



Miss Ann
Nancy Young

It was in the early summer of 1922
when I first met Nancy Young. I still
get a warm feeling in my heart when
I see I think of her. That first summer
my father rented three rooms of the
house in town from the Youngs. We
knew when school time came in
the fall we'd have to have another
place to live. Part of the right
children, of their living ten, were
still in school. Their two oldest, Alvin
and Mae were married and had
several children each.
Nancy came to town each week
in "Old Angus" their old car, to work
and to shop & clean the two lark
rooms where the boys slept on the
nights they dated. "Oh yes, your Dad
was speaking your mother when I
first knew them. They were a striking couple,
the Youngs were a great family to
know each other about their date.
When I became better acquainted

with eyes and hair,
with her dark eyes and hair,
with blue eyes,
with blue eyes and she with her dark eyes and hair.

did. She avoided talking about
 others, unless it was something good.
 She loved her family very much.
 Anyone who got up first, and early
 enough to make hot biscuits every
 morning, really loves their family!
 as far as I'm concerned.)
 Scaring her family was her
 first concern. ~~she worried~~
 She worried turkeys every year &
 they are hard to raise, but are profitable.
 I can still hear ^{her} down in the orchard
 calling "Taw-wah, Taw-wah" every morn-
 ing when she went to feed & water
 them. She carried gallons of milk
 to make cottage cheese for the
 little turkeys more than once a day.
 The little ones were checked on to
 see if they were laying ^{eggs} in their cracks.
 Little turkeys' ~~worries~~ if they were
 left in their cracks.
 Many meals came to her table
 direct from her garden. Batches of
~~fresh~~ fruits, jams, jellies and
 vegetables ~~were~~ were in her

fruit cellar. She was a hard worker.
She taught her family how
to work and why they should,
and they knew she expected them
to do their share.
Every weekday, eggs from her
hens found their way to the store
for exchange for the staples,
every home needs.
She used to make her own
soap for washing & household
chores.
A large barrel set on the
ditch bank. It was filled with
water, by ^{the} bucket, from the ditch
about every day. This was the
ordinary water for the home. The
young ones found that shore
to be their most of the time.
Sitting in the shade of the trees
was a favorite place to prepare
the garden produce for the table and
for canning.
She knew how to make do
if she didn't have on hand, the

Things are needed. When I went
out to help ^{after had} her make a bed
for me from a regular-sized
bed. ~~to~~ She used boards across
the bedstead, to hold a small ~~of~~

pair of springs. In the night some
thing happened, & the boards let
the springs down to the floor, ~~the~~
leaving me in a hole. In a minute

I heard Nancy say, "Pa! Pa did
you hear that?" I answered her

by saying something had gone
wrong with my bed. She

lighted the lamp (a candle one)
& came to see what was wrong.

I wasn't hurt, but we had a
good laugh before we could

make the bed.

Because her life was not
without sorrow, she learned em-

pathy for others and their troubles.
She had a son-in-law, a daughter-

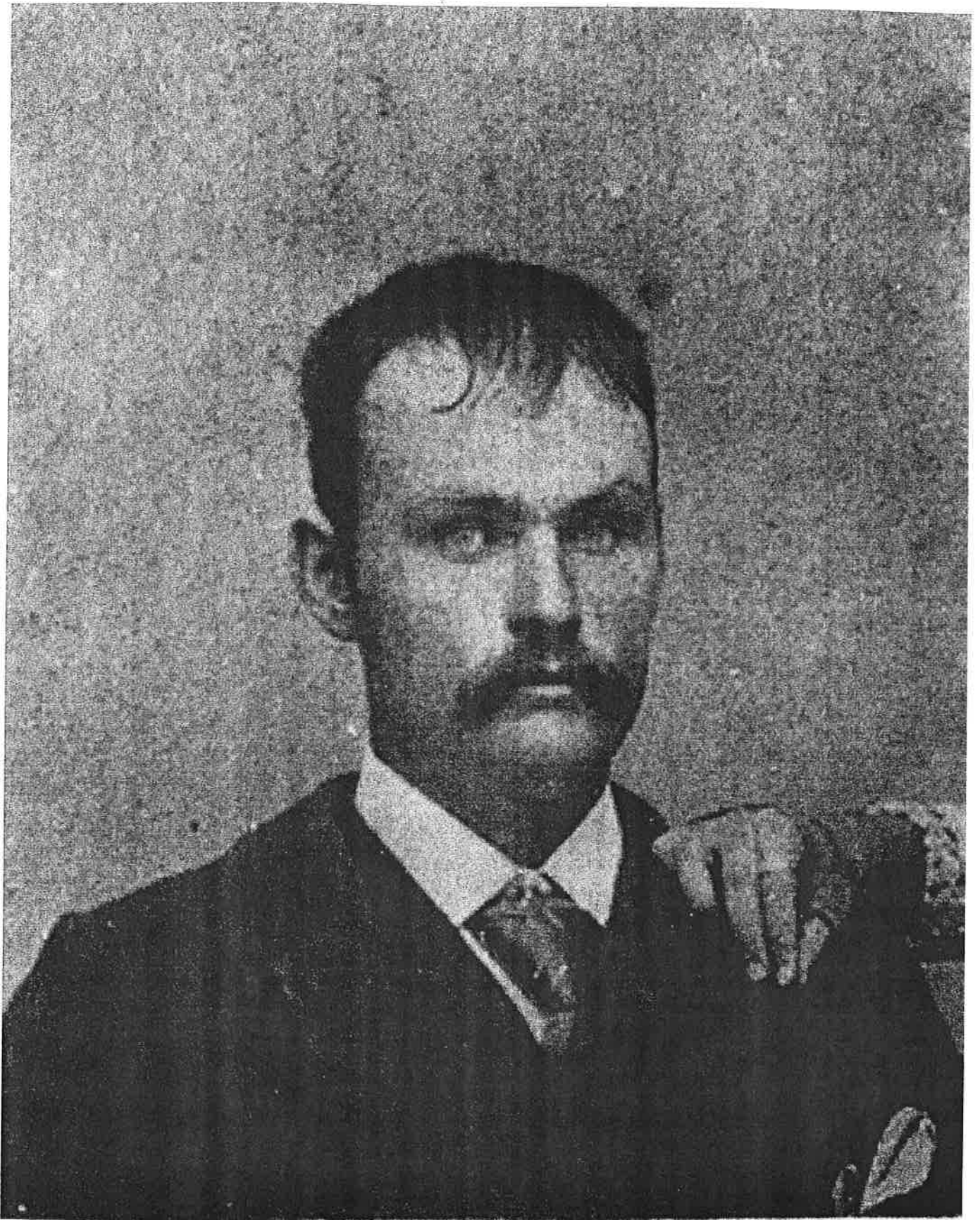
in-law and a son. I don't remember
if she was still in Huntington, when
her oldest son was killed in

tragic automobile accident as my
 because not to long after I was
 married in 1928, Nancy & her
 family got home, moved to Blackfoot
 Idaho.

I never saw her again. When
 she passed away in 1935 I felt
 I had truly lost a very good friend.

Jennie Doetscher Mc Elbrony
 Aug. 1979

HISTORY
OF
FERMA LITTLE YOUNG



Ferra Little Young 1866 1960



Nancy Lewella Green Young 1871-1934

FERRA LITTLE YOUNG

Born 26 Feb 1866 at Santa Clara, Washington, Utah

Died 19 Dec 1960 at Blackfoot, Bingham, Idaho

Married: Nancy Lewella Green on 8 Mar 1889 at Mona, Juab, Utah

She was born 7 Nov 1871 at Mona, Juab, Utah, and died 12 Nov 1934 at Blackfoot, Idaho

Children:

Alvin Little Young	3 Apr 1891	Mona, Juab, Utah
Guy Leroy Young	5 May 1893	Loa, Wayne, Utah
Mae Lewella Young	6 Nov 1894	Huntington, Emery, Utah
Rocky Lyman Young	26 Mar 1897	Huntington, Emery, Utah
Riley Lee Young	6 May 1901	Huntington, Emery, Utah
Clinton "L" Young	27 Nov 1903	Huntington, Emery, Utah
Norman "L" Young	1 May 1906	Huntington, Emery, Utah
Lloyd "L" Young	15 Aug 1908	Huntington, Emery, Utah
Merrill Lamont Young	25 Dec 1911	Huntington, Emery, Utah
Malinda Albina Young	30 Sep 1913	Huntington, Emery, Utah

History:

I was born on the 26th day of February in 1866 in a wagon box on the Santa Clara, Washington County, right on the southeast corner of Utah, just in Utah. It is pretty near in Nevada, and it is pretty near in Arizona. My father was John Ray Young and my Mother was Albina Terry Young. I am the fourth oldest. The oldest one that died was named John, Frank and Sile and then me, then Will, then Roy, then Joe. That is 7. That is all there was---no girls. That is Mother's family. I don't know much about these other families.

We went from the Santa Clara to Saint George. I was only two years old then. We moved to Saint George from there, and then Father went up to Pine Valley. We didn't move or get any home at Pine Valley, but he went up there and worked at Gardner's saw mill. I don't know if it was more than one year or more, but we went to Saint George for the winter.

