

Submitted by Martha S. Jones
Orangeville, Ont.

Q-3-58

I would like to pay tribute to Margaret Emily Jewkes, wife of my son, J. B. Jewkes, who so intelligently and sincerely completed this record. Through her ability and exceptional talent, she has been able to draw from me incidents and little happenings connected with my early life and put them together in story form, so that it can be read and understood by all who would be interested. I appreciated very much the efforts she put forth, for she spent many hours of her time. Her whole heart and soul was with me in this work. May she always be blessed for the good she has done, not only for writing this history, but for other things she has accomplished during her life.

Also in the summer of 1953, Frank Jewkes, son of my brother Benjamin F. and Maggie Reid, came to me and offered to make mimeographed copies of this history. My granddaughter, Lorna Fial, daughter of Fred and Vila, volunteered to make the master copies. She is doing a fine piece of work and is spending many hours at it. As fast as she types the pages, and takes them to Frank, he proceeds to run off the copies.

I believe every member of the Jewkes family joins with me in expressing deep appreciation for their efforts, and in extending best wishes to them for their success in all future activities.

Joseph H Jewkes

Q-3-58

This book was purchased by Joseph Benjamin Jewkes for the purpose of preserving a record of the incidents and stories that have occurred in the lives of members and descendants of the family of Samuel Jewkes who came to Utah from England in the year 1848.

It is hoped that these first stories told by his son Joseph Hyrum and his grandson Joseph Benjamin will prove a nucleus for further recordings especially by these the oldest living members of the family: Alma G., Amelia G., Jesse D., Minnie R., Melissa G., and Maggie K., together with those of their descendants, as well as those descendants of Samuel R., Jane Miles and Mary E. Guyman.

It is further hoped that this record will be carefully kept by the duly elected historian of the Jewkes family organization.

If a story has already been written by one person and another remembers it a little differently, let it be retold or more details added.

An attempt should be made to accurately index the work as it progresses.

In the back a space is reserved for clippings and illustrations.

This is not to be a genealogical record as that work is done by the family genealogical committee.

The following stories were related by Joseph H. Jewkes during January and February of 1946 at the home of his son Joseph Benjamin (Benny), in Price, Utah. In general they are recorded in his own words.

An attempt has been made to somewhat organize the material but it is written in the style in which it was given. J. Benny assisted his father in telling the stories.

MOTHER COMES TO ZION:

My mother often told that when the Latter Day Saint elders first came to their home in England her family recognized their teachings as gospel truths. The three of them--Grandmother, her son William Adams and Mother (Mary Adams) were soon baptized and William went to Zion to prepare the way for his mother and sister to come on. Mother had to shoulder the responsibility of providing and caring for the home and her blind mother. She was a skilled seamstress and was able to save enough to pay their passage across the Atlantic and to transport them to St. Louis, Missouri where she again took up sewing and gained means to continue the journey to Utah.

Mother attended church in St. Louis where she met one of her English friends, Sophia Lewis, who, by the way, had been born the same day as mother--February 19, 1830. Sophia was five years older, her date being 1825. Mother asked her friend when she was starting for the mountains. She replied, "Next week." Mother explained that she would be detained in St. Louis until she earned more money. The next Sunday Sophia was present at meeting and she told mother, "You see, I did not get started for Zion, I got married instead, Come and let me introduce you to my husband, Mr. Samuel Jewkes." Little did Mother suspect that she too later would become his wife. That was the last she saw of Aunt "Sophie" until she reached Utah.

Finally Mother and Grandmother were able to continue their journey. After the first day's travel the family they were with decided to go back. They asked Grandmother to accompany them, but she staunchly replied, "No, I did not start for Zion to turn back." She sent mother to the captain of the company. (I believe his name was Smoot) to find another wagon in which to travel but he informed her that there was not a chance for anyone without an outfit. Being quite discouraged, Grandmother cried. They sat there at the side of the road with their belongings stacked around them, but Grandmother's courage and faith returned and again she sent Mother to the captain. This time he replied, "There is one chance with two young men in a battletrap of an outfit. If you can put up with that, you may go." Needless to say, they accepted. After a few days with this outfit they discovered they were lousy. That was most humiliating and it was disagreeable to get rid of lice, but through her perseverance Mother finally succeeded in exterminating them. Mother walked all the way across the plains.

The company was met in Salt Lake City by crowds of people and playing bands, but William, to their deep disappointment, did not meet them. Nearly everyone had left camp when a man came up asking for the Mother and sister of Wm. Adams. Of course, they were overjoyed at hearing him, but he brought bad news. To Grand-mother he said, "Your son would have come but his wife died just as he was ready to leave." They were taken to Pleasant Grove where they found Will with his three motherless children, two boys and a girl. For several years they lived with him, caring for his children.

SAMUEL JEWKES AND MARY ADAMS ARE MARRIED:

In the meantime Sophia Jewkes paid them a visit and made the suggestion that Mother enter plural marriage by marrying her husband Samuel Jewkes. When he proposed mother said, "But what would I do about my mother?" He replied, Don't worry about her. I'll take care of her." And so a happy married life began for my parents and Aunt Sophie. No distinction was ever made between the children of the two wives, but all lived in perfect harmony under the same roof and we loved Aunt Sophie always. Father had previously been married but had lost his wife and their six children by death in St. Louis, Missouri, before marrying Aunt Sophie. He had made quite a stay in that city so as to assist his old friend Elias Morris buy cattle for the sugar company, which was no doubt, the pioneer factory at Lehi, which was built under the direction of Brigham Young, who sent John Taylor to England to buy equipment for the manufacturing of sugar.

After they were married, Father, being an engineer, was called to Iron County while there, my brother, Alma G. was born at Cedar City, June 12, 1858. He was the eldest of mother's children. Later they returned to Sanpete County, settling in Moroni, where Ben and Jane were born. From there, they moved to Fountain Green where I was born, April 6, 1869.

THE FIRST JEWKES MILL:

About the same time, Father went into the mill business, building both a sawmill and a grist mill, just a little Northwest of Fountain Green. He purchased two farms there also and acquired some other property. Brother James Roswell was connected with Father in the mill business, but he died, so Father went on alone. Both mills were built together, thus making use of the same water power.

Father worked in the grist mill, and in the next mill room Sam R., Orson Miles, Jesse D. and I worked at the sawing. When the sawmill was not running we had to sack flour, shorts, and bran. We didn't have any "layoffs". Our sawmill had the old time style of head block which had to turn five times to the inch. Jesse D. and I were tickled to death when the mill would break down so we could rest from turning that head block. Whenever idle boys came to the mill, Father would say, "What's the matter? Don't your Father's and Mother's have anything for you to do? My boys have to work." When Father thought we had done a pretty good day's work he used to call us into the mill office and say "Now you can play, but you'll have to come into the office and say "Good afternoon Father." I hate to say this, but it's true anyway--it doesn't show as much respect on my part as on Jesse's. I rebelled. I thought it unnecessary so, though Jesse would say "Good Afternoon Father", I'd stick. I'd just rather stay right there in the mill and work.

Father was strict and maybe I was stubborn, but as he found out later, if treated kindly and without unnecessary domination I'd do anything. Father's worst enemy was his temper, but usually he was as kind and gentle as a lamb. We often thought in those early days that he was a little stiff with us by making us work while other boys played, but in after years we could see that he was right. Work doesn't hurt anyone. My sisters knew my disposition and so did Mother and they never had any trouble with me. Jesse D. and I were always called the "Little Boys".

There was a stopper in the pen stock of the mill which we used to undo in order to wash the sawdust away from underneath the saw. Sometimes by way of a joke we's get a boy to look at that spot then we's turn the spout of water right in his face. Uncle Art Miles was always getting jokes on some one like the time he dared me to lick the frost off of his axe. I thought it was kind of funny if I couldn't do that, but I soon found out the reason. One of the men who had brought grist to the mill took his towel and soap and went down under the flume to wash himself. Uncle Art and Sam R., as full of fun as of business, turned the mill stream into the pen stock until it overflowed from about twenty feet above the man. They watched his drenching and got a good laugh at his surprise when he got that unexpected shower bath and watched his soap and towel race away from him, he scrambling after them. He decided he was clean enough.

A man by the name of George Crowther used to ride back and forth on the carriage whenever he came to the mill, despite our warnings. He tried this once too often. His foot slipped too close to the saw and was severed from his leg.

On those days when grist was taken to the mill an extra sack or two was brought along to hold the extra flour due to expansion during the milling process. Now we have to take back half the sacks empty. Where does it go? Then men always got what mill products were coming to them. Father had hundreds of dollars out to poor families who always were given flour when they needed it, whether they could pay for it or not. Father would never turn them away.

One time Al was coming down Jewkes canyon with a load of poles, on his way to Fountain Green, when suddenly a snow slide descended upon him, covering his wagon and killing his dog, but he and his team escaped injury. The road was so narrow the single trees touched the edges. He and Andrew Kelson were thrown onto different sides of the canyon. The cart stayed there until spring.

