

Memories of John and Minnie Brown.

LUCY WRITES:.....

I am just a daughter in law of John Brown but I loved him, and so I am just writing a little bit of him as I can remember him. The first I can remember of Pa Brown is when Cliff and I were married, We came over to see him, and John Nielson was doing something for him out on the hills on his farm, We walked over to where he was and he met us and Cliff introduced me to him, and I think he kinda liked me from the start, so we went and sat in the pickup for awhile and he talked, and talked of a lot of things. He used to like to talk a lot and so do I, so we were a pretty good match to talk when we got to-gether.

He went to Colorado with us one time and met my folks. He seemed to have enjoyed the trip very much. Him and I just talked, Cliff only listened as Cliff never says much of anything, unless you are talking about cows and sheep.

I remember of Pa riding his horse Tommy all the time. He chewed tobacco and enjoyed his tobacco very much.

I remember one time when I was working in our garden, I seen Pa tending water close by where we had our garden, So I walked over where he was to talk to him. When I was getting close to where he was, I heard him talking, but no body was around but he was talking to himself and he was cussing Frank Fobbins. Pa never did like Frank Robbins, so I guess he thought he'd tell him off. I walked a little closer, and he didn't see me. When I got to him I said, "What were you cussing Frank so much for? Did he answer you?" He said, "No, By God! but I sure got the satisfaction of telling him off."

All in all I have fond memories of Pa, and he always treated me OK. May God Bless him and mom both, for they were wonderful to me. May both rest in peace!

Daughter-in-Law, Lucy Brown.

MEMORIES OF PAPA.....by EDNA JONES

The first I guess was the tender care he and Dr. Hill gave me on the way to Price in that Terrible storm when I had apendicitis, Oh I'd better back up. The storm was before we started to Price. Oh what a storm it was, Lightening like I've never seen again. Dr. Hill was sitting on a chair under the mirror It was plate glass with a gold frame. The lightening flashed throught the house and the mirror splintered down over Dr. Hill and all over. He shouted, "Good God John, it looks like we're going to get shot yet."

My apendicitis was the day Lou was 10 days old, Aug. 28, '22

I guess it was when I was younger because I think Leah was about 6 or 7. Leah was sitting on papa's lap, when he cut off a chew of tobacco Leah wanted some, she coaxed for some so papa cut her a tiny bit. When she liked it did he spank her? or did he make her swallow it? maybe both.

I remember some of the songs papa used to sing "The Gypsies warning", "When you and I were Young Maggie", and "When I'm gone you'll soon forget me."

Bill and I were real glad we could have papa here after he broke his hip. We got a lot of good talking done. Only it was hard to watch him take his Epsom salts every morning Ug!

I should put it here about Water Gate, But I'm going to see if Tom or JoAnn will write that, It was so funny and better the way Tom remembers it. Tom adds; I'm sure all of you remember "Water Gate, & The Nixon Impeachment," Grandpa Brown's remarks about this whole thing had nothing to do with Nixon and he would't listen to anyone that tried to explain about "Water Gate, Nixon Impeachment" He said, "It was just like them, it never changes, they're always up there stealing the water even when it isn't their water turn, they just go move the gate when ever they damn well please."

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Memories of Papa cont.....

The second winter Papa was here he stayed in his bed most of the time. Whenever Tom & Jo came Tom went right in there and talked with him til it was time to go.

Papa sure had a good laugh on us one day the summer he was staying over at that Hotel. We went fishing at Scofield we took Mickey's Bill and Russell with us. (they were living in Price) We caught 2 real small fish after we got up there hoping to catch lots more in the next few days, but the next morning we woke up with about 2 inches of snow on the ground and it was coming down hard. We packed up and got out of there as fast as we could. We cooked those 2 little fish at Micky's for Papa. He sure laughed when he learned we had gone that long way and only caught those 2 little fish. We usually took him 3 or 4 nice ones.

One day we took Papa with us up the canyon. So Bill could fly fish. Bill was up the canyon farther, Papa and I was walking right there where the river runs slow and still right near the road. We watched 2 big fish swim and play for a long time, Bill didn't catch any, Papa sure told him on the way home, "Why didn't you come down there and fish where the fish are? I could have caught 2 if I'd just had my pitchfork".

