An Oral History of Mar Ulysses Grange
Told to Bernice Payne for the Emery County Archives

Bernice: Okay let's start with your name, your birth date and where you were born.

Mar: My name is Mar Ulysses Grange. I was born in Huntington, Utah on January 13, 1927.

Bernice: Can you tell us about your parents and your siblings?

Mar: My parents were Elisha Myron Grange and RaNae Nielson. They were married about 1919 I believe. We lived in Huntington for a few months and then we went to Mohrland where I lived until I was about 6 years old and then we moved back to Huntington. And I have resided there ever since, with the exception of going into the army for about 18 months and going away to school for parts of 4 years.

Bernice: Who are your brothers and sisters?

Mar: Okay my oldest brother was Pete, Peter Aaron Grange, named after his grandfather. A, Peter Nielson. He was my oldest brother. Lylas Grange was next in line. Verna Grange was third and I was forth. Then about 4 years later I had a bother Scott and he was born in Mohrland. That is how they fit in the family.

Pete married Marie Wakefield, and Lylas married Don Kofford; Verna married Vernon Evertson, I married Unita Guymon and Scott married Ina Lee Richards.

Bernice: Do you know who were the first of your ancestors of your family that came to Huntington?

Mar: Yes, the first ancestor was Samuel Grange. He and his family of boys came to this area because of the free land and because they had a job of cutting rail road ties in the forests that were nearby. Especially my grandfather, Wallace Ulysses Grange, was a very good with a broad ax. And that is how they made the rail road ties. They'd cut the tree down, saw it into proper lengths and then they would take an ax and flatten two sides leaving the remaining two sides rounded and that was the first rail road ties. He was an expert with a broad ax, he built a log house that they lived in and several things that I know about but dad always said he was an expert with a broad ax.

Bernice: Do you have any particular childhood memories that stand out in your mind?

Mar: Concerning what?
Bernice: Oh just things that you did as a child or……

Mar: Yes, uh …..I remember going to both grandparents. Peter Nielson lived north of town. I remember that because of the poor quality of cement steps in front of the house. Which is indicative of Emery County and the salt. uh……..they had corrals and whatnot. So it would have had to be before I was 6 years old. I helped my grandmother keep the pigs out of the tomato patch. I went with grandfather over the hill and down into the river looking at the bees that they had. I watched them clean chickens and prepare things to take them to the mining camps to sell. They had cows and horses and a good farm. I remember grandfather's place. Always clean and neat and uh…uh….milk cows in the corral and a nice house they kept ice in.
Saw dust and coal dust to keep the ice from melting.

Bernice: What was your grandmother's name?

Mar: Pardon?

Bernice: What was your grandmother's name?

Mar: Grandmother's name was Margaret Elizabeth Jones. My grandmother on the Nielson's side was Delectee Bodily.

Bernice: uh….what was the town like when you were a child?

Mar: Uh…. when I was a child there was a house on the lot of corners. And that was about it. Uh…….on my block, dad and family lived on the northwest corner uh…Frank Guymon lived on the northeast corner. Willie Green lived on the southwest corner. Uh….. I don't believe anybody lived on the other corner of the block. And most blocks were the same way. Three to four houses to the block.

Bernice: So most of the lots then were quarter block size and a house was in each corner and then they did…….

Mar: That is correct. Okay then, our house came from Sunnyside area. Uh…dad, it was during the end of the depression. He got the house and had it moved for a just a few hundred dollars. Willie Green, a neighbor, made the foundation for the 22' of property where he put his barn and a few things. When I had reason to put a hole in the foundation, I found springs. Car springs, bed springs, different items of steel used for reinforcement.

Bernice: Bed springs. That's interesting.

Mar: Rails on the outside of the bed. Things like that.

Bernice: What are your first memories of the school that was here that you went to?

Mar: Can I say something else first?

Bernice: Oh, sure.

Mar: Uh…one summer, after dad had the house built, it would be uh…I imagine when I was about 4 or 5 years old, we were staying out to grandpa Nielson's. For some reason we went to the picture show. We walked from out north of town by the creek in to town went to the picture show and we got to 3rd north and I was supposed to go down to my house and there is about two or so street lights and all they were a 60 or 100 watt light bulb with a reflector on it. Uh….and we came to 3rd north on main street where I was supposed to walk down to my place and there I was just a little tiny kid and they told me that is the way to your house and I uh….I started down that street just as scared as can be. I got past the light and all at once there was a big long shadow in front of me. And I walked down the street to where there was no shadow and I thought, "well, that was foolish to be afraid of the dark." So I was never afraid of the dark after that. So I walked 3 blocks in total darkness on a dark night all by myself at that age.

Okay what was the question?

Bernice: What do you remember about your early school?

Mar: Okay the early school….I started the first grade in Mohrland, which was a 4-room school house. Uh…..I can't remember anything there only about getting into a fight with a Sherfick kid and a few things like that. Going sleigh riding and so on. I thought I was a pretty good sleigh rider. And we got out behind the school on a bigger sleigh riding and I went down it once and it scared me so much that I never went again. Uh…we lived by the barn and the amusement hall in Mohrland and I remember going up on the sleigh ride path on knob hill and uh….the younger kids would go up a ways and go down and the bigger kids would go up farther and the biggest kid would go up near the top of the hill and slide down. I was one of the smallest kids and so I went down and after going out into the flat you just stopped. So I thought, "well, I can do better than that." So I went up part way between where I had started and the top. And all the time people would jump out in front of you at the lower end. So finally I thought everything was just right so I started down the hill, slammed down on the sled and went real fast and uh…somebody below me started out and they went before me on the left and stopped and there I was gainin' on them real fast and uh….I hadn't had enough experience to know what to do and so I just ran into the back of them and I got a black eye and I went

bawling home and mother put a piece of meat on it and uh…anyway I got a black eye and that was one the things I always remembered.

