

Life History
of
ADELBERT LEE CHILDS

as told to
his granddaughter
Helen Lee Johansen Longhurst



I was borned November 25, 1899 in Orangeville, Emery County Utah. The son of Parker Adelbert Childs and Harriet Armitta Stilson Childs. When I was old enough, I went to school in Orangeville. When I was in the third grade, the family moved to Price,, Carbon County. We were there about 2 years. My dad worked, for I. I. Lloyd in the blacksmith shop. He did wheelright and plowshears; man, Dad couldn't be beat!

When we moved to Price, Uncle Ferry Stilson moved us over. We had fifty head of pigs; Dad got rid of all but two of them. He ask Uncle Ferry to bring them over. Uncle Ferry said, "Why I wouldn't haul them over for them." My dad said, "Well bring them anyway." The pigs were a year old. Uncle Ferry put the two in a kerosene crate, that was early spring. I remember that fall Dad got a ton of sugar beets to feed the pigs. At Christmas time, Dad killed one pig; it weighed three hundred pounds. We didn't have a butcher knife with a blade long enough to go through the side meat.

I and Ivan Jewkes were great pals. We went all along the river to get trees or limbs which had about the right bend, hewed them down, put a steel runner on, just like the real bob sleighs. I put a long plank on, with cross pieces for the kids to put their feet on, and we would go up on the Kenilworth road. There would four or five kids get on, go clear to the Price River.

Going to school there in Price the kids would play marbles. I can remember winning all the marbles from the kids that were all my age. I had is little flint I used for a taw.

The boys would lag to a line, the one that got closest to the line would have the first turn. Maybe he would get one marble out, not more than two. When it came my turn, sometimes there would be ten or twelve marbles in the round ring. I would get them all out, of course; it would be my first turn. Sometimes I wouldn't get them all out; but the biggest part of the time, I cleared the ring. Then I traded the marbles for rabbits. We lived up against the hill. I had rabbit pens in the hill, but the rabbits would dig out. I had rabbits running all over the side hill. The boys would have their marbles back, so we would play marbles again. I would win the marbles all back again. This went on until we moved away. We would play flints up. Oh! I don't know how many marbles I had.

While living in Price, we lived where the Utah Poultry building stands on the corner of 1st North 2nd West. In the spring I would spade the lot up so we could raise a garden. Them days there were a lot of bums came into Price. I remember I had to go down to the Lowenstine's store.¹ When I got there, Mr. Lowenstine said to me, "Will you come and help me a minute." He had a bucket in his hand. I was wondering what he had in mind; I knew that we were going toward the grainery. There was a water hydrant; he stopped, got the bucket full of

¹Lowenstines was a dry goods store. It was run by a family named Lowenstine for about 20 years. It then became J.C. Penneys. When J.C. Penneys built their own store, it became D.T.R. Furniture owned by Dixion, Taylor, Russel. They were there for about 15 years. The building was then used by Helper Furniture who still own and run a business in the original building located on Main the first block west of Carbon Avenue.

water, went over to where you go up the steps. There lay a bum. Mr. Lowenstine got him by the leg; he said to me, "You hold up his pant leg, hold it open." I did. Mr. Lowenstine poured the bucket of water down his leg. There were a lot of bums, all were drunk, and there is where they would go to sleep it off.

There were only two stores in town, the Price Trading & Lowenstines. Us kids would go down to the Depot to help the men unload the box cars. There would be a lot of candy buckets made of wood; some would be broken; there would be chocolates all over. They were clean because they would be on a big piece of cardboard. We filled all our pockets and our hats, eat chocolates all day. When the family moved back to Orangeville, I stayed over to Price. I stayed with Mr. Sam Jewkes, the father of Ivan, my pal. The reason I stayed is because I had to work for Mr. Jewkes, pay for a bike that I broke all to pieces. How I broke it was a circus came to town. And there was a man who rode a bike down this platform. It was about sixty feet high, then came gradually down, then started up again. So the man jumped a gap of fifty feet onto a platform, then onto the ground. Ivan Jewkes and I build one, but not as high. I got up there and rode the bike down. I made the jump; but when I lit on the other side, I didn't have any bike. That is why I stayed.

Brother Jewkes run a little plant for the city, furnished lights for business places that were there at the time. I cleaned out the combustion under the boiler. I also shingled a

little house that he had. I wasn't more than eight or nine. Ivan and I were doing or building something all the time. We painted signs for the business places. We built a locomotive, had it running.²

I remember when our family and two or three more families, Uncle Charley and Aunt Dot Curtis, Uncle Ferry and Liddy Stilson, Uncle Am and Minie Stilson, would all go to the mountains for the 4th of July. We would stay until after the 24th, we would all travel together. It would take about a day and a half to get up where we were going. There was a flat up in Huntington Pasture; that is where the lake is now. We would all camp together. We would go up Cottonwood Canyon, make camp on the east side of the lake. My Uncle Luther Childs came up, stayed a while with us. Those days we had to go with team and wagon, had a wagon cover on all the wagons. Uncle Luther and a bunch of us boys would cut tress to make a raft. We tied the logs together with wire and put it in the lake. Three or four boys would go out with our fishing gear; in those day what we had was a piece of chalk line and a hook. Didn't have any leaders or hook like they have now days; we used angle worms. We really did good on the lake. We would change about, let some of the others get out on the raft. I remember my father and I would go down the stream below the dam; part of the dam is still there. I would follow my dad; all I had was a willow and a twine string about four feet long. For a weight I got a

²Ivan Jewkes went in the army in World War I. He never came back.

small rock and tied it on the string. If I would lose the hook, I didn't have any more. We would take a straight pin, make a hook and still catch fish! We would get eight or ten out of a little hole. We would stay up the canyon until we run out of flour then would trade fish for flour, just to stay another day or two. We would trade with shepherders. I haven't been over where we camped, but I am sure my name is on a lot of trees. One day a storm come up thundering and lightning. It really raised cain; I remember the people in the wagons would haller back and forth to find out if all were all right, they would all cover their heads, lie down in the bottom of the wagon box.

When we got ready to come home, we would go down Straight Canyon. That is when the road was on the south side of the Canyon; you can see some of the road in places. I believe you took your life in your hands; I am sure the Lord was with us all. Up where the dam is now, the two streams came together. The road went up past where the marina is now over on the south side of Seeley Creek. There was a big spring with a shed over it. The old timers had ranches all up through Joe's Valley. They would stay up there in the summer time, make cheese and butter, then would take it and put it in this shed. The cheese they would hang up; the butter would be put in containers, put in the cold water. That is the way they had of keeping it. I have been up over that old road many a time, I being the oldest boy. They looked up on me to be the head, but I wasn't very old.

My father had a shingle mill up on Red Pine Ridge. This one time I had to go get the wagon box. The family all went, riding the running gears. A lot of places they would all get off. But me, I had to get the team and wagon across; then they all would get back on the wagon. It was late at night when we got to the mill. That night we went to bed. Along in the night something come off a pine tree, hit me in the eye. I didn't sleep any that night, my eye hurt so. But, I really enjoyed them days.

But while we were in Price, I came over to Orangeville and helped Grandpa put up his hay. Grandpa run a farm up near the mouth of Straight Canyon and had bees in Orangeville. Grandpa had to come down to take care of them. Every Sunday I would hook up the old gray mare to the buggy and bring Grandma to church. I looked forward to doing that. I would stay over all summer. Then when Dad moved back to Orangeville, I still would help Grandpa put up hay. He had a farm over across the river. I never will forget Grandpa when he came in for dinner, Grandma wouldn't have it quite ready. I'd get washed up and sit down to rest. Grandma would say to me, "Well son, while you are resting, go out and weed a few rows of garden." I can just see her now. Grandpa always had his pockets full of dried fruit of all kinds. He would ask me if I wanted a chew of tobacco.

On Saturdays along towards night, he killed a beef for the beef trust. Almost every farmer would put in a beef; Grandpa always gave me the liver, heart, and tail. It helped our family out in those early days. After I came home to

Orangeville, my brother Grant was born. All of us come down with the small pox and were quarantined; them days that is what they did. I remember Brother Andrew Anderson put up the quarantine flag. Not long after that the family moved to Cleveland. But before the family moved, my father and brother, Elmer, and I went down there. We stayed to Brother Earnest Davis' place. My father run a blacksmith shop belonging to Brother Lewis Larsen. Then Dad got a place from Parley McFarlane. We lived there a while; then moved down the line straight across from President Lewis P. Oveson. When we moved the family to Cleveland, Dad bought a cow from a man. He lived just as you get off the bench leaving Orangeville. I can't recall the man's name, but I will never forget the cow! A man or boy couldn't milk her; she was all right when the girls would milk her. But this one morning it had been raining all night long and a flood came down the river. The girls couldn't get across to milk her. So it was up to me to get across; I had to swim. I tried to milk her. Oh what a time I had getting her milked. By the time I got through milking, the water had gone down so I could get across without any trouble. Brother Larsen's house was empty so we moved up there by the shop. I remember Brother Larsen would come in the shop, sit down by the forge for hours, and smoke one cigarette after another. I was going to school. Every night when I would get home, I had to help Dad; then on Saturday all day too. I had to swing the sledge hammer; I got just like a trip hammer. I knew how hard to hit and how light. A lot of the farmers that

came to have work done would feel sorry for me and wanted to help. They would try it for a while. All of them said, "I can't see how that boy takes it." They all wanted to help, like I said; so I would let them. My dad said to them, "Let the boy have it and show you how it is done."