Two Danish boys, Niels Kelson and Olenis Jensen used to work at our mill and sleep right there. They would have prayers each night. One night Olenis was praying. He prayed for the health and strength of the mill and of course of the Twelve Apostles. Niels said, "Olenis, you surely missed it that time. There are only eleven right now."

HURT ON A "HIPSTOCK:

Pope (Henry) Alfred who had a swelling on his leg so he could not do heavy work was hired by Father to make buckskin whips for driving the oxen--12 or 15 feet long for two yoke of oxen and shorter whips for one yoke. I was playing one day, when five or six years old, with a cedar whip stock which was pointed on one end as a prod for the purpose of poking the oxen. I fell, the prod running through the thin part of both my cheeks. One of my older brothers put his foot on my head and pulled the stock out. It hurt terribly but healed rapidly.

YOKING OXEN:

Erastus Wakefield used to make the oxen's yokes out of pinion pine. Father had about twelve yoke of cattle at that time, used for logging, plowing, etc. No lines were used in driving oxen. When we wanted to yoke them, we'd go out with a yoke over one of our shoulders and the bow in one hand and call, "Come under, Brock." Then we'd put the yoke on him, fasten the bow, and raising up the other end of the yoke, we'd call, "Buck, come under here." After fastening his bow we'd hook a chain to the ring underneath the yoke, then fasten the other end of the chain to the logs, wagon, plow or whatever we wanted to pull. We drove without lines, tongue, or double trees--nothing but the yoke, chain and whip. We always drove from the left, usually walking. When we wanted a left turn, we'd call, "Haw", at the same time cracking the whip over the face of the near (left) ox which would stop it and allow the other one to begin the turn. A right turn was made by calling, "Gee," and cracking the whip over the face of the off ox. Here I used the names of the team I remember best. Others I remember were: Tom and Bright, Pone and Braidy, Roy and Brin.

SHOEING THE OXEN:

We had a fine outfit in Fountain Green for shoeing our oxen, consisting of a pen or frame made of about 10 inch square lumber (10x10) and being about 6 feet square with a beam overhead for hoisting the oxen. A wide belt extended under the animal's belly and a windlass was used to lift him up so that he could not kick while being shod. We'd place one foot of the ox on a block, remove the old shoe, if not already gone, and tack on a new one.

Carl Fredricksen, a blacksmith from Denmark, was employed by Father to make the shoes. He had a shop and house near the mill. I remember once his wife sent him to the store with eggs. When he came back he said, "Oh, Mudder, I youst feel like I can't hardly look you in the face." She said, "What's the matter Fadder?" He replied, "I fell down and broke all de eggs." Uncle Art used to love to tell that story. The cattle had to be shod because it was a ten mile trip over a rough, rocky road to the mountain and back again with a load of logs. The shoes were of course in two parts so as to fit the split hoof of the oxen. Without shoes they became tender gooted.

I can't vouch for this, but they tell me that the day I was born, Hans Peter Olsen's corral attracted the greater attention as it burned that day, and everyone but mother and I attended the fire. We decided to stay at home.

One of the first things I remember was that Jesse and I used to go to Sunday School and Primary wearing little red flannel shirts and kilts (short pleated skirts). I fell into the spring ditch and those clothes that I had on just about held me there.

As we grew older, we took the cows to the pasture up by the Springs, the source of Fountain Green's water supply. We'd go past the Jewkes' Mill, Ole Sorensen's Mill, and Prater's home. After we had the cows pastured one day we came down part way to watch a shooting match with bows and arrows. Just at the winner was about to be determined, an arrow missed the target and hit Jesse in the breast. When I saw the blood I was frightened to death and drug him frantically over the sagebrush for home. He was alright as far as the arrow was concerned, a mere scratch, but was much the worse for wear.

A little later I learned to ride a pony and John Lewellyn, Herbert and Charley Langston, my chums, and I took the cows to the Springs. Afterward Gomer Lewellyn, an older boy who was full of mischief and always playing tricks, raced up to us and yelled, "They sent me up here to tell you the Indians have broke into town". Of course we started for home in a hurry. He took particular pains to see that my pony was right behind his, then in a narrow place in the trail he suddenly stopped. My pony did too but I didn't. I went right over Mag's head, landing on my back in the trail. He laughed and shouted "There's nothing to it, I just wanted to get you riled up." Well he did. He just about scared the soup out of us.

Another incident I remember was when we were playing Danish Ball. I missed the ball and hit Frank Leslie over the eye. It knocked him out and I thought I'd killed him. I was mighty glad when he came to.

When I was eight years old, I went down to the pasture, where they used to baptize in the Spring ditch, three of four times before I could get up courage enough to get into the water. Uncle James Guymon baptized me.

One night about dusk, so late that I could not see well, after Aunt Polly had been washing, I drank out of the lye can. It "prick near" killed me. They poured vinegar and milk down me until--well anyway I lived, but I certainly thought it was all off with me. It took quite a long while to heal my tongue and mouth.

My first school teacher, as I remember, was Steny Guy on. She taught in a red brick building used for both school and church, located right near the rock wall of the old fort in Fountain Green. My next teacher was James Woodward who was considered an unusually efficient school master. School work was easy for me and I was very apt but it doesn't seem to have stayed with me too well. Now, mother used to have to guide Jesse's hand but at the present time he is a splendid penman but I can hardly read my own writing.

My sister Annie, two and one-half years older than I was a wonderful singer and although I can't remember much about her I know she was a beautiful girl and it just about broke mother's heart when she died. I think it was when she was eight years old, just after she had been baptized.

MEETS LORANNA ANN:

When I was about nine years old I went to Mt. Pleasant with Al and Melle to visit her sister Clara Scovill. Boy-like, I soon landed in the currant patch. In a short while a plump little girl with long black hair and large blue eyes came out and she looked pretty good to me. We ate currants and gooseberries and talked until we became quite well acquainted. I didn't know then that my little friend of the berry patch would later become my wife. (I had to ask J. Ben what color her eyes were. When I asked his father, he said "well I really don't know, but they always looked mighty pretty to me." M.E.J.)

When I was a young buck in Fountain Green I was riding to town with my brother Wm. H. who was driving old Brock and Buck. We rode in a spring seat on a double bed wagon. The cattle seeing a ditch of water decided they needed a drink. They turned right around in such a short turn that the wagon tipped over. The bolt to which the tongue chain was attached fell out, freeing the oxen and they ran away. Joshua Combs ran to my rescue and lifted the wagon box so I could get out, not hurt but plenty scared. I didn't dare to get into a wagon box for a long time after that. You see, I was tending the wagon. Will the oxen. He was thrown free and went after them. He soon had them yoked to the wagon again. Sometime later my brother Ben was driving Dan and Topsy, Uncle Richard Jewkes' little mules, to Moroni. I went along but was still so frightened that I rode all the way there and back with my elbows over the endgate ready to jump if we started to turn over. I was kind of assisy anyway, I think.

* Uncle Will was born in May of 1857 at Cedar City. Sam H. in Salt Lake City in 1853. Aunt Sophie had a son John Lewis, 10 years old when she married father.

I used to ride with Ben on old Topsy. Now Topsy could smell an Indian a mile off. Whenever that happened, she snorted and baited discarding us in short order. You can guess the rest.

Uncle Richard wanted me to come down and ride Dan while he plowed out his corn. I was riding with my feet on the quarter tug and my head right next to his when suddenly he threw his head up and hit me on the nose. I just bid that mule and Uncle Richard goodbye and hit the trail for home.

A rather remarkable incident occurred when Ben, Bill Lewellyn, and some other boys were going to Ephraim on horses to a jubilee. As they were riding down the land from Fountain Green to Moroni, one of them ran over our dog "Old Tige." Thinking him dead, they drug him out into the brush, hit him in the head to make sure he would not suffer, and went on. Returning home, they stated that they had killed the dog. Eleven days later the faithful old hound came home; nothing but a skeleton, just a rawhide. Mother and aunt Sophie cared for him until he was well and he came to Castle Valley with us.

The Jewkes family has, as a general rule been musically inclined. This talent is exemplified by a relative Father used to tell about. His name was Absolon and though blind was an unusually skillful maker of harps.

For many years Father was director of the Fountain Green ward choir. He could sing any part and was able to fill in wherever his voice was needed. His choir sang in other wards of Sanpete Stake as well as in conferences. He always drilled each part separately and not until a number was thoroughly learned was it ever attempted in public. Some of the members of Father's choir in fountain Green were: Jane Jewkes Crowther (father's sister), her three daughters, Sarah Jane, Diddy, and Leta; Hannah Collard and her daughter Mercy, who was exceptionally talented; Jane Jewkes Miles, my sister; Stevy Guymon; Susannah B. Jewkes, Sam R.'s wife; Malissa Guymon Jewkes, Wm. H.'s wife; Magie Lewellyn, very talented; Julia Ann Lewellyn; Julia Wakefield; Maria Wakefield; Reese R. Lewellyn; Joseph E. Johnson; Samuel R. Jewkes; Alma G. Jewkes; James Collard; Cornelius Collard and Elizabeth Green.