Papa always said he wasn't going to lay in the hospital long. Lenard took him over on Monday Morning, Delta and I stayed with him all day Wednesday. He was very angry about the IV's in his arm. I had promised him I wouldn't let the Doctors keep him alive with tubes in his arms. Dr. Grishke told us the IV was just flushing his kidneys. Papa died early Sunday morning Oct. 21, 1973, and I died October 1983.

MEMORIES OF MAMA..... BY EDNA JONES.

I don't think Mama or Papa either one liked me very much to give me the name Edna. It got better when Bill started calling me Eddy. I sure hated it tho when Leah called me Eddy.

I know mama never did like combing and braiding my long hair, Did she give me a hair cut then bought me that beautiful black beaver hat with black ribbon streamers down the back? I had pretty black and white high button shoes to wear to Sunday School.

Mama always made us the best boot beer. she patiently peeled dandelion roots to put in it to make it better I guess.

Mama hated washing dishes as much as us girls did. She never did finish a whole batch of dishes, she always had to leave the skillet or some pots and pans soaking.

One day while I was in bed after Wayne was born my boys came up missing, Mama went looking for them, she found them up behind the corral in the nude taking a swim in the wheel barrow, their cloths were all piled over there so they wouldn't get wet. Can't you just see mama's face when she found them?

Mama tended Clifford, Clifton and Roger for me while I went to Salt Lake to get my divorce. Mama was working out in the yard, It was getting past lunch time the boys were coaxing for something to eat, she said "go get a drink of water I'll be done in just a little while". Clifford said, "Oh, No, Grandma, Water won't help".

When Bill and I and the children came up from Elmo to see mama while Rob Howard was living with her, We could hear her say as we came through the gate, "Here comes Edna and her Tribe". She liked us fine tho when Rob was in the hospital and we'd take her to Price to see him. But every time we got up there to get her she had to take her bath or feed the chickens or tend the water or gather in the clothes, Then when she got over musing over Rob, Bill would miss another days work.

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MEMORIES OF MAMA CONT.....

I was with her all day the day before she died, Mary Bea had to take Ralph to Provo early that morning for his Sugar Diabetes tests, so I went up with her. I went with Lou and Shirley to look at the rest home they were going to put her in the next day mama told us all she wasn't going into another rest home. Mary Bea fed her her supper. We learned about 3 p.m. the next day that she had died.

(Edna Jones)

LEON SAYS.....

I remember very little of Mom and Dad before they separated, although I believe I was 5 or 6 years old when the divorce was granted. I guess it was because they didn't get along very well for several years before they finally separated and Mom and the family lived in the home in town and Dad stayed out on the farm most of the time.

Although they never got along for a long time I believe they both had alot of respect for each other and each of us kids because they never ran each other down to us and Mom never discouraged us from going and seeing Dad and helping him and being with him as much as we wanted to.

The only things I really remember before the divorce was a couple of real bad arguments they had at the home in town and it frightened me so bad I ran to the corral and hid and didn't come out until I saw Dad going back to the farm and each time after that when Dad came to the house I would run and hide, but I never was afraid of him when he and mom wern't together. Then I remember when Mom and Carl and Lou had to go to a divorce court I guess it was.

I remember of Steve and I and Lenard and I talking of our hopes that one day they would get back together again but I believe we always knew it would never happen and I am sure we all knew it would be far better if they didn't and although they couldn't get along to-

gether, I and I am sure the other members of the family dearly loved both of them and neither of them ever discouraged us from loving the other.

I went and stayed with Dad in the summer and worked for him for three summers I believe it was. I started out at 25¢ a day, each summer he would raise my wages 25¢. I believe I was making 75¢ a day when I went to work and stay with Delta and Neil, it was with Dad's approval that I went to work and stay with them he said he believed they needed me more.

