

September 13, 1929 ~ February 10, 2018

ALTA BROWN SINGLETON



In Loving Memory



On behalf of the Singleton family, we would like to thank all of you for your attendance, care, prayers, and especially your love.

Fausett Mortuary

Price & Castle Dale, Utah
www.fausettmortuary.com

ALTA BROWN SINGLETON

BORN

September 13, 1929 ~ Lake Village, Arkansas
RETURNED TO HEAVENLY FATHER

February 10, 2018 ~ Ferron, Utah

DAUGHTER OF

Guy Jay & Ethel Elizabeth May Brown

MARRIED

Samuel Morris Singleton, deceased

October 13, 1955 ~ Salt Lake City Temple

CHILDREN

Morris (Celya) Singleton
Kyle (Kathy) Singleton
Myron (Jane) Singleton

BROTHERS

Myron (Esther) Brown
John Ralph Brown

PALLBEARERS

Brandon Singleton
Trevin Singleton
Chaz Davis
Morris Singleton
John Singleton
Samuel Singleton
Joseph Singleton
Greg Miller

HONORARY PALLBEARERS

Kyle Singleton
Myron Singleton
Steven Singleton

COMPASSIONATE SERVICE

Dutch Flat Ward Relief Society

FUNERAL SERVICES

Saturday, February 17, 2018

11:00 a.m.

Ferron Stake Center

Family Prayer Myron Singleton

Officiating..... Bishop Jonathan Hunt

Prelude/Postlude Shelley Barton

Chorister Tracie Urie

Congregational Hymn..... No. 124

“Be Still My Soul”

Invocation Diana Singleton

Musical Selection Grandchildren

“Love Is Spoken Here/Families Can Be Together Forever”

Accompanied by Shelley Barton

History of Alta..... Kyle Singleton

Piano Duet Brandon Singleton & Megan Davis

“O Divine Redeemer”

Memories of Mother..... Myron Singleton

Closing Remarks Bishop Jonathan Hunt

Congregational Hymn..... No. 136

“I Know That My Redeemer Lives”

Benediction..... Crimson Singleton

INTERMENT

Ferron Town Cemetery

Grave Dedication..... Kyle Singleton

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ALTA MAE BROWN SINGLETON

I was born at home in Lake Village, Chicot County, Arkansas on Friday, September 13, 1929. My mother said I was bright eyed after a couple of hours.

When I was a 4 or 5 years old, my father introduced me by saying, "See this little girl. She was born on Friday the 13th, left handed and born in Arkansas" I guess all of those things carried some kind of a stigma.

I was the third child. My brother, Myron Lewis Brown, is nine years older than I am. I had another brother, John Ralph Brown who was 7 years older but he fell off the bed and died of a concussion when he was about 5 months old.

My father is Guy Jay Brown, born near Broken Bow, Custer County, Nebraska, 23 December 1889. My mother is Ethel Elizabeth May, born in Winslow, Washington County, Arkansas, December 16, 1897. They met when Dad brought his mother to northern Arkansas from Nebraska for her health. They were married at Fort Smith, Arkansas and lived several years in Brentwood, Arkansas, in the Ozarks. They then moved to southeastern Arkansas in the town of Lake Village.

I don't know just how long we lived in the town of Lake Village, but sometime before I was 4 years of age, we moved out on the "Lake Front", near Lake Chicot.

This southeastern corner of Arkansas close to the Mississippi River seemed to be a tornado area. After a bad one that did much damage and killed several people. Dad bought a big boiler and buried it in the side of a hill near our house for a shelter. We went to the shelter frequently when the clouds looked dark.

When I was six weeks old, I had the whooping cough. Myron said I turned blue but Mother's, Aunt Jewell, turned me upside down and got the phlem out of my throat and saved my life.

Dad was a rural mail carrier and seemed to enjoy his work very much. A majority of the patrons on his mail route were black. Dad said they entertained him every day without realizing it. He had many interesting experiences as a mail carrier. One which he talked about alot was during and after the big flood of 1927 when the Mississippi River overflowed its banks. He had to carry mail in a motor boat and later when the water receded, walked down the railroad tracks with the mail on his back.

Dad and my brother, Myron, had malaria and Dad seemed to think he had to leave Arkansas or die so he applied for a transfer and was sent to Timpas, Colorado.

We moved to Timpas, Colorado, a little town of about 100 population, in 1934.

The early thirties were the dust storm days and Colorado was one of the "dust bowl" states. On November 2, 1934, a wall of dust came rolling in which seemed to reach from the ground to the sky. When the storm hit it was as black as night. Dust blew in the house badly and many people died of dust pneumonia.

Our next door neighbors in Timpas were Mrs. Belle Shannon and her son Perry. They became our lifetime friends and we have visited them many times as they have moved about Colorado. Perry was like a brother to Dad. He died of Lukemia in 1957 at the veteran's hospital in Denver, Colorado. Since both of my grandmothers died before I was born, Mrs. Shannon was like a grandmother to me. I spent alot of time with her in the summers and dearly loved her. She died 23 January 1974 at Canon City, Colorado at the age of 102.

Timpas was such a small town that there was one school with all the grades in one room. I started to school in the fall when I turned six years old. The teacher gave each of the first grade students a book and said any words you don't know ask the second grade students. I was so disappointed because I thought I would learn to read right away.

With the dust blowing as badly as it did, of course the crops were poor and the people around Timpas were moving out to see if they could make a living elsewhere. The federal government was buying up some of the land.

Dad could see that soon there would be no one to whom he could carry mail so he applied for a transfer. This time in the fall of 1935, we moved to Carthage, Missouri.

We lived at 1509 South Garrison St. in Carthage. We were a short distance from the Mark Twain Elementary school and I started in the first grade a couple of weeks late. There was a first grade in one room and the teacher was Miss Carter. I was so happy that I got to learn to read.

Dad carried the mail out of the post office at Jasper, Missouri, a few miles from Carthage.

Mother's uncle, Tom Hendrickson, and his family lived in Carthage. He was a carpenter and very kind, religious man. Mother liked being close to her relatives but Dad thought the farther away from relatives you were the better off you were.

