RECOLLECTIONS ON THE HISTORY OF MOLEN, EMERY COUNTY, UTAH

BY

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The first meeting house was on a flat south of town, A log house - T-shaped, entrance from the east. There was also a school house and an amusement hall. Herein Bishop Alonzo Brinkerhoff met in religious debate with Professor Anthony. At which meeting with all living in Emery County in attendance, (I can't recall the particular subjects of debate), the decision of the majority of people present gave the winning decision to Bishop Brinkerhoff. I can remember the tones of the voices and the gestures. It was of religious nature pertaining to Mormonism.

On the area where the new meeting house and school house were later built, there was a stack yard where tithing hay was stacked. Also there was a tithing granary where every tenth bushel of grain from the farms was paid into tithing. The hay and grain were sold and the money from it went into the Bishop's office and credit given to those contributing. A granary was also built there to contain the grain gleaned by the women and children from all the fields for Relief Society funds. I remember we had to pick up every head of wheat no matter how small.

The new meeting house and school house were built near each other, and were about the same size and design. The school house had a bell tower, the only difference. The school was in use sooner than the meeting house. Nippy Petersen was killed while shingling the school house when a scaffold collapsed. Ethelbert Barton was seriously injured.

A lumber fence enclosed these two grounds with a dividing fence between.Both were heated with a large iron stove located in the center of the room.School desks were iron and wood for seating two. There was room for books on a shelf under the writing and study desk. Smaller desks were used for the first and second grades. All the grades, first throygh eighth, were taught by one teacher. My first teacher was A. Warf. Others were P.W. Johnson, Miss Louise Keller, Eugene B. Higgensen. Thomas A. Ellison, Nephi Williams Jr.,Seth Allen, George Weggeland, Fred Killpack, and Marintha Wrigley. There may have been others I can't remember. Evelyn Caldwell Rasmussen helped me remember this list of teachers. There were wall blackboards on the west wall, between windows on north and south wall. A large dictionary was handy by.

The southwest corner was filled with a very well stocked library of maps and books, geographies of America and the world; a large framed map of the United States hung on the west wall behind the teachers desk. Chalk and erasers were supplied for the students to use. Boys and girls hung their coats on the walls separately- - they never mixed. Boys hung coats and hats on the wall in the southeast corner and girls in the northeast corner.

A long rope hung from the ceiling in the east end to ring a beautiful toned bell in its tower on the east end of the roof outside. Just pull the rope and the bell would ring, calling us in for classes. One bell for perhaps half a minute, then a shorter one for quick entry. The older students entered first with each class in line behind. The classes were often called by the teacher to write on the blackboard, a method to improve handwriting. Who could make the A,B,C's the prettiest? (Mine was among the worst.) I loved that big dictionary, it stayed on its stand.

School began at 9:00 A.M. Noon recess began at 12:00 O'clock; a recess of twenty five or thirty minutes before noon. School called again at 1:00 P.M. with an afternoon recess, when the first and second graders went home. School closed for everyone at 3:30 or 4:00 P.M. One or two of the older boys cleaned the blackboards abd dusted the brushes and holders nice for the next mornings use. Some items on boards were left, carefully, for next day's needs.

School began in early September and ended in early May. Holidays, as Thanksgiving, Thursday and Friday - Christmas for two weeks.

"Anti-High-over was a favorite game. Larger boys and girls chose up sides, mixed groups. Someone threw a ball over the school house, where the other side group waited. Then a race to change sides. The holder of the ball tried to touch someone from the other side. If he did, his side could hold the ball for the next throw over the house. If not, then that side, someone could throw the ball over.

Lots of games of marbles were played during recess and noon. When the big bell rang everyone must come into the school and settle down in our seats with our books and lessons.

Molen never had a city marshall or jail. Never neede them ! Children took their lunches to school.

When a grave was needed all the menfolks came to the cemetery with picks and shovels. The graves were six feet deep, were filled in over the rough wooden box installed containing the casket, with the same tools, all the men assisting. Food to the mourners was provided for the day by the townspeople , and any assistance needed, as teams and wagons or buggies for conveyances, were always available. Bishop Rasmussen and councilors were on call for Priesthood benefits, prayers, etc.

Molen people depended on administrations, annointment of oil and prayer for benefit of sick and injured by Elders of the L.D.S. Church.

When epidemic sicknesses came our way, as a smallpox scare did, flags of cloth of the color decided on for the disease, red for smallpox, was nailed on a door frame or outside to warn folks away. Whooping cough, measles, infantile paralysis, pneumonia, and maybe others were quarantined with a cloth flag of its own color until the seige was over.

If a death occurred, Hans C. Hansen made a designed coffin covered inside and out with white cotton flannel, lace, bright hinges and a silver breast plate on the lid for trimming. Sister Maria Anderson made clothing for the body, by measurement, male and female. Relief Society President Terena Caldwell was at the head of her assignments in these circumstances.

Dr. Tingey was an early Emery County doctor.

As near as I can come to naming the first doctor in this locality was Dr. Winters, but I remember being told of Dr. Pierson in Castle Dale being blind folded with his equipment, being taken by horseback to the Robbers Roost in the east desert country to take care of a member of the gang shot by Sherriff Tuttle and his posse. The Dr. was brought home blindfolded so he could never tell.

A dead persons body was kept at home, laid neatly on a table or a prepared bench. Chipped ice in cloth placed around it, with cold wet cloth on face. Several people sat up at night to keep ice and wet cloth firmly in place. "Sitting up with the dead" was the assignment until the day of the funeral. The funeral program was the choir, prayer, spoken eulogies and vocal numbers. My daddy (Hans C. Hansen) was choir leader; he always asked the families to choose hymns to be sung.

Sister Maria Anderson had a handicap; a hairlip and open roof of her mouth. It was hard to understand her talking and she was so self-conscious because of it. But everyone, young and old, loved her, and sympathized with her. Her beautiful sewing was often called for on special dresses, party, wedding, as well as for the dead.

All the housewives made quilts at home. So on invitation to "Come help me quilt" was a common gossiping day, when no one was forgotten, delicious food was served, fun and parties planned and where everybody was friends.

Those who had ripe fruit and gardens shared with those who didn't.

When the new meeting house was comfortably finished for use, the old one was discontinued, and used as a play house for indoor games, especially in stormy times. Ball games were played on the grounds, and it was the gathering place for arranging the holiday parades like the 4th and 24th of July, Brigham Young's birthday, and sometimes when the weather was good for Washington's birthday, February 22nd Washington's Parade was usually by the school(district).

Everyone visited the cemetery on Decoration Day, May 30th. Families in all Emery County had interests in the Molen graveyard.

As near as I can recall , Grandma Beach (Adaline), at 93 years was the oldest person in Castle Valley. Her sons, Lyman S. and Daniel M., lived and died in Molen. They were born in Sanpete. Grandma lived alone in a small, one-room home near both her boys, but on the land of Lyman. She did her own work, housekeeping cooking, etc. and often asked me to run errands for her. She always got a cup of "salt-risen" to make her salt rising bread from my mother.

