THE FOLLOWING IS GIVEN BY JOSEPH BENJAMIN (BENNY) JEWKES, SON OF JOSEPH H.

My first recollection of any consequence was when I was 7 years old. It was on January 4, 1896, when Orangeville celebrated Utah's statehood. We were then quarantined for diphtheria. Big bonfires were built on the public square and I being able to go outside most of the time, could watch the proceedings. There was great excitement, with people yelling, singing and otherwise giving vent to their feelings.

I remember that when I was just a little fellow a man came to see Grandfather Samuel Jewkes. Becoming very interested in the large pile of manure by the corral he wanted to know if he could not haul it for him. Grandfather replied, "Yes, I'd be very glad to have you haul it." The fellow beamed up thinking he had made quite a deal. He dropped his wings when Grandfather said, "Yes, you may haul it for me. I'll show you where I want it, right out here in this field." He wasn't so anxious to haul it then.

Another think I remember about Grandfather Jewkes was that he was very fond of buttermilk, and he used to say to mother, "Lorana, when will you have another churning ready?" She would tell him and sure enough on that day here he would come up the street feeling his way along with a cane. Mother would get the churn ready and he would sit there churning and singing, beating time with the dash in one hand and his cane in the other-"Pom-pom-pom". He had a very keen sense of hearing and feeling. Several times Sam E. and I would go down below the place in the willows, having "borrowed" grandfather's ax. Just about every time we got it Grandfather would be sure to come out and feel for it. He'd let out a yell, "Sam, Ben, where's my ax?" We'd stop our chipping and get the ax back right now. He was always good to us and kind, but he liked his tools in their places. He didn't mind our using them if we asked but we wouldn't bother, thinking we could get them back before he missed them.

We used to climb upon the barn, being as careful as we could so as not to make a noise, but there were but very few times that we got by with it. He would always hear us and yell, "Boys, get down off that barn."

He was very fond of hot bread and milk. Grandmother or Aunt Sophie would fill the old yellow bowl with boiling hot bread and milk, he'd pepper it black, and how he would enjoy it.

He had several cows and old freckled faced brock would shake her head at me through the bars, when I was just a tine chap. I thought she was mean but it was because she had a new calf.

My Grandmother Jewkes had a keen memory. She could remember dates, poems, recitations, and songs. Many a time when I've sat at her knee she has recited long poems, some of which she had learned when only five years old in England. She used to tell how on a clear day she could look across the English Channel from the Green and see France. She sang songs to me and would tell when and where she had learned them. She'd be sitting down and all at once she'd laugh and tell some amusing incident or sing a song. One of her poems was about "Two Tomcats Met on a Cobbler's Wall."

When I was a little boy I often used to go to see Grandmother Jewkes. No little boy or anyone else for that matter ever went in that home but that Aunt Sophie or Grandmother would ask if they were hungry, and we's usually come out of the house with bread and molasses or something else. When we got hungry we always knew where to go.

Aunt Sophie was a homopathic nurse or doctor. If ever we complained of not feeling well she'd say, "Open your mough," then look down the throat and say "Oh, la." She would then go for her medicine bag and get out some belladonna or some other homeopathic remedy. It was the little sugar pills we were after but she finally caught on that often our sore throats were a pretense to get some of those good pills. She was always ready to go help with the sick day or night, rain or shine. I don't think a better soul ever lived than Aunt Sophie. We lover her just as much as our own Grandmother. She would ride on running gears, hay racks, or walk or any other way to get to the sick.

Aunt Jane Miles was her only daughter and when Grandfather, Aunt Sophie's husband died, she went to live at the Miles home, up near the old mill site.

Father set our an orchard up the creek near the old bridge when I was about twelve. He and I would go up there to work almost every day during the growing season to cultivate the trees, irrigate the alfalfa etc. and every day if we were there at noon dear Aunt Jane would come out and wave a dish towel to call us over to have dinner with them. Uncle Art, always full of fun, would constantly tease Aunt Sophie. She knew him so it resulted in good laughs for all.

Once when Uncle Art's cow was sick Aunt Sophie told him what medicine the cow needed Not having any on hand herself, she sent him over to Olive Buckley, who was also a practical nurse. She somehow misunderstood and gave him the wrong medicine. Later Mrs. Buckley asked him how it worked. "Just fine," he replied, "she died a few minutes after I gave it to her."

Aunt Jane used to make lots of the yellowest butter I ever saw. She always had plenty of good rich cream from her Jersey cows. A number of times over to Aunt Jane's Sam, Art. Jr. and I used to get a big can of clabber. Then we'd divide off the pan by

making marks in the cream, sprinlle it well with sugar, and try to see who could eat his share first.

Aunt Jane was another Aunt Sophie in that she never let anyone go hungry around her. She could fix such an appetising meal that if you weren't hungry, you'd soon get hungry. I always loved Aunt Jane and Uncle Art and I wish I had words to express how I really felt towards them.

One time I was at their place when a storm seemed to be appreoching. While we were eating a clap of thunder came followed by hailstones as big as marbles. Aunt Jane was terribly frightened by thunder, always. Now she thought of her young turkeys and asked Uncle Art to get them into the coop so they would not all be killed. He put the dishpan over his head but the hail pelted him so hard that he came back in saying, "To hell with the turkeys." And it was just that for them. Practically all were killed.

I often stayed all night with Sam and Art. Jr. We slept out on a straw shed. When the grasshoppers got bad, the chickens were put out in Dell Peacock's field and in the evening the eggs were gathered. One night after dark, Art, knowing where all the nests were, took a bucket, climbed on a horse, and went for the eggs. He reached into a nest containing not a hen, but a skunk. It just about ruined him. They burned his clothes and he washed and scrubbed before coming to bed, but before he got in Sam and I grabbed a couple of quilts and ran for the other end of the shed. For several nights he had to sleep alone.

I felt highly honored when asked to dedicate Aunt Jane's grave, but my health would not permit so Father dedicated it.

At the last birthday party I remember our having had for Uncle Art, a number of relatives gathered at his home while he yet lived at the ranch and we had a fine time. Uncle Art was in a circle with the rest of us with Nell Cox in the center. When, following her directions, we were all down on our knees with our faces to the floor, she had us repeat the following rhyme: "I know my heart, I know my mind, I know that I stick up behind." When it came to the last tine Uncle Art nearly fell over laughing and said, "Let's play it again, let's play it again."

Aunt Jane used to make one of my favorite cakes, a light cream cake with rich whipped cream heaped high on the top of it.

I do think the Primary Association is one of the greatest organizations of the church for placing the foundation of religious training and character. I remember the things we were taught in Primary more clearly than other teachings. My first Primary teacher was Sabina Oliphant. She was a beautiful singer as well as a fine teacher. She taught me my first poem and I recited it before the entire Primary. It was:

"A man that has a thousand friends
Has not a friend to spart,
But he that hath one enemy
Can find him anywhere.

When I recited it, I was so bashful that I could hardly raise my head up, but I felt that I had really put something big over when she praised me so highly. It seems that now there is not enough stress placed upon attending Primary. I always loved it.

As I remember, I started school on my birthday, Sept. 9, 1894. My first teacher was Mr. Jameson from Castle Dale. We always called him Brother Jameson in school. He ate his dinners at our house, riding horseback to Castle Dale each night! He brought me a little blackish-gray pup for a birthday present that I named Sport. I kept him until I was about seventeen years old when I helped move Uncle Jesse to Ferron. Arriving there we found the town quarantined for smallpox, so I was not permitted to take Sport out with me. Andrew Rasmussen offered to keep him until after the quarantine was raised. When I went back the two had become so attached that Rasmussen would not let me have my dog and Sport would not follow me. Afterward whenever I saw the dog I would get sick at my stomach because I missed him so much.

Our school was held in the old town hall. At that time we had long narrow benches. Once when I got down to pick up paper, one of the girls raised her hand and said I was under the benches. As a result I had my hand hit a few times with the ruler. Some of my teachers were Emma Higgs, Addie Page, Jesse D. Jewkes, Ole Sorensen, "Owl" Christensen, Louis Oveson. Later Lu and I served together as county officials, being the only two democrats elected that term.

When I graduated from the elementary school, I attended the Enert Stake academy at Castle Dale. G. F. Hickman, Johnny Hand, Archer Willy, Thomas W. Dyches were among the Academy instructors.

After that I worked for my uncle and former school teacher, Jesse D. Jewkes in the County Treasurer's Office.

Before this, when I was a young man about seventeen years of age, Ray and Frank Jewkes, Royal Reid and I decided to earn some money for spending on the Fourth of July. We figured out a trip to the Uintah Indian Reservation after gilsonite. We planned to get back home the evening of the third so we could celebrate. Each of us borrowed our Father's teams and wagons. They laughed but said "Yes, go ahead. You need some experience." and that is what we got.

We started out in high spirits, loaded with baled hay, oats, and "grub" enough for our trip. Our first stop out of Price was at the head of Soldier's Canyon where we turned our horses out on the nice green grass. We left our provisions at horse changing stations along the way, so as to pick them up as necessary on our return trip.

We landed at the Raven Mine on the Uintah River, just north of Ft. Duchesne, on the 27th of June. Our first disappointment came when we learned that we had to lay over at least six days to get our loads. In order to show out Fathers that we weren't sissys, but had the guts to stick it out, we stayed there with no money and no provisions but a little flour. We made water gravy in the huge bake oven that we said caused all our road trouble. Whenever we had been stuck it had proved to be the wagon hauling the bake oven, so we'd always say, "Throw off the bake oven". We ate our gravy with frogs hind legs, frogs being plentiful in the Uintah River. We had not enough flour for anything else than gravy. That was our rations for six days. Talk about a reducing diet! A man who lived nearby let us turn our horses in his alfalfa field.

