

Doris Mangum

Denny Mangum
7th period

I, Doris, was born 14 March 1935 to Joseph Andrew and Mary Johannah Allred Christiansen. I was the last child of a large family and my parents were in their middle age when I was born. Mother was 41 and Dad was 47. If they were ever disappointed or inconvenienced by my birth at this time in their lives they certainly never let me know it. On the contrary I always felt they loved me more than ever because they had more time to spend with me than they did with the other children. Mother and Dad were both widowed when they were still young Dad 31, Mom 25, Dad was left with four young children, Lareada, Jay, Melva, and LaVar. Mother was left with three, Mervin, Vivian, and Inez, so when they were married two years later they had seven children already. To them were born four more, Genevieve, Wayne, Theora and myself. By the time I arrived all of my older half brothers and sisters were married except Vivian, Inez, LaVar and Jay. All of these except LaVar were married by the time I was two years old. So the family had thinned down somewhat by then, but still, with all these older brothers and sisters I was pretty well pampered and I still am.

I was born at my parents home in Emery, Utah. My mothers Aunt Hulda Neilson, who was a midwife came all the way from Moab, Utah to deliver me and stayed about one month to help out with the family. Aunt Hulda was a great person with a wonderful sense of humor, we always had a lot of fun with her. Choosing a name for me was a challenge, Dad figures that with a last name as long as Christiansen we didn't need a middle name so he insisted the family settle on one name, so they finally decided on Doris, but there was one problem, the Williams family across the street had daughter named Doris so they sent Theora over to see if it was ok if they named the baby Doris. Doris Williams was thrilled to have the baby named after her but her sister Irene was jealous and wanted the baby named Doris Irene. Theora, being only five at the time told her that her daddy would not let the baby be named Irene, which kind of hurt her feelings, not knowing of course it was a middle name not the name Irene that he objected too.

Growing up in Emery in my time was a lot of fun, there were a lot of kid's and we done a lot of things. The kids in my corner of town would gather in the late afternoon to play games such as kick the can, hid and seek, run my sheep in the summer months. In the winter we had sleigh rides and snow ball fights and would go ice skating, or we would go to someones house and make candy and play Rook, (card game). As we got older the hide and seek games usually started out with a chicken roast over a bonfire, the chicken having first been pilfered from some bodies chicken coop. Also we like to gather at the park and play softball. The canal always offered adventure, ice skating in the winter if there was not too much snow, and swimming and tubing in the summer. We played tennis and roller skated at the tennis court. We usually ended up having a water fight before the evening was over.

My best friend in Elementary school was Chrystal Broderick we had a lot of fun together. I'm just going to relate a few of our adventures....The Primary would

always have a dance for the children on holidays and one Halloween we dressed up in our mothers dresses, stuffed them with pillows and put on our masks and went to the dance. We could hear all the officers and teachers asking each other what in the world May and Verd (our mothers) were doing trying to crash the primary Halloween party we got a big laugh out of it and surprised everyone when we unmasked.

In the summer we had to take our dads milk cows to the field to pasture everyday a boy our age, Durphin Jensen, who lived right exactly in the middle of us took his cows too so, we would leave every morning at the same time and meet on the corner at Durphin's house, he and I both had a horse to ride but Chrystal didn't. Durphin however had a tame cow that would let you ride it so as soon as we got out of sight of his house she would climb on his cow and we would all head to our fields together. Quite a show.

During World War II sugar was rationed so candy was just not available and we of course could not live without our candy and done everything we could think of to get it. If either of our folks were gone we would go to that house and make candy. We saw Genevieve drive up so we ran and hid the pan of candy in the pantry. Genevieve ran in and got the radio and said the war was over so we hurried up town to see what was going on. We ended up riding up the county in the back of Darwin Brinkerhoff's freight truck with about half the people in town. We forgot all about the candy, when we finally remembered it and had a chance to dig out the pan weeks later it was gone, I guess Mother had found it and cleaned it up.