I was nearer to her in distance than Bessie and her other granddaughters. Edna was too little to run errands for her, Lyman was nearest so he could see when she needed wood cut for her stove and fireplace, sedar and pitchpine. She picked up every chip even those tiny ones. She had a sharp, long pointed knife under her pillow every time she laid down, a sure protection from Indians and badmen. Oh! how we loved to see her dressed in early pioneer dresses, hats, shawls. She was beautiful. When her daughter-in-law Jane, wife of Lyman, died at the birth of little Crystal, leaving big boys and little girls, Grandma moved in and took care of the family. The baby, Crystal lived only 12 days.

There was no medical help. Only Grandma Stringham of Ferron and she was awfully busy. "On the go all the time", I 've heard her say. She lived in Ferron and miles away mostly on foot. Our dependable Grandma Biddlecome wasn't here then. Oh! how we did call on her for every birth, ailment,injury and physical need. She made her own medicines, ointments and bandage styles. I have gathered many arms full of Arnica weed, in bloom and sticky, for her use in treatment for pur Molen neighborhood. She grew peppermint yarrow for teas and many other plants, and cat-nip and tansy. Sticky pine gum, mutton tallow and soot from stove lids to ease and heal burns and sunburns. Kinnikinick willow bark tea in cough medicine. Honey was used in many ways. Grandma's name was Mary. She served all through Emery County as midwife, physician, and medical advisor, a welcome guest, friend and visitor. The greatest tragedy in her life was the drowning of her husband, George, and young daughter, Rachel in a flood in Ferron Canyon. The new dam of Willow Lake on the west mountain gave way. The team with front running gear only, seen coming into Ferron, made known the tragedy. Searching parties found his body. Then desperately continued searching until they found Rachel wedged in a headgate on a canal on the Nelson farm west of Ferron.

Did you ever drink a cup of Brigham tea? Well, it is a local plant of the bush grass variety, stiff stems in joints, green and stiff when dry. Its name gives value for use. It was discovered by the first pioneers to Utah in the valleys, stream beds, and with it, pioneers as they needed a hot drink with scarse pioneer food; this plant won the approval and name of their leader.

Now, Molen Ward had Hans Peter Rasmussen as Bishop; Hans Christian Hansen, first councilor; and Daniel M. Beach, second Councilor; Hans C. Hansen was ward clerk and music leader.

Trena Caldwell was Relief Society president for twenty years; Emily Cook and Ella (Ellie) Killpack, councilors. David Killpack was leader of Young Men's classes. Other leaders I remember were Mads Larsen, Chris Larsen, Hyrum Cook, Thal Barton, Swen Larsen, Seth Wareham, Ed Bailey, Jens Christensen, Alf Young, Nicholas Larsen, Joseph Caldwell, Warren Peacock, and his brother William (Will).

These Peacock brothers were also brothers to Ellie Killpack, wife to David Killpack. They moved to Orangeville. Both families were prominent in the affairs of early days of Molen. Joseph Swasey, Sam Caldwell, the Knudsen family, Peter Larsen, Hans Larsen, Swen Larsen, the Shoemakers, McDonalds, Fjelsteds were all busy Molenites.

The first post office and store was in the Fjelsted home adjoining the school house grounds on the west. When Mrs Fjelsted died the post office facilities were moved to McDonalds and then to the Joseph Caldwells. Alf Young was also postmaster in Molen.

Maryetta McDonald owned an organ which she willingly shared in time of festivities in the meeting house. It was hauled to the Meeting house by team and wagon. The McDonalds were prominent in the affairs of Molen. May married Joseph Swasey; Rowena married Sam Caldwell; Belle married Herman Winkler; Lee was a popular young man; Johnie married Charlotte Hansen(my sister). The girls all played the organ.

The meeting house was in use many years before it was finished and equiped with an organ ready to be dedicated officially.

I remember visits of Patriarch Charles Pulsipher, State Leaders President Oveson, Orange Olsen, Abinadi (Nad) Olsen, Bishop Brinkerhoff, Orange Seely and Seth Allen.

Abinadi Olsen (Nad) lived in Paradise, a farm ranch land, east of Molen, where several families lived. He was called on a mission to the Samoan Islands. When he came back he brought a large box of sea shells. He gave them to all the school children in Emery County (I still have mine). Delon, now of Castle Dale, was my playmate. Nad performed two missions to the Islands. George and Mary Biddlecome also resided in Paradise.

The meeting house was dedicated by Apostle George Teasdale of Salt Lake City. The meeting house was entered from the east. Double doors opened from the outside. An aisle, formed by the big iron heating stove, divided the room. Seats on the left side was for the men folks; seats on the right north side was for the women folks and they never crossed over the aisle. The seats were long lumber benches with comfortable backs and arm rests on the ends. Leaders sat on a bench on west end of room facing the audience with a table for books and sacrament service. A book cupboard was in the southwest corner containing hymn books, ward roll books for Sunday services. Primary, MIA, and a large Bible, a Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants and others. The organ was placed in the center of the north half of front clearance. The choir was seated on front benches before the organ. Very seldom was there an empty place in the choir seats on a Sunday. Curtains divided the classes on Sunday School. Two water pitchers and two glasses (tumblers) served the Sacrament, one for the men's side and one for the women's side, all taking a sip of water from the glass as it passed along each bench. The two men who blessed it, served it.

There were some hymn books with music but mostly used were small books, words only. I have one. It is about two and a half inches wide and two and a half inches long and nearly two inches thick. Many of the selections therein have been eliminated from hymn books in use now.

An old dip pen and ink was used to keep minutes, by secretaries. These were read in the next weeks meeting and were approved by uplifted hands,contrary by the same sign.

A Sunday Sacrament meeting was opened with singing opening song, prayer, singing hymn, roll call beginning with Bishop, councilors and other leaders. Then the men's names, next women's and older children. Roll call was read by Ward Clerk assistant. Everyone said "present".

Then speakers gave their talks. There may be only one or two speakers or several. A last hymn was sung and then closing prayer. Anyone absent was inquired about, with sincere regards as to why.

Early day baptisms in the LDS Church were performed by the creek and Petersen Ditch. In the creek, a steep bank on the north side with willows and brush nearby, with a small stream of water, was arranged with shovels into a sort of pond, sheets or blankets were hung to provide shelters for dressing, one for boys and one for girls.

When my Daddy, Hans C. Hansen, was in charge of a service, he cautioned everyone present to pay strict attention to the words of every prayer offered. Especially the word "we". That meant everyone present was offering the prayer quietly.

The first prayer dedicated the grounds, the surroundings, the water, the intended use for that day. The Baptismal prayer, was the one which is authorized for every baptism to membership in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. These were the same proceedings used at the Petersen Ditch at the headgate on our place, except that the children ran into our house for dry clothes.

My sister Ellen sang alto, I, at nine years old, sang soprano; Daddy was bass; Lafayette, tenor; Mother sang soprano sometimes. Our favorite was, "Whispering Hope".

