

ALTA SINGLETON AND EVELYN HUNTSMAN INTERVIEWING RULLEN NELSON

Q. Rulen, do you know of a John William Loveridge who worked for Mike Molen?

A. I think he must have lived down in Molen cause that was my fathers headquarters while father was filling on this homestead. His father and John Lemon were brothers in law and this here place is Annie Nelson's place and right across the street is the John Lemon place.

Rulen: In the spring, his last trip up here from Molen, it was terrible weather and he had a jacket on and a quillt and viddles tied on behind his saddle, but by the time he got up here to the old Hyrum Nelson farm back in the trees by the creek there, he was a sick man. And he stayed there all night and tried to dry himself out and as time went on he became more ill. So, in the morning he was lying there with his eyes shut wondering what he could possibly do to get back to Molen and he heard a noise and he opened his eyes and there set an old Indian medicine man probably from the same tribe that used to come to his father's place when he was a boy in Manti. And so, my father says, "muck" and the medicine man answered, "muck", and by sign language my father said, "heap sick". And by sign language the old medicine man asked, "where?" And by sign language, "All over!" And the old Indian came over and put his hand on my Dad's

head and by sign language he said, "You stay here. I come back." The old Indian was gone about an hour or so and when he came back he had a bag --a buckskin bag full of herbs and leaves and all kinds of medicine and besides that he had a bowl full of -- father said it looked like rice. Father ate it and in just a very short time he began to feel better. And when I was reading this story I thought about this advertismnt for aspirin. It said, "How will you have your aspirin? In a pill, or will you go out and cut willow bark and leaves and herbs of that kind?" So the Indians had the herbs a hundred years ago. Whatever there was in that soup had the ability to make father feel better. And so, after he visited with the old Indian awhile, the Indian said, "Come." And he took father down here where the new subdivision is and put Dad to bed in a tepee and covered him with blankets and skins and Dad said the didn't smell too good, but they saved his life. Now that was a story! Do you want another one?

Q. I want to know your Dad's name.

A. Andrew Nelson, Jr. He was the first son of the first of four wives. He had an older sister named Emma. Emma married John Lemon. So that's why they were brothers-in-law. And so, in the spring when he made his last trip up here to check on his homestead, why, he was alone and John Lemon had already gone into Manti because his wife was expecting.

Dad would write letters to John Lemon during the winter, cause John had gone. He would write letters to John and tell him how things were going here. And he said a time or two (in reading those letters that I've got) he said, "Tell Miss Anna." And I thought, "Tell her what?" Well, he was telling John what he had done so he was telling John to tell Miss Anna. Now Miss Anna were converts to the Church and came here from Denmark. And when they arrived in Manti, why, my mother couldn't speak a word of English so she got a job with the Andrew Nelson family because they were Danish. That was my Mother. Miss Anna turned out to be my mother! Her name was Anna Laurinsen. And She married Andrew Nelson, Jr.

Now, to start with, Andrew Nelson, Sr. joined the Church in Denmark and Grandmother took care of him. And as a young man he decided to come to America. And when he came to New York, he was standing in line at Ellis Island and the clerk said, "Name please." Now in Denmark his name was spelled Andreas Nielsen. So when he gave the clerk his name, he said, "Anders Nielsen." The clerk put down Andrew Nelson and we have Nelsons ever since. And then he came Wet by wagon train in the late 1840's and he settled in Manti and he married a Danish girl by the name of Mette Nelson. And they settled down and had a farm and Andrew Nelson, Jr. was the first son of the first of four wives and when