When at last we were loaded, we started for home on the afternoon of the third of July. Our horses being fresh and the loads heavy, they just went straight in the air, but we doubled them up until they got the idea of pulling. It took us all afternoon to travel four miles. We camped just outside of the old fort. The next morning we were awakened by the cannon firing the salute at daybreak. That was the first knowledge we had that it was the fourth of July. We had paid no attention to dates. Instead of celebrating we hooked up and started on. We had a swim at the Myton Bridge that noon and just then the stage coach passed and the passengers waved. Somehow that touched off a wave of homesickness and we felt mighty sorry for ourselves. We attempted to reach "the Wells" that day, but our horses gave out and we had to camp three miles short. Then too, our tires kept slipping off and at every camp ground we'd hunt up baling wire to fasten them on. Arriving at the Wells we used all the money that would be coming to us at Price to buy water to soak up our wheels, and set our tires. They charged us plenty for that #epsom salts water". The horses could hardly stand to drink it. We stayed there two days then moved on to Nutter's Ranch at the mouth of Gate Canyon. Preston Nutter had his horse saddled up ready to go to Price to hire hay makers. Instead we got the job. Frank, the youngest one had had enough and began to cry, saying, "No." We finally talked him into staying and remained a week getting $1.25 a day in addition to board and horse feed. I remember very well that Preston Nutter's cook, whom he later married, was a real cook. Meals were splendid but then any food would have tasted good to those four starved boys. We were about four days reaching Price after leaving Nutter's Ranch.

Our trip home was rather interesting. Ray chewed tobacco and having been without it a week he became very cross. My team was on lead and I soon noticed a package in the road. It proved to be a new plug of tobacco. Ray was plenty thrilled, and the rest of us decided to celebrate, so we each took a chew. Soon the road started to tilt up in our faces and the horses went around in circles. If three boys were ever sick it was Frank, Royal and Bennie. I started spitting up that tobacco as fast as I could to try to get rid of it. We vomited again and again, and were deathly sick. That was my last chew of tobacco. Ray was the only one who could laugh.

Now that was my last chew of tobacco, but not my first. When I was just a little lad we had an old black and white faced cow named Butte. She got sick and someone suggested that Father give her chewing tobacco. He bought it, but used only half of it. While Father and Mother were out doctoring the cow I thought, "Now, here's my chance to get a nice chew of tobacco." I bit off a big "chunk" and went out by the brick pile, but those brick began to tip toward me. About that time I staggered up the lot to the ditch, but in drinking I swallowed more of the juice. Father and Mother called and called me for breakfast but I was indisposed--too sick to walk anywhere or to even answer them. When at last I could walk to the house, they could not imagine what had made me so ill for I was still white as a sheet. They felt awfully sorry for me until they discovered I had bitten a piece off that tobacco.

Back to our Uintah trip--We arrived in Price about noon on July 13th. Unloading our gilsonite that afternoon and getting settled up took the balance of the day. Ray and Frank decided to drive on to Orangeville that night but Royal and I ran into the two Shumway girls who used to live in Orangeville, so we stayed over and celebrated with them. Next morning I bought a new pair of $3.65 gloves, my sole earnings and placed them in the jockey box of the wagon. Royal loaded on a barrel of glass dishes for his Father's store and a new clarinet. When we got out on the road, as was the custom among freighters, Royal tied his reins to the endgate and let his horses go by themselves. He came back to talk with me and we both fell asleep. The next thing we know our horses were trotting down the hill by the Cleveland ditch. Royal jumped and ran up to the side of his team yelling "whoa,"- instead of stopping, they ran. Seeing that Royal's team was running away and that my jockey box containin my new gloves had dropped off my wagon, I unhooked my team and went back to try to find them. It was useless. Someone was richer by a jockey box and a new pair of gloves. I finally caught up with

Royal and we found his team lathered and wringing with sweat at Huntington.. The dishes and clarinet were completely ruined, every dish smashed. Needless to say, we were sick about our trip, but Orangeville looked very good to us.

A day or two later Royal went to Green River to work and not more than a week after that while swimming he was drowned and his body was never recovered.

Speaking of our cow, Old Butte, she was the first cow I ever milked. I milked a teacup full and she kicked it all in my face. Father used to milk her by fencing her in with a pole between him and the cow. One time when the bucket was about full of milk Old Butte belched. Always being nervous while milking her, he jumped, expecting her to kick. When she didn't it made him so angry that he dumped all the milk on her and yelled, "You old s-- of a b--" (stronger language than he usually used).

At the time of the construction of the GreenRiver Irrigation Dam which is built seven miles above the town of Green River Father and I had raised a fine crop of potatoes. That year, even by the next March, potatoes weren't worth the sacks they were put in, so Brother Onesime Fessio Laramie, our neighbor, asked if I would not like to go to Green River with a load of them. He planned to load with honey and beef also. We knew nothing of the market price there but decided to take a chance. Mother had about two hundred pounds of sour blue plums that she had dried. The idea struck me that they might sell so I said, "Mother, let me take some of those plums along." She laughed and said, "Yes, take them all. I don't think you will be able to give them away". I sacked them up, threw them on the potatoes, loaded baled hay and oats for the horses, and a "grub box" for me.

We traveled over the old route across Buckhorn Flat where much of the way the road was completely obliterated. We camped the first night on the flat at "Little Holes", a watering place for horses. Next day we drove to the "Big Holes" at the head of Cottonwood Wash, then followed the bottom of the sandy wash, camping the third night on the Saleratus Wash. The fourth day about noon we reached Green River.

As soon as people found out that we had produce for sale, they came from all directions. We sold the potatoes for $3.00 a hundred, whereas in Orangeville they had been priced at 15¢ a hundred. Mother's sour plums sold for $30.00. Laramie's honey and beef went like hotcakes.

While Brother Laramie prepared our outfits for the return trip, I took our checks to the bank for cashing. After getting back to camp I handed Brother Laramie's money over to him and when I counted mine I discovered that the bank had given me $10.00 too much. I went back and approaching the teller, I said, "I was in here a few minutes ago and cashed some checks. You made a mistake and--", but raising his hand, he cut me short, saying "We correct no mistakes after you leave this window." I said "Thank you" and went back to our wagon where I handed Brother Laramie five dollars and kept the other five myself.

I had no money purse and as he had a big wallet, I gave him mine to take care of. The first night we camped at the Big Holes where we made a nice bed of hay with our quilts on top. That night it snowed and the weather being so miserable we left real early the next morning. After traveling five miles Brother Laramie discovered that his wallet was missing. We unhitched and rode our horses back to camp. We kicked around in the hay and there was the purse with all our money in it.

As we continued our journey across Buckhorn Flat we drove through the worst windstorm I ever experienced. The sand blew so heavily that we could not see a hundred yards and finally the horses rebelled. They could no longer face that sand barage, but would turn completely around. Seeking the only possible shelter for our teams, we drove them down into a wash while we remained all day and the next night in our wagons wrapped in quilts. We could not even make a fire--that red sand filled the air. We could scarcely stand to open our eyes. By morning the storm had abated and we went on over sand dunes until reaching the main highway, when we soon arrived safely in Orangeville. Needless to say my folks thought I had done pretty well and Mother was stunned when I gave her the plum money.

A day or two later I received a very nice letter from the Green River Bank stating that they had discovered their error. They commended me for my honesty and asked that I return the ten dollars. I just wrote across the letter, "We correct no mistakes" and returned it.

During the time that I was working in Uncle Jesse's office I was walking down the street one day when I met a beautiful girl right by the big cottonwood tree near the place now owned by Jesse Peacock. I was so attracted that I turned around for another look. Just as I turned, she did too. We both smiled and of course she blushed a little. The next day Uncle Jess Told me he had a nice girl at his place who was going to stay all winter and attend school. It wasn't long before I made an excuse to meet her. After that we saw each other every day. She was Miss Fern Jackson, niece of Lizzie J. Reid, (Mrs. John K. Reid) and had come from Venice, Sevier County. Early in the spring her mother was taken ill so she had to return home. I brought her

to Price with a horse and buggy and buggy and took her to the train then returned to Orangeville the next day.

In the autumn (1908) I went to Venice to visit her, riding the "Leapin Lena" from Thistle to Sigurd. The engine made a noise like a real toy engine-it whistled to blow off steam just like a real engine. (I always resent his puns at our only Sevier County train, but I laugh too.M.E.J.) I had left Price at 9 P.M. and did not reach my destination until the next afternoon about four, having had to lay over in Thistle eleven hours. When I got off the train at Sigurd, about one and one half miles west of town of course there was no one to meet me as I had not let Fern know I was coming.

I followed a buggy in which two girls were riding until we reached Sigurd where I went into the telephone station to call Fern. When I asked the lady in charge to get Fern Jackson of Venice for me she said, "You are Mr. Jewkes, aren't you? I have heard her speak of you. I am her aunt." She was Mrs. Fannie J. Dastrupt. When I got Fern on the line she asked, "Where are you?" I replied, "In Sugurd." She said, "What? Well I'll send Father for you right now." I told her it wasn't necessary that I'd get there somehow. I followed the buggy in which the girls were riding, it being too loaded for me to get in but they hauled my suitcase. We went around by the Black Hills and in the meantime Fern and her father had made the trip by the other route. I beat them to Venice and her brother Orlando met me on the river bridge, showing me their home, after telling who he was. Sister Jackson met me at the door and welcomed me. After making the round trip for nothing Fern and her Father showed up. He said, "Damned if I am going to chase your fellows clear around the world again, Fern." I was just about ready to take the next train back to Price, but she told me he was only teasing.

That night I slept outside with her brothers. They arose at five A.M. but I slept in. When I entered the house, the chores were all done and the family eating breakfast. Brother Jackson said, "Young man, we have breakfast here at seven. If you aren't here then we have dinner at twelve. If not here for dinner, we have supper at six.", and he meant it too. It just about finished me. Then, I guess seeing how hurt and humiliated I was he relented and said, "However, I think we'll fix breakfast this time for you." I was never late for a meal at his home again.