On the ridge east of the Molen Graveyard, is a wide, long flat where the horse racing enthusiasts and those in the county with race horses levelled out all rain gullies and straightened a race track. People in wagons, buggies and horseback came for a day of fun. I remember the Seely's of Castle Dale, the Swaseys, Wyatt Bryan, Chris Christensen, the Peacocks, ti name a few who brought their beautiful race horses. Chris Christensen's horses were named Sid and Lark, a roan and a sorrel. Little folks must stay in the wagons. A fire, where coffee pots boiled, grub boxes opened. And what a day of fun for everyone . Sunshine, dust, and sometimes rain. No shade. No shelter.

Another center for fun was the big grove of trees, Fjelstedss Grove, along the creek southwest of town. Baseball grounds, places to play horse shoes and other games. And chain swings hung from high tree limbs which made it a pleasure ground.

Nearly every family had an ice house. A large pond in the valley between Molen and Clawson was filled with water from the North Ditch to freeze into ice for the storage for summer use. The big sawmill on Ferron Mountain had big piles of saw dust which was used to pack the large sawed, ice blocks in. The fine chaff and straw covered all under a shed. These blocks of ice would last till late July and August.

I remember one ice cream party; I was to furnish the ice. I'd bring it to the meeting house on my horse, Well, the horse refused to carry it on his back. He shook it off so I had to drag it about three fourths mile on my home made sled in July. I was late, but we had ice cream any way.

Musicians playing for dances were Robert Johnson of Orangeville, violin; Hans C. Hansen, violin; John Knudsen, violin and harmonica; Maryetta McDonald , organ; Jennie Killpack, Organ. Hans C. Hansen and Thal Barton called for quadrille. Lafayette Hansen was often an entertainer.

One old dance I remember called the Polygamy Waltz was a favorite. A gentleman chose two ladies for partners; it was a special waltz called with words to the music similar to the quadrille. It was fun to watch but I was too little to dance it.

Musicians of my time, to name those I recall, were George Biddlecome, violin; he played and sang:

"Hi-ti Tittlecome, old George Biddlecome,
Played the fiddlecome, Hi-ti Tittlecome.

He was firm with his foot stomp to help us Primary children to keep time. John Westenscow played violin; Eli Fredrickson, violin; Robert Johnson of Orangeville, violin; Alfred Knudsen, violin, guitar, and harmonica; Hyrum Anderson, harmonica. Organists Maryetta McDonald, Jennie and Bertie Killpack, Louise Rasmussen, Nancy Shoemaker, Hazel Swasey, Dora Caldwell, and our famous school teacher, George A. Weggeland, and many more just learning. Marcella McDonald and Lillian Rasmussen were most popular vocal soloists.

At dances, theatres; local talents, and all social picnics, everybody attended. If anyone was absent, they had an accepted excuse. But never any dancing on Sunday. Often young folks lingered awhile after Mutual to enjoy dancing.

A method my mother, president of the Primary used to entice children to Primary rather than playing along the way was to stand us in a circle, holding hands, when the roll was called. We each said "present" or a statement as "I love Primary" or "Don't be late" or "Jesus loves us" as we felt like. When a name was called and nobody answered, they were absent, their empty place was made by two children letting go of the hands. It was a big help in training because no one wanted to be left out by that break in the circle.

One drill I remember, by the older school girls, was done with a dance in stylish dresses and special "hair-dos". It was taught by the school teacher. Each had a hoop about twelve or fifteen inches across with home made flowers encircling it which they waved over head, tapped each other, tapped against the other hand and other motions. It was done to music and dance time; it was beautiful. My sister Ellen was one in it; her beautiful hoop was kept in a special box made for it by our daddy. The front of the box, which stood on end, had a glass door and carefully displayed therein.

A special sports time the boys had was serenading the town on holidays. They were hauled in wagons with tub drums, whistles, horns, shooting irons, all sizes, and any thing for a noise, voices especially. On any and special occasions they began at daylight or before. Sometimes they changed livestock from yards to yards. Such a mix-up. Owners had to find their own animals.

I don't know how early these pranks began in Molen History. But all in fun. It was expected and accepted.

Joseph Swasey, as Indian Chief, always paraded his warriors and gave war dances with bows and arrows in defiance to the whites. The 24th of July was the date for these pranks. A meeting from 10:00 A.M. until noon; then at 2:00 P.M. the time was used in dancing, picnicing, outdoor games, footracing till chore time and the evening in dancing all the good old quadrilles, polkas, waltzes, two-steps, and all the old time dances. "Circle all, grand right and left, all waltz with the lady on the left."

Thanksgiving and Christmas was in this pattern; also New Years. Anyway, advantage was taken at every excuse for this kind of fun.

My first and only experience with live Indians was when I was seven or eight years old. Mother spun wool yarn from newly shorn wool from sheep, washed and carded into yarn. For my dress up stockings the yarn was fine yarn. Every tiny knot must be picked out and smoothed into this fine yarn.

I was picking this yarn. Mother was telling me of her early pioneer life; she was born in Manti on March 26, 1852. Her parents were Isaac Morley and Hannah Finch, his third wife. (It was her little brother Simeon , who was held two days and one night, a hostage of the Indians- age about fifteen months.)

I got tired of the job so I ran out to play. When I reached the yard I looked toward the gate and saw the Indians on horses; five horses, two women with babies on their backs and three men. There were two drag poles on one horse with packs fastened on the poles. They had opened the gate and were coming through.

Well, I ran back screaming, "MA, the Indians are coming." I slammed the door shut and locked it. Then climbed on the window ledge to watch. By that time Daddy was in the door yard waiting.

Mother said, "Lucy, if my telling my stories to you makes you act like this, squibs, I'll never tell you one again."

I said, "But Ma, the Indians are out here now." And she came to se for herself. Well, Mother apologized to me.

She unlocked the door and went outside by Daddy. It was dinner time so the Indians stayed. Daddy helped unload the horses and fed them oats, hay and water. I stood near Ma, hiding under her apron. The chief caught me peeking and pulled me to him.

The chief chucked me under the chin and said, "Cat's got her tongue." Then he took a strand of beads off his neck and put it on mine. (P.S. My heart is beating faster now, just for remembering.) I still have those beads.

Indian stories? Well, I have found hundreds of beads in the big red ant beds, many colors, on the hills north of Molen Valley. And Indian Arrow heads. One day my son Dee and Harold Nordell were herding our sheep southeast of Molen and came upon an odd scene. A flood in the creek caved off a bank, leaving a human skeleton in a sitting position in a sort of cave. On its knees was

a buckskin string with Indian beads on it. That was in the early 1930's. They gave it to me. That buckskin string is as soft as a new cotton string right now after all that time. The boys made a grave and buried the skeleton as it was, being very careful with it. It took a deep grave and they were careful.

Another valuable find on the east range or "Down Below" was made by the Wareham boys, Jim and George. Riding horseback, they passed the skeleton of a horse. Then they saw in the wind banked dust by a desert brush what looked like blue cloth. Investigation proved them right. It was blue cloth, very rotten with age, but it covered the skeleton of a man. Around its neck was a gold chain with a gold cross on it. They decided it was an old time Padre. History tells us of these old time religious preachers going to California with only a donkey and a Bible, teaching when possible along their way. I have held that chain and cross but I don't know where it is now. The cross was about five inches long. The boys buried the skeleton nicely as possible where they found it.

One time I was going to Fjelsteds for the mail, I had to pass the Wareham place. Brother Seth Wareham was near the road with an injured big eagle in his hands. One hand was bleeding, badly torn by the eagles claws when he caught it. This was in the early 1900's.

The summer I was 13 years old (1902), Jennie McDonald and I were on the hill north of Molen gathering wild flowers and pretty rocks to trim graves on Decoration Day. We had our aprons full when we saw a man dressed in black satin on a beautiful black horse coming toward us. He had a pistol in its holster, on each hip. A long sharp knife was in each boot and a long gun across his lap. He wore a black wide brimmed hat. As he rode up to us he asked, "Are you Jennie McDonald?"

She said, "Y - -y - yes, sir."

He pointed a finger at her and said, "You go right down and tell Lee McDonald that Silver Tip will be there for supper."

Well! Our aprons dropped everything and we ran. Ran for home. I will never forget that episode in my early life. Silver Tip was for sure. I know. I saw him. If he ever saw a horse he wanted, he took it.

Lee McDonald spent time in prison for his friendship with Silver Tip. But Silver Tip was never caught. I saw him as a respectable rancher in the 1930's. I know I did! It was in the courthouse at Castle Dale. I never told anyone out loud. Silver Tip died a very rich rancher a few years ago in Carbon County.

Schoolteachers in Molen that I recall were Miss Louise Keller, Miss Ella Hougard of Manti, A,W,Warf, P.B.Johnson , Eugene B. Higgensen, Thomas A. Ellison, Seth Allen, Fred Killpack, and George A. Weggeland. Mr Weggeland taught several years. He was elected Emery County Superintendent of schools several times.

Thomas A. Ellison was teaching when some of the big boy students were smoking and set John McDonalds corral afire; it adjoined the school grounds on the west. All the farmers were busy threshing grain at the Hans C. Hansen place. The McDonalds threshing had been done; everyone was thankful now. Mr. Ellison excused school and helped what he could at the fire. He put his foot at the base of a post in the pig pen forcing an opening to save the live pigs. He got the small calves out of their pen. Otherwise everything burned haystacks , straw stacks, sheds - everything that could burn.

Of course the fire just started. No one knew how it started. Who was to blame? I ran home to give the alarm. The horses were just being hitched to their place on the horse power. One team was on a wagon. Everything stopped; men piled into the wagon and whipped to a deadrun, but there was no water near; the flames were leaping high, beyond control. School was dismissed for the day. Threshermen went back to the job, waiting. Every neighbor contributed hay, straw, timber for pens and sheds to help a neighbor in need by such a tragedy. But it was a terrible loss.

The McDonalds had another such fire. It was made under the same circumstances. Cause was never known.

Chris Christensen's corral burned under similar circumstances one time. Bishop Caldwell's home burned in Molen; I can't tell the story, though, I wasn't living in Molen at that time.

I remember going with my doll to play with Bessie Beach. I went to the kitchen door and saw their pet magpie standing in the bread dough, rising for baking, on the table. I ran around the house and called, "Aunt Till". She and Bessie were in the garden picking peas for dinner. I told them Mag was in the bread. That bird could talk. It said, "Help poor Mag", as it tried one leg and then the other to lift itself out. Aunt Till and Bessie came running. Aunt Till grabbed Mag by the neck and threw it out the door stringing dough along the way. Mag landed on its feet, assisted by its wings. It couldn't walk; the dough was too heavy. It would strip a feather through its beak and say, "Poor Mag. Help poor Mag!" Well, the pigs had a feast on that dough and the family had soda biscuits for dinner. And Mag returned inside, too, for Mag was a pet in the family.

One time I had occasion to visit the Joe Swasey home. The family was at dinner. Some words came to me in greeting, "Good Morning." I could see no one outside.

I answered, "Good Morning".

I could hear the laughter inside, though. Then the magpie flew down from a tree saying,"Good Morning".

I had been talking to a talking magpie. Who says magpies can't talk? I know they can.

To describe a 4th of July celebration in Molen as in the years 1890's. The town had been serenaded by the usual wagon loads of young men. Then everyone went to the Fourth Of July celebration in the meeting house. A large American flag swung from the roof top outside. Inside the window and door frames were edged with strips of red, white and blue cloth. On the stage was an elevated seat upon which sat the Goddess of Liberty. She was one of the fair young ladies of Molen, chosen by vote, sometime before. She was dressed in long flowing gown, white with a silver crown with sharp points above her brow. A long staff in silver color was in her right hand. Her chair was draped in white cloth trimmed with red, white and blue. On a steady pole beside her, somewhat higher than her head was a large American flag, beside which stood her male attendant,also chosen by vote from the young men. His trouser legs were trimmed with strips of cloth in the national colors. His right hand, at shoulder height, held the pole.

At 10:00 A.M. all present, and that meant every Molenite, stood at attention with right hand over heart, eyes on the flag, until the man dressed as Uncle Sam said,"Be seated". When all was quiet from being seated, the congregation stood again quietly and sang the "Star Spangled Banner". Opening prayer was spoken when all were seated. Another national anthem was sung by all; then the Goddess read the Declaration of Independence. The program , arranged by songs and recitations proceeded until 12:00 o'clock.

At 2:00 P.M. everybody was back at the meeting house for children's dance, games, races, and community fun. Ice cream. cookies, lovely trimmed cakes,candy, nuts, were provided for all. One game was to have your hands tied behind your back, as you ate a cherry pie in its plate.

The Goddess of Liberty present, her attendant as Master of Ceremonies, the flag in its place- - the grandeur of the national birthday spirit was ever present. Of course, evening chores had to be done; no one was hungry, though, so at 7:00 o'clock the big dance began. It could last all night if there were any dancers left. The town musicians spelled each other off so all could join in.

When the people of America were called to vote on the choice of a national anthem I voted for "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean". It was easiest to sing. But I love our national anthem.

Molen celebrated the Twenty-Fourth of July in this pattern, substituting with LDS hymns where appropriate. The Goddess of Liberty was eliminated and reverence was shown for the leaders of the Church from its beginnings. The serenaders in the early morning, forenoon meeting, afternoon dance, games and big dance at night. Oh! These good times of long, long, ago, long ago.....

I just remember some of the early day requests by President Brigham Young to early residents of Utah. He wanted to make the people self supporting. He encouraged people to experiment and try methods in many lines of essentials.

Wool was available from the sheep and goats but cotton, silk, and other kinds must be learned. In the years I can remember from the middle 1890'S I have been learning.

Sometime in the 1890's my mother, Mary L.M. Hansen acquired some silkworms. It was funny to see the long lumber table covered with worms. Screen wire formed a edging all around. Newspapers covered the bottom of the cage. The worms ate the tender green leaves of mulberry trees. It was interesting to watch the worms, like chickens, hurry to the fresh leaves from the skeletons of leaves fed the day before. It was my asignment to provide the leaves from trees in yards of the Molenites. Peter Larsen, Chris Larsen, David Killpack, Fjelsteds and others helped to feed the crawling, hungry livestock.