I guess the things I remember most about Dad was his love for trading and breaking horses to work. I believe he really enjoyed finding and trading for the meanest, ornery damn horses he could find then breaking them to be a fine work animal. It seemed to me that he would just get one broke to be a good work horse then he would trade it for another, wilder, meaner than the one before. I will never forget a beautiful white horse he traded for he called "spreader" he was a pretty thing but you couldn't get within a mile of him in a field. Dad called him spreader because he said he could and would start spreading manure at one end of the field and end up at the other. I believe it took a year or more for him to even get him gentle enough to even think about working him, finally after a long time, and times I was afraid he was going to kill dad, he got a harness on him and hooked him up to a wagon with "old nig" the good old black horse, the other half of the breaking team. I was afraid he was going to kill old nig and Dad and every thing else for a mile around and I cried and cursed dad for ever getting the damn thing but I couldn't believe the change in him in just a short while he became a wonderful work horse and I grew to love "old Spreader" almost as much as Old Nig. He got so I could harness him and work him with no fear and I cried again when dad traded him for two little sorrel mares wilder and meaner than old spreader was at the beginning and he broke them to.

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LEON SAYS CONT.....

Another great love dad had was to build and have good fences, boy, if I had a nickle for every fence post I set those three years. We spent most of our time building fences and putting up the little crop of hay we harvested each year.

Dad was a pretty good cook and we always had plenty to eat, he always made sure we had 3 good meals a day. As I think back now those were wonderful days and nights we spent alone, together.

I never in my life went to Dads place that the first thing he would say is "are you hungry?" or "when did you eat last?" It may not have always been a fancy meal he would provide but it was always wholesome and filling and no one was ever turned away hungry.

Dad loved Huntington, I believe he spent 98% of his life there, whenever he would leave for awhile he just couldn't wait to get back home again. He spent a month or so with us here in Tooele just before he died. I knew he wasn't feeling too good but he seemed to be doing pretty good but one day he said to me, "Leon, I want you to take me home to Huntington to die." I said, "Gee Dad you aren't going to die, I'm sure you will feel better in a day or two." I begged him to stay longer, I knew Delta didn't have her trailer home set up and ready to where she could care for him but nothing I could say could make him change his mind. I called Delta and she said, if he really wants to come that bad we will make out ok. so I took him home that weekend. I believe he was just with Delta a day or two and they had to take him to Price to the hospital and he died in less than a week after he had been with us.

Like Dad, the first thing Mom would ask me or anyone else who came to visit was "are you hungry, or when did you eat last?" and I guess that is the things I remember most about mom the way she could make anything and everything taste so good and how she could prepare the most delicious meal whether or not she expected company in just

a few minutes and the wonderful special day meals like Thanksgiving or Christmas dinners. How well I remember coming home from school for lunch and she would have something ready. My favorites were always Tomato soup or potato soup, how I looked forward to one or the other when I came home for lunch or after school. I was so afraid that her old recipes were gone forever but last year I was at Steve and Allie's home and Allie made tomato soup that tasted exactly like moms. Awhile back I was at Delta's I asked her if she knew how mom used to make Potato cakes she made us some and sure enough they tasted just like I remember Moms years ago. I got the recipes for both and have tried them, mine isn't bad but I just can't make them taste like Delta's or Allie's.

I will never forget and I hope I never do how mom use to take in washings and Ironings to keep the family going. I guess I will never know how late she stayed up night after night washing or ironing or mending because I had long since gone to bed. I can still hear the old Maytag washer knocking and pounding sounding as if the next beat would be the last but it sounded that same way for as long as I can remember and the old ironing board mom would set on the back of two kitchen chairs and mom standing there for hour after hour. How I wish there was someway to repay her now for those many hours she spent for me so I could have clean clothes at least no holes in them for school. She made sure that our clothes were always clean there may be patches on top of patches but our knees and butts would never be showing.

I will never forget Mom making me a school shirt from an old skirt of Delta's I wore that shirt to school every day that winter she would wash and iron it each night, it would be ready for the next day.

I don't believe mom ever showed any favoritism with any of her children as I think back about it now I can see how she loved us all so very much and the only thing that would make her feel bad was if we done something

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LEON SAYS CONTINUED.....

wrong. I really believe it would have killed her if any of us had ever got into any kind of bad trouble. As I think back about it now I can see the love that mom had for Carl and his love for her the little things he would do for her. He always had a way of showing his love for her more than the others of us did.

