went to work up Gordon Creek in the coal mine.

I lived in a bunk house that had so many bed bugs I had to keep a pick handle under my feet to protect myself. That winter I got so sick I had to quit my job and go home to my mother so she could take care of me. I stayed home most of the winter then sometime that spring my Aunt Meltha (she was post master in Green River) wrote me a letter and said the barber in Green River had more business than he could handle and she had mentioned that I had cut hair for years so he asked me to come down for a try-out. He put Aunt Meltha's husband Lee Thompson in the barber chair and told me to give him a haircut and shave. When I finished he asked Lee how it felt and Lee said fine so the barber said "You're hired" I worked on commission I got 70% of what I took in and he got 30%. Once again I met Leona but by now she was a Junior in high school and had matured into a mature young lady so we started to go steady. Leona was voted the most popular girl in high school. All the boys were trying to date her but she was all mine from that point on. I would leave the barber shop and walk her home from school nearly every day. We never missed a dance or school party we were really 2 people in love and it has lasted all our lives.

The barber also was the town orchestra leader. One night some of the young fellows decided to get him drunk to pep up his music a little so they kept coming in and giving him a drink well he finally got so dizzy he had to lean on the barber chair to stand up/ He was cutting a mans hair and the barbers wife came to go to the dance with him and he didn't want her to know he was drunk so he kept leaning on the chair and cutting hair on one side of the mans head. I had cut 2 or 3 heads of hair and he was still cutting on one side of the mans head. Finally his wife said I am going on to the dance and open the place up so you come on over as soon as you finish. When she went out the barber staggered back and said to the man " if my wife had stayed here any longer I would have cut all the hair off your head"

There were 3 or 4 boot-leggers out here on the desert and everytime they came to town to bring in a load of whiskey they would just put a pint of whiskey on the bar and get in the chair and ask for a hair cut and shave. At one time I had 22 pints of boot leg whiskey hid in the back room under the barber towels. I finally sold it to a man from Sunnyside for \$2.00. a pint. I worked in the barber shop until the big depression, then business was shot. Nobody had money for a haircut so I had to leave. About this time some of Leona's folks came down from Salt Lake and wanted to go swimming up at the Power Plant, so we all went. The girls went in swimming and the boys went in the Power Plant to change into swimming suits. They all started to shout HELP, we ran out and Leona had gone under and hadn't come back up, So her brother Chris dove in with his clothes on to rescue her. He found her and brought her to the shore and I walked out to meet them. Leona took my hand, so Chris let go of her and the current was so swift it pulled him back in and he went under and never did come back up. We searched for weeks but we never did find his body. Leona's folks had an Island up here called Harris bottom. It was covered with cottonwood trees so being I was already engaged to my only daughter, they hired me to dig out the trees and clear the land so they could farm it. Well it was the spring Leona graduated from high school and 2 weeks after graduation I had enough money to get married. So on June 22 we got married in a quiet ceremony at her folks house with just the family and 4 or 5 closest friends present. Her folks had a car so they loaned it to us and we went up on the mountain at the old sawmill where I spent the happiest part of my youth and had a honeymoon. My aunt still lived there and she gave us a cabin to sleep in and she cooked our meals. We stayed about a week and came back to work. I went back to digging trees and Leona went to work at the telephone office as a telephone operator.

When we had about \$75.00 we got a friend who had a truck to take to Salt Lake. With that \$75.00 we paid for his gas and bought a bed and spring and mattress, a table and chairs, dresser, kitchen stove, and day bed and still came home with money.

Leona's folks had an old back room they used for junk so they cleaned it out and we wallpapered it and moved in.

One of Leona's cousins came down from Salt Lake to visit us. She wanted to sleep with us to see what newlyweds do. So we put her in the middle and the next morning she was really disappointed, she said we didn't do anything but sleep!

Well we lived at the farm about a year, I think then the sheriff had a duplex in town and wanted us to move in it and I could work for him to pay for the rent. So we moved to town so Leona didn't have to walk so far to work. We lived there for a few years and while we were there and about two years after we got married our first child was born. We named him Christopher Duane-Christopher was for her brother that gave his life to save hers. While we were there we purchased our first car, I traded a six month old calf for it. At this time all the highways in our part of the state were still dirt or gravel but the state was making a big push to upgrade our main highway to new grades and pavements. So I worked highway construction for a few years while Leona continued to be a telephone operator.