A German named Ostler, who lived in Mt. Pleasant used to come to Fountain Green to teach the band. He gave Samuel R. the foundation for his musical training. When things went wrong, he'd say "Dat is false, dat is false!" whenever he played a cornet solo, he'd tighten his belt as a preliminary.

For many years, Sam R. was band leader in Fountain Green. Like father, he took great pride in his music work and faithfully practiced the band before public appearances. When I was eight years old, I joined the band, playing an E Flat Alto Horn. Sam R. liked best to play his rotary cornet and base viol. He always numbered his band music and it was distributed accordingly. (When I wrote this, Grandfather, Joseph H Jewkes, trummed or hummed all the different parts of No. 6 for us. A compliment to his musical memory as he will soon be 77 years old. M.E.J.) Sam R. would write the score and arrange the parts for all the instruments of any given tune if they were not otherwise available.

Before moving to Castle Valley, Father, together with Henry Reid, Charley Moffitt, and S. P. Snow, went to Arizona where they remained for a year working on machinery, they returned separately to Panguitch and Father sold his mill and land for machinery and cattle preparatory to moving to Smery County.

During the Indian depredations, in company with James A. Guymon another Sanpete man, Father had made a trip to Castle Valley in search of horses that had been stolen from the settlers by the red men. Among the horses were two of Sam R.'s but none were recovered. They traveled up Spanish Fork Canyon to Soldier's Summit, then through Emma Park and down Soldier's Canyon to Greenriver. Returning, they crossed Castle Valley thence up Cottonwood Creek Southwest above where Orangeville now stands, through Rock Canyon, and over the mountain to Mantle.

When I was eleven my brother Sam R. told me I could go to Castle Valley with him, it being his second trip there. He was loaded with tools, food, etc. and drove two yoke of oxen on his wagon, and with a little assistance from a Mr. Yergensen, I drove a wagon with one yoke. Bishop Jasper Robertson's mother and her husband Edward Smith were also in my wagon. We traveled from Fountain Green to Mt. Pleasant, Fairview, then up Fairview Canyon up what was known as the Toll Road. We had to pay 50¢ a wagon for the privilege of driving up it. From the head of that canyon, we entered Flat Canyon, then over Horse Shoe Bend, through Miller's Flat, Scat Valley, Upper Joes Valley, up Joes Valley Canyon and down Cottonwood Canyon to where Orangeville was later built. I remained in Castle Valley two years before returning to Fountain Green.

From then on, I helped pioneer Orangeville. I carried water for the canal workers and did other odd jobs.

About a year later Father followed us and settled about two miles west of Orangeville where he built another grist and sawmill, having brought with him mill machinery as well as a gang plow, threshing machine, etc.

At that time the L.D.S. were practicing the United Order. Father and his sons, Samuel, Elchard, Alma Gardner, Wm. Henry, Benjamin Franklin, Joseph Hyrum, Jesse David, and his son-in-law, Orson Miles, had entered the order in Fountain Green. In Orangeville, they were united with Wm. Miles Sr., Joseph Curtis, Ole J. Sitterud, and Andrew Anderson. It did not last long, any more than that Father and his sons continued working together.

In general the men settling here made preparation for a year or two in this valley before selling out in Sanpete. I have always thought that Father would have been better off financially had he done so.

The cattle were brought in by Ben the next fall. During that first winter which was intensely cold, nearly all of them, approximately 200 head, froze to death. Out of Father's twelve yoke of oxen only two yoke were able to withstand the hard winter. The next summer a little grain was planted but it proved quite disappointing, as the Clipper Canal they had built was constantly breaking.

While we built the mill and established ourselves in the new country I helped in every way possible for my age, doing incidental jobs, mainly driving the team in plowing, harvesting crops, and hauling lumber. As I remember, our first crops were corn, sugar cane and rye.

Father had brought a molasses mill with him, in which I helped make molasses. I don't care much for that sweet now. I guess I ate my share when a boy. Before cutting the cane we went through the patch, knocking off the leaves with a stick, but leaving the head or tassel on the stalk, then we cut it with a sharp hoe, piled it, and cut off the tops on a block with a hand ax, retaining the seed for next year's crop. We stacked the stalks like stove wood convenient to the mill which was set up where Erv's house is now, right where the canal runs through the lot. We fed the cane between iron rollers, each about one and one half ft. in diameter, fastened together in such a way as to crush out the juice. A vessel was placed underneath so as to catch it as it was pressed out. These heavy rollers were operated by means of a horse being hitched to a sweep and constantly circling the mill. The juice ran down a trough into a barrel by the vat where it was used as needed. The vat was of heavy tin or galvanized iron placed upon a rock oven, in which a fire was kept burning by throwing in pine knots. The juice was boiled until it reached the desired consistency. During the process it was constantly skimmed and these skimmings were the basis of many a jolly candy pull. When the molasses was just right it was drawn off into jars and cans. The cattle ate the pulp or pummy, the horses the tops, we children the skimmings, so nothing was wasted, not even the smell. I can smell it yet. We even fed the "blowings" to the cows. It was practically nothing but dirt. A cow could eat a wagon box full and not get 5¢ worth of food, but we pioneers had to make use of every available bit of food.

While we were working at the molasses mill, Sam R. had Frank Fulmer working for him. He sent Frank up the creek for a load of pine knots. These knots had been trimmed from the logs at the mill before sawing and were full of pitch. Sam R. had a new wagon so Frank put on the double bed and started out. He stopped at his home about two miles up the creek and took his sisters Sade and Stell, and his brother Len along. He loaded in a couple of baskets and a wooden rake. Incidentally his father was a basket maker. Toward evening Samner came to the molasses mill, which was kept going day and night, and asked Sam if he weren't getting worried about Frank as he had been gone twice as long as was necessary. Sam R. said, "I've been thinking the same thing. I'll get on a horse and investigate." Just then they heard the chuckle of the new wagon so they knew Frank was coming. When he drove in Sam told him to go into the house and get warm, held care for the team. That attended to, he climbed on the load and threw off the cedar limbs he had asked Frank to get for kindlings, when lo and behold! the wagon bed was full of pine nuts, not knots. Sam nearly fell over laughing.

To build our mill, long leaf pine was brought from the head of Cottonwood Canyon about 3 miles above the mill. It was hauled down by ox teams and was sawed by horsepower. The mill was built by Brother Brigham T. Figgs, who later became an instructor at the Brigham Young University at Provo, and married Alice Field of Orangeville, his second wife. He came to Castle Valley across the mountain from Mantel just in time to build the mill. His coming was very opportune, as he was an architect as well as a skilled carpenter and supervised the entire construction. My father-in-law, Amasa Scovill, Delbert Childs and all of Father's boys helped with the building. During the building of the mill, there was no food for the horses, so they were taken up on the high benches every evening and rounded up every morning.

When completed, it being the first mill in Castle Valley, a celebration was held. Everyone came who could possibly get there. Bishop Jasper Peterson, as I remember had a rather amusing outfit. It consisted of a wooden cart piled high with pans, buckets,

and kettles loaded with appetizing food, with Sister Peterson in the midst of it all. His brother Jim drove the oxen that pulled it.

Mother had a large wooden tub about 4 feet in diameter and 18 inches high. She placed buckets underneath the tub where a hole was bored in the bottom with a two inch peg for control. Then she placed clean straw on the bottom of the tub. She soaked wheat in water until it sprouted. This was put in pans and browned in the oven, then poured into the tub and covered with boiling water. Here it remained until it fermented when it was drawn off into the buckets underneath. After this process the malt was warmed and sweetened with molasses and last of all home made yeast was added. After it started to work the beer was placed in a forty gallon barrel and when sufficiently aged was ready for drinking. And was it good? Well, good enough to make us dizzy. When Father came home from the mill at midnight either or Aunt Sophie prepared toast and hot beer, the hot beer being poured over the toast in a large bowl from which he always ate.

For the big celebration, Mother prepared a barrel of this delicious beer. I don't know how much, perhaps 2 or 3 barrels, anyway plenty so that everyone had all they wanted. She also made "Bbulberry" pies and molasses candy, rather "skimming" candy. All the women--Aunt Sarah, Aunt Jane, Aunt Polly (My sisters) Aunt Lis, Aunt Samner (sisters-in-law) all did their share in regards to cooking for the success of the celebration. In fact all the women of the valley made great preparation for the big event. Among them were Mrs. John K. Reid (Aunt Lizzie), Mrs. Andrew Anderson (Diantha) Mrs. Jasper Robertson (Aunt Ellen), Mrs. Ed Cox (Aunt Jane), Mrs. Sylvester Cox (Mary), Mrs. Henry M. Reid (Hattie), Mrs. S. P. Snow (Hattie), Mrs. Charley Moffitt (Mary). Beef was plentiful as well as all kinds of available food. We were all poor, but we had plenty. I think I shall never forget that celebration, the program, as well as the eats, and the good sociable crowd visiting and joking. Martinus Peterson, Angus Stocks, Theo Housekeeper played for the dance.