Lenard told me once, "I believe that mom would have lived forever if she could have always worked and kept going like she did when she was raising her family if she had kept going like she was killing snakes every day of her life, but when the family was raised she didn't think there was anything more for her to do and when she wasn't working she wasn't happy." I believe this is very true. I am sure we all heard her say many times in her later years "I'm just no good." When she got to where she didn't think she could keep up with a 16 year old girl she didn't think she was any good to anyone anymore.

I just wish I could have told both mom and Dad and let them know how much I really appreciated the sacrifice they made for me and how much I really loved them both.

(LEON BROWN)

DELTA REMEMBERS:

The first I can really remember of Dad was the day we lost Lou. Carl and I were together as we usually were, we weren't very old but we were looking for Lou too. We saw someone coming down through the field so we went up to see who it was and when we got up to where we could see better it was Dad with Lou on his shoulders. All the neighbors were helping to hunt for him. I think Lou was only about two years old.

I don't think I'll ever forget the summer he and mom seperated I was about 12 and didn't really fully understand the meaning of divorce. Divorces weren't common then

like they are today. Carl, Lou and I were out to the farm about every day herding cows. Somedays Dad hardly spoke to us and when he did he didn't say much, I could tell he was very lonely and blue. I had thought about it so much since. We didn't see him very often.

I know I didn't really know him until after Neil and I were married, I know it was Neil that taught me to love and respect him. Neil told me many times you do all you can for your dear old dad he's a good man, and little by little I came to know him for what and who he really was. After we moved out to the farm we became even closer he was always good to help Neil with anything he could do to help. Dad and I didn't always see eye to eye but I did and do know he was a good man. After Neil died he came right there for sometime and helped us all he could until spring and had to go to do his own. Sometimes in the summer when I knew he was away for a day and so I wouldn't be in his way while doing it. I would go up to his place and clean his house, hang out his bedding on the fence and air it while doing the rest of the work. He always thanked me for doing it and said it made him feel so good whenever I did, and he told me often I was the best pal he had, which made me feel good too, because I know he had a lonely life and especially after Grandma died.

He enjoyed coming and having a dinner with us quite often, some times just on a Sunday because he didn't believe in working on Sunday unless it was something he just had to do. After Neil died Helen did his laundry for sometime, then it was after Carl died I started doing it again.

Carl was always good to go up to see him often and see that he was alright. Helen would sometimes go with Carl, she was very good about sending him something she knew he would enjoy like cake, cookies or bread.

Sometimes just to get away from it all I guess, He would hitch hike to Price and visit with some of his friends there, go some shopping and quite often stay over
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DELTA REMEMBERS CONTINUED.....

night at a hotel. Then hitchhike back home the next day. People were very good about picking him up and sometimes take him clear up to his place and often they would bring him to our place. He always went to the bakery in Price. The Price Bakery I believe it was, and get cookies and goodies he really liked, he would come and share them with us. Nancy reminded me of that often and told Joe and her children about him bringing his cakes and cookies to share with us.

Although Dad didn't have an education, some would say he was illiterate, he could figure math in his head faster than most could figure on paper. He was very wise in common sense issues. He loved music especially country Western, his favorite singer was Slim Whitman.

When he felt like he had to slow up and sold his farm he wanted to build a little home on the creek where it still stands. He had a few sheep and kept Tommy his little black horse for sometime. When he felt Tommy was getting too old he got him a bay mare. Mame I think he called her.

He would quite often ride down to Matt Cowleys to visit him for a day. Matt was one of his best and oldest friends, he lived west of Cleveland. Ed Jensen was a very good friend to him too. both Matt and Ed died several years before dad died. Quiet often after he moved down on the creek he would come over and spend Sunday with me.

In the summers sometimes we would take a picnic and drive up the canyon a ways and eat and visit, sometimes up to the old Ranger Station. He always wanted to go home and get something he had to help out with our picnic.

