

Ernest Floyd Jorgensen

I, Ernest Floyd Jorgensen was born Jan. 3, 1901 at the Jorgensen farm about seven miles south east of Castle Dale. I was born in the log house that remains standing; the tenth child in a family of twelve children---five boys and seven girls.

My parents, John S. Jorgensen and Lena Winkler were pioneers to Emery County. They were born in Denmark and Switzerland. They came to America as small children with their parents who had joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latterday Saints. They had left their homes and suffered many hardships on the way. One child of my grandparents died and was buried somewhere in Nebraska. My grandparents settled in Mt. Pleasant, Utah. My parents grew up there and became acquainted.

My father John S. Jorgensen was with the first caravan to come over the mountain to Castle Dale from Mt. Pleasant. There were five wagons drawn by oxen and he was one of the drivers. They started out of Milburn, Sanpete County, going up Dry canyon then south to Horseshoe Mountain through Millers Flat, Scad valley and Joe's valley canyon into Cottonwood canyon thence into Castle Valley in November.

One day on the way over they were caught in a rain storm; all their bedding was soaked and they danced in the mud around the campfire all night. John decided to make a dried apple pie. He had heard the ladies talk of nice short dough. He cut his dough short with a knife, washed the apples and put them between two crusts. No sign of moisture was added. He baked the pie to a delicate brown and removed from the oven a perfect rattle box.

John later went back, but in 1879 he went through to Price river just east of the present city of Price, built a small ditch and took water out of the creek, planted grain but it did not amount to much. He remained to look after affairs but, tired of roughing it decided to give up the project, so a few days before Christmas he loaded all the flour he had on hand, saddled up his horse, which was a good one and started for home. There was about six inches of snow in the valley when he left. Going via Soldier canyon, west of Price, thence through to Soldier Summit, he found more than a foot of snow in the mountains but a trail partly open. As he neared the Summit, it began to snow. Had he been a few hours later he would have never made it. Before he reached the first ranch in Spanish Fork canyon, the snow was about to his knees and he had to help his horse in breaking trail. When he camped for the night, he was wet to the arn pits and almost as worn our as the horse. The sacks of cakes he had baked before leaving came in handy. He divided them with the horse. This is all the feed there was. He reached home in Mr. Pleasant and his sweetheart the day after Christmas. In place of the journey taking a couple of days or so as he had planned, it took almost a week. He was young and strong, otherwise he may have lost his life.

John and Lena were married in Mt. Pleasant in July 1882. They received their endowments September 21, 1882. They went to Burrville, Sevier, Utah to make a home. Their three oldest children were born there, John U., George E., and Mary Gertrude. After trying very hard to make a living for their family, they decided the land and climate was too harsh and they returned to Mr. Pleasant and remained for a time. Anna Cleo and Carol Beatrice were born there.

Pioneers had been called to settle in Emery County so Father came over the mountains and bought the ranch or farm from a man who had homesteaded it. He brought his family to Emery County and they settled down to make a living and a home for his loved ones in this desert country.

Father could do many things besides farming. He engineered a ditch from the Cottonwood Creek---five miles---around the steep hillsides and over gullies and washes to bring the precious water to the farm so he could grow food for his family and feed for the animals.

He planted alfalfa, grain, an orchard, and potawatimi plums, etc. and anything that would grow and make a good living and variety for his family.

Father and Mother always raised a wonderful garden. Mother always had chickens, turkeys, and pigs to help feed their growing family of twelve children; John U., George E., Gertrude, Cleo, Carol, Geneve, Florence, Lester, Vern, Floyd, Esther, and Lucile, who came late in their family and was a favorite of everyone.

Father planted cottonwood and poplar trees around the house to shelter it from the scorching sun. He said he had planted 12, one for each of the children. Most of the cottonwoods are still alive and huge but the poplars have gradually died and only two or three have survived.

I had very white, tender skin and my mother was afraid that I would get sunburned in the terribly hot sun so she made me a bonnet and had me wear it when I went outside. My older brothers, especially Les used to tease me about wearing it.

I had typhoid Fever when I was very small and was so sick. The only thing that helped the misery was to be held by Mother while she rubbed my stomach. I had all the other childhood diseases, whooping cough, chicken pox, and mumps.

We used to herd the cow herd of Red Durham, on the grassy hills by the ranch. We had to keep the cows off the hay and grain and then bring them home at night to milk them and feed the calves. We milked the cows that gave lots of milk and Mother churned the butter and sold the extra to help with the family finances. The neighbor boys figured out what days mother churned and they would be over there to drink buttermilk till their bellies stuck way out here. We used to drink a lot of buttermilk. She used to make cottage cheese and cheeses to by hanging up a sack and then whey would drip out, leaving a brick of cheese inside.