We moved to Huntington in March. March of '33 uh….and I had a brother and two sisters and I. And I uh…..got ready to go to school and mother just said, "Go to school." And uh….so we did. And I got up there and all those kids were playing around in front of the school and somebody came out with a hand bell, one of the old brass hand bells and rang it and rang it and everybody went in to the school building but me and I didn't know what to do or where to go or anything else. and so all of a sudden my sister came out and said, "you are suppose to go in the school." And I said, "where in the school?" And so she took me to the class that I was supposed to go to. Uh….the teacher was Mrs. Smith. (maybe I can remember her first name) She wasn't in the room, and so I uh…my sister Lylas took me to the door and said, "there it is." And there was one seat empty right next to the board and so I went in and timidly sat down in that seat. And everybody in that class room it seemed like to me said, "don't sit in that seat. That's Harvey Brinkerhoff's". Harvey Brinkerhoff was - became one of my best friends. And he was about blind and he couldn't see and so that was his special chair. And so I stood there a few minutes and finally Mrs. Smith came in and she found a chair. There wasn't any places open so she found a little chair and put it at the very back of the room and that was my desk. And so I sat in it and the person in front of it was LaRue Kinder. And she became my teacher for March and April. School always let out the first part of May. She became my teacher uh…..and I don't think Mrs. Smith knew I was in the room to tell you the truth. And uh…….there I learned how to read uh…. and I remember when I got in the second grade, Lindella Grange was the teacher and she had the kids say the ABC's and I came to the realization that I didn't know the ABC's for anything and so I decided I better get busy and learn the ABC's and I did. I listened to the other kids and I practiced with them and without them and I learned the ABC's and had a good time in the school.

I remember mother saying, "uh….with this teacher that uh…..Mrs. Grange, uh….Miss Grange, she was a maid. Uh….said that I never seemed to be paying attention. But every time she asked me a question, I always had the right answers. So she figured I knew what I was doin'.

Bernice: What about older than grade school? Jr. High, I realize they didn't call it Jr. High, but any memories of that time or your high school time?

Mar: Yes, my 3rd grade teacher was Miss Killian. Uh….James Mangum was the one the usually always sang when we had a peanut bust or any little social like that. A peanut bust was when everyone would bring a pot full of peanuts to school and you would throw them around and try to hit people and then at the end everybody picked up the peanuts and shelled them and eat them.

I remember in that class of drawing what I thought was a beautiful horse on the wall or on the blackboard and the teacher left it for a few days or a couple of

weeks because uh...I don't know, maybe she wanted to encourage me or something. Uh....in the 3rd grade, it seemed like everyone came to school but Ray Grange. There he was in the 3rd grade and in the fall he was always the last one to start school in the spring he was always the first one to never to come to school again. His dad had a new Allis Chalmers tractor and he and his brother that was uh...a year or two older than him, ran that tractor. He would have been in the 3rd grade and the other kid, his brother, I imagine was in the 5th grade, uh...Farris. Uh..... they plowed, they did combining, they did all the custom work they could get. That's the way he lived. Uh....in the 5th grade we had Lawrence Thorderson as our teacher. LaVar Green in the 4th grade, uh.....Lawrence Thorderson, I remember him, he always played with us. And it got to where he uh.....when the high school weren't in the gym, he would take us boys in and let us wrestle. On the board floor, no lines or nothing, uh.....I remember one of the best holds was to get a hold of somebody's thumb and bend it as far as you could so that they would give up. Uh....I didn't give up and so to this day I got big joints in my thumbs and sometimes they don't work too good.

In the 6th grade, Conway Oveson was our teacher. And he would go out and play football in the street with us. The street wasn't oiled and there was a ditch on each side. The cars came by so few that we didn't have to worry about the cars. He would kick that ball way in the air then come down and most of the kids were afraid to catch it. Anyway, in the 7th and 8th grade we went to the high school building. In the 9th grade, 10th grade, 11th grade and 12th grade, they were all good.

Uh.....my special friends were: Belmont Anderson, James Mangum and Carl Young. And these were war years. Whenever we went anywhere we'd always go four together -- and get four girls and there would be eight of us in a car. And I'd take my car one week and Carl would take his another week and James had a pick-up, a '32 Ford pick-up and so he didn't take his but Belmont would take his dad's old Dodge. Uh...we had to ask permission to take them and uh.....so we only took a car supposedly once a month and went with the other friends the rest of the month and we 'd go to the dance every Friday night and had a good time.

Uh....when we were sophomores in high school at the end of the year there was track and everything and we were too young to get in that too much except in the jr. high track.

Uh....I remember thinking I was real good playing marbles and uh....so in the marble contest I was the best. We had the spring track meet in Ferron, buy the old elementary school there was where they drew the circles. There was a teacher there taking care of them and uh....I started playing marbles and there I thought I was pretty good, but I can't remember of only doing fair. I was pulled down quite a bit that time. Uh....we used to have jr. high track meets and I always did real good. Uh.....come sophomore year, near the end of sophomore year, uh...Carl especially

and James and Belmont liked the girls and I didn't want to be left behind and so I always went with them and it was always a chore and a task to ask a girl for a date. And uh...the last school dance of the year I ask your mother (Hazel McKee) for a date. And we went to Ferron to the dance and the dance was there because that was where the track meet was. James Mangum didn't have a date and he was talking about Relia Allred all the time, how cute she was and everything and uh....we had just got over Easter and we had 5 gallons of gas hidden down in his dad's grainery. And we was in Carl's Ford car that night and four uh....we let James take her home and we let James take Relia home and James had to ask her how far Emery was. I think some of us had been there, but we only had so much gas. So Relia said, "oh it is just a little tiny ways." So uh...we said okay and we got out south of Ferron and we asked, how much farther is it and she said, "Oh, it's just over the hill." So we went up the old dugway and got over the hill and uh...how much farther? Oh just a little ways and so uh....we got to Moore and that was half way and so we quit asking her how far Emery was and we got to Emery and turned around and came back and every time we came to a hill we turned of the lights and engine and coasted as far as we could. We got to the outskirts of Huntington about where the Desert View Church is now and with 1,2,3,4 block to James' and so uh...all but Carl and the girls got out and we pushed that car the 4 blocks to James' and put that horded gas in his car.

Uh....anyway we used to have matinee dances. They'd line the boys up and they'd march around one side of the hall and girls around the other side of the hall and we'd come together and you were supposed to take the hand of the girl that was supposed to be your partner, uh...and it was always embarrassing and whatnot, and I don't think they every taught us how to dance. But when I was in the 7th grade we started going to the Relief Society dances and on a dare I, my friends dared me to go dance and so I did. And I got to where I really liked to dance. And so when we was in high school, I never missed a dance. And my friends, James and Belmont and Carl never missed a dance. Never, not a one.