After the highway improvement program past us by I worked in the melon fields. Then the railroad started to upgrade the tracks so they could use larger equipment so I went to work as a track laborer for the D & R G Railroad for 35¢ per hour. The foreman was about to retire so he bought a house in town and moved, so he let us move into the foreman's house on the railroad. They would always cut their crew to 1 or 2 men in the winter while the ground was frozen.

Page Seven

So I would get laid off and have to go to work somewhere else. During those years I worked at Desert-Woodside-Sunnyside-F1oy but Leona stayed in Green River. The railroad always furnished a house with a bunk and a stove so I would batch during the week and come home on week-ends. When Duane was about 2 years old we got a girl named Jolene. I got sick and had to be taken to the Price Hospital where they removed my appendix. While I was off work for about 6 weeks we went to Ely Nevada to visit Leona's brother Lavon and family we stayed for about two weeks.

The doctor tole Leona that her uterus had turned over so she wouldn't ever have any more babies and we didn't for about 7 years but Leona never gave up hope. She always said she was going to have 6 kids and she did. At about this time in my life my youngest brother Van age 13 went on a Scout trip and got tick fever and died a few days later That about broke all our hearts. Now we were only Nine.

My dad being a first class carpenter insisted on making Van's casket himself. He hunted the lumber yards until he found the kind of wood he liked and he made the casket and the Relief Society women lined and covered it. I got promoted to oiler on a bulldozer and the operator and I went on the road living in a boxcar along the sidetracks. I had to move out of the railroad house because I wasn't working on the tracks anymore so we lived in several rental house around town until we bought the house I am still living in.

World War 2 started and the railroad had to double shift the water plant to supply enough water for all the troop and supply trains. So I was promoted again to water pump operator and treating plant operator. I can't remember how much more pay I received but I think it was alot morethan I had been making.

We bought our second and third car during this time.

My dad got sick and passed away at 57 of cancer and my brother Claude went to war and spent 2 years in Europe. All the other brothers and sisters had got married so that left my mother alone. She lived alone for a few years but finally broke under the strain. After having raised 10 kids it was too much for her so we had to put her in a rest home. We tried to get her to live with some of us kids and she did for a while but she got tired of moving around and went to the rest home where some of her neighbors were so she had company. Although she was over a hundred miles away we always made it a point to go and visit her every 2 or 3 weeks and take her something. The war ended and Claude came home and I got him a job on the railroad and he lived with us all summer. I got layed off and had to go bumping again. I bumped at Cedar. We had a nice brick house and abig yard. I moved the family up there and we rented out our house in Green River.

We had four more boys about 12 to 15 months apart. We named them Lyle-Loyd-Gary Jo and Van Ray. Now Leona had her six kids.

The railroad had started to change over to detsel engines so they were getting rid of some of the steam engines. Finally they closed down the plant at Cedar so I had to go bumping again. This time we moved to Thompson. I had to go up the canyon two times a week on a motor car that runs on the railroad tracks. Sometimes we would all go and take a picnic. We found alot of Indian paintings on the ledges up the canyon. While we lived in Thompson Leonas dad got sick so she and the kids came back to Green River so she could help take care of her dad. He finally passed away of a heart attack, so Leona and the kids came back to Thompson. I was in Thompson 2 or 3 years when the railroad decided they didn't need that plant anymore.

So I had go bump again. This time I had to go to Salida, Colo. I went and worked a few days, but couldn't find a house to rent. They were all for sale and I didn't want to buy one there. I came back to the Grand Jct. office and got permission to go and seek other employment. I must state at this time that all the years I had worked for the railroad I had a pass to ride the passenger train free whenever we had time. We made 2 or 3 trips to California and 4 or 5 trips to Denver. I got a job working for Harold Anderson at his gas station and never returned to the railroad. We moved back in our own home and have been there ever since. (Leonas mother moved in with us) We bought a new station wagon and our first camp trailer. The kids were big enough to want to go camping whenever possible. We took them to Yellowstone for a week. Later we took them to Washington, Oregon and down the coast of California, camping wherever night took us. I worked for Anderson 7 years I think and then leased a station myself. Duane worked for me at the gas station in his spare time and made enough money to buy his own car. He was a straight A student. He was president of the student body and had the lead part in the school play. My sister Helen had married a boy from Virginia, who she had met in S.L.C. he was in the Air Force. He had spent 2 or 3 years in the service overseas. When the war was over he took his discharge in Utah instead of Virginia. ~~He~~ ^{At} went to work up ^{at} the coal mines for a few years until he got laid off. He had bought a new car before he got laid off so he was now going to lose it. They came down to Green River and wanted us to travel to Virginia with them and help pay the expenses. He hadn't seen his folks since he went in the service 6 years before and he wanted to go before he lost his car. So Leona, Duane, Leonas mother, and I went with them. We went to New Mexico, Texas, Oklahoma, Tennessee up to Virginia.