Whenever I didn't help my father, I was busy painting buggy and wagon wheels. When we got through with them, they looked like new. I remember a fellow came in the shop and wanted Dad to put in new fellies (the rim of a spoked wheel) and spokes in all four wheels. He would give Dad a horse that he had for payment. He was from Old Mexico. So Dad said that he would; Dad got all the work done. This man went to Castle Dale and left the horse with us. When this horse was a colt, he had gotten his front leg broken; but it didn't bother him. My brother and I were working for Mr. Soren Peterson. We worked this horse on a pug mill to mix the mud. Then we would make adobes. We worked the horse all day for all summer; but when we tried to ride the horse home, he wouldn't stand for it. We would stake the horse out in the orchard with a long rope; he came up missing this day. And no one had seen him. President Oveson said he had seen a man come and take him out of the lot; Dad thought it was the man he got the horse from. My father went to Castle Dale; sure enough the horse was there. My dad didn't make this man pay for his trip over to Castle Dale and the time lost. When we got the horse back home, we had him staked again; the horse got tangled up and broke his leg. We had to kill him. I never felt so bad in my whole

life. We drug him out where we worked him on the pug mill, out in the hills north of Cleveland, and dug a hole to put him in.

We had a large squash patch with a lot of squash. When we got up on Halloween morning, every post around the lot had squash on it.

While in Cleveland, the young boys would challenge the married men; we would go hunting rabbits. The one that brought in the most rabbits didn't have to put the dance on. We'd go out hunting rabbits, out north of Cleveland on James Stokes's place. He and I were great friends and great pals. We not only would bring in the most rabbits, but we'd go different places to hunt them. I remember going up on the Poison Spring Bench. That's where we used to go and get the most rabbits. In those days rabbits would set up in the holes; there was no trick at all to pick them up. The little 22 I had, the Stevens 22 I got there in Cleveland, I bought it from the Co-op Store and I had a single shot. I got so that I'd pick the rabbits on the run; it didn't make any difference how fast they would go or anything. We beat the married men all the time and they gave the dance.

When I was a boy there in Cleveland, we played ball with different little towns like Huntington and Elmo and Lawrence. We'd go up to Huntington to play ball quite often. One afternoon recess we were out on the school lot there playing and we decided to go to Huntington. We had to go see our teacher and get permission to go, and our principal was A. R. King. And he said, "Oh, I'll go make it right with your

teacher." We went up to Huntington and played ball. Well, the next morning we went to school, why we were expelled from school, no school. So we had to go down to the trustees and see them about it, and we took all day long. So afternoon recess, school had taken up we decided to go and give our teacher a peanut shower. So we went to the Allred Store, Liester store, rather, and bought a bunch of peanuts. We went to school and we opened the door and started throwing peanuts all over the floor. We opened the door and went on in and it so happened that it wasn't our teacher. Norma Keel was our teacher and she'd taken sick that day and had to go home. She'd sent her brother down to teach school. After we got in the room, he made us pick up every one of those peanuts. Boy, oh boy, talk about peanuts. Well like I say, we played different towns and I was the pitcher and pitched the ball. I got so I could throw a curve, in and out they called it. We went to play different places. Why, I'd get a bunch of them up to bat; why, I'd fan them right out. They wouldn't hit the ball at all. I remember some of the boys that played there--there was Dennis Christenson with his brother and I don't remember his name now. But anyway, there's Glen Oveson, James Stokes, and oh, there was quite a few of us. There's hardly any of them left around anymore. I don't think there's any.

I remember our home up next to the hill in Orangeville where the road goes now. Ward Cox lives there now. That was all our place. An apricot tree was in the south corner of the

place. Just east of our place Uncle Dagbert Young and family lived. They had a bunch of kids; we played together. Dad traded the place to Johnie Reed for eight or ten head of cattle. Dad then traded the cattle to Soren Peterson for a log house that was in Castle Dale. We moved it to Orangeville where Grandpa Parker A. Childs Sr. lived last. We moved into it; we were there for awhile.

Dad had the Young boys, Ed and Alfred Young my cousins, come out from Duchesne to move us. They were with us about two weeks before we could get ready to move. When we got ready, we had three wagons, two with four head of horses on and one with two horses on. Dad made a sheep bed on it and put a stove in it; the family rode in it. We couldn't haul much of anything. Dad let Grandpa Childs have our home in Orangeville for a black mare. She was heavy with foal. We got to Helper. Dad traded one horse we had to a man for a white horse; it was a much larger horse. We got to Castle Gate that night and stayed over. We all got up early that morning to get on the road before it started to snow. Going up Willow Creek Canyon we would have to get out and clean the mud from between the spokes because the horses couldn't pull the wagons. We had to do this two or three times. We made it to the Park that night. Then the next morning we got up early and put one wagon on top of Indian Canyon. It was late when we got back to where we were camped, I'll never forget. Mother had a big cast iron pot full of beans; we were all so hungry and it tasted so good. But there was not half enough beans. In the morning we got up

early to put the other two wagons on top. They had all the horses down to hook on to the other wagons; but this black mare we got from Grandpa, like I said, she was going to have a colt. The next morning we started down the canyon; it was down hill all the way. It took about a week to make the trip. We got to Duchesne and moved into a house in back of Aunt Jennie Young, Harriet S. Childs' sister, mother of the boys that moved us. We were on the bank of the Duchesne River. We cleared a piece of ground of squawberry bushes, got it plowed, and planted a garden. The only way we could get water on the garden was to build a frame, put a big pulley to the middle of this frame, and put a shute down into the garden. We had a fifty gallon barrel with a heavy band around it and a big rope hooked to it; we pulled the barrel up with a horse--all this to water a garden.

I worked for an Italian guy, George...I can't think of his name right now. We worked for him there the first summer we was out there, and we used this black mare on the pug wheel to mix the mud. My dad was molding the dobies, putting the mud in the molds, and I was just a kid, fourteen years at the time. They had a bunch of kids my age coming and going, couldn't take the job, but I could. Then the next year they put in a brick press and run it by steam; my dad looked after the boiler and also the engine. We still couldn't get anybody to offbear the dobies (put the dobies out on the yard to dry, and then after they were dried haul them into the kiln). A man named Dr. Fergeson was the one that was laying the brick in the kiln. They put up three kilns that summer with a hundred and fifty

thousand dobies. After we got the kilns all built, it was my job to fire them and burn the brick. After we got the brick burnt, they contracted to hauling the brick to the place there in town where they were building. All of Duchesne, that is, on the main street, the buildings there are made of brick that I helped make. After I got through burning for the brick, I had a job burning lime. We fired that lime kiln with the willows that they gathered off the river bank on the Strawberry River. I wish I had some of the lime now; I could have a different garden.

When I got through with that, the city gave me a job putting in the water in the winter of 1916. I was to be under the City Marshall, but I never did see him very often. I went up the river two miles to put in a bulkhead. I had to get out in the river a little ways and had to blast. Down below there would be a lot of fish; the water was covered with fish. Then the men I was working with would get in the river with sacks and gather up a bunch of fish--talk about fish! I didn't think they would be any good; all the blast did is just stun them. Going along the side hill there were places that had been trenched out to be ten, twelve feet deep. It was my job to make it safe for the men that was working there digging. All that work was done with a pick and shovel, no machines like they have now days. The City Marshall gave me men from the jail with a ball and chain on them. The work was all done by hand. It was pretty hard going with a lot of big rocks. Part of my job was to make it safe, had to brace the trench in a lot

of places so it wouldn't cave in on the men. So after I got down in the town, it was easy going. They gave me a bunch of kids about my age. This one evening they got to playing just before quitting time, pulling one another in the trench with the sacks that was there. And our boss was suppose to be the overseer, the sheriff out there; he come up and he says, "Everyone of you is fired." So I took it for me too, so I went home with the rest of them. It happened that I went down to the barbershop that evening. It was in the barbershop that Ellison Murray, the sheriff, come in the shop and he said to me, "I didn't mean for you being fired; you go back to your work like you was before and you stay on 'til you finish the job." So I did. We finished it.