I learned that Fern's father, Thomas Edward Jackson, was systematic and on time about everything. He told his family, "You may stay up all night if you want to, but when five o'clock comes in the morning, you're up, then when you get your work done, your time is your own." This rule held summer and winter. He was always ahead with his work and was one of the most successful farmers in the state. He was one man who built his house with what he saved from not smoking. Anyway he used to say that. He sat one day when a young man, and figured up what tobacco cost him each year and decided to quit. He never smoked again. Once his mind was made up the devil himself couldn't change it.

In October of 1909 my sister Jennie and I went to Venice in a covered wagon. South of Emery we lost our way as there was practically no road over the mountain at the time. Seeing a dugway to one side we followed it and enquired of a man if this was the way to Salina. He replied, "Does this look like the road to Salina, right in the middle of a man's lucern patch?" He directed us and when we got back to Ivy Creek there was another outfit consisting of Rasmus Johnson's family taking their daughter Hazel to the Snow Academy at Ephraim, so we had good company from there on.

Not realizing that I was on my way to meet my bride, Hazel rode with me while Jennie rode with Clement Johnson. We were having a real good time until Jennie squealed on me. Hazel jumped clear off the top of the spring seat and ran for the other wagon. She would not even talk to me.

It took only three days to reach Venice but we were five days returning to Orangeville-prolonging our pleasant trip.

We left Orangeville November 1st in company with Jessie Guymon and Hyrum Huntsman enroute for the Salt Lake Temple. Leaving our team in the livery stable we boarded the train at Price. In Salt Lake City we stayed with Uncle Jesse and Aunt Minnie and were married November 3, 1909, by Elder John R. Winder, first counselor to Pres. Joseph F. Smith.

Hyrum and I had an amusing experience at the temple that morning. We had to rent our white temple suits and since we did not know what to do and no one bothered to show, us, we just sat there in the hall and waited. Finally a man asked us if we were going through. We said, "yes" so he said "Go right over there and get your suits." "You'd better get started". The lady in charge said, "I'm sorry, tut there is no choice as these are the only two suits left." The trousers I had would have wrapped around me twice and the bottoms barely touched my sox. Hyrum's bagged down at the seat and nearly drug the floor. While standing there laughing at our ridiculous appearance, a man came in and said, "Are you Brother Jewkes and Brother Huntsman?" We told him we were and he said, "Don't you know you are holding up the whole company?" We went in

and being grooms, had to walk clear up to the front. Everyone snickered and Fern said to Jessie, "Who on earth is that?" Then Jessie caught sight of our faces and in a shocked voice whispered, "It's Hyrum and Bennie."

About five years later when I was recuperating from rheumatics I went on an excursion to the Manti Temple. Fern had sent a long night shirt for me to wear when being baptized. In my weakened condition I could hardly get out of the font. That shirt wrapped around my legs and nearly drug me down. Right then I made up my mind that since my first outfit was so ridiculous, and the night shirt about as bad, I'd buy some decent temple clothes. I got a pair of twelve dollar pants for my next trip and felt very comfortable in them.

When I married Margaret in the St. George Temple we took our clothes with us. In the temple I changed from my street clothes only to discover that my white pants were left on a hanger in my car. President Snow said, "We can let you have a pair of pants here." I said, "Oh no. Nothing doing. I'll get my own." I had to dress and go out to the car to get those pants before I could get ready. I had too much pants the first time and none at all the next. At any rate I was properly clothed for each ceremony.

The evening after Fern and I were married Aunt Minnie had planned a surprise party for us. When the guests arrived Hyrum and Jessie had gone to their room. They found out where they were and went up to get them. The door was locked but they broke in and pulled them out of bed. They did permit Hyrum to put on his trousers but they carried Jessie down in her nightgown and made the two of them pass the lovely wedding cake Aunt Minnie had made. Their discomfort only added to the merriment of the crowd. We had a fine time and Fern and I especially enjoyed it.

After our honeymoon in Salt Lake City, we returned to Price where I had to borrow money to get my horses out the livery stable, as we had spent all of our one hundred dollar wedding stake, but we had thoroughly enjoyed every cent of it.

We went to Orangeville and I began running the farm for Uncle Jesse out on Rock Canyon Flat. At first we lived in Sam Jewkes's house then in the spring we moved into Uncle Ben's home now owned by Bryant Jewkes. In a few weeks we went out to Rock Canyon Flat where we lived very happily in a tent all summer, despite the fact that the pigs and chickens visited us all too frequently. We just couldn't fasten the tent securely enough to keep them out while we were away. In july we moved back to Uncle Ben's house, where on August 30, 1910 our first baby, Delma, was born.

That winter I baled hay and hauled it to Castle Gate and Price, loading with freight on the return trips. Early the next Spring, although I did not have five cents, I started to build a home on a lot about four by twelve rods that Uncle Al Jewkes gave me. It was on a little hill west of Orangeville and Father helped me scrape it and carry off the rocks. Here we laid the foundation for our little home. That summer I put up an adobe mill and made adobes for lining it. I got a government permit to get out logs and with the help of Uncle Al Guymon the trees were chopped and logged up and pulled into the Sitterud Mill on East Mountain, known at that time as Susa's Cabin Mill set. Brigham Higgs had had a mill at the same place years before and in honor of his wife Susa both the spring and cabin had been named. After the lumber was sawed we hauled it down and piled it near our foundation. By November, with the assistance of Uncle Al Jewkes, I had the framework up and part of the adobes. The night of November 26, 1911, LaMar was born and that morning I discovered that the adobes had been blown out of the frame work. John K. Reid's barn had been blown down and trees uprooted all over town. LaMar seemed to have caused quite a commotion. I finished layin, the adobes and by the following April we moved into our new home. We thought we had the world by the neck--we had two rooms and two children. The rest of our babies, Ellsworth, Movell, Mont and Jackson were born there.

The excursion to the Manti Tenple previously mentioned was made by people from the Huntington, Castl , Dale, and Orangeville wards. Early on a Strurday in summer we left Orangeville in covered wagons traveling up Straight Canyon on the south side of the river then up Seely Creek over rough mountain roads. We camped that night near the Wilberg Sawmill site in what was later called Temple Grove. Everyone made camp and we remained there over Sunday.

Sunday morning we met together underneath the trees and sat on logs arranged in a circle and held meeting, beginning at ten A.M. After listening to Andrew Anderson, President Oveson, and Uncle Al give some excellent talks others arose and a most outstanding testimony meeting was held. Almost everyone spoke. I never before or after felt such a wonderful spirit as we had that morning. Suddenly, in the midst of the meeting Aunt Polly Sorensen arose and, holding up her hand, said, "Stop. Can't you hear that beautiful singing?" A number of people seated near her also heard it. One of the later speakers remarked that it was the voices of those dead for whom we were going to do temple work-- they were so happy about it. We were all so filled with the spirit of the gospel that we did not note the passing of time until a clap of thunder came and we looked up to see black cbuds above us. People became uneasy until some one arose and said, "Folks, keep your seats. We'll finish our meeting and it won't rain a drop on us." We continued until we were through, although

it looked as if rain would pour down upon us any minute. No one became restless, not even Robert Davis, who ordinarily was of a very nervous temperatment. It rained all around us just pouring down but we continued, one person rising as soon as another was seated until all had borne their testimonies. By that time it was the middle of the afternoon. Everyone present had partaken of the wonderful spirit and it was generally spoken of as the most remarkable meeting they had ever attended. After closing, there was hand shaking with tears rolling down most of their faces.

We enjoyed our dinners then returned to the grove where a big bonfire was built in the center of the circle and we had a most enjoyable evening of songs, readings and sentiment. Monday we proceeded on to Manti where we pitched camp on a lot adjoining main street and owned by Judge Peacock, Wm. Peacock's grandfather. The next morning we went to the temple. Due to my condition no one thought I would be able to be baptized except for my health, but I was so blessed that I was baptized for 100 of our dead. (I think that was the number). At that time I was chairman of the temple committee for the Jewkes family. I had typed the sheets which held the names of 1500 people. Brother Carpenter, the temple recorder asked who had prepared those sheets. Uncle Al brought him over to me and he commended me with these words, "These are in the best shape of any sheets we have had come in. Anyone can read them. They are very neatly done." Besides being baptized I sat as witness for other baptisms and after the work was completed most of the company went up the winding stairs. In the morning I had had to be helped up Temple Hill. When I wanted to climb the stairs several said, "You hadn't better try it." But I walked all the way up and out on top without assistance and felt allright. When I left home I was not at all sure that I would be able to make the trip. We remained in Manti all week doing temple work.

Friday morning we again worked at the temple then traveled up the canyon and camped, returning to Orangeville Saturday. I found Fern and the children well, she having been unable to make the trip as it was just a short while before Ellsworth was born. July 2, 1913.

At the time of Movell's birth February 14, 1915, I was ill in one room with rheumatism and could not move, and Fern in the other room. Father, Mother, and Aunt Polly took care of us. People were very kind, bringing supplies and otherwise lending encouragement. At the time no one expected me to live very long. In fact, right about then Father was helping to move an oil well from Sinbad, near Emery to Vernal and I was so serious that Mother sent for him to come.

Tom Jackson, my father-in-law came to see us and he bundled us into his covered wagon and took us to Venice. I was in a bad shape due to so much poison in my system and was under the care of Dr. T. R. Gledhill of Richfield for a month.

Fred Shaw took me to Richfield one day when I was feeling better and I went in ot Dr. Gledhill's office to tell him goodbye, and that I was leaving for Orangeville the next day. He said, "No, you're nog going back tomorrow. It is a good day. I think we'll take those tonsils out. That was the first I had heard of the operation. He told me it was going to be a tough operation, as my condition would permit no anesthetic. He had one man hold my head and another my feet and he went to work. It was his idea to wait for a few days before removing my second tonsil but I said, "Oh, no. I'll never come back here, it's now or never". He proceeded to take it out and I hemmorraged so badly for about four hours that he sent for Dr. Niel. Dr. Niel looked at me and ran back to his drug store for some medicine. Dr. Gledhill said, "surely, you aren't going to use that? I wouldn't use it on a horse." "Well," said Dr. Niel. "You've done everything else and he'll die anyway if I don't try it." Gledhill said, "I guess that's right. Go ahead." Dr. Niel swabed my throat and I thought I was killed but it stopped the bleeding.