Pine Valley is in Washington County as near as I know. There weren't any counties when we were in that country. Those counties came in since we came out. It was the Territory of Utah. There was a governor then but I don't know what governor it would be. The history of Utah would give you the name of the governor at that period. You see, Cummings was our first governor after Black, then after Cummings I don't remember who was the governor. We had several governors, but I don't remember them.

I was about 2 or 3 years old when we left the saw mill. We went to Washington when they were building that cotton factory in Saint George. We moved to Washington and Father was

a night boss, kind of a foreman to oversee the factory and William Birch was the head man but Father was under him. Father used to be there nights and part of the night part of the time. He worked there for 2 or 3 years. I wouldn't say, but between 2 maybe 4 years he worked in the factory.

Father built the first rock house there was in Washington. He hauled the rock with an old black one-eyed mare and brindle cow, worked them on a wagon with an old chain harness. It was just a two room house stood north and south. You see there wasn't any lean-tos or anything, just a rock house maybe 10 or 12 feet high. I think there was a kind of a loft in it.

We built on a hill and the factory was down under a hill. They made a reservoir above on the big spring to hold the water. The factory run by water. We went across a bridge to go to the mill. It was a bridge across the mill race and that bridge was built up with dirt quite high like on top of the bridge and the dirt was right steep down to the water. I was there playing one day, and I slipped down this bank into the mill race and caught on the sand guards. Bill Black and old John Taylor hauled me out, and I came to after a while. I wasn't big enough to remember anything that way.

Granddad was the first man that died in Washington. He was sent down there as a kind of a mechanic. He started running looms, weaving cloth and shirts. He came from Rhode Island, where they have those big factories. That was my Grandfather on my mother's side. It was old William Reynolds Terry. He was sent down there to help start that factory. He was the first man that died in Washington, no I believe he died in Saint George. There had been a few children died then I guess before him, but that is what I have always heard since then. I didn't know enough to know, but that is what I have always heard Mother say that he was the first man died there.

Then we moved to Pipe Springs to build a big Indian fort there—a place with portals to shoot through. This is just a square building with the walls 2 or maybe 3 feet thick. There was a spring of water in it. The opening of the windows was 2, 3 or 4 inches wide on the outside and tapered out toward the inside. The old fort is there now just as good as it was when we made it. Father stayed there, and he was the Foreman there. It was built under the Church. It was called Pipe Springs, but they put the Cannon Co-op herd there. The herd run there for years and years, a big herd of cattle maybe 5000 or 6000 head of cattle. John W. Young bought that you know. He and Jim Andrews bought the Cannon Co-op out. Old Jim Andrews got so rich in that country, he run a bank of Saint George, but that was done since we were there.

While we were camped there, we lived in a tent and just some lumber sheds put up there. A brother to this Al Gardner that used to live here—I don't know what his name was—was the first man I ever saw who was traveling and carrying his bed on his back. He came there one night, and we could see him way down the road, and he had a roll of bedding on his back. He stayed there that night and he had the black misery. That fetched that to all of us folks and to his children. Mother tended to him, and he got well. The whole family and the Indians had it. Lots of the Indians died, and they thought that I died with it. They started to Saint George with me and got

out on the Black River and camped the first night. Then they turned around and came home with me.

When we left there, we moved to Kanab. Now I can't remember the years. I would have to follow up to get it down. I think I was about 7 years old when I moved to Kanab. I was big enough to shoot a bow and arrow and play with the Indians. I don't know how long we lived in Kanab. From Kanab we moved to Long Valley and stayed in Long Valley quite a while. Then we moved. Father kept his place in Long Valley, never sold it out, and we moved back to Kanab. They had some little schools in Kanab.

Where we were in Long Valley, there were no schools. He farmed and made a saw mill in Long Valley. He had an old up-and-down saw mill—the first one in Long Valley. He ran that and sawed lumber from that and we used to haul that lumber to Washington. Hauled quite a lot of it for the temple. When we were little boys, Sile and I used to haul lumber down to Saint George. What we would sell, we would sell it for dried fruits and cloth from the factory for factory pay. There wasn't no money. We sold for fruit, dried peaches and grapes and cloth. There would generally be 2 or 3 teams go. George Care used to go and a man named John Engle, but they were working for Father's teams hauling lumber. We used to haul 2 or 3 yoke of oxen on one wagon. It was only a hundred miles, but it would take us more than a month and a half to make the trip. Would go down over Hurricane hill and hitch the two yoke of oxen on the hind end of the wagon to hold back. Just the same as these wagon wheels now. They didn't have bearings on like they do now; they had lynch pins. In the morning when you would start, you would hear them squeak for quite a while until the tar would warm up. The wagons didn't have timbers on like they have now. They would just have a lynch pin in the end, sort of a bore to screw on.

Then after we had lived in Long Valley a while, we moved back to Kanab. They had a kind of a school in Kanab. They had a fellow named Brig Young teach school. He was deaf and the school was just in a big brush bowery. There was no house, just a big brush bowery with posts up and brush woven just like a basket. The roof, of course, was just poles laid across and brush laid on it. You can't make a brush fence. We didn't hold schools in the winter. It didn't amount to nothing. Been just as well if we didn't have any.

Humpy:

We that never had no hay turned our horses and cows out day times and herd them and go up what they called Big Sand Hollow and herd the cows and fetch the cows and the horses. We would turn them when we had horses. There were nearly all oxen.

There was an old Indian we called Humpy. He was humped right over, but he was a good walker. We used to use him those days for a mail carrier. If you wanted to send a letter over to Long Valley, you would get old Humpy and give him a calico shirt and a piece or two or bread and take it to Saint George, and the fellow could write what he wanted and old Humpy would bring it back. He used to be a mail carrier in that country.

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The Indians kill the old ones or go off and leave them. They took old Humpy and led him in a sand holler and left him there so he couldn't get up. He was just buried up in the rock. They left him there to die and took off across the creek into the cedars. I and Ab Brown were herding the cows up in there, and we heard old Humpy moaning and grunting, you know, and we thought it was a bear, of course. We were scared. After a while we took old Bess and followed that noise, and soon we got over to those rocks and there was Humpy in there. We pulled the rocks off from him and got him up. He couldn't stand up, he was so stiff. After a while he could stand up, and he was hungry and thirsty and he wanted water. We didn't have any water, but we had a piece of corn bread and some molasses and some milk, so we gave Humpy the corn bread and bottle of milk.

He ate that and then he said, "Wino, Papooses." Then he got up and he wanted to know where the Indians went. We told him where they put up their camp, and he started down the wash and couldn't keep his legs until he got going a ways and then his legs limbered up and he looked just like an old tarantula going down there. He went over where the Indians were. They were scared. The Indians all broke and run and left the camp. They thought it was a spirit coming back. I don't know where Humpy died. After a few years, he was gone somewhere. I don't know where he died.

United Order:

We moved from there back to Long Valley again. Then we went to what they called the United Order. Father was one of the head men that organized that Order, you know. He kept property in Kanab. I don't know how old I was. I must have been just about 10 years old when we left there and went to the Order. The Order was successful. The Order never failed; the men failed. The United Order couldn't fail if they would work it, but the men can fail. When they went there, they were all poor. All the people went there poor as they could ~~be~~. Never had nothing. I believe it run about 13 or 14 years, and when they quit, they were the most independent people there were in the state of Utah. They made everything they used but sugar and iron. They made their own wagons and brakes and everything. They made cloth, you know, and blacksmith and everything in the blacksmith shops. You fellows don't understand now.

About that time the government disorganized the Mormon Church and took all the tithes and property away from the Mormon Church. When they did that, they were afraid down there and were ignored by the heads of the church at that time. (I don't know whether John Taylor or whether Woodruff was the President, but when Brigham died then the head of the church didn't take much stock in the Order.) When Brigham died, the head of the church didn't back it, and the Order changed their system of working all together. That changed it into a group and then came greed, trouble, dissatisfaction and everything. Then it broke up; that broke it up. So long as they worked in the Order and stayed to the principles of the United Order, they couldn't go broke under that system.

They milked at one dairy about 60 cows and in the other dairy they milked I guess about

50 or 60 cows. They had 30 cows that they kept right down to Orderville and kept them in the stable practically. Then they had a big dairy on Buck Skin Mountain, where they milked 60 or more cows. They just made butter and cheese out there. They would haul that butter and cheese into town in the fall when the weather would get cold. It was 90 maybe 100 miles from the Order out to the dairy on Buck Skin Mountain. That is on the Kanab Reservoir now, you know.

The Order rented a lot of sheep from Cedar City. Father was the boss. He was put in manager of the sheep, and that put us boys right in the sheep herd. We took the sheep way out there on the desert to winter along on the west side of the Buck Skin Mountain, and then went over on the east side to the head of the Paria. That was a piece of country from Bryce Canyon to the head of the Paria. The water that rises in Bryce Canyon, they call that the Paria. It goes in the Colorado River at Lee's Ferry. After one of those old Catholic Monks came through the country away ahead of the Mormons, they named this country after him. Old Escalante and then Paria. It was named after two of those Catholic Monks that came to preach to the Indians long before the Mormons came.