The coach would let the basket ball team stay so long after the basket ball game for the dance and oh, when I was a senior uh...Diane Thomas asked me to take her to the dance at Ferron and for some reason we went up Center Street to 4th West and turned left over past Eldon McElprang's, and we got stuck. I mean it was a place, there were several in town where you could get stuck quite easy. And we was worrying what to do and I was just getting out of the car to ask Eldon Mc. uh... McElprang if he would come and pull us out of the mud and there he was with his team and a pair of double-trees on the back and a chain and uh... he hooked on the front of us and we didn't even have to get our shoes muddy. He pulled us out without being asked. We went to the dance and had a good time.

And uh...then I turned 18 in January and Ray Grange turned 18 in December and uh...Carl Young had been retained once in school so he was the first to go and Ray was the second and then I was the third one. Uh...drafted into the army.

Bernice: Did the depression have an effect on you and what you did?

Mar: The Depression?

Bernice: Or was it before?

Mar: The Depression was when I was about 4 years old.

Bernice: Okay.

Mar: And so we never had a lot. I always had two shirts, two pair of pants to go to school and I had a good pair of shoes and pants to go to church. Uh…always wore overalls. Uh…at that time and through elementary school. But anyway….uh…….

Bernice: So then you got drafted?

Mar: Yeah.

Bernice: Okay

Mar: And so the last basket ball game uh…they waited until after the game and mother told me I got my draft notice. In March I went to Fort Douglas to get my physical. Uh…I weighted 144 lbs. Uh….and we went traipsing around without any clothes on and I got shots and different things and then the 13th uh…. 12th of April, I got drafted and we went into Fort Douglas in Salt Lake and that was the day President Roosevelt died. In Atlanta, uh…somewhere in Georgia. Then I was sworn in the 13th day of April, 1945. I went to Fort Douglas and from there on a troop train to Mineral Wells, Texas. And there I spent basic training a extended basic training at Camp Walters. Uh…..and while the last week I was there, they set off the atomic bomb. And so I went home for the traditional leave after basic training and then infantry training. Infantry training was new and I think the reason was that the war was coming to an end and they had all these people trying to get them ready to go into Japan on the beach heads.

Uh…previous to this Belmont, James and uh…. Gomer Arnold and Clayton Johnson of Cleveland and I went into Salt Lake and tried to enlist in the Air Force or just anywhere and they wouldn't have us because they wanted us in the infantry. So when I left Camp Walters I was supposed to go back to Camp Maxie in Texas for advanced infantry training and I think this was so that they could take up a little long so that we could go into Yokohama and Tokyo. And uh… the war ended because of the Atomic Bomb. And uh…I had a brother that was killed in Okinawa. so I left Korea early and became a dentist's helper outside of San Francisco and spent the rest of my time there.

I was in Korea for uh…. one winter. We went there and uh.. the war was

over and so they started to find jobs for us. We were just outside Kemble Air Base by Soule, Korea, uh....oh backup a little bit.

We ... uh....there weren't good ports in Korea, in Northern Korea, middle Korea I guess is the best way to say it and so they put us on a landing craft and took into Incheon. That was the Japanese name. The Japanese had occupied Korea and we were the people that went in and took over the occupation of Korea. And...uh... so there were still refugees running around and you could still pick up swords and guns and things and uh....so they had to find a job for us and the first thing they put my group in the engineers. So the first thing we did was put up a big squat tent for us the then we went to the air base and made latreens and showers for the air force and then they put me to building quonsut huts and then they put me in the medics. And that was supposed to be a real good deal. But uh.... the men that had been in 3 years, 4 years, 5 years, they were on rotation to go home. And they started going home fast but they closed the medic down and from there I went to the water point and I stayed there several months until I was shipped back to the United States because of my brother dying in the war. I went to the water point and there we purified water for all of that area. I worked days and I worked nights. When I worked nights, I would sleep in the quonsut hut all day. Uh... before that I was living in this tent and it was in the dead of winter and it about the same kind of winter we had here and they gave us coal, Korean coal. Uh....it wasn't lump coal. All slack coal and it wouldn't burn. And so uh.... each of us had a cot, a cloth folding cot and uh...we each had two or three blankets. Uh.. we had a little mattress too and I remember taking everything out of my clothes bag. Uh...shirts, pants, underwear, everything I could get and put it under me and I slept pretty good. We washed in the helmet, metal helmet. The air corps had showers and it was ... we went 5 or 6 months us less popular people without a shower. We got scurvy and a bunch of stuff that wasn't good. And so I came home and uh....I went to Fort Douglas and they didn't know where to put me and so I spent 30 days between Fort Douglas and Huntington on 3-day passes. And I did dad's farming for him and did other things and then I went to Camp Maxie under the Golden Gate Bridge at the Presideo and worked as a dentist's helper from then until when I got out the last of October.

And then I went to college.

Bernice: Where did you go to college?

Mar: I went to college at CEU. And I didn't know what I wanted to do. I didn't know this, that or the other.

Bernice: It wasn't called CEU then was it?

Mar: It was called uh....I think it was called Carbon College. Anyway I didn't know what I wanted to do so the first quarter I went into auto mechanics. Uh...it

only take me a few weeks to realize I had made a mistake. But anyway I never was a mechanic. And I didn't learn anything in there. One day uh... somebody brought a car in and I was supposed uh... to fix the brakes on it. Adjust the brakes. Adjust the brakes on it. So I adjusted them and I turned them the wrong way. So I took it down off the jacks and started it forward and uh....with the motor and pressed on the brakes and there was no brakes. So I didn't hurt the car too bad I'm sure, but I busted a drinking fountain on the wall and uh...then when that was over, when the quarter was over, I went into academics and spent the rest of that year and the next year at Carbon and then I went to BYU and graduated from there in the Spring of '50. 1950.

Oh, there is one thing about high school I wanted to tell. The kids of Huntington were kind of naive, I think. The kids from Cleveland, Elmo were much better organized. It came to the end of the Jr. year and Gomer Arnold and I were running for student body president and low and behold there were 32 kids from Cleveland, Elmo and 30 from Huntington, and so Gomer became president. That was only smart. But I guess Huntington wasn't smart enough to do that.

Bernice: Uh...so did you date before you went into college or did you wait until you got out of college to do that and get married?

Mar: Uh... I dated continuously from the end of my sophomore year until I got married.