Fred Shaw had phoned to Venice that I might not recover so when he brought me into the Jackson home, they were ready for me. Under Dr. Gledhill's orders I was kept very quiet--no one was permitted to speak to me. I was unable to eat or drink for several days. That bleeding proved a blessing as it drained the poison blood our of my system, and I recuperated rapidly.

Upon our return to Orangeville, my brother-in-law Will Peacock, County Clerk appointed me his deputy, which position I held for three years.

In 1918 I was elected County Clerk with the biggest majority of any candidate on the ticket. In 1920 I was reelected, thus spending four years in the Emery County Court House in addition to the two years previously spent as an assistant to Uncle Jesse. We could do no campaigning in 1918 due to the "flu ban" and I shall always have a warm spot in my heart for the Emery County voters wo so generously supported me. For two years I was mamager of the Emery County Fair.

Upon completion of my second term I was offered the position of Clerk of the court at Price, Carbon County, being recommended by the judges and lawyers of the district. Later I learned that my good friend Mark Tuttle had much to do with my appointment. January 1923.

Not being able to get a house so as to move my family over immediately I boarded and roomed at the Ross Boarding House, across the street west from the French Hotel.

planned the usual pranks Mrs. Ross told them she would arrange with me to let them occupy my room. The plan leaked out so the newlyweds drove to another town. Consequently I went to bed as usual in my own room. I could not sleep but was really miserable. Something kept irritating my skin until I felt worse than if I were lousy. I'd get up and examine the bedding, but could see nothing wrong. Next morning I was the first boarder up and I "jumped all over" Mrs. Ross about my uncomfortable bed. She went up to investigate and then it dawned on her what had happened. Without her knowledge my bed had been prepared for the bride and groom by filling my blankets with clipped horsehair.

In February I located a little two-room house on the block adjoining Roy Faussets home on what is now Third East and Third North. We lived there until we found a larger house a block farther north belonging to Tom Christensen. Later we moved to a house owned by Paul Peterson on the same street, but up by the canal. We moved again up in what is now Park Dale. From there we moved into Harry Smith's old place near the underpass. Then I bought a tow roomed house at Sunnyside and had Wm. Campbell move it up on Carl Empey's farm underneath some cottonwood trees where John Karcich now has his home. We had by then spent $2,600 for rent.

I had filed on 640 acres of grazing land and when I received word that my filing had been approved we moved our house on to our own land. In December 19 my brother Floyd, Father, and I hitched two teams on to our house and without taking down the stove which had a fire in it we pulled it across the fields. Within an hour after setting it down, Fern had our first meal ready to eat on our homestead. Later we added rooms to the house and installed a bath. We were indeed happy to be in our own home again after so much moving and renting.

Pioneering faced us againand we experienced a lot of difficulty traveling back and forth on almost impassable roads and hauling water for culinary purposes. After much arranging, many hours of hard work and worry, a lot of persuasion by way of getting fences moved in order to make a wide enough road, we succeeded in improving, in getting electric lights and city water. Now the road or lane is well graveled, we have a strictly modern home with a stoker and furnace. The neighborhood is rapidly building up, eight families living near us. The view from our windows is an inspiration. Many favorable comments are made about it by visitors, as it is always beautiful. We never tire of our view as it constantly changes with the effect of clouds, snow, and sunshine. I have been able to rent the old house and the grazing land so my homestead has proved to be a good investment.

In April 1939, I bought a frame bungalow at West Hiawatha, Fern and her sister Zylpha Davis having helped select it. Shortly after our trip to Hiawatha Fern was stricken with coronary trombosis and was rushed to the Price City Hospital where an operation was performed on her arm by Dr. Bliss L. Finlayson. He did a remarkable piece of work, in fact the first of its kind ever attempted, by opening the main artery from her arm pit to her elbow, removing a blood clot. Upon her return home from the hospital two weeks later as we drove over the railroad crossing she raised up in the ambulance and saw the new house on the hill. She passed away on May 30th, 1939, when a blood clot struck her heart. No man ever had a more faithful and devoted wife. She was an exceptional mother, sincerely loved by all of us.

I list here the names of reiends, relatives, and associates who have died since my illness was considered critical, although for about twenty years it was greatly imrpved. My illness today is still caused by my heart which has never been strong since my youth and no one would have expected me to outlive the followigg:

Relatives

Ora Jackson
Jane Jackson A. Howard and her husband E.A. Howard
Joyce Jackson (Mrs. Orin)
Son of Joyce and Orin killed in the Pacific in World War II
Maggie Jackson Hall
Sam Mulliner-Fern's brother-in-law
Thomas E. and Lyde (Eliza Jane) Shaw Jackson
Dorana Ann S. Jewkes
Fern Jackson Jewkes
Floyd Jewkes
Jennie Jewkes Peacock and her husband, Wm. Peacock
Vila Jewkes Fail
Ervin Jewkes
Lee Jewkes

Emery County Officials- Died since I was Emery Co. Clerk

O.R. Gillispie, County Commissioner
E. E. Adams " "
Peter Rasmussen " "
Heber Leonard " "
Andrew Nelson " "
Rasmus Johnson " "
Henry Ottestrom " "
Peter Christensen " "
Joe Potter " "

Wm. Peacock, County Clerk
Bert Moffitt " "
Louis Guymon, County Treasurer
Lee Howard, Sheriff
Robert Howard, County Attorney
Peter E. Johnson, State Representative
Peter Talboe, County Recorder
Wm. Arnold, County Road Supervisor
Mart Jensen, " " "

Carbon County Officials

Stephen Golding, County Assessor
Mrs. Stephen Golding, Deputy Co. Assessor
Lincoln Marshall, Brand Inspector
Jack Bent, Dept. of Police, Price City
Walter Knox, County Commissioner
Ray Demming, County Sheriff
Ernest Horseley, Clerk of the Court
Stanley Edwards, State Representative
H. P. McArdle, Deputy Sheriff
Sam Garet, Chief of Police, Price City
Mrs. Hadley, County Clerk
Marian Bliss, County Sheriff
H. C. Smith, County Clerk
Dick Hill, County Road Supervisor

State Officials

Dr. Shirley Nebeker, Dept. State V.t.
Mr. Tomlinson, State Seed Analyst
Hardin Bennion, State Com. of Agriculture
Ed Southwick, State Food & Dairy Com.
Prof. Hogenson, U.S.A.C. State Agronomist

Friends

Wilford Stevens
Devere Childs
Onezime F. Allen
Albert Allen
Royal Reid
Robert Reid
Terrance Reid
Ed Reid
Will Reid
Johnny Reid
Eda Anderson Larsen
Hulga Anderson
Orvill Thomas)
Lincoln Marshall) Husbands of Fern's
Ernest Branch) Club members
Ed Robertson
Bernard Cox
Asahel Scovill
Verry Cox
Frank Utterstrom
Robert Davis
Lute Childs
O. J. Anderson
Mrs. Lu Oveson
Mrs. Wm. Marshall
Maudie Davis
May Reid Lamphlaw
Florence Tatton
Mr. O. J. (Italia) Anderson
O. J. Anderson

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The following was added by Joseph H. Jewkes, after this history was finished, so we are adding it here:

This history, I feel, would not be complete without mention of my old music pal, Robert Johnson, who came here as a young man from Manti. He lived here until his death, being exceptionally active in music. Both he and his wife are buried in the Orangeville cemetary. I played with him for forty years or more. We began to play together in the old log school house for dances and dramatics--he the violin and I the B_b Cornet. His sons all helped play for the dramas, but for dances Uncle Jesse and Lew Johnson played with us. Sometimes as many as seven played and again only one or two. His sons were Wm., Al, Ed, Lew, Sam and Clarence. His daughters sang beatifully. They were Nettie Wakefield, Evy Moffitt and Magdie Peterson. The boys played the piccalo, trombone, guitar, mandolin, and violin. The Johnson-Jewkes orchestra and their families had reserved seats at the entertainments. Since we played free for these functions the front seats were always ours. For these occasions we played from a book called "Gems of the Ballroom". It contained many choice overtures. One piece I especially recall was Galapade. We played it often.

His way of announcing a number was to draw his bow across his violin. That alerted the audience and gave us the keynote so we knew what he wanted us to play. He had an extraordinary talent for improvising sound effects, etc. to suit the action on the stage. He was always ready with the type of music needed to emphasize any apecial part, whether pathetic, romantic, or comic. This created the proper atmosphere and the audience was kept in sympathy with the interpretation of the players.

There was never a lull in our entertainments. Johnson was equal to any occasion. We always played before the plays and between the acts. Actors from Salt Lake City, Provo, and other places frequently commented favorably on Johnson's talent as well as that of the orchestra as a whole.

Pete Lervy of Manti requested that Johnson play a certain waltz over his grave when he was buried. This he did. We played it often and always called it the Pete Lervy Waltz. (Grandfather hummed it for me. He is now nearly eighty five but sang it without hesitancy in a clear musical voice with excellent rhythm. M.E.J.) Since we had no instrument at church in those days, Robert Johnson played his violin to accompany the choir when Father was chorister. We traveled throughout Castle Valley, being the outstanding orchestra in this section. Every settlement called on us to

play for dances. We would place straw in the bottom of a wagon box and over it put two or three heavy quilts, then load Father's organ, and we were off. No hall boasted an instrument of any kind. Robert Johnson, with his classical as well as popular music was a great factor in building up culture in Castle Valley.