The first real conference held in Castle Valley was held August 13, 1882 in a bowery down on the Wellington (Link) Seeley farm. Erastus Snow and John Henry Smith of the Council of Twelve Apostles, came for the purpose of organizing the saints. Christian G. Larsen was set apart as Stake President with Rasmus Justesen 2nd counselor and Orange Seeley 1st counselor. Jasper Robertson was made Bishop of the Orangeville ward. In Ocotope of 1879 Castle Dale and Huntington wards, also Ferron ward had been organized, by Knute Peterson, President of Sanpete Stake,

we had a log house about eighteen by thirty feet that was used for school, church, amusement in Orangeville. It now stands on the bench east of town. Here, as in Fountain Green, Father was chorister. We used to hitch the team to the running gears with boards for seats and take Father to town to choir practice. That outfit rattled enough so you could hear it for 40 miles. The road ran all over the hills, winding down to town. We'd have to wait until after practice to take him home again. Father's sight was falling him rapidly then and Mother spent many an evening teaching him the songs. She would read the words and then they would sing a verse at a time, repeating it until he had learned it well. Father was chorister of the Orangeville ward for many years, practically all the time he lived there.

We had both a family band and a family choir, Sa. R. leading the band and of course Father the choir. I remember especially how beautifully he and Jane Cox used to sing "Star of the Evening".

Some of the members of the first choir in Orangeville were: Samuel Jewkes, Sr. director, Samuel R. Jewkes, Alma G. Jewkes, Orson Miles, S. H. Cox, James Woodward, Jane R. Cox, Hattie Reid, Mary E. Guymon, Polly J. Guymon, Melissa Jewkes, Susannah Jewkes. There was for a long time no instrument, Father using a tuning fork and practicing each part by note.

we usually had a good band and orchestra in Orangeville, and our family was always connected with it first under the leadership of Sam R. His first band, and also the first orchestra, was practically a family affair, but later others joined. He directed the band and Juvenile Choir, which he organized until the time of his death. After he was killed Jens Nelson was appointed band leader.

My brother Ben and George Tatton for years prepared and drove the town band wagon. The day before a celebration they got the very best looking horses in town, curried them until they shone, decorated them and the wagon in gala array, ready for the band to mount at sunrise.

In the old log town house I began playing my cornet in the orchestra. Sam R. played his cornet and bass viol, Wm. Johnson played his piccolo, his father Robert Johnson the violin. As far as the band was concerned I played in it from the time it was started until it died out. Our orchestra played for fees, ranging from ten dollars each to nothing. We played free for many occasions such as missionary farewells and financing of ward and town.

Father had bought an organ and I used to haul it back and forth from one home to the other each time we moved and he had either the conference or organists I said him

one dollar each time out of my own pocket. That shows how d--- soft I was in the head. I said I helped make our living (that refers to my own family) by playing. It's a wonder we existed as long as we did, but my Father raised me up on the saying that "what is worth doing at all is worth doing well". Our ten dollar fee was when we came all the way to Helper for the "Fireman's Ball" each March 17th, on St. Patrick's Day. This took a day to go over and another to return. Sometimes we'd stay on another day to play for another dance. We'd drag all day with a horse and buggy. It makes me tired now to think of it. We even brought the organ to Helper, Price and Cleveland for dances.

The very first Dance ever held at Orangeville was held in one of the log cabins at the Jewkes mill, the music being furnished by Bill Simms and George Marley, who came from Moroni. I think they played a banjo and a violin. It was so crowded you could hardly see, but they nearly danced their heels off. I was too young to join in the fun. This dance was held during that first terribly cold winter. It was one of the first dances in Castle Valley and was before Orangeville was settled, so could not really be called an Orangeville dance.

For years I directed the Orangeville band. We would practice as a rule on Thursday night. My theory was to teach the band members to go home quietly without disturbing everyone with their "tooting." All were taught to keep their instruments clean and bright, especially before a holiday. We did not practice the night before we played so as to have our lips in the best possible condition. The band always was on hand when needed and the "Star Spangled Banner" our first number on national holidays. It was our custom to play at Castle Dale as well as Orangeville. As time rolled on I tried very hard to keep the band together until it became too discouraging. So many members had drifted away that it became impossible with only a fraction of the necessary instruments. Every 4th and 24th of July the band serenaded both Orangeville and Castle Dale, beginning at sunrise. It was, I believe, the life of the celebration.

I spent many pleasant hours with the band as well as many hours of hard work and worry. Although often times unpleasant incidents occurred due to the lack of members, yet I believe the public appreciated our efforts.

In the old log house John K. Reid, Jane Cox, Sam R. and others put on some rather heavy plays such as "The Lost Ship", "Ten Nights in a Bar Room", "Jack Long", "The Rose of Eric's Vale", "The Lonely Man of the Ocean", and "Uncle Tom's Cabin". Later Jesse D., Wm. Andrew, Gard and Maggie R. Jewkes all took active parts in dramatics, but I leave them to tell their own story.

Gavin Jack painted the curtain for the new amusement hall. It represented "Ben Hur's Chariot Race"---a beautiful curtain. He also did the decoration of the hall and all the scenery.

The Johnson-Jewkes orchestra was always in attendance at the theatricals, playing before the first act and between scenes.

Here is a list of most of the orchestra and band members other than those already mentioned: Rob Johnson, George Fullmer, Tom Fullmer, Theodore Housekeeper, Alma G. Jewkes, Jesse D. Jewkes, Arthur Van Buren, George W. Snow, J. Benny Jewkes, Will Johnson, Bert Hadfield, Marinus Peterson, Harry Evens, John I. Evans, Al Johnson, Wm. A. Jewkes, Cheyne Van Buren, Clyde Van Buren, Henry M. Reid, Chester Van Buren, George Snow Sr., George Snow, Jr., Arnold Snow, Glen Snow, Leonard Snow, Spencer Snow, Sam Johnson, Louis Johnson, Clarence Johnson, John T. Reid, Ed Robertson, Elbert Fox, LeRoy Thayne, Fred Reid, Ruth Fox, Earl Snow, Arnold Snow, Ervin Jewkes, Jennie Jewkes Peacock, Edgar Jewkes, Russel Snow, Wm. A. Jewkes played his Father's (Sam R.) rotary cornet.

One of the first dances after Harry Evans joined the orchestra, we were paid in produce, that being the way the dancers had paid their tickets. Tickets consisted of squash, potatoes, chickens, pigs, etc., it being a benefit dance. Harry received a little pig for his pay. He took it on a horse after the dance and started for his home in Castle Dale. He got down by the old Twin City Creamery when the pig got away, so he and his dance fee were soon parted. Harry used to say "Jee, sound your hay". (A)

Many special requests were made at the dances. Some I especially remember were: By Jasper Robertson a request for "Oh Say Mr. Brown" a waltz. Robert Logan always asked for the "Trolley Hopsy", Andrew Anderson for the "Seven Step Schottich" and George Fullmer and John Snow for the "Masurka".

We always did a lot of singing and among special numbers that I recall are: John K. Reid often sang "Gentility" Henry M. Reid Amanda Tuttle, S. H. Cox, Hattie Reid and Jean Cox used to sing "Belshazzar", "When You and I were Young Maggie", "Row, Row, Row Your Boat". Will Ashcraft sang "Over the Garden Wall" and "Oh Dem Golden Slippers".

Fannie Moffitt Fox and I sang a duet at the first jubilee held at the Bowery in Orangeville when I was about twelve years old. We sang, "Fawn Footed Nanny". I was wearing a pair of new shoes made by "m. Ostler of Naphi, with buckles as big as George Washington's. I thought every one was slinking at my new buckles. A little later I sang "Maggie and Barney" with Rilla Guyman in the old log school house.

Some family singers and their songs, as recalled by my son Benny and me:

- Grandfather, Samuel Jewkes--
- Orson Miles--
- Alma G. Jewkes--
- Samuel R. Jewkes
- Lorana S. Jewkes--
- Irvin Jewkes--
- Jesse D. Jewkes--
- Mary E. (Polly) Guyman--
- J. Frank Killian--
- Mary Adams Jewkes--
- Polly Sorenson--
- Joseph H. Jewkes--
- Jennie Jewkes Peacock
- Jesse D. and Minnie Jewkes--
- Minnie--
- Mrs. "m. Jewkes (Aunt Stell)--
- Luduan Jewkes--
- Calvin and Ora Jewkes--
- Deloss Jewkes--
- John K. Reid--
- B. F. Jewkes--
- Reid Family--

My Father, Samuel Jewkes, was the first judge of Emery County. He had to sit on a case soon after his appointment by the governor. Although he received this appointment, he was never very enthusiastic about politics.

We made a tunnel extending from the turbine wheel to carry the water back to the river. It was covered with cedar logs and boughs then surfaced for a road. We had a bridge twelve feet above the water.