Bernice: And that was when?

Mar: Uh....1950. November 22, 1950.

Bernice: Tell us about your children.

Mar: About what?

Bernice: Children.

Mar: Okay. We had eight children. We got married Nov 22 1950. December 20th 1951. Marsha Lee Grange came along, uh... we named her Marsha because of me and Lee because of Unita's dad. Dale come along a year and 3 months later, March 20th and we called him Dale Mar Grange. And Geneva came and we called her Geneva because I had a favorite student named Geneva. And Unita's mother was Geneva. Uh... then came Earl. We had a hard time naming Earl. We had never... We had Dale and we wanted a "D" but we settled on Earl for some reason and didn't give him a middle name. And then before he was blessed we gave him the middle name of Myron. Elisha Myron Earl Myron for my generation. And then Colleen came along on November 3rd. Unita was born the 2nd of November and

Colleen the 3rd. Then Dean came along. Oh she had one miscarriage there and then Dean came along on Mach the 25th and then uh... he was a baby that had a piercing voice and cried quite a bit. And it irritated Unita. And then uh... we got Stewart. The doctor told her before that, she says, "you are a healthy blonde, born to have kids and sure enough there was eight of them. But when Stewart came and he said, "you've got some problems and you shouldn't have any more kids." And so we ended on Stewart. He was born November 11, my grandpa Grange's birthday. And he was the best kid, the best baby you ever saw. And so, we started out with Marsha, she didn't give us any problem and ended with Stewart he didn't give us any problem. And so everything was real good that way. I have often thought now eight are a lot of kids. Uh.... maybe we should have just had 5 like in my family. And I thought now, which ones wouldn't we have? And I couldn't come up with... No....we have to have 8. Everyone of them is very special. Each one has their different strong points. But every one are very special and I wouldn't by without any.

Bernice: Do you remember any particular things when you were raising them that you would want to relate?
Mar: Yes, before Marsha come we was living in an old house in Ferron. I was teaching school there. I started teaching school in 1950. There was a lot of snow. And uh.. so every few days I would have to get out and shovel out the place where we parked the car. It was traditional that we have a Christmas Operetta. And so I was the young one of the group and the least experienced and so I did all the running and getting the kids and putting them where they were supposed to be and taking them back and whatnot and the day before the operetta, Unita had to go to the hospital. So we went to the hospital and the dr. said, "You're not quite ready, but don't do to far." So we went to her friend, Phyllis Peterson's place and stayed there that night. And sure enough, the next afternoon she got busy and uh... about late that night she delivered Marsha and the operetta was over.

Let's see Dale....we were going to Price and we had the '47 Plymouth and the back doors were what they called suicide doors, because they opened to the back. And he was on the....behind me .... he was behind me uh... he must have been about 3 years old something like that and he opened the door and the door pulled him out and I remember turning around and the wind was holding him on the door. Uh...and I knew that we had to get stopped and get him off and if I stopped too quick the door would break his leg and so I looked down the road behind and all was clear and I think I stopped just about right. He had a big snow suit on and his feet drug on the ground far enough that it wore all the shoe laces off and the metal hooks were gone and I stopped and Unita thought he was killed and I ran back, not too far and kept him in my arms until we got the hospital. But they had had a wreck in Spanish Fork canyon and so we went to Dr. Whiting's Office. And uh... he'd had a small brain concussion and it had worn the hair off his head in one place to where it was raw. The next day the dr. told us how to watch for problems. And

the next day he could just see a little bit out of the slit of his eyes and he wouldn't stay in bed. He'd go around the house and hold his head back so he could look out the slit in his eyes and stayed right with the kids.

Uh....it seemed like the kids were always getting a cut here or something there and we'd have to take them and get them sewed up. We gave Dr. Whiting a lot of practice that way. Uh...Oh one time, uh... Colleen was in Mrs. McCandless's class, and the big 40" metal doors where you go out of the classroom, came shut and caught her uh...next to the little finger and pulled the finger nail and the skin off and there was the little tiny bone sticking out. So I got Unita and we went to Price. And we got just past the Cleveland, Elmo junction and the old road kind of made a curve over the hill and there was a flagman there saying you can't go. I said, "we've got an emergency. We've got to go." And he said, "there is a house coming through there any minute now and I said, "well, we'll have to chance it." So we started up and sure enough we got half way up the hill and there was a house in the middle of the road. So I dove off the side on a little flat spot, the only flat place there and let the house go by and then we went on to Price.

We got to Price and I have the Nielson blood in me that says you can faint easy and you can't stand blood and sure enough I ...after we got her taken care of I fainted. Uh....I think those were the only few serious things as the kids were growing up.

After Dale was out of college, he rode bikes quite a bit. And uh...he was coming up Buckhorn Wash and the sun was in his eyes and he was coming up and there was a barb wire sticking strung across the wash and that barb wire caught on his helmet and it also cut his throat a little bit. But it could have decapitated him. And there was a Christiansen kid in Emery that had that done at one time. Anyway, he says that that helmet saved his life twice. It was a full mask helmet. He said the first time from getting cut and the second time when he hit the ground he hit on his head and he had his helmet on. So it saved his life twice.

Uh... they were all good kids. They all had different strengths. All excellent kids.

I graduated from BYU in the winter of '49 and 1950 and went to Ferron as a 5th and 6th grade teacher. And I stayed there 3 years. Uh.....it was a real good experience. Two years I helped Phyllip Nelson with basket ball the last period of the day. Then I went to Castle Dale and I stayed there one year teaching 2nd and 3rd grade. In the 3rd grade you are supposed to learn your beginning time tables. And so I taught them to the 3rd grade and they wanted to go farther so we ended up most of the 3rd graders and some of the 2nd graders knew most of the 12 time tables with no problems. They were a good bunch of kids. And things went real good.