I might mention the fact that our drinking water was terrible. I remember that Moses Burdick, who lived on the flats about one mile from Clawson said he had never had a drink of water. He was twelve years old and thought that the muddy liquid they had to drink was not worthy to be called water.

GRANDMOTHER JENKES'S POEMS

The Tomcats

Two Tomcats on a wall, just over a cobbler's stall;
Tommy White and Tommy Gray.
These two tomcats on a wall, just over a cobblers stall
Just fell in love they say.
It was Miss Tabby that made them to sigh, who lived in a garret nearby.
Says Tom White "who in the dickens are you?
"Come here". With an impertinent "Mew" Says Tom Gray,
"Don't make such a sputter. I'll meet you tonight in the gutter,
And dam ya, I'll have satisfaction.
With claws sharp as daggers they met,
And to it like tigers they set. They spit, spat, and their hairy jackets they tore, until they could not hold out any longer.
Miss Tabby awoke at the clatter,
Put her head out and cried "Mew, mew" what's the matter?"
Says Tom White "We've been fight'in for you", Says Tom Gray, "I've lost half my tail."
Says Miss Tabby "That will not avail.
For I vow that my back quite up is to think
Two Tomcats on a wall just over a cobblers stall
Should go to act like two puppies."

MISS FOGADIES CHRISTMAS CAKE
(A Song)

As I sat at my window last evening, the letter man came unto me
With a little gilt edged invitation, ""Calmy, come over to tea".
So I knew that the Fogadies sent it, and I went for old friendship's sake.
The first thing they gave me to tackle, was a piece of Miss Fogadie's cake.

(Chorus)

They was plums and prines and cherries, and citron and raisins and cinnamon too.
Nutmegs, cloves and berries, and the crust it was nailed on with glue.
There was caraway seeds in abundance. Surt 'twould build up a fine stomachache.
You could kill a man twice after eating, a slice of Miss Fogadies cake.

2nd verse

Miss Mullagon wanted to taste it, but really there was no use.
She worked it over and over, but couldn't get none of it loose.
One came in with a hatchet, and one came in with a saw.
That cake, by the powers, would break any man's jaws.

The Irish Serenade

Just open the window, you jewel of creatures,
For never a lover more willingly howled,
And never let scorn wrinkle up your sweet features.
Because your poor Patty has got such a cold.

Just open the window you jewel of creatures,
And give me a glimpse of your beautiful face.
Your Patty's spalpien is all burnt to a cinder
And bugs are quite thick in this smother'in place.

-o-

(It used to be customary in Europe for a young man to stand beneath

THE FOLLOWING IS GIVEN BY JOSEPH BENJAMIN (BENNY) JEWKES, SON OF JOSEPH H.

My first recollection of any consequence was when I was 7 years old. It was on January 4, 1896, when Orangeville celebrated Utah's statehood. We were then quarantined for diphtheria. Big bonfires were built on the public square and I being able to go outside most of the time, could watch the proceedings. There was great excitement, with people yelling, singing and otherwise giving vent of their feelings.

I remember that when I was just a little fellow a man came to see Grandfather Samuel Jewkes. Becoming very interested in the large pile of manure by the corral he wanted to know if he could not haul it for him. Grandfather replied, I'd be very glad to have you haul it." The fellow beamed up thinking he had made quite a deal. He dropped his wings when Grandfather said, "Yes, you may haul it for me. I'll show you where I want it, right our here in this field." He wasn't so anxious to haul it then.

Another thing I remember about Grandfather Jewkes was that he was very fond of buttermilk, and he used to say to mother, Lorana, when will you have another churning ready?" She would tell him and sure enough on that day here he would come up the street feeling his way along with a cane. Mother would get the churn ready and he would sit there churning and singing, beating time with the dash in one hand and his cane in the other - "Pom-pom-pom". He had a very keen sense of hearing and feeling. Several times Sam E. and I would go down below the place in the willows, having "borrowed" grandfather's ax. Just about every time we got it Grandfather would be sure to come out and feel for it. He'd let out a yell, "Sam, Ben, where's my ax?" We'd stop our chipping and get the ax back right now. He was always good to us and kind, but he liked his tools in their places. He didn't mind our using them if we asked but we wouldn't bother, thinking we could get them back before he missed them.

We used to climb up on the barn, being as careful as we could so as not to make a noise, but there were but very few times that we got by with it. He would always hear us and yell, "Boys, get down off that barn."

He was very fond of hot bread and milk. Grandmother or Aunt Sophie would fill the old yellow bowl with boiling hot bread and milk, he'd pepper it black, and how he would enjoy it.

He had several cows and old freckled face brock would shake her head at me through the bars, when I was just a tiny chap. I thought she was mean, but it was because she had a new calf.

My Grandmother Jewkes had a keen memory. She could remember dates, poems, recitations, and songs. Many a time when I've sat at her knee she has recited long poems, some of which she had learned when only five years old in England. She used to tell how on a

clear day she could look across the English Channel from the Green and see France. She sang songs to me and would tell when and where she had learned them. She'd be sitting down and all at once she'd laugh and tell some amusing incident or sing a song. One of her poems was about "Two Tomcats met on a Cobbler's Wall."

When I was a little boy I often used to go to see Grandmother Jewkes. No little boy or anyone else for that matter ever went in that home but Aunt Sophie or Grandmother would ask if they were hungry, and we usually come out of the house with bread and molasses or something else. When we got hungry we always knew where to go.

Aunt Sophie was a homeopathic nurse or doctor. If ever we complained or not feeling well she'd say, "Open your mouth," then look down the throat and say "Oh, la." She would then go for her medicine bag and get our some belladonna or some other homeopathic remedy. It was the little sugar pills we were after but she finally caught on that often our sore throats were a pretense to get some of those good pills. She was always ready to go help with the sick day or night, rain or shine. I don't think a better soul ever lived than Aunt Sophie. We loved her just as much as our own Grandmother. She would ride on running gears, hay racks, or walk or any other way to get to the sick.

Aunt Jane Miles was her only daughter and when Grandfather, Aunt Sophie's husband died, Aunt Sophie went to live at the Mile's home, up near the old mill site.

Father set out an orchard up the creek near the old bridge when I was about twelve. He and I would go up there to work almost every day during the growing season to cultivate the trees, irrigate the alfalfa etc. and every day if we were there at noon dear Aunt Jane would come out and wave a dish towel to call us over to have dinner with them. Uncle Art, always full of fun, would constantly tease Aunt Sophie. She knew him so it resulted in good laughs for all.

Once when Uncle Art's cow was sick Aunt Sophie told him what medicine the cow needed. Not having any on hand herself, she sent him over to Olive Buckley, who was also a practical nurse. She somehow misunderstood and gave him the wrong medicine. Later Mrs. Buckly asked him how it worked. "Just fine," he replied, "she died a few minutes after I gave it to her."

Aunt Jane used to make lots of the yellowest butter I ever saw. She always had plenty of good rich cream from her Jersey cows. A number of times over to Aunt Jane's Sam, Art Jr. and I used to get a big can of clabber. Then we'd divide off the pan by making marks in the cream, sprinkle it well with sugar, and try to see who could eat his share first.

Aunt Jane was another Aunt Sophie in that she never let anyone go hungry around her. She could fix such an appetizing meal that if you weren't hungry, you'd soon get hungry. I always loved Aunt Jane and Uncle Art and I wish I had words to express how I really felt towards them.

One time I was at their place when a storm seemed to be approaching. While we were eating a clap of thunder came followed by hailstones as big as marbles. Aunt Jane was terribly frightened by thunder, always. Now she thought of her young turkeys and asked Uncle Art to get them into the coop so they would not all be killed. He put the dish pan over his head but the hail pelted him so hard that he came back saying, "To hell with the turkeys." And it was just that for them. Practically all were killed. I often stayed all night with Sam and Art Jr. We slept out on the straw shed. When the grasshoppers got bad, the chickens were put out in Dell Peacock's field and in the evenings the eggs were gathered. One night after dark, Art, knowing where all the nests were, took a bucket, climbed on a horse, and went for the eggs. He reached into a nest containing not a hen, but a skunk. It just about ruined him. They burned his clothes and he washed and scrubbed before coming to bed, but before he got in Sam and I grabbed a couple of quilts and ran for the other end of the shed. For several nights he had to sleep alone.

I felt highly honored when asked to dedicate Aunt Jane's grave, but my health would not permit so Father dedicated it.

At the last birthday party I remember our having had for Uncle Art, a number of relatives gathered at his home while he yet lived at the ranch and we had a fine time. Uncle Art was in a circle with the rest of us with Nell Cox in the center. When, following her directions, we were all down on our knees with our faces to the floor, she had us repeat the following rhyme: "I know my heart, I know my mind, I know that I stick up behind." When it came to the last line Uncle Art nearly fell over laughing and said, "Let's play it again, let's play it again."

Aunt Jane used to make one of my favorite cakes, a light cream cake with rich whipped cream heaped high on the top of it.

I do think the Primary Association is one of the greatest organizations of the church for placing the foundation of religious training and character. I remember the things we were taught in Primary more clearly than other teachings. My first Primary teacher was Sabina Oliphant. She was a beautiful singer as well as a fine teacher. She taught me my first poem and I recited it before the entire Primary. It was:

A man that has a thousand
Has not a friend to spare
But he that hath one enemy

Can find him anywhere.

When I recited it, I was so bashful that I could hardly raise my head up, but I felt that I had really put something big over when she praised me so highly. It seems that now there is not enough stress placed upon attending Primary. I always loved it.

As I remember, I started school on my birthday, Sept. 9, 1894. My first teacher was Mr. Jameson from Castle Dale. We always call him Brother Jameson in school. He ate his dinners at our house, riding horseback to Castle Dale each night. He brought me a little blackish-gray pup for a birthday present that I named Sport. I kept him until I was about seventeen years old when I helped move Uncle Jesse to Ferron. Arriving there we found the town quarantined for smallpox, so I was not permitted to take Sport with me. Andrew Rasmussen offered to keep him until after the quarantine was raised. When I went back the two had become so attached that Rasmussen would not let me have my dog and Sport would not follow me. Afterward whenever I saw the dog I would get sick at my stomach because I missed him so much.

