

SOME STORIES AND EXPERIENCES TOLD BY UNCLE HAL M. COX AT A FAMILY NIGHT
HELD AT THE LAVAR SITTERUD HOME ON NOVEMBER 3, 1974.

Fanny Jack was one of the first horses I remember; and as a kid, Fanny Jack was the one I learned to ride. Fanny Jack was smart and one day I tried to be as smart as she was. Father called me from a ballgame. You see, the school grounds ball field was just across the street; and he wanted me to go to the field to get the cows. I didn't want to, but he put me on old Fanny. Fanny had learned with three small kids that she would take you down to the corner and that was the limit! Then she would bring back her load. She did that with me twice; and of course, I didn't object; I just let her do it. The second time when she came back, Father got on Old Fanny and gave her a lickin'; and that made me feel pretty guilty and pretty bad, so when I got back on Old Fanny then we went to the field and we got the cows. Father trained all of his animals.

The thing I remember all of my life of Father was his love for his fellowman and his sincere honesty and his true devotion to his religion. I remember one time (it was after I was married) Father and I was hauling grain. I used to help him. I'd do the pitching and Father would maybe load or maybe I'd load alone, and Father would just sit on the stack while I loaded up and then he'd do the stacking. One particular fall we was hauling our grain, and I remember it was on a Friday; and when they (the Apostles) would come for quarterly conference, they'd come for Saturday and Sunday. Father said, "My boy, I think that it's too bad that when our Apostles come all the way down here to give us our instructions and teach

us the gospel that we're all so busy on Saturday that we won't go listen to them. Well, this Saturday, Father, of course, didn't haul grain; and that impressed me enough that I got ready and went down to the old school house which is still standing, where they were holding quarterly conference, and there were very, very few men there. Elder Ballard and then President Oveson, Uncle Al Jewkes, and Brother Wall were the stake presidency; and after they had sang the opening song and it came time for Elder Ballard to speak he said, "There is too much distance between us. We can't drive the evil feelings out from between us" (I think in a jovial way), so he came down off the stage and down a few benches to where a few of us were sitting and stood right there in the aisle right close to us and spoke and bore his testimony; and in that testimony, he told of the time that he actually saw the Savior. I've always been thankful for Daddy for encouraging me to go and hear that wonderful sermon; and ever since, I've felt just like Daddy felt. It is too bad when we don't go to hear them.

Now I'd like to say something about Father and LaVar's grandfather, Brother O.J. Sitterud. He was a wonderful man. A humorist, but he sure loved his fellowmen. I've seen him come (they lived here on the corner, and we lived down where Leonard Johnson lives; and Father's big barnyard and coral was just across the street, just back of the trailer court, just south of it - that vacant swamp lot now) around the corner over a block north and see Father in the street or about the grainery; and he'd start humorously gesturing (touching the ground with his hat and sometimes talking, I guess it was Norwegian). I couldn't understand a word he was saying. Father would perform a little, too; but he wasn't the performer that Brother Sitterud was. When they would get together sometimes they would box hats for a little while, and then they would throw their arms

around each other and give each other a big hug with the expression "Uncle Vet, I love you" and "Brother O.J., I love you". They were very close friends. They were very close associates in the ditch business, and they had the contract of enlarging the Western to the capacity of the Clipper to take both out, and that was done with pick and shovel. But there was a lot of opposition, and some of them who opposed it (one happened to be the water master) overloaded the ditch purposely to break it too, but the consolidation and they did. And that lasted for, let's see, it was about the late 30's or early 40's, and then Tom Lamp was hired with his shovel and given the contract to come and enlarge the ditch and that consolidation stayed. We had the two parallel ditches all the way.

We lived on the corner where Leonard Johnson lives now. There was a little two-room house that was the first home, and it had a lean-to or two built on to it. I wasn't born in that home, but some of the older ones were. I don't know which one was the first child born in the new home. The old home was moved down on the Sam Miles' corner. But we were all born on that same corner. When I went in as bishop, there were members of the ward who came by and asked me to buy that home. I could have got it so that I could have lived right close to the church as bishop, but I didn't want to leave home.

When we were married, I was working in the coal mine up at Standardville. I spent about three years in the coal camps, and I came down here and bought a sawmill with three other fellows. I took out a permit for a little patch of dry timber (that's big trees); and I felled those trees alone and hauled them into the mill, and I built my home out two-inch plank. I put up the outside walls and a roof over all of it and finished two rooms and hurried to get that done so that Arlene could be born in the home and worked day and

night, and then when Mom got sick she just wanted to go home to her moms. So we went down to the old Lamp home (that's where the chapel is now), and that's where Arlene was born.