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We stayed with his folks about a week and while we were there, we went over to Kentucky to visit some of his relatives. When we left Virginia we went to New York City and on up to Chicago, and the Great Lakes on our way back. While in New York City we spent a day on the Empire State Building, we shopped on 5th Ave. and took a ride down Broadway. While in Chicago we took a tour of the Loop. On our way home in Nebraska we saw our first "tumble weeds" since we left home and Leona cried because she was so homesick.

Duane graduated from high school as Valedictorian with a scholarship to Utah University and he got killed in an auto accident about 1 week after he graduated. There were three in the car, 2 of them got killed and the driver spent 3 months in the hospital. Leona had two or three operations after that it seems she spent more time in the hospital than she did at home. We never got over the loss of Duane.

Lyle enlisted in the Air Force and was sent to electronic school at Beloxie Mississippi. I was burning leaves on the lawn and Gary Jo got on fire and burned his legs real bad. He spent most of the summer in the hospital when it healed it left both legs scarred from the knees down, that has been with him all his life. Lyle was getting homesick so I bought a new Dodge pickup and Jolene's husband Don and I built a homemade camper for it and Leona, Loyd, Gary Jo, Van Ray & I took off. We left Loyd in Denver to go to drafting school and the other 4 went to Mississippi. While we were there we stayed at a guest house on the base. Lyle asked for time off and we all went to Florida for a few days. My lease expired at the mobile station and I went to work as manager of a Texaco station. the uranium boom started and Gene Hunt hired me to drive tank truck delivering fuel out to the uranium mines.

There were no roads at that time I had to follow a bulldozer. I would take a sleeping bag and a few cans of beans and be gone 2 or 3 days some times. My travels took me to such places as Temple Mountain, Red Canyon around the Henry Mts. and down besides delivery to gas stations at Cisco, Moab, Sunnyside & Price. Also I delivered to miners around Paradox, Bedrock, and Naturita in Colorado.

One morning I was going to the Henry Mts. and out south of Hanksville near Potson Springs a buffalo was having a calf in the middle of the road. It was in the sand dunes and I couldn't get by her so I had to wait while she had her calf and then they both got up and went into the sand dunes. Used to see lots of buffalo south of the Henry mountains.

While I worked for Gene Hunt, him and I, Lewis Allen & Jay Vetere built the River View Drive-In Theater across the river. Later Gene and I bought out Jay and Lewis. That sure kept me busy driving truck in the day time and working at the drive in until midnight. We would usually find money when we picked up after the show. One night I found a roll of bills with a band around them it was \$600. About an hour after I got home a man came over to the house to claim the \$600 he sure was glad I found it.

Jolene had gotten married to Don Winters a few years before this and had two little girls Pam and Dawnette. Our first grandchildren.

They moved to Moab, where Don got a job as electrician at the potash mine.

Lyle had graduated from electronics school and was shipped to Japan.

The uranium boom was over so Gene didn't need me anymore so I got a job as janitor of the church daytimes and I also drove mail truck to Grand Jct.

and back for Motorways night shift. I did this for a few years until

I fell off the roof of my house and broke my hip/ I was disabled for 5 years and had 3 operations. Lyle was discharged to come home and take care of the family.

Lyle married Margie Koffman. They lived in Green River for awhile then they moved to S.L.C. and finally to Sacramento Calif. Gary Jo had finished high school and went to Sacramento to work. Lyle finally moved to Palo Alto. He and Margie had

2 sons Chris and Ryan. Gary Jo moved to Denver to work where he met and married Teri and eventually they moved to Grand Jct. They had 2 sons Josh and Derek.