Of course in Missouri, it rained alot and Dad got stuck in the mud frequently on his mail route, so he applied for another transfer and we headed back to Colorado.

The fall of 1936 we moved to Stratton, Kit Carson County,

Colorado.

I can imagine we looked like "hill billies" the day we pulled into Stratton. We had a pickup truck followed by a trailer, both filled with personal belongings, including some goats. Myron followed behind with the "Model A" Ford that Dad used on the mail route when roads were muddy. The incident I recall about the trip is that I was unhappy because the goats had eaten my straw hat on the way. We lived on the street just across the street from the "Church of God". I suppose since it was the closest that is the church we attended all the time we lived in Stratton.

Stratton was a town of about 800 population and it had several churches of different denominations including Catholic, which was the predominant church.

We lived in our first house just a short while, then moved north of town about a mile. We didn't stay there long either and moved back into town in the "Collins" house.

We lived there about three years in a second story apartment and that is where I had the measles and mumps.

There was a family that lived in the basement named Calvins. They had children that were my playmates. I must not forget to mention Mrs. Pearl Norris, a retired Church of God minister who lived in the basement also. She and her friends had long loud drawn out prayer sessions that lasted into the night. Several times she was ill in bed and thought she was healed and would jump up run upstairs yelling "I'm healed, I'm healed" then start cleaning her room. She refused to take public welfare and thought the world owed her a living since she had been a minister.

I always seemed to have a fear that the Collins house would catch fire so I was glad when my parents decided to move. We moved to the "Collins Hotel" just south of the "Collins House". Joseph Collins owned them both. The Collins house did burn down some time later.

We had an apartment in the hotel. It was a big place for a small town, 80 rooms. We moved there about 1939 and lived there until Mother and I moved to Boulder, Colorado in 1946.

I spent many hours playing in the halls of the hotel. Other families lived there too and we had some good times playing together, either in a play room we had been given or in the halls. Of course were always cautioned to be quiet.

The year we moved to the hotel my brother, Myron, started at the University of Colorado. We never really got to know each other since our ages were so far apart.

The dust was still blowing in Colorado but the dry land farmers

were more determined to "stick it out" in Kit Carson County than at Timpas, where we lived before.

Many farmers had a hard time staying though and times were pretty hard. A lot of the land was sold for only \$1 per acre then in the dust storm days. Some people even went out to the pasture to milk their cows, they were too poor to drive in.

These were also the days of the "depression" and many people were on "WPA" (Work Project Administration) and had an income of \$40 per month plus commodities. Since my father was a rural mail carrier and was a Civil Service employee we didn't have any financial worries but he still always seemed quite concerned about money.

One of my recollections about school is when I was in the 6th grade, my parents had my eyes examined and bought me some glasses. Since I am very near sighted that opened up a whole new world for me. I was very happy not to have to sit on the front seat at school and that I could see the music at a distance in band (I played a clarinet).

During the summer of 1940, Mother, Dad, Myron and I went on a vacation to New Mexico, Arizona, and Utah.

In New Mexico, we visited Dad's uncle, Frank Parks. He was Dad's mother's brother and quite elderly. He had lived in New Mexico for many many years.

We visited Salt Lake City and the great Salt Lake. Little did I know then that Utah would become my home.

When I was 12 years old, in December 7, 1941, Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, was bombed by the Japanese and that was when the United States got involved in World War II.

To help the war effort, the students of Stratton school were asked to gather scrap iron. Instead of "trick or treating" for Halloween several of us got a trailer and pushed it around town gathering up scrap iron. One man gave us an old cook stove which weighed several pounds. We decided that we could sell it and divide the money between us and buy a malted milk shake for each one. We sold it to the local junk dealer and spent the money. We didn't think anyone would know about it, but the next morning we were all called into the principal's office.

The summer after I finished the eighth grade, I left home for the first time to stay. Dad received a letter from his niece, Helen Waters, daughter of his sister Stella and Walter Waters, who lived in Concordia, Kansas. She and her parents owned a hardware store in Concordia and help was short since the war was on and she ask if I could come and stay with them and work in the store in the summer. Dad thought it would be good experience for me, so off I

went on the train to Kansas to spend the summer. I was anxious to go and liked the work but I soon became homesick and was very happy when the summer was over. I went back the next summer also. My salary was \$18 per month plus room and board.

The summer after I finished the 10th grade, I refused to go back to Kansas again. So Dad said I could help him dig a basement for the new house he was planning to build across the street from the hotel. I spent most of the summer of 1945 helping him dig a basement with the tractor. We poured the foundation for the house but it never got built because of lack of material due to the war. The hole was there for many years and finally someone bought the lot and built a nice brick home.

This same summer, I also worked on Wednesdays in the office of the auction sale barn. I did the multiplying. I multiplied the weight of the cows sold times the price. No calculators or computers in those days. I loved anything to do with mathematics and sometimes when there was a horse sale, it lasted far into the night.

This summer I also did the laundry for the hotel and swept the lobby. Sometimes I washed and ironed 50 sheets a day during the rush season.

Near the end of the summer, Mr. Ivan Houtz, who owned the drug store, ask if I would like to come and clerk in the drug store. I was very happy about that because it seemed like more desirable work and more fun. I worked in the drug store all of that year until near the end of the summer of 1946.

The year I was in the 11th grade was a busy and happy one for me. I was Junior class president, a cheer leader, and worked in the drug store. I didn't seem to spend many hours sleeping that year but I was full of energy and didn't seem to miss the sleep.

My father bought a rooming house for college students at Boulder, Colorado where the University of Colorado is located. In August of 1946, Mother and I moved to Boulder to take care of the student house.

There were a lot of tears when I left all of my friends and Stratton High School behind.

In September 1946, I entered Boulder High School. It was so different for me. 700 students instead of 75 that I had been used to. I had to make new friends and start all over again. I had to study harder and didn't make straight A's as I had done before.

It was a good school to prepare me for the university. There was never a doubt in my mind that I would go to college. Dad had always preached to us that we must have an education. Myron had graduated in 1943 with a degree in pharmacy.

Myron married Esther Frank from Dallas. Texas and they had moved to California to work in Cutter Laboratories.

