

The Provo River bottom was then a jungle. A parson could hardly get through it--red willows a foot through, cottonwood, elder, kininick and hop vines and grasses that grew as high as a man's head. If horses ate very much of it, it made them crazy, so we called it crazy grass. Lots of choke cherries, the bushes were three or four inches thick and 20 feet or more high. Sarses berries grew on bushes as large as the choke cherries. The berries were large, nearly as large as tame ones.

It was a dry fall and my father started a fire in it. It was a terrible fire. The blaze would go as high as the tall cottonwood trees. I never saw the fire but I saw what it did after the fire went out. The willows, dry grass and hop vines had accumulated for years. In places it burned the roots in the ground.

Aunt Sidney made her own lye and soap. She had a leich where she put the ashes in. It was made by hewing a trench in a log, as one would make a trough, a pig trough. Nailed boards about four foot long, the bottom in the trench in the log, and two feet wide at the top and both ends were nailed up. Water was put in the ashes and drained, and run out the ends of the trough into buckets. They would put in fresh ashes and let it go through again until it was strong enough to eat up the fats and grease as well as the lye you buy now. There was so much timber that you could shovel up bushels of ashes in places.

I did not stay long at home. I was only ten years old, but I was sent with a team and wagon back to the saw mill in Thayer's Canyon. It was about 25 miles. I got to Round Valley about sundown. I was afraid to go up the canyon alone, as it would be dark long before I got to the mill. I stayed at a ranch, Killbuck Ranch. I was just going to ask them if I could stay all night, when one of them, one of the men working at the mill, came along, and wasn't I glad. I stayed at the mill until they shut down for the winter.

Eliza and Eliza were running the sawmill. They moved the mill to Woodland. We had several cows and yearlings to drive, Albert Peters and I. It was dark going down Rose Hollow, and Albert ran a hawthorne in his foot, (we were both bare foot). Then I had to drive the cows alone. We stopped all night at Guffs. We reached home the next day.

The folks had houses built then. That was the fall of 1875. The snow came early. We had a pair of horses, a white and bay. They ran away and went back to the old home in Salt Lake. My father had them fed that winter.

My father took me to Salt Lake and I stayed that winter with my Aunt Fanny. I went to school in the Second Ward. Aunt Fanny was sure a good cook. She had what we called a step tower stove. The front lids were about six inches lower than the back lids. She could sure make the finest biscuits I ever sat at. I thought so. The stove was in front of the old fireplace which was boarded up and used as a woodbox. All I had to do was to keep it full of wood, and then she would let me go skating or any place I wanted to go.

Aunt Fanny never had any children. She married a German. He was well educated. His name was William Ammerman. My mother lived in the next lot, (the lot where his mother lived before she passed away), and I saw her almost every day.

As far back as I can remember, William sat in a big chair and never lay down. When it was nice weather, he would walk out of the house with his cane, and Aunt Fanny would put his chair where ever he wanted it. At night he sat by her bed with his cane, should he want anything he could touch her with his cane, and she would get it for him. The winter of 1875 she was a widow. Uncle William had been dead several years. A man by the name of Ball was our teacher. He had about 120 pupils, all grades, from beginners to boys grown. I did not learn much. The teacher had no time to spend with classes, and when he went home for his dinner, which he always did, he locked the door of the school house. The greater number of the pupils could not go home for dinner. One cold snowy day, some of the large boys, as large as men, kicked the pickets of the fence which was in front of the school house and made a fire for the children to warm by. After that the school was left unlocked. The snow was a foot deep. That was about the last of February 1876.

Shortly after that, there was two boys, Flagstaff and Wilson. They were fully grown. They were wrestling just before recess was called. Flagstaff threw Wilson down and as they were getting up, he pushed Flagstaff and that started a fight. The bell rung just as they were starting to fight. They agreed to have it out after school. After school, they went three blocks from the school. They took off their coats, belted up their pants. It was a stand up and knock down. They went in for it for all that they were worth. When they got tired they would rest and go at it again. Finally they went down in the Brigham Young farm and fought it out. Flagstaff or Flagstaff made Wilson say enough.