Once Aunt Sophie was returning from Huntington Creek where she had been doctoring the sick. (I think it was a diphtheria case). "m. Rowell, the driver, put on his brake while driving over the ice covered bridge, causing the team, wagon, and all to roll over into the river. We were killing pigs at a corral when the accident occurred and seeing the trouble, rushed over, expecting to find them seriously hurt or killed. Aunt Sophie was wrapped in quilts and was consequently pinned but was not hurt. Maudie Miles (Davis) had ridden around the dugway with her grandmother. She was thrown free from the wagon down into the river. She rose, shaking her hands and screaming. "I know I'm killed". However, like the rest, she escaped injury. The only casualty was a horse that was hurt quite badly by striking a timber that protruded from the bottom of the wash.

Father always wore the English model "Barn-door pants". They had a big and were fastened with three of four buttons on each side with no opening in front. I mention this because they were so different from those we now wear.

One morning Sam R. was putting lumber on the head blocks to square it up. He had the lumber piled up ready to make a line. He pressed the lever which turned on the power and started the saw, not knowing that his little son, Sam was lying "belly boots" across the belt. It was just underneath the belt, but could do nothing to prevent the accident, as it happened so suddenly. As soon as the water was turned on Sam R. noticed the boy, but too late to prevent his being hurled through the air for about forty feet. He landed in an excavation over which we had intended to build the mill. Sa. R. ran and picked up his son whose head was washed flat like two hands pressed together. He immediately administered to him then carried him about two hundred yards to their home. Suzannah met them and they were able to detect slight breathing. In three days, without medical attention, he was walking around completely healed through the power of the priesthood and the faith of his parents.

The last two yokes of cattle that Father owned Uncle Ben sold to Charley Swasey for a team--John and Doll. John had been broken as a saddle pony having been used in the corral to rope calves and as a pack horse. He had saddle marks on each side

of his weathers from having been packed so much. He was a noted puller both by saddle and wagon and he had more sense than lots of men. He had carried mail from Oak Springs to Wilsonville. Wilsonville was about three miles southeast of Castle Dale and for years was a mail station. The Emery County mail came via Sevier County, Oak Springs being about ten miles southwest of Emery between Ivy Creek and Quichenmpar. From Wilsonville it was carried to Greenriver, across Buckhorn Flat and down Cottonwood wash.

Old John weighed only a thousand pounds but in the Price Camp Grounds one day he cut-pulled a team, each of which weighed as much as he. Whenever anyone wanted a good horse it was "Go get Old John". He fed him well with plenty of grain and he was always willing and ready.

When he was old he was a privileged character. He knew when the grass would be nice on Trail Mountain. He'd come up missing in the field but we would always find out that he was up there grazing. He would go up by himself and return when the grass got dry in the fall. Usually he would show up in the middle of the grain patch or alfalfa field. No one knew how he got in there but he knew well enough.

He was the family horse and almost the town horse. Everybody loved him. Although I never remember seeing Father either drive or ride a horse in his life he used to say, "If I am alive when Old John passes away I am going to build him a coffin and see that he has a respectful burial." Old John outlived Father and came to a sad end at Mud Springs on Trail Mountain where he had evidently gone for a drink. With his old crippled legs he was unable to pull himself out. So there, on his old stomping ground, he fell over and died, being nearly thirty years of age. All the lumber that is in the house in which I live today was pulled by Old John and Doll.

At the time of Sam R's death Charley Stilson rode from the old water power mill in Joe's Valley to Orangeville and back again for medicine. He overtook me about halfway down Cottonwood Canyon and told me about the accident. Of course I could do no good by going back to the mill, so I continued on to Orangeville. Returning to the mill the next day. As I rode along I recalled that that morning when I loaded my lumber Sam said "Jode, tell Father that I'm sending him these 2x4's because I know he needs them". I remembered our lives together and how he used to tease me by singing to the accompaniment of his bass viol, "Jode, Jode, Pudding and Pie, Killed the Girls and Made Them Cry". We unhocked Old Doll, replacing her with his horse which was quite tired because of his having ridden so fast. He made the trip of about fifty miles in two and one half hours, having changed horses with me again on his return.

My brother-in-law, Orson Miles and Sam R. were rolling logs over the pile in order to get a bill of lumber for a man who needed a certain length. Someone attracted Sam's attention on just as he had his hand spike in such a position that as the log rolled it dropped onto his spike pushing it into his abdomen and seriously injuring his intestines. The men at the mill attempted to bring him home by placing him on a bed arranged on boards on the running gears. They tried to make the bed "Springy" for his comfort, but after riding for about a quarter of a mile he said "I can't stand it. You'll have to take me back to the mill." They returned to a little frame house near the mill. Many trips were made up and down the mountains for medicines, and supplies. His wife was taken up and many friends and relatives came up to see him, among whom were: John K. Reid, Andrew Anderson, Johnnie Wakefield, Jasper Robertson, and other prominent men.

The decision was made that we must get a doctor. Since there was none in Emery County my brother Ben F. and Ned Olsen (a great friend of ours, Deloit's father) started over the mountain to find one in as dark a night as you could imagine. They had to feel their way over the trail. Arriving in Spring City they found a doctor who returned with Ned to the sawmill. Ben went on to Fountain Green to let Sam R's wife's parents know. They and Ben arrived at the mill about an hour after their son-in-law had passed away, the doctor having been unable to help him. He died three days after the accident suffering intensely.

Driving down to Orangeville that night were many wagons with men on horses, holding lanterns to light the way. They arrived home in the middle of the night. At his funeral, he being the juvenile choir leader, that group sang: "When Shall we Meet Thee, Dear Savior Above." The services were beautiful, all the music and speaking being very good. It was said to be the largest funeral ever held in Emery Stake up to that time. People came from all over the State. He was the first adult buried in the Orangeville cemetery. Aunt Amelia was there when Sam R. died.

A similar incident occurred in our family again when our son Floyd was killed. It was in June of 1931. Fred Hall, Vilda's husband and Floyd were working in the timber about three miles from the dekes sawmill located in Little Creek Canyon, west

of the head of Straight Canyon. They took the ir teams up with them that morning and began felling trees. A tree was ready to fall just as the noon whistle blew. They remarked about how hungry they were and how good food would taste. Fred wanted to eat then, but Floyd said, "Oh, let's finish it now and then go and have dinner." The tree was in a bad place but they thought they had a way figured out to fell it without danger. When it started to fall each had decided on a safe position at Floyd apparently became confused and ran in the opposite direction than he had planned. The tree hit another one and Floyd may have been afraid of being caught by that one. At any rate, he ran right down by the side of the falling tree. He fell and Fred thought he had slipped but when he did not get up he ran to him, finding him unconscious. His hat split open, his head smashed badly. Fred dug him down to a little scream, leaned him against a tree and tried to give him a drink. It was useless so he raced to the mill for help. The men could hear him calling and ran to meet him, all hurrying back to Floyd. They brought him down to the mill on the running gears of his wagon. Carl Wesley drove his car down to the ranger station and called Dr. Nixon. They loaded Floyd into the car and started for Orangeville meeting the doctor on the way, but he could do nothing for Floyd. He said he had been unconscious from the time he had been struck. Floyd lived until just as they were crossing the bridge at the head of Straight Canyon.

None of us in Orangeville knew anything about it until Ole Sitterud came to talk with me where I was working in my garden. After chatting a minute he said, "I thought I had better come and tell you about Floyd. It seems to me you have a right to know." I replied, "Floyd, what about him? I should think I would have a right to know." "Well," he said, "he has been hurt." "Bad?" I asked, "I'm afraid so" said Sitterud. I then suggested getting the doctor, but he told me the doctor had already been called. I immediately told Will Hancock and we started for the mill. Up by Joe Sitterud's ranch we met Dr. Nixon, when he saw who we were he stopped and came over to our car and told us that my boy was dead.

Della and Jennie were at a meeting when they heard about it and by that time the men were almost home with Floyd. Before any of us saw him Mr. Wallace of Price had prepared him for burial. It was a great shock to Della and all of us, in fact to the entire community.

SIMILARITIES BETWEEN SAM R. AND FLOYD'S DEATHS:

Both he and Sam R. were killed near a sawmill owned by Jewkes'. The first, a water power mill owned by Sam R., the second a steam mill owned by his sons. The two mills were situated only about ten miles apart. Sam R. was very musically inclined and so was Floyd who sang bass in quartets and in choir and was learning to play the trombone. They were about the same age when killed, 35 years old. Both left small children and both were with their brothers-in-law at the time of the fatal accidents. They were killed side by side in the Orangeville cemetery. Both were strong, healthy men and hard workers. Floyd had one of the strongest and best built bodies that had ever been examined by Dr. Nixon, as he remarked at the funeral. I spent a few days with Sam R. but Floyd never smoked or dissipated. The children of Sam R. and his wife Suzanne Swarnsen were; Mary, Sam R. Jr., Mr. Art Alma Edgar, Winnie and Ervin. Floyd's and Della Reid Jewkes' were Beth and Shirley.