As unhappy as I was to leave my friends behind at Stratton and enter a big new school, my senior year in high school was the turning point in my life. Because of an acquaintance I made there my whole life has been different.

One day when I was in the gymnasium of Boulder High School playing basketball, I saw a girl older than a high school girl practicing basketball in very good form. I was impressed with her ability to play and later found out that she was Leone Peterson. She was practicing to go on a basketball tour of Hawaii with a team from Utah. Leone got a group of the girls together and formed a basketball club. I was among them and soon got to know her very well. She talked to me a lot about religion since I wasn't too concerned about it at the time. She spent a lot of time talking to me about God and convincing me that I should go to church. I did take her advice and went to the Methodist church in Boulder. My parents were anxious to have me go to church too. I almost joined the Methodist church but the atmosphere at the church was rather cold and I knew no one so just didn't get around to it.

One day Leone Peterson invited me to go on a picnic with her church group. I went since I liked her and found out that she was a Mormon. After that she invited me to go to church with her and talked to me a lot about the Mormon religion. Later she suggested that I go to some cottage meetings that were held by the missionaries in Boulder. I consented to go and I became very interested.

The missionaries were Robert Cook and T. Leonard Rowley. By this time I had entered the University of Colorado and was busy with school studies. One day Elder Rowley asked me when I would be baptized and I said when I get through with my final exams in December. On the 18th of December, 1947, I finished my examinations in the morning and that afternoon we went down to Denver First Ward chapel to baptize me. My mother, along with Leone accompanied me. Mother was very unhappy that I was joining the Mormon church and cried about the whole affair. I was baptized by Elder T. Leonard Rowley and confirmed by Elder Robert H. Cook. At the time there was only a Sunday school held in Boulder in a rented hall. The Sunday school was a part of the Western States Mission. Since there was no baptismal font available in Boulder that is why we went to Denver to the First Ward Chapel. The Western States mission home was next door to the chapel and I was interviewed before baptism by President Francis A. Child.

Since the time of my baptism my testimony of the Gospel has grown and developed with more knowledge and more experiences in the true Church of Jesus Christ. I am grateful that I was privileged to become a member.

I graduated from Boulder High School as number 13 in a class of 200 in June 1947. That summer of 1947, I got a job as a photo finisher in a camera shop a block from our house at 1121 University Avenue. The owner of the shop was Clyde Sadler and I enjoyed the work very much since I didn't know much about photography and I was anxious to learn.

The fall of 1947 I entered the University of Colorado as a freshman in the College of engineering. I like mathematics very much and wanted to do something where I could use a lot of mathematics. I decided to major in architectural engineering. I was one of very few girls in a school of 2000 boys. I enjoyed my classes very much, however. At the time the University of Colorado had an enrollment of 8000 students. The college of Engineering had around 2000 students. The World War II veterans were beginning to come back to school on the G. I. Bill and that swelled the enrollment considerably.

Our house at 1121 University was just a half block from the corner of the campus of the university. It was located between a sorority house and a fraternity house and across the street from another sorority house. The spirit, at times, was quite lively in the neighborhood. Mother rented rooms to women students in her house. Many girls came and went, some likeable and some not so agreeable but they were all interesting and typical college girls.

My father still lived in Stratton, Colorado, about 180 miles to the east of Boulder and carried the mail. He had said that he would try to get a transfer but he never did. I think he liked Stratton and didn't want to leave there. He thought the rooming house was a good investment though and wanted Mother to continue running it.

One of my courses in architectural engineering was freehand drawing. It was taught by a woman and I was the only girl in a class of boys. I discovered that art was not one of my talents and the teacher gave the only "D" I got in my whole educational career.

I took another class of freehand drawing in summer school and received a "B" so I guess I wasn't really that bad. But I did decide to change my major to accounting. So after two years and one quarter, I changed to the School of Business in the university.

I graduated in June 1951 with a degree in accounting. I should have taken the "CPA" (Certified Public Account's) examination, but I never did.

My first job after graduating was with the Swayder Brothers Company (the manufacturers of Samsonite Luggage) located on Broadway in Denver. I was in the cost accounting department. My boss, Noah Springs, was an interesting man. He was an Armenian,

born in Turkey. He came to the United States when he was about 18 and became a "self made man". His parents were Seventh Day Adventists and we had many discussions during the rest period.

My Mormon friend, Leone, left Boulder and later was called on a mission to Brazil. I moved to Denver and lived in an apartment with a roommate, Elva (Mickey) Mickeljohn from Salt Lake City. We lived on Marion street. Mickey left and I got another roommate, Gayla Hacking, from Vernal, Utah.

I attended Denver First Ward and was a counselor in the YWMIA (Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association). It was while I was attending "mutual" that I met a very interesting Ward Clerk, Samuel Singleton, who was stationed in Denver in the U. S. Army quartermaster corps. However, nothing came of this acquaintance at that time and he was discharged from the army and returned to his home in Ferron, Utah to his profession as a high school English and speech teacher.

Gayla moved and then I moved in an apartment on Pennsylvania Avenue with some other girls, Lael Jensen, Dorothy Stewart and Anna Mae Wilde. They were all members of the Mormon church and we had a good time.

I was dating Edward Wirrick, a returned missionary from Holland Mission. We had a lot of fun but I felt that I should be doing something else. I went to Salt Lake City to General Conference for the first time since I joined the LDS Church. A talk by one of the general authorities inspired me that I should go on a mission. Bishop Delmont White had talked to me about a mission so I submitted the necessary papers and was soon called to the Argentine mission by President David O. McKay. That seemed like such a far away, but exciting place to go.

My missionary farewell sacrament meeting at Denver First Ward was on July 26, 1953. My mother, dad, and brother, Myron Brown and wife Esther were present.

On Friday, August 14, 1953 I left Boulder for my mission. I went by way of Yellowstone Park with Dorian Frost and Anna Mae Wilde.

Dorian and I went to the Salt Lake Temple on August 17, 1953 and I received my endowments.

At that time missionaries spent one week in the mission home in Salt Lake City. President and Sister Francis Child presided over the mission home.

I was set apart for my mission by Milton R. Hunter of the First Council of the Seventy on August 26, 1953.