The silk worms grew from eggs about an eighth of an inch across to worms maybe four inches long. Daddy said, "They had to be fat". Square pieces of paper then was twisted into cone shaped scoops and laid before the worms which crawled into them with a movement of the head waving from side to side they built a round, oblong cacoon. When movement ended inside , the worm had finished its job and died. It was a summer job for all concerned. Somehow a reel could unwind the ball of silk but I never saw it done. Some of these cacoons are still in some of my beloved relics. No use was ever made of the project. The tiny strands, like spider webs, though of stronger texture, were tightly woven with a sealing substance, to hold them in the tiny ball. All they are now is a curiosity and a rememberence of childhood life.

Another experiment of early needs in this part of the world, I remember, is the large field of sugar cane planted on the land north of Clawson. Clawson As a town was not made up until many years after this; this venture was in the late 1890's. I can only remember seeing the wide expanse of sugar cane like a large corn field. The venture was a failure as far as refined sugar in Castle Valley is concerned. I don't know who was in charge of a field of sugar cane in Castle Valley.

Prospecting for valuable minerals east, west and south of Molen has had its share of interest. I remember some of those besides my Daddy and brother,Lafayette. Mosiah Behunin, Chris Nelson, the Swaseys, Warehams, and Peacocks to name a few. I've seen them sit with a pile of rocks, hammer and a long handled scoop before our fireplace which had a flat ledge rock hearth. They would break the rocks on the hearth, heat them in the fire flames in the scoop and examine the heated contents for its values. As far as I know, the only reminder of thes events is the remains of the broken fireplace hearth, evidence of the intence hammer blows on harder rock. Anyway, these were days of sincere neighbors being together. One's failure was everyone's failure. The sincerity of the venture was shown and shared. And when outlaws used these regions for a get away to their Robbers Roost, Sheriff Azariah Tuttle could depend on them in time of need.

Their riding horses and guns were available, just by a knock on the door, day or night, and the Sherriff's words, "Come on"! My Daddy was there when the sheriff was by a spy, left on the trail of the train robbers. I can remember the noise of the robbers horses and the posses also. They passed between our house and corrals. It was dark. I was in my trundle bed. They were all headed east "Down Below".

Sometime when you have time, go east of Molen and see the Indian writings on that large sand rock like a loaf of bread with the first slice removed-facing south. It, with two others, smaller and standing alone, back from the edge of the "jump off" cliffs, is where Molenite Young folks had many happy Easter picnics. One time we had ridden in a wagon, which was placed on a nice ledge rock near the brink of the "Jump".The horses and wagon, stood there for several hours while we ate Easter eggs and goodies, played games until time to go home. When the loaded wagon left that big flat rock,it slid away down into the canyon. Fortune was with us that day. The weight of the horses and wagon held it, until, when removed,off it went, into the depths below. The sound of its going made us realize dangers in that area. It shows just how close we were picnicing to the edge of a cliff and landing way down the jump off into DownBelow. Royal and Eva Swasey could remember this Easter time.

Ferron, in the summer of 1908, had a small hospital. Dr. Graham and wife, who was a registered nurse, were making their home here and taking care of illness of all kinds. He had not received a Utah license to practice surgery, so Dr. Flood came to be surgeon in charge, and with Miss Mette Nelson, a registered nurse, they rented the home of Mrs. Till Olsen, who had just buried her husband and gone to California to visit. There in July, Lehi Larsen's leg was amputated. A lady from Clawson, Clara? and I were operated on for appendicitis. Dr. Graham won the hearts of all Emery Countyites. When World War 1 broke out they were drafted and sent to an army hospital in Pennsylvania where he died. He had fallen in love with Utah, its people, and mountains. It was his wish to be buried in Utah so he was brought to Salt Lake City army where he rests. Mrs. Graham returned east where she rests in her tomb. Lehi Larsen died in a Mayfield Nursing Home a few years ago. A life long resident of Molen and Ferron, he was a brother of Mrs Royal Swasey.

The honey industry was an important source of income here in these valleys in early history. Nearly every family had bees. To find a swarm in the trees or brush was to hurry home for a beehive; usually it was "finders keepers", unless, of course, it was hanging in a large bunch near a bee yard. Swarms have been followed several miles before they alighted. Many times we followed, as they soared in flight over our heads, with a tin pan and handy stick,drumming to drown out the voices of bee leaders of the swarm. The queen bees voice directed her followers so seldom a tagtail bee was seen in the air. There was no way to count the bees in a swarm but estimates say 5,000 to 8,000 bees makes a swarm. They cling together with queen inside the cluster for her protection and her guidance.

My Daddy had 58 swarms to extract honey from in the summer, and I've known days when we filled 435 gallon cans in one day. Some hives had three top-boxes with seven frames filled and capped on both sides, clear beautiful sweetness, no human could gather. Singleton's Store in Ferron sold many cans, large and small, to customers in their store.We extracted honey about every two weeks through the summer months.The extensive fields of alfalfa and sweet clover, wild flowers, fruit trees and flower gardens everywhere, kept these wonderful workers and processors, gathering honey and wax materials early and late every summer day and from every location, near and far.

On my days of fun and relaxation on the tops of Ferron Mountains, I watched honey bees at work, and no telling who's bees, yet the tax fixers took their toll of the income from sales of this precious fluid, when ownership was identified. Now, traveling along the highways, I can still see and remember where I've helped with extracting honey for Brother John Zwahlen, Ole Sorensen. Bro. Jewkes, Uncle Thomas Chantry and Bishop Brinkerhoff. Yes, precious memories.

It made me mad when a bee stung me, otherwise I was unhurt. But how else could a honey bee avenge the robbery of their year's labors.

My Daddy told of a freighting trip from Manti to Nevada - grain from fields in Sanpete and needed supplies from Nevada. The oxen were slow, giving him time to look at things along the way. A strange something on a nearby tree attracted his attention. He rested the team while he took a closer look, and found honey and bees were flowing from anoopening in the trunk. Well, this called for "time off" the road. He and companions took their extra shirts and wrapped each others heads and necks and then filled every available container with the precious honey and wax. Wax was so needed for candles at home.

They prepared themselves on the next trip to Nevada with bee caps to use instead of shirts for protection from bee stings, and extra cans, jars and buckets to fill from that tree. Wasn't that a valuable find? Good as gold.

The summer of 1909 and 1910 we had as visitors on my Daddy's field, the camping outfit of the United States surveyors. Working in the unsurveyed sections of Eastern Emery County. Those in charge were Mr. Fath and Billie Milkie of somewhere "back east". Mr. Fath was so accurate in keeping his records and maps of the days labors that his time in camp was busy. But Mr. Milkie could take time to get acquainted with Molenites. So some days were spent with young folks. I remember ball games, horse shoe pitching, and of course, rope swings in the trees. Billie was a winner at marbles, too. The evidence of these surveyors faithful work aan be seen in the corner pegs with sections, numbers, directions in the rugged country "down below".

When questioned by Emery Countryites if they located gold mines or other precious veins, their answers were always, "No, we're surveyors.