We quit before the Order broke up, withdrew from the Order. When John Taylor told Father (Father was one of the big men in that Order and was one of the directors and a big man in there) that the Church wasn't backing the Order and didn't advocate it, Father pulled out. If the Church didn't want the Order, he didn't want anything to do with it. He withdrew and the Order went on. We were in the Order 6 years and while we were there, I worked in the kitchen, helped them make gravy, made fires, peeled potatoes, carrots and cabbage out of the cellar to cook. We all ate at one big table. The dining room was quite a big building. It had 3 big long tables the full length of it. All the working men and women ate at the first table, and all the old men and children ate at the second table. They all ate together. When the horn would blow, you would go over to the big dining room. It was in the center, and you would all go over there to eat.

All the working men would go to the first table, and then the old men and old women and the children would come to the next table so you would all go to work at the same time. You got a dollar and a half a day for work no matter what you worked at. If you were a blacksmith or a carpenter or anything, you got just the same. You never got no more for knowing a trade; you all worked for the same—\$1.50 per day. You might live there 20 years and you would never see a dollar in money. When you would want a suit of clothes or some shoes, you would go the commissary and tell them you wanted some clothes. They would give them to you and would charge them to you and measure your fit and make you some shoes. They made their shoes, everything, and clothes too. At the end of the year every year, they would have a meeting. All would come to the meeting, and if you had drawn more stuff than you had paid for and if you were in debt, they would forgive you and you were all even. It wasn't a change of money or anything; it was just to keep accounts straight. They didn't change no money. If you were in debt at the end of the year for \$50.00, they would forgive. If you were ahead \$50.00, they would forgive you and take it off, and you would start out square again.

If this Order hadn't quit, they would have owned all this state of Utah and the railroads by

now. They would have owned this country—couldn't help it. They would have owned the mines and owned the railroads and would have owned the western country by now. The principle of the United Order is eternal. If they will work to the principle, you could not break it. We had plenty of help. When a man would want his grain cut, he couldn't get a man in the Order to do a thing unless he was in the Order. They would either join the Order or move away. This idea that a man doesn't depend on the other person is wrong; you have got to have the help of somebody or else you can't live.

I heard Brigham Young say one day standing on the porch of the Lion House with Father and there were a lot more men. Brigham put his hand out that way and said, "There is enough gold in them there hills to line the stores of Jackson County, but we don't want it now." If they would have turned and went into mining when they first came, the Mormon people would have all starved to death. They had to go to agriculture. They had to raise their living. You couldn't buy anything then. You had to go plumb to Missouri, Jackson County, to buy a sack of flour and it took one whole summer. Brigham told them to farm and if they wouldn't, there wouldn't have been any Mormon people here.

When we got those sheep to Cedar City, we went over into the House Rock Valley with them to winter. In the spring we took one herd of them and took them up on the Buck Skin Mountain. I went with the first herd of sheep that ever went on the Buck Skin Mountain. We went to what they called Three Lakes. We moved to Three Lakes when the snow and everything went away, and we stayed with the sheep there. Now that country hasn't got any water in it when it doesn't rain. There are only 4 lakes on that mountain where the water stays and sometimes they dry up. That is a mountain without water when it doesn't rain. We stayed at Three Lakes with the sheep until September.

Picketts:

There is a certain time of the year when all the Indians have a big hunt and all gather together and dance and hunt and have what they call the corn dance and all that. The Indians came out there (there were 3 or 4 tribes—The Piutes, the Papiutes and Pompooses) for a big hunt. There was a young Indian called Picketts, then came the sheep of the Piute tribe and they were ahead of all of them. When they came up there and found us up there with their sheep and ate their grass and spoiled their water, and that made them mad. Picketts' father had been killed by the white men years before that, and he was naturally revengeful. So they wanted to revenge and all the strong men on that mountain had gathered their cattle and took them to Kanab on a big round-up and put them in a big herd and drove them to Zion to sell them or somewhere else away off. All the men left the mountain but there was myself, then John Covington and Frank, my brother, and Charlie Black. Charlie and I were just boys. John Covington was a middle-aged man 50 years or more and Frank was a young man.

The Indians held a counsel, and they decided they would scalp and kill us four fellows and 5 women out there (two women and 3 girls). We were milking a lot of cows there then, so they

moved us up to Crane's Lake to be with the women while the cow punchers were gone on the road to drive the cattle. We moved the sheep up by Crane's Lake (that's where the dairy was) and the Indians were mad because the sheep and cattle were there and ate their grass and everything. Then they put on their war paint and were going to scalp us and kill us.

There was a little girl there May Gugents, that means the daughter of Old Bear. Her mother used to wash for Mother when we were at Pipe Springs and at camp she used to come once a week. This girl May Gugents and Mepuch, her brother, were my playmates for years and were raised together. When these Indians made up their minds they were going to kill us, they went out on a big hunt that day and then that night they would go down and kill us fellows at Crane's Lake and get the sheep and stuff. This little May knew about all this and the night before that, she ran away in the night and to camp 65 miles that day and told the men at camp the Indians were going to kill us fellows out there. (She knows that desert and there was only one place to get a drink.) We never knew anything about it until we got suspicion that the Indians were going to be bad, so the day after May left, we left in the night. Covington said, "We must send for those men to come back; the Indians are mad."

There was an old yellow horse called Yellow Charlie. He was noted all over the South. He was a horse that old Jim Maxwell was shot off. He was the best horse in the South, and we got Charlie Black on old Yellow Charlie, and I took him and went with him to Warm Springs at the foot of Buck Skin Mountain, and then turned him loose for Kanab. He was to go as quickly as he could. When we got within 8 miles of Kanab, he met this crowd of men coming back. The men had all started back, and they met Charlie about 8 miles before he got to town. They came on out, and the Indians went out hunting. They hunted until afternoon and Mepuch, my playmate, was hunting. He shot old Picketts right through his hind quarters and broke one leg right through the hips. When they shot him, that is the only Indian I ever heard tell of in a deer hunt. An Indian came down on a horse and said, "Picketts is shot, and we want you to come and get him." He was talking to Covington. Covington said, "All right, we will hitch up the team on the wagon. Ferra, you will go up and get him."

He was up in the park about 6 miles up to where the Indian camp was, and they were about a mile farther up there and all the squaws and papooses. So I went up there with the team and there was Picketts shot and his mother was there. I told the Indians to cut a lot of green pine limbs to pile in the wagon box and fix them, then laid a blanket in it, then told the Indians to lift Picketts into it. They lifted Picketts into the wagon and his mother got in the wagon with him, then we drove off. I drove him down to the dairy at Crane's Lake just a little way off from the house under a big pine. We put up a tent for him, and his mother stayed with him and doctored him until he got well enough to ride a horse. So when these men came on these horses riding as hard as they could ride, expecting us fellows to be all killed, there we had Picketts the Chief of the Indians down there in a tent taking care of him.

That took all the fight out of them. That settled that part of that. May Gugents didn't come back for quite a while. I guess some of the men let her have a horse. She was scared of the

Indians, afraid they would do something or other. Picketts getting shot settled the whole thing. I don't know whether Picketts is dead yet or not. That woman wasn't dead a while ago. I saw her name in the paper from down at Washington just a year ago. Her name was in the paper there. She is just about my age. Picketts was the Chief of the tribe. Mepuch was about 16 years old at the time this happened.

Philosophy:

In early days we used to count there were 3 things that a man had to do, and if he did that, he was at peace to go and do what he willed. 1. Speak the truth. 2. Don't steal. 3. Pay your honest debts. You were counted a respectable man anywhere. That is all that counted in the West.

Nora's Farewell:

Farewell, mother, be not fearful. I could hear your weeping, feel and see your bosom heave and feel and see those tears of sorrow fall. Do not weep and mourn beyond reason nor make your life a burden. Your child has gone to a port called Heaven, there to wait a little while until you change this mortal for immortal. Then you'll meet your darling and grasp her to your bosom while tears of joy will fall. Then, Nora, you will remember and wonder why you could not fathom what the Savior said while he was on earth, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

February 1882:

That is when we moved away and left the Order. We left there in February 1882. We left Orderville and moved to Rabbit Valley, which is known as Fremont Valley now. We made a canal 9 miles long, Frank, Sile, Dad and I, two Taylor boys, Ed Picket's boy. It waters the town of Lyman now. We worked on that ditch all winter and all summer. Then I started in to riding for cattle for Albert Stevens. We rode on the Henry Mountain, run the cattle on the Henry Mountain, on the Dirty Devil River, on the deserts and 7 miles to a flat at Dan's Meadows. We drove from Fremont Valley through Castle Valley, across the Muddy and across Ferron Creek, across Cottonwood, and across the Huntington River, then I went back. I was with a man by the name of Temson. When he got to Green River, he was killed. It was a quarrel over a critter. There were a few people in Huntington. It was below here 10 miles where we crossed. Just a few ranchers on Cottonwood and some on Ferron. Just good cattle feed. There never was no grass here; there was a brush. There was grass on Buck Horn Flat about 18 inches high, green grass and bunch grass, sand grass. There wasn't as much wheat grass, but the Castle Valley clover (shad scale) was good. This is a brush country. There wasn't much grass here. On the desert the grass was good nearly up to your knees, the sand grass. You could stake a horse with a 40 foot rope, and he would get all he wanted to eat all over the desert them days.

