MUDDY RIVER HISTORY

GROWING UP IN ROCHESTER / MOORE, EMERY COUNTY, UTAH

PERSONAL HISTORY OF BARBARA OLSEN PEACOCK

I was born in 1930 in my Grandmother Nielsen's home in Emery, however our family home was down on the lower road in Moore. While I was young our town's name was Rochester. In 1940 the name of our town was changed to Moore in recognition of a very prominent early resident there, Mr. L.C. Moore. The whole area around Moore was often referred to as "The Muddy Creek". My parent's names were Neldon and Melva Olsen. I had one brother, Royce, who was four years older than me, and a younger sister, Nellie Ann, who was four years younger. My early years were during the 1930's, the Great Depression, when all of the families on "The Flat", as Rochester was usually called, had many hardships trying not to lose their farms and homes and just survive. Money was very scarce. We all learned to work to help the family.

For the first 13 years of my life we lived in a little two-room house that had one bedroom and a kitchen. We all had to sleep in the same bedroom, however when my brother got a little older, he began sleeping in a small "wash-house" just outside of our kitchen. He continued this all through high-school. Royce joined the navy as soon as he graduated from high-school in 1944. My father was a farmer and a dairy-man. He and my brother milked all of our milk cows by hand. Each day the Bertleson Creamery in Ferron picked up our milk in ten-gallon cans. They also left some "whey" in a barrel to feed to our pigs. One of my daily jobs was cleaning the milk cans. Each summer I had to herd our dairy cows all day to keep them on our farm. There were few fences separating farms, so the cows had to be herded all day. I remember sitting on my horse with one leg up around the saddle-horn and reading for many hours each day. At milking time, the cows had to be driven to our corral. After the milking was done, the cows had to be driven to a fenced pasture for night-time.

When I was in Jr. High School, my parents bought a large frame home up in "town", along Highway 10. It had been built and occupied by my Grandfather, Fred Olsen. There were several families clustered quite close together even though they all had large lots with gardens and corrals. This was the main part of Moore, although all those families that lived on their farms were all considered part of the town. We were very happy to move into a larger and nicer home. I lived in this home until I got married in 1950. My father built a milk barn and became affiliated with the High-land Dairy. While my brother was in the Navy, my Dad still milked his cows by hand, however when Royce came home in 1946, they installed automatic milking machines, became a Grade "A" dairy, and increased the size of our dairy operation. My Dad worked very hard farming, raising all the hay and grain needed for our dairy. He was also the Water Master on the Rochester canal for many years. This was a very important and difficