PERSONAL HISTORY OF
ARMOND BURIAH JOHNSON

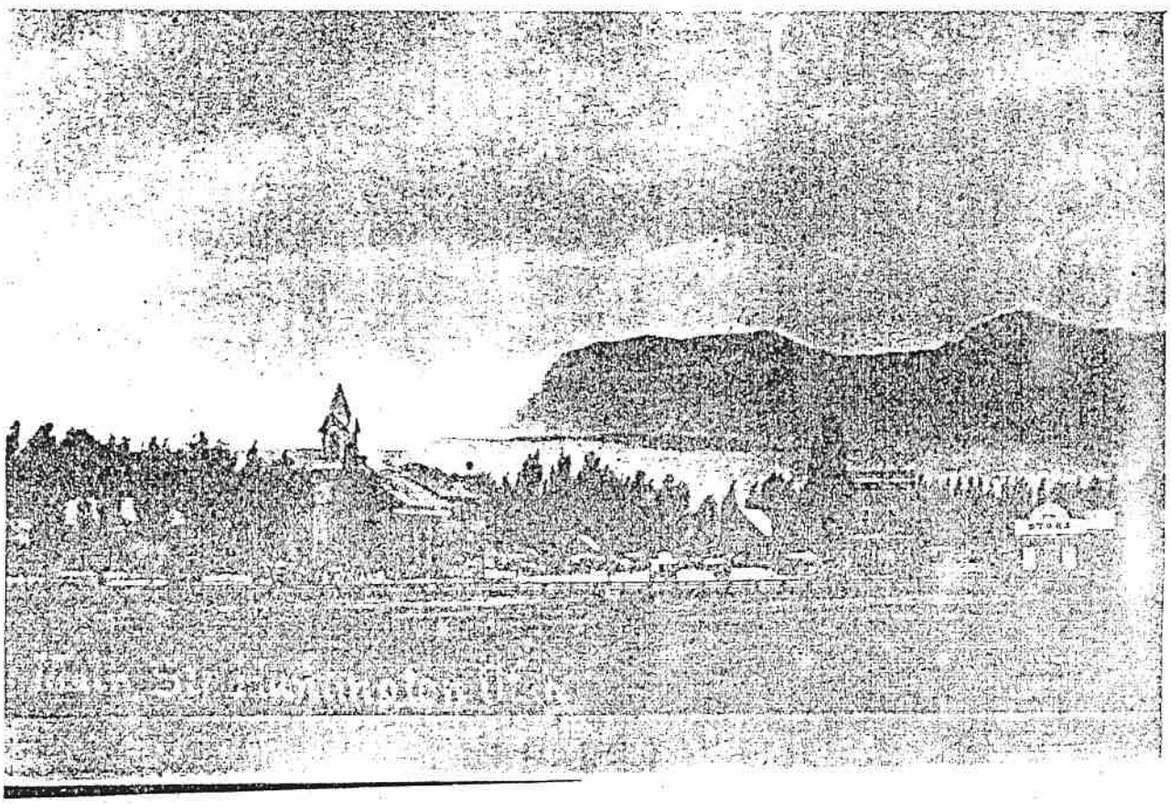
I was born in Huntington, Emery County, Utah...On July 10th 1909, to Alice Allen and Joseph Buriah Johnson.

My father was born in Fountain Green, Sanpete Co. His parents moved to Huntington when he was two years old. They lived down in the bottom end of town untill the townsite was laid out. At which time the Bishop assigned each family a lot, and a share of farming ground. Dad's family was given a lot on main street, going out of town to the south.

Mother was born in Kanab, her family moved to Huntington when she was a very young girl. Her father was a shoemaker, he also did some farming and fright hauling. It was while hauling gilsonite over from the reservation, down Soldier Canyon to Price, that his wagon hit a rock, threw him off and over the edge of the canyon, and he was killed. Mother was about eight years old at the time.

After Mom and Dad were married they bought an adobe house three blocks west of main. It had one big room about 16 x 16 feet with a lean-to on behind for the kitchen. Most of the houses in town at that time were made from adobe, mainly because people were able to make their own. It took the right mixture of Blue-slate, Clay, Alkali and Sand. This was mixed togeather, put into molds, about 2 x 4 inches, lined with sand, when they hardened they were dumped out and let dry for about two weeks.

Dad hauled freight from Price to Huntington. Grandad Johnson ran a store on main where he sold Stuebaker wagons and White Top Buggies.



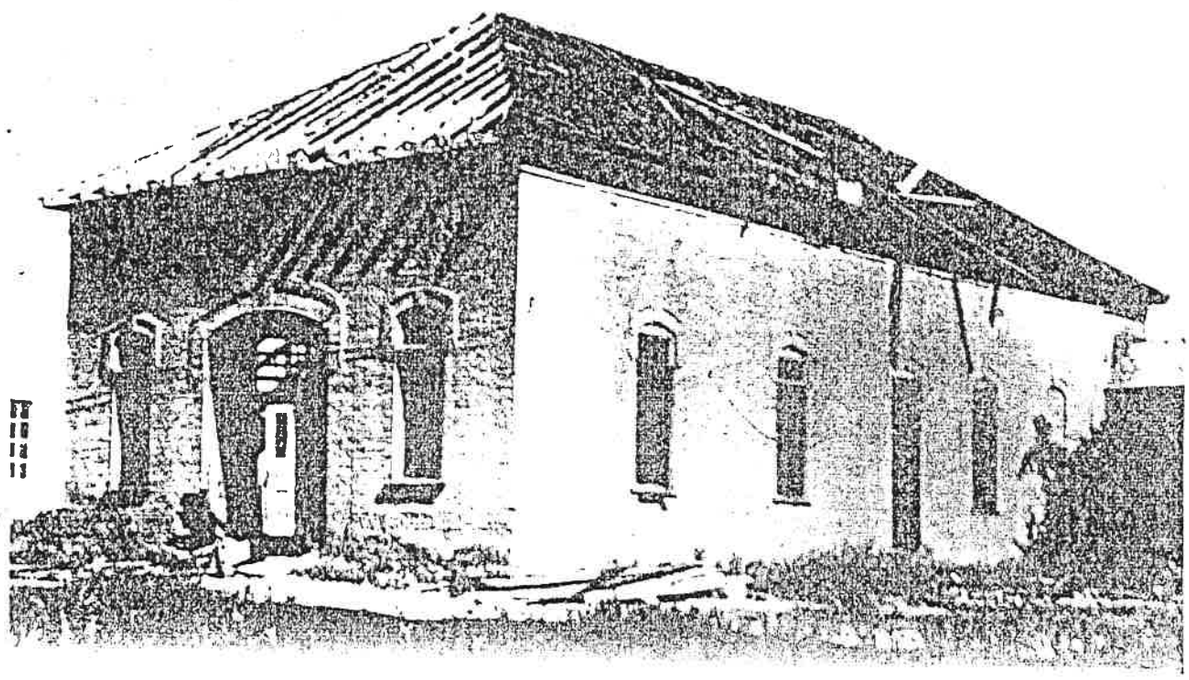
Dad would go to Price and buy new wagons and buggies which he would tie together one behind another---three deep--- and bring them back to

I was abour nine years old when the flu epidemic of 1918 hit the county. Dad was working as assistant town marshall at this time. And it was the custom to put a red flag on the g te of the people who were sick so people would know not to go in. I remember Dad had to work the night shift, as they were not allowing anyone to stop in town. If anyone came they were asked to move on through. It was also his job to see that the sick families had what food and medicine they needed. Our family was very lucky, even tho Dad was out all the time none of us come down with the flu. But there were quite a few people who died at that time.

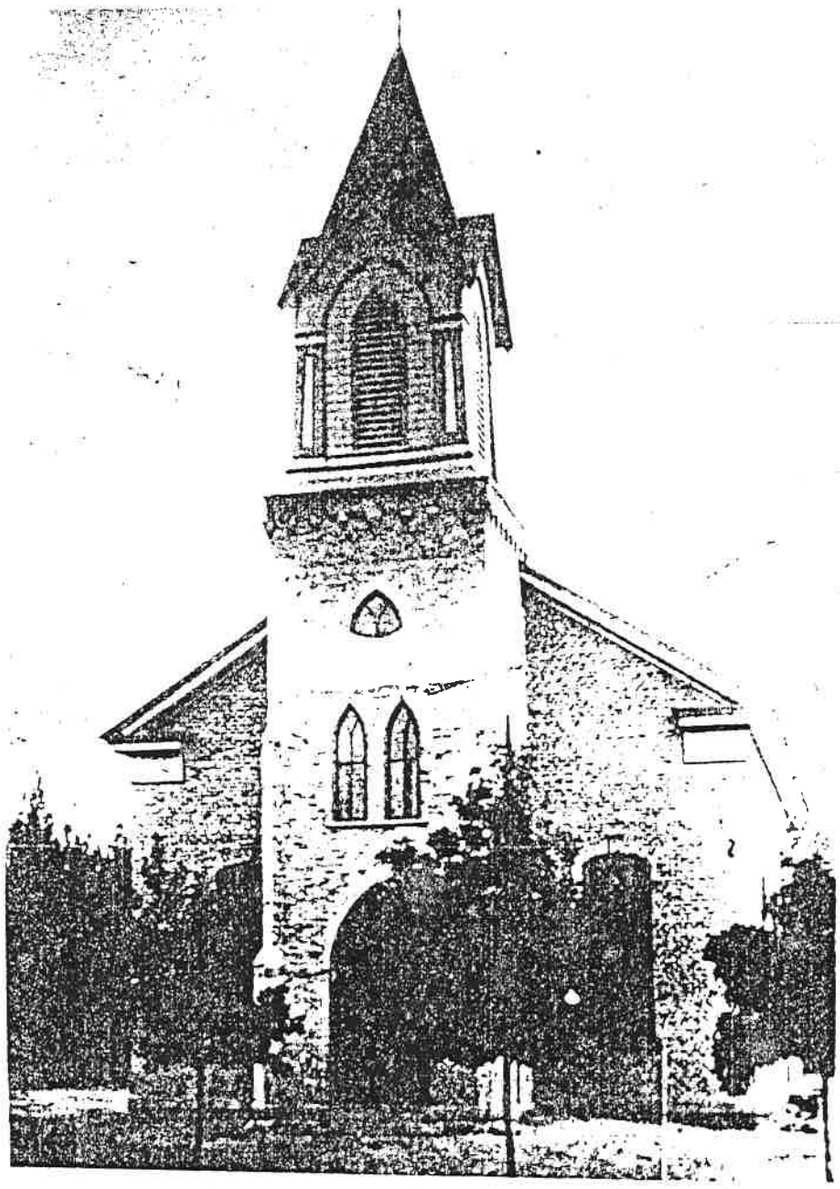
When I was ten or eleven I went with Dad up on the mountain to give out grazing certificates. It was his job to contact all the sheep herds from Sanpete County, and make sure they had a certificate to graze their sheep in Emery County, if not he sold them one. This way they paid taxes for the amount of time they were in the county. (This picture was taken at the camp site from here werode out to the Candlen and back through Scad-Vally untill we found all the sheep herds. Dad is on the left I am in the center and the sheepherder is on the right.

We each had a riding horse and 1 pack horse. We rode up through Huntington Canyon untill we got to Mill Fork. (Marshall's had a saw mill there at this time, there was also a Coal Mine operating in this canyon at that time) We would go up through Mill Fork and ride over past horse canyon and camp where the Millers Flat Reservoir is now located. After we had located all the sheep in this area we would pack up and head out. We would go down through Collinsville (this was a small mining town which is now under Electric Lake) From here we went up Castle Valley Ridge to Nuckwooderd. We spent a few days on the Gentry, then we went down through Morhland, spend a day there and then on home. This trip usually took us about two weeks.

The school burned down when I was in the Fifth grade, so we had to go to school in the Relief Society building untill the new school was



I helped on the threshing machines. Grandad had two teams of horses we used to haul coal out of the meeting House Mine. They called it Meeting House Mine because it was the canyon where they got the timber to build the old meeting house.



This coal cost us $2.50 a ton and we would haul it to town and sell it to the town people for $5.00 a ton. Or on a Saturday we would take our trusty old ax and go up in the cedars above town and get a load of Cedar or Pine which we could sell for $5.00 a load.

One summer (about 1925) Dad got a contract to help build the road up Huntington Canyon. This was contracted out in ten sections. These sections were let out to different people. Our section was from the forks up to Gearys Bridge. The next section was from the bridge to nuckwooderd. Then from there to Old Folks Flat, then to Mill Canyon, and to Flood Canyon and so on up to where they met the Sanpete read. The only equipment we had was scrapers, friznels and plows.

Dad had three teams of Horses. Eldred used one, I used one and Dad used the other. We put in a summer of real hard work. After we got our section done we helped to finish the 1 st section up by Collinsville.

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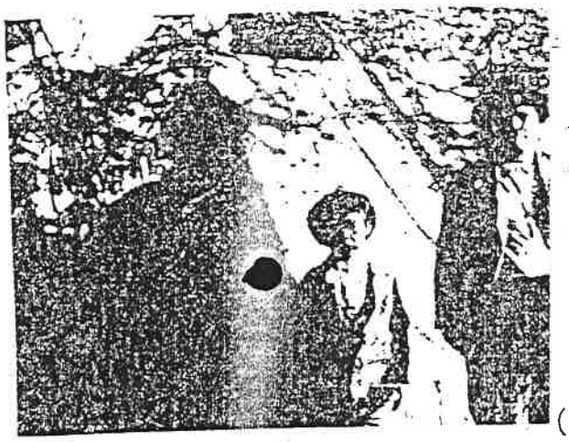

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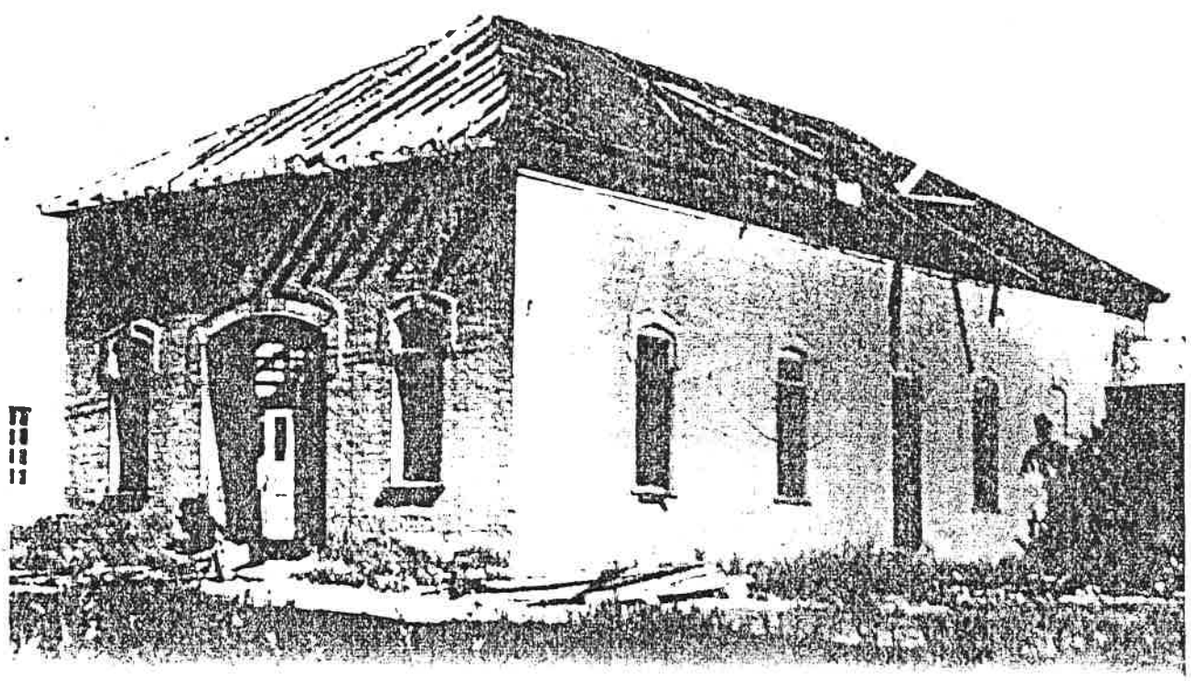


real big ones I had to drill a hole in the center as deep as 5 or 6 feet. One day I had planted the powder under a rock near camp and it had rolled off the road pretty as ever, so thinking I had it all figured our I tried another, well this baby shot 50 feet in the air and came down all over camp. Needless to say I took an unexpected trip to town for supplies before the guys came back to camp. There was tents knocked down, beds with holes in, one guy even lost his false teeth he had in his grub box.