I left Salt Lake City for my mission on August 28, 1953. My traveling companion was Sister Thelys Clinger from Idaho. We traveled by train to New York City. On September 3, 1953 we

boarded the ship, S. S. Uruguay bound for Argentina. We stopped at several ports but the journey took 20 days to reach Buenos Aires.

I was seasick most of the time, even the day that was my 24th birthday. The head waiter brought me a birthday cake to be cut with a sword, but I was down in the cabin seasick.

I enjoyed the days we were in port because I wasn't sick. We stopped at Trinidad, Barbados, Bahia, Brazil, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, Santos, Brazil, Montevideo, Uruguay and finally in Buenos Aires, Argentina on September 23, 1953.

We were met at the ship by Argentine missionaries and taken to the mission home in Buenos Aires. The mission president was Lee B. Valentine and wife Amy Young Valentine. They were very spiritual people and gave us the desire to work hard on our missions.

I served in the cities of Quilmes, Florida, Rosario, and LaPlata. My companions were Thelys Clinger, Dorcas Thomas, Carol Thomas, Renee Thackeray, Margarita Thomas and Delores Parks.

I had a struggle with learning the language but after six months I began to understand what was being said. I never learned Spanish really well, but I got by O.K., I guess.

Renee Thackeray was my companion in Rosario and I enjoyed that assignment most of all. We also became life long friends and kept in touch after we both came home.

I tried to work hard on my mission and we had many contacts and discussions. I don't know if any of them were baptized while I was there, but hopefully I helped to plant some seeds for future baptisms.

When I had been on my mission for about nine months, I received a surprise letter from Samuel Singleton, whom I had known in Denver First Ward. It was a letter of proposal for marriage. I thought and prayed about it for several weeks, then wrote and said I would accept. We decided to get married when I got home from my mission.

I left Argentina on September 3, 1955. I flew on a Brazilian airlines. Over the jungles of Brazil, we developed engine trouble and landed in Belen, Brazil where we had to wait 24 hours for another airplane. Belen is on the mouth of the Amazon River and very hot. I left Argentina with a wool suit on so I got very warm.

It was so exciting to see Miami, Florida in the United States after I had been away for two years. It seemed like another world because I could understand everything that was said and the airline employees were so cooperative and talked with a southern

accent. My parents were planning to meet me in Colorado Springs but since I was late I called them and they were just planning to go down to the airport. They met me the next day.

It was good to get back to Boulder, Colorado and my mother's home. My former mission companion, Renee Thackeray, came to Boulder and made some new clothes for me.

I then went to Ferron, Utah on the train from Denver and met Sam in Helper, Utah. I stayed in Ferron a few days, met his parents and made wedding plans. I then went to Morgan, Utah where Renee lived and she made my wedding dress.

Sam and I were married in the Salt Lake temple on October 13, 1955. We went on a short honeymoon to Bryce and Zions Canyons. It was Utah Education Association convention, so Sam had a few days free from school.

We moved in to Sam's grandmother Singleton's home on State Street in Ferron. An historic home built in 1896. Sam had purchased it from his grandmother along with 46 acres for \$5000. We remodeled the home over the years that we have lived here. We love the old home and are glad we could live here and care for it.

Sam's Aunt Faun Dahle was born in this house and we celebrated her 80th birthday here. She was so happy that a member of the family lived here so she could come here often. She said "Not many people can celebrate their 80th birthday in the home they were born in."

Sam was an English and speech teacher at South Emery High School located in Ferron.

Our first son, Morris, was born on June 24, 1956. He was three weeks early and only weighed 5 lbs. 11 oz. Since Sam is the only boy of his parents, Morris was the first Singleton grandson and everyone was happy for him.

When Morris was a year old, I decided I wanted to teach school so I went to summer school at the University of Colorado where I had graduated as an accountant in 1951. My mother lived in Boulder so she could tend Morris while I was in school.

I taught one year at South Emery High School. I taught mathematics and science during the school year of 1957, 1958. Since I was expecting another baby in January, I decided not to teach another year. Our second son, Kyle Jay Singleton, was born a little early on December 27, 1958. He was a lively baby and boy, much different than Morris, who was calm and easy to tend. Kyle did everything in a hurry. He was also accident prone. He dropped a brick on his finger at age two. He broke his leg playing football in the ninth grade, then cut his fingers in the table saw in shop.

Our third son, Myron Bruce Singleton, was born on May 17, 1962. That summer of 1962, we took Morris, left Kyle with Grandma Mae Singleton, baby Myron with Shirley Beth Nelson, and went to the world's fair in Seattle, Washington. It was an interesting trip.

When Morris was in the first grade, I taught seminary to the ninth grade students. I had the boys and girls separately. Seminary was interesting and I taught the Book of Mormon. It was a nice experience for me.

The summer of 1965, Sam went to summer school at Kent State University in Kent, Ohio. We all went along. Morris was 9 years old, Kyle was 6 years old and Myron 3 years old. We went by way of North Carolina to visit my brother Myron Brown and family. While we were at Kent State, we took side trips each week-end. We went to some LDS Church historical sites and other places around Kent, Ohio.

Emery County Archives
Oral History Project
November 12, 2009

ALTA BROWN SINGLETON
Interviewed by Dottie Grimes and Kim Copinga

Dottie: It's ready to start, so let's start with your name, and your parents and where you were born.

Alta: Okay. This is Alta Singleton. I was born in Arkansas—southeastern corner of Arkansas, near the Mississippi River, in 1929—September 13, 1929. Anyway...

Dottie: Who were your parents?

A: My father was Guy J. Brown and Ethel Elizabeth May. My father was born in Nebraska--out on the plains of Nebraska, and his mother was not well, when he was in his 20s, so they moved to Arkansas. The doctor thought it would be a good idea for them to move to Arkansas. So the doctor thought it would be a good idea to move to Arkansas—a better climate. So they moved to northwestern Arkansas in the hill—hillbilly country. And that's where he met my mother Ethel Elizabeth May. She's about eight years younger than he was. In this book, it's similar to what I'm saying now, but he thought Hillbillies were so funny. He was just laughing all the time at some of the things he did. See they would go outside and put an iron pot and put a fire under it, and that's where they would put the water to wash his clothes. (Showing us a photo of him from his history book that she compiled). He thought that was so funny, so he got in there and had his picture taken. That's my brother, his son. (The pot was very large.)