Jolene and Don moved back to Green River to help Leona do the janitor work at the church. Gary Jo and Teri would come over from Grand Jct. and help on week-ends. Loyd married Carolyn Stewart from Moab, she stayed in Moab awhile and Troy was born. Loyd had graduated from drafting school and went to work in Denver. Leona and I moved Carolyn and Troy to Denver.

While Jolene and Don were living in Green River, Don rode a motorcycle to work every day, 120 miles round trip. Loyd and Carolyn got a divorce and we moved Carolyn and Troy back to Moab where Lynette was born. Don wrecked his motor cycle going to work one morning and it nearly killed him. He was off work for a long time and never really got over it. When he got well enough to work they bought a home and moved back to Moab. Don and I never missed a deer season even when we were crippled. One deer season I was on crutches and Don had an arm in a sling but we both got our deer.

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We spent lots of time in the mountains either hunting or fishing. Sometimes our wives and kids went with us and sometimes we went alone. We sure enjoyed one anothers company.

Loyd came home from Denver and went to work at the Missile Base. Lyle and Margie moved to Guam. I sold my share of the drive-in to Gene. Loyd went in the Army for about 2 years and came back and married Doris. They lived in Grand Jct. After Lyle had been in Guam over a year they sent Leona and I a plane ticket to meet them in Hawaii. We spent about 10 days over there and alotof Lyle's money but it was a life-time dream realized. Lyle and Margie moved back to Palo Alto, for awhile and then quit and came home to go to college in Price. They lived in Price 2 years then they moved to Logan where he graduated an honor student and second highest in the whole graduating class. Jolene went to Logan to get college credit so she could teach school in Moab. Van Ray graduated from high school and went to college in Logan and Price. I went to work at the Missile Base as edelator operator (water purefacattion) Don and Jolene got transfered to Green River Wyoming. We had a fire that burned up our camp trailer and garage and all my camping equipment and tools. Eventually Leona and I went to Orem and bought a new self-contained trailer. We spent every week-end possible camping with our grandkids Sometimes I would take them on the mountain one week-end and come home and work during the week and then go back. Van Ray married Denese Johnson and quit school They lived in Green River for awhile where he worked for the state road. Eventually he joined the Army and moved to Texas.

Lyle and Margie couldn't get along so they divorced and Margie moved to California. Lyle stayed single for a couple of years then he married Keri Pace. She is a very sweet person and a perfect addition to our family.

Page Fourteen

Leona and I bought a new Jeep station wagon and I retired from the missile base, and also the janitor job. We loaded our clothes in the trailer and took off. We were gone three months and covered 40 states we covered everything from the Florida Keys to the Candadian border. We had a granddaughter Dawnette in Norfolk Va. and while we were there we got our first great grandchild. Don, Jolene, and Pam came to Va. for a week and then Jolene came home with Leona and I in the trailer. On our way back we went up by Chicago and Minnesota. When we got home I took a part time job at the missile base. Lyle and Margie bought a home and moved to S.L.C., where he had a job with an accounting firm. He has worked in and around SLC ever since he has had several very responsible jobs including vice-president of an oil company. Loyd married a widow with 4 kids from Grand Jct. but it didn't work out so he finally left and came back to Green River and went to work building the power plant south of Castledale. While here in Green River he met and married Margaret Hastings, she had a little boy Johnny. They have had two more children, Marlo and Matthew. He finally finished the power plant and got a job in SLC with an architectural firm. They eventually bought a home in Kearns where they still live. Don had a heart attack and died in Wyoming. Leona and I went to Wyoming and stayed with Jolene all winter. While there Leona got sick and I had to take her to the Salt Lake Clinic where they found out she had cancer, so I brought her home. Gary Jo stayed to work for Grand Jct. steel for about 16 years then he and Terri seperated and he married Ann. They left Gr. Jct. and went to Sacramento. They are still there. Wan Ray finished college in Texas and was commissioned a Lt. in the Army. They finally moved him back East where he spent several years finally getting promoted to Captain. Eventually he transferred to Special Service and finally was sent to Denver. They have bought a home in Evergreen Colo. and figure on staying there awhile. Leona lost her fight with cancer and passed away.

I have never been so empty in my life. We were married 55 years and have never spent much time apart. I didn't want to live for awhile, but we have to.