Well, anyway, we had lots of fun with them.

I'll never forget one remark I heard Billie Milkie say, "These smart Mormons, they make water run up hill. Well, it made me think; it's true. If you don't believe it, look at the streams for irrigation on the hill tops in this valley.

Did you ever see an early Mormonsurvey outfit? Well, I can remember one. It was a fixture of a balance to raise or lower the ditch to water level, for movement. They used a single tree off the wagon with a glass jug half full of black coffee hung on one hook and a bucket with small rocks in it on the other hook, arranged on a carrying post. the surveyor watched the level of the coffee in the jug, sighting over the rocks bucket, added a rock until it leveled. This brought the ground where the ditch would be climbing the hillside,marked. Thus, with short distances between markings, the water would finally run up hill.

The ditch diggers weren't very far behind the ditch surveyors so the finished ditch carried the water to fertile farm lands, homes and beauty.

For several years a sheep shearing corral was operated in that drainage and vast territory southeast of Molen, before residents settled in Rochester. Some camp houses were made there for sheepmen and herders. During sheep shearing spring work, the herds were shorn on their way from the east winter locations on the way to the west mountains summer range. Thousands of sheep went through this procedure every spring time. The sheep belonged to owners in Sanpete County. I've spent many hours there helping to fix dinners and suppers. There were some men eating nearly all day. The dishes were never done. Men cooks were a special gang. My Daddy took me to work in the morning but some herder took me home at night. Remember, my home was on the north side of the creek filled with high water. And often the night dishes were late. The big sacks of tightly stomped wool were loaded on covered wagons like bales of hay and hauled to Price to the railroad for shipment. Buyers came to deal for the wool. They left "dirty dishes", too.

Water for the kitchen and drinking was hauled in a wagon with three fifty gallon wood barrels every day. The upper North Dithh carried the water from the Ferron Creek, way west of Ferron, to the bench farms north of Molen. Water from the Molen ditch, Peterson Ditch and Lower South Ditch, came to Molen homes through livestock pastures and could not be used. At that time Molen Cistern had not been made; we hauled our water too.

The big wool sacks were deeper than a man was tall. It was hung in a frame, open at the top so a man could jump down into it. As a fleece was tossed into it, the man would press it into the corners at the bottom and then tightly stomp them tight until the bag was full. It was then released from the frame, carefully laid on the ground; the top was sewn together and then rolled to where it would be loaded on to the wagon.

The shearers held the animal while shearing, turning the poor creature as the fleece fell away, sometimes with bleeding hide snipes. The men using their body power, sometimes in a very awkward position, standing, stooping, bending, Kneeling, all day long except at noon.

As of now, no evidence of this time can now be seen, but the area is known by Molenites as Shearing Corral Draw. That slope is the drainage ditch off the entire area south of Molen from Rochester, west to Ferron Mountain into Ferron Creek. Many loads of firewood for Ferron and Molen from this area provided warmth and for cooking needs. The floods have deepened the wash to the north and where it enters Ferron Creek so ledges show on both sides.

When I was a little girl some men came to our house with books showing pretty pictures of beautiful apples and cherries on large green trees. My Daddy showed us some that he was going to buy. The book was named "STARK" and I learned to spell it and remember about it. Later I learned that the Stark Brothers office was in Chicago, Ill. These men brought the little trees some time later. Stark Brothers are still operating in these items. Ferron and Molen were good customers.

Sometime early in our history the railroad line was surveyed from Sa ina through Salina Canyon to Emery, then east of Rochester and across the east range of hills into Molen. The plans were abandoned when the railroad came into Price and on east.

I want to describe a place only a short distance from our house. It was a ladder leaning against a fixture about ten feet tall, between two shade trees east of our door yard. Four long posts set in the ground with a flat floor with a hand rail nailed on top. It couldn't even shake when my Daddy and Sheriff Azariah Tuttle climbed up it and looked at the trails going east and south way out on the flat. The county road to Emery curved to the west where they could see travelers going or coming. They had a long round thing with a glass in each end. They called it a spy glass. A horseman or a covered wagon on the road out there looked almost as big as ever. When they let me climb up and look too I was excited but that wasn't very often and I must never be up there alone. I had seen my brother Jody be dead and put into a wooden box and took to the graveyard and put into a deep hole in the ground and covered up with dirt. So if I climbed up that ladder alone and fell off, I'd be dead and then they'd have to put me in a box and in the hole in the graveyard and pile dirt over me. I'd never get out, either, just like Jody. See why I was never up there alone?

The trail east way out there was where the Robbers Roost gang made their get away lots of times. Sometimes there were a lot of men on horses in the yard while Sheriff Tuttle watched from that high floor up there.

I remember one time when my Daddy and Ma went to Manti in the covered wagon. My brother Francis and sister Linnie went with them. I had to stay home with my sister Ellen and help take care of the chores. I watched them go 'till they were out of sight behind the east end of the high ridge south of Ferron called Cecilia's windsplitter. Then I saw them in the same place coming home. Ellen didn't ever know I was up on that floor. I held tight and didn't fall down. This happened in the 1890's. The State Highway now picks up this old roadway now south of the windsplitter going to Moore.

Now, when I was all alone on the high stand watching for the covered wagon,I didn't have the spy glass. It was safely put away where little hands couldn't find it. But I had good eyes, even if they were so small.

One terrible hailstorm occurred in the forenoon of August 8, 1918. It was the first day of Emery Stake Conference held in the Ferron Ward. I was Primary president. in Molen Ward. My councilors were Ethel Hansen and Fawn McDonald. My arrangements were that I would pick them up so we could be in attendance at 10:00 A.M. I had picked up Ethyl and we had driven to Fawn's home when the threatening storm broke. We waited and the storm broke with hail stones about like baseballs. My team broke loose and ran for home. The storm was so dence the glass windows were shattered. The shingles on the roofs were beaten into slivers. There was no wind, but the storm drifted in all its fury to the east, then returned. What wasn't destroyed was now finished. Chickens were killed, gardens beat into the hard ground, trees were stripped bare of branches. All the fruit trees were stripped bare from far west of Ferron to the bare ridges east of Molen. Hay, grain, and water systems were destroyed.

In those days people went to conference in buggies and wagons, very few automobiles. The horses were tied before the church yards and the day of the big storm were so terrified with the terrible solid ice hail stones that they broke loose and ran for home. The noise was such that it was impossible to continue conference procedures. There were very few glass panes left unbroken in this wide valley. And there was a "run" on bales of shingles. We knew where the potatoes were growing so we took the shovel and started to dig; if we found potatoes - ok - but if not, then we tried to the right or left until we did find the row.

I found dead rabbits, sparrows, lizzards and other creatures that were unable to find shelter. Conference was dismissed for Saturday to give time to fix up from the destruction. I have seen many storms since that day, yet never one so terrible. Thank goodness.

Every community had men who saw the needs of life in their surroundings. As most first home shelters were dug outs in foot hills, small, leaky, with dirt floors, the pride of people showed need for building material. So soon log cabins became into homes, then adobes, and brick and nice wood frame homes came into being.