Della and Floyd had just returned from a trip to the Manhi temple and were as usual happy together. He says he never spoke a cross word to either of their little girls. She told about how he kissed her goodby that last morning before going to the mill. The two of them called at my home the evening before as they were returning from church and from ward teaching. I suggested that he stay home and not go to the mill at that time, but he wanted to go so I did not insist. That was the last time I ever saw him alive. Della has raised two lovely daughters and Beth is now married to Ray Hastings and they have a fine baby boy, Brent.

BEN'S STORY: Just a day or two before his death, Floyd came here to Price and we had a long brotherly visit together. We discussed so many things, it has often seemed to me since that my brother wanted to tell me about everything; so that it would be taken care of as if he had a premonition of coming disaster. Floyd was a real worker. He never loafed a day in his life. He mentioned some money he had to pay me then he asked my advice about getting an insurance lapse. I said, "No, Floyd. I won't take the money. You do it some way or that insurance." The next day he and Della paid it and shortly after that he was in the land help to the mill.

THE NEWSPAPER STORY:

At the time of the tragedy one April 12, 1900 a newspaper reporter from the city of Denver and one Sitterud left Orangeville to go out for Lake City. They started in with their putting them on when they returned they saw the bodies of the men. They

the summit toward Mt. Pleasant, wearing snowshoes for about fifteen miles. They had out little trouble except that Brother Sitterud was the only one experienced in wearing them. They left the snowshoes on the Sanpete side of the mountain so as to use them again on their return.

After attending conference they began the trip home, changing to snow shoes when necessary. A big snow storm and blizzard came up after they had crossed the summit and had begun to descend Bacon Rhine Ridge on the east side of the mountain. They could hardly see their way and Bishop Robertson and Sam R. began having trouble with their snowshoes, finally breaking one of them. Brother Sitterud would break trail then go back to help first one then the other, repairing the snowshoes the best he could. It became necessary to tighten the straps or cords that held them and this resulted in poor circulation. This trouble continued all day long. About 10 PM they reached a log cabin built by my father-in-law, Amasa Scovill near the old water power mill site. Upon arriving there they tore up the floor and Indian fashion built a fire in the middle of the room. It was then discovered that both Sam R. and Bishop Robertson had frozen their feet. Brother Sitterud carried snow in and rubbed their feet with it. About sunrise the next morning he started on snow shoes for Orangeville to get help, not knowing whether or not he would ever reach there. He followed the same route they had taken and arrived home Sunday at 4 P.M. just as meeting was letting out. He told about their predicament and immediately a posse of men including Henry M. Reid, S. P. Snow, Robert Logan, Abraham Hatch, James Alma Guymon, Orson Miles, Benjamin F. Jewkes, John C. Snow, Al G. Jewkes, Ezariah Tuttle, Horton Tuttle, Wm. H. Jewkes, Sr., J. C. Woodward and Brother Sitterud started to the rescue. They rode in a wagon until they reached the deep snow then they took turfs riding Uncle Al Guymon's "Old Prince" to break a path. In this way they reached the cabin at sunrise the next morning. When Sam R. and the Bishop heard the sound of human voices after twenty four hours alone and without food you can imagine how they felt. After eating and getting warm the men built two sleighs, one for each injured man. These two sufferers had at least kept warm during Brother Sitterud's absence as he had piled plenty of wood near them, but of course they could not stand heat on their frozen feet. The men pulled them on the sleighs across Moe's Valley and up Joe's Valley Canyon, a distance of about ten miles, the horse being hitched on occasionally to relieve them. Along the way the sleds tipped over a time or two but nothing serious happened. They reached Orangeville Monday night and it was found necessary to amputate some of Bishop Robertson's toes. Sam R. recovered completely with no trouble other than much suffering for a while. For several years an annual celebration was held in Orangeville to commemorate their safe arrival. The cabin where they had stayed was within a few rods of where Sam R. was later killed.

My brother Will H. was the main cattle driver in logging for Father's mill in Fountain Green. He was a great timber man, working for years in Clear Creek, Scofield, and the Park north of Price, after coming to Castle Valley. One time he and Ole Sitterud, Thomas Fullmer, and Johnny Curtis "Took possession" of the narrow gauge railroad track there being no road up Price Canyon at the time. They "borrowed" a shed car that was standing idly by the track, lifted their wagon onto it, then hitched a horse to the car and went merrily up toward Kyune. Johnny went ahead on old Trick to signal his pals if a train were coming. When they came to a bridge, where of course there was no footing for the horse they swam him across Price River which was in high water and continued up the canyon. They had just reached their destination and pulled the hand car off the track when Johnny signaled that the train was coming. Later they returned the hand car to the place it had been, having taken their belongings safely to camp.

They lost their horses up there and Brother Sitterud, always a joker, went out to hunt them. He went down the railroad track, flagged the train and asked the engineer if he had seen their horses. The engineer's reply would not do to put down in writing.

Another time Uncle Will ran out of chewing tobacco and he became so cross that again Sitterud flagged a train and asked the engineer if he had any chewing tobacco. It wasn't the same engineer or no doubt he would have shot Ole.

After Father's sight failed my brother Al and Art Miles took charge of the mill, with the exception of a short period when Ole Sorensen, Wm. and Ike Black, their families all being millers, were hired by Father to run it. Wm. Black had sandy hair and wore it in braids like the Indians. The Blacks came to Castle Valley from Orderville.

This mill was finally given up and a cooperative roller mill was built in town, both Father and Al having shares in it. Al ran this roller mill for a long time.

It was built by Al, J. Wellington Seely, and several other men. Later Bishop John Taylor, his father Byron Taylor, and his brother George Taylor bought the cooperative interest and took charge of it. After the mill ran down the machinery was sold to

Blacks at Blanding, San Juan County.

Al and others laid out the Orangeville cemetery and started the waterworks. In fact, he was always a leader in the community and was connected with almost every civic enterprise developed in the town. He made the first attempt at building a cistern for the purpose of piping water into his home. Others becoming interested, it became a community affair. He was always exceptionally active in ward and priesthood work. The church authorities never asked anything of him that he did not willingly do.

Jesse D. was always anxious to get an education and he worked in every conceivable way to get one. As a young man he herded sheep for thirty dollars a month in order to get money to attend the S.Y.U. at Provo. Later he taught school for eleven years. He was elected Treasurer of Emery County which office he held two terms, then he was sent to the State Capital, first as State Auditor and then as Treasurer. He was very active in music and dramatics. Anything of an intellectual character attracted him. He has at all times been an outstanding citizen of Orangeville.

I remember that Minnie rode with me to Spring Glen the day before she and Jesse were married. He had taught there that winter and it was the last day of school. The next day they went to Salt Lake City to be married in the temple. Jesse D. and I, being so nearly the same age, were always pals.

I have purposely mentioned both Al and Jesse only incidentally as we hope they will write their own stories in this book.

Most of our life story hitches up to water power mill work. Grandfather Amasa Scovill, my wife's father, and Wm. Reynolds, both carpenters by trade, lived at Mt. Pleasant. They used to walk from their homes over the mountain to the water power mill at the foot of Bacon Bend Ridge. They built the first flume, pen stock, frame work, and water wheel of the first mill operated above Castle Valley. They also built a canal and reservoir in order to bring water to the mill. They built the first log cabin, the one that proved a haven to Sam R. Bishop Robertson, and Ole Stetterud, on their almost fatal trip from Salt Lake City. This mill was built several years before any of the Jewkes family settled in this valley.

Scovill and Reynolds used an up and down saw and they used to say it went up and down once a day. Of course it did better than that, but it was slow. After the mill was in operation Grandfather Scovill moved his family over the mountain to the mill site. His daughter, Lorana Ann, later my wife, used to take care of the mill while he went up to the house for his meals. She would move the head block when necessary so as to continue the sawing during his absence. I think the lumber was at first taken over the mountain to the Mt. Pleasant planing mill.

Later this became the Jewkes mill but new equipment was installed, including a modern circle saw, to replace the old up and down saw, and a ratchet which eliminated a lot of work. This mill was capable of sawing 5000 feet of lumber a day, many times more than the old Scovill mill sawed.

Lorana Ann's mother, Ann Gledhill Scovill, a sister to Thomas Gledhill of Sevier County, died when Lorana was two weeks old. She was raised by Aunt Sarah, her father's second wife. Aunt Sarah used to make her wear a sort of net to hold her hair up, it being very long and heavy, so long that she could sit on it. She felt very badly about this as she wanted to arrange it more attractively.

When she was about twelve years old the family moved down to Castle Valley by ox team. She blocked the wagon and helped with the driving all the long way across Sheep Flat, over Bally Mountain, into Upper Joe's Valley, thence up Joe's Valley Canyon and down Cottonwood.