I went up around the Grimms' wash area and quarried the rock for our foundation. I never spent a dollar for help. I changed work with Bernard. I had paid him before I knew it--when he moved the home that was straight across the street west of me. There was a home sitting there and he bought that and tore it down to the square. There was a lean-to and he just kept adding to it. I happened to help him do that, and I helped him move it across the street and do a little work getting it ready. He just took that two rooms tore to the square; then he just built around it. As I remember it, that was the kitchen and the bedroom. And when I went to building, Bernard was a good carpenter, he came over and helped me. I just thought he was helping me because he was a good brother, which he was, but when I tried to get even with him he just said, 'I'm just getting even with you for helping me.' I had helped him but that was before I was married, see, and I hadn't thought anything about it; I didn't have anything else to do so I just helped Bernard. Then I just changed work with him other than that. He helped me a little more and then I'd work back for him. But I never spent a dollar for carpenter work on my home until I closed in that north half of my big front porch. I was in the dairy business and had had my operation so I let Kent Stilson come and do it. I've always been glad because I use that now for giving Patriarchal Blessings.

I'm glad that we have better ways of living and better ways of building. I'm glad the young people don't have to do what I had to do, and I'm glad I didn't have to do what my parents had to do. We have it much easier than they have, and we've still advanced. I remember the first automobile that drove up main street. It was a car that came over from Manti. They came over the

Ephraim road. They left Manti with a little light No. 3 wagon and four head of good horses and this new Studebaker automobile, and they spent two days coming from Manti to Orangeville. Where the car couldn't go they'd pull it with this extra team; and where the stumps were so high they'd high center it, and so they'd have to chop trees and fill in the ruts on the side or bypass the road. They had all the people line up back on the sidewalk so they wouldn't get run over.

We didn't have mortuaries then or anyone who took care of the bodies. It would be up to the Relief Society and the members of the priesthood; and they would, if it were summer time, get ice and fill two-quart jars enough to lay all around the body to keep it cold over the two or three days before it was buried. It was the responsibility of the president of the MIA to arrange the team and the big white-topped buggy and decorate this buggy to haul the casket and body to the cemetery. Donna's daddy, you kids grandfather (Bernard) was the president of the MIA for quite a few years. I remember him going along with Uncle Loren Peacock who had a white team, and they would always get that team; I don't remember who owned the big white buggy, but it would be without a back seat. They would take the back seat out to make room for the casket. I remember Bernard having that responsibility for some time. No matter how busy we were or what we were doing, they always had time; and it would take the biggest part of the day to get the team and buggy and decorate it. They would decorate it with some kind of a white fringe and lace around it. The casket that they were put in was made of native wood planed by my Daddy, along with the help of his boys. I'm sure he made over half of the caskets placed in the cemetery at that time. Father never charged one dime for making caskets. He said, "Oh, some men would give me a five

dollar bill", but what ever was given was up to the individual. I remember he would even furnish the lumber, free from knots and good white pine material; and after he got a little older, some of us boys would have to stay with him and do a big part of the planing. The lumber was rough, and it would have to be planed; and it required two to shape them. He would saw curves about half way through one-third of the way down from the head, that's where the elbows would come; and then it would be shaped wider across the elbows. The head, I don't remember just what, but it was a certain percent wider than the feet. Everything that Father did had to be just right. There was not a nail out of place, and everything was just right. I know because I didn't always do it just right, and then I'd have to do it over. The last caskets that I remember of being made by him were for people who had requested that they wanted to be buried in one of Uncle Vet's caskets. And after Father died, Vet and I still made a few caskets for individuals who had made that request.

Do you know why Straight Canyon is called Straight? Well, there was a cow trail through Straight Canyon in the early days; and when the people came from Sanpete, they came up either Manti or Ephraim Canyon; and then they would go south down Wagon Road Ridge and come to the divide between the Black Dragon and The Dragon. They they would go north up to Little Joe's Valley Canyon and come down Little Cottonwood Canyon. Well, the people who were riding men would leave them at the head of Straight Canyon and walk down home. They'd get there that night, and the others would get there the next day or the next. Straight Canyon was a straight cut through. That's where it got it's name because it could have been a short cut, but instead of that it was a straight cut. They tell of some of the men that walked over there. One man I'm not sure, but I believe his name was Woodard. He was bare-footed, and left them at the

at the head of the canyon and walked through, and when he got down in the valley, it was the time of the year when the red berries were ripe; and he walked down through the red berries. Some cowman came along on horseback and saw those big "bear tracks", and with his rifle went following the bear along and ran onto Woodard as he had filled up with red berries and had started down the road - barefooted. That's just a little story to show of the way the people lived here in early days. I went to school with kids who went barefooted nearly all winter. Their feet were black and cracked and chaped - a hardship.