These needs soon showed the skills of Emery County pioneers. They made adobe mills, adobe moulds, and yards for drying, selecting the right soil, sifting out gravel, and the final process of burning into brick.

The west mountains had forests of pine, cedar, quaking aspen and cottonwood trees large enough for lumber for floors, ceilings, roofs - so soon saw mills were in operation. Several shops were in use to make furniture, bedsteads, tables, chairs, cupboards, closets, all nicer comforts in the home.

A trip by team and wagon to Price railroad took at least three days travel. The horses pulling a loaded wagon all the way. Feed, hay, and grain was part of the load. The night camp grounds were the valley stream beds. In those days "Men worked for what they got".

It is a long time ago that two adobe houses and a long log cabin rested on the ridge just south of Castle Dale as the road comes to the bridge on Cottonwood Creek and on into town. I can remember those cabins on the west side of the road.

Those cabins were the Emery County Pest Houses. Therein the facilities took care of anyone who contracted contagious diseases. - small pox, scarlet fever, diptheria, measles, or chicken pox. There was no place to put these cases except in their home or in the pest house.

Who attended the ill? How long were they confined? I don't know. But I remember of a woman confined there, getting arope and hanging herself to death in a big tree on the east side of the road south of the bridge. Men patients were housed in one cabin and women in the other.The log cabin was for caretakers, cooking, washing clothes etc. With the pest house for the ill, other members of a family were less likely to take the disease.

Early pioneers in Castle Valley had learned to provide for themselves every needpossible. In line with this need, they carefully selected choice plants for seed. A potato plant that produced the most uniform shape, size, numbers and perfectness was placed carefully in a corner of the pit at harvest time. This pattern guided choice of peas, beans, onions, carrots, beets and corn.

The west mountains had many wild strawberry beds, which when transplanted into irrigated gardens and cultivated, yielded choice fruit. Large bushes of red berries grew along water ways and the fruit made preserves and jellies; and when dried then spread on a layer of baking powder biscuit dough and boiled in a cloth bag, made a dessert for supper. This called for honey sweetening.

There were many kinds of corn - white, yellow, and Indian. The Indian was dark colored kernals. Many were the bundles of Brigham tea gathered in the fall, dried and stored carefully to provide a hot drink at meal time. People who liked it roasted barley in their ovens until very dark and ground it in their coffee mills to be used for barley coffee drink. Other plants used in teas were peppermint, sage, yarrow, catnip, tansey etc.

Ripe squash was cut in slices and hung up to dry, then soaked in warm water and cooked for winter pies etc. Apples and prunes were pealed and pitted and dried for winter needs. Corn was boiled in salted water on the cobs then cut off and dried for food. These items were hung carefully in cloth bags away from mice and insects because of the lack of glass jars. Tin might rust, spoiling the food.

Another family necessity was soap. Every bit of fat was saved at butchering time and saved in clean containers. Pig jowls, and sometimes the whole haed, and trimming bits were boiled in lye according to measure by weight per can. For toilet soap my mother had a bit of sticky pine gum added while boiling. It gave fragrance and tenderness. There was a way of telling when soap was done. All fat particles were dissolved by the lye and the liquid boiled until some put "to cool" thickened to jelly consistency. It was then poured into a tub to stand until cold and cut across wise into blocks to dry. Then it was boxed and kept in a dry place. The pine gum soap was kept separate from the household supply.

Nearly every family had bees wax and candle moulds so having a supply of wax candles on hand was a family necessity and was an autumn chore. My Daddy's candle mould would make six nine-inch long and one inch thick candles. A cotton string was fastened to the bottom and drawn upward through the tin mould which was narrowed to a sloping point at the top. When cold the mould was dipped in warm water and the candles slipped out and were stored in a cold place. I have helped to do these chores many times at home and at the home of neighbors.

SOME CHILDHOOD EXPERIENCES

I was about five years old when I was sent to the woodpile for some chips. Lafayette, my brother, had just come from the sheep herd and was eating his dinner. I saw a snake come across the place I was to get the chips. I ran back screaming I couldn't get the chips because the snake was there. Lafayette came running, he grabbed the axe and chopped the snakes head off, leaving the long, jerking thing twisting in death. Then he chopped the tail off and letting me listen, I heard a snake rattle. He put the rattles in his hat band and wore them there.

I've seen water snakes dangling from the sheds where they robbed sparrow bird nests. I saw a water snake swimming across the canal with a toad's leg kicking in its mouth. The funniest sight was in the corral where I repaired a break in the fence with a broad board with a knot hole in it. The chickens had nests on each side of the fence. When I gathered eggs that night I found a large bull snake caught in it. The snake had swallowed an egg, then crawled through the knot hole into another nest and swallowed another egg, So there it was, the eggs kept it from moving either way. The eggs made noticable lumps in the snakes body. The hole was nearly three inches across. I had to wait a short time before my Daddy came home from the fields and I was watching for him. Before he could unhitch the team, he had to see the snake. He got the axe and cut the snakes head off, and the lump holding it on that side of the board fell out of its neck. It was the chicken egg. The snake, headless, threw its other part away from the board and the other egg rolled away. Both eggs were unbroken when the two parts of the snake layed them. Daddy threw both eggs on the shed for the magpies. We sure didn't want them. The size of the knot hole indicates the size of that big snake.

When the CCC camp east of Ferron broke up we bought the dining room and supply room as it stood. Then we, the Nielsen family, had a house moving company from Price, come and bring it to Molen. The cement foundation was ready as was the furnace room in the basement. The new home was soon in place and dinner was ready. On our old home grounds up on the hill northeast of this location was a large granary we intended to bring down. It was built forty years ago. We decided to have the Price movers bring the granary instead of having our neighbors with team drag the building down for me. The crew went to see if they could help us out. They could that afternoon. But there was a catch. Mr. Davis came in and told me I'd have to go get that big bull snake out first. It had taken possession through an open cat-hole in the door bottom.

I said,"Do you mean to tell me a bull snake is at home there?"

He said, "Yes".

I said, Goodie, goodie".

He said, "What do you mean, Goodie, goodie?"

I said, "You won't be bringing any mice here. That snake has been living on them!"

Another experience with wild western creatures reminds me of when I was a child I was helping plant potatoes across the creek. We had emptied a sack of seed and Daddy went to the wagon for another sack leaving me to rest. In the brush over a little way, I heard something moving and was startled and frightened by a big, black, long-haired animal looking at me. "Oh my, a bear", and I ran to my Daddy.

He said, "I told you to stay there".

I said,"Daddy, there's a big black bear in the bushes".

"Well", Daddy said, "Lucy, please don't tell me such stories; there's no bear there."

I begged him to come and see. By that time the animal was in plain sight. Daddy stood looking at the creature. It was black, had a short tail and was wide-bodied. It looked back at us and Daddy said it was a wolverine, not a bear. It went through the brush out of sight and we finished the job of planting.

A beautiful sight I will never forget was seeing a flock of big, long-necked birds settle in our lucerne patch. Mother and I were alone thar morning. I called her to come and see. About a dozen swans had come to see us. They didn't stay very long but the magic of youth, novelty of strange uncommon birds gave me something.