I often think of some of his funny little jokes he told and find myself laughing at them. It was while he was living on the creek that he fell and broke his hip. He was in the Utah Valley Hospital in Provo for 3 weeks. Edna and Bill stayed in Provo for several days so to be close as he had to have surgery on his hip and have a pin put in it. He was very dispondant, then they would go up often to see him, I would go up with them when

ever I could. After he broke his hip he would stay with Edna and Bill in the Winter but he wanted to stay at his place as soon as spring came. sometimes he would visit with some of the rest of the family in the summer for a while. He passed away very quietly at the Old Price Hospital after being sick for about a week on Oct. 21, 1973.

I can't say just when I first remember Mom or Dad but it was while we were still living at the farm. I remember the day the school house burned, the day Edna went to the hospital with appendicitis. Dr. Hill took her to Price in his car. Dad went with them. We had a very bad thunder and lightening storm it seems like it hailed as well as rained, Dr. Hill wanted to wait there at the farm until the storm quit, It seems like the rain and hail did some damage to our garden as well as the other crops. Dr. Hills car was the first car I remember or saw.

I remember well the day Lou got lost, it was on a Sunday. How frightened we all were, because the canals were so full and how happy we all were when he was found, I think it was dad that found him way up by Nosey Joe's he had followed Cliff when Cliff had taken the cows to the pasture.

I will go on now with my remembrance of Mom. We lived in the little two room log house that burned later in 1937. We got all of our water from the canal we used. Mom did all of our washing on the board, she made most of her own soap from lye and waste greese.

I think she must of had a lot of patience and need them all with 6 living children so young and they had lost Lucile at 2 months of age then had 3 more children after we moved to town.

She made all of our clothes when we were smaller and many of them were from used material, she made clothes of
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DELTA REMEMBERS CONTINUED.....

all the material she could, and what she couldn't use for clothes she made quilts of and from the smaller pieces she made rugs, using some to have woven into rugs and some she crocheted herself. Looking back now I think her early life must have been all work.

The only way of getting to town was walking or going in the buggy or wagon until we moved to town, then it was walk. I'm sure Dad rode a horse when he went, unless all of us went together like for Memorial Day or some celebration. When Mom did go to town it was usually to take butter and eggs to the store to trade for something like salt, sugar, coffee or maybe shoes for some of us.

Mom hadn't had too much of an education as she had lived with so many families and different places after her own mother died, leaving 7 other small children, Mom and her twin sister Maude were next to the oldest, but I think she must have remembered everything she was taught. She read well and was an excellent speller and was very good at pronouncing. Her penmanship wasn't too good but could do a lot with a Highschool and or College education of today. She was a very good cook, making do what she had to cook with, she knew very well how to substitute something with or for something else to come up with something very tasty.

She used to read to us a lot at night sometimes recite poems. Some of the poems were "The first Snow Fall," "Still Sits the schoolhouse by the road" and others. Sometimes she sang to us, most of them were sad songs like "Put my little shoes away," and "For Sale a Baby, so sweet and Fair." One I'll always like that she sang was "Tie me to your Apron Strings Again." She could remember when everyone's birthday was and what year they were born. She was very good at tongue twisters and probably remembered everyone she ever heard. Mom liked to dance and I think she danced quite good for what dancing she got to do. She, like most everyone loved beautiful music. She always

wanted to play some kind of an instrument. She loved pretty clothes and always looked nice in what clothes she bought.

Some of mom's dearest friends were Mr & Mrs Paul Cavslo, Gene and Ardella Sherman, Mattie Sherman, Sarah Johansen and last but not least, Mary Young, we all loved Mrs. Young. Like mom also Dad they have all left us now.

For some unknown reason whenever I think of either Mom or Dad I always think of the other. It may just be wishful thinking on my part, but I hope and pray God has found a way or has a way for them to be together on the other side. Even tho they drifted apart themselves they were both good Father and Mother to us and tried to teach us right.

(Delta Howard)

STEVE SUMERIZES:

I really don't remember much of Dad (Pa) during my younger years. I don't remember of Mom & Dad being together at all.

I've always felt that the thing that would hurt mom or dad's feelings most would be for anyone of us to do anything dishonest or break the law in any way. They always stressed that we should be honest and I'm sure the worst hurt any of us gave them is when we did something we knew we shouldn't do.