D: Oh! How old was he when he moved to Arkansas?

A: Oh, in his 20s, I would imagine. 27 or 8, something like that. I don't know.

D: I would imagine anybody that came into the Ozarks or Arkansas, would find the Hillbillies strange. They have been quite backward in times and progress, right?

A: Yeah. Especially from Nebraska—out on the plains of Nebraska. And my dad loved to tell jokes, so he was always telling a Hillbilly joke. It was kind of interesting.

(Showing another picture) Now here is a Nebraska sod house. You know the houses were made out of sod.

D: How did they make the walls out of sod?

A: I don't know. I guess they just dug it up out of that, and set it up...

D: Do you have the original pictures? (looking at a Xeroxed copy):

A: Oh, I guess, somewhere. (laugh) I don't know where.

Anyway, he was always telling a joke about the Hillbillies, and I guess there were so many rocks, they wore aluminum shoes so they didn't wear out so fast. So he said you could hear somebody come a mile away.

He also said that the Hillbillies went barefooted a lot, so their feet were very rough. So he said that they wore their shoes out from the inside out. (laugh) He was always joking about things like that.

D: (laugh) You were telling me that he was a mail carrier. Was that in Arkansas?

A: Yes. That was in Arkansas. They moved to southeastern Arkansas, and he got the chance to be a mail carrier. That's in this book too. (reading) "Notice of Rural Mail Carrier Appointment."

D: Oh great! Wonderful.

A: So he was a mail carrier for several years. There was a flood in 1927, and there were a lot of mosquitoes, and he got Malaria, so he thought he ought to get out of there or he was going to die. So after that we moved to Colorado—Straton, Colorado.

D: Tell me a little bit about how he carried the mail, back then.

A: Well after the flood. Well he had a car, an old Model A car that he carried the mail in, but after the flood, he carried the mail in a motor boat down by the levy, you know. Most of the patrons were Black. He took it every other day, and when he had a letter for somebody, he would just call out the name, because he had no idea where they lived, because they were all mixed up, with the flood. Then when the waters went down, he carried the mail on horseback, and sometimes he'd walk with it on his back—along the railroad track. The tracks were a little bit elevated, you know.

D: Was this the Mississippi that flooded?

A: Yes in 1927--two years before I was born.

D: How old were you when you went to Colorado?

A: I was about five. Of course, you know that kind of country was green, and they told me that out on the plains of Colorado, I said.-- was only five years old—and I said, "There's nothing out here but jack rabbits and windmills!" (laughing)

D: And bet you were right! (laugh)

A: They thought so too. (laughing)

And so we stayed in Colorado for about a year, and it was the dust storm days...

D: So what year was this?

A: About 193--

D: 1934 or 5?

A: 1934 or 5. I have that somewhere. It's all in this history. Then the dust came in—you've never seen a dust storm like this. You could see it in the distance. It looked like the dust was from the ground to the sky, and it comes rolling in, and when it hit, it was as dark as night. So that was the dust storm days, and since he carried mail out in the country to farmers, they couldn't raise any crops. So they all boarded up their houses and started moving to California or wherever they could go.

So he decided he better get out of there, or there wouldn't be anyone to carry mail to. So he got a transfer to Missouri—Carthage Missouri. That's where I started first grade. So anyway when he was in Missouri, he was stuck in the mud all the time. (laughing) So he got out of there and went back to Colorado, and so he stayed in Straton, Colorado until he retired—eastern Colorado. It's right on I-70. If you got on I-70, you could go right down there to it.

D: I just never thought how difficult mail carrying would be back in those days before good roads—and all the problems they would have.

A: He would have a regular car, and then in Colorado he had a Model A car with higher wheels that could go in the snow. He was a very well liked mail carrier because he'd do anything for them—you know, the farmers. If they had chickens coming then he would take them right to their house.

Anyway, so he carried the mail until about 1970. You can read all about that in this book. In 19...let's see what else do I need to say about him. In this book there are pictures.

Here is where we lived in Missouri. This is the house we living in in Colorado.

D: Oh, that is a nice house.

A: So he got this transfer back to Missouri, we went back to Colorado—to Straton, Colorado. That's where I stayed from 2nd grade to 11th grade.

In Carthage, we lived in house. And in Colorado, we moved to this. It was an old hotel there called the Collins Hotel. It was, I guess, the best hotel between Kansas City and Denver—In its day. Not too many people stayed there when we were there. We had an apartment in there. Then when I was a junior, my dad thought my mother ought to go to Boulder, Colorado. That's where the University of Colorado is. And he bought a house there for her to live in. In other words, that was about the year they split up. She and I lived there.

D: Did they not get along? Or was she just unhappy?

A: Oh, I don't know the reason, but anyway, that's what they did.

D: So you moved to Boulder, Colorado, and how did you that?

A: Oh it was so much bigger than Straton! I liked it Straton was about the size of Ferron. Yeah. I liked it there. That's where I graduated from high school, was in Boulder. It was better to go to high school there because the school was bigger, you know. I learned a lot of things.

D: Tell me about your life now.

A: That's kind of how I've gotten into that. I've got that in the history written, but I got to 1965, and I haven't finished it, so I thought maybe I would finish it, and then you could have it.

I guess going back to my dad. He always had some jokes to tell, you know. This is not his joke, but I found this book about Custer County, Nebraska, it tells some of the things they did there. The one I thought was kind of funny, you know out in the country, out on the plains, people lived three miles away. They traveled in buggies or horse and wagon and lived pretty far from each other. Wedding dances were commonly given ...

The tape recorder died, but the story she read tells how the babies were all put on one bed when they fell asleep, while the parents continued dancing. One man went in and switched the babies around and switched some clothing as well. In the dim light after the party, everyone took the wrong baby home, and it took a couple of days, given the distances, to get the babies back to the right families.

Interview was recorded on Dottie's computer. The lap top ran out of batteries, the interview is finished on a tape recorder.

Dottie: Now we'll start again.

Alta: Do you want me to start at the beginning with my history?

Dottie: Let's talk about when you moved to Stanton and you graduated from high school.