Our school was held in the old town hall. At that time we had long narrow benches. Once when I got down to pick up paper, one of the girls raised her hand and said I was under the benches. As a result I had my hand hit a few times with the ruler. Some of my teachers were Emma Higgs, Addie Page, Jesse D. Jewkes, Ole Sorensen, "Owl" Christensen, and Louis Oveson. Later Lu and I served together as county officials, being the only two democrats elected that term.

When I graduated from the elementary school, I attended the Emery Stake Academy at Castle Dale. G.F. Hickman, Johnny Hand, Archer Willy, Thomas W. Dyches were among my Academy instructors.

After that I worked for my uncle and former school teacher, Jesse D. Jewkes in the County Treasurer's Office.

Before this, when I was a young man about seventeen years of age, Ray and Frank Jewkes, Royal Reid and I decided to earn some money for spending on the Fourth of July. We figured out a trip to the Uintah Reservation after gilsonite. We planned to be back home that evening of the third so we could celebrate. Each of us borrowed our Father's teams and wagons. They laughed but said, "Yes, go ahead. You need some experience." And that is what we got.

We started out in high spirits, loaded with baled hay, oats, and "grub" enough for our trip. Our first stop out of Price was at the head of Soldier's Canyon where we turned our horses out on the nice green grass. We left our provisions at horse changing stations along the way, so as to pick them up as necessary on our return trip.

We landed at the River Mine on the Uintah River, just north of Ft. Duchesne, on the 27th of June. Our first disappointment came when we learned that we had to lay over at least six days to get our loads. In order to show our Fathers that we weren't sissy, we had the guts to stick it our, we stayed there with no money and no provisions but a little flour. We made water gravy in the huge bake oven that we said caused all the trouble on the road. Whenever we had been stuck it had proved to be the wagon hauling the bake oven, so we'd always say, "Throw off the bake oven." We ate our gravy with frogs hind legs, frogs being plentiful in the Uintah River. We had not enough flour for anything else than gravy. That was our rations for six days. Talk about a reducing diet! A man who lived nearby let us turn our horses in his alfalfa field.

When at last we were loaded, we started for home on the afternoon of the third of July. Our horses being fresh and the loads heavy, they just went straight in the air, but we doubled them up until they got the idea of pulling. It took us all afternoon to travel four miles. We camped just outside of the old fort. The next morning we were awakened by the cannon firing the salute at daybreak. That was the first knowledge we had that it was the fourth of July. We had paid not attention to dates. Instead of celebrating we hooked up and started on. We had a swim at the Myton Bridge that noon and just then the stage coach passed and the passengers waved. Somehow that touched off a wave of homesickness and we felt mighty sorry for ourselves. We attempted to reach "the wells" that day, but our horses gave out and we had to camp three miles short. Then too, our tires kept slipping off and at every camp ground we'd hunt up baling wire to fasten them on. Arriving at the wells we used all the money that would be coming to us at Price to buy water to soak up our wheels, and set our tires. They charged us plenty for that "epsom salt water". The horses could hardly stand to drink it. We stayed there two days then moved on to Nutters Ranch at the mouth of Gate Canyon. Preston Nutter had his horse saddled up ready to go to Price to hire hay makers. Instead we got the job. Frank, the youngest one had had enough and began to cry, saying, "No." We finally talked him into staying and remained a week getting $1.25 a day in addition to board and horse feed. I remember very well that Preston Nutter's cook, whom he later married, was a real cook. Meals were splendid but then any food could have tasted good to those four starved boys. We were about four days reaching Price after leaving Nutter's Ranch.

Our trip home was rather interesting. Ray chewed tobacco and having been without it a week he became very cross. My team was on lead and I soon noticed a package in the road. It proved to be a new plug of tobacco. Ray was thrilled, and the rest of us decided to celebrate, so each took a chew. Soon the road started to tilt in our faces and the horses went around in circles. If three boys were ever sick it was Frank, Royal and Bennie. I started spitting

up that tobacco as fast as I could to try to get rid of it. We vomited again and again, and were deathly sick. That was my last chew of tobacco. Ray was the only one who could laugh.

Now that was my last chew of tobacco, but not my first. When I was just a little lad we had an old black and white faced cow named Butte. She got sick and someone suggested that Father give her chewing tobacco. He bought it, but used only half of it. While Father and Mother were out doctoring the cow I thought, "Now, here's my chance to get a nice chew of tobacco." I bit off a big chunk and went out by the brick pile, but those bricks began to tip toward me. About that time I staggered up the lot to the ditch, but in drinking I swallowed more of the juice. Father and Mother called and called me for breakfast but I was indisposed--too sick to walk anywhere or to even answer them. When at last I could walk to the house, they could not imagining what had made me so ill for I will still white as a sheet. They felt awfully sorry for me until they discovered I had bitten a piece off that tobacco.

Back to our Uintah trip, we arrived in Price about noon on July 13th. Unloading our gilsonite that afternoon and getting settled up took the balance of the day. Ray and Frank decided to drive on to Orangeville that night but Royal and I ran into the two Shumway girls who used to live in Orangeville, so we stayed over and celebrated with them. Next morning I bought a new pair of $3.65 gloves, my sole earnings and placed them in the jockey bow of the wagon. Royal loaded on a barrel of glass dishes for his Father's store and a new clarinet. When we got out on the road as was the custom among freighters, Royal tied reins to the endgate and let his horses go by themselves. He came back to talk with me and we both fell asleep. The next thing we knew our horses were trotting down the hill by the Cleveland ditch. Royal jumped and ran up to the side of his team yelling "whoa,"--instead of stopping, they ran. Seeing that Royal's team was running and that my jockey box containing my new gloves had dropped off my wagon, I unhooked my team and went back to try to find them. It was useless. Someone was richer by a jockey box and a new pair of gloves. I finally caught up with Royal
and we found his team lathered and wringing with sweat at Huntington. The dishes and clarinet were completely ruined, every dish smashed. Needless to say, we were sick about our trip, but Orangeville looked very good to us.

A day or two later Royal went to Green River to work and not more than a week after that while swimming he was drowned and his body was never recovered.

Speaking of our cow, Old Butte, she was the first cow I ever milked. I milked a teacup full and she kicked it all in my face. Father used to milk her by fencing her in with a pole between him and the cow. One time when the bucket was about full of milk Old Butte belched. Always being nervous while milking her, he jumped,

expecting her to kick. When she didn't it made him so angry that he dumped all the milk on her and yelled, "you old s__ of a b__" (stronger language than he usually used).

At the time of the construction on the Greenriver Irrigation Dam which is built seven miles about the town of Greenriver, Father and I had raised a fine crop of potatoes. That year, even by next March, potatoes weren't worth the sacks they were put in, so Brother Onesime Fessio Laramie, our neighbor, asked if I would not like to go to Greenriver with a load of them. He planned to load with honey and beef also. We knew nothing of the market price there but decided to take a chance. The idea struck me that they might sell, so I said, "Mother, let me take some of those plums along." She laughed and said, "Yes, take them all. I don't think you will be able to give them away". I sacked them up, threw them on the potatoes, loaded baled hay and oats for the horses, and a "grub-box" for me.

We traveled over the old route across Buckhorn Flat where much of the way the road was completely obliterated. We camped the first night on the flat at "Little Holes", a watering place for horses. Next day we drove to the "Big Holes" at the head of Cottonwood Wash, then followed the bottom of the sandy wash, camping the third night on the Saleratus Wash. The fourth day about noon we reached Greenriver.

As soon as people found out that we had produce for sale, they came from all directions. We sold the potatoes for $3.00 a hundred, whereas in Orangeville they had been priced at .15 cents a hundred. Mother's sour plums sold for $30.00. Laramie's honey and beef went like hotcakes.

While Brother Laramie prepared our outfits for the return trip, I took our checks to the bank for cashing. After getting back to camp I handed Brother Laramie's money over to him and when I counted mine I discovered that the bank had given me $10.00 too much. I went back and approaching the teller, I said, "I was in here a few minutes ago and cashed some checks. You made a mistake and--", but raising his hand, he cut me short, saying "We correct no mistakes after you leave this window." I said "Thank you" and went back to our wagon where I handed Brother Laramie five dollars and kept the other five myself.

I had no money purse and as he had a big wallet, I gave him mine to take care of. The first night we camped at the Big Holes where we made a nice bed of hay with our quilts on top. That night it snowed and the weather being so miserable we left real early the next morning. After traveling five miles Brother Laramie discovered that his wallet was missing. We unhitched and rode our horses back to camp. We kicked around in the hay and there was the purse with all our money in it.

As we continued our journey across Buckhorn Flat we drove through the worst sandstorm I ever experienced. The sand blew so heavily that we could not see a hundred yards and finally the horses rebelled. They could no longer face that sand barrage, but would turn completely around. Seeking the only possible shelter for our teams, we drove them down into a wash while we remained all day and the next night in our wagons wrapped in quilts. We could not even make a fire--that red sand filled the air. We could scarcely stand to open our eyes. By morning the storm had abated and we went on over the dunes until reaching the main highway, when we soon arrived safely in Orangeville. Needless to say, my folks thought I had done pretty well and Mother was stunned when I gave her the plum money.

A day or two later I received a very nice letter from the Greenriver Bank stating they had discovered their error. They commended me for my honesty and asked that I return the ten dollars. I just wrote across the letter, "We correct no mistakes" and returned it.