I traveled back and forth for a year trying to run away from my grief but it can't be done. It is impossible to list all the people that helped me through those trying times. Lynette and Carolyn seemed to know when I was about to give up.

They would call me to come to dinner or go to Gr. Jct. or maybe just to stay over night and visit. They sure helped me through some bad times. Of course they were the closest family I had, only 45 minutes away. Lynette came up to spend the week-end with me and introduced me to the Hoffman's, they were friends of hers and had just moved from Price to Green River. Well I guess that was a turning point in my life. They took me into their family and I finally had someone in Green River to spill all my problems to. They surely have been a life saver in fact I am afraid sometimes I am a nuisance. Lynette says she knows what I need more than I do, and she maybe right. Lynette and Denice Hoffman decided I needed a pet so they got me a poodle for Christmas. It was only five weeks old. Well if there was one thing I didn't need it was a dog. Well, they left

it with me and I couldn't figure any way to get rid of it with-out making them mad at me and I surely didn't want that. Well that dog took to me like bees to honey. She is always 2-3 feet behind me so they named her Shadow!

I had never had a house dog in my life and I didn't have any idea how to take care of one so Denice got me some books to read. Well, she sleeps on my pillow she eats with me and goes everywhere I go. Now I don't know if I could live with-out her, she has become a part of my life. Jolene has finally found her another mate, she married Glen Dalton. I think they were meant for each other. They sure seem to be happy together and I sure hope they always will be. They have bought my home and plan to retire here in a few years. I am happy they wanted it, I was afraid it would go to ruin when I did.

I want to thank Jolene who has sent letters nearly every day and phones 2 or 3 times a week. I always said with a daughter like Jolene you don't need any more than one. She has the goodness of a dozen all wrapped up in one.

Also Margaret who is more than a daughter-in-law. She babies and pampers me all the time. She will always put off her work to go with me all the time.

She has come down and spent weeks helping me fix up the house and going fishing and camping with me.

My brother Claude and his good wife ^{Denise} ~~Denne~~ have spent alot of time and expense to help me from spending too much time alone.

My sister Sally always had a bed ready anytime I get lonesome and always sends me home loaded with food. I hardly ever have to buy bread.

I want to Thank Heather Hoffman who stops by every few days to bring beauty and charm into my life. She has no idea how much that brightens my day. She is really a doll.

Denice Hoffman I can't begin to tell all her good qualities. She is my right hand. She is always there when I need someone, and if I don't ask she stops by just to keep me from being alone and check-up to see if I am okay. It is not only me, she loves everybody. She puts herself out every day to help somebody.

My new son-in-law Gleen stops by every Thursday to see if I need anything and he also keeps all my appliances in repair.

And I can't forget John Gilmore who always sees to it the I have plenty fishing and camping supplies.

I have the most caring and loving family in the world-sometimes I wonder if I deserve it.

Well I don't know what more to add except I have finally accepted my destiny. I am looking forward to as many years as possible with my family and friends. I can get up in the morning and look forward to a new day and hope and pray I can do something to make someone happy. When other people are happy I feel good all over.

JOSEPH ALMA SCOVILL

MARCH 1989

Joseph Alma Scovill

In rereading this family history I can see that I have left out one very important event in our lives, both ours and Jolene's

Leona and I had always wanted to go to Niagra Falls. Leona's health was already failing so Jolene took two weeks off work and took us on our last long trip together. It was our Golden Wedding trip a year later. We left Green River Wyoming and went to Gillette Wyoming to visit some friends we hadn't seen for a long time. From there we went through the Black Hills of South Dakota to Mount Rushmore then on to International Falls Minnesota where we crossed over into Canada where we went about 300 miles around Thunder Bay and into Niagra Falls. 2 days then we crossed back over the International Bridge to Buffalo New York then up to Vermont and on up to Maine, then back down to the East Coast through New Hampshire and Massachusetts where we visited the Mayflower then on East through Connecticut and on to New York City. Jolene chauffeured us around the city where we saw the United Nations Building, The World Trade Center, The Empire State Building, China Town and the Statue of Liberty and many many more.

Then we went through New Jersey and to Maryland where we visited Van Ray and family. While there Van Ray took us to Washington D.C., where we visited the White House and other points of interest. Then we started home back through many many more states back to Green River Wyoming.

It was a trip of a life time, I know I will never forget it and I doubt if Jolene will either.

THANKS JOLENE