And then I taught the 3rd and 4th grade at Huntington Elementary school that was in the bottom of the high school, in the old home ec. room first. Uh...and then the next year I had the 5th and 6th and the next year the 5th and 6th in the old high school building and then Clay Peterson moved up state and so I became the teaching principal there at Huntington Elementary School and after several years I

went to the Jr. High School and then a few years and then an opening came up because of the State reorganizing and having money and so forth and the fad came in for multi- media and uh... I got to go be the media director. And that was a fine experience. A fine experience. I found that I got to do quite a bit with Dennis Nelson. He was the elementary supervisor, testing and different things. And then media became less important and Dennis Nelson went to Park City to become the superintendent there.
And I became the elementary supervisor. That was a real good experience.
Later I went to the high school and became principal there and I stayed 3 years there. I didn't enjoy it so much because it was radically different than elementary. And uh....there was problems with long hair and with clothing. Short dresses was the principle thing. I got along really well with this. I tried to develop the philosophy that kids are here to be taught. Uh....and that's why we are here to do the teaching. Uh.....you teach them and if there is any problems, I'll get their parents in and dismiss them from school for a while and then if things go right I'll let them back in and then I'll have a basis from which to work with them. That didn't fit too well with the teachers.

And so as quick as I could, I left and went back to elementary school in Huntington. I went there until I got kind of burned out. I felt that the kids really like me. I got burned out and I went to work for Huntington-Cleveland Irrigation Company. I was there 6, 7, 8 years and then I needed to do something about my long-term retirement. So I went back to school for 3 years. Ended up with 34 years I the education system. Then I retired at the best retirement that the school system had up to then and it was as good as now. Before then it was a terrible situation. You got a quarter percent per year and it went to half and finally went to one. When I retired the second time it went to two percent per year of my salary and so I came out very very well. Excellent.

I was kind of burned out of education and Lynn Guymon, the president of the Huntington-Cleveland Irrigation Company come and asked me if I would be the executive secretary, water commissioner for the Huntington-Cleveland Irrigation Company. They needed a new man and so I said yes, I am under contract until the end of June. New year starting in July. So I said I would be glad to come as it was something that I had always wanted to do. My dad had been a reservoir tender and a lot of nostalgia. Uh... I thought that would be real good and so I told them yes. That --my duties was to take care of the books. Everything that was to be done in the office, I was to do. And then I was supposed to take care of the res. and split the water into the 3 canals. And so I filled Huntington North Reservoir, I filled Ralson Reservoir, Cleveland Reservoir, Huntington Reservoir and Miller's Flat Reservoir. and it was a grand job. I got 3 days of in the office and 2 days of going to the reservoirs and it was a 7-day a week job and I had to look at the ends of the canals every day and sometimes more than once. But it was a grand job. Outside and real good. I enjoyed it a lot.

Bernice: We are talking about the desert today and you are talking about a place you particularly liked.

Mar: I really like Copper Globe. Because of the historical parts to it. Just before you get to Copper Globe there is a sign that says there was sheep herder killed here by the cattle men. Then you go a little farther and you come to Copper Globe itself. There are several entrances into different areas-- immediate areas there. Uh...some of them have door on them some of them were pits with a fence around them. There is an old cabin there. There was a place, I guess a cliff where they made a little rock wall to capture some water. It looked like the ore was a little blue or blue green nodules embedded in the sandstone. Uh..... At one time the people put up a great big rig of wood to smelt the ore with. Later on I talked to a person at LuRue Bagley's Inn in Richfield and he said that they were interested in that area just after the war and it was a Spanish Land Grant and this is the only time I have heard that. So it might be historically significant that it was a Spanish Land Grant. Uh.... they did the mining and that after WWII, they got a bunch of war surplus materials and took down and they worked there for about a year and then they went back and most of the materials were destroyed.

There was a kiln there and you could still see some of the bricks. It had been hot enough that a green material--a green glaze material had melted onto the brick. I would-- I guess that it was never successful. Their quantity and their means to smelt it.

I was on a scout trip one time up to Justeson Flat, and they talked about where they notched holes into a sandstone slick rock where they took ore out and the fellow told me they took the ore to Springville, Provo area and then to Kennecott to be smelted and there were so many complications that it never paid off.

Bernice: So they were mining copper?

Mar: Yes, it was a copper out of the sandstone. And there are several place in the desert where you see traces of this. No place where, to my knowledge, extensive enough to be profitable.

Another place I am always interested in is Coal Wash. I went there first with James and Jim Nielson from Clawson. In that area there are some Indian writings; a bunch of cowboy lure. Several trails take off from there. The Swasey's have been in there. There is one area that is about an acre to 2 acres in the area where there is an uplift mineralized rocky area. Where people have gone in and made attempts at mining it. On the south side, there is an entry way that goes in about 30 yards. On the west there is one that goes in about just a few yards. It doesn't look like there was anything very serious done here. On the southeast side of the hill is where they made their rock house. And people lived in this little one-room rock house. It had

one window on the south and a door on the east. Then the ledge made the north and west wall. It was a very interesting little cabin.

I asked several people what ZCMI meant uh....church wise....Zion Cooperative Mercantile Institute. They said--the person that I talked to and I am not sure if this is authentic or not, but they said that there was a pool hall in Ferron and of course they needed liquor to sell in the pool hall --a place where--- for the people, men and the cowboys to congregate and so they needed a place for a still to make their liquor. This is what they told me that these people went down to the ZCMI mine and made liquor there and they called it Zion Cooperative Mormon Idiots. I don't know how true that is but this is an important area.

Joe and his dog is off to the side. One of the Swasey's wrote his name under an overhang right in the middle-- in the bottom of the wash. They a---there's a water seep there where there is a little bit a trace of oil in it. It brings a bit of sulfur out and it stinks like mad. And at that point is where you can go out of Coal Wash up onto the ledge and go over to Dutchman Arch and I-70 and Swasey's cabin, Swasey's homestead. You have to do across the Devil's Race Track for the first several miles it is just slick rock, grand pictures of the Priests and Golden Gate and different formations. That would be wrong. The formation would be sandstone and the geological formations would be the Golden Gate, Priests and Joe and his dog is across the canyon. There are places that show some Indian activity there.