During the time that I was working in Uncle Jesse's office I was walking down the street one day when I met a beautiful girl right by the big cottonwood tree near the place now owned by Jesse Peacock. I was so attracted that I turned around for another look. Just as I turned, she did too. We both smiled and, of course, she blushed a little. The next day Uncle Jesse told me he had a nice girl at his place who was going to stay all winter and attend school. It wasn't long before I made an excuse to meet her. After that we saw each other every day. She was Miss Fern Jackson, niece of Lizzie J. Reid, (Mrs. John K. Reid) and had come from Venice, Sevier County. Early in the Spring her mother was taken ill so she had to return home. I brought her to Price with a horse and buggy and took her to the train then returned to Orangeville the next day.

In the Autumn (1908) I went to Venice to visit her, riding the "Leapin' Lena" from Thistle to Sigurd. The engine made a noise like a real toy engine--it whistled to blow off steam just like a real engine. (I always resent his puns at our only Sevier County train, but I laugh too. M.E.J.) I had left Price at 9 P.M. and did not reach my destination until the next afternoon about four, having had to lay over in Thistle eleven hours. When I got off the train at Sigurd, I was about one and one half miles west of town. Of course, there was no one to meet me as I had not let Fern know I was coming. I followed a buggy in which two girls were riding until we reached Sigurd where I went into the telephone station to call Fern. When I asked the lady in charge to get Fern Jackson of Venice for me she said, "You are Mr. Jewkes, aren't you? I have heard her speak of you. I am her aunt." She was Mrs. Fannie J. Dastrupt. When I got Fern on the line she asked, "Where are you?" I replied, "In Sigurd." She said, "What? Well I'll send Father for you right now." I told her it wasn't necessary that I'd get

there somehow. I followed the buggy in which the girls were riding, it being too loaded for me to get in, but they hauled my suitcase. We went around by the Black Hills and in the meantime Fern and her father had made the trip by the other route. I beat them to Venice and her brother Orlando met me on the river bridge, showing me their home, after telling me who he was. Sister Jackson met me at the door and welcomed me. After making a round trip for nothing Fern and her Father showed up. He said, "Damned if I am going to chase your fellows clear around the world again, Fern." I was just about ready to take the next train back to Price, but she told me he was only teasing.

That night I slept outside with her brothers. They arose at five A.M. but I slept in. When I entered the house, the chores were all done and the family eating breakfast. Brother Jackson said, "Young man, we have breakfast here at seven. If you aren't here then we have dinner at twelve. If not here for dinner, we have supper at six," and he meant it too. It just about finished me. Then, I guess seeing how hurt and humiliated I was he relented and said, "However, I think we'll fix breakfast this time for you." I was never late for a meal at his home again.

I learned that Fern's father, Thomas Edward Jackson, was systematic and on time about everything. He told his family, "you may stay up all night if you want to, but when five o'clock comes in the morning, you're up, then when you get your work done, your time is your own." This rule held summer and winter. He was always ahead with his work and was one of the most successful farmers in the state. He was one man who built his house with what he saved from not smoking. Anyway he used to say that. He sat one day when a young man, and figured up what tobacco cost him each year and decided to quit. He never smoked again. Once his mind was made up the devil himself couldn't change it.

In October of 1909 my sister Jennie and I went to Venice in a covered wagon. South of Emery we lost our way as there was practically no road over the mountain at the time. Seeing a dugway to one side we followed it and inquired of a man if this was the way to Salina. He replied, "Does this look like the road to Salina, right in the middle of a man's lucern patch?" He directed us and when we got back to Ivy Creek there was another outfit consisting of Rasmus Johnson's family taking their daughter Hazel to the Snow Academy at Ephraim, so we had good company from there on.

Not realizing that I was on my way to meet my bride, Hazel rode with me while Jennie rode with Clement Johnson. We were having a real good time until Jennie squealed on me. Hazel jumped clear off the top of the spring seat and ran for the other wagon. She would not even talk to me.

It took only three days to reach Venice but we were five days

returning to Orangeville-prolonging our pleasant trip.

We left Orangeville November 1st in company with Jessie Guymon and Hyrum Huntsman enroute for the Salt Lake Temple. Leaving our team in the livery stable we boarded the train at Price. In Salt Lake City we stayed with Uncle Jesse and Aunt Minnie and were married November 3, 1909, by Elder John R. Winder, first counselor to Pres. Joseph F. Smith.

Hyrum and I had an amusing experience at the temple that morning. We had to rent our white temple suits and since we did not know what to do and no one bothered to show us, we just sat there in the hall and waited. Finally a man asked us if we were going through. We said, "yes" so he said "Go right over there and get your suits." "You'd better get started," the lady in charge said, "I'm sorry, but there is no choice as these are the only two suits left." The trousers I had would have wrapped around me twice and the bottoms barely touched my socks. Hyrum's bagged down at the seat and nearly drug the floor. While standing there laughing at our ridiculous appearance a man came in and said, "Are you Brother Jewkes and Brother Huntsman?" We told him we were and he said, "Don't you know you are holding up the whole company?" We went in and being grooms, had to walk clear up to the front. Everyone snickered and Fern said to Jessie, "Who on earth is that?" Then Jessie caught sight of our faces and in a shocked voice whispered, "It's Hyrum and Bennie."

About five years later when I was recuperating from rheumatics I want on an excursion to the Manti Temple. Fern had sent a long night shirt for me to wear when being baptized. In my weakened condition I could hardly get out of the font. That shirt wrapped around my legs and nearly drug me down. Right then I made up my mind that since my first outfit was so ridiculous, and the night shirt about as bad, I'd buy some decent temple clothes. I got a pair of twelve dollar pants for my next trip and felt very comfortable in them.

When I married Margaret in the St. George Temple we took our clothes with us. In the temple I changed from my street clothes only to discover that my white pants were left on a hangar in my car. President Snow said, "We can let you have a pair of pants here." I said, "Oh, no. Nothing doing. I'll get my own." I had to dress and go out to the car to get those pants before I could get ready. I had too much pants for the first ceremony and none at all the next. At any rate I was properly clothed for each ceremony.

The evening after Fern and I were married Aunt Minnie had planned a surprise party for us. When the quests arrived Hyrum and Jessie had gone to their room. They found out where they were and went up to get them. The door was locked but they broke in and pulled them out of bed. They did permit Hyrum to put on his

trousers but they carried Jessie down in her nightgown and made the two of them pass the lovely wedding cake Aunt Minnie had made. Their discomfort only added to the merriment of the crowd. We had a fine time and Fern and I especially enjoyed it.

After our honeymoon in Salt Lake City, we returned to Price where I had to borrow money to get my horses out the livery stable, as we had spent all of our one hundred dollar wedding stake, but we had thoroughly enjoyed every cent of it.

We went to Orangeville and I began running the farm for Uncle Jesse out on Rock Canyon Flat. At first we lived in Sam Jewkes's house then in the Spring we moved into Uncle Ben's home now owned by Bryant Jewkes. In a few weeks we went out to Rock Canyon Flat where we lived very happily in a tent all summer, despite the fact that the pigs and chickens visited us all too frequently. We just couldn't fasten the tent securely enough to keep them out while we were away. In July we moved back to Uncle Ben's house, where on August 30, 1910 our first baby, Delma was born.

That winter I baled hay and hauled it to Castle Gate and Price, loading with freight on the return trips. Early the next Spring, although I did not have five cents, I started to build a home on a lot about four by twelve rods that Uncle Al Jewkes gave me. It was on a little hill west of Orangeville and Father helped me scrape it and carry off the rocks. Here we laid the foundation for our little home. That summer I put up an adobe mill and made adobes for lining it. I got a government permit to get logs and with the help of Uncle Al Guymon the trees were chopped and logged up and pulled into the Sutterud Mill on East Mountain, known at that time as Susa's Cabin Mill set. Brigham Higgs had had a mill at the same place years before and in honor of his wife Susa both the spring and cabin had been named. After the lumber was sawed we hauled it down and piled it near our foundation. By November, with the assistance of Uncle Al Jewkes, I had the framework up and part of the adobes. The night of November 26, 1911, Lamar was born and that morning I discovered that the adobes had been blown out of the framework. John K. Reid's barn had been blown down and trees uprooted all over town. LaMar seemed to have caused quite a commotion. I finished laying the adobes and by the following April we moved into our new home. We thought we had the world by the neck--we had two rooms and two children. The rest of our babies, Ellsworth, Movell, Mont and Jackson were born there.

The excursion to the Manti Temple previously mentioned was made by people from the Huntington, Castle Dale, and Orangeville Wards. Early on a Saturday in Summer we left Orangeville in covered wagons traveling up Straight Canyon on the south side of the river then up Seely Creek over rough mountain roads. We camped that night near the Wilberg Sawmill site in what was later called Temple Grove. Everyone made camp and we remained there over Sunday.

Sunday morning we met together underneath the trees and sat on logs arranged in a circle and held meeting, beginning at ten A.M. After listening to Andrew Anderson, President Oveson, and Uncle Al give some excellent talks others arose and a most outstanding testimony meeting was held. Almost everyone spoke. I never before or after felt such a wonderful spirit as we had that morning. Suddenly, in the midst of the meeting Aunt Polly Sorensen arose and, holding up her hand, said, "Stop, can't you hear that beautiful singing?" A number of people seated near her also heard it. One of the later speakers remarked that it was the voices of those dead for whom we were going to do temple work--they were so happy about it. We were all so filled with the spirit of the gospel that we did not note the passing of time until a clap of thunder came and we looked up to see black clouds above us. It looked as if rain would pour down upon us any minute. No one became restless, not even Robert Davis, who ordinarily was of a very nervous temperament. It rained all around us just pouring down but we continued, one person rising as soon as another was seated until all had borne their testimonies. By that time it was the middle of the afternoon. Everyone present had partaken of the wonderful spirit and it was generally spoken of as the most remarkable meeting they had ever attended. After closing, there was hand shaking with tears rolling down most of their faces.

