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ELBERT HANS BEHUNIN

I, Elbert Hans Behunin, was born January 16, 1915, the second son of David Hill and Cornelia Cecelia Larsen Behunin, in Ferron, Emery County, Utah. I have one older brother, David Wendell, born May 12, 1912, and three younger brothers: Lloyd Kenneth, March 9, 1917; Floyd Richard, February 5, 1919; and Darel Dean, March 18, 1926. I have no sisters.

My father, David, was a good farmer, but it was hard to make a living on 30 acres of land with horses and hand plows. He also had a few cows, a small herd of sheep, chickens, and pigs. He supplied the family with honey and also had plenty to sell to friends and neighbors from the small apiary of bees he owned.

My mother, Cornelia, was a very fine homemaker. She made everything we ate except the things we grew in our garden. Besides making all the food, she also made all the clothes for the whole family, including herself. At the time of my birth, she was 26 years old and my father was 39.

The first thing I remember as a child is my older brother, Wendell, being such a bawl baby! He would always cry and hold his breath until he turned black in the face. One day, my dad took him out and dunked him in a barrel full of water until he stopped crying. Needless to say, he caught his breath right away and it taught him a very good lesson.

Just a month after my 5th birthday in 1920, I remember many people dying or being terribly sick with the flue. One of these people that was ill was my mother. During this time, my brother

Floyd was born. He had the flue and after that, we all got it. The only place there was for us to have a bed was on the kitchen floor. One of my Uncle Joe's daughters came and nursed us back to health.

My dad homesteaded 160 acres adjoining the property that he already owned. He had to prove up (live on and work) the land so we moved the two-room home from its location on the farm (445 N. 800 W., Ferron) to the present location of the Behunin brother's home (950 W. Mill Rd., Ferron). To move the house, we jacked it up and put skids under it in two different directions, bolted them together, and put the house down on them. Then we hooked two teams of horses to the house and they pulled it like a sleigh. It was very difficult. I was only about 5 or 6 years old.

Another thing I remember at this young age is watching movies upstairs in the old Greenlaugh (pronounced green-ouch) building which was across the street from where the Elementary School is now. They were silent movies and starred Tom Mix, Gene Autry, and Tarzan and the Apes. They had a player piano that played along with the movie.

We had an old horse that got away once and wandered up on the mountain. I was only about 10 years old, but dad had me ride another horse up there all by my self to find it. I found the horse, put my saddle on it and then rode it all the way home, leading the other horse behind. We had a dog named Harry that followed me. The only time I got scared was coming down through

Dairy Trail because I could hear coyotes howling. † It was quite a task for such a little guy to do.

Starting school was a totally new experience for me. I had to meet a whole bunch of new kids. I attended Ferron Elementary which was 1 1/2 miles from my house and I usually had to walk. There was no school lunch so I either had to take my own lunch or go without. My first teacher was Minnie Stoker. My fourth grade teacher was Fawn Singleton. I remember her so well because I had such a hard time learning to read and she would sit in the back of the room and help me read. She was a very kind lady. I believe my favorite subject was recess.

One thing that really stands out in my mind about school was when I was in the 8th grade. My teacher was Perry Snow and he had assigned an essay to be handed in the next day. I only had it about half done, so I left it home on purpose. After arriving at school, he asked me where my essay was and I told him that it was at home. My house was 1 1/2 miles from the school and he made me run all the way home to get it and clear back to school in only 15 minutes. I did make it, but from that time on, I never left anything home again!

High school was different because I had all different teachers. I went to school until the 11th grade and then quit to help dad more with the farm and work for other farmers.

The best friends we had were the Barney kids and we really had a lot of fun. One day, we were herding the cows like we usually

had to do. We had a co-op herd consisting of Barney's, Livingston's, and any others in the neighborhood who happened to own cows. Most of these cows were milk stock and were herded in the hills up toward the Horn Mountain. To break the monotony, we would break the cows to ride, and soon had nice ridding horses made out of the cows. Try as we might, there was one bull cow that was impossible to ride. As we were taking the cows out of the field, we were discussing who was going to try to ride that bull and I told them that I could do it if they tied my feet under his belly. Well, they took me up on it and I rode that bull the full length of the field. He jumped a great big ditch bank and the rope broke which sent me flying. I was never so thankful for a broken rope in all my life!

Going up in the mountains to hunt and fish was my biggest enjoyment. We would get on a horse, throw on a bed roll and a sack of flour, and head for the mountains. Sometimes we would stay for a week or more. Out of the flour we would make what we called "whinickes", which is kind of like a tortilla now days. We also ate fish and wild grouse.

If we weren't on the mountain, we were out on the desert chasing wild horses. Once in a while we would get some good horses and other times they wouldn't be so good. We always had a lot of fun though. After catching these horses, we had to break them which wasn't an easy job. We mostly went to Salt Wash and San Rafael Swell.