Andrew Nelson, Jr. was about ten or 12 years old his father had a farm and livestock and no horses, but they had oxen . They did all their work with oxen. And Andrew Nelson thought it was better to feed the Indians than to fight them And so, these Indians, you see, were wandering down on the Colorado River and then as the weather warmed up in the spring they came west and as an indication of their writings all through these hills east of Ferron here in Emery County. And as they came west they came up on to the mountain they would kill the deer , cut them in strips and smoke and dry them and put them in bags totake down there for the winter. But this old chief came to Andrew Nelson's farm one day in Manti and they had met before because their seemed to be friends. They came down on the west side of the mountain there in Manti there and Andrew had a farm and he had livestock and the old cheif rode into his yard with his band of indians and he said to my grandfather, "squaw and papoose heap hungry. Chief and braves heap hungry." And Grandfather Andrew motioned and said, "come on." And then he turned to my dad, and he said, "Andrew, you go get that old brass kettle -- that big brass tub and put it out in the yard there and fill it with water and build a fire under it." And by the time he got out there and got that all done, they had a beef butchered and filled that big tub with beef . And my Uncle Hyrum was telling me this story and so that's how I got that about the big brass kettle. But the indians were very happy and very thankful and the indian children associated with the Nelson children and they were very happy and loved each other. They were very friendly. Night came on and my dad went to bed and he got thinking about the indians out there and so when morning came he went out to see how the indians were getting along and the indians were long gone and so was the meat. And was the end of that.

Now, as time went on and Andrew grew up and he decided to come over to Castle Valley over here and take up a homestead. If they take up a homestead and live on it then it wa theirs. That is how he got started.

Now, let me go a little further. This last trip up -- the winter of 1879 and 80 -- the last trip up was in March. Then my Dad went back to Manti and he got along very well with the hires girl, Anna, and they decided to marry and they got married July 12. By July 18th they had an ox team, wagon, covered wagon and supplies and all the things they thought they could possibly haul. I guess they were really loaded cause they started out for Castle Valley and they went as far south as Salina and they went through Salina canyon. I asked mother, "How was it going up Salina Canyon?" She said, "Oh, we didn't go up Salina Canyon. We went up what they call 'Gooseberry'." It was just a cow trail up Salina Canyon. They up and over Goosberry and over the mountain. They went south from the road we travel on now and you

can see the sign now that says "Gooseberry" and that's where they went with their oxen and I guess they were pretty well loaded and it was summertime or else they couldn't have gone that way for snow drifts. So they went around that way and went around by Emery and came to these blue hills clear down east of Ferron on them long hills and one day as I was -- back in 1975 when I was hauling grain for my dairy cows from over to Monroe I looked and saw the sign "Gooseberry" road and I said, why that was the road mother and Dad came with their ox team. and I began to write about it and this is the way I started it out.

'Twas July 23 in 1880 when Andrew and Annie were young and quick, they came by ox team to Ferron Creek. The crossing was rough, but wasn't swollen as they crossed to the north to a home of my own. And with their faithful oxen named Brin and Rod, turned westerdly or so they trod.

Turned toward the the canyon a few miles west to seek out a home where they thought it was best.

"Twas in a covered wagon instead of a tent Andrew and Anna, their first summer spent.

The coyotes came with a hunger for meat and while up under the wagon roosted chickens, a few.

Underneath the wagon slept a yellow dog, too. The coyotes came with a hunger for meat and that old dog stood up on his feet and chased those coyotes out across the land and they chased him back again in a cloud of sand.

Those coyotes chased that old dog out and back night after night. Those coyotes caused that old dog afright as they chased him back night after night.

"Twas in a dugout for the winter, which wasn't mild and they were expecting their very first child.

"Twas March 31 when to them was born their first son. Now Andrew and Annie, young and quick, built a cabin on Ferron Creek.

They plowed some ground and planted fruit trees. They kept some cows and honey bees.

The cows gave milk and the bees made honey which the family used for food and for money.

The years rolled by and the children came and planting and harvesting went on the same.

Of Dad's horses there was big black Fanny. She mother to seven and to others was Grannie.

There was Mollie, Kollie, and a big boy called Nick. Nig was trusty and honest to pull and dragging George's (saw ox) was strong as a bull.

Then there was the cows. Of Dad's cows there was Red, Beauty and a Jersey called Star. She was the gentlest one of the cows by far. and then there was Crump with the crumpled horn but the most

ornery critter that was ever born. Then out in the bee yard, down by the pear trees stood Andrew and Pete Faulkner by an open hive of bees. It was queen cells Pete wanted from these crawling bees as they crawled up Pete's pant legs, way up past his knees. With a match box in one hand for queen cells and with his other hand gave his pants a pull and in his broken German he says, "I tink I go now, my pants is full."

Pete Faulkner was a German immigrant who came to Castle Valley -- to Ferron. He was a custodian of the church and he had a little shoe shop. He mended shoes. He says, "I showmaka in a shoemaka shop." So he had a shoe repair shop and that was in town about where the drugstore is now but one night it burned up so he had to have his shop down where the laundramat is now and out on the street there. One day I needed some shoes so I went down there to get some shoes and he was back there. In back of the shoe shop was his home and back of that was a little yard where he had a cow and a pig or two and some chickens and some bees. And his ees were queenless and that is why he went up to my Dad's to get some queens. And so, when I went to get my shoes he was back there with his animals and he said, "I come now, but first I throw the cow over da fence some hay. My cow, he bawled the whole night out. I tink he want for the bull." And then he says, "My bees dey have no queen so I come to your house."

I would like to tell about Pete Faulker as a custodian. He was a very good as a custodian. The church was heated with a big pot-bellied stove that stood in the middle of the assembly.

Q. The church was there under the hill where the ball diamond is now?

A. Just under the church from where the church is there now. It burned down. Up against the church.

So as church went on and the speaker would speak, why, if it got too warm in there or if it was too cold, why he got a stick with a hook on one end and he would raise or lower the windows whichever --on first the south side and then on the north side, wghichever. The church faced east and west and people faced west and there were people back on the stage talking and sometimes when it was warm why some of the people --some of the men-- sometime would fall asleep and if Pete was walking along and checking the windows why he would reach over and he would nudge whoever was to sleep. He thought that was ill mannered for people to sit and sleep when people were talking. He was a grand old man!

Alta: Now, Pete Faulkner lived in that house where Mary and Max

Young lived. I don't know if he built it but that is where he lived. But the reason that fence line between the Singleton place and his place is so irregular is because Samuel Singleton let Pete put the fence there in order to have more ground to graze his cows. And so it's been ever since.

Rulen: I would like to back-track just a little. When I asked my mother to tell me about it when they arrived in Molen. She says, "well, that was about the only green spot in the valley. There was a few farmers had farms there but from there on up she says that was the most desolate country I had ever seen in my life. And I said, Mother and there you was coming up --clear up here miles from Molen and you settled down here and your dugout was right here where James' house is . The Creek has washed part of it away, but that was where the dugout was where their first summer was spent--was in that tent.

Now, as time went on I said, Mother tell me, how was it when your first child was born? She said, well, I nudged your father and he got up and he hitched the oxen up to the wagon. He didn't have a horse to ride. He went with the wagon to get a midwife -- and it seems to me like she said something about "Sis Strem". Well, anyway, I says, there you was all alone. She said, I guess those poor old oxen felt sorry and wondered what they had done to deserve such treatment to be pitchforked down the road. And she laughed and felt sorry for the oxen. She wasn't feeling sorry for herself and there she was --had just turned her 18th birthday was in a dugout --I says, what did you have for a light. She says they had a braided rag and a pan of grease and there she was in a dugout alone with just a braided rag for a light. And I says, "That's the way you first started out?" And she said, "Yea." So my mother -- I can say that she gave of herself freely and never felt sorry for herself -- never.

One time when Bishop Behling and I were talking about genealogy , I says (this was in 1975 after I had written that poem) and we were talking about genealogy and I says, well, I was number 10 in a family of 12 and there is only my sister Margaret and I still living and he looked at me and smiled and said, "Number ten? Why didn't they turn you in for tything?" and I says, "Well, I think the reason was that I wasn't needed. They had an over supply of the commodity." So now, speaking of genealogy I've been reading in the Ensign Magazine. Now as Christians we count the time from the time of Christ. And the time we have record of is from Christ and the time now is October, 1988. Now, in that Ensign Magazine it said that the Chinese have been very careful about their genealogy and they have kept their genealogy from their rulers for the last over 5,000 years. So their genealogy is far ahead of ours.