In Coal Wash, the north fork and south fork, it forks at the junction. And at that junction, I was telling the scout master, his name was Farmer, that there was.....a cowboys put their names on it. And a place up north of Coal Wash they put their names on a localized area with--it looked like wagon grease or some black tar or paint or something of that nature and he disputed my words. And I think he is right. Uh....because I got the book about the Devil's Mines or the Spanish Mines and in Coal Wash there are some Spanish crosses in---up in an overhang that I would say are about 10" tall - several of them. And writing in that area. The place that I gave as being cowboy brands corresponded quite true to Rhodes book on Spanish symbol of mines and so on. Farmer took us to a place where we thought we could see a number with the degree sign on it. He pointed out another place where there were numbers with degrees on it. He showed us and I've got some rocks piled on it--that up this little canyon, there was a natural water reservoir or I don't know how many gallons it holds, but he said that there's a body that he thought was a Mexican that he thought was there. I was just a skeleton and a few fragments of clothes. And he found quite a few things that would correspond to the Spanish. Right next to where the cowboy brands were, which I think now are Spanish symbols for mining. Just around the corner there was a fault line that had been filled in with Calcite and a little farther he said there used to be a tin can with a wire on it and if you put it down this hole you could get you a drink of water. And I thought this was interesting.

And so...I would suggest that Ted Farmer, that you get with Ted Farmer and he could tell you more about the Spanish mining than anyone I know.

One time I was going around the top ridge of Cedar Mountain and several rises above it where the formation have been washed away. They used to dry farm out there. It never was too successful. there was a lot of Indian chipping there. I found a lay off machine or marker machine and it was a Ponderosa pie about 30" in diameter and for two furrows they had sculptured wood and put around this Ponderosa Pine section. I imagine it was about 8' in length and 30" in diameter. They took for their furrows they put a layer of wood around it and they'd made some kind of a tongue on it and on each end of the wood and they would pull it and the purpose was to make furrow. Where they were dry farming I would imagine they made the furrow so the water would collect. But this is just a guess. But anyway they had this and I would imagine it would serve two purposes. It would level out the ground and cut the clods down and it would make a little reservoir for rain water to collect in and seep into the ground. There was two or three graineries along the top of this homestead area. I have never seen them since. And so I would imagine at one time they tried to -- they thought they were going to have a going area for farming, dry farming.

Bernice: What do you remember about Morhland?

Mar: I must have moved to Morhland when I was less than a year old and I stayed there until I was 6 years and 3 months. I started first grade there. I remember the 4-room school. We had big rooms in the shape of a cross. We held church there. The amusement hall was in the main part of town where we had shows, dances, a confectionary, and most of the social life was there. You can still see the foundation of it. I don't know what else was in the basement beside the confection. The upstairs had the dance hall and the show hall. A little east of the amusement hall was where the store was and across the road south from the store was where the hotel was. The hotel was, unless you know what you are looking for, would be hard to get. There was a section to the south and up a canyon where people lived. The main town was right on the flat where the road goes by and the remains of foundations are. To the west was a place called the Nob where a group of people lived. Across to the north across and on the other side of the rail road tracks was where the poorer groups lived. The Japanese lived up the canyon and the last house up the canyon was, I was told, where a Negro family lived. I was pretty well segregated by nationalities.

I remember some of the things that fascinated me most was the amusement hall and the steam engines that came to pull the coal away from the tipple to take it where the coal was taken. In the winter they would release steam and there were great clouds of steam and it would envelope the steam engines and it would look fantastic and unreal. But Morhland was a good place. It had fantastic sleigh riding. I remember the snow that blew around into drifts and some of the drifts got as high as the fences and you could walk a right over the fences into your neighbors yard. The ground was steep enough that there was always a low place against the hill and

then the foundation preceeded out from the hill. It always got deeper and deeper and I know in our house there was a good number of steps up and into the house on the one side and only one or two side on the other side. Underneath the house was used for storage for the foundation was high and where it was low little or nothing was stored. We had some buildings around our house. We lived across the road from the amusement hall. And dad would put in low retaining walls in several place to make flat places to park his old Star -- Blue Star car. And just before we moved to Huntington, he got a Model A car. A brown one.

Bernice: So the ground then was owned by the coal company? And the residents of Morhland rented their homes from the coal company?

Mar: Yes.

Bernice: Can you remember who lived around you or in different parts of town?

Mar: Yes, Parley Anderson was the person who took care of the horses and ran the farm and took garbage away. And whatever needs to be done. He was the person that took care of that. He lived next to us. Larson's lived close to the amusement hall. The dr. lived cross the street from him. Harlan's lived up the canyon to the south. Levindols, Stories, Marsh, Sherficks, Olsens, and Christensen's were some of them. I think it was Les Olsen. They are some of the people I remember.

Down the creek from Morhland where the branch went over to Hiawatha, there are a lot of Indian artifacts or indications of Indians being there. On both sides of the creek there are places where there are pit houses. These are where the Indians made a little dugout and put a roof over it and the Indians only being about 5' tall as I understand, didn't have too high of roofs. The door always went to the east and as time went....they put the rocks or maybe too high around where they lived and then they would put a roof on it and of course the roof was always--over the hundreds of years, had rotted out. So the top fell into the living room and this left a little indention. The main way to tell a pit house is just a ring of rocks. The ring of rocks, you could be quite sure there was a pit house there. Recently in the last number of years, I went to this predominant area, and somebody, I imagine it was done illegally, dug out a pit house was I imagine it would be mayb 12' in diameter and they had dug out the hole and lined the pit house with rocks and this was the only place I have ever seen that. If I recalled right, I would say the rocks would be about 3' high and on top of the dirt there would be another couple of foot and so I would imagine that the roof on that pit house would be about 6' tall. I would imagine since it was lined on the inside with rocks that it was a very unusual one. There is a cedar tree growing in the middle of this pit house and it was not dug out. I would guess that the cedar tree would be about 50 years old or something like that. There was a big rock there where if you looked closely you could see they had done their horn grinding there to make their corn for there food and then there is

one hole about 15" in diameter and two foot deep and I imagine they would take a cedar post and crush whatever was in that hole. A martar and pistol type grinder. I have never found what I figured would be a good explanation for having it. I have never seen a grinder like this anywhere before or since.

Down the canyon to the place where you come out of the hills, is where Star, McHadden, Lemmon, and more person, The first white people that came to Emery Canyon lived. They brought cattle and horses in and they lived in what was the dugouts. I have had people, uh.....Cliff Brown take me up where the dugouts were and we couldn't pin point anything definite. Later on, Vernel Rowley and I went up there and we walked it over carefully. Cliff Brown said it was in the sage brush. Vernel Rowley said it was just out of the sage brush. There was an indention there that looked like there would have been room. There was a fire ring on the outside of it and so I would say that Vernel was right and Cliff Brown was wrong. I think it was the place that looked like it was a house. It looked like it could have been a dugout house. Up to the east there is a prominent point, and on top of this point there are several pit houses and I imagine this would have been a dominate camp. Maybe a look-out, a security area, or something of that sort.