About the time I graduated from High School we had a fire in town. It was on New Years Eve. They had about three stoves in the show house trying to keep it warm, someone went in and stoked up the fires, It got to hot and set the showhouse on fire, before it was put out it had burned the showhouse, the Hotel, a confectionary, a rooming house and a drugstore. Of couse we didn't have a fire engine, It was all fought by bucket brigade.

This is just a picture of the type of buildings that were in town at that time, its easy to see why they could burn so quickl

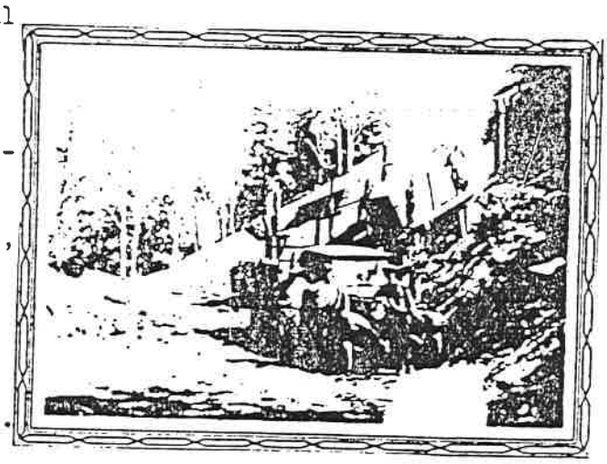
Blanch moved to Huntington when I was about in the 10th grade. and with Lavarda being her bast friend we were soon to get aquainted. Her Father moved here from Lehi. He bought a farm, a barber shop, a grocery store, and a pool hall.

We chased around with to kids to the shows on Saturday night.(cost us 10¢ a ticket) Or we would go to someones house and make candy.

Sometimes the snow got so deep we couldn't get near the water holes so we got an old tub and melted the snow for the horses to drink.

After we were finished at Woodside we would to out across the Price River and up towards Chimney Rock to a place called Joe's Hole there was usually water there. Our next stop was the Buckhorn Reservoir, from here we would cover the Cedar Mountain area and the Wedge. We were out riding the Wedge one day when the fog set in so thick we got lost and couldn't decide which way to go back to camp. We rode around and around till we found our tracks going out and followed them back. These trips usually took us about three weeks.

By this time we had saved enough money to buy a ford truck to haul the coal, we delivered coal to Ephriem, Mt Pleasant, Farview, and LaVan. I got my first drivers license in about 1933. Dad insisted I get a chauffeurs license which had to be renewed every year, It was ten or twelve years before I went back and got another one. You could get a Grandaddy license then, they were good for ten years. Butno matter how hard we tried we couldn't make it in the mine so we leased it out and moved back to town.



Webought the Riley place in November of 1936, it was just a block up from main. DeCarma was born there and it was at this time that I went to work for American Fuel. I worked there for two winters, then I worked for Byron Howard for a couple of years. He had a coal mine up where the Huntington Power Plant is now located.

In 1941 we bought the farm west of town and Danny was born April 16, 43 That was when I went to work out to Horse Canyon, I worked there for a couple of years, but it was to far to drive so I quit there and got a job at Hiawathia.

We moved to the farm in the spring of 1943 into the old house that was there. We started our new home while on vacation and moved in right after New Years. Claudia was born there in 1947.

I worked at Hiawa thia for 29 years. When I first went to work there I ran the drill. We had to drill back in the face and shoot the coal down. We had to tunnel back about five or six hundred feet---drill holes---and dynamite the top down. It was about 25 feet high, It was while I was running the drill that I got my face cut.

After that I ran the loader for years, this was a machine that had two big rotating arms that reached out and acooped the coal into the cars. The operator stood by the side and operated the controlls.

In 1955 a large lump of coal fell on me and broke by hip and