



Allridge, Charles Fred

Jason Allridge's family stories

Jason Allridge
April 10, 1995

English 2nd period

Allridge, Charles Fred. 11 July 1949. Ferron, Utah. personal Interview. Ferron, Utah, 8 April 1995.

My dad lived on the very end of Ferron. He could go up into the ceders whenever he wanted to. He would allways go up to get a Christmas tree during the winter when the snow was waste deep.

When my dad was a little boy, he had to do everything around the yard because he was second oldest in the family. Whenever his mom would tell his older brother to do anything around the house, he would tell my dad to do it for him. If he didnn't do it for him, his big brother would tell their dad that my dad did something really bad and he would get in really bad trouble. My dad didn't mind going up into the hill because then he could get away from his big brother. When my dad's brother got his first gun, he couldn't hit the braud side of a barn. When my dad asked him if he could shoot it, he said," you can't do any better."

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My dad grew up in Ferron on top of the biggest hill. Ferron was just a small developing town then. He did some really bad things when he was a little kid, here are some of them he did.

When my dad was in grade school, him and his freind was out playing on the play ground. While they were out there my dad got the stupedest idea, it was to go on top of the hill behind the school and roll the big rock off the top of it. When they did, it was catching lots of speed when all of a suden, it turned toward the schoolhouse. When they seen that the rock was going toward the schoolhouse, they started laughing. My dad was laughing so hard that he didn't notice that it was going to go through the schoolhouse.

My dad's friend started to run after it, but the rock beat him to the schoolhouse. When they looked at the school again, there was a big hole in the center of the wall. After they seen the hole, they ran home and sluffed the rest of the day. When my dad got home, his mom asked him why he was home so early. He said that there was only a half of a day of school that day. When they went back to school the next day, the hole was still in the wall. They walked in like there was nothing wrong with the school and sat down in their seats.

The rock was in front of the schoolhouse, under the teachers desk. When the teacher walked into the school, my dad and his freind sunk into their seats. They sunk even farther when the Princiaple walked in. They knew by the look of his face that he knew who the vandilizers were. They knew they were in alot of trouble when the princiaple thought he knew who the vandilizers

were and that who ever did it was going to be in the office for the rest of their lives.

The princiaple and the teacher never did find out about who the people were that rolled the rock off the hill and into the schoolhouse.