We slept outside during the summer on straw ticks and moved to town in the winter. We ate beef and mutton---we ate mutton during the hot months because we could eat it before it spoiled, and in the winter we hung a beef outside the house, and we would chip a hunk off it whenever we needed some. Then of course we had fresh milk and eggs every morning and night. Mother would make clabber from the milk she didn't put in the cooler---set it in big flat pans on shelves in the pantry and we ate that all the time with a little sugar on it.

During the summer we rigged up a cooler by stretching two layers of burlap over a frame, and then we would put a barrel on top that leaked water, and it would run down the sides and keep the food inside cool.

Mother and the younger kids would move to town before Father and the boys did---so the boys had to ride horses to school and back each day.

One time, when Vern and I were teenagers, the folks took the horses and wagon and the girls to Fish Lake for an outing. Vern and I were left home to take care of the farm and the animals.

One morning after we had milked the cows, we were separating the milk and I was holding the strainer while Vern poured the milk. Suddenly, I passed out and when I became conscious, again, I was down on the floor and the milk was trickling down my neck.

Another trick, we tried when we milked the cows and a cow kicked over the bucket and spilt the milk, we would take enough water out of the ditch to fill the bucket. We didn't fool Mother very long as she found sand in the bottom of the bucket.

One time a group of teenagers decided to get some apples from a tree that grew in the back yard next to the COAST TO COAST store. The owner of the apple tree appeared and all the boys made a hasty retreat. There was a picket fence around the lot and as I attempted to make my get-away-my foot caught between the pickets and I fell---breaking by left ankle.

The Dr. set it and much pain I could use it again but it hadn't been set properly and it caused my leg to be 1 1/2 inches shorter than my right leg. It has caused me problems all my life, in walking.

Father had bought the Wilsonville farm. He took the logs from the house in Wilsonville, on the old Spanish Trail that went by. The house had contained the first post office that served the ranchers who lived on Huntington, Cottonwood, and Ferron Creeks. He brought the logs to Castle Dale and made a two-story house just south of my present home. He also, planted the poplar trees that still grow and shade our lawns and house, today. He must have enjoyed nature and seemed to have a green thumb for he planted peach trees, too, that thrived many years.

Mother planted lilacs and flowers that still live on our yard.

We lived on the hill for many years, then Father took the logs from the house down to the Jorgensen farm and built the walls higher on the cabin, using some of the sturdy logs and we added a new roof. There was a large fireplace made of rocks on the east side of the cabin, in the front room.

The rest of the logs were used to build a granary, harness and tool shed and a chicken coop. The granary still stands and the original logs are used in various places on the farm.

I learned to whistle while I was very young by using my tongue and teeth and spent many hours whistling while herding the cows. This helped me when I grew older and had a sheep herd. The sheep dogs responded to my whistle and the motions of my arms and saved me many steps.

When we were herding the sheep we didn't move our tents every day, not in the mountains at least. Out on the winter range we usually just found somewhere that had plenty of room, they we stayed for maybe a week. Coming in from down there on the Colorado river country, coming in from the spring range, and going out to the winter range we would move everyday. We took the packs off of the horses at noon; but didn't put the tent up at noon unless it was stormy or something. The tents weren't easy to put up, and we never had any help with the ones we had.

I pert near lost my kitchen and everything in a big canal one time. The mules and horses could go down a sloping place where they could drink. The mule went down and it was slick, he slid right down into the canal and he was just a'floating away. Just his head and his pack were sticking out of the water. I got me a branch off from a tree that had a limb on the big end of it that made a hook. I reached out and got a hold of him, I also had a lariat tied on to the branch and dragged him down the stream a ways so that I could get a hold of him. He was just floating down. The pack was getting heavier as it got wetter. I finally rescued the mule and my kitchen.

I had some unique experiences while in the mountains herding sheep. One night, I had "dressed out" a mutton and hung it on a tree by the camp. Then, I took my bedding and went across the canyon to sleep near the sheep. The coyotes had been getting into the herd and killing several lambs. The next morning, when I returned to camp and went to get the mutton to put away, I found tracks of a large bear and it had torn the bottom of the mutton sack and taken the entire mutton and left me an empty sack without a bottom.

We took the sheep to Colorado three different times; sometimes walking them most of the way. One time we walked them to Monte Rose and shipped them from there. When we went to the Uncampogre I walked them home from there. It took almost fifteen days to go out and a little longer to return them home.