I have gone up Cedar Creek above the mine and I saw one picular, white, half of an arrow head. If you go on up Cedar Creek to the top, you come to Gentry. And on Gentry I saw a few pieces of flint that looked like it came out of the same white flint and on Wild Cattle Ridge I found another few pieces of flint that looked like it was the same. Many miles away from there in Seely Canyon, going up towards Skyline, I found an arrow head in a little patch of baren dirt that was surrounded by good grass and it had the same likeness to those. So what I am saying is the people must have traveled back and forth and this white rock must have been a special white flint.

I always thought that my grandpa, U.W. Grange and his brother and Gardner, went in and developed the mine. After reading some information, it was Howards that first started the mine and they didn't do the paper work on it and so my grandpa U. W. Grange's brother and a Gardner did do the paper work on it and took over the mine. Of course there was plenty of property there and so Howard's just took out another claim. So the claims at that time were small and U.S. Fuel had
about 4,000 acres.

Another thing I would like to say is that my father went to Hiawatha and Morhland in the winter times and there was snow enough that at time they had to turn around and come home because they couldn't get through the snow. They bragged about how one car was more powerful than another because it could go up hills in second gear instead of low and it could go through the snow and how the people in the car had to get out and get on the back bumper to give it more traction. And different things like this. And recently they oiled the road to Morhland and there is about 3 or 4 places where they cut from the Morhland road and went over to Hiawatha. The last cut was done by Nielson Construction. They took a cut

through the hill side and made an incline into the permanent road. In that incline, they hit little rocks and they hit big rocks and they hit great big rocks and geologically it was interesting to observe the different sizes of rocks in that hillside. Some of them small, some of them medium, and some extra large. The large ones being the size of a small car.

Let's go back to Coal Wash. A few miles up from North Salt Wash in Coal Wash, there is a dripping spring. A small area where the water comes out of the bank. And in one place there is a continuous small spring. Sometimes it is about the size of a person's finger and sometimes it is about the size of a person's small finger. It runs continuously. We have tasted it and it is not excellent, but it would be enough to get you by. Since I have know about it for about 20 - 30 years, it has been coming out of the bank about 40" to 50" up on the bank. Jim Nielson said that when he was a kid he stood on the horse's saddle and had the water drip into his canteen. I guess what this would say is that sometimes there has been a flood and washed and scoured the bottom out and other times the gravel washes and fills back up.

Bernice: How high up is it normally.

Mar: Now it would be about chest high. That is about 40"-50". You can go and conveniently put your hands under it and drink.

Going up north Coal Wash up a side canyon, I have seen tar sands in veins and as I remember it is more like a tar gravel. But it was definitely tar. Places in the washes, there are small mounds and if you dig into it, they're always in the bottom of the canyon, if you dig into it you will find out that it is tar and sand. In Saddle Horse Canyon there is about the best sample of it. You can see a spring coming outside the wash and in the middle of this little bit of water that is coming out of the ground you can see a sliver of black. And this black is a little bit of oil, heavy black oil that is coming out of the ground. When the water evaporates, the tar is left there. Wind blows sand and it mixes with the tar and it builds up. I have seen some as high as 5-6' high and 12' wide and up to 15-50' along. That is how much tar has collected. But in each of the side canyons in Coal Wash, if the canyon is big enough the water will come down and go over a ledge and fall and form a big water basin at the bottom. This is what is commonly called a water tank. And at this water tank there is usually some very pretty bushes, a few flowers, a few Ponderosa Trees, and the trees will grow tall and slim. There are not a lot of trees, just a few. Tall and slim. If the over hang is great they will reach up to the sun and form a gently curve following the curve as they go up. It is really quite nice. In some places, the ledges are breaking off and instead of falling clean, there is a lot of jumbled rocks, a few tanks and a lot of vegetation.

The San Rafael River has open place that you go down the river. The first one is Hambrick Bottoms and is big and known by a lot of people as Fuller's Bottom. This is a very nice area. Down the canyon a few miles from this is Sorrel

Mule Mine. The first time I saw it you could see several of the original logs of the log cabin that was there. The last time I was there, there was just a piece of a log. They went back into the ledge, the sandstone ledge on a fault line and for some reason and some way there was mineralization that formed along this fault line. When I went in the first time there were still a few ties. Evidence of a small rail road and when we went in along this fault line, you could see evidence of clusters of black which I would guess would be silver. As I recall, I didn't see any copper looking nodules like in Copper Globe or ZCMI mine. Right when you get back to where you can't see any daylight or light, there is a little place dug out on the left side of the tunnel as you go in and this was used to .... the mule would pull a car in and then stop and they would put the mule in the little side notch and then continue on up the fault line. The fault line does branch into two branches. I would imagine it goes back in about 100 yards a little more maybe. When you go in if you have a flash light, you worry, will the air get bad? I have been in there sometimes when the bats come out and you fall to the ground and let the bats go out and then you go on in and explore. It's not great. There is a fair size waste heap at the edge of the tunnel. There are some Indian writing around and a little notch to the right. It is very very good.

Eva Conover ought to be mentioned. At one time she was going to make a scenic road. A scenic road, (this is when she was in the State Legislature) out of the south Coal Wash that went up on to the ledge and came out on I-70. It's very scenic and it's very nice, but it's so rustic and difficult ledges and so on that it is not traveled very much. Then down on Kaiparowits Plateau , and there our guide took us from Woodside down the river and across the river and followed the oil drilling area. We followed the road that went out to a place where they made one drilling for oil. They talked about Swasey having a ranch and (this is used loosely) farther and at that time we didn't do it. The second time I went out with some people and we did find this supposedly cabin. He was supposed to have died out there and there were two places where there looked liked graves by rock going around and there were rocks in a rectangle and another grave right to the side. We could see where the corrals had been and we found the evidence of a cabin. And this cabin was next to a small ledge and a big rock, oh I'd say 8' to 10' from the ledge and he had used the rock and the ledge for the cabin room and then the back he had made a wood frame and in the front there was a little bit left. I imagine he put some kind of a cedar tree covered with dirt or something like that. But he did have a cabin there. He was one of the Swaseys. I don't remember which one. You get with Lee Swasey and he could give you the particulars. But we did find the cabin and the graves and the corral. And as far as I know, he was the only person that made a homestead or squater's rights or whatever it was on Elliot's Mountain.

