

LUCILLE LAMPH COX

- Submitted by Francis
M. Lamph

(as written, by herself)

I was born on Oct 13, 1903 in Castle Gate, Utah. My parents are Thomas Topping Lamph and Sarah May Eden. I was the fourth of five children: Edna, Annie, Tom, Lucille, and Elizabeth Mae.

Most of my childhood was spent in the mining towns in Carbon County, Utah. My Father came from England with his Father when he was thirteen years of age. They went to Scofield and found work in the mine there. His older Brother had come earlier and was working there.

Dad had schooling in England, but when he came here, he worked in the mine beside his Father and Brother. He was large for his age and strong. About a year later, his Father died, so he was left at fourteen years of age to shift for himself. He always did a lot of reading and studying, so he was self-educated. He studied the mining operation, received a fire boss certificate, and later received a mine foreman certificate. That was the career he had most of his adult life. He moved from one coal camp to another, opening new mines most of the time, and receiving better opportunities and pay. As the mine operators bought new mining properties, they asked him to open them.

**CASTLE GATE, UTAH -- SAN PEDRO,
CALIFORNIA -- SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH**

Dad worked at Scofield and later moved to Castle Gate mine. It was here in 1897 on March 1, that he and his Brother were in an accident in the coal mine, where he lost his right arm. It happened one month before his second daughter, Annie was born on April 1, 1897. A runaway trip of coal caught him and his brother and badly smashed dad's arm. They put a tourniquet on it to stop the

bleeding and sent him by train to Salt Lake. Due to not loosening the tourniquet on his arm, gangrene set in and they had to cut part of it off. They had to remove more later, and then at last, they had to cut it at the shoulder socket to save his life. So he was a one-armed man most of his married life, but he always worked and was very independent. From what mother said, he had a hard adjustment to make; he was depressed and discouraged for some time. After the accident, his first job was the Carbon County Assessor for a few years. He then went back in the mine to work.

His only son was born in 1898, and in 1903 I was born. About this time, Mother was afflicted with crippling arthritis, and the Doctor advised her to go to a lower climate. So Dad took the family and moved to San Pedro, California. I was a baby at the time. He got work and they lived there a couple of years.

Mother's condition worsened; the change of climate did not seem to help, but only made it worse, so they moved back to Salt Lake City. Aunt Nellie helped Dad find work, and he worked there for a year as City Street Inspector. While he was there, he received an offer to go to Dawson, New Mexico to install a checking system. Later he was made Foreman of the Phelps-Dodge Corporation mine there.

I don't have any memories of our life in California, but I do remember a thing or two of living in Salt Lake. I remember being bitten by a neighbor's Bulldog, and I still have a fear of dogs. I also remember my sister, Annie, having her hair all shaved off when she had Typhoid Fever. She was in serious condition for some time. I also remember a cousin, who had a girl my age I played with,

remember a cousin, who had a gift of
bringing me a doll and buggy for Christmas.

Again, Dad was offered a Superintendent job at Standardville, so he went back up there. They kept their home in Orangeville, and rented it out. At that time, in Standardville, there were houses to live in and some apartment buildings, and a big two-story amusement hall. On the ground floor of the hall, they had a confectionery, and rooms where the officials stayed, when they came down from Salt Lake. On the upper floor, they had picture shows, dances and other entertainments.

Dad was asked to go to Castle Gate from his work at Standardville to oversee the reopening of the Castle Gate mine after the big explosion there. Several men were killed in that disaster. *176 men were killed.*

Dad later came back to Orangeville and his home to retire, but was called to go up Gordon Creek to open and manage a mine for National Coal Company there. They stayed about four years, then they moved back to Orangeville.

In Orangeville, he had a chicken coop built and went into the chicken business. He had some discouragement in that, when a storm came once and a number of the chicks cornered up and smothered. He did raise the chickens and sold the eggs. He had never planted or raised a garden up to that time, but he planted an assortment of fruit trees and had a garden then. He raised beautiful flowers on his lot and it was weed-free.

He was always very independent. When he lost his right arm, he had to learn to do everything with his left one. He continued to work throughout his life, and preferred to do most things himself. He strongly refused to

most things himself. He strongly refused pity. He never took any financial assistance from anyone, but he was very free in helping anyone in need. He had worked out ways to get along with his one arm, in doing so many things for himself, including lacing his shoes. He did not lace them the usual way, but he could fasten them faster with his one hand than most men could with two. He was very honest in his dealing with others. He lived by the golden rule, "Do unto others as you would like them to do unto you." I know, growing up, I didn't realize the handicap he had with losing his right arm, and having to adjust and learn to write and do everything with his left