Then I quit Rabbit Valley on an old white horse, started for Montana without a dollar.

When I got to Draper, the horse got a gravel in his foot and was lame and couldn't go, so I stopped there with young Joe and Frank Terry. That was in August. I stayed there until I guess in September. Then I started to work for a man named C. N. Dansie. He went up in Shock Creek and Arrow Creek. Then I went west for winter and went on the west desert with the sheep. Sheep Rock was a Pony Express station at that time. They loaded wool there. It was a place where section hands stayed. Then I went to Raft River to the head (I think it was in October) with a herd of sheep. We went south with those sheep when it snowed. There was lots of trouble those days with the sheep and cattle men in that country. There were 6 sheep herders killed right there that year right along the head of Raft River and over by Point Lookout and in South Basin right there. I saw two of them—a man by the name of Tex and a negro by the name of Gabe. They were killed there.

Then I went out to Newfoundland Mountain. I stayed there all winter. There was no snow all that winter, not a bit. It was a dry winter. It was called the Green Christmas about 1886. Along the last of February, we went 11 days without a drop of water for sheep. All the water we had was what we could pack in our wagon. We went to a little snow bank up on Cockrell Pass. While we were going, we had just given them a quart of water in the morning and in the night, and our horses got away from us while we were on the southeast side of the Grassy Mountains. The horses broke and started down to go to Newfoundland. In the night I heard a bell, the horses going. So I started out after them. The horses had 2 or 3 miles start on me. It was about 4 or 5 miles to the top of the mountain, and it was downhill about 15 miles or more.

When I got to the top of the hill, I could just hear the bell of the horses ahead. I took off all my clothes but my shoes. I had to run 15 miles to head those horses before they got on the desert, else we were all done for, the whole bunch of us. Just as the horses got on to the white desert, I got ahead of them and there I caught the old horse and 4 mules and started back to camp. By that time the sun had come up, and it was pretty warm weather then and I had run about 20 miles. I was choking to death, my tongue swelled and stuck out of my mouth and turned black. I could see rivers and lakes and springs and everything else. I knew that they were false mirages, so I just kept on the road going back.

When I got back to probably 5 miles from the top of Grassy Mountain, there was a canyon runs north. I was going southeast and the canyon came in from the north. In that canyon there was a wagon track cut down in the mud in November when there was some rain in that country. As I rode past that, something said, "Follow that wagon track." A voice just as plain as you can talk today. The wagon didn't go the way I wanted to go, and I knew there was no water up there, but I was getting so I stayed a while. I turned and followed that track. I rode about a mile and a half, and I came to a cedar tree. When I came to that cedar tree, there was a pail of potato peelings and onion peelings where a man had been camped in the fall at the sheep camp. When I rode up there, I got off the horse and dug in there, and there was a big onion about as big as your fist. I got that onion and put on my tongue and that saved my life. I went from there to camp. If I hadn't got back, those 3 men on that desert with the sheep would have died there. I was about 18 years old at that time.

Then we went on up to Cockrell Pass, and there were some snow banks. The sheep laid in the snow and never moved for two days. We fellows had been 11 days without going to bed or taking our shoes off and packed our grub on our backs and water. We had to take the horses to camp. We left the one wagon and all the horses and sent them on ahead 5 days. The horses had to go on to get the water. Three of us came with the two herds of sheep. One packed a 5 gallon pack of water and the grub on his back, and the other tended to the sheep.

We went over to Simpson and came to Government Creek and came up through Salt Lake and up to Bear River for summer. We used to come from there and went through West Valley and through Fort Herriman, through Salt Lake, up Immigration Canyon and over and up Shock Canyon on to the head of Echo Canyon. That is where we used to summer in that country. The next year after that, we did not do the same thing. We went back the same way and into Snake Valley. That was the first sheep herds that ever went to Snake Valley. The next year Snake Valley was held by the cattlemen. They wouldn't allow sheep in there. We went in there one winter and got along all right, and the next year some other men went in, and the cattlemen killed those two Sampson brothers that year.

The day I was 20 years old, I crossed what they call Tooele Flat—known over the range as Bare Ass Flat. It was right straight west of Deseret, and it is where they are having that time with the sheep this year. The water you couldn't drink it or a horse wouldn't drink it or nothing else. You could smell it 5 miles. The water smells of sulphur. It just stinks. I run in that country for 8 or 9 years.

Marriage:

I was married in 1889. I had quit herding sheep; that is, I owned a herd of sheep then and I leased that farm on Cherry Creek. We lived there 3 years, and there is where Alvin was born. He was not born there, but we went over to Mona, where he was born. We lived on the farm 2 years on Cherry Creek. There should be 9 years in there, because I herded sheep on the west desert 9 years.

I met Grandmother (Nancy Lewella Green) at Mona north of Nephi. I ran sheep up on Nebo to summer, and she lived right there is that little town where I used to go down to that town to trade. That's where I got acquainted with her. I didn't court her; I didn't spend no time. When we were going to get married, I had rented that farm out on the west desert, and we were going to have a wedding. It was set for Friday, the 1st of March in 1889. A neighbor (Albert Ecker) lived about 5 miles from me. His brother got killed in Salt Lake in a surrey which caved in and killed Henry Ecker. Albert lived 5 miles from me at the foot of the mountain, and they came down and wanted me to go up and stay with their women while they went to the funeral of this boy killed in the surrey. They had to go horse back, and they agreed they would be back a certain day, and they didn't come. I went up there and stayed with their women and did the chores and these fellows didn't come back until a day late. That left me so that the day I was to be married, I was more than 100 miles out on the desert the day before. They got all ready, everything doing

the dinners ready and the musicians and all the cakes and everything. Old Henry Sperry played for our doings, the old Sperry band. Along just toward night these Ecker brothers came home, then I started to go. I had that night until 10 o'clock Friday morning before the doings would be. The sheep was all gathered and everything. I rode that horse 100 miles. I was there about an hour before they got all ready. I married Nancy Lewella Green at Mona at the home of the bride. Porter Rockwell's ranch was at Government Creek west of Point Lookout.

We just went to Salt Lake in a wagon and then went from there out to the ranch. Mud and snow was about hub deep. We were 2 or 3 days getting across Tinted Valley and over the head of Cherry Creek. Cherry Creek is where we lived for 2 years and Alvin was born. When I took Ma to go to Mona all across Dog Valley and Tinted Valley, the snow was up to the front axle. We were 3 days going across there. We went out the 1st of March, and he was born April 3rd.

I farmed a farm on Cherry Creek that summer. In the last of February and in March, we all got that Spanish flu that went over the country. After they had the war with Spain, there was a Spanish flu went all over across the United States, and there were thousands of people that died with it. Nobody around us, but we all got it. We had 7 sheep herders in one room all lying there with the flu. We went to Salt Lake to get a doctor. They didn't come, but they sent us a nurse out there. We nursed them. This nurse told these fellows they were all going to die. They had this Spanish flu and took pneumonia. We put sheets in a tub of ice water and folded them in strips and wrapped it around them and cured everyone of them—ice cold water. Grandma was over in Mona getting ready for Dad. Those 7 sheep herders were herding for us. I was running about 5,000 head of sheep. I paid them \$30.00 a month to herd sheep on the desert. I bought them for what they were worth \$2.00 or \$2.50 per head.

I walked in one day and sat on the couch. Pretty soon Nancy came over and sat by me, and I took her by the hand and said, "You have stolen my paunch, so I came over to get yours." "No, you mean your heart." "Well, some of them small guts down there."

Guy was born in Rabbit Valley about 2-1/2 years after Alvin was born. We moved from Cherry Creek in 1892 to Rabbit Valley. I farmed in Rabbit Valley. I went to Rabbit Valley without sheep and farmed there for about 1 year and then moved over to Huntington. Sile, my brother, brought my sheep over here and sold them to Chris and Anton Nielson. Then Mae was born in November. We moved here about 55 years ago now. Mae is 55 years old. I farmed in this country, run thrashing machine, run sheep and bought sheep. I had about 5,000 head of sheep here in Huntington at one time. I had about 120 to 150 head of cattle. Rock, Riley, Clint, Norman, Lloyd, Merrill and Lynn were all born in Huntington.

Durango:

That happened in 1897 about 2 years after we came here. I started about the first part of June to go to Durango with 30 head of wild horses and a 6 horse team on a drill wagon loaded

with flour. I and my brother Joe went with me, just the two of us. We pulled from here down into the Buck Horn flat. That night there came the dammdest storm I ever saw. I never saw anything to equal it. Every gulch in Buck Horn flat was full of water turds, and water lizards was just as thick over that flat as they are in any swamp down to Joe's town on the Sevier River. You could have scooped the turds up with a scoop shovel. Now that's something you never heard of or never seen. Had to night herd the horses that night over the top of the mountain. You could stick your finger in your eye and couldn't see it. All you could see was when the lightning flashed.