I've heard since I was real small that Dad & Uncle Joe were probably the best horse handlers in the country and that if they worked a team they got the very best out of them that they could give. I heard someone say (when dad was quite old) that he told them that he wouldn't try to break a couple of horses to work because they were too different in size. Hell in his younger days, John would have hooked up a billy goat and a clydesdale and made them work together with a makeshift "evener".

I guess one of dad's sayings that is my favorite (I've used a lot of his philosophical ideas in my job) is "There is
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STEVE SUMERIZES CONTINUED.....

lots more balky drivers than there is balky horses".

I don't really remember of ever seeing dad or mom real mad at anyone, Oh I'm sure they did get that way lots of times probably lots more before I was born. It always seemed that if pa got unhappy with someone he could think up some smart remark to put them down and that did more for him than to cuss em,

I believe it was Leon and I that was to harness the team one day, since I was smaller than Leon I wan't much help, we got the harness on but there was some small detail that wasn't right and pa was doing it right and telling us how to when an attorney drove up and asked for something I think just directions, but he let us know he was an attorney and pa told him to wait just a minute while he redone whatever we had goofed up and the attorney said that that wasn't too bad cause he was sure he wouldn't be able to harness a team either. Pa let him know that he didn't think anyone was very smart even with all their book learnin' if they couldn't harness a team. I was real proud of pa for that and our goof didn't seem quite so important. Pa told lots of stories and I'm sure some of them were retold just a little different to make them more interesting outside of the gyping of the gypsy I'll leave that to some of the older family members to tell cause I'm sure they remember much more of it and can tell it better than I do.

He told about trying to get them "Cow Fellers" to help him build a fence between them but since their cows trailed through his place to water they were not very interested in building a fence. He tried to get them to help build part of it if he furnished the posts, most of the wire and labor, but they couldn't see that the fence was needed.

He went to the auction as he often did and saw a little runt Jersey Bull for sale, so he bought it and

brought it home and turned it in with the sheep. About the next day Frank Robbins came to him and asked if that was his little stunted Jersey bull and pa said, "Yes, wasn't he a nice looking animal?" Frank stuttered and told Pa that he didn't think he was very good looking, Pa really bragged on him but Frank thought pa should get rid of him, Pa let him know that he intended to keep the bull and maybe even get some more jerseys to go with it. The "Cow Fellars" decided they would help with the fence and did just about what Pa had wanted them to do in the first place.

I remember once being in a parade with dad. I guess it was the 24th of July anyway he had grown a beard or at least hadn't shaved for several days-more than he usually went. they had him push a handcart and I was to walk with him. I held on to the handle and all went well until the "Indians" attacked us, they kept getting closer and closer each time they went by us, I wasn't afraid of the indians, but I was afraid that the horses would run over me, I got inside the handles with pa, but he told me to move to the other side so he could walk. I was sure glad when it was all over. We went to the old church house and listened to speeches and music then they gave me a prize, a candy bar I think.

Pa had some words and sayings that at times griped me but I find them quite funny now, among them " and now for lustration", "The road is yourn", then he called the attorney Ruggeri Mr. Lujero and Mr. Hears (Supt. of Sunnyside mine) Mr. Beers. I'm sure he could remember if he wanted to.

Though Pa couldn't read, he loved to have someone read to him. I know when he stayed with us, Allie was reading books to our kids, (The loner and Where the Red Fern grows) she would read a chapter or two to them each night depending on how they got things done and how much time she had or could take from something else. Pa was

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STEVE SUMERIZES CONTINUED..

always right there to listen to the books and would never interrupt while she was reading though he would often comment about the story after she quit reading or it sometimes brought to mind something that had happened to him especially the "Loner" which was about a little boy who didn't have parents he lived in camps with migrant workers and sometimes was cared for by some workers who took what he made for his care. left to die with a fever in a camp when everyone else was ready to move on, An old man took him along, he worked in Potato fields in Idaho and was loved by a family for the first time in his life, then the little girl of the family was pulled into the potato digger and killed so he ran away. he was found exhausted in a wooded area by a woman sheep herder. She nursed him back to health and taught him to handle the dogs and herd sheep, The rest of the story is exciting and one pa really loved.