Now, when Dad got started going, the first thing he had to do was to get some water. So he and a man named Ed King took their oxen and a plow and went up here in the creek which is where the King ditch was taken out and they plowed a furrow out cross there where the old Hyrum Nelson farm out across Andrew Nelson farm -- now it was a plow furrow and they called it the King ditch. That's how the King ditch got its name was that Ed King and Andrew Nelson built it with their ox team. Later when they built the south ditch Andrew Nelson, by that time, had two yoke of oxen and they plowed a furrow around the hills up there where the south ditch is now and they had a tree (a forked tree) and they loaded it with rocks so it would push the dirt as it was pulled along. Well Andrew Nelson and his ox team couldn't pull it so he went and got his other team of oxen to make that south ditch. And they didn't have any way of telling how to survey it, so they had a container of water and they would sight along the water because the water was on the level and that was their survey and that was the way they surveyed the south ditch and it still runs that way. And, of course, they had to go out around every little loop now on the south ditch they come to a hill they just cut through it with this huge machinery.

Q. Where was the Hyrum Nelson farm?

A. That's it right north of Richard Behling's-- that whole big piece there -- a 120 acres-- I leased that from Uncle Hyrum and he begged me, he wanted to sell it to me. I bought his cattle -- his permit--and he wanted to sell his farm to me. He says he would sell it to me for \$4,500 and I have kicked myself ever since for not buying it, because he had 300 shares of water I could have sold for a fortune.

Q. Is that farm where Mike Huntsman lives now?

A. No, when Hyrum got his farm fenced in there, then there was 40 acres that he didn't have and Joe Myer came along and he took in the 40 acres in there and and clear along west there where Richard lives. My Dad owned this where Richard lived. And he gave it to his parents and they sold it to John Leslie and John Leslie sold it to Richard Follerly(?)

Q. But the Hyrum Nelson farm, was it on this side of the creek?

A. Yea, well, part of it's on this side, but there is a quite a bit of it on the north side of the creek. He's got 108 shares that he irrigated out of the north Ditch.

Q. Then was part of his farm as far north as where Eva Conover and Ron Barney lives?

A. No, it didn't go that far north.

Q. Now, Hyrum Nelson lived where Reva Hunter lives now, is that right?

A. Yes, yes.

Alta. And see, Hyrum Nelson was married to Mary Artemishia Lowry who is Sam's grandmother's sister and I have a whole history of that. I have a good history of Ferron.

Rulon: Did you get a history of a -- this young man came here and wanted some history about the Lowry's--he is a grandson or something or Orson Lowry. He was here labor Day.

Alta. That's another whole long story.

Rulon. Well, he wanted to know about his and I gave him the history. There was trees along there -- well, from where the church is just on that side there was poplar trees -- there was lots of trees here in Ferron. In fact there was trees here on the fence line and then a side walk. I used to ride up and down it on a bicycle.

Well, now -- Jill Lowry -- Fred Olson was a widower and she went with him.

Alta. This is Zinna Crawford's father, Fred Olson.

Rulon. And uh, they had been up there together and was just coming up along those trees there on the sidewalk and Orson stepped out and was going to shoot him and Fred beat him to it and killed him.

Alta. And Fred Olson killed Orson Lowry.

Rulon: Fred Olson killed Orson Lowry and in the trial why he did it in self defense, see. That's what he said. He married her, too. So then after that why they moved out to Moore, and there was Zinna and Al. And they lived out there. And until they -- well, its all gone now. She married Carlyle Crawford and now she lives here.

Q. Where did Nat Crawford live?

A. He lived where George Conover lives. I think he built that house. It is a pretty house. Now, the insurance man was here to see this house. He wanted to know when it was built and I says, "do you see that (curved) step there. I says, when I was putting the water in -- there was a basement down under here, and I was

going down the steps coming in here --where the door comes up in here, why I noticed some writing so I got my flashlight and with a heavy pencil it says, "This building was erected in 1895 A.D. and right below it was the head of a man and I thought, ya, you was doodling instead of building. Now I know.

Alta. Well, see. the Samual Singleton house where we live was built in 1896.

Rulon. 1896! Well, that was the year before. The John Lemon's house was built about this time. John Lemon was trying to out do Andrew Nelson so he built a bigger one. John Lemon only had one wife until she died and then he married Libby. She was a sister to Aunt Louisa, Hyrum's second wife. When John died she gave all those old letters that I'm telling you about to Aunt Louisa. And when Aunt Louisa died -- well anyway, Uncle Hyrum got 'em and he brought em' to me and that's how I got those letters that Andrew Nelson wrote to John Lemon. When I go I don't know who will get them. Maybe they are gone now -- I can't find them. Things have a way of getting lost.