Alta: Or do you want me to start at the beginning or start from there?

Dottie: Start from there, because I have the rest of it. [Recorded on computer]

Alta: Oh, okay. Um yeah, my Mother and I moved to Boulder. My Dad bought a house that she could rent out to the students at the University of Colorado in Boulder and so I was a senior in high school. And I met a lady that came to the high school to practice basketball. She was from Southern Colorado, and she was a Mormon. I never heard about Mormons before. But anyway she started talking to me about it and asked me if I wanted to go have what they called Cottage Meetings in those days, with the missionaries. And so I did that and so I got baptized.

Dottie: Was she about your age?

Alta: No, she was older than me somewhat, six or eight years older.

Dottie: And how did you meet her. Were you playing basketball too?

Alta: Well yeah, she just came to the high school to practice basketball and that's where we met. And so she wanted to have some girls play basketball and she just got talking to me about religion you know.

Dottie: Were you interested at the time, or just being nice to her?

Alta: Well, I hadn't heard anything about the Mormon's you know, I just got interested. I went to these Cottage Meetings, and then the summer past and I started as a freshman at the University of Colorado in engineering. And so one of the missionaries said, "When are you going to get baptized?" And I said, "Well when finals are over, so at the Christmas break." You know, at the first of the quarter—it was quarters then. I got that quarter over and then I got baptized. And in Boulder there was only a few Mormons there, and they didn't even have a church; they just met for Sunday School above a furniture store.

Dottie: Wow!

Alta: So I had to go down to Denver to get baptized by the Denver 1st ward.

Dottie: How far is Boulder from Denver?

Alta: Oh it's, I don't know, 30 miles or so. And so I went down there and got baptized and started going to church with her. We just went to the little Sunday School above the furniture store.

Dottie: What was her name?

Alta: Leone Peterson was her maiden name.

Dottie: Okay, did you stay friends with her after you were baptized?

Alta: Uh huh, I did. But she went on tour to Hawaii and all over with basketball. She was married then, but she got a divorce, and then decided to go on a mission, and she went to Brazil on her mission. Then I moved to Denver after I graduated. Well, let me go back. I spent two years at the University of Colorado studying architectural engineering.

Dottie: That's amazing! And what year was this?

Alta: Let's see, I graduated [Laughing] when I was 18, 19. What year did I graduate from college? It was about 1992 (meant 52); anyway, I studied architectural engineering.

Dottie: About 1949?

Alta: yeah, I graduated from high school in 1947 in Boulder. So then I graduated from college in 1949. When I write this all out, I'll have this all accurate.

Dottie: I'm just wondering how many architectural engineering girls were in the program in 1949. [Laughing] Not very many!

Alta: Well this is an interesting part of the story I guess. I was the only girl in the... let's see—I don't know how many engineers in this class. I took a class, one of things I had to have was freehand drawing. I found out I don't have any talent for drawing. [Laughing] The teacher gave me a "D" in class. That's the only "D" I ever got in my education.

Dottie: Oh! [Laughing]

Alta: I always thought it was because I was the only woman in the class with all those boys. But anyway... [Laugh]

Dottie: [Laugh] It probably was.

Alta: I decided well I guess I'm not talented in art enough to be in architectural engineering, so I changed major to accounting and so that's how I got into that. And I graduated in 1951 I guess, in accounting. And so then I went down to Denver and stayed. This friend had already gone on a mission to Brazil and so...but then I went down to Denver and stayed with some roommates, and I worked for the Samsonite Luggage Company. They were called the Sweyder Brothers, Inc. I lived in Denver for two years. And while I was living in Denver—I went to Denver 1st ward, and there was a soldier that was stationed in Denver from Ferron, Utah. [Laughing] His name was Samuel Singelton. And that's where we got acquainted. And so anyway, he got released from the army, and he came back home. He was already teaching—well he was drafted when he was already teaching here at South Emery High School. So he came back to finish his teaching and so on. And so I never knew or heard too much about him.

So anyway after two years of working for the Samsonite Luggage Company I got a call from the bishop to see if I wanted to go on a mission. So I decided, well, I guess I did. So I quit my job and got a call to Argentina. And that's how I ended up in Argentina. While I was in Argentina...about less than a year and I got a letter proposal from this man from Ferron, Utah. [Laughing]

Dottie: Really!?

Alta: Yeah, that's how it happened. So we wrote back and forth and prayed and everything, and so I decided that's what I wanted to do.

Dottie: Had you dated at all in Colorado?

Alta: Well, just kind of in a group. Not anything too separate.

Dottie: Were you sad when he went back to Utah? Did you like him that much?

Alta: Well, I don't know! [Laughing] Well actually, I had another boyfriend that I was interested in too, he had been on a mission to Holland, I think it was. Anyway I was down there and so I decided, you know , by mail that I was going to marry him.

Dottie: How interesting! Your whole courtship was by mail, huh?

Alta: Yeah! [Laughs] And so one kind of funny thing was, I wrote to my mother in Boulder, and this boyfriend I had, he would come up from Denver and go visit my mother and see if she had any letters for him. So, she gave him the wrong letter to read one day because in that letter I said I was going to marry Sam Singleton from Ferron, Utah. [Laughing]

Dottie: Yeah, that's a really interesting Dear John.

Alta: Yeah, and so he wrote to me and he said it was like a chair had been pulled out from under him because he planned on marrying me when I got home from Argentina. But the day I got home from Argentina was his wedding day to another woman so it all turned out okay. [Laughs] So that's how that all went.

Dottie: And how long were you on a mission to Argentina?

Alta: Two years.

Dottie: Two years, so you had the six month learning your language like the rest of them did? Because men went for two and a half years and girls for two years on foreign missions.

Alta: Yeah, I was glad to come to live in a small town because that was where I grew up was in Stratton, Colorado which was about this size. And so I liked it here.

Dottie: You adjusted quite well to this desert area?

Alta: Yeah, it isn't as pretty as Colorado, you know the mountains, I thought, but I've gotten used to it and I like it now. So after 54 years...

Dottie: Yeah, so once you got home from Argentina did Sam go to Colorado to see you.