Many years ago, I imagine about 10 or 15 years ago, I was with a group we were 4-wheeling and one of the members was Wayne Buchanan. He was a former sheriff of Wayne County. And he said that north of Factory Butte, it was close to a

Salt Wash as I remember, out in the open, there had been a bomber during WWII that had crashed out there for some reason. Years later the crash was found by a sheepherder or a cattle man and they recovered the bodies as close as they could. They tried to clean up the crash and burying a lot of the metal and so on but we could still find pieces of the airplane. That was interesting. Then the next day we went down to the Muddy River and we'd camped around Factory Butte and we went down Salt Wash to the area where a main road is and we went into the Muddy River and the Muddy River goes in to the San Rafael Reef. I imagine it is about 5 or 6 miles where the river goes through the Reef and the ledges are real close one each side and we cross the river 30 some times going up. That's up to the Hidden Splendor Mine and the thing I remember is the pretty red ledges. I have been through it several times since and it has never been so pretty. But I think it was so pretty this time because the moisture brought out the red in the ledges. The shadows were just right and it was a choice experience in my life in going through that reef.

I worked at the temple with Sorrel Potter and Ken Reese and they were from Lyman, Bicknell, area in Wayne County and they did a little bit of everything to make a living and they hauled mine props up the Muddy River to the Hidden Splendor Mine and sold the props to the mine and they did it with ton and a half trucks and they had to cross the river several times. They had to worry about quick sand and dry sand and floods and a little bit of everything.

But now I wan to complain about the environmentalists. They won't let us go through that gorge anymore. It is an extremely scenic area. It's historical so and so on. It's a very special place. A lot of the time you are in the river or out of the river on the bends going across a sand gooseneck. A floor comes down the river and erases all signs of any body being in the river. You get a rain storm or two you can tell where the road had been and there are places you have to hunt to find it though. Nature has recovered it that much. I feel bad that I can't go through the Muddy Gorge anymore because of environmental impact studies and so on. One of the best rides that a person could ever take is going to Temple Mountain area. Riding down an old uranium trail on the west side of the ledge of the Reef to the Muddy River. This is very scenic, very grand, very just just grand. I don't recommend it only for 4-wheelers, motorcycles, horses, and it is too far for most people to walk. And so I would put in a plug for 4-wheeler going down there and making a circle. Going down the Muddy River Gorge and back up to Goblin Valley State Park and Temple Mountain. There is a cabin on the homestead where you come out of the Muddy River Gorge and there is Little Wild Horse Mesa there's Bill Canyon there's Little Wild Horse Canyon. Where the hikers go up one canyon and down the other. Which is extremely, extremely grand. It is so great that everybody ought to be able to see it.

I'd like to regress and go back to Coal Wash. No, I am talking about Eagle Canyon. You go down Eagle Canyon and you come to a place where the water goes over a ledge. It used to go over a ledge. And in the eons of time, the water has

washed a little shoot through this ledge. Nobody, you would have to be on foot to go past it. but the water cutting through that ledge and making a little channel. Everybody ought to see something like that at least once. From where you come from Justeson Flat to Eagle Canyon to the State Road shack where you cross Eagle Canyon there, it is down about 4 or 5 miles I imagine. Again this is in the bottom of the canyon. No way to get out of the Canyon. I can see where nothing could be hurt and people could see something they would only see once in a life time.

When I was in the 6th grade, Jimmy Jensen, James Mangum, Belmont Anderson, Carl Young and I wanted to copy the big boys. There we were 12 years old and in Emery County it is a tradition to go to the desert on Easter. So my big brother and the older boys would shoe their horses and go down on the desert. I imagine one time they would go on top of Cedar Mountain and the other time they would go to the point of Cedar Mountain and Jackass Flat and different places. Anyway they always shoed their horses because the rocks--- it would be a three or four day trip and the rocks and gravel would make their horses lame if they hadn't been shoed. Likewise in the summer they would go up in the mountains. In extreme cases they could get by not shoeing their horses going to the mountain. Anyway, we wanted to go to the desert for Easter. So we cleared it with our parents and I took a horse and Jimmy Jensen took a horse and we had -- my dad had a rubber tired wagon and we took it. As I remember we didn't have a set of double trees. So we round up two single trees and we rigged up so that the two horses could pull. So we took off from Huntington. The weather was fine it was sunny and so on and we got down to Buffalo Bench and we went up to the past of the bend to the north ditch and out on to Buckhorn Flat and down to Buckhorn Reservoir. And I said, "the horse ought to be thirsty about now and I am not sure about water from now on so why don't we unhook the team and lead the horses up to Buckhorn Reservoir to give them a drink of water. And Jimmy Jensen said, "You don't need to do that. We can just drive the horses right out into the reservoir." I said, "we will get stuck." He says, "no you won't, I have done that lots of times." And so I looked at Belmont and Carl and James and they didn't give me any encouragement or anything else and so I thought I will show you guys. I will just pull out there and we will get stuck and we'll have to get out. So I pulled in there not far for them to get a drink and sure enough we got stuck. And it took us quite a while to get out. Then we went below the reservoir and around the Bookcliffs to the Dog Ponds. The Dog Ponds was someplace I'd heard of and Jimmy knew quite well and there was water there and there were the most beautiful rock to climb against the ledge that you could find and we had so much fun. About 6:00 the sun started to go down and it started to get cool and Easter Weekend weather blew in and it got cold. And then colder and the wind come up and it got stronger and it got stronger and we sat around the campfire all night. We didn't have sleeping bags but each of us had some bedding and so we bundled up in a quilt and watched the fire all night long trying to keep warm. Well, the next morning we were so discouraged in Eastering down on the desert that we hooked our horses on the wagon and went back to Huntington. We weren't near as big as the big boys.

Moor Grange old Homestead Cedar Mtn

PHOTO
By
Dave Nardell

Winey Jensen – 5-27-1987
Made by Grandfather James Madsen Jensen
He made Two, he had a blacksmith behind
the house, sold one to Forrester and all the
rest used the other one.

"The wet years left all of a sudden and
in about 1928 his folks quit Cedar
Mountain." "They raised vegetables and
potatoes every year."

This machine was used
to