When that job was finished, Dad and I went to Utah and worked on the Jessie Knight ditch. We built four miles of flume. Dad and I batched in a tent in the cedars. I did most of the cooking. We had a place fixed in the cedars to put our wash basin and soap. But I didn't know what happened to the soap; we couldn't keep in soap. This one noon hour we came in for our dinner; I saw this bird taking off with the soap. They called them camp robbers. I had a jug of sour dough to make pancakes for our breakfast and biscuits for our dinner and supper. Dad and I batched for about a month, then Dad leased a farm from Brother Joe Smithers and moved the family up there. I don't know just how long we worked on the ditch; we worked until it was finished, then it was my job to look after it. They had three flumes across the draw. One was a mile long.

Whenever it rained, seems like it was quite often, the hill would slide down, taking the flume with it. I had to jack it back in line. Whenever I had to do that, I would have to turn the water out. I would tell all the farmers. They would come up and back their wagons under a big gate with a valve in the bottom and fill wagon after wagon with fish, fish of all kinds. Really enjoyed doing that kind of work. I took a lot of fish home, put them in salt brine for a while, then take them out and smoke them with birch willow smoke. Talk about good, it couldn't be beat. Really enjoyed them. I wish I could have some now.

We were still living on Brother Smithers' farm. I had a nice garden, a big onion patch. Our neighbor lady was a widow; she had two sons who never married and they were up in years. They had me help them in the hay. They didn't load the hay on wagons; they used slips and pulled the slips into the stack yard. When it came noon, Sister Spratt had me come in for dinner. She was Irish. I also helped the Spratt brothers when they baled hay--one of the boys on the stack, the other putting hay in the baler. It was my job to do the tying, weigh and pack the bales on the stack. We were on this place two years. Then Dad got a place on up the river a mile, rented from Al Murdock.

Before you crossed the river bridge, the road was washed out. The county wanted Dad to fix it. We worked out our poll tax this way. It was on a little hill before you got to the river bridge on the road to Tabiona. Dad and I went to fix it.

I was holding the plow; Dad handled the team. One of the horses was much larger than the other. We put the larger one on the short end of the double tree. We had new harnesses on them. Going along we hit a big sagebrush; the team come to a stop. Dad stepped up close to the one horse and spatted him on the rump. The team sit down and really began to pull. They broke the new harness we had on them. This let the single tree come back. It happened so quick, hit Dad on the shin. He went down like he had been shot. The wagon was a long ways away. I picked Dad up and carried him, put him in the wagon. I was just a boy of fifteen years. I had to put Dad in a double bed wagon box. We had a mile to go to where we had our home. Dad and Mother slept down in the trees close to the Duchesne River. We had a house also, but Dad and Mother slept in this tent. So we took him and put him in the bed and then I had to go clear to Duchesne to get a doctor. And he come up there and he set Dad's leg. As many years as I can remember, up until Dad passed away he had this big hole in his shin, leg, that never did heal up. This was in 1915.

On the road going to Tabonia, we got across the Duchesne River. In the spring it would be pretty nasty, muddy and nasty; and the cars would come down there and they got stuck in the mudhole. And I'd get my team and go and hook onto them and pull them out. I could have fixed it, but I just left it that way so to make a little extra money.

I had a garden; I planted thirteen rows of potatoes. When people passed by the place and I would be working in the

garden, I could hear them say, "He won't get any potatoes from those vines, they have all gone to top's." And would you believe it, I couldn't haul the potatoes off in three double wagon beds. That fall we moved back to Duchesne. Dad got a log house from A. L. Murdock, put it on top of a hill. We dug a pit in the hill side to put the potatoes in. We packed them like you would stove wood, ricked them up like you would brick, a beautiful sight.

A bunch of boys and girls went up to the canyon with a sleigh, a little cutter they called it, that we made out of twenty-pound rails. We hooked the team on it and went up as far as Jones' ranch, seven miles up the canyon. In them days the road isn't where it is now; but anyway, we got up there and we turned the sleigh around and sent the team for home. And we put the tongue in the air and we started down the canyon. We made it all right 'til we got just within about half a block from the Strawberry River, and there's quite a steep dug road there. Where Indian Creek come into the river, we couldn't quite make the turn. So we dropped the tongue and it hit down in the center of the Indian Creek; and, of course, it threw the sleigh clear up over the top and went down on the other side. Scattered boys and girls all over the riverside; no one was hurt, luck would have it. In them days we really had a time, we had to make our own fun. Yes, we did.

In the winter time, my brother Elmer and I hauled flour from Myton. We couldn't go down and back in one day; therefore, we had to stay overnight. It was cold. This one

time we went down and camped in the camp ground; there was a bunch of Indians there. Along in the early morning a squaw gave birth to a baby. When my brother and I got up, the Indians were down to the river. They put this little baby in the river in that cold water; this was part of their culture.

One time Brother Elmer picked up a wallet; it had money enough to get two or three hundred pounds of four. We got four going home. We had to walk behind the bob sleigh, dancing and swinging our arms to get warm. One horse was black, the other a sorral; but they were both white because of the snow. One morning I went out across the Strawberry River hunting rabbits; I froze my big toes.

In the spring of 1917, my dad and I left Duchesne. We had Fred Davis take us to Helper in a model T Ford. He had a grocery store in Duchesne, him and his brother Harris Davis. We had a little time and we went up to Spring Glen to see my Uncle Luther. Visited with him quite a while and then went back to Helper. But going back we had to take a train. It was an old narrow gauge train with side gear drive. It took us several hours to go up there. Then we left the next morning to go to Mud Creek. Dad and I stayed at the boarding house.

When I was out in Duchesne, we hauled wood. We used a bob sleigh in the winter time to haul wood. When anybody wanted wood, we'd load up a load or cart of wood and haul it to them. And this dentist--I don't remember his name--but anyway, he's the one that pulled my mother's teeth. He was suppose to make a new set for her, so we payed in wood. We hauled the wood to

him, and Dad and I went out to Mud Creek. In a couple of months the family came out. Mother and the kids come out in the covered wagon and they was leading this Holstein cow behind. It took them several days to come out. Mother came out before she got her teeth and the dentist told her he'd send them to her. Well, she never did get those teeth. But he got the wood anyway; he was paid in full. After the family got to Mud Creek, we went back out there to see what was the matter that he hadn't sent the teeth; and he told Dad that he'd already sent him.

After we left Duchesne, we never moved any furniture or anything out; we had pictures of my granddads on both sides, grandmothers, and a lot of furniture. We never did get anything. It was forty years after that we were up to Timpanogos Cave to a reunion, way up on top of the mountain. We stayed up there two or three nights and days. And the whole Young family was there. And the first thing that my cousin Floyd Young come up to me and he said, "I want to tell you something; when you left Duchesne, it wasn't me that got any of your stuff." He must have had a guilty conscience.

Dad and I stayed up there for a couple of months before Mother and them moved out; we stayed at the beanery. We'd go in the mine and I'd work with Dad in the mine at the time; couldn't stand to work there. They would shoot shots any time they wanted to. Used that black powder and the smoke was so thick you could almost taste it. Then the lunches we got, all I could eat out of it was just the orange they put in the

bucket. I couldn't take it in the mind loading coal. So Brother Wild, Earl Wild, was the mine foreman and he come to me and wanted to know if I wanted to go driving. I said yes. He turned me loose, never showed me how to go about doing things. They give me an old horse they called Jumbo. We were working what they called the Old Raise. So I started down the Raise my first trip. And just before coming to the swamp was a steep grade and you had to put sprags in the over wheels to come down the hill. I just got out of the car to put the sprags in the wheels and got back on the bumper of the car ready to start out. The horse went for a little ways and then came to a stop and it threw me off of the car over between props on the side. I was wondering what the heck was the matter, and all at once the big cave in came. The roof fell and we were trapped in the mine then from about noon to about nine o'clock that evening before we could get out. Now I didn't know whether I wanted to stay in the mine and work or not. Josheph Barrett (they lived there), he run the pump down in the mine, the old hand pump. Earl Wild and I was the only ones that could handle a horse with the trip, so we would get in extra time doing that. Then on idle days we'd go in the mine and load loose coal along the tracks. This was during World War I. I went outside the mine and weighed coal for quite awhile, and there was several of the boys from Orangeville that was up there--Dave Jewkes, Sam Jewkes, there was two or three more. I weighed coal there for quite awhile; I was staying at the boarding house. I'd have to go up at night; and when the train would come up and would have

to coal the engine, I would do it.

Dad sent for the family; Mother and my brothers and sisters came out. I can just see the place where we lived. Those days we didn't have water in the houses like they have today. There was a spring just back of the house. It wasn't long after that the fireman, Tom O'Brien, quit the boiler house. He was going back to Ireland. So they gave me the job of taking care of the firehouse. They ran the shop and the big pump down in the mine with steam.