One afternoon my brother, Lafayette brought me an owl he had found in the brush along the creek. It was trying to free itself but he turned it loose in the house. It settled on the top of the middle door until Daddy came home at night. It flew around trying to get out, so Daddy helped it and it flew away.

A wild creature I don't like is a magpie. They have flown down and grabbed a new hatched chick and flew away with it right under my fingers.

During World War 11 the women of Emery County were part of the Red Cross Organization. Our Molen chairman was Ella Beach; she was a gifted leader. The Red Cross furnished wool yarn for knitting into socks - all sizes.

We also salvaged all clean newspapers and boxes. Every tin can was opened on both ends with the covers folded inside and then crushed flat. These were hauled to the railroad shop in Price.

Every scrap of white cotton cloth that could be arranged into a bandage was washed in soapy water, rinsed in clear water and packed in a cardboard box for shipment.

A Red Cross Nursing class was organized to teach us the earliest stages of home care of sick and injured. Professional training was almost unheard of in Emery County. But there were many who gave needed assistance and learned by experience. We learned how to make bandages, listen to heart beat, take pulse, recognise broken bones, apply tourniquets and its use.

Among my treasured keepsakes are my certificate of graduation of this class and the medal and certificate of appreciation from the State of Utah. Now only memories of these experiences.

HOSPITAL IN FERRON

It was in 1909 that Emery County was blessed with the arrival of Dr. and Mrs.Graham from back east. He was a physician; she was a trained nurse, People fell in love with them immediately. They found several cases in need of surgrty but Utah requirements demanded certain training before he met these special demands so Dr. and Mrs. Flood came. Financially Emery County people saw a need and made inquiry. They found in Ferron a small home with fresh water installed. It belonged to Till Olsen who had recently lost her husband in death and was leaving here, going to California. So arrangements were made to put hospital equipment in her home to meet the need.

Bessie Beach had undergone an appendectomy in her own home in Molen which hurried the arrangements with Mrs. Olsen. Miss Metta Nelson, a Ferron girl, had finished nursing training in LDS Hospital and several other young ladies were in training.

In June five young people entered this hospital. Lehi Larsen's leg was amputated, Clara and I had appendicitis and two older men underwent surgery.

By the end of the summer, Dr Graham had qualified for surgeon in Utah so Dr. Flood could return to his practice in Salt Lake. Dr. Flood will be remembered by the older Emery Countyites for his devotion to duty.

Dr. Graham and wife stayed in Emery County until he was drafted into the army at the beginning of World War 1. He was so in love with Utah that in his final illness he requested burial in the western mountains. He is buried in the Military Graveyard in Salt Lake City. I was "on call" with Dr. Graham many times in the neighborhood.

When Dr. Easley came, settled down and married Miss Clyde Conover of Ferron we had a real doctor again. Everyone loved him.

The doctors who have lived in Emery County have spent more time traveling than was left for sick folks. Especially those who had to depend on horses and buggy. We all loved Dr. Nixon and Dr. Duggins when they practiced in Emery County.

A building of renown in this area is that one on main street in Castle Dale known as the incubator. When the LDS Church established the Emery Stake Academy early in the 1900's Castle Dale had no facilities for housing a teaching staff. There was a hotel near the site but its use was for short time visitors. After a short season or two somebody built that three apartment living quarters. I attended the academy the winter of 1906-07. Living in the incubator at that time was Mr. And Mrs. George F. Hickman and family, Mr. and Mrs. John T. Hand and family, and Thomas W. Dyches; Prof. Dyches wasn't married at that time. It being the new home of the Academy teachers it became the incubator of LDS Academy school in Emery Stake. Decisions of subjects for the several age groups - 8th to 12th grade students. I was in the 9th grade and my LDS study was Book of Mormon with John T. Hand, instructor. He was also music teacher and choir director. He lead the Emery Stake Academy through several grand dramatic and musical programs that winter.

Because the residents and early home surroundings have pertinence to the beginnings of academic learning the building was "Incubator of Education of Higher Learning" shortened to Incubator, by which it is known and pointed out now days. Every college and educational institution has its designated buildings with a name. Emery Stake Academy has its Incubator. I hope its name and significance never fades away. It is situated across the street, west, and just south of the Emery Stake Academy's location in Castle Dale, Utah.

EARLY BAPTISMS

Early day baptisms in the LDS Church were performed in the creek and Petersen Ditch. In the creek a steep bank on the north side with willows and brush nearby, with a small stream of water, was arranged with shovels into sort of a pond. Sheets or blankets were hung to provide shelters for dressing.

When my Daddy, Hans C. Hansen, was in charge of the service, he cautioned everyone present to pay strict attention to the words of the prayers offered-especially the word we - which meant everyone present was offering the prayer quietly. The first prayer dedicated the grounds, the surroundings, the water, for the intended use for the day. The same proceedings were used at the headgate at the Petersen Ditch on our place except that children ran into our house for dry clothes.

EARLY GENEALOGICAL PROBLEMS

Early settlers of this region were of Scandinavian descent. Many people from these nations had the same names - John, Peter, Jens, Chris. Then by their boys growing up with these same names it was almost impossible to distinguish family members. The word "son2" or "sen" being added to male members carrying the father's name as Johnson, Peterson, Jensen, or Christensen.

Since it was hard to distinguish which boy belonged to which parent, many early men adopted the name of the old country home town for surnames as Peter Jensen became Peter Fjelsted; Louis Hansen became Louis Hogard; Lauritz Nielsen became Lauritz Hune.

My father-in-law, Lauritz Nielsen Hune formerly of Ephraim adopted his stepfather's name - Hune - and his children grew up with it in Emery. But he retained the Nielsen to identify himself.

When the LDS Church opened and seriously encouraged genealogical family records and another problem has reared its mammoth problems to unscramble by us poor mortals. This problem is stil not solved completely. It takes careful study and reliance of very early family records to get things cleared acceptably for temple ordinances on family group sheets.

Then another problem is "sen" and "son" endings of surnames; sen is Danish and son is Norwegian abd both for the other countries. All mixed up anyway.

NAMING OF CASTLE DALE AND ORANGEVILLE

In early days Orangeville was named for the prominent pioneer Orange Seely and Castle Dale was Castle Vale. Then came outside bigwigs and this side of the mountain was named Emery County with town locations decided.

Molen was named for the famous Mike Molen, surveyor, its location definite. Ferron was named after A.D. Ferron. But there the bigwigs smartness ended.

Thay made Orangeville on the west end of the waterway instead of the east end Castle Vale into Castle Dale on the east end. Castle Vale was named for the beautiful location near the mountains with rugged territory and green terrain. So we are thus recorded on the map in the state of Utah.

Orange Seely made his home and farm and livestock enterprise in the original Orangeville; he raised his family there; he was founder of a flour mill near the town with largewater wheel power to grind wheat into flour for bread. It stood on the bankof the creek south of town. It was burned downand only the rock foundation is there now.

April 13, 1976
The above written by Lucy H. Nielsen who now resides at the Emery County Nursing Home, Ferron Utah. She was born June 1, 1889.