One deer season Art Ditlevsen brought a bunch of guys from California to go deer hunting, everyone including Mom and Dad were on the mountain except me. All the cars were parked in the corral so Chrystal and I decided that was a good time to learn how to drive. We found one car that had the keys in it, we had no idea who it belonged to, somehow we got it out of the corral and headed up the road without wrecking it. However we had not reckoned on Leah (Marvin's wife) who lived up the road a block, being home and when she seen what was happening she headed down the street. When we seen her we jumped out of the car, leaving it in the middle of the road, and ran back to my house and hid upstairs in a closet. Leah got the car back in the corral and she never did find us, I can't imagine how we ever kept from giving our selves away with our giggling. I could write a book on our crazy, or maybe I should say stupid things we done together.

I went to high school in Ferron, Utah. My favorite subjects were English and Home Economics. My least favorite were Math and P.E. I also liked Chorus and had one of the lead parts in two high school operetta's and also in a couple of school plays, I even sang solo's in the operetta's. Also while in high school my best friends Ina Keele and Margaret Sorensen along with a couple of other girls from Ferron and my self were chosen to sing at the Tabernacle in Salt Lake City

with an acappella choir from all over the state a Mr. Knight from B.Y.U. was the director, it was an awesome experience to say the least. I graduated from high school in May of 1953 and that fall Ina and I went to Salt Lake to find work. We stayed at the Bee Hive House, which at that time let girls from out of town live there for a while until they could get a job and find a place to live. That was also a neat experience to be able to live in that beautiful old Mansion even for a few weeks, and the food was incredible. We both got a job at Woolworths which was within walking distance but it was not really that great of a job and we were both pretty immature so we quit and returned home after about a month. Ina went to visit her sister in Ohio and I went to work at Eldred's Café in Emery. By the next spring Margaret, who was year younger than us had graduated and Ina had returned home and met her future husband, Bill McElprang from Huntington, who was working in Salt Lake. He found us an apartment in the same building he lived in and we again moved to Salt Lake to find work. This time we found better jobs and were more mature and it worked out better for us.

One of the first things I remember when I was little was going with Mother on her rounds to visit. Grandpa and Grandma Allied lived one block east and one block south of us, Lillian Peacock one block east, Luella Jensen one block south, Mervin one block west, Addlaid Brinkerhoff one block west and one block north, Grandpa and Grandma Christiansen, Aunt Mary Anderson, and Lucinda Williams each lived just across the road in one direction or the other, and a least once a week she made it to each house to visit for a while, we always brought our hand work. I think I learned to crochet almost as soon as I learned to walk. This had been one of my favorite and most rewarding hobbies. I have won many ribbons at fairs for my crocheting. When I was very young my father worked for the State Road, maintaining the road from Salina to Fremont Junction and out the Fremont road, he used to live out there most of the time in a little cabin. We used to spend a lot of time out there with him in the summer. My sister Theora and I used to have a lot of fun playing on the big flat rock in back of the cabin, this had served as a dance floor and stage for many years for our older brothers and sisters.

When I was about five years old my sister Theora became very ill, she passed away when I was about 5 ½ years old. This was a very tragic time in my life, I loved my sister very much and her death left a void in my life that took many years to get over. Theora was a very special and choice spirit and she was missed greatly by all the family. Also about this time Dad lost his job with the State Road and started working for the county, running a road grader and maintaining county roads in and around Ferron and Emery. Mother and I would go and pick him up when he would end up out in the desert or out at Dog Valley coal mine or some other remote area at the end of the day and had to return the next day to continue work in that area. This was a lot of fun and I believe one of the things that saved Mothers sanity after Theora's death. Mother continued doing this up until Dad retired. A lot of times she had no idea where she was headed, just Dad's crude map or instructions to follow, but she always managed

to find him, no matter what kind of roads or weather she had. Mom's driving was always a standing joke among us kids, she would tackle any kind of road, mountain, desert, and a few of her own making in any kind of weather, any kind of car, and any number of kids and come hail or high water she made it to where ever she was going. Believe me it was an adventure you didn't forget if you were with her. She never took her drivers test so she drove all those years without a license and was never stopped and asked for one.