The school house wasn't very far away. Every recess Miss Adams came over to see me; she was the teacher. One day I thought I would play a trick on her. I took the three quarter hose, put it down along the floor. When she entered the door, I turned the steam on; I had taken out all the hot water. Oh! How that hose jumped around, frightened Miss Adams! I felt bad after. So I didn't do it anymore. Miss Adams was from Helper, Utah.

The superintendent sold a Model T to Dad; well, I helped pay for it. The superintendent bought a Red Bird Overland; there were just two cars in camp. Every Saturday night I took the young boys and girls down to Winter Quarters to the dance. Had to make three or four trips to get them down there and they many to get them back. So I didn't get any dancing in.

This one time when we lived there in Mud Creek, we went down, Dad and I and his Model T Ford; we was looking for some pigs. And we stopped at the Stokes' place in Cleveland. I knew them well, and we stayed there and visited them for a

while. And Dad went on into Cleveland. At that time I kind of courted Myrtle Stokes. And what I was going to say was we used to go out hunting rabbits together. And this one time we picked up part of a gun, (22), and Oliver Cramer found the other part. And so we got together one day and they drew cuts to see which one took the other part of the gun, so that one guy would have a rifle. So it so happened that James Stokes drew the short end of the stick and he got the gun. But traveling back, we had to go clear over into Wellington before we found the pigs. We got some pigs and took them back to Mud Creek.

I worked there firing boilers for quite a while. And then they shut the mine down and transferred me up to Clear Creek and I had to fire the boilers there for a while. Then a bunch of boys were called to the Army, World War I. I was called, but the superintendent claimed exemption several times for me. Finally they called me and I had to go to Price. There were six or eight boys that went to Price the same day. It was two o'clock when we got in Price. We got off the train and went right to the courthouse. They had us strip and we were until nine o'clock that night when we got out. We went and got a hotel room. We arranged to double up. The girl took us up to the rooms to show us. We all had to register. One of the boys from Clear Creek was a Finlander, we all signed our name. When she came to this Finlander, he wanted to know what that was for. She told him he had to register. He said, "Well, I have registered and been examined too." We all got a big kick out

of that. We took the train back to Scofield and had to walk to Mud Creek. I didn't know if I was going to make it or not. I got the flu and was in bed for a month. My brother Elmer took my job in the power house.

When World War I was over (that was the eleventh of November, my brother Elmer's birthday), I couldn't or didn't stay in bed any longer. I don't know who told my brother to tie the whistle down, but it blew and blew. The superintendent was in the mine. He came out; he was a big Sweed. He said, "Yeesus Criiist, what is the matter!"

Wasn't long after that the company shut the mine down. They sent me to Clear Creek to work in the power house; that was the year 1919. I worked there a year. Then the company started Mud Creek up again. I went back on the power house for Utah Fuel Company. I worked there a year, then back to Clear Creek again. The superintendent at Clear Creek was Emil Oslin. I had nine boilers to look after. I could clean the fires and not let the steam down. They had three shifts. Many many times I would work the shift for a Mr. Burnside on graveyard. All of them wanted to know how I cleaned the fires not letting the steam down. I had a chart in the engine room; it showed how the steam would be on your shift.

One of my cousins, Lynn Fulmer, came from California to work. He wanted me to go with him. First I had to go to Winter Quarters to get my pay. They paid me in one dollar bills; I had a roll that would choke a cow. My cousin and I walked over the mountain, got to Uncle Al Fulmer's, stayed with

them that night and got up the next morning to go see about work.

Going up to the office we looked up on the mountain side; there stood a big mountain lion. We watched him until he got out of sight, then we went onto the office. They were not hiring. We went down the canyon; there were a lot of mines in that canyon at that time. But we didn't find work where we could be together. Lynn got work at Peerless Mine and I got work at Raines Mine, a long way from each other. I went to work in the mine as a driver. Another man and I would ride the horses in the mine. We used the horses to pull the coal from the raise; we used the hoist to pull the coal. From the dippes we took turns; I would run the hoist awhile, then my partner would. I went to work in the same clothes I had on when I left Mud Creek. I worked four shifts and then went to get my pay. I was quite glad to get out of that mine. I had to walk to Helper to get on the train so I could go to Manti. The train was pulling away from the depot in Thistle and I had to lay over until the next day, afternoon. While sitting in the depot, I heard over the radio that Raines Mine had blown up, killed four men. I knew them, they went from Mud Creek over to Raines. I was lucky getting out when I did.

We had this Model T Ford, the only car in Mud Creek at that time. I got permission to take time off and went into Salt Lake. I took a week off at that time; and when I got back home, I wasn't satisfied or didn't want to go back to work at that time. So I took the car and I decided to come down to

Huntington. My cousin Clarence Powell and I went down to Desert Lake to a dance they was having there. They really had a good time, but I didn't dance any at that time. We went there in a pair of bib overalls and a vest on; that's the way they dressed them days. I met Irene Axelsen there; and after the dance was out, I asked to take Irene home. I guess we was about ten or twelve in that Model T Ford. Tom Timothy did the driving. We took her home and the rest of them, there in Elmo. She lived down on the farm.

When I went back to work to Clear Creek, I didn't have a job. The master mechanic had canned me, and so I went down to the UP Mine to go to work. I worked there for one shift and here come the superintendent down. Emil Oslin was the superintendent and he says, "I want you to come back up there and go to work." And I says, "Well, no, I was canned." He said, "It don't make no bit of difference, I want you to come back; we need you." So I went back up and I fired boilers there for awhile.

On January 12, 1920, I went to Manti and married Irene Axelson. Stayed there a day or two, then we went to Clear Creek. I had a house and had been batching. I also run a barbershop. And I'll never forget the first man's head of hair I cut. I was in the barbershop there for quite awhile, and then they started up Mud Creek again. In the spring the company asked me to go to Mud Creek and get the mine ready to open again. I took my brother-in-law, Orson Brotherson, with me. We were making the casings of the windows, making tables

and benches for the boarding house, took a year. Orson and his wife Mada stayed with us for a long time. That was the year our daughter Leora was born in 1920, November 12. At that time my wife wanted to go over to Manti to see her folks. So she went over there and stayed with them awhile.

Going back to the year 1920, I came on this side of the mountain, went to work at Morland Mine. I lived in part of a house that Walt Black and my sister Rita lived in. There wasn't an opening in the shop; the superintendent wanted to know if I wanted to go in the mine. I went in the mine; they gave me a man from Cleveland, Archie Anderson, to help. The mine was only working two days and sometimes would get three. I would go in the mine and make coal for the next day. I had to put out the powder and do the work, making coal on the idle days. Archie Anderson never did come in to help. I put up with that about two weeks; I got a hold of the mine foreman and told him how it was and my brother Bill came in to be my partner. One night Percy Axelson called me to come up to Kenilworth to go to work. I moved the family to Huntington, rented a place from Mr. Green.

I had a bunch of roosters. Walt Black³ and family came down and wanted us to go up Huntington Canyon to have lunch. I went and got three roosters to take. We got up the canyon and got a beautiful place, made a fire. Went to get the roosters, didn't have them. I had left them on the porch. Walt Black

³Walt Black was killed in the Clear Creek Mine about 1928.

said, "Oh! Well, we will get along." We had some pork side, we fried it, made some gravy. Walt really liked his bread and gravy. You know, it wasn't bad; in those days that is about all people had. Most of the people anyway. It tasted darn good. I think whatever you have tastes good in the mountans, I don't know what it is.

Well, now we'll get back to where I was working in Kenilworth. I stayed at Percy Axelson and Lola's place; weekends I went home to Huntington.

This one time I was working in a place cleaning up. Percy came down, asked if I would come up, give him a hand. They had been working for hours and couldn't get this tight butt out (a tight butt is part of a face 'wall' of coal that didn't come loose when blasted). This had to be picked or crow barred out and cleaned up before another cut could be made and the blasting process started over. So I went to help him. The first thing, I got a sharp pick, got down on my knees, made a cut clear to the back of the cut. I don't think I was there fifteen minutes; I was going back to the room. Percy said, "You stay right here; put your check on the cars." So that is what I did. I think it was ten or twelve cars he loaded for me on top of what I had already loaded. I got credit for all of them; that was big money that day. But that didn't last long.

The mine foreman came and wanted me to run the line into a new hoist. It was a long way; I had to climb the poles. The mine foreman said, "By all means, keep watch on the place where they turned the power off!" There had been a man killed there

in the same place; it didn't make me feel too good about it.

I rented a company house and I was going to Huntington to get my family. I had a man hired to move us up to Kenilworth. When I got home, my mother and father were there. They came down from Scofield to tell me that the superintendent of the UP Mine wanted me back. I also had a letter from the superintendent telling me all about it. So I called the man to come and move me, but was moving back to Scofield, not Kenilworth. I went ahead to Kenilworth to tell them I didn't want the house, also draw my pay. I went to Scofield to see if the home I had was still there. My dad was living in it; it belonged to him. Later I bought it from him.