When we were on the Uncompagre Mountain, I went riding and exploring an old gold mine, not too distant from our camp. I found some bright shiny lumps and I thought it might be gold but it was "fools gold". That was my first experience with gold and my dreams of being rich were dashed again.

The summer we had the sheep on Crystal Creek, my family had gone home to Utah and I had taken my bed out near the sheep because a bear had been taking a lamb nearly every night. This moonlight night I had gone to sleep when all of a sudden I was awakened by the sheep running by me on both sides. I raised up to see what had frightened them and there---in front of me was a large bear, coming straight toward me. I grabbed my gun, (lately it had been sticking) but with a prayer in my heart I aimed at him and luckily hit him. It didn't kill it but the bear let out a grunt and staggered away and I sank to the bed. I never saw that bear again.

One evening, while we were camped with the sheep on Bear Mountain; I had dressed--out a mutton. It was nearly dark and as I went to untie my horse, Jenny, to return to camp, this gentle pony, for some strange reason, maybe, the smell of blood, kicked me on the knee so hard causing excruciating pain and I passed out sinking to the ground where my family who were near found me. Everyone was terrified as we were high in the mountains, no help, and no vehicle to take me to a doctor. Luckily, no bones were broken but I suffered and hobbled around with a bad leg for a time.

We had a shetland pony with us one summer in the mountains and Norma could ride most any horse. She got on this little one and started to ride but it was stubborn and wouldn't stop running down the mountain and she fell off and cut her head. Luckily, Lucile came to visit us in her car and arrived just in time to take Norma to Ephraim to the doctor and have her wound stitched and dressed.

When we were on Trough Spring Ridge in Huntington Canyon, I had gone to herd sheep by the West Camp when Bill Floyd's rupture strangulated. My wife couldn't get it to slip back in, so she carried the year-old baby up a steep mountain to the top, calling and

crying to me for help but she couldn't make me hear and couldn't go any farther, so she staggered down the trail carrying the baby to camp. She kept trying to get it back in place, the baby was crying all the time. We received a great blessing in this drastic situation as it finally sank back into place and Bill Floyd was all right when I returned to camp that night.

One evening in Colorado, my family and I were trying to get the sheep across a creek. Night came quickly in the mountains and the ewes refused to cross the stream. They had young lambs and we worked until we were all exhausted trying to move them. We, even tried carrying some lambs across the water, hoping their mothers would dash to their rescue but at midnight we finally gave up in despair and returned to camp to wait for daylight to cross them.

When we camped at the South Camp in Huntington Canyon, there was always a time early in the morning and evening, we could hear coyotes howling. There was a huge rock just off the trail where the coyotes had their pups each year. One time Floyd brought four coyote pups to our camp, the mother had been killed. The children were delighted with them. They were so cute that the boys begged to keep them which was impossible for they would have grown from adorable pups into vicious wild coyotes.

Sometimes, a serious occasion had its funny side. A group of cowboys, I was with them, were out on Huntington Creek in the early spring, gathering cows. One old cow had got stuck in the mud and couldn't move. She was poor and we had to help her if she was to survive. We dug her loose with shovels and pulled her with a rope tied to the saddle horn. We got her on her feet on to the bank of the creek and immediately she dashed after Clark Winters. He was scared and in his fright dashed across the creek and she went after him and got stuck in the mud again, and so it had to be done over. It was comical to see that muddy cow chase frightened Clark and we all had a good laugh but him.

When I had my family in the mountains, I always had the fear of losing one of them, and we nearly did. Once when Dee was with me I left him asleep in the tent. I went to look after the sheep and he woke up and wandered out trying to find me. I soon found his trail and had him safely back in camp.

We were camped in Bear Canyon and Valentine Ridge was across the river and canyon. That particular summer a family with young children lived at the mine on Valentine.

Their children and Norma and Dee used to play at each other's camp. One time, when our two were over to the mine, they stayed too late and it became dusk and soon dark and they had not come home. We were anxious and we kept calling to them, (sound travels far in the quiet of the mountains) but we received no answering shouts. We became frantic and started looking for them when suddenly we heard the miner at the coal mine below our camp shout, "They are down here." What a relief! I went dashing down the mountain trail in the dark, to get them. That was one of the few spankings I ever gave them but they always will remember how scared we all were and thankful to have them safe with us again.

We, also, lost these two when we lived at the farm and they were small. Norma and Dee had been playing outside in the summer sun and shade of the big cottonwoods

but soon they were gone and not a sight could we see nor sound could we hear. Nez called and looked everywhere around the corrals and in the trees but no kids. Vern and I had just come in from working in the fields and we got on our horses and started searching for them. I finally picked up their tracks in the deep dust of the road going up the old dugway to town. They were tired playing alone and Norma had decided to go to town to find other children to play with them. They were very happy to see me and get on the horse and ride back to the farm to Mother, water and food. We were so relieved that they were not hurt.