Father and his brother, Uncle Ed, who was around ten years older than day, took a contract to build the first road through Straight Canyon for \$1,000. The contract read that it had to be a road that a team could pull a one-ton load up or down the road. Now, they hired help for around a dollar a day. Just imagine that road, of course it wasn't an automobile road, it was a team road. They crossed the canyon just above the old coal mine, so they had to build a bridge. They didn't go up where the old road goes now. The road goes low, and if you'll drive slow and watch close, you can still see rock walls laid right near the bed of the creek up just so far to hold the dirt in some of these points. They went down into the creek. They never crossed it, but they went down into the edge of the creek I believe it was in three places, and during the high water it was sometimes rather difficult. It would take a little nerve to drive down into that water where it was deep and be sure you were going to stay on the road because you didn't know whether it was washed out or not. I never did drive team over that road myself, but I rode over it with older brothers and my Father, I remember. Then later they built the road up over the point which went

up about 100 yards above the creek. On the bridge that was built there was a big rock, and that rock is still there; and it has a stump of a tree on with a root. They ran the stringers from each bank to this rock near the center; and then, of course, it had to be covered with plank or logs for the covering. That was all in the \$1,000 contract.

Old Madge was a horse possibly weighing near 1200 pounds. Father was exceptionally good with horses or any animal. He had that trait of being good with any animal, Bernard came nearer to being like him in that way, I think, than any of the rest of us. Coxes always had good horses. It was about the time that I got married, but I remember well of Father breaking Madge. He would go down to the post office; and if there was some one there that he hadn't shown Madge off to, he'd say, "Well, I don't think you've ever seen Madge before". He would send Madge off just as far away from him as Madge could hear him talk and gee or haw him or anything he wanted him to do like cutting figure eights. He could stop him and have him gee (which is right) or haw (which is left) and turn and back that buggy, then turn around and come back to the post office. He went to the field one day, and he always had a few good jersey cows; and he had a heifer then that had just calfed. He thought he would load the calf into the back of the buggy so that the cow would follow him home, but she wouldn't. So he tied the calf in the back of the buggy, and he followed the cow around for quite a while before he could catch her. He cornered her over in the field about half mile away from the buggy. He thought she would rope lead, but he couldn't lead her. So he called Madge and had him turn around and come to him. He tied the cow to the back axle of the buggy and brought the cow and calf home. He walked behind the cow. He could just do most anything with Madge. Donna probably remembers of waiting for Grandpa to come down the road with Old Madge and the buggy and get their

little ride and take turns driving Madge. The little kids thought they were driving Madge as Father sat in the buggy, and they'd hold the lines. They'd ride out as far as the Blue Ridge, and then Father would let them out and they'd walk home.

DONNA'S STORY:

We even rode as far as the bee house sometimes. I remember one time he took us. I'm sure Jane was there, and it seems like Afton was there. Anyway, a bunch of us went out to the bee house with him, and he put us on the mattress; then he'd put a quilt over us, and he said, "Now don't any of you put your head out! You stay right covered up". But of course, I heard all this humming and buzzing all around us, and I thought, oh one peek won't hurt; and I just stuck my head out a bit and got stung right on the top of the head. (I remember a bawling.) (Hal Cox resumes speaking)

Father always carried a wood two-foot ruler (it folded) in his pocket, and in the winter when he'd go to people's homes and see the threshold worn thin and the cold air coming in; he'd kneel down and take a few measurements, and if not that day, then when it was convenient in a few days, he would come up with a new threshold. He would fix old chairs; he liked to fix old chairs. Out of rocking chairs he'd make new rockers. He did more of those kind of things just because he loved people and wanted to help them. Father never did have very much money, and yet he never did charge for doing things. People would come with a broken-down wagon or machine, and Father would leave his own work (sometimes it would rub my hair the wrong way - I thought that was heck); but he'd leave his work and our work and go help somebody else for nothing. Father told me on many occasions, "My boy, if you'd always give to a worthy cause the

Lord will bless you so that you'll always have something to give". Another statement that he made to me and to others in my presence was "Keep your word as good as your note, and you'll always get by with everyone".