About the time I started school World War II broke out and eventually all my brothers with the exception of Mervin had to go away to war. LaVar was the first to go, then Jay and then Wayne. Also Genevieve's husband Leo Hansen. This was a very worry some time for all of us, but there were some good times to. I started school in September 1941 in Emery, my first grade teacher was Miss. Brotherson, Mr. Lott was the Principal, by the time I started school they had decided their was not enough kids in Emery to make it feasible to have the high school here so every one in the 9th grade and up rode the bus to Ferron to high school. The eight grades that remained held classes in the school house that stood on the corner of Main Street where the State Park is now. We had on teacher for two grades, 1st and 2nd, 3rd and 4th, 5th and 6th, and 7th and 8th, but it worked out well and we seemed to be as far advanced as the kids from the other towns, Ferron, Castle Dale, and Orangeville when we all got into High School.

As I said the war years were bad, with the boy's away at war to worry about. When Leo went into the Army, Genevieve came home to live with us, her son Russell was born the same day his father boarded the ship to leave for the far east. He was in some terrible battles including the battle of Okinawa we were in constant fear for his life. Vivian and her husband Arthur Ditevsen and their two children Calvert and Mary Carolyn moved home from California and eventually settled in Alpine and then in American Fork. Shortly after they got here they discovered that Vivian had Polio a very terrible and crippling disease which has since been eradicated thanks to the Salk Vaccine. Everyone in the family that could rallied to her aid and those who could took turns staying with her to help with the treatment she had to have which consisted of hot packs over her entire body with wool blankets that had been boiled then rung out and Slapped on her bare body. It was a terrible ordeal but it done the trick because instead of being a hopeless cripple never to walk again as the Dr. had predicted she came out of it with only a limp so slight that only her closest family members even knew she had it. One of the good things was that while Mother was away helping with Vivian I had Dad all to my self. Dad was always my hero and I loved to spend time with him. Grandma Allied insisted that we spend the nights down at her house and have supper with her and Grandpa which was also fun. Grandpa and Grandma were a lot of fun and we always liked to visit them.

Another good thing that happened during the war was LaVar met Ella Mae in Florida while he was stationed there. They were married but he was soon shipped to New York. He was supposed to get a furlough before being shipped

overseas so he and Ella Mae were going to both come home to Emery, he from New York and she from Florida so that we could meet his new bride. As it turned out instead of the furlough home he was supposed to get, he was shipped over to Europe and on to the war in Germany and Ella Mae came alone to meet her new family, or what was still left at home. She landed in Utah in the dead of winter and for a girl from Florida who had never seen snow this was quite an experience for her because we had an abundance of the white stuff that year. The first week she pretty much spent her time picking herself up off the ground, every time she stepped out side she slipped and fell down but she soon got the hang of it and found out it could be a lot of fun. to play in the snow. She had stopped in Alpine on her way to Emery and had met part of the family as Vivian was still ill, and Mother came home with her, Dad and I picked them up at the bus stationed in Price. When we had taken Mother to go stay with Vivian our intention was to take her all the way to Alpine so that we could visit with Vivian for a few days and then return home and leave Mother there, but that was not to be. When we headed up Price Canyon the road was a solid sheet of ice and so we had to go back to Price and put Mother on a train and Dad and I came home. Later in the spring Ella Mae decided she wanted to go to California to meet Genevieve (she had not yet moved back home, Leo had not yet been drafted) and Wayne, who was Stationed in San Diego Ella Mae wanted me to go with her and Mom and Dad thought it would be nice since I had not seen my brother or sister for quite a while so after getting permission from my 4th. grade teacher to miss a couple of weeks of school, we headed out on the bus from Salina. In all of my life to that point I had never been able to ride in a car more than a few miles without getting car sick and this trip was no exception. I started throwing up before we had gone a hundred miles and I never stopped until we reached Las Angeles, I have never been so sick in my life. We finally got to Genevieve's apartment at about 10:00 P.M. and no one was home, we sat an the front steps until 1:00 A.M. when they returned. They had left at 9:30 to go to San Diego to see Wayne off on the ship to the war in the Far East Islands. We missed seeing him by just half of an hour, we were so disappointed.