I always liked to read and draw pictures. I used to illustrate all my notebooks and scrap paper with horses and cows, etc. in many positions. This was a joy and a pastime for me when I herded sheep in the mountains and on the desert.

In the winter, the sheep were taken down to the desert below I-70. The herders from the different camps used to get together and play cards to help pass the long hours. Dorrall Jensen, who liked to draw, also, and I decorated the tent with the animal pictures. I have drawn many pictures and given them to many people who liked the horses in action. I, also did a few oil paintings and gave to my children but the sad part, now is that my hand shakes so badly and I can't draw anymore when I have the time to do it.

I met and married a school teacher who came to Castle Dale in 1923. We were married in the Logan Temple November 28, 1924 and have lived together in love and mostly harmony for more than fifty three years. Her name if Inez McNeil and our posterity is four living children, twins, a boy and a girl, died in infancy. There were 16 grand children, one special grandson died Nov. 6, 1977. Seven great grandchildren have joined the family and another is expected this summer.

I have had many experiences during my lifetime and making a living for my family. I tried coal mining but I didn't like it. We had been married only a short time and had two tiny children when the depression hit America and us. We really were poor and struggled through this period in our lives.

This was the end of his story that was written. This was written by mother in 1977.

MEMORIES OF DAD

By Phil

I spent many hours with my Dad on the farm and with the sheep. We worked long hours together and many times he started earlier and ended his day later. In the sheep camp, he would be up at day light to get the sheep headed the way he wanted them to go and then he would come back and get me out of bed for breakfast. During the middle of the day he would get a break when the herd was shaded up. Then it was back to them until dark and then we would have dinner.

His farm produced more and looked better than any other farm on Cottonwood Creek. When he had to do all the work with a team it was not nearly in the shape that it was after we got a tractor and could afford a little fertilizer.

I remember when I was quite young he was plowing the field just east of the house with a three horse team. The one horse that we called Kate would not pull, and was acting real badly. My Dad could swear up a storm when something went wrong and he was setting a record on old Kate. All at once he yelled out "I've got her on the wrong side." He switched her to the other side and she went right to work as if nothing had happened.

He cleaned miles of ditch with an old ditcher, that he could work magic with. First he pulled it with horses, then with the tractor. We kids drove the horses or the tractor, but never could work the ditcher like he could. He had a knack with equipment or building things. We were always adding on to the house, building coops or corrals, or making or repairing fences.

Every Morning when we drove to the farm he would sneeze all the way and he would about blast us out of the truck.

Before I was scout age he took us on several Easter outings to the Red Knoll and once down Rock Canyon just above Feno's cabin. Some of my best memories were when the Jorgensen family had their reunions in Huntington Canyon at Old Folks Flat or the Forks. We enjoyed the Aunts and Uncles as they made a big fuss over the kids. All the cousins had a good time playing together. It was a sizable group and there was a good deal of story telling that everyone enjoyed. I wish I could remember the stories.

I always looked forward to the selling of the lambs at Mounds. We would stay over night and could hear the trains going by. There just is no other sound that matches the sound of the steam engines in the night. We could play on the cars before they were loaded and it was pure fascination when they brought the steam engines onto the spur to hook up the cars. A couple of times on the way home we stopped and had lunch in a Chinese cafe in Price. In those days, for us, this was a big deal.

When I was a Scout/Deacon Dad hauled our patrol to Salt Lake. The first time must have been in 1946. We camped out on a lawn next to the old Deseret Gym. We saw the city, went to the fair grounds, and to Bingham Canyon. This was very special to me that Dad was willing to use his truck and to take the time for this. He was never the leader or involved in Church or Scouting functions, but did provide the transportation. The second time was for the 1947 Centennial days. We were in the Salt Lake area about two weeks as I remember. He hauled us into Camp Williams where we stayed for two days while thousands of Scouts learned to march sixteen abreast. I don't remember how we got from Camp Williams to Fort Douglas where we camped for the remaining time. I think we were hauled on school buses. Dad likely went home and then returned to haul us home. We went swimming in the Great Salt Lake, to the fair grounds where they had a double ferris wheel, to Lagoon, to the This is the Place Monument for it's dedication, etc.