Their first home in Orangeville was a little "lean-to" built of lumber from the old water power mill with one window and a door, located a few rods south of where Morris Peacock lives today. Later they brought a lot in the East part of town, where he moved the "lean-to" and used it as a shop. At that time I remember that Lorana wore her hair done up with a large bow of ribbon on top. She kept company with a lot of boys before she went with me. She was a lovely singer and had been to Ferron to sing at a celebration when "Visionary Andrew", a married man, decided he wanted her. I was going with her then. He came to Uncle Al's home where she stayed and, shaking like a leaf, told her that he had had a vision that she should marry him. Then he visited Grandfather Scovill and told him about it. Grandfather listened then said, "I had a vision too. In my vision you weren't to have her."

I was working up at Joe's Valley, logging for the old water power mill when Al and Melie came up on a trip to celebrate the twenty-fourth of July. They brought Lorana Ann with them, to see me, I guess. Anyhow, the mill hands and loggers always had a lot of good times up there and they got to teasing us. Brigham Moffitt said, "Now, if you two want to get married, I'm the justice of the Peace and I'll marry you for nothing." That sounded all right, so acting on this suggestion, we rode by team down to Orangeville. Arriving there, we found that our pals Charley Stilson and my niece, Mary Jewkes, Sam R.'s daughter, were also planning on getting married. We decided on a double wedding. The dew was set for July 30 but in the morning there was

So, arrangements were made for the wedding to Sam R.'s home. A long table seating about fifty couples with a bride and groom at each end was set up at the East side of the house. Brigham Moffitt performed the ceremony for first one couple then the others located on the lot where the present chapel stands. The school building which was by Noah T. Guymon who moved it on to his farm.

When I talked with my mother about being married she was agreeable, thinking very well of Larana, but she warned me about the responsibility I would have to shoulder. Lorana's father also was agreeable, as well as mine, and, in fact, all concerned. Neither of us ever regretted it a minute.

We lived with my brother Al for a month or so then with my parents for a short while. Later we got the lot and a house where Frank Killian now lives. It had two rooms with a shanty on the west side. There most of our children were born. I didn't remember much that happened before our first baby Joseph Benjamin was born, but plenty happened when he came, about ten in the morning of Sept. 9, 1888. As if that event weren't enough, our neighbors to the west had a baby boy, Wilford Stevens, dog named Primmy. She gave birth to pups that afternoon. Across the street South our neighbor's cow had a calf. It looked like everything was coming our way.

My wife suffered with her breasts and Bertie suffered with hunger. As an expedient Aunt Sophie placed a little pup to Lorana's breast until Bertie was able to take a turn. Young husband as I was, I thought that if all babies had to have such trouble I was afraid this would be our last.

The next April we three, with Aunt Clara's baby tender went to the Manti Temple. We rode in a covered wagon, drawn by a team of horses, and went by way of Salina Canyon. At Manti we stayed at the home of Wm. T. Reid, father of Henry M. Reid. We were sealed April 12, 1890.

In Salina, all through the night of April 13, a terribly cold wind blew and we had difficulty keeping our seven month's old baby warm. It was almost impossible to keep the wagon cover tied down.

On our return we traveled with Johnny Parry. He was loaded with grain. We stopped our wagon just behind his when we camped at Mayfield. In the morning my team refused to go forward, and in their backing broke the neck yoke. When it was fixed, we continued our journey. Gene Fox rode home with us.

On the night of July 24th the next year, I played my cornet for a dance and upon reaching home afterward I learned that I had to make a rush trip to the mill for Aunt Sophie. I made that four miles in a hurry. Jenny, our first daughter was born that night, July 25, 1890.

The next child born to us was Mary Blanch, who arrived May 15, 1894. Ida Taylor Van Buren worked for us and Aunt Sophie, as usual, took care of my wife and baby. She acted as midwife when all our babies were born, as well as for hundreds of others, both in Fountain Green and Castle Valley.

Vila was born November 23, 1897, Amasa Floyd March 2, 1899, Rueben Samuel December 23, 1903, Ina October 20, 1902, and Dortha June 30, 1907.

During this time my labors consisted mainly of making canals, hauling lumber, etc., doing whatever jobs I could with the team to make a living. I don't remember ever having one hundred dollars at once all the time we were raising our family. I never considered that my wife married me for my money. If she did she made a great mistake because I did not have much then and haven't had much since, but no family could have been happier. I never remember of our being without enough to eat and wear. If we ever were down completely my credit was always good.

Up until most of my children were born I had only five acres of my own, this piece of land was west of Orangeville and I sowed it to alfalfa. After getting this patch of Lucerne started I went to work on the railroad near Grand River when the narrow gauge track was changed to wide gauge. This was in the summer of 1899.

My father died in August, 1900 at the age of 77 and is buried in the Orangeville cemetery by the side of his wives Mary and Sophia. He looked unusually fine in his casket. Mother remarked that his skin looked like wax. Of course there was no embalming done in those days.

My wife Larana Ann passed away October 14, 1920. She had been a great sufferer because of sick headaches. She was very fleshy when she died, weighing 250 lbs. She weighed only 90 lbs. when Benny was born. She was ever a faithful wife and mother, devoted to her home. Her husband and children always came first.

Jennie was married to William Peacock Jr. in the Salt Lake Temple. She was the mother of two fine sons, Morris and Max. She died July 11, 1933 and her husband, who later married Maysie Moffitt died Jan. 24, 1939. We all missed her, especially her beautiful singing.

Vila married Fred Wm. Fall at Orangeville. Her children are Glad, Taught and Larana. Glad married Leland Davis and their little son is named Paul. Vila passed away in young womanhood also, leaving her two girls and her son to the care of their father. She was a clever conversationalist.

too, had a beautiful voice. I am mighty proud of my grandchildren.

Rubeen married Ida Black. They have three children, Mona Lee, Rayona, and Liddell. Rube and Ida are real homemakers, thrifty and industrious. Rube has played his violin for public gatherings and in the orchestra since he was just a youngster. He made himself a violin out of a cigar box when he was nine years old. He could play tunes on it.

Ina has been handicapped by being hard of hearing but she has developed a very artistic touch in all kinds of handwork. She does beautiful sewing, crocheting, and embroidering. No one can beat her as a cook. Dortha often remarks about her cream biscuits. Her preserves and jellies are perfect in my estimation.

Dortha, the youngest in the family has assumed the responsibility of most of the home management since her mother passed away and for years also clerked in Peacock's store. (She has given her father the best of care and has often told me how much he means to her. M.E.J.) Her work as Beekeeper in the Orangeville M.I.A. was outstanding. She was married on Sept. 4, 1943 at Benny's home here in Price to Carlyle Jones, President Frank Killian performing the ceremony. She is the mother of one son of her own, Kelly Carlyle, and of three children of Carlyle by a former marriage, Lila Belle, Pete and Ronald.

In January 1906 I was called to the bishopric of the Orangeville ward as second counselor to Bishop Henry M. Reid with Uriah E. Curtis as first counselor. I held this office for fifteen years. Anthony W. Ivins at one time came to visit our ward and examine the records. When he came to the fast offerings he said "About what is the average per capita of fast offerings in your ward?" I replied "I don't know". He said, "well, I can tell you, it is just three cents." I could hardly believe that.

When called as bishop's counselor, Stake President Reuben Miller asked if I kept the word of wisdom. I told him no, I drank a little tea and coffee. He asked why. I told him I couldn't get my meals down without it. He said "Don't you think you can quit?" I replied, "I guess I can", "well", he said, "if it kills you Brother Jewkes, I'll pay all your funeral expenses and see that you get buried."

A TRIBUTE TO BISHOP REID:

I always felt Bishop Reid was very lenient with my negligence in failing to perform some of my duties. I had the greatest respect for him because he was sincere, firm, yet able to humble himself if proven wrong. He was staunch in standing by the right when he knew it to be right. He was very influential. In introducing me to anyone, he'd say, "Meet Brother Jewkes, I don't think he has an enemy on earth". My reply, "Oh, no. I have enemies, but I have a lot of friends too."

Brother U. E. Curtis had great ability in teaching and expounding the gospel, being exceptionally intelligent and an outstanding speaker.

After Brother Curtis, S.P. Snow was made first counselor. He and Bishop Reid were boys together in Mantel, and having worked together all their lives, were very congenial in the bishopric. Everyone felt that Brother Snow was a splendid worker in that capacity, as well as a leading citizen of the community.

I recall now a few items and incidents that might be well to record here.

The cradle in which all my children were rocked and part of Bennies, was made by B. T. Riggs out of native lumber and built in box style. It had been used for his family also. The rockers were worn flat when it was taken down to Clara Ware's. Later Brother Higgs wrote for it as a relic, but we were unable to find it.

My mother, Mary Adams Jewkes, always had great difficulty eating without choking. Her esophagus was exceptionally small. I used to worry as she grew older every time she ate for fear she would choke. When she was past ninety a bit of food lodged in her esophagus and for days she could neither eat or drink. Seeing that she was starving to death, we decided to risk having the food removed. Dr. Rose inserted a tube that enclosed some sort of instrument and worked the food loose, or whatever it was that was blocking the passage. You never saw anyone so pleased as mother when she was able to eat and drink again. She wasn't the only one either. We were all relieved.