Alta: Uh, no, I took the train from Denver and came to Price. He met me at the train, and I was here for a couple of weeks. We talked and decided to get married in the Salt Lake Temple.

Dottie: So when did you get married? How long after you got home?

Alta: Oh, it was about a month and a half or so, not too long.

Dottie: That was quite a whirlwind courtship.

Alta: [Laughs] Yeah, I met his folks and they were real nice people. I thought, “Well, I better come and see what he’s like and what his family was like”. They lived up by the store, in back of that two story white house. That’s where Sam was born, but he had it in mind to come and live here in his grandparent’s home so I’ve lived in this house 54 years.

Dottie: He said his grandmother was living with her children by then so it was empty and she had willed it to him. That was pretty nice.

Alta: Yeah, that was. Of course we had quite a bit of remodeling to do in the house.

Dottie: It was built in 1896 though; by 1950 it was probably way out of date.

Alta: Yeah, when I came I thought, “I don’t think I want a yellow house”, so I thought I’d like to have it painted white or something. But then one day a man came by here, he taught at the University of Utah, and he said that yellow is the color for that period of time. So I said well then that’s what we will have, and it’s been that ever since.

Dottie: Oh, isn’t that neat. I think that’s great!

What about your mission? Do you have any stories of your mission that you can tell us?

Alta: [Laughs] Oh Yeah, there are some stories but I don’t know if they fit in. Yeah, I enjoyed my mission. I had some good companions and some that I corresponded with over the years. One lives in Mapleton, no, in Provo now, that I correspond with all the time. We talk together once in a while.

Dottie: Oh, neat! And do you still speak Spanish?

Alta: More or less. [Laughing] I’ve lost it pretty much, but I enjoyed Argentina. Oh I have a few stories if you’re interested in putting those in.

Dottie: Yeah.

Alta: My companion and I were riding along in a little bus that we called, oh I forget what they’re called, any way they are real tight packed in that little bus, you know. Oh, I was about to say it and I can’t think of it, anyway, she was standing up and holding to the rod on the top as we were riding along and she said...she had her camera over her shoulder in the little case and she said, “My camera is gone!” And so the man sitting down in the chair he said, “The man that took it is up by the front door ready to jump off the bus”. So she and I went up to the front of the bus, and we were these two big old American ladies, [laughing] and I grabbed his collar like that, and I said, “Give me the camera-domme’ lamache’”, and he said he didn’t have it, so she’s bigger than me, so she

grabbed the other side and she said, "Give me the camera!" And he reached in his pocket and pulled it out. [More laughing] So that's one story.

Dottie: Oh, that's good!

Alta: So anyway, I enjoyed being on a mission in Argentina, and my grandson, Myron's boy, he went to Argentina. He just got back not too long ago from Argentina so those two years that he was there, I enjoyed getting his letters and writing to him. One thing I said was, "Do they have these horse drawn carts in Argentina, Did they still have them"? And he wrote back and he said, "Yes they do, but they also have Wal-Mart". [Laughing] So any way, I had fun writing back and forth to him.

Dottie: I bet!

Alta: Well then after we came here then, not quite nine months later [Laughs], Morris was born. Uh, he came early.

Dottie: So you jumped right into married life.

Alta: Yeah, and so we had Morris and then I taught school up at South Emery High School for a year. After Morris was about a year.

Dottie: Who kept Morris?

Alta: Uh Sam's sister, Phyllis Stanton, maybe you remember Phyllis? (asking Kim who is from Ferron)

Kim: I remember the name.

Alta: Yeah well I will tell about her later, but any way he was born and I taught school for about a year and then I decided that, well I was expecting another one, so I decided to quit. So I didn't teach there any more. Oh, I did teach Seminary one year up here by the school.

Dottie: What did you teach? Did you teach accounting?

Alta: No, I taught chemistry and math and all those things. I'll tell you one little funny thing. I was teaching...I guess it was chemistry and there were some mischiefous students from Emery, and so they sent this little note to a girl that sat in the front seat and said, "Give this to Mrs. Singleton", so I looked at the note and it said, "If you have hair on your chest, smile!" [Laughing] So guess what I did! [More laughing] Well, they were all waiting, just to see, you know the whole class knew what it was going to be. They were all waiting to see, I laughed and they all laughed.

Dottie: Oh, you're a good sport! I bet they liked you. Did you like teaching with Sam. Oh, it was okay. He was a better teacher than I was. I only taught for one year, but he's

been an educator for forty one years. You know, teaching and principal and all that so...
Was he teaching when you were there? [Asking Kim]

Kim: He was my principal.

Alta: Out to the junior high?

Kim: Yes!

Alta: And so he enjoyed, you know, teaching.

So then I got a job keeping books for the Singleton store, you know, that's up there? I did that a while. And then in 1945, no, 1965 well, they were going to build the dam and you know, do some what they called debris basins. Little dams to hold the water back, and so since I had had some engineering classes, I was able to do the computations. And I did drafting, and so that's what I did for several years until the Millsite Dam was finished, and the Soil Conservation moved out.

Then I worked for Johansen and Tuttle Engineering.

Dottie: And what did you do there?

Alta: Drafting and computations. And so then I decided to get a job as a city clerk up here. That's the worst job I've had, all the people coming in to complain.

Dottie: Oh Yeah!

Alta: And so then I got a job doing accounting, keeping books for Steven's Hardware Store. That's where Ace Hardware is now. Ace? Isn't that Ace? No, whatever it is.

Kim: The Co-op.

Alta: Yeah, the Co-op. So I worked there for a while and finally I moved forward. I got all my boys through college, and so I decided to quit working. Anyway, we had three boys, Morris is the oldest and then Kyle and Myron. Kyle and Morris live in Ferron. They both work at the Power Plant, and Myron, he lives in Wheatland, Wyoming. He has six children, he's an engineer also, a mechanical engineer.

Kyle is a... 'I'm losing my mind; you can't say I'm not getting Alzheimer's. [Laughs]

Dottie: You're not, you're doing great!

Alta: Well any way, Kyle's a civil engineer, and he works out at the Power Plant, and Morris works out there too, but he works out in the lab—checks the water and you know... And so during all those years we got some grandchildren.

Dottie: So you have three boys?