I remember well when we got our first automobile, a little blue truck. Right after we got it Mom, Dad, Norma and Jim were out in the field working and Bill and I were at the house because we were too young to be of any help. We just had to experiment with that new truck. We got the engine running. Then we lifted the hood and found something to stand on so we could get a good look at the engine. We were both bent over the fender totally intent on what was going on under the hood and did not notice Dad coming up behind us. He gave us both a good whack on the back side and nearly scared us to death. I remember running away and hiding and sulking for the remainder of the day. But, I gave in at supper time.

He always cut our hair and I hated it because he was so particular and it seemed like I had to sit perfectly still for hours. When he was a young man he went to Salt Lake to study to be a barber, but never went into the business except on his kids.

I remember when he, By Johansen, and Merrill Johansen bought a grain combine. Dad said the cutter bar was so small that the first pass through the grain field looked like a jackrabbit track. He was a very witty person and came up with some very funny statements for many incidents, none of which I remember except the rabbit trail.

He was not one to let an accident interfere with the work at hand. He and I were at the ranch alone during lambing time. We had just set the water on a newly planted field and had come back to the shed where we had a gallon jug of water. He picked up the jug and took a big swig before he realized that it was the coal oil jug that he had grabbed. I have no idea how much he swallowed, but I never saw anyone that sick. He had diarrhea and vomiting all afternoon and into the night. I was sure he was going to die and I could not get him to go to town for help.

Another time we were getting ready to move the sheep from Mud Water to the summer range. He was packing a young mule that Uncle Les was trying out to see if he wanted to buy it. When Dad did up the cinch, the mule kicked up with a back foot and

broke Dad's finger. He had me straighten the finger out and put a splint on it. To this day, that finger kind of drops down at the first knuckle.

In 1952 after the big snows, we had the sheep on the very south end of the summer permit to start the grazing rotation. That year in July there was still so much snow that we had to shovel it out of the way to set- up camp at the south camp site. Much of the permit was still under snow. The Forest Ranger who seldom came around, showed up and gave Dad a chewing out for not having the sheep on the northern unit per the Ranger's rotation plan and that we must bed the sheep down in the "Canyons" and not out on top. I thought this was going to be a fight to end all fights, but to my surprise Dad calmly replied that would be fine. The Ranger left and Dad complimented his intelligence in words best left unwritten. He then said to me with a big grin, "No problem. He went away happy with himself and we'll not see hide nor hair of him again this summer and we will herd these sheep as we damn well please."

I loved his cooking when we were in the sheep camp. It always tasted so good and that is amazing because there was little if any variety. Fried lamb, fried potatoes, warmed canned vegetables, and sour dough biscuits.

For a time, he was a city councilman. In this capacity for several years he had the responsibility for the annual rodeos. He made some great improvements in the rodeo arena and I think he arranged for some of the best rodeos ever staged in Castle Dale.

ERNEST FLOYD JORGENSEN

Ernest Floyd Jorgensen was born January 3, 1901 in Castle Dale, Utah to John Smith Jorgensen and Lena Winkler. John Smith Jorgensen was on of the first settlers to come to the Castle Dale, area. Floyd was the tenth of twelve children born to this pioneer family. The family lived on a farm which was located seven miles south and east of Castle Dale. In the fall and spring the children would ride horses the seven miles to and from school. Floyd quit after the eighth grade so that he could work on the farm with his brothers Lester and Vern who were his best friends. After several years he went to Salt Lake City to attend barber school. He graduated, but said that he hated to cut hair and was too slow, so he returned to be near his family again.

In 1931 Floyd and his brother Les bought 800 head of sheep and a mountain grazing permit. The sheep needed a herder and it seemed that Floyd was always off herding them. For two summers Floyd took the yearling ewes to the high mountain country above Ouray, Colorado, near the Million Dollar Highway area. They trailed the sheep out and back, taking about three weeks to reach their destination. They would spend three months of the summer high above the timberline.

Whenever Floyd had a quiet moment he would pull out his pencil and pad or whatever paper he could find and start to sketch. Horses were his favorite subjects and he drew them in every shape, size and position imaginable. Floyd commented, when asked why he never drew a picture of a sheep, "I hated sheep and loved horses."

In 1958 he sold his sheep to his brother Les and bought cows and mountain permits. This allowed him to spend more time at home. He would sit in his chair and draw fascinating pictures. This was a time he really enjoyed. He had drawn pictures on many different things: trees in the mountains, toilet tissue, paper sacks, the walls of the tent, and now he was able to sit at home and draw on newsprint sketching paper a nd good sketching pads.

Floyd passed away at ninety years of age leaving a wonderful legacy for his family.

Floyd's family has over one hundred of his pictures and many of his friends in town have them also. We are proud to have some of his paintings to display in our Museum.