Let me tell you this. I was plowing there out west of Anna Rhodes' place -- I was plowing out there with a tractor. I stopped just like that. (clapped hands together) Hell, that must have been a tree or a post and I backed up and went ahead a little bit and raised it and then I thought, "I wonder if it will break my plow" and then "No" it is coming up and I looked down and there was something and so I backed clear away from it and there was one of these indian grinding rocks and I thought, "Uh-huh, some little indian gal has been out here." Now, if I could find the rock. Well, I plowed 3 or 4 more rounds and there was something like "Zip". What was that? Just about 10 feet from where I found that other there waws this rock and so I brought 'em home and put the rock in here with my other rocks and it is not here now. Well, right there where this picture is (points to the wall) there hung a certificate that says "this certificate is awarded to Andrew Nelson for the best peck of pears in the St. Louis fair. Now, when was the St. Louis fair? In the '90's? And pears were - Now how old does a pear tree have to be to bear fruit. Now incidently they were Flemish Beauty pear trees. You can't buy a Flemish Beauty. Now this is quite a story.

Alta. Before we get into that, I want to make a comment about the houses. See, where Reva Hunter lives was the house that belonged to Hyrum Nelson. And see, his wife was a sister to Clarabelle Lowry Singleton whose husband built the house where we live. The fireplace mantles and identical in their house and our house except they are different wood. That is an indication that they were built at the same time.

Rulon: Well, we have a mantle here and one in Ruth's room -- I'd have to show you.

Now. How old does a tree have to be to bear fruit? About 8 to 10 years old. And he sent to the St. Louis fair-- Now, I still got two Flemish Beauty pear trees --the same trees they got the pears from to send to that fair. These trees are still bearing. Have a pretty good crop, but I didn't get out there --Mother used to say, it's September now lets get the pears picked. We had 7 varieties of pears, 20 varieties of apples, so--now the certificate is gone. Don't know where that is. Oh, I want to go further. When I was a small boy Dad had 6 acres of orchard here of all kinds of fruit and then 5 acres of apple orchard over there where Mark lives -- between where Robert Price lives and Mark lives -- that 5 acres was orchard. Now, when Dad needed a tree he would go to a tree that Mother called a root graft row. There are apricots that they called a Sunshine and you can't find any apricots like that. The apricots are as large as peaches and flat and you pick them when they are not quite so green anymore and you open them up and they are yellow inside. And the flavor is beyond this world. And right south of there was this old Civil War Veteran named "Green". Homan? Green. He had planted little sprigs of trees ever 12 to 14 inches apart and Mother said he had a row almost the creek. And whenever they wanted a tree they went to the root graft row. See what was going on -- there were six acres of fruit trees there and five acres over there. Now, when I was about five or six years old there was a man from Huntington come. He was a bee man and was talking to Dad about the bees and honey -- he came here on business and it was at a time when all of the orchard was in bloom and the man said, "Isn't it wonderful how the bees can fly around and pollinate all these trees. Dad had over 200 hives of bees at that time. and then he said, "Man will fly someday." And about that time they got up and walked out and mother stood by the window there and "Oh," she said, "That poor man." I says, "What's the matter?" And she says, "People think he's crazy." I says, "Why?" "He thinks man will fly someday." Now look what happened. They have flown to the moon and they have flown clear around the world all in one hop. Times have changed, haven't they? And if I might be allowed to bear my testimony just quickly -- It was time that the world knew what was going on. Science had been going forward by leaps and bounds -- transportation, communication, everything-- they are getting ready and what are they getting ready for? The Bible is a history of the people across the water, the Book of Mormon is a history of the people here on this Western Continent. Together it makes a complete history and that's why Joseph Smith came along and brought back the Gospel to the earth. To me, the advance in knowledge to mankind --the sky is the limit. I've heard some people say when I was a small boy -- "when Christ comes." Christ isn't coming yet. There is so much that we don't

know. We are too ignorant yet. We have all these things to learn so when Christ comes and speaks, He can just whisper and we can hear it all the way around the earth. That's the way I've got it. So it was time for all this to come about. That's my idea of my Church.

