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PERSONAL HISTORY OF PERRY PRESTON WAKEFIELD

My parents, John Fleming and Julia Ann Johnson Wakefield were among the original pioneers of Castle Valley, having moved here from Fountain Green, Utah. The place they settled in was Huntington, Utah.

Father was born in Lee County, Iowa, and Mother was born in Cedar City, Utah. They met in Fountain Green, where they fell in love practically on sight. After courting awhile, they made the trip to Salt Lake to be married. They were married in the Endowment House.

They later came to Castle Valley to establish a home and here reared a family of 12 children, I was the last.

I was born in the house on Center Street, on November 4th 1900. Mother was 45 years old having been born 28th of February 1855, and Father was 53. He was born 21 August 1847.

I was married on their 63rd wedding anniversary, and my first child was born in the same house as I.

My parents always lived in humble circumstances, never having the so-called luxuries, but sharing their love and happiness, teaching respect and consideration.

We, as children were taught the principles of the gospel, how to pray and to take part.

The entire family would join in singing, some one playing the organ, or maybe the banjo.

Dad was a small, wiry person, always busy at something. He was always on a little trot, and when younger, could keep that up all day.

His great handicap was having but one eye, having lost the other in an accident when he was 16 years of age. While feeding grain to a cow before milking her, she raised her head just as he stooped over and one of her sharp horns went into his eye.

His greatest joy came from helping others, often visiting the sick and lonely, any hour of the night or day.

The latter part of his life was a lonely one.

Mother, too enjoyed helping others. I remember many times of her cooking and caring for several families at a time as they came from other towns for conference, etc., often staying 2 or 3 days at a time.

She had a poison thyroid growth covering her entire neck and finely caused her death.

My first year in school lasted only until the Christmas holidays for I became sick at that time and was bed ridden for some months.

Internal bleeding, to be caused by eating (swallowing) some broken glass or nut shells. This bleeding caused me to be as white as the pillow I was lying on. *Could also mention his kinds of scars.*

I was well by the next fall, however, again started school.

When I was 8 or 9 I stayed with Don and Irene, down on the farm east of town, where I helped with the chores, etc. And for this Don gave me a pony, which I named "Diamond" because of a diamond shaped white star in his forehead. He wasn't even broke to lead, when he told me I could ride him up home one Saturday.

Don ran him into a big corral, roped and pulled him around a little, then tied some rope reins to a rope around his belly and let him run there a half day, then rode him up and down the hills, a little, put me on him and started me on the road home.

It took quite a while to get home for he kept turning around and starting back, but I finally made it and I was the proudest boy in the Valley.

That pony lasted me several years.

I remember riding on the train to Springville with Mother & Dad, when I was maybe 10 or 11. There they bought me a pair of long pants. Boy! Wasn't I high and mighty then.

My Pals of the early years were mostly those in the immediate vicinity: Ralph Grange, the Lovelless boys, (Dean and Bryce) Leslie Green, the Monson's (Fests), Floyd Johnson, Nile and Tom Washburn.

About the only licking I can remember was given by Mother, who went down to Lovelless' for me one time, when I failed to return home as I was told to. She willowed me as I ran up the sidewalk for home. I didn't cry before the unlockers, but she did for I was getting old.

I remember an episode that showed how stupid I could be. And if one of my boys tried it I would call him dumb.

Ralph, Dean and Bryce, and perhaps others, were playing with me,

and we took the front wheels and axle of an old buggy to push up and down the street. When that got a little tiresome, someone suggested that we get our old gray horse--the one we called "Dave" and the one I rode after cows, etc.--to pull it. Very good. When I got mounted on him bareback (no saddle those days) they tied two short ropes to the axle--(one next to each wheel) with the other end tied to each of my ankles, and with them pushing or riding I started pulling the cart. Things sailed along smoothly for a short distance. Then the old charger began to gather speed. You see the ropes had wound around the axle as it turned, until the "chariot" got close enough to hit his legs, which he didn't like.

I couldn't stop him, so I tried to jump off. That didn't work for a rope on each ankle held me on.

I finally fell off, head down, the rope on my left ankle holding across his back.

I guess I stayed with him for quite a ways, for I remember seeing from that upside down position, the bottom side of old "Dave's" belly, some moving legs and Hannah Johnson running across a vacant lot to help.

When the cart finally climbed high enough up his hind parts, the rope slipped over and I slipped down.

I've wondered all these years if that could have been the head bumps that retarded my "larkin".

Another time my brother Don and my father hooked up a bronco horse on an old wagon with only boards lying flat on the running gears.

They didn't notice me sitting on the back and of that wagon until they got hooked up and with Don on the wagon driving, we started down the street on a run. Boy, that was a rough ride--those boards just wouldn't stay still--in fact they kept working ahead and into the horses.

I finally managed to pull them back far enough to hold until Don got them stopped.

While I'm on this horse theme, I'm going to mention a couple more exciting incidents.

I owned a little sorrel mare that I rode a lot, but never quite tamed her entirely, for she would buck about every time she could catch me off guard; such as the time Mother handed me a big brass bucket full of butter and eggs to take to the store. She put a piece of paper over the top to keep out the dirt, and just as I got out into the street the paper rattled and the mare didn't like it. She proceeded to get rid of it. I hung on and stayed with the bucket, but the contents were pretty well scattered over me, the saddle and the street.

Do you think she would buck again, no sir--I tried every thing I knew what to do, but she was as docile as "Old Dave".

Another round I had with her happened when I headed her up a steep hill down by our field which I wanted to climb, to talk to Homer Wakefield, who was on top.

When we got up about 3/4 of the way, she stopped for a breath, and after a moments pause, I touched her with my spurs, which, at that angle reached her flanks and she jumped and whirled around. Boy it was a long way to the ground. We parted and that saddle still has spur marks across the seat.

Horses used to furnish us plenty of excitement.

Dad and my brother Fleming used to own a lot of bees, and we had to haul honey cans from Price when we extracted. I made one of those trips. It took two or three days with a team and wagon.

I wanted the best horses we had, so I took our "Old Pet", a lively sorrel mare, and got Don's "Cropy" a real stepper, for the other half of the team. I had a covered wagon to bring the cans back.

All went well, and we (the team and I) stepped right along until we got just up the dugway to the top of "Sage Brush Flat", when something went wrong with old "Bet's" inside tug. I got out and stepped in by the tongue, between the two horses to fix it. A gust of wind pulled out the sides of the wagon cover, which was invitation enough to old "Cropy" to take off.

He jumped, and so did I, and as I went I made a pass for the lines, but only got one. However, it happened to be the one on my side and I pulled down on it, which brought the cutbit into orbit--a large circle--both horses and I on the same side of the tongue, and the wagon swaying behind, "Old Cropy" pulling it. I'm glad he got winded, for I sure did. But even after getting them stopped it took me hours, it seemed,

before I could get them calmed down enough to hook up again.

That isn't all either: I went on to Price, only to find that the cans weren't there, and boy, I was glad of it later.

When I was starting up the grade from the Miller Creek wash, 2 word car, one of the first in this valley, pulled up behind and hooked.

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That unusual sound brought the horses eyes and ears around and as they witnessed that great monster behind them, they took off. The wind under the canvas top puffed the sides way out, which produced further commotion behind. Well, that car couldn't pass me.

I held on to the lines with one hand, reached back with the other and pulled the cover down inside.

By this time they were almost to the top of that long slope, and it didn't take too much effort to get them under control. I was surely glad there were no tin cans to add to the din.

Along with attending school, there was Primary, Religion Class, Sunday School, Mutual, Priesthood, etc. I also took part in school activities- plays, cantatas, operas, etc.

I remember some of the teachers- Rose Leonard, who taught a cantata. In which I sang, "WISH I WAS A BUTTERCUP"- I can still remember that song.

Also "Greenie Mathae", Brother Hardy, Everett Johnson.

Brother Hardy let me sing in the Ward Choir when I was 14 or 15.

When I was 16 I was chosen to be chorister of M.I.A., and a little later for Sunday School. I continued in these for 10 years, until I went on a mission.

As I got into High School, Everett Johnson encouraged me in music by having us sing in a chorus which sang as a choir for church each Sunday. Also in a boys chorus and a male chorus, which sang a lot.

Also I played the drums in the school orchestra, and the bass horn in the band.

In our school choruses we put on several operettas and plays. I sang the lead in "KING HAL" with Ann Leonard. Next year was "TREASURE HUNTERS" with Dora Truman. Next year "BUBBUL" with Zella Guymon.

Dramas too were a source of pleasure.

1922 I remember watching the old school house burn - just before the High School building on the west side of Main Street was completed. Boy, that was quite a sight.

I finished Grade and High School in Huntington, Emery County, Utah. Graduated from High School April 21, 1922. Later I attended the B.Y.U. for one quarter. Lived with Sister Ellis.

After Everett Johnson left, I led the group for many years; singing for funerals, programs, fairs, various benefit entertainments, especially for Church building funds in all wards in Emery Stake. Several in Carbon Stake, (Price, Dragerton, Venilworth, Hiawatha, Wellington, Green River and in cities up north, (Bountiful, Keams, Salt Lake City.)

There were 6 High School graduates: Stella Johnson, Zella Guymon, "Shine" Hulon Johnson, Earl Staker, Lamont Johnson, (?).

Some of my older brothers and sisters were married and gone before I was born, so I never got to associate with them and feel so close to them. The only ones left at home were Claude and Vesta. They, Dad, Mother and I had it alone mostly.

I dimly remember Grandmother Woodward who lived with us, and of course other family members visited us occasionally, but Mother died when I was 17 and then Dad, Vesta and I lived alone. (Ellis + Stella + Rex Mother). After my sister Ellis' husband died, she and her son Rex lived with us and he and I slept together for years. She died the January after Mother died in October. Claude died the next March. (See further down).

Economic conditions were always rather meager. Oh, we had plenty to eat, but when special occasions such as Christmas, the 4th of July, etc. came around, we valued the 10¢ or 25¢ we could get to spend.

In the fall and winter there was wood and coal to haul. The wood we would get from the cedars above town, or up toward Mohrland and Hiawatha-just a matter of cutting down, or pulling over a dead tree, trimming it, and pulling, lifting, tugging or any way to get it on a wagon. The tops of these loads were pretty high, then freezing as we drove home. That wagon was pulled by horses. (See next page)

Fleming, the oldest, taught school in Huntington, Provo, & in other places, while his wife raised the family. They moved from Huntington when Lynn was 5 yrs. old. They had Homer and Lynn. After they moved to Provo, Nita was born. Emma also taught school in Huntington (as substitute) then after the children were in school she taught in Provo High School and at the B.Y.U.

Milas E. (Mido) married a girl from Grouse Creek and he made his home there and raised a large family (11 children).

Ellis was married here and raised her one boy, Rex. Her husband died when Rex was small.

Lauretta died with dropsy and heart trouble when she was 20.

Don married Irene here and raised his family of 4 girls.

Don also broke horses toride.

Mide, Don, and Amos used to shear sheep each spring. Claude did also until his heart became too bad. He never married. His main occupation was bartering. He died when still quite young.

Amos married Essie Jensen here and raised his family here and finally moved to Salt Lake City. They lost 2 boys out of nine children. He died in Salt Lake. His main occupation was surveyor and carpenter.

Grace married Edward G. Geary here and raised her 2 boys and 1 girl. ~~Ed~~ ~~They~~ had one son, Dayle. They both taught school for a number of years.

Often we would go home from a dance and hook up the horses and start up the canyon, trying to be among the first to the mine, so we wouldn't have to wait all day for a load.

Boy, I can still hear the crunch and squeal of the wheels on that frozen snow, as the wagons traveled up the road.

Sometimes we would tie the lines to the front end of the wagon bed and walk behind the wagon to warm up some.

There used to be more snow for sleigh riding and also there used to be some fast horses on those sleds for racing.

Another good job for some of these good horses was that of pulling the "band wagon" on certain celebrations. Four head would pull a big hay rack wagon filled with band players. They would start just before sunup and serenade the town.

Two of those drivers I especially remember. Edward L. Geary, Joe Gordon and Ray Grange.

Skating used to be a real sport too. Up and down the river, on ponds, even down to Buckhorn reservoir, where we went in a truck one time. We played "whip-pop" with the truck out on the ice.

Some of the jobs I had during and just after finishing school. Worked one summer and fall with the Geological Survey and we surveyed and mapped the country east and south of Castle Dale, Clawson, Ferron, and Emery.

Marked on the threshing machines for E.L. Geary several falls, and for Ferre Young. Those were long, hard days-from daylight until too dark to see. Pitching bundles of grain, boy, they were heavy. \$3.00 per day was a good wage then.

One winter I worked in the timber above Mohrland. Amos got a contract with the Mohrland mine officials for timber for props for the mine. Don and I camped up in the mountains there, cutting props on the mountain & carting or dragging them down the skid trails to the bottom.

There is where I learned to like rice and raisins with canned milk. For years at various times, I helped grade the state road with a little pull grader and 4 head of horses. Sometimes the Price road or Castle Dale or mostly on the canyon road.

It usually took about a week up the canyon, where we would go as far as possible in a day then camp for the night. In the fall before I went on my mission (1925) I worked with a group who were making a road up the canyon-I worked there several weeks.

I remember when I came down one week end, a member of the Bishopric (Andrew Anderson) hinted to me that I should save my money. I knew what he meant, alright, and a little later Bishop Frank Grange asked me to go on a mission. That was two of the best years of my life. I knew After I returned from my mission I was sustained ward chorister. 1926

I kept that position until 1928 until 1934. ~~Not able to remember the name~~ After returning from my mission, I again did some work on the State road, and later worked with Ted Nielson on the crusher.

Bud Nielson operated the cat-a little no. 4 diesel with hydraulic lift. He was called to another job one day, and Ted asked me to drive the cat to push dirt into the crusher. This was rather hard to learn, but that was my job for years, on the crusher, on washouts around the country pushing snow in winter.

In the summer of 1932, a group went up the canyon for a trip and I took Adeline Leonard. We stayed several days at North Hughs Ganyon and really enjoyed the trip. We had a number of such get togethers.

On the night of Dec. 4, 1933, after attending a dance, Adeline & I attended a party in our honor, prepared by Ruth and Wayne Hoss, a seminary teacher here. The following people were present: Mr. & Mrs. Hoss, James A. Nuttall and wife, Christensen & wife. (Music teacher), Coach Don Simmins and wife, Lucy and Kimball Sandberg, Maudie & Benton Moffitt, Nora Starr, Vonda Jones, Morrill and Adrian King.

~~After a fine party we left in my old Buick car for~~ Temple, where

After a fine party we left in my old Buick car for Hanti Temple, where we intended to be married next day. I missed the road at Nephi and headed on south, & we had to go down to Gunnison before getting on the right road. We had to hurry to make it in time, but brother & sister Ulysses S. Grange, who worked there, helped us through. President John Anderson married us and we stayed with the Granges that night.

Adeline worked in E.G. Geary's store and we lived with her folks awhile, then in my old home, May 2, 1934. We started work Adeline quit working in the store June 30, 1934. We started work on our own house in June 1935, poured the foundation and basement cement July 15th.

The Stake President called us into a meeting with them, May 3, 1934 and asked me to be Bishop. I was put in Bishop July 8, 1934 to replace O. Kay Johnson.

At a conference in Cleveland July 15th I was ordained a High Priest, and Bishop by Apostle Charles A. Callis, (my Mission President). I served as Bishop until Nov. 30, 1947. During my service, I had 3 Ward Clerks, nine counselors. My counselors were: Harvey Mills, Lorenz Guymon. (1938) More of this is given in a program given in honor of Perry as Bishop. The program was given in the Huntington Ward, it was called "MIRIS IS OUR LIFE".

After he had served as Bishop from 1934-1947 he was sustained as Stake Clerk in 1948 to 1957. He was also sustained as Stake chorister from July 7th 1958 to 1962. He was also sustained again as Ward chorister, Ward Teacher, High Priest Teacher & Senior Aaronic Priesthood teacher.

He was chosen as teacher in Temple "Project classes with Ronald Knighton, Dec. 1963 & 1964.

All his family of children were blessed and most of them ordained while he was Bishop.

He sang in Idaho Falls and St. George Temples. He also sang in Funerals. He and Adeline sang in Dayle's funeral. (His nephew).

He gave many talks in funerals. Here is a list:

Jan. 2, 1948--Dr. T.C. Hill--Huntington

Mrs. Weston \*Huntington-- Peter Grange --Huntington  
Heber Brockbank Joe Brown  
Edward Gordon "

June 1-1948 Ira Strong  
Aug. 27-1949 Fard Anderson Jack Nielson  
Sept. 1, 1953 Janet Leonard Clayton Johnson

Dec. 30, 1953 Owen Guymon "  
Mar. 28, 1955 Edwin Colby "  
May 20, 1955 Elizabeth Howard Miller Slack  
May 8, 1956 A. Bryan Cox "

Oct. 1, 1956 Almyra McKeel "  
Oct. 5, 1956 Wm. Anderson "  
Oct. 17, 1956 Kate Larson "  
Oct. 23, 1956 Max Fish "

May 1, 1957 Zora Jensen "  
July 3, 1957 Baby of Dione Wards and Potters ---Huntington  
July 11, 1957 Nels Christensen "

Sept. 12, 1957 George Lynn Chidester--in Price  
Oct. 1, 1957 Ole Ray Johnson -----Salt Lake City  
May 6, 1958 Eliza Elizabeth Burgess Gordon--Huntington

July 23, 1958 Antone Nielson --Huntington  
Aug. 24, 1958 Lawrence Leonard "  
Oct. 25, 1958 Ada Jones Guymon "

Nov. 5, 1958 Pator Nielson "  
Nov. 29, 1958 Zedelia Fuote -----Castle Gate  
Dec. 20, 1958 Ralph S. Grange-----Huntington

Dec. 23, 1958 Maggie Anderson "  
Jan. 5, 1959 Jamie Millpack "  
Nov. 29, 1959 Lay McKee "  
May 28, 1960 George Miller  
Sept. 2, 1960 Rhoda Martha Huntington  
Jan. 28, 1961 Merrill Larsen  
Mar. 19, 1962 Anna Staker  
May 31, 1962 Stella L. Fleming

Feb. 9, 1963 Julia Colby Sherman-----Huntington  
 Aug. 14, 1963 Sam Mathie " "  
 June 15, 1964 Rose Gunha Allred " "  
 March 1, 1965 Clair Nielson " "

Here is more on his road work after he was married.

One summer a flood took the road out in Salina Canyon, Ted & Verna, Adeline and I took Gregg and Garth, moved there for a few days, while I filled in and repaired the road.

One winter I had it pretty rough pushing snow-up in Gordon Creek. The snow was 8-10 feet deep in places and the wind blew it back in as fast as I got a trail thru. Before I got that road entirely cleared, I had to move up Price Canyon to open a closed section, then up Willow Creek. Boy, I was glad when that 3 weeks was over.

Then I was made foreman over the roads in this section-Wilbergs to Carbon Co. line, the Elmo loop, the Cleveland loop, the Hlawatha road, and the Huntington Canyon road.

We had only one regular truck and two or three men to help. William Green, Oliver Roper & Max Wish were the main ones. Fenton Moffitt helped some, also Theodore Lehey, & others.

I kept that job for several years, until politics and some falsehoods told by one of my helpers, or maybe two, caused me to be forced. However, in a few days, Erin Leonard learned some of the circumstances and being friendly with one of the Road Commission, cleared the matter and I was hired again.

I only stayed a short time, though, for President Eike and Shirli McArthur came and offered me a job in the office at the church coal mine. I took this job and there I stayed.

Besides the job in the office, I pererged the cat and Patrol in road work or other building. I also operated the triple a few years.

Some trips I made. Went to Arizona in the 1920's, singing with Everett, Shine (Nulon), & Ted.

To Hoab Archesa, Grouse Creek, Idaho Falls (2), California (2), Mexico, New York Pageant, orth West, Hole in the Rock, Mesa Verde, Arizona Temple with Vera and Henry Kartchner.

Claud filed on a 40 acre piece of ground east of town, adjoining Morent Nielson's (Bill Rowley's now) on the north and Frank Grange on the west. After Claude died, the family members signed it over to me, and that was my first property.

Dad owned 20 acres just east of Huntington city- in fact a 2 1/2 rods strip was left out between the two in the original survey, and Dad got the deed to it so he owned most of the outside street from main street to 2nd south street.

He also owned a 40 acre tract just east of Clinta(Morris Guymon now owns it).

Before Dad died he gave this piece to Don and the home to Vesta and I was given the 20 acres at the edge of town, which we call the pasture.

Just after we were married, Albert Guymon sold us his farm (80 acres) along the river east of town and his forest cattle grazing permit of 20 head. To this we added 152 acres just north of it known as the Ottestrom place. This was mostly hills, but gave us an opening to the range on the north of town.

When the Bureau of Land Management was formed and the public land put in their hands, we had to apply for the number of head of grazing permit we wanted on this public domain, so we applied for 25 head.

When in the early 1960's, they began pinching down and with the Forrest Service began to curtail grazing privileges, we sold the permits to Edward Brinkerhoff in 1963, and decided to make more pastures on the farm and keep at home the cattle we could handle.

Sometime before this, I sold to Ralph Grange, the land and water of the lower field for 4 head of purebred hereford cows and some cash.

This place was rather far away to handle and especially during the spring when high waters made it difficult to cross the river to get to it.

From these purebred cows I got quite a number of calves, but didn't spend much time raising for them, & didn't progress much.



Faith Promoting Experiences Of Some Of My Relatives.

My father told me of an incident which happened before the pioneers came to Utah. Grandmother Wakefield saw it happen and related it to him.

After the Prophet had been killed, questions soon arose as to who should be the leader of the Latter-day Saints. They called a meeting to decide these questions.

Of course Sidney Rigdon, being the first counselor to Joseph, thought he should be the one. Oliver Cowdry, being the second counselor, thought the same of himself.

While they were discussing this and the people were trying to decide who to have, the Lord came to the rescue, ~~###~~ as he usually does, and as it came Brigham Young's turn to speak, he being the president of the twelve apostles, the mantle of Joseph fell on him and he looked and spoke just like the Prophet. The people were all shocked and thought Joseph had been raised from the dead. Of course that was a sign to the people that Brigham Young should be their leader.

Here is an Experience of Father's in His Own Words.

"In July 1916 an excursion from Emery County went to the Marti temple. Leaving on the 9th and going up Straight Canyon, we camped at Temple Grove on top of the mountain. It being Saturday night, we stayed over Sunday, holding a general assembly in the grove.

While we were gathered, a great storm arose, thundering and lightning all around us. All started for our tents, but the president, Andrew Anderson, said if we would all sit down and go on with our meeting, the storm would not molest us, but would pass by. This we did and held a meeting for three hours. Even little children were quiet. Many faithful testimonies were borne and many said they heard a choir singing.

The storm passed away and the sun came out. That night we enjoyed an impromptu program around the bon fire.

That morning we went to the temple. Tuesday I began to work for my dead relatives." John Fleming Wakefield.

Lauretta's Testimony

"In 1899 I was taken ill with rheumatism. I could find nothing that would cure me, and I was apparently growing worse every day. I tried everything that any one would recommend, and at last sent for Dr. Pearson. I took medicine from him for about three months, and finally got so I could get around the house, but was still unable to get outside.

When in October the returned missionaries of the stake held a reunion in the meeting house, I began thinking how many times I had been healed through faith and through the blessings of the elders. And I concluded to go to meeting to be administered to. When I got there, there was such a good spirit that I could not leave until I had been anointed.

Just before the meeting closed, I walked up to the stand and told what I wanted. President R. G. Miller called elder Curtis to anoint me with the oil and the elders, about fifteen in all, laid their hands on my head, while John H. Killpack sealed the anointing. I have enjoyed good health ever since.

Through faith we can do many things that can in no other way be done. Through faith many have been healed. Through faith many things have been revealed." - Lauretta Jane Wakefield.