In the morning we went on. The road was muddy and drove that day over to the big holes and there we camped. The big holes was plumb full of water 10 or 15 feet deep, so we ran the horses up in by the water hole to hold them all night and put our lasso across the mouth of the gap and put some quilts on it. We had a wild mare we were afraid would run away and not come back. I was setting on an old horse called Johnny, and Joe threw the lasso from the ledge onto the mare. The horse just ran through the water and around the horses. I wrapped the rope around the horn of the saddle, and the mare ran around the outside of the horses. The whole bunch of horses just surged on that rope and just picked Johnny up, and he landed out in the middle of the pond. The old horse's head went under, and he ran his front reins through the bridal reins. That held his head under the water, and he drowned.

I was holding the horn of the saddle, bobbing up and down like a cork, my head under the water most of the time and until the horses broke together out of the mouth of the pond. Then I got out. Joe came down, and we pulled the old horse out of there and left him with his head downhill so that the water could run out of him, and took the saddle off. The wild horses broke out of the corral and started back home across the Buck Horn flat. It took Joe and I all night, the sun was about 2 hours high when we got those horses back to our camp in the morning. When we got back, old Johnny was standing up at the edge of the pond. The water had run out of him, and he had come to from the drowning.

So we went on over to Cottonwood and went down across alkali and camped right where the railroad comes out of Green River, and we run the horses against the railroad to hold them. I stayed there to watch them all night. I guarded them on a horse. About 4 o'clock in the morning a train came. When they came through that cut, they whistled, and the horses broke and ran for Cottonwood wash. We never headed them for 20 miles. We were all day getting them back down and across the railroad and into the stock yards at Green River that night. Then we made arrangements with Farrell brothers to ferry us across the river. Gave them \$30.00. When we got the horses down to the ferry port and ready to load, old Tom Farrell came down and wouldn't let his brother taken them across for \$30.00. They wanted \$60.00 and they quarreled. I told them they better settle it with a fight, then we would know which one of them was boss.

But they stuck for \$60.00, and I wouldn't give it to them. So I changed my wagon boxes onto the running gears and drove the wild horses into the river and let them go across. We stuck the 3 span on the drill wagon. I rode the off leader with a willow, and Joe sat on the wagon and

drove the others. I put the biggest horse in the team on lead, and the water just ran over his back and we crossed all right. When we got across, it was way in the afternoon. We had been 2 nights without any sleep at all, and the horses were picking on the salt grass in the bend. We laid down on a quilt in the shade of a cottonwood and went to sleep. When we woke up a little before sundown, the horses were gone. So we struck out to find them. Joe went up the river, and I went out on the east bench, couldn't find no track of them nor nothing. When Joe got up the river about 10 miles, he stopped at an old ranch and asked a fellow if he had seen any horses. He said "No" but he heard a bell go past going up the river. So Joe asked him what he would charge to go and get them horses. He said he would get them for 200 lbs. of flour. So Joe told him all right, and he struck out after the horses. They got up the river 40 miles. He never fetched them back until the next day about noon. We paid him his flour and took the horses and started on for Moab.

We drove them that day until about midday. We got out pretty near to Court House Wash, and the grass was good. We thought the horses were so tired they would stop and feed, and we drove them about 2 miles down ahead of us and came back to camp, got supper and went to bed. In the morning we got up early, went out and couldn't find the horses, just about sun-up. With a pair of spy glasses, we could see those horses going home on a big trot. They were nearly down to Green River. So I took the best horse we had and went after them. Joe went on over the Court House. I got the horses just as they got to Green River about 4 miles below the town. I started back with them along about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. I had got to Court House with them, so we stopped there a while and camped. We thought we would wait until night and then instead of night herding, we would drive them on down to Green River.

Just as we got ready to start with them, it commenced to rain, and it rained so hard we couldn't see to drive nor nothing and there came a big flood in Court House gulch 10 feet high anyway. So we decided we would camp. We had a gray mare that would follow the horses, so we got her, put my saddle on her, put a hackimore on her, and I got on her and turned her loose to follow the horses so that when morning came, I would be with the horses no matter where they were. The horses went feeding around for an hour or so when the wind commenced to blow a little, and this storm came on like a regular hurricane. The lightning flashed and the thunder crashed so loud it scared the horses and they bolted to run. The mare bolted to run, and they ran off from a bank 15 feet high. They threw me up the wash and when the mare got up, I never saw her no more. That left me on foot. The horses bolted up onto a ridge, and I got up there ahead of them on the ridge, and they went down the ridge and there was a ledge in there below so they couldn't go below. They were cornered so I thought I would hold them until morning.

It kept raining and was dark as pitch. While I was standing there humped up with the rain pelting me, all at once I felt something kind of warm on my face and a big jackass had come walking up in the wet growth and came up against me, and he just opened his mouth and brayed. When he brayed, the horses came up past me as fast as they could run and went off the hill and bolted into the flood and swam it and went up 500 yards above and swam the flood again. I yelled to the man at the Court House camp to head them. He ran out with his lantern, but he just

got there in time to see the last one get across. So I went on up the country. I came in ahead of them on the Court House wash and waited until daylight. When daylight came, I had the horses right below me. I got between this mare with the saddle on and the horses and got her and took the horses back to camp. By then the flood had gone down. That was one of the hardest trips I ever had in my life.

We got the horses back down to camp. In the morning there was a tramp (transient) at the Court House mail station. He wanted to go to Colorado with me. He said if I would let him go, he would help me along the road. So I took him. That had been now about 5 nights that I had never been to sleep yet. So we took that old horse Johnny that drowned in the pond and put the saddle on him. I didn't know if he wasn't a horse thief. We started him down the road with the 30 head of horses, and we hitched the 6 horses on the drill wagon. Joe drove them and I crawled back under the wagon cover and went to sleep. That fellow drove the horses right down the canyon. It is sandy down there, and the loose horses went faster than the wagon. When we came to the river, he never stopped, he just drove right in. When the horses hit the current, they turned down stream and went right down into a big eddy. Joe says, there goes my saddle and bridle. I don't give a damn for the S.B. on the horse. He's gone, too. He was going down the river with his head stuck out and the horse's nose. They went around 3 times, right around in the eddy, and the hold of the eddy through them farther out until they struck the sand back, then they went down stream and came out on the bank.

When we got across, we rented pasture there and stayed 3 days to break those horses to lead. They all had to be broke to lead. After breakfast that transient man we had with us wanted to know if I would give him part of a sack of salt. I said Yes, you can have all you want. He took that salt and put it in a glass jar and put some red paint in it and shook it up and then took out a big spoonful in a tub and mashed it in paper. When he got that wrapped, he went to town and came back with \$300.00. He had sold it for a mixture to keep the lamps from exploding. That was in Moab.

Then we started out from there with those horses. I don't know how many head we had—20 head I guess. We had them tied behind the wagons, and the other horses tied to their tails until we had them all leading in a caravan along the road. That's the way we went until we went up through Dry Valley. After leaving Moab and going out that way, we went up through there and camped there and turned the horses out to range. In the morning we gathered them up and started on. That day we were driving the horses. My brother Joe was with me. We were riding a gray mare, and he had his leg up over the horn on the saddle riding sideways, and he was talking to me. I was back driving a 6 horse team. This mare was going along the road. She was a clumsy thing and stumbled and fell down. Joe fell off and when he fell off, his spurs that he had on his foot had those curled shank, and the curled shank caught on the lasso on the saddle, and Joe hung by that one leg up to the horn's saddle. The mare got up and commenced to run and kick. Joe just caught her right around the thigh and just drew himself right up against her so she couldn't kick him. She was just going running and kicking and bucking. I took a horse out of the team, grabbed a 30-30 and took after Joe, trying to shoot that mare. I daresn't shoot for fear I

would shoot Joe. We were going up the flat and then his boot came off and that let him loose. That's the end to that scene.

It was quite a lively time. After we stopped, of course, we got the mare back. Then you'll see what comes of her. After that we put that mare on the harness and hitched her on the wagon. I worked her on swing. She was no account just like old Jenkin. When I got over close to Mancos, a man came driving along, an old man with a white beard and light wagon. He was traveling west and I was going east. When he passed me, he went on down the road 1/4 of a mile and followed right back behind me and turned to the side of the road and drove off and said to me, "Young man, do you want to trade that gray mare for this sorrel horse?"

I just replied, "If you leave the collar on your horse and I'll leave the collar on the mare, it's a trade." So I unhitched the mare and lead the horse and hitched him up and climbed up on the wagon. I was just getting ready to start, and the old man said to me, "Young man, that's a damn good horse, but he's got the heaves." I said, "Well, old man, that's a damned good mare, and the man that can drive her without getting the heaves is a damned good man."

We camped just out of a town there at Mancos, Colorado, turned the horses out and waited I think 12 days until Joe Whitney came. I was turning those horses to Joe Whitney for that farm down here below Lawrence. Whitney was to meet me there at a certain time. When I got down there, they didn't come, and I had to stay there waiting for them to come. Then I let them have the horses and one wagon, and I kept the light wagon to come home with.