Q. To change the subject --if Nathaniel Crawford built that house where George Conover lives, who built the house where Paul and Kathleen lives?

A. Oh, Lon Petty built that. And Arthur Cox built the house where Easton Leslie lives. Yes, Arthur Cox and his oldest son was Judean Cox and Judean moved to Clawson.

The house that has been torn down now, but was west across the road from where the old High School was -- it is just a pile of dirt now, well Ed King lived there and he built that house. When Dr. Turman he delivered Beth and they used that house for a hospital and our daughter, Sylvia, was just a little school girl --now Sylvia was only two years old when her mother died. Sylvia was born in 1937 and her mother died in 1939 and then Beth was born in 1946. And when we were first married we put Sylvia up on our knee and said, "Sylvia, what would you like more than anything else in the world?" She said, "I would like a little baby sister."

Q. Who built the house where Elizabeth Olsen lives?

A. Messiah Behunin. That called him Messiah Behunin. Have you ever heard of Perry Behunin? The Behunins that are here now are the grandchildren of Perry Behunin. They came into Ferron about the same time as the early settlers. That house of Ted Cox's up there by Ralph Lemon's was built by Clarence Lemon. He was an older brother of Arthur Lemon. And that house across from Clarence Lemons -- that was Joe Behunin's. That is where Fred Zwalen lived. And there where Bill Jones lives -- Joe Barney built that. There was an old log house up there by Bill Jones and Joe Barney built that -- Glen Barney lived in that, too. That old house by the Creek bridge on the State Road was Libby Olsen's. This was Louie Olsen's father. And right across there Harold Peterson's brother, Wilford, built a house there. It isn't there right now. All up there where those houses are now (Jr. High subdivision) used to be be greasewoods galler. And the house where Irma Snow lives was built by Joe Zwalen. Wilford Peterson lived there for awhile. He was younger than Viola Peterson. Freddie Olson built the house across from Sam Singleton. Hyrum Zwalen lived there for awhile and then Ray Wareham and Trapps and then Pitchforths. Andrew Nelson built this house where I live. I said, "Well, mother, how come this house is built so far back from the road? " And she said, "Well,

that cabin was in front on this house. There was a brick kiln out on the hill somewhere -- there was "skinny Chris" and "Long" Chris Jensen. Do any of you know Yukon Fugate? He married Maggie Fugate. Maggie Fugate was the daughter of "Skinny" Chris. They lived up -- this brick was made by Skinny Chris out there and there isn't a bit of cement in this house except what I have put in it since I lived in it. Now. How do we get the walls to stand up? They used lime and sand and something that was good. It is plastered with that stuff and it is pretty solid. Now that wall behind you there is two dobies and a brick. And they didn't have cement to put a sill there so they got sand rock out of the canyon. Now if you will step out here I will show you something.

I got my first long pants suit -- otherwise I would be wearing short pants -- and I was going to school at the presbyterian school and I was the only boy and I had my chores was to milk a few cows before going. And mother didn't want me to be late cause I was a little bit late starting the chores. She and ' boy, she could just made ribbons of milk go when she would milk. I asked mother how come she could milke two cows to my one and she told me that when she was 14 years old she used to milk cows in a big dairy. She said that there was herself and another 14 years old girl and then a 16 year old girl named Helen and an 14 year old girl names Mary. There was a big barn and a lot of Holstein cows and they would get their buckets full and they would come out with a bucket of milk in each hand. And the 16 year old would come out with a yoke carrying two buckets and another one on her head. And they had to carry the milk over to where the milk storage tank was and the boss was over there waiting for them and as they went over there was a bridge over a clear sparkling stream of water and she and the old girl went over and they noticed that Mary didn't come and they look back and she was dipping water up out of that stream. She had spilled some milk and was dipping water up out of them and by the time she got there why the boss picked up the milk and as he was pouring he stopped and spoke softly to Mary and asked her, "Which one of the cows is it that gives fish."