Wasn't too long after that my wife's dad wanted us to take over his farm in Elmo where they lived. I bought ten head of brood sows; it was about time for the sows to farrow. We had to get down to take care of them, fix places for them to have their young. I also had four head of horses and fifty head of sheep. The sheep had to be sheared. My father-in-law Adolph Axelson said, "I will give you a mutton if you will shear them." I had never done that but had seen an Italian shear his sheep in Scofield. I thought it would be easy. If a woman could do it, I could too! But it took me a very long time.

When we got moved, we fixed up the grainery and lived in it a long time, well, until I could get another place to live in. I rented a house that belonged to Ben Hansen, a log house that sat on the corner of Main Street (where Hansens always lived). Later, Hansen's Store was there. I sent to Manti and

got five hundred baby chicks. I had to make a place for them, also had to make a place for the pigs. My father-in-law wanted me to run a farm out on the Wash Board Flat. Irene and I plowed forty-five acres of ground, didn't do a thing with the place where he lived. I planted it all in grain, mostly wheat. The grain was up in the stool just out of the ground when grasshoppers and crickets took the crop clean as a board floor. I got discouraged, sold my chickens for seventy five cents apiece, and they were about to lay. Sold the pigs for two dollars apiece to Orson Brotherson. Glad to get out of farming.

I rented a little pink house from the company in Scofield, Utah. That is where the twins were born on September 19, 1923. The doctor's name was Dr. Bash; he brought the babies into this world. I will never forget what he said to me, but I'm not going to tell!!

In Scofield we used to come down to Helper and get in a winter's supply of stuff, because you didn't know just when you'd be able to get out and in. Several times there, you couldn't get out at all. I know for a couple of months there one time, we had so much snow that you couldn't even get any mail or train services up there; store shelves were getting pretty bare.

I always arranged to have what we wanted to eat. I can say this much, that I don't think my children went without clothes like I did when I was a small boy. Oh, I can thank our Heavenly Father for these blessings, and I hope and pray that

none of the rest of them have to go through what I've gone through. I remember when I was a small boy that I used to have one shoe of one kind on one foot, on the other foot was a different shoe. And not only that, but I couldn't go to school like other children did. I'd have to get out and work and help supply, get stuff for the family. And I'd go to school, maybe go for a week or so; and I'd have to get out and go and rustle a job again. This went on several times. I remember when we were up there on the Blue Bench ditch, this one time that my dad would go out after the ditch was completed and he turned the ditch over to me. It was my job to look after it. This time Dad went out to shear sheep and he was gone all summer long. We never did know what any money was like. And I had to support the family. Not only support the family but help do the cooking, at least part of the time, for the meals that we had.

In Scofield our son Kenneth was born in 1928, on December the seventh. I was working in the shop with my dad. My father bought a house when we were in Mud Creek. He moved it down to Scofield. We lived in a house on the west side of town. Dad bought a little farm on Orem Bench. He was quite awhile getting the house so he could move down there. After Dad moved, I bought his house. We moved up there.

This one time we went down to Helper to get our supplies. I had this new Pontiac car and we had to go back through what they call Dry Valley and down what they call Lover's Lane and on the old railroad track. It used to come up from Old Tucker

and down the side of the mountain there and into Scofield, the old narrow gauge train. And this one time we were down; and coming back, we had this supply stuff. I had all my family in the car. And going down on the grade wasn't too wide a road, the places got quite slick and the car took off for the left side of the road. I managed to get her back on the middle of the road and then finally it took off for the right side. I could see I couldn't keep it from going over the embankment; so over the embankment we went. If I could have got out on the running board, I could have saved it from tipping over. But anyway it tipped over and the rebound got it back over. The wife and the family and myself could just about get it straightened back up, but couldn't hardly get it. So I had to walk into Scofield and get the garage man, Mike Zuber. This was a night, raining with no fire or light, just a woman and four frightened children waiting while I hiked ten miles or more. The garage man came down and helped me tip it over; the two of us tipped the car back up. Of course, it could run, but it's fenders was all dented in, the top was all dented in, the acid had run out of the battery on all the upholstery and eat it all the way up. So I got it back to Scofield in the yard and it stayed there for months and months and months. Finally one day I decided to get out and straighten it up. So I took out everything, upholstery and all, put all new in, hammered out the dented fenders, and you couldn't hardly tell it had been in any wreck after I got through with it. When I come on over on this side of the mountain back to Standardville, I used the car

for quite a while there. Had to go to Helper for our drinking water when we lived there in Spring Canyon too.

There was a lot of people on relief at the time of the depression. Brother Anderson was after me to go and see what I could do about getting on relief. And this one day when I was taking a bunch down to Helper to get their supplies, they all went into this case worker's office and they got their supplies. So I asked this lady if there was any chance of me getting on it because my pantry shelves was getting down pretty bare. And she said, "Is that your car out there?" And I said, "Yes." She said, "Well, anybody with a car like that can go borrow money on it to tide them over." And I said, "Well, I don't know," I says, "it just seems like it's just who you are. Some of them can't even write their own names and there's no question a bit; they're going to get their supplies." So she said, "Well, I'm sorry there's nothing I can do." And I said, "Well I know there is something I can do." I said, "Before I see my children starve, I've got a big rifle up home, and before I see them starve I'll get it some way or another." You know before I got home, no on the way home, Fred KilFoyle stopped me. "Well, Lee," he said, "there's about two weeks or three weeks work over to Rollap for you." When I got home, they had sent up a man to investigate about my getting on relief and I said, "I don't want no part of it." He said, "Well," he says, "you'd better get it signed up here in case you have to or we won't have to go through all this red tape." And I said, "No, I don't want no part of it." And that's near

as I got to county relief. I went to Rollap and helped them over there realign the coal chutes.

In 1930 we moved to Standardville. I went in the mine for a week or so. One evening Carl Nyman called, wanted me to go to National to work in the shop. I traveled back and forth for two weeks. I finally got an apartment and moved over on Sunday. After I got moved, Carl came in the shop. He said, "I can only give you work the days the mine works." He had told me before I moved that there would be work every day. I couldn't stand for that. I got home that night. I just got in the house and a boy came and said, "You are wanted on the phone." I went to answer the phone and Dave Brown the superintendent at Spring Canyon wanted me to come over there to work in the shop up in Creek town.

He had a house all fumigated, cleaned and painted; it was a nice rock house. I went back to move the family. I moved to National on a Sunday, and moved out the next Sunday to go to Spring Canyon. I worked in the shop by the Sub Station. The kids had the chicken pox.

I had a collie dog; every morning I went to work this dog would go with me. He stayed around for awhile, then he would go home. Just before quitting time he would come to see me home.

The superintendent wanted me to go down in the lower shop. So I did. We moved down around the Bend in a house John and Leprel Richards lived in. They moved up by the store. I will never forget the first night there we didn't have time or take

time to put up the beds for the children. They slept on the floor. They kept getting up; we wondered what was wrong. I got up to see. The bed bugs was about to pack them away; I never seen anything like it.

In the winter of 1931-32 work in the mining camps was hard to come by. It seems as if Dad had four or five job offers, none paid very much; so it was move, move, and move again, from Standardville to Spring Canyon, to Consumers and then back to Spring Canyon. Each house was a disaster, needing paint and cleaning--mostly cleaning. The home in Spring Canyon was a two story affair. It was beautiful after all the work, cleaning, painting and polishing to make it just shine. Then came the call to go to Consumers. We moved there from a seven room home into a three room converted apartment with a public bath down the hall. We arrived at this place late Sunday afternoon. The kids were fed and beds made on the floor till morning when things could be arranged differently. As soon as the lights were out, we were invaded. They must have come from everywhere in the old building where it was warmer. Imagine, nice warm kids, so they pounced. Each child sat up screaming, something's biting me; needless to say one set of parents didn't get any rest. The lights were left on hoping that would drive them away. Come morning the order was search, seek and get rid of those little brown bugs that bite. The end result was the company issued something to scrub with. But Dad and Mother had had enough; a week to the day it was load up and move back to Spring Canyon into a four room house built of rock with cellar under the house. It also had a bath--but no bed bugs!⁴

My wife Irene went to her sister Mada Brotherson's in Elmo in March 1932. Velma was born the twenty-fifth of March. Merle Axelsen took care of the family while she was working in Mr. Crane's grocery store.

In the fall Dad peddled vegetables in Scofield; then they moved back. When he came back to Scofield to work in the shop,

⁴As told by Leora Childs Johansen, his daughter.

he was helping me. Before I was his helper.

