

Kay Truman

I was born in 1945 on December 31st late at night in a Maternity house in Ferron. Lloyd Blackham was born January 1st, 1946, just a few hours later. As we got older, his mom would drop him off to play while she went to Price. We would spend all day playing ranchers with my toy tractors, trucks, and farm animals. All these years later, I'm still living on a ranch and playing with the same toys just life sized.

Growing up my dad worked in the coal mines. Back then, they mined in the winter and had summer off. We would spend our summer helping our dad farm.

I went to Huntington Elementary and North Emery Jr. High school in Huntington. Mr. Kinder was my principal in all three schools. He was a big man that demanded your respect. In Jr. High he caught us goofing off in the hall when we should have been in class. He sent us to his office, slammed the door so hard the window shook and threw his coat across the room and sat down. He didn't beat us like we were expecting but he did scare the hell out of us. I'm not sure if it was more fear or more respect I got for him that day, but it followed me all the way through high school. In Jr. High Roger DeFriez and I would sweep the floor at the ball games at half time. We thought it was so important that the game couldn't go on without us. Most importantly, if we won the game, we got to climb up the steeple with the pigeons and ring the bell.

Growing up, our house and corral was through the block from Kleckers pool hall. My brother Stan and I would go out to do our chores and sneak in the back door of Kleckers to play pool. Growing up Klecker would tell me he was going to enter me in the pool tournament at Desert Lake. Imagine my surprise when I discovered what Desert Lake really was. I imagine we weren't the only kids sneaking through the backdoor at Klecker's.

Some of the best times spent in the winter were spent in Cleveland at the roller-skating rink. That's where we would all meet up on Wednesday nights.

In 1962 North Emery and South Emery came together and became Emery

High School. One of the most memorable things about being the first students in the new school was being able to pick the school colors and the Mascot. I was able to be a part of the first football and basketball teams we had. Because we were the first football team there was no football field, so we would crawl through Johansen's barbed wire fence, and hold practice with their horses. School activities were community events back then. No matter if it was a football game or basketball game the whole community showed up to support Emery High.

I grew up next door to Zen Jensen. In 1957 he put the drive in, out south of town. After Zen, Archie Blackham and Joe Piccolo were killed in the Deer Creek mine, Greg Wakefield ran the drive in. His brother Wendall and I got to help him. Wendall and I would haul hay all day, go cool off in the pond and then go help Greg run the drive in at night.

I graduated in 1964 and went to England on my mission in February of 1965. I came home in February of 1967. After I got home, I attended CEU where I graduated with my associates degree. While I was in school, I worked at the Castle Valley Co-op. After that, I had a chance to go to the Deer Creek mine. I was one of the first 30 miners to get to go to that mine. After about 3 years Shirl McArthur convinced me to go to the Deseret mine. While at Deseret I surveyed and worked in engineering. Eventually I became the graveyard foreman over the 3 mines-- Deseret, Beehive and Little Dove. On February 23, 1979, I was at the mine office, which was located South of the bank in what used to be the High School when a man from Salt Lake came into the bank and shot the 2 tellers, Vickie Grange and Lorraine Wiseman. The suspect was caught before he got back to Price. Vickie was married to a good friend Hugh Grange, after she died, he spent a lot of time at our house.

In 1983 between Christmas and New Years Eve there was a mine fire in the Beehive Mine. There were 7 miners on the other side of the mine fire. The communication line to the trapped miners was burned in two. The miners put on their self-rescuers that have about 45 minutes of air in them. Somehow all 7 of those miners walked out alive. After the fire they shut down Beehive and I went to work at Central Warehouse. On December 19, 1984 around 9:00 or 10:00 at night I got a call to go to Central because there was a fire at Wilberg. When I got there the mine was on fire. My job was to take the supplies on the supply truck up to the men fighting the fire. The rescue efforts went on for 4 days. Sunday December 24, 1984, they

decided to send everyone home. Everyone involved put everything they had into the rescue efforts, but the fire was too powerful and ended up taking 27 lives.

That same year my parents wanted to do something for our kids on Christmas. They came out to our house, we ate and visited and were all extremely melancholy thinking about those miners who lost their life in the fire. After they headed home, I went into Jethro Majors house to pick up some presents we had hidden for the kids. On the way back I noticed the flashing lights of an ambulance and cops on Main Street. I drove down to check it out and recognized my parents' car. They had been struck head on by a drunk driver. My mom was dead at the scene and my dad died hours later on December 25th at the hospital.

In 1969 I was rodeoing in Wyoming and met my wife Judy Moon in Evanston around the 4th of July. About a year later on June 3rd we were married. We both rodeoed for about 10 years after that. I roped and Judy ran barrels. We lived in town in Huntington for 6 years, after that we ended up buying a farm out south of Huntington. For a couple of years, we spent our days moving the cows down close to I-70. We would start in Lawrence and head to the head of the draw in the first day. The next day we would head to the Swinging Bridge from there we would head to the allotment which was just about to I-70. This was always something Judy the Kids and I looked forward to. After a couple years it became easier to use the trucks to get them there, but we are grateful for those years we got to spend horseback doing what we enjoyed. We put a house, power, arena and corrals and have lived there ever since. We have 4 kids. 1973 Rusty, 1975 Justin and Jody and 1980 Brock. Once our kids got old enough to rodeo, we hauled them around for high school rodeo. We were fortunate enough to watch both Justin and Brock compete after high school. Justin still competes professionally, while also teaching his own kids. Judy and I now get to enjoy watching our grandkids rope and ride and get ready for their rodeo days.

In 2000 I started working for Nielson Construction on their ranch. I was able to run in for 15 years. I got the opportunity to learn about the mountains and desert. Riding down to the desert and checking cows, seeing the animals and enjoying the quiet was something I really enjoyed.

There isn't a place better than Emery County I could have picked to raise my family. Emery County has provided me with a place to live the ranch lifestyle that has always been so special to me, and I have been able to pass the love of that on to my children and grandchildren. As quoted in our yearbook, " Emery County is known for its strange formations--picturesque castles and rugged rocks that pierce the eternal blue of our sky. Nestled between the mountain peaks and the desert spires is our Emery County High School.....Just as the peaks search the open skies, so should our minds seek and search unexplored areas of knowledge."--Madelei Williams and Vance Grange. I am proud to be a part of Emery High's class of 64.