We enjoyed our dinners then returned to the grove where a big bonfire was built in the center of the circle and we had a most enjoyable evening of songs, readings and sentiment. Monday we proceeded on to Manti where we pitched camp on a lot adjoining main street and owned by Judge Peacock, Wm. Peacock's grandfather. The next morning we went to the temple. Due to my condition no one thought I would be able to be baptized except for my health, but I was so blessed that I was baptized for 100 of our dead. At that time I was chairman of the temple committee for the Jewkes family. I had typed the sheets which held the named of 1500 people. Brother Carpenter, the temple recorder asked who had prepared those sheets. Uncle Al brought him over to me and he commended me with these words, "These are the best shape of any sheets we have had come in. Anyone can read them. They are very neatly done." Besides being baptized I sat as witness for other baptisms and after the work was completed most of the company went up the winding stairs. In the morning I had to be helped up Temple Hill. When I wanted to climb the stairs several said, "You hadn't better try it." But I walked all the way up and out on top without assistance and felt alright. When I left home I was not at all sure that I would be able to make the trip. We remained in Manti all week doing temple work.

Friday morning we again worked at the temple then traveled up the canyon and camped, returning to Orangeville on Saturday. I found Fern and the children well, she having been unable to make the trip as it was just a short while before Ellsworth was born, July 2, 1913.

At the time of Movell's birth February 14, 1915, I was ill in one room with rheumatism and could not move, and Fern in the other room. Father, Mother, and Aunt Polly took care of us. People were very kind, bringing supplies and otherwise lending encouragement. At the time no one expected me to live very long. In fact, right about then Father was helping to move an oil well from Sinbad, near Emery to Vernal and I was so serious that Mother sent for him to come.

Tom Jackson, my father-in-law came to see us and he bundled us into his covered wagon and took us to Venice. I was in bad shape due to so much poison in my system and was under the care of Dr. T.R. Gledhill of Richfield for a month.

Fred Shaw took me to Richfield one day when I was feeling better and I went into Dr. Gledhill's office to tell him goodbye, and that I was leaving for Orangeville the next day. He said, "No, you're not going back tomorrow. It is a good day. I think we'll take those tonsils out. That was the first I had heard of the operation. He told me it was going to be a tough operation, as my condition would permit no anesthetic. He had one man hold my head and another my feet and he went to work. It was his idea to wait for a few days before removing my second tonsil but I said, "Oh, no. I'll never come back here, it's now or never." He proceeded to take it out and I hemorrhaged so badly for about four hours that he sent for Dr. Niel. Dr. Niel looked at me and ran back to his drug store for some medicine. Dr. Gledhill said, "Surely, you aren't going to use that? I wouldn't use it on a horse." "Well," said Dr. Niel, "You've done everything else and he'll die anyway if I don't try it." Dr. Gledhill said, "I guess that's right. Go ahead." Dr. Niel swabbed my throat and I thought I was killed but it stopped bleeding.

Fred Shaw had phoned to Venice that I might not recover so when he brought me into the Jackson home, they were ready for me. Under Dr. Gledhill's orders I was kept very quiet--no one was permitted to speak tome. I was unable to eat or drink for several days. That bleeding proved a blessing as it drained the poison out of my system, and I recuperated rapidly.

Upon our return to Orangeville, my brother-in-law Will Peacock, County Clerk appointed me his deputy, which position I held for three years.

In 1918 I was elected County Clerk with the biggest majority of any candidate of the ticket. In 1920 I was reelected, thus spending four years in the Emery County Court House in addition to the two years previously spent as an assistant to Uncle Jesse. We could do no campaigning in 1918 due to the "flu ban" and I shall always have a warm spot in my heart for the Emery County voters who so generously supported me. For two years I was manager of the Emery County Fair.

Upon completion of my second tern I was offered the position of Clerk of the Court at Price, Carbon County, being recommended by the judges and lawyers of the district. Later I learned that my good friend Mark Tuttle had much to do with my appointment. January 1923.

Not being able to get a house so as to move my family over immediately I boarded and roomed at the Ross Boarding House across the street west from the French Hotel. While there, a young couple got married, and in order to out-wit the young people who planned the usual pranks Mrs. Ross told them she would arrange with me to let them occupy my room. The plan leaked out so the newlyweds drove to another town. Consequently I went to bed in my own room. I could not sleep but was really miserable. Something kept irritating my skin until I felt worse than if I were lousy. I'd get up and examine the bedding, but could see nothing wrong. Next morning I was the first boarder up, and I "jumped all over" Mrs. Ross about my uncomfortable bed. She went up to investigate and then it dawned on her what had happened. Without her knowledge my bed had been prepared for the bride and groom by filling my blankets with clipped horsehair.

In February I located a little two-room house on the a block adjoining Roy Faussets home on what is now Third East and Third North. We lived there until we found a larger house on a block farther north belonging to Tom Christensen. Later we moved to a house owned by Paul Peterson on the same street,but up by the canal. We moved again up in what is now Park Dale. From there we moved into Harry Smith's old place near the underpass. Then I bought a two roomed house at Sunnyside and had Wm. Campbell move it up on Carl Empey's farm underneath some cottonwood trees where John Karcich now has his home. We had by then spent $2600 for rent.

I had filed on 640 acres of grazing land and when I received word that my filing had been approved we moved our house on to our own land. In December 19__, my brother Floyd, Father, and I hitched two teams on to our house and without taking down the stove which had a fire in it we pulled it across the fields. Within an hour after setting it down, Fern had our first meal ready to eat on our homestead. Later we added rooms to the house and installed a bath. We were indeed happy to be in our own home again after so much moving and renting.

Pioneering faced us again and we experienced a lot of difficulty traveling back and forth on almost impassable roads and hauling water for culinary purposes. After much arranging, many hours of hard work and worry, a lot of persuasion by way of getting fences moved in order to make a wide enough road, we succeeded in improving, in getting electric lights and city water. Now the road or lane is well graveled, we have a strictly modern home with a stoker and furnace. The neighborhood is rapidly building up, eight families living near us. The view from our windows is an

inspiration. Many favorable comments are made about it by visitors, as it is always beautiful. We never tire of our view as it constantly changes with the effect of clouds, snow, and sunshine. I have been able to rent the old house and the grazing land so my homestead has proved to be a good investment.

In April 1939, I bought a frame bungalow at West Hiawatha, Fern and her sister Zylpha Davis having helped select it. Shortly after our trip to Hiawatha, Fern was stricken with coronary tromposis and was rushed to the Price City Hospital where an operation was performed on her arm by Dr. Bliss L. Finlayson. He did a remarkable piece of work, in fact the first of its kind ever attempted, by opening the main artery from her arm pit to her elbow, removing a blood clot. Upon her return home from the hospital two weeks later and as we drove over the railroad crossing she raised up on the ambulance and saw the new house on the hill. She passed away on May 30, 1939, when a blood clot struck her heart. No man ever had a more faithful and devoted wife. She was an exceptional mother, sincerely loved by all of us.

I list here the named of friends relatives and associates who have died since my illness was considered critical, although for about twenty years it was greatly improved. My illness today is still causes by my heart which has never been strong since my youth and no one would have expected me to outlive the following:

Relatives

Ora Jackson
Jane Jackson A. Howard and her husband E.A. Howard
Joyce Jackson (Mrs. Orin Jackson)
Son of Joyce and Orin killed in the Pacific in World War II
Maggie Jackson Wall
Sam Mulliner - Fern's brother-in-law
Thomas E. and Lyde (Eliza Jane) Shaw Jackson
Lorana Ann S. Jewkes
Fern Jackson Jewkes
Floyd Jewkes
Jennie Jewkes Peacock and her husband Wm. Peacock
Vila Jewkes Fail
Ervin Jewkes
Lee Jewkes

Emery County Officials - Died since I was County Clerk

O.R. Gillispie, County Commissioner
E.E. Adams, County Commissioner
Peter Rasmussen, County Commissioner
Heber Leonard, County Commissioner
Andrew Nelson, County Commissioner
Rasmus Johnson, County Commissioner
Henty Ottestrom, County Commissioner
Peter Christensen, County Commissioner
Joe Potter, County Commissioner
Wm. Peacock, County Clerk
Bert Moffit, County Clerk
Louis Guymon, County Treasurer
Lee Howard, Sheriff
Robert Howard, County Attorney
Peter E. Johnson, State Representative
Peter Talboe, County Recorder
Wm. Arnold, County Road Supervisor
Mart Jense, County Road Supervisor

Carbon County Officials

Stephen Golding, County Assessor
Mrs. Stephen Golding, Deputy Co. Assessor
Lincoln Marshall, Brand Inspector
Jack Bent, Dept. of Police, Price City
Walter Knox, County Commissioner
Ray Demming, County Sheriff
Ernest Horsely, Clerk of the Court
Stanley Edwards, State Representative
H.P. McArle, Deputy Sheriff

Sam Garet, Chief of Police, Price City
Mrs. Hadley, County Clerk
Marian Bliss, County Sheriff
H.C. Smith, County Clerk
Dick Hill, County Road Supervisor

State Officials

Dr. Shirly Nebeker, Dept State Vet.
Mr. Tomlinson, State Seed Analyst
Hardin Bennion, State Com. of Agriculture
Ed Southwick, State Food & Dairy Com.
Prof. Hogenson, USAC State Agronomist

Friends

Wilford Stevens
Devere Childs
Onezim F. Allen
Albert Allen
Royal Reid
Robert Reid
Terrance Reid
Ed Reid
Will Reid
Johnny Reid
Eda Anderson Larson
Hulga Anderson
Orville Thomas - Husband of Fern's club members
Lincoln Marshall - Husband of Fern's club members
Ernest Branch - Husband of Fern's club members
Ed Robertson
Bernard Cox
Asahel Scovill
Vetty Cox
Frank Otterstrom
Robert Davis
Lute Childs
O.J. Anderson, Mrs. Lu Oveson
Mrs. Wm. Marshall
Maudie David
May Reid Lamphlaw
Florence Tatton
Mr. O.J. (Italia) Anderson
O.J. Anderson