One night Allie took pa's supper in the bedroom to him because he didn't feel too good (this was when he had his hip broken) she then fed the kids and then was going to read just a little while before the kids went to bed then would do the dishes after they had gone to bed. She thought dad was asleep so she just read at the kitchen table instead of going to dads room as she always did. Pa heard her reading and hollared, "Allie are you reading that book?", Allie said she was and said that she thought he was asleep and didn't want to disturb him. He said, No he wasn't asleep why didn't she bring the book in there and read it. She did and she had to go back to where she had started because he knew what had happened when she had quit the night before.

Pa told us lots of stories that we really wished we could have had a tape recorder to record what he said, he told Allie especially because they were together more what he knew about the Butch Cassidy episode, Allie had a book to read to him about Butch when he left she Always

wanted to read that book to him because it told of the same places and things that pa talked about.

Mom was a hard worker as far back as I can remember she was always busy, she made our clothes, patched our clothes and we were always clean. She raised a beautiful garden and bottled everything she could to feed us with. most of her pleasure time was in her flower garden she and Carl could make a stick grow.

Lenard had been teasing me about something I told mom on him and she told him to go do his chores and leave me alone, he kept teasing and included mom in the teasing and she told him a couple of more times to go do his chores He stood by the kitchen door and kept chiding her. She was standing at the kitchen stove cooking or preparing something, she turned faster than I knew she could and apparently faster than Lenard thought she could and threw a little aluminum pan at him, I thought it hit him but he said later it didn't, anyway he hurried out the door and did his chores. Mom picked up the pan it had a small dent in it. she pushed the dent out with a knife or some kind of handle and told me not to tell Lenard she had dented it. I'm sure she was embarrassed that she had "lost her cool", one of the very few times I saw her do that.

I don't know what had started it probably me spraying mom while I did the lawn and flowers anyway she sprinkled me with the hose and I tried to get the hose from her but got wetter so I retreated and got a pan of water and started toward her, she really soaked me with the hose, but since I was already as wet as I could be I just went on in and really soaked her. Later when she told someone about it, she made it sound like I had accomplished some great victory. This was a side of mom that I don't think too many people saw very often, although she liked to play different games and often helped
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STEVE SUMERIZES CONTINUED...

us to make games or fun out of work, She was usually serious and we didn't see her engage in tom foolery very often.

I remember one time when mom and I were living alone at the home in town. Leon was working and staying at Delta and Neils. We had gone to bed and I was asleep and heard someone knocking and hollaring, "Hey Min," Mom answered and Alfred Jensen, his wife, Gene and Ardella Sherman and it seemed like one or two more couples were at the door, they kept hollaring, "Hey Min, We're going to have a party." Mom got up and they all came in and brought a quarter of beef and they fried steaks and potatoes and played records on the phonograph, they danced, fried beef and played cards for a long time. I had a big steak and some potatoes and listened to music then went back to bed. I know they were there for quite awhile.

My family have laughed lots of times about me turning the lambs out on mom then locking myself in the outhouse until she promised not to whip me for it. I don't think I ever did throughly convince mom that I didn't mean to turn the lambs out. It seems to me that we started out together, I was probably wanting to finish listening to a radio program and had told her "just a minute," a few times. The bumper lambs were pretty big and we had several of them, We had them locked in a pen, I opened the gate and was going to go inside to feed them we had the bottles of milk in a bucket and more milk to refill the bottles in another bucket, when I got inside, but the lambs hit the gate and out they came about knocked mom down and spilled a good share of the milk. I came back out to help feed them or get them back in the pen. Mom was mad (I can't imagine why) she grabbed a willow (the shed was made of willows covered with straw.) and started after me, I ran from her (something I found to be very dangerous several times.) I locked myself in the out-

house about halfway between the corral and house, and made her promise she wouldn't whip me before I'd come out.