Alta: Three boys. Myron, as I said, lives in Wheatland but that's 550 miles away, so we only see him a couple of times a year. You know once or twice a year.

Kim: Kyle still lives in the white house up here by the store, doesn't he?

Alta: He does.

Dottie: Yeah, that's still in the family?

Alta: Morris has his own house. He lives you know, where that low income housing is? He lives west of there. Yes, and Sam has given us instruction that he doesn't want this house to go out of the family. So I don't know if anybody is going to be interested in living in Ferron, but maybe some of our grandkids.

Dottie: I'll bet there is somebody. This is such a neat house. How many grandchildren do you have?

Alta: Ten. Myron has six, Kathy and Kyle have four. And they are all doing well. Our oldest granddaughter Crimson, she lives in St. George. She just got her examination for a Certified Public Accountant, you know, a CPA. She graduated from the college down in Cedar City. What's it called?

Kim: SUU.

Alta: Yeah, and graduated with honors, you know, there. She got her masters, and then she got a job with an accounting firm so she's living in St. George.

Dottie: Can you tell us about raising your children in Ferron and some of the people that you came to know? Who were your friends as you moved here, as a new bride? How did you get friends and what did you do?

Alta: Uh well, I don't know, they were just ladies my age. We had kind of a club.

Dottie: I wondered; there were a lot of clubs in that day.

Alta: They still have it!

Dottie: What is it called?

Alta: The Lay and E or something like that. I'm gonna go have dinner with a bunch of them today. We still, you know, talk. The conversation when I first came, all of our conversations were, we met once a month at somebody's house, was about having a baby and all of the in's and out's of having a baby.

Dottie: Yeah, that's usually the topic of that age isn't it?

Alta: Yeah, then the topics change, and now we're all talking about operations and arthritis. [Laughing]

Dottie: Who was part of your club? Who belonged to the club originally? Do you remember?

Alta: Well, Maribelle Wareham, I can't think of names. [Laughs] Some of them have died but most of them are living in Ferron.

Dottie: Did you all belong to the same ward or was it like, neighborhoodish?

Alta: Yeah there was one ward. Sam became the Bishop of that one ward.

Dottie: How long was he Bishop?

Alta: Oh, I don't know. Probably about five years.

Dottie: About what year was that? Do you know?

Alta: I'd have to look it up, I don't know. I can't remember, but when he was released as Bishop, then they divided it into two wards and now we have four in Ferron and one in Emery.

Kim: Was he the Bishop after my Dad or before him?

Alta: Probably, but I can't remember.

Dottie: Was he the Bishop when there was just one ward? [Talking to Kim]

Alta: Yeah. I can't remember whether he was before or after.

Dottie: Well, how fun! What stores were there in Ferron when you moved here?

Alta: Stores?

Dottie: Yeah.

Alta: There was Singleton's Store, the building is still there and uh, what was the other one called?

Dottie: Ferron Merc

Alta: Ferron Merc, they tore that one down and put that building that's there, that is vacant now.

Dottie: That's sad.

Alta: Sam's grandfather would be really sad if he saw the condition of the old Singleton Store.

Dottie: Yeah, I wish somebody would buy it and fix it up just like that, with an awning.

Alta: Yeah, I liked that.

Dottie: Wouldn't that be fun.

Alta: And what's interesting too is, Sam, well this was before I came and Sam's parents or Dad was running that store, he was also the man that made the coffins in the upstairs of that store. They didn't have the morticians then.

Dottie: Wow!

I just was going over my grandmother's history and I found in her funeral, that Sam spoke at her funeral.

Alta: He spoke at probably three hundred funerals.

Dottie: I'll bet. She would stay...she died in 1961, and he said that he met her about twenty years before when she started coming to stay with Clara Petty and Lloyd Petty. And so he told a little bit about his acquaintance with her. He was a popular speaker, huh? For funerals?

Alta: He was a good speaker.

Dottie:He did a good job with that speech. After I interviewed him you know, then I went home and read her history and saw Sam Singleton in there. She was from Huntington, but she did stay with each of her kids, and Clara lived here for years. But I was so surprised to see Sam Singleton's speech in her history. That's neat!

Alta: He talked yesterday at that memorial thing over in Castle Dale. (Veteran's Day)

Dottie: Oh good.

Alta: A lady after words came up and said, "I want a copy of your speech", [laughed] but he didn't really have a copy.

Dottie: [Laughing] He didn't write it down.

Alta: He wrote the things he read, you know, but yeah, he's a good speaker, but not me.

Dottie: So, you worked most of your life? While you raised kids, you were working too?

Alta: Well, I worked until all the kids were out of school and I decided it was time to quit.

Dottie: Did you enjoy working?

Alta: Yes, I enjoyed it. Yeah, when I first came, you know, I wanted to get a job and I went back to the University of Colorado in the summer, and I had classes on teaching, and then I came back and taught.

Dottie: Wow, you are a very educated lady.

Alta: Oh, I don't know. I can't remember anything I learned. [Laughs]

Dottie: That's not true, I'm sure. Well, is there any other story you want to share that you can think of?

Alta: Oh, I probably have forgot a lot.

Dottie: Well, we appreciate your time and telling us this. Your history is so interesting, and it is quite unique.

Alta: Oh, is it? You mean getting engaged? [Laughs]

Dottie: Yeah, getting engaged while you were on your mission, going on a mission, graduating from school, being in the engineering program. Coming to Ferron as an outsider.

Alta: All the ladies that were my age, you know, they just took me right in. I didn't have any problems with that.

Dottie: Well good.

Alta: I remembered some of the older ladies wanted to be friendly with me and so they invited me to come and quilt, and I did it one day, and they didn't ask me any more. [Laughing] I had never done it before.

Dottie: Did you have any problems with these Mormon traditions?

Alta: Well, it was kind of different because I had joined the church in Denver and the only Mormons that I saw were the ones that were active you know. And then I came to Ferron, and there were all these guys swearing.

Out of tape!

Alta goes on for a minute about how the Mormon's she knew in Colorado were all very active.

Dottie and Kim thank Alta for her time and Dottie tells her she will scan her pictures in and bring them back today. Alta says she doesn't have to make a special trip and thanks us for coming.