I had made a lot of changes like putting in a line shaft to run the machinery in the shop. When I got it all fixed the way I wanted, the superintendent came in the shop. He looked at the way I had it fixed up and he said, "Why didn't we think of that before."

I took care of the lamphouse and repaired the Wheatlamp; that's the first lamp that came out. And I had to rebuild them, put new separators and elements in them, then charge them and get them ready for the men to use. At that time we had about three hundred and fifty men working there in the mine.

Also made a big change on the tipple. I said to the superintendent, "Why don't we raise the shakers up on the end three feet?" The way they was you couldn't segregate the coal. And he says, "Oh, my land," he says, "it can't be done." He said, "I stood right here with an engineer when these were put here. And I says, "Well, I know it can." And you know, oh, about a month afterwards he come over to the hop and he said, "Lee," he says, "let's try it, but let's only take a foot off." I wanted to raise them three feet to start with. So I had to go out and block up the shakers, take the hangers off, take them in the shop, cut out a foot, weld them back up, take them out and put them on shakers again. Later he come back and he says, "Let's try to take off another foot." So I had all that work to do over again. And they could still come up higher, and what I wanted to do was make a cross over dump so that the cars would run across and on the switchback kick over on the

empty track without having to push them back. So after I got that all done, he said to me, "Why didn't we think of this before?" And I said, "I've been after you for a long, long time." So I had to remodel the shakers the way I wanted them and also do away with the steam engine they run the shakers with. The boy that they had running the steam engine almost shook the tipple down several times, so I wanted to do away with that and put in an electric motor. So that's what we did. And then the company wanted me to go up to Wyoming to work their shakers over, but I didn't go. I had to look after the hoist, also. They had one big steam hoist to cross the canyon.

One day I'll never forget, they were going to hire a bunch of men from San Pete to come over. The men stood there watching the trip go up and down, up and down. One of them, I heard him say to the other one, "That must be an awful stiff rope to push them cars up and down like that."

The next day or so I had to go over and do some adjusting on a bearing there on the big hoist. Bill Green was the hoistman. And it was warm in there. So I was adjusting the bearing end and I told him to let the trip down slowly. That darn wrench I had slipped and I fell over against the drum, the willow brick they called it, and I broke my arm. I ran out of the hoist room so I could get some fresh air. I didn't know my arm was broken. I got to feeling better and I went over to the shop and picked up the pair of tongs and put a piece of steel in the fire. I was going to work on it and I found out my arm

was broken. I went down home and got the car out of the garage and went to Clear Creek to Dr. Bash's. And when I got up there, there was no doctor. So then I come back to Scofield and sent down to my dad and mother; they lived down close to where the depot was at that time. Couldn't get a hold of a doctor for a long, long time. That was when Soldier's Summit was a booming. They had the round house and all that up there at Soldier's Summit. They had a doctor and a hotel and what-have-you. It was nine o'clock when the doctor came up there and, or course, they had to put me out to set my arm. And I remember, I wet the bed.

It was quite awhile before I got back to work. I was in trouble, I needed somebody to come up and repair the lamps. And the boss, the mine foreman come down and wanted me to go up and show someone how to fix those lamps. And I said, "Yes," I said, "but there will only be one fellow that I'll show." And they wanted to know who that was, and I said, "My dad." So I went back up and showed him what to do and how to do it. After Dad had taken over, it was quite awhile before I went back to work. In the meantime, the outside foreman come in and watched Dad fix lamps. So when I got ready to go back to work, I didn't have a job. They had cut me off of that job. So I told them to heck with it, I was through with all of it.

That year, 1930, I went over to San Pete putting in steam boilers. In March we went over to start on the job. There were three of us in one car--the boss, Bert Allen, and myself--and a truck with four men and all the tools. We sent

the truck ahead. We were to leave Scofield early that morning, but it was about six that evening before we got away. I had to do the driving; both the boss and Bert Allen didn't know how to drive. We caught up with the truck; they were off the road at Hill Top. They had run out of gas. The boss said we better stop and drain some gas, enough to get them to Fairview. We got them back on the road. The boss said to me, "Well, Lee, when you get on top you had better stop and wait for them." He wanted to make sure they got that far. When I got on top, I stayed there awhile. The other two guys were asleep in the back of the car. We hadn't had anything to eat. So I thought to heck with them and went on. Those two guys didn't wake up until we got to Fairview where we could get something to eat. It was around 1 o'clock in the morning and we were tired, hungry and sleepy. After we had something to eat, the boss said we better go get us a room. When we got up the next morning, there were 15 inches of snow. Those fellows in the truck stayed out in it all night. Then we went on to Ephraim and Manti to see if the boilers had gotten there. They were there so we turned around and went back to see where the truck was. We got back to Mount Pleasant just as the truck was pulling in. While we were there, one of the Madson boys pulled up in a truck with a horse in it. He got out, went in the store, and soon he came out. He had to crank the truck; it started and it was in gear. Truck, horse and all went up over the sidewalk and on through a big plate glass window on the store. There was really a lot of excitement for a while.

We put in two boilers at Ephraim and one over at Manti. I had a bunch of the men working for me there at the cannery in Ephraim, including my brother Grant. I had to go over to Manti to work on the boiler; and I come back to Ephraim, they had a bunch of men working there under the boilers leveling off the ground. I had been after Bert Allen about bracing those boilers, putting a prop in so that they wouldn't be apt to fall down. It was in the spring of the year, it started to thawing. We was right out in the open field on the west side of the boilers to get something to take back to Manti to do a little job there, and Bert asked me, he says, "How do they look, Lee?" And I says, "Get out from there darn quick." I hadn't any more than said it and both boilers went down. Just about caught five or six men there working underneath. It broke the hangers that they had hung the boilers up with. They had sent out a man from Salt Lake to weld these up with an acetyline torch. When these boilers went down, it broke every one of the hangers. J. J. Cohen came out from Salt Lake and he said to me, he said, "Lee, take these rods up to the shop there in town in Ephraim and show these guys how to weld them together." So I took them up. John Iver Lamp was the blacksmith there and he was sweating blood trying to do a little job there they wanted him to do. And I went over, I stood there and I watched him for awhile, then I stuck this piece of iron together for him and he was real pleased with it. He said, "I don't know how you ever do things like that." Then I had him help me weld these big rods, inch and a half rods, together. I took them

back down to the cannery so they could use them. Bert Allen sent me and this other fellow home, back home to Scofield. They said they'd let me know in three or four days what to do. They'd call us and have us come back. So I went home. We'd layed around there for three or four days and no one said anything about it. So I got in the car; I took the family with me and went over to Ephraim. I had been staying at Mr. Kelson's; he had a cafe and sleeping quarters up in the upper part of his cafe. As soon as I got there to get my stuff to take back home, Mr. Kelson said, "They want to see you down to the plant, the cannery." And I said, "Okay." I went down and Bert Allen says, "Well, you're supposed to take this thing over. I'm let out." I said, "No, I don't want it." And he said, "Cohen insists on your taking it." So then I had to start from the ground up and put the boilers back in their place. But I worked it differently than Bert Allen had. I got the boilers all set up and the floors all run; and I put on the casings and the brick lining and all that was supposed to have gone with the boiler, and the injections and the pump. I got it ready for them to go, all but putting the headerline or the feedline in the cannery. They wanted me to stay and put the feedline through; but before I did that, I had to get it up on the smokestack. I had two boilers there and I had to get up about three quarters of the way up and put a spreader from one stack to the other. When I put the stacks up, I made sure that I put a cable up so that if anybody wanted to paint the stacks they could have it ready. They could go up and paint them.

I arranged it so that I had a cable run down, a little cable, a three-eighth cable, or quarter inch cable rather, and a chair on it so that if they wanted to paint the smokestacks there'd be no problem at all for them. So this one day I got through putting those spreaders on and the girl that was doing the labeling there on the cans, she come out and she says, "How about taking me up for a thrill? Take me up just as far as you was." So I says, "Okay." And I took her up a lot further than where I was. Oh, I held her up there quite a little while and she kept a hollering, "Let me down, let me down." So, I let her down. There was a bunch of men standing there and she come over to where I was and she says, "I don't know whether I got a change of pants at home or not."

Before I left there, the superintendent of the cannery wanted me to come down and load my car up with canned stuff. I pulled away from there and never got a can.

At one time my dad was watching camp for Utah Fuel, had a bunch of milk cows. I helped him pay for them. We also had a bunch of chickens and some pigs. We paid as much as two hundred dollars apiece for the cows. Mother made butter and Dad would take milk, butter, and eggs to Clear Creek and Scofield. Something came up between Dad and the company; they let my dad out. Dad went to Scofield to work in the blacksmith shop. My dad had to take the cows out to a man in Roosevelt. That was the end of the cows; we didn't receive a thing for them. All that money we spent went down the drain.