Coming back home, when we got to Alkali Creek, I alkalied one of my white mares old Jake and got back to Moab, the mare was give out. She wouldn't go, so I traded her to a fellow in Moab for an old bony kind of a long necked old horse and started out of Moab to come home, went down the Green River. We started across Green River, I had the team that I was working, and we had 2 ponies tied behind the wagon. Old Ed Wakefield came from Moab, and he was coming up to Huntington. We started across Green River with this old horse, and we couldn't move him. Water was just running up over the wagon box, just running over he horse's back, and we couldn't get the horse to go. There was I and Joe and Hod Wakefield in the wagon, and the wagon was settling down in the quicksand. You could just feel the wagon going down. Alf Young lived on the west side of Green River. He could see what was the matter. Well, he had a big black horse, and he threw a harness on him, came over to the river and hollered to us to get that horse out of the road. He was hitched on the tongue. They tied a rope around me, and I got out on the tongue, cut the tugs and cut the horse loose. When we let him go, he just floated out on the river. Alf Young came in, and I hooked his tugs and he pulled us out of the river.

Then we got across Moab and came on towards home. We came to Green River, then on up to the big holes and camped at the big holes. In the morning in the big holes, Hod and Joe said they would follow that old railroad track and come on home afoot, and I would go on down around the road with the team. When I got to the Buck Horn reservoir, I was ahead of them. They didn't make it across the grade as fast as I had made it down around. When they got there,

we stopped and had supper and came up here and got up here about 12 or 1 o'clock in the night of July 23rd. I can't remember the year.

Lou Marshall and his brothers run a brick kiln just south of the Lou Marshall farm. When they burnt, they just run together and melted and made them yellow brick like the brick that was in old Chris Johnson's and Rube Gordon's houses ricked right out there by a clump of trees. Anton Nielson came out there, and they wanted to get those brick to finish the Relief Society building. I said, "I haven't got a thing to say about this; ask my wife." She gave them that brick to make the last six feet all around the old Relief Society building in Huntington. We were going to line the house with adobes, but she gave the brick away. That's why she never got the house out on the ranch.

I owned a part interest in a threshing machine in Lawrence with Andrew Birch, Bob Hill and old Bert Reynolds. "Red River Special" John Wilson owned in on it. Then after that I bought into that steamer thresher the Geary machine. The first machine was horse power that went round and round, and the next was a steamer.

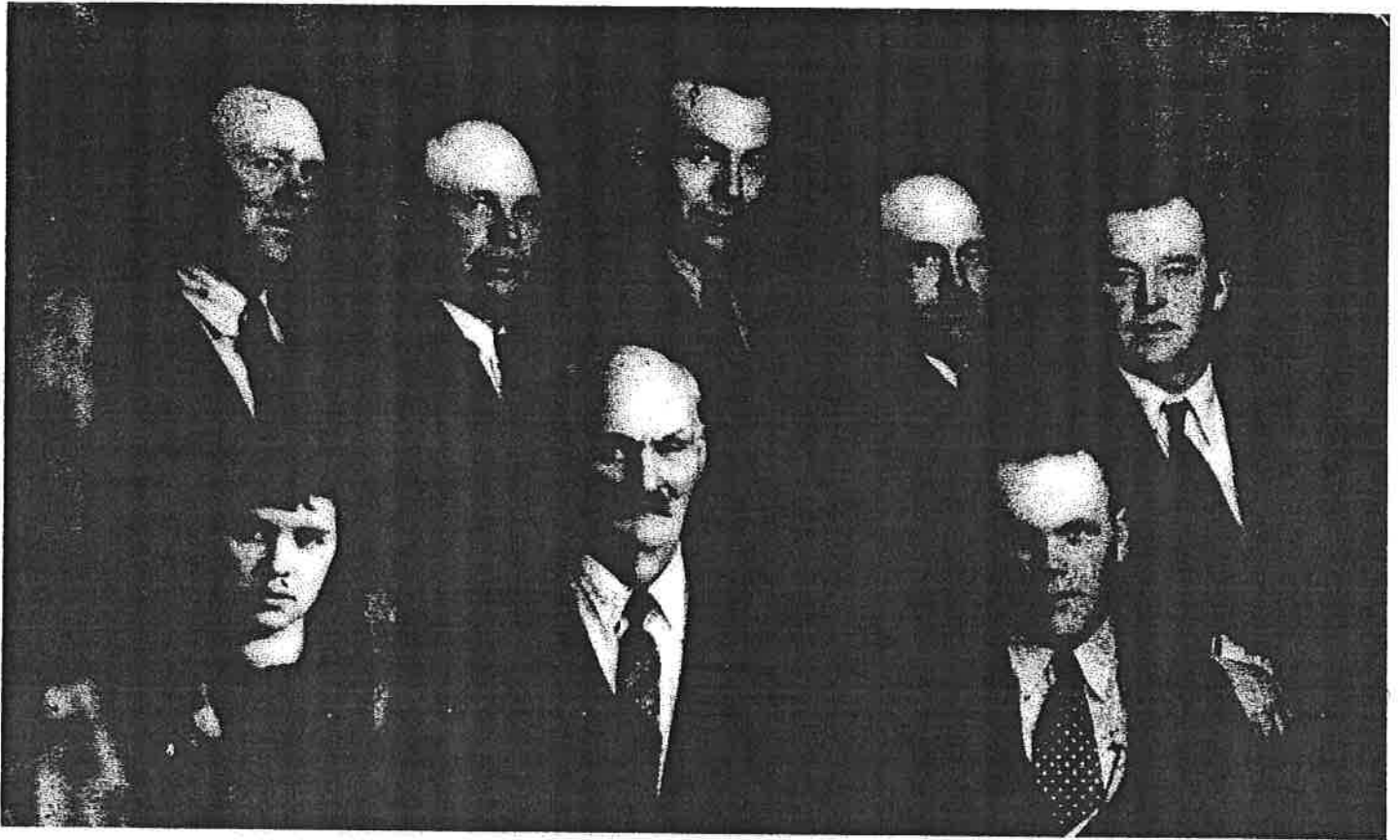
I purchased a French coach stud stallion from Matt Warner. He cost \$3300.00 in McLaughlin, Ohio. That was the first note that Alvin signed to make it legal. Dark bay, beautiful horse, traveler. He was mean to kick, and we couldn't work him, but we finally used him and put him in a cart. Frank Sherman trained him and used him more than any of us.

About the old John Taylor place. I homesteaded 160 acres from the house right down the flat. It didn't extend to Deadman's Hill. I bought all that land adjoining it. It came up for sale at 25 cents per acre. I bought that first piece in there of John Taylor that Ace Palmer formerly owned. Alvin lived there shortly after he was married, then Rock lived there for a while. I bought that property where Guy lived from Jack Moran. The other land surrounding this area we bought from the State, a total of 240 acres.

I built the road in Rildy Canyon. I built the road in Crandall Canyon when it was flooded out one time. I built the road up Cedar Creek after it was flooded out. I got the telephone poles that go from Washboard Flat to Rock Canyon. I got 35 cents apiece from the telephone poles. Rock Canyon is the other side of Castle Dale, just this side of Clawson.

Tie Fork was opened up one of the first canyons in here. They got ties out of there for the railroad when it went through Price. I think Bill South and Oscar Wood and Bob Hill, I believe, are all the fellows that opened that fork, but I don't know. It was opened when I came.

(This history was dictated by Ferra Little Young to LaRean Carr Young (Paul L. Young's wife) in the year 1949 at the homes of Alvin Young and Mae Klecker in Huntington, Utah. LaRean took this down in shorthand and later transcribed it. Granddad Ferra read this history and made a few corrections. LaRean eliminated the Dod-dams and by-Dods from the text.)