Mom said a couple of things that I teased her about later. she was going to lower her high ceilings in the house about the length of a 2by 6, meaning the width not the length. and Allie was helping her do chores while I was working and staying at Millers Flat reservoir, Bob Sherman and I stayed together in a tent, then Bob's wife Eulietta went up for a week, so I sept in an old building so she and Bob could stay in the tent and she cooked for us, then the next week she couldn't go back up so I asked Allie if she would go up with us and stay for a week or 10 days, she said she would if I'd ask mom if she could get someone else to milk the 3 cows and take care of the other chores while she was gone she would like to. We went up to Mom's I asked her if I could borrow her chore girl for a while, (meaning Allie) she said, Why yes Steve, you can have it, its not worth a damn. I told her Allie was the choregirl I wanted not a steel dishrag, she was very embarrassed and apologized to us. We laughed and teased her about it lots of times. She took the teasing real well and had fun with us over it.

Both Mom and Dad could figure in their head real fast, and mom could out spell most of us and she said tongue twisters and poems from memory and they both sang songs that to me were very beautiful I know Pa liked Slim Whitmans songs and so did Mom. She liked Gene Autry and I used to tease her about that including telling her that old Bill the dog listened to him sing one night and stood up and howled and then laid back down. I really liked Gene Aurty too, but I sure wouldn't let mom know I did. I believe they must have really loved each other, even though they did have serious trouble, I know I never heard one of them say anything very bad about the other and when I tried to find fault with one when the other heard, they let me know that they believed they were right and I was wrong that I really had no reason to find fault, which I usually didn't.

continued.....

STEVE SUMERIZES CONTINUED.....

Both Dad and Mom were hard workers and wanted us to learn to work and be honest. They both could make do with what they had and tried never to waste anything. I've said lots of times I couldn't see why they couldn't get along with each other. Pa thought "a Dose of Salts" A tablespoon of Epsom salts in a glass of water and drink it would cure any ailment and Mom thought if you soak any hurt in hot epsom salts water it would cure it...

I feel like mom's passing such a short time (2/9/74) after Pa died (10/21/73) (3 months 19 days) is just more proof of their love for each other and I'm sure they are together now...

(Steve Brown)

ALLIE like Lucy writes..

When I first met Mother Brown she was anxious for me to meet the rest of the family. I remember Grandpa coming to her and Charlie's house to meet Roxie and I. and that was a very common thing, everytime I ever went to Grandma's for any special occasion Grandpa came and most times ate with us. He was always a part of the family, I always admired grandma for including him as much as she did, Rather it be her choice or not.

When we came home from Calif. after Steve was released from the Navy we lived with Grandma while Delta and I cleaned and painted our house so we could move in. We were anxious to move to ourselves. I often wonder how Grandma put up with us, I'm sure she was as anxious for us to move out as we were to move.

We saw her daily I did her chores, milked 3 cows Jers, Bob and Pet, until a while before Peggy was born. I learned alot over the years from her and appreciated the patients she had with me and with my children the two winters she lived with us. she taught our kids alot of things during those times also.

When Steve and I lived in Huntington Grandpa came to

our home often. We really enjoyed him, he sure was a big help to me many times because Steve was going to school working in Price and trying to farm, Grandpa helped me tend the garden, chickens and especially carry wood and coal when I was expecting Peggy. I tried to send something home with him to eat after our meal when he was there to eat with us.

After we moved to Loa we didn't go up to his house very often because he generally came to Delta's to see us or we met him on old Tommy along the road.

We certainly enjoyed the time Grandpa spent with us after he had his hip broken, We were in the process of putting paneling on our front rooms and the house was in a mess, but I would move the rocking chair around from room to room where ever I was working so Grandpa could be where I was working. I sure wished I would have had a tape recorder during those times. he told me lots of stories, some of them he repeated several times, but if only I had them taped.

I don't know why we don't show our appreciation more while we have a chance. When its to late and we have no way to make up for it we realize what we had.

I loved Mom and Dad Brown, I have an Idea how hard their lives must have been. Things were hard for most people at that time,

I guess I appreciate most of all what they gave to me, their son, who I love dearly. I see a little bit of Grandma in him and a little bit of Grandpa in him and THAT AINT BAD.....

(Allie Brown)