In 1936, we were in Spring Canyon. On the fifth of

December our daughter Ann was born; wasn't long after that we moved to Elmo. I was to buy the home and farm where Adolph Axelson lived. I traveled to Spring Canyon to work. In the summer time it wasn't bad. I had to go to Cleveland to pick up Tom Price. One morning I started out to go to Cleveland to get him. It had been raining for a week and the roads were impossible. Those days there were just dirt roads. This one morning I started out, I seen a car a little ways from where we lived with the lights on, but it didn't move. I pulled over as close as I could; it was still dark. I seen a man coming towards my truck. When he got up to the car he said, "I'm Dr. Duggens. I have got to get to Elmo. A lady is going to have a baby and I have got to get there as soon as I can." I knew his car was wet going through all that water. I went to his car, lifted the hood. I could see what was the matter. I asked him if he had a can of ether; he did. I put some on the distributor. I said get in and start it up. He said to me, "I didn't know that ether could be used for anything like that."

The roads were so muddy you couldn't get off the main traveled road; if you did, it was too bad. I traveled back and forth in the summer and in the winter time. My daughter Shirley was going to school in Spring Canyon; we didn't like to take her out of school. When we moved to Elmo, she stayed with a Mrs. Annie Cowley. When I started to stay up there in the winter, Shirley came and stayed with me; we would go home weekends. This one time my car went out, couldn't get it started. My friend Ken Farthingham let me take his car. We

got ready to go back to Spring Canyon and got out of Elmo about five miles. It snowed the night before. I got off the road and couldn't get back on. Shirley and I walked back home. I had my son take a horse and we pulled the car back on the road, then went back to get my daughter., This time we didn't have any more trouble. When school was out that spring, I went down to Elmo to put in my crop. I raised potatoes about like I did out to Utah, also a lot of hay. I had a young cow had her first calf; she didn't want to claim it. I had a time with her.

One day Irene came up there to Spring Canyon and told me she was going to get a divorce. I didn't sleep that night and I worked the next day. That next night I come down to Elmo to see if I could talk something into her head and see what the heck was the matter and find out what was going on. And this is what she told me; she said, "Well, Daddy," she said, "I've gone this far and I just as well go on through with it." So I was kicked out of the home down there at Elmo. I went up and stayed with my dad and mother in Huntington for awhile.⁵

Sometime later I used to go to Orangeville; I started to courting Rose.⁶ So, that's the way it was; and it wasn't long after that, Rose and I were married and we moved up to Spring Canyon.⁷ We lived there in a little tar shack until we could

⁵Divorced 5 December 1939.

⁶Rose Davis Fox.

⁷Married 20 September 1940.

get a different place. Course we didn't have much furniture. We got a place around down what they call the bend, an apartment. There was five apartments in that row and we lived in about the third one. We had this burn out one night; it was the 18th of January. I packed several loads of things out of the house. I had to pack them over across the road to have a place to put them down. I packed a fridge; it was a Crosley fridge. I had a radio setting on it. I had to go down the steps and across the road; they had a little gutter there. I had a bridge and I misstepped off with my left foot. The fridge got over balanced, tipped the radio and scattered it all over the road. After I got the fridge over where I put the rest of the stuff and come back, I picked up what I could find of the radio. I was bleeding pretty bad. They sent me to the hospital there in Standard and Dr. Merrill says, "Well, you can't go back down there tonight; you have to stay here." And I said, "Well, what am I going to do with the stuff I already saved?" And he said, "Oh, that'll be all right; nobody will bother it." There was a chest of drawers and a vanity that had pillow cases and sheets and towels and what have you, and there wasn't a one left of them. Even our alarm clock was gone, and in them days you couldn't get another one. All this happened about two o'clock in the morning. I told Rose to make sure to get my rifles out of the clothes closet. Instead of that she grabbed a pair of crutches and brought them out. The rifles were still in there and I had box after box of ammunition. And talk about a bombardment, boy it really made a noise.

We went down to Ken Farthingham's, a friend of mine and stayed with them until I got a place up at Rollap and we moved up there. I remember one deer hunting trip. I shot a deer below camp down on Seely Creek. I couldn't find his tracks on a rocky ridge, but I had an idea that he would get in the heavy timber, which he did. I trailed him, but not too far. He fell in a draw with a tree laying across. I don't think I would have found him; but when I went by, he gave his last kick. He was so large I couldn't hang him up. It wasn't far from camp so I went to camp to get someone to help me. The men were all out, so Rose and Bernice Davis went down to help. We got him hung and I put my tag on him. The next morning we went down to get my deer. The Davis brothers had a Ford tractor up there; we loaded the deer on and took it to camp. We were all getting ready to go home; and after I got the deer in the truck, I couldn't see the deer tag. I went clear down where we loaded the deer; there the tag was. Lucky I'll say.

Then another time when Rose and I lived in Rollap, I had been in Joe's Valley hunting, but didn't get anything. The last day of the season four of us men from the shop decided to take the afternoon off. We all went home for dinner. When we went back to tell the boss that we wanted the afternoon off, he was in the mine. It was about two o'clock when I got him on the phone. It didn't give us much time to get where I wanted to go. There was Mr. Seely, Mr. Al Hadden, my brother Owen and I. Mr. Seely had an old Dodge car. I wanted to go three canyons over from Spring Canyon; that is a canyon where you can

go to Scofield. Anyway, we took the car half way up this canyon. I said we will get over in the canyon to the left, work it up to top, then take the canyon to the right to come down. The canyons are not very long so by that time it will be dark. I told them I would take the far side. I had a strange gun; it belonged to Royal Fox.

When I got to the bottom, there was a big opening. A big four point buck went along the timber line. I pulled down; I missed it. It went over on the other side of the canyon behind a large stump. About all I could see was his head. I took a shot, hit him just below the ear. Down he went. Right after I shot, I heard another shot. I don't know which one of the men shot. My brother came down where I was to help me. Both the deer were four points, but that one I got was twice as large as the one Mr. Seely got. Talk about a struggle getting him up the side of the mountain, the oak trees were so thick and it was steep, couldn't pick him up and carry him and couldn't stand up. It was twelve o'clock that night when we got home. I don't know whether anyone would like to hear this or not. But I can tell you everything I have said is true. If it wasn't, you wouldn't be able to tell this.

We lived in Rollap, then moved out to Sunnyside. The master mechanic out to Sunnyside wanted me to come out and go in the shop and work there. I said okay, and I went out and I worked two weeks. I traveled back and forth. There was no need of me going out there because I couldn't get a house. So I went back to work in Rollap where I could be right at home

and I could go home for my lunches at noon. I worked about two or three days, and here I got a phone call that they wanted me back out there to Sunnyside. I said, "Well, I can't come out; there's no house for me." "You come out," he said; "there'll be a house for you." So when I went out to see about it, Agnes Jeffs was taking care of getting homes ready for the people to move into. I asked her about getting a house and she said, "Oh, heavens no, there's three or four hundred people ahead of you." And I said, "Well, you go and get on the phone and call the master mechanic." So she did and he said, "You let that man have the house right away." So I got the house and we moved out there and we lived there until the latter part of 1945. Then we bought this home in Dragerton and moved down there. In the meantime, the mine was working only one, two days a week; so we'd go over to Orangeville in our little travel trailer and we'd stay over there for three or four days and put in our garden. This one year I ordered a bunch of chickens and we left them down to Leland Davis's, my borther-in-law's. And we raised them till they was big enough to go on their own. I brought them up and put them in the coop here in Orangeville. When I had to go back to Sunnyside, I'd have somebody down there take care of them till we could get back down again. Well that fall I killed them all off. Put them all in the deep freeze. And there was one particular rooster that I had that our stepdaughter wanted ever so bad. She said, "It's got a big long neck and I'd like to have that." so I told her she could have it; I give it to her.

Rose and I enjoyed ourselves very very much; and in September 1971, she passed away and was buried there in Orangeville. The latter part of 1971 I went over to Manti and met this girl. Well, she come over to see me first, and we got to corresponding with one another. And I went over there and we went to the temple and got married.⁸ Her name was Myrtle Riley. We lived in Orangeville there and she wanted to come over here to Price and see a friend of ours, Lois Stillson, who had a heart attack. I had just got a car, and coming over to Price there was a snowdrift the other side of the Carbon-Emery line. I don't even remember seeing it. We had this little black dog in the car; what happened to him I don't know. Myrtle was doing the driving. This little Volkswagon come along and couldn't follow the tracks of the big coal trucks. So she got out of control and she come over to the side we was on and run into us. I didn't even know where it was or where it happened or anything about it until I got out of the hospital.

Later, I bought a car and it didn't have a radio in it. So I went around to these wrecked car lots to see if I could get a radio put in. Went up to this wrecked car lot there in Carbonville and had my son and grandson with me and my grandson said, "You see, there's Grandpa's car." And it made me so sick I had to get out of there. I didn't even know where they had taken Myrtle to bury her. They had taken her to Springville at

⁸Married November 1969.