*Alvin Guy Riley Clinton Rock
Malinda Ferra Lloyd*

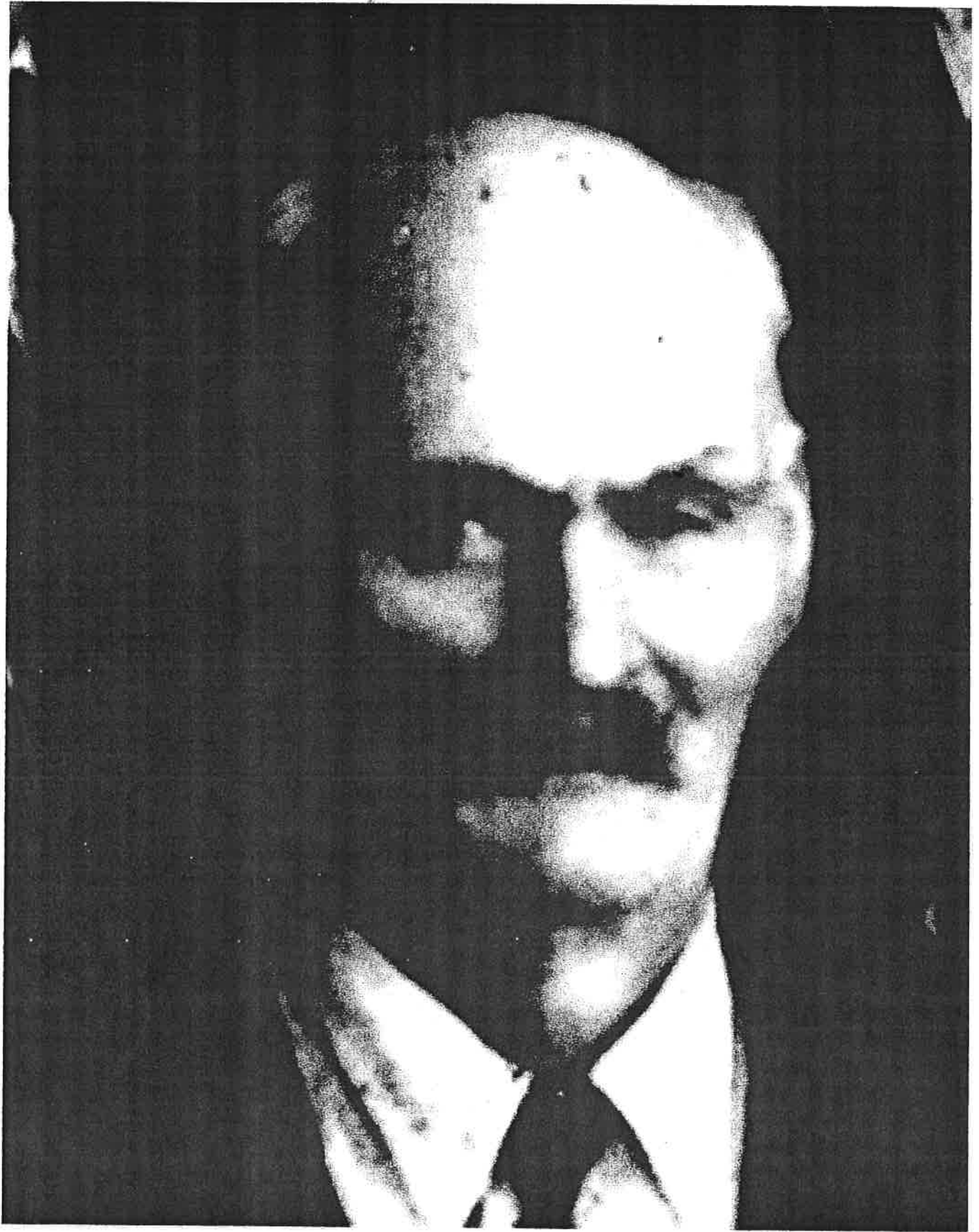


Front Row L to R Linnie Ferra Ruth
Back Row Clint Lloyd Riley Rock

YOUNG



JOSEPH - SILAS - FRANK - FERRA
YOUNG



Ferra L Young

155 East Karen Young (287-9036)
First Solity Huntington, W.V.

THE ABOVE INFORMATION IS TO BE USED FOR THE PURPOSES OF THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

FUNERAL SERVICES FOR BROTHER FERRA LITTLE YOUNG

Prelude music by Marie Cowley

Bishop Reed Brasher conducting-----

My brothers and sisters, we have met here at this time to pay our last respects to one of our dear brothers, who has been called home. The program will proceed as follows:

Opening Song, "Oh, My Father"--Sister Emma Reynolds

Opening Prayer---Bevan Young

Tribute---Mary Brown

Remarks---Delbert Lott

Duet, "Beyond the Sunset"---Adeline and Perry Wakefield

Remarks---Pierce Wilson

Closing Song, "Going Home"---Errol Litster

Closing Prayer---Bishop Seeley

Song, "Oh, My Father"--Emma Reynolds

Prayer---Bevan Young

Our Father in Heaven, we a few of thy children assemble before thee this morning to pay our last respects to Brother Ferra L. Young. While we are thus assembled we pray that thy spirit will be with us. We are, indeed, grateful for the many contributions that this man has given us. We are thankful for his honesty, his integrity, and most of all, his ability of helping his fellowmen. Also, at this time we pray that thy spirit might be with his family and close associates, that their hearts might be lightened, that they might realize that this is just another step that is necessary to complete on the road to exaltation.

We ask thy blessings upon those who take part this day that they may have thy spirit to guide and direct them. We pray that the things we say and do here this day might be in accordance with thy holy mind and will. Now we dedicate this service unto thee, in Jesus' name, Amen.

Tribute---Mary Brown

My dear brothers and sisters, I feel deeply honored this morning to be asked by the family to pay tribute to brother Ferra L. Young. I can remember the family as far back as I can remember any one, because we were close neighbors to them, just through the fence.

In paying this tribute I should also like to include the family and sister Young, whom I loved very dearly. She was one of the most wonderful women I ever knew. I can remember

her coming every morning over to our house just for a few minutes before beginning the day's work. Our whole day was made better through her running over. She had such a jovial happy laugh that we all enjoyed seeing her come.

I can remember Brother Young, but being a girl, I remember Sister Young a little better. I esteem this family very highly for they were always doing wonderful things for the church and otherwise.

I can remember Brother Young as a very good neighbor, welcome to anything that he had. I remember him as a kind father, sincere and gentle, never raising his voice to scold his children. Brother Young was always ready to help anyone in need. I remember some of the things he did and I thought at that time that he was following the second great commandment, "Love thy Neighbor as Thyself."

He loved his family and friends greatly and has taken care of them in many ways even to the extent of borrowing money to help them. I know that he loved his fellow men. I have a little poem that I would like to read in conclusion that was written by Edgar A. Guest, "Old Friends".

I do not say new friends are not considerate and true,
Or that their smiles ain't genuine, but still I'm tellin' you
That when a fellow's heart is crushed and achin' with the pain,
And teardrops come a-splashin' down his cheeks like summer rain,
Becoz his grief an' loneliness are more than he can bear,
Somehow it's only old friends, then, that really seem to care,
The friends who've stuck through thick an' thin,
Who've known you, good an' bad,
Your faults an' virtues, an' have seen the struggles you have had
Wael they come to you gentle-like an' take your hand an' say:
"Cheer up! we're with you still," it counts, for that's the
old friends' way.

The new friends may be fond of you for what you are to-day;
They've only known you rich, perhaps, an' only seen you gay;
You can't tell what's attracted them; your station may appeal;
Perhaps they smile on you because you're doin' something real;
But old friends who have seen you fail, an' also seen you win,
Who've loved you either up or down, stuck to you, thick or thin,
Who knew you as a budding youth, an' watched you start to climb,
Through zeal an' woe, still friends of yours an' constant all
the time,
When trouble comes an' things go wrong, I don't care what you say,
They are the friends you'll turn to, for you want the old
friends' way.

The new friends may be richer, an' more stylish, too; but when
your heart is achin' an' you think your sun won't shine again,
Its not the riches of new friends you want, It's not their style,
Its not the airs of grandeur then, it's just the old friend's smile

The old hand that has helped before, stretched out more to you,
The old words ringin' in your ears, so sweet an' Oh, so true!
The tenderness of folks who know just what your sorrow means,
These are the things on which, somehow, your spirit always leans
When grief is poundin' at your breast--the new friends disappear
An' to the old one tried an' true, you turn for aid an' cheer.

I feel that this family fits this poem very well as they are old friends and I love them very dearly, and I hope that we will always be friends. I ask God's blessings to be with them always, and I say this in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.
Remarks--Delbert Lott

My brothers and sisters and friends, this is a tight spot for me. In more than one way, I could be one of them on the front seat, for I, too, have lost a dear friend and neighbor, with this man's passing on. I will not attempt to do this man justice, just make mention of a few points that I remember. I am going to read my talk or I would possibly forget most of it, so may you bear with me for a short time.

One of Ferri's earliest undertakings was the sheep business. We worked for the same camp for a number of years and at the end of those years, the boss set him up with a herd of sheep and a complete outfit. But changes came about and he lost out in the sheep business. Not long after that he moved into this valley and started out on what is now Alvin's ranch. This was a major undertaking, but he went forth and made a success of it.

The next thing was the mill. He took hold of that lost piece of land and brought it up from its run down condition. However, Ferri decided that he could make out better in Idaho than to attend to the swampy condition of the land, so they bought a ranch in Idaho, a much better farming state than Utah, but they were to meet up with some difficulties there, for sickness came into the home and he lost his wife and a son.

When he found he was no longer able to harness old Maud and Langthy, he sold the ranch and retired. He has outlived many of his relatives, and I know that they are all rejoicing on that golden shore today.

One year I was having very serious trouble trying to get the baler to push out the bales. Ferri came down to his

fence, and I told him my trouble. So he adjusted it, doing up a few bolts and screws. We then tried it, but when the bales came out the wrong size, we knew we had to do just the opposite. With a little more adjusting, we soon had the machine running perfectly.

He and my family were neighbors with each other for 20 years. At this time we were raising our families and sometimes we were in need of help like a sack of flour or a few sacks of grain. Ferrra never hesitated.

Ferrri had many peculiar qualities. He used to say that the only way to get along in the world was to love everyone.

They have asked me to read a poem that Ferrra liked very much and which portrays his life very closely.

THE MAN WHO COULDN'T SAVE

He spent what he made, or he gave it away,
Tried to save money, and would for a day,
Started a bank-account time an' again,
Got a hundred or so for a nest egg, an' then
Some fellow that needed it more than he did,
Who was down on his luck, with a sick wife or kid,
Came along an' he wasted no time till he went
An' drew out the coin that for saving was meant.

They say he died poor, and I guess that is so;
To pile up a fortune he hadn't a show;
He worked all the time and good money he made,
Was known as an excellent man at his trade,
But he saw too much, heard too much, felt too much here
To save anything by the end of the year,
An' the shabbiest wreck the Lord ever let live
Could get money from him if he had it to give.