Genevieve and Leo went all out to show us a good time while we were there and we really did have a lot of fun. Amazingly I did not get car sick once on the way home. Another thing that was fun during the war years, every time another young, person left to go to the service the town would have a dance up at the school house as a send off party for him (or her) we had several girls that joined the service as well. Every one in town who was physically able came out to these dances even the young wives who's husbands had gone to war would come and dance with each other because there was fewer and fewer young men to dance with. Dad loved to dance and he and mother were always the first ones on the dance floor and the last ones off. Dad taught all his daughters to dance and I suppose Mom taught the boys any way we all grew up with a love for dancing. Some were very good specially LaVar and Genevieve. The town had their very own band that played for every dance, it consisted of uncle Harvey and aunt Berence Allred, and Alonzo Olsen and once in a while some one else would join

them for a while. But these three never missed a dance that I can remember of. You could just about count on a dance every Sat. night. This tradition continued until every service man returned home, because of course we had to have a dance when they returned also. Emery sent well over a hundred young men and women to war and all but about seven returned safe and sound. All of my brothers returned home unharmed, Leo was wounded, and of all our family his experience was the most traumatic, Wayne and LaVar had some very bad experiences also, we were very thankful for their safe return home. The war was a terrible thing for any one to have to go through. The only sad thing about the war ending was that Leo came and took Genevieve and our adorable little Russell all the way back to California. This time to Sacramento which was even farther away than before. There were lots of other nephews and nieces in town to help fill the void. Lereda and LaMar lived in the north end of town and they had 6 children some older and some younger than me, Melva and Clifford lived in town off and on depending on work opportunities and they also had 6 children some older and some younger than me. Mervin and Leah lived just a block from us and they had 4 little boys who loved to come to our house as often as they could, which was every day and they were a lot of fun to have around. And it was not long until LaVar and Ella Mae started their family and they soon had 3 little boys and they were also a lot of fun. Jay and Eliza also lived in town and they had 2 boys and ,a baby girl. One of my favorite memories of growing up is the summer vacations I spent up at Inez and Fred's in Alpine. I was about 2 years old when Fred Forbes started coming to Emery to peddle fruit and met and fell in love with my-sister Inez. When they got married and moved to Alpine I wanted to know where my Ninie was and when Mama told me Fred had taken her to Alpine to live I said "That damn Fred took my Ninie away" Every time I seen Fred up until he died he would look at me and say "that damn Fred".

When my brothers came home from the war, they wanted to stay in Emery and make their homes as did a lot of the other young men who had been away to war. There was no jobs in Emery except for farming and the coal mines so a lot of the guys started their own business. My father and several of my brothers and brothers-in-law decided to try the lumber business. They did not make a lot of money but it was a very rewarding undertaking just the same. They did sell a lot of lumber and several of them got the lumber to build their own homes. The summers we spent on the mountain at the sawmill were pure pleasure for me I loved every minute of it even the work. Oh yes we all had to work hard to try to make it pay but we had a lot of fun. It was very hard to have to sell the sawmill, especially for Dad. He loved that kind of work and he loved being in the mountains as did all of us. I think Mother was the only one that was glad to see it go. It was especially hard work for her, and she hated having to go up the wild cat road every Monday and back down every Friday. There are a lot of stories involving the sawmill but I don't have room for them here, Wayne has written an account of a lot of them, I wish we could have gotten them all written down before Mervin and Art died and while LaVar was still able to remember.