I remember one time in this big grainery we talked about across the road, the north end of it was filled with grain bins; and in the fall often those big grain bins would be clear full with grain. On the south side, he had a work bench, and above that work bench there was a place for every tool. He could go pick up a tool in the night or anytime, and get the one he wanted. He had an extra good set that was his favorite, and he very seldom lent that set. However, he had other good tools and saws that he always let people borrow. One time someone came into his grainery and looked the door over and said, "Uncle Vet, you mean with all that grain and those good tools in here, you don't even have a lock on that door"? Father said, "I never steal from anybody and nobody ever steals from me".

AUNT MAYSIE: And he never lost a thing. In all my life, I don't remember of wanting, really wanting food, clothing, or anything I couldn't get. We had one of the first baths, the first furnaces, and our house was furnished very nice for that day.

Nov. 28, 1981

Lucille Lamph Cox

and

Hallie Moston Cox



60 years noted

Hal and Lucille Cox will be honored by their children upon celebrating their 60 wedding anniversary.

The couple was married Nov. 16, 1921 in Salt Lake City. Their marriage was later solemnized in the Manti temple.

They moved to Orangeville in 1923 from Standardville, Utah, where he was a coal miner. He has worked at a saw mill, farming, as a bee man and a cattleman. He retired two years ago from farming.

He has been on the city council with four different mayors and as a board member of the Cottonwood Creek and Orangeville Water Works.

Both have been active in LDS Church. He currently serves as the stake patriarch.

They have seven children, 38 grand children and 44 great-grandchildren.

An open house will be held Nov. 28 at the Ferron LDS Ward house from 5 p.m. to 7 p.m.

No gifts please.

anniversary/birthday



Hal and Lucille Cox

Hallie M. and Lucille Cox of Orangeville, will celebrate their birthdays and their 70th anniversary during October and November.

Hal was born in Orangeville Oct. 25, 1898, and Lucille Lamph was born in Castle Gate Oct. 15, 1903. They were married in Salt Lake City on Nov. 16, 1921, and the marriage was solemnized in the Manti Temple Sept. 5, 1925.

They have lived in Orangeville during most of their marriage, where they operated a dairy farm, kept honey bees and reared their seven children: Loriol Cox Allred (deceased), Arlene Cox Lemon, Hallie L. Cox (deceased), William E. Cox (deceased), Marilyn Cox

Fugate, Ted E. Cox and Carren Cox Ogden. They have 39 grandchildren and over 100 great-grandchildren.

Hal served in many church and civic positions— as bishop of the Orangeville Ward, patriarch of the Emery Stake, city councilman, commissioner for the Cottonwood Creek Irrigation Company and watermaster on the Western and Clipper canals. Lucille was active in civic clubs and filled several positions in the church, particularly in the Relief Society. She is well known for her excellent cooking.

Mr. and Mrs. Cox have made a lovely home in the house they built themselves from local lumber. They are especially known for their generosity and hospitality.

November
1991



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ned "The great majority of
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ased extremely cautious
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use wood arrestors.



One last haying time and Hallie Cox retires from his full time farm, with the land sold. Approaching his 81st birthday, Cox will now stick to taking care of the small flock of sheep and meadows at his Orangeville home.



The swinging bridge is another point Cox has become familiar with throughout his many watermaster years.

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and. muscle thickness 200 -
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300 - 400 lbs. 95.50 -
108.00, couple 320 lbs.
111.00; 400 - 500 lbs.
92.50 - 100.00; 500 - 600
lbs. 85.00 - 89.00; 600 -
700 lbs. 77.00 - 85.00;
700 - 800 lbs. 69.75 -
76.25; 800 - 955 lbs.
63.75 - 71.50. Holsteins -
Large Frame No. 2
muscle thickness 305 -
470 lbs. 81.00 - 90.00;
package 240 lbs.
103.50; package 305
lbs. 96.50; 540 - 840 lbs.
61.00 - 71.00.
Feeder Heifers:
Medium Frame No. 1
muscle thickness 200 -
300 lbs. 92.00 - 101.50;
300 - 400 lbs. 85.50 -
98.00; 400 - 500 lbs.
79.50 - 88.50; 500 - 600

Cleveland youth