Utah Valley Hospital. She lived 'til the seventh of January, 1973; and I didn't even know where they had buried her. This one day after I got out of the hospital my daughter wanted to know if I wanted to go over to home and kind of look around. And we had an awful winter that winter they said, and I don't even know anything about it.

In 1973, the fourth of June, the wife I've got now, Hazel, we were married. We was called on to a mission over to Manti and worked there for three years and two months and really enjoyed our work. We enjoyed our times back to the temple even now.

What I Remember About My Father

By Mary Leora Childs Johansen

He was always a tall, thin man and most generous. He was easy to talk to and always willing to do for others, especially elderly, widows or ill people. He always loved hunting, fishing, and automobiles.

As a child, I remember him always going from one mining camp to another to work because the work he did as a blacksmith was very much in demand; this was in the depression time after World War I.

Dad has always been an early riser, a hard worker who gave an honest day's work for his pay. I never knew him to gossip or say a mean thing about anyone. I don't think he's ever had an enemy in the world.

Dad has always liked to cook and bake and has made delicious bread, great peanut brittle, bottled meats and vegetables, and popcorn balls. But best of all was the mutton frys in the dutch overs.

Once he took copper nuts and made each of us four older kids rings. Later he made two rings from steel nuts; Gary has one of them. He has always raised great gardens and given away tons of food. He has always had sheep, pigs, calves, chickens or something in this line to help with the table meat. Among these things he has always loved to dance, even at the age of 79. He goes once a week to Senior Citizens programs and dances with all the gals there, young or old.

By Shirley Irene Childs Brown

I have many fond memories of life at home. Dad always cut my hair. I guess I always wore it short in what they call a dutch cut, straight across with bangs. But Dad cut it and said it was quite a chore 'cause the hair went in all directions. And I remember, Saturday night bath time. Mother always supervised the job, but Dad was the one who took a big towel and how he'd rub and rub and brush and brush till it was dry. This happened while I was very young. Once when I was 14 years of age, Dad and I were on our way from Elmo to Spring Canyon. Dad worked there and I went to school. But it was in the winter and we were driving along north of Elmo and hit a snow drift and, of course, were stranded. Dad and I took off walking back home to the farm. It was a great experience that we shared, just he and I, and much enjoyed even though we were walking icicles by the time we got back. I don't see Dad very often, but he has a special place in my heart.

6-11-01

Adelbert Lee Childs

By Velma Allred

Had my dad Adelbert Lee Childs lived, today he'd be 102 years old. He was born in Orangeville Utah, Nov. 25, 1899 to my grandparents Parker Adelbert and Harriet Arminata Stilson Childs.

Dad learned how to work when he was at a very early age. He came from a large family and it was a constant struggle to feed, clothe, and shelter the family. There was always a large garden and animals to be tended to provide sustenance for all.

The family lived in many different places, wherever grandpa could find work, any work. Even if it lasted only a day or two here, or a week and a month there. Grandpa was an accomplished blacksmith and worked for farmers, coalminers, irrigation projects and themselves.

What they couldn't provide for themselves, they did without. My father helped support his siblings by working at any job available. Digging ditches, working the land, coal mining, trading jobs, raising pigs, chickens, sheep, gardens, and orchards at some places. When there was no fruit available mom, dad, and grandma would seek out currants, choke cherries, and elderberries, or any other wild berry for jams and jellies.

They all liked to traipse in the mountains. Dad love to go fishing and hunting, therefore he provided the meat for the table. He walked many a mile, over eleven different Western states, in his quest. He love all of nature, and her beauty and bounty.

After my folks split up, dad married again, and again. After the deaths of Rose and Myrtle, he died on Oct. 1, 1989, just short of his ninetieth birthday. (My mother Annie Irene died soon after on Dec. 14, 1989.)

Dad was good neighbor, and a friend to all. Always willing to share his garden goodies with anyone who could use them. He loved his church and the fellowship of all. He enjoyed his dances and get-togethers of seniors. He enjoyed his family and extended family, and corresponded with many of us right up until his last illness and surgery.

Dad never knew lazy day or lazy ways. He was a very industrious and caring man, and well rounded in his knowledge of using his brain and hands to help himself, and many, many others. There was no job he could not do. If he didn't have the tools he needed, you could find him making those tools. He truly knew the value of his labor, and enjoyed the fruits of it.

I miss you so much dad, your bright smile and, crushing handshake, but mostly I miss you because you were a very good man, and a good father, I'll always miss you dear heart.

6-11-01

Adelbert Lee Childs

By Velma Allred

Had my dad Adelbert Lee Childs lived, today he'd be 102 years old. He was born in Orangeville Utah, Nov. 25, 1899 to my grandparents Parker Adelbert and Harriet Arminia Stilson Childs

Dad learned how to work when he was at a very early age. He came from a large family and it was a constant struggle to feed, clothe, and shelter the family. There was always a large garden and animals to be tended to provide sustenance for all.

The family lived in many different places, wherever grandpa could find work, any work. Even if it lasted only a day or two here, or a week and a month there. Grandpa was an accomplished blacksmith and worked for farmers, coalminers, irrigation projects and themselves.

What they couldn't provide for themselves, they did without. My father helped support his siblings by working at any job available. Digging ditches, working the land, coal mining, trading jobs, raising pigs, chickens, sheep, gardens, and orchards at some places. When there was no fruit available mom, dad, and grandma would seek out currants, choke cherries, and elderberries, or any other wild berry for jams and jellies.

They all liked to traipse in the mountains. Dad love to go fishing and hunting, therefore he provided the meat for the table. He walked many a mile, over eleven different Western states, in his quest. He love all of nature, and her beauty and bounty.

After my folks split up, dad married again, and again. After the deaths of Rose and Myrtle, he died on Oct. 1 1989, just short of his ninetieth birthday. (My mother Annie Irene died soon after on Dec. 14, 1989.)

Dad was good neighbor, and a friend to all. Always willing to share his garden goodies with anyone who could use them. He loved his church and the fellowship of all. He enjoyed his dances and get-togethers of seniors. He enjoyed his family and extended family, and corresponded with many of us right up until his last illness and surgery.

Dad never knew lazy day or lazy ways. He was a very industrious and caring man, and well rounded in his knowledge of using his brain and hands to help himself, and many, many others. There was no job he could not do. If he didn't have the tools he needed, you could find him making those tools. He truly knew the value of his labor, and enjoyed the fruits of it.

I miss you so much dad, your bright smile and, crushing handshake, but mostly I miss you because you were a very good man, and a good father, I'll always miss you dear heart.

LEE CHILDS

When my parents lived in Orangeville, my Father had a blacksmith shop. He did work for the farmers like putting points on plowshares, making layoff machines. He had a home up near the hill on the hillside where the road goes to Joes Valley. Father traded that home to Brother Johnnie Reid for about ten cows, and he traded to Seron Peterson in Castle Dale for a log house which he moved to Orangeville. He put it up again and just got the roof on when the wind came up and blew it off. I can remember when Dad got it back up again. I had to go get willows all about the same size and put them on the walls for lath; then he mixed up some of this Castle Valley mud to plaster it with.

I remember Brother Joe Bennett; down by his place they burned lime and that is what my father used cover it and it didn't look bad. A little later Father had my brother and me help him make adobes to build an extra room on. It was about 1906.

My father moved to Price and was working over there for J.J. Lloyd in the blacksmith shop. Father did wheelright work, also plowshare work. This was the time the men did a lot of freighting, hauling steel bridges out to the Uintah Basin.

When Father had the family move over, we had a bunch of pigs to get rid of—fifty in all. Father had Uncle Ferry Stilson move us over. Dad said to Uncle Ferry, "You bring two of those pigs over." Uncle Ferry put two of them in a crate, and they were over a year old; Uncle Ferry said, "I wouldn't haul them over for them." Dad said, "You bring them anyway." This was in early spring when the family moved over. That fall, Dad butchered one and it went over 300 pounds. This was at Christmas time. Then in the spring he butchered the other one and it went 400 pounds. We didn't have a butcher knife with a blade long enough to reach through the sidemeat—all fat.

We were in Price about 3 years. In the meantime I would come to Orangeville and help Grandpa Childs put up his hay and help him with the bees. I remember this one day coming in with a load of hay at dinnertime. We had already hauled 3 loads. I went to the house, washed up and just got sat down when Grandma said, "Well son, while you are waiting, go out and weed a few rows of garden." I can just see my grandparents—wonderful people. I would help Grandpa on Saturday afternoon. He was killing beef for a beef trust they had here. Grandpa would always give me the liver, heart, tail, and the tongue. It came handy in those days. People didn't have meat—anyway not much.

Oh, there is a lot more to this story, and I know it is true. LEE CHILDS