James Alma Guyman married my sister Mary Eliza (Aunt Polly) when she was but fifteen years old. Previously he had been married to Orpha Ann Miles, who died when her son Milton was born. Polly raised him as well as a large family of her own. James Art, Rhoda, Sophronia, Nellie, Orpha, Jessie, Ethel, Elmer, Essie and Maggie. Her husband moved into Vastle Valley from Fountain Green about the time that Father did, and helped the pioneering of Orangeville. He bought a little log house just east of the mill, across the creek in a grove of cottonwoods. Here Polly's first child James Art, was born. Across the creek in a dugout Orpha Miles Peacock, my sister Jane's girl, was born about the same time. Later they moved into town, residing in the house where Bryant Jewkes now lives.

Polly was one of the best souls that ever lived. Everyone loved her as she was always willing and ready to lend a helping hand, night or day to rich or poor. Her husband was also well respected, a successful farmer and supervisor of the Jewkes thresher.

My brother Wm. H., my brother-in-law Alma G. Guymon, and Art Miles moved their families into the San Louis Valley in Colorado when it was being opened up. Will and Art moved their families back to Castle Valley after about three years, but Al remained there, where some of his children still live. After leasing a large productive ranch for several years, A. G. Guymon decided to buy it. In later years he returned to Orangeville, then went back to Colorado, where he died.

While in Colorado, Polly's health failed. In addition to raising her own family, she cared for the little son of a neighbor whose wife had died. With all the work required of her she was finally forced to ease up so she came back to Orangeville.

Jane was similar in disposition to Polly and like her was ever willing to help a neighbor or anyone in need. Taking pleasure in doing good to others, she thereby won their love and respect. Polly had a most excellent soprano voice. I very well remember her solos, her active work in the choir and in quartets. She sang beautifully at many funerals as well as celebrations.

At the time they used to run the old bur mill above Orangeville, Uncle Al and Uncle Art used to take turns working nights. One night they did not keep the mill open. Uncle Art who lived nearby, was awakened at midnight by a knock. Aunt Jane asked, "Who's there?" A voice replied, "Wm. H. Angel." Uncle Art said, "Jane the angel has come." He got up and took care of Mr. Angel's grist. Just as they were dozing again, another knock was heard. This time a voice said in answer to their question, "It is Mr. Lord." Uncle Art chuckled, "Jane, the Lord's come now so I'll have to get up and take care of him."

In December, 1879 I was traveling from Sanpete to Carbon County, down Soldier's Canyon to where Wellington now stands. Here we camped and lost our horses. At that time, there were no buildings, no roads, etc. in that vicinity. We had to pick our way to Huntington the next day. In our company were my Father, Al and I, Noah T. Guymon and his sons John, Will and Owen. After searching for our lost horses we found them and proceeded on toward what is now Huntington. There was a piercing wind all day long, blowing so hard that it constantly blew rocks in our faces.

Albert Guymon, Aunt Melie's oldest brother, had a dugout where Huntington was later settled. He gave us hot bread and milk. It was the best food we straved and frozen fellows ever tasted. I can taste it now. The men had ridden in covered wagons but we boys had driven sheep all the way. This was the coldest day ever recorded and was generally known as "Cold Friday".

classical as well as popular music was a great factor in building up culture in Castle Valley.

It 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.

Before closing this story, I just want to add a word of praise and appreciation for Dortha, my youngest daughter, for her loving care and attention to me. Although she is kept very busy with her own growing family and home to care for, she always has time and consideration for Father and his needs. She is a remarkable person and her efforts are appreciated by everyone. (

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GRANDMOTHER JEWKES'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 cobbler's 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 pouter. 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 split, 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 cobbler's stall
Should go to act like two puppies."

Miss Fogadie's Christmas Cake

(A song)

As I sat at my window, last evening, the letter man came unto me
with a little gilt edged invitation. "Galmy, 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 prunes and cherries, and citron and raisins and cinnamon too.
Nutmeg, cloves and berries, and the curst it was nailed on with glue.
There was caraway seeds in abundance. Sure "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 jaw.

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.

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 B. 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 to 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, "Byge, 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 time 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'd 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 mouth," 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 homopathic 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, 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

(Benny J.)

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 dishpan over his head but the hail pelted him so hard that he came back in saying, "Go hell with the turkeys." And it was just that for them. Practically all were killed.

I often stayed all night with Sam and Art. 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 line Uncle Art nearly fell or 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 Savina 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. He 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 glisonites. 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 loaded the sleds, we got ahead. We 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 Haven 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 leads. In order to show out Fathers that we weren't ~~stays~~, 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", "e 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 row 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 so 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 contained my new gloves that 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.

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 Orangerville 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---" (stranger language than he usually used).

At the time of the construction of the Green River 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 Salaratus 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 Orangerville 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 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 sand dunes until reaching the main highway, when we soon arrived safely in Orangerville. 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. Her father in the spring her mother was taken ill, so she had to return home. I brought her

(Benny)

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 Sewter 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, "here are you?" I replied, "In Sigurd." She said, "hat? 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." His 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 havin, 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 Guyman 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. "Linder", 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 dug the floor, while standing there laughing at our ridiculous appearance a man came in and said, "Are you Brother Jewkes and Brother Huntsman?" He told him we were and he said, "Don't you know you are holding up the whole company?" We went in

(Benny)

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 "rapped 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 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 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, Castl. 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.

Monday 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, Garryt 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. 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

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 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 Paussets 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 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 \$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 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 thrombosis 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 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 caused 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)
- Son of Joyce and Orin killed in the Pacific in World War II
- Maggie Jackson, all
- Sam Mulliner-Fern's brother-in-law
- Thomas E. and Lyde (Eliza Jane) Shaw Jackson
- Dorana Ann S. Jewkes
- Howard Bern Jackson Jewkes
- Margd Jewkes
- Jennie Jewkes Peacock and her husband, Wm. Peacock
- Vila Jewkes Fall
- Ervin Jewkes
- Lee Jewkes

Emery County Officials - County Commissioner

- | | |
|-------------------|--|
| O.R. Gillispie, | Died since I was Emery Co. Clerk |
| E. E. Adams | Wm. Peacock, County Clerk |
| Peter Rasnussen | Bert Moffitt |
| Heber Leonard | " " |
| Andrew Nelson | Louis Guymon, County Treasurer |
| Rasmus Johnson | Lee Howard, Sheriff |
| Henry Ottestrom | Robert Howard, County Attorney |
| Peter Christensen | Peter E. Johnson, State Representative |
| " " | Peter Talbot, County Recorder |
| " " | Wm. Arnold, County Road Supervisor |
| Joe Potter | Mart Jensen |

Carbon County Officials

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

State Officials

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

Friends

Allford Stevens	Ed Robertson
Devore Childs	Bernard Cox
Onezime F. Allen	Asahel Scovill
Albert Allen	Verry Cox
Royal Reid	Frank Utterstrom
Robert Reid	Robert Davis
Terrance Reid	Lute Childs
Ed Reid	O. J. Anderson
Will Reid	Mrs. In Oveson
Johnny Reid	Mrs. Wm. Marshall
Eda Anderson Larsor	Maudie Davis
Hulga Anderson	May Reid Lamphlaw
Orvill Thomas	Florence Patton
Lincoln Marshall)	Mr. O. J. (Italia) Anderson
Ernest Branch)	O. J. Anderson
	Club members

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 Mantl. He lived here until his death, being exceptionally active in music. Both he and his wife are buried in the Orangerille cemetery. I played with him for forty years or more. We began to play together in the old log school house for dances and dramatics--the violin and I the Bb 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 beautifully. They were "ettle Wakefield, By Moffitt and Maggie Peterson. The boys played the piccolo, 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 special 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 Lerry of Mantl 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 Lerry 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 Cassia Valley during the winter of 1911-12.

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(Benny)

play for farces. He 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 JEWKES'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 cobbler's 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 'OGADIES CHRISTMAS CAKE (A Song)

As I sat at my window last evening, the letter man came unto me
"With a little gilt edged invitation, "Mingy, come over to tea".
So I knew that the Fogadles sent it, and I went for old Friendship's sake.
The first thing they gave me to tackle, was a piece of Miss Fogadle's cake.
(Chorus)
They was plums and prunes 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 Fogadles 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 spalpeen is all burnt to a cinder
And bu's are quite thick in this smother' in place.

-0-

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

-11-
(Benny)

lady-love's window and serenade her, usually she opened her window to enjoy his singing, ordinarily accompanied by guitar.)

---00---

As sure as comes your wedding day
A broom to you I'll send.
In sunshine use the bushy part,
And in storm the other end.

---00---

Before closing this story, I just want to add a word of praise and appreciation for Dortha, my youngest Daughter, for her loving care and attention to me. Although she is kept very busy with her own growing family and home to care for, she always has time & consideration for her Father and his needs. She is a remarkable person and her efforts are appreciated by everyone. (J. H. J.)

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