I've seen him slip dimes to the bums on the street
Who told him they hungered for something to eat,
An' though I remarked they were going for drink
He'd say: "Mebbe so. But I'd just hate to think
That fellow was hungry an' I'd passed him by;
I'd rather be fooled twenty times by a lie
Than wonder if one of 'em I wouldn't feed
Had told me the truth an' was really in need."

Never stinted his family out of a thing;
They had everything that his money could bring;
Said he'd rather be broke and just know they were glad,
Than rich, with them pining an' wishing they had
Some of the pleasures his money would buy;
Said he never could look a bank book in the eye
If he knew it had grown on the pleasures and joys

That he'd robbed from his wife and his girls and his boys.

Queer sort of notion he had, I confess,
Yet many a rich man on earth is mourned less,
All who had known him came back to his side
To honor his name on the day that he died.
Didn't leave much in the bank, it is true,
But did leave a fortune in people who knew
That big heart of him, an' I'm willing to swear
That to-day he is one of the richest up there.

And now let me say thanks to heaven that we never miss the water until the well runs dry. I want to say to you good folks that we will miss Ferri very much. May God guide and comfort your heart at this time, I pray in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Song--Adeline and Perry Wakefield--"Beyond the Sunset"

Remarks--Pierce Wilson

My brothers and sisters, I am thankful for this privilege the family has given me of speaking at Brother Ferra's service. I hope the prayer that was offered will be answered in my behalf. I regard brother Ferra as a wonderful husband, a wonderful father, and a wonderful grandfather. As you look over the audience today you look at the wonderful posterity that he has left behind. Brother Ferra has been like a second father to me. He has always taught me to know the good. He lived for his family and loved them. I have seen him night and day in the fall of the year feeding his thrashing machine, doing things many friends and neighbors were not able to do. I know that he lived for charity, for he talked to me of it just the other day.

We were down to Desert Lake country for 30 days. I know that he had \$700 in the bank. A man owed him some money, but couldn't pay so Ferra used that \$700 to outfit us on the trip.

Whenever he said that he would be at a certain place at a certain time, he would be there. I know we have worked late into the night to finish a job so that he could be at that place the next day. I know that he used to hitch up his team

and go out to the neighbors delivering supplies to those who were in need, enabling them to take care of themselves. He taught me the wonderful word of "thanks". Brothers and Sisters, this is the hardest job that I have had---trying to say a few words at this service.

For two years straight he and I went about the valley helping to get the crops in, and I'm telling you in order to get the next place on time, we surely had to hustle. Upon arriving at a place when the men were not around, we went ahead with the help of the women and children until they came back.

I was with him in good times and in bad times, and I never heard him complain. I am thankful to have known Brother Young. I was with him last week just before he died. I spent 1½ hours with him. We talked about a lot of things but our conversation centered on charity.

For several years, He and I worked together in the Hiawatha mine before he moved to Idaho. I know that he must have done just as well there as he did here. When he came down from Idaho he came to see my wife and I. He always loved her breadcrusts and milk, and that was what he always asked for. I know, brothers and sisters, that he loved the people in Idaho just as much as he loved us here. He would talk about them often.

I am indeed grateful for what he did for me. I ask that our Father in Heaven bless this wonderful family. I pray that on this trip to Idaho that no sickness or accident will befall them and I pray that they will so live that they will meet again. I do this all in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Bishop Reed Brasher

Many wonderful things have been said about this good man. Death opens the gate to immortality. Surely, we all know that we must pass from this life as Brother Young has, but it is a comfort to each of us to know that we will be resurrected. We are a blessed people to know that we will again be reunited with our friends and loved ones and family in the great hereafter. Joseph Smith has said, "If one could but look into heaven for

five minutes, he would know far more than has ever been revealed on this earth." Brother Young lived a good full life--a long useful life.

I think the only difference between those who die young and those who die old is that the young ones do not have to suffer the toil and strife of this world; and yet they do not have the opportunity of partaking of the good things.

We believe that we will take with us from this life only what we give to others. I think a great deal of this man and I am sure that at this time he is very well off.

In 1933 I and a group of young men from here wandered up in Idaho. At that time many young people came to the home of those good people. They were all welcomed. I was cold and hungry and they took me in and care for me as if I was their own son. Many inquired of him how come so many young people came to him. He said that we were all his boys.

I have know this family quite well. Brother Merrill was a schoolmate of mine. We spent a lot of time together in our younger years. I haven't heard much of him since that time.

In behalf of the family here today, I should like to thank everyone who has helped: Sister Marie at the organ, and all others who have taken part in bringing comfort to the family on this occasion.

The closing song will be sung by Brother Errol Litster, "Going Home." Bishop Seeley will offer the closing prayer.

I would like to mention that the pall bearers were grandsons of Brother Young; also his two great grandsons: Billy Gordon and Bobby Mathie.

Closing Song--"Going Home", Errol Litster

Closing Prayer--Bishop Drannan Seeley

Our Father in Heaven, as we come to the close of the service for Brother Ferra L. Young, we are grateful for this wonderful spirit that has been with us here in this service. We are thankful for the words of comfort and advice, for the beautiful songs and the wonderful music and all the other many beautiful circumstances attending this service.

Father, we are thankful for the life of this good man.

Brother Ferri was one of the last links we have with the pioneer fathers. As we go about our lives of comfort and convenience, let us not forget such men as this, that have sacrificed and built that we might have peace and plenty. We appreciate the family of this good man, each and everyone of them. We love them as friends and neighbors. We shall always cherish them. Bless them Father, that they may know and understand that this can be made easy for them. We ask thy blessings, Father, to be with the burial party as they go to Blackfoot, Idaho, that peace and comfort may attend them, that nothing evil or that no harm or accident may mar the beauty of this occasion. We ask thee now to dismiss us with thy blessings and to be with us at all times, that we may honor thee and keep thy commandments. These blessings we ask in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

FAMILY PORTRAIT

HUSBAND



Birth _____ Perra Little Young
 26 February 1866
 Place _____ Santa Clara, Utah
 Chr. _____ March 1866
 Married _____ 8 March 1889
 Place _____ Mona, Juab Co., Utah
 Death _____ 19 December 1960
 Buried _____ 22 Dec. 1960 Blackfoot
 Father _____ John Kay Young, Ida.
 Mother _____ Alaina Terry
 Other Wives _____
 (if any) _____



WIFE



Birth _____ Nancy Lewella
 7 November 1871
 Place _____ Mona, Juab Co., Utah
 Chr. _____ December 1871
 Death _____ 12 November 1931
 Buried _____ 14 Nov. Blackfoot Ida.
 Father _____ John Green
 Mother _____ Sarah Kalinda Alexander
 Other Hus. _____
 (if any) _____
 Where was information obtained? _____ Family Record
 *List complete maiden names for all females.



1st Child
 Birth _____ Alvin Little Young
 4 April 1891
 Place _____ Mona, Juab Co., Utah
 Married to _____ Margaret Ellen Johnson
 1 October 1921
 Place _____ Salt Lake City, Utah (Temple)



2nd Child
 Birth _____ Guy "W." Young
 5 May 1893
 Place _____ Los or Laman Utah
 Married to _____ Mable Leonard
 23 November 1921
 Place _____ Salt Lake City, Utah (Temple)



Iae Lewella Young
 6 November 1891
 Huntington, Emery Co. Utah
 Robert Mattie (Gilbert Klecker)
 26 January 1911 (12 June 1925)
 Castle Dale, Utah (Blv. Nevada)



Peary Lyman Young
 26 March 1897
 Huntington, Emery, Ut
 Martha Emma Allen
 27 January 1923
 Huntington, Emery, Ut



Riley Iae Young
 6 May 1901
 Huntington Emery Co. Utah
 Iaez Rosna Johnson (2) Sabol S.
 21 October 1921
 Huntington Emery Co. Utah



6th Child
 Birth _____ Clinton "W." Young
 27 November 1903
 Place _____ Huntington Emery Co. Utah
 Married to _____ Iavel Palmer
 29 May 1925
 Place _____ Salt Lake City, Utah (Temple)



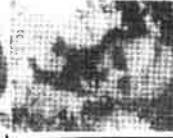
7th Child
 Birth _____ Norman "L." Young
 1 May 1906 Died 7 June 1922
 Place _____ Huntington Emery Co. Utah
 Married to _____
 Married _____
 Place _____



8th Child
 Birth _____ Lloyd "L." Young
 15 August 1908
 Place _____ Huntington Emery Co. Utah
 Married to _____ Lela Zufelt
 22 April 1916
 Place _____ Blackfoot Idaho



9th Child
 Birth _____ Merrill J. Laught Young
 25 December 1911
 Place _____ Huntington, Emery Co. Utah
 Married to _____ Sybil Seeley
 17 April 1931
 Place _____ Price Carbon Co. Utah



10th Child
 Birth _____ Kalinda Alaina Young
 30 September 1915
 Place _____ Huntington Emery Co. Utah
 Married to _____ James Hildebrandt
 14 March 1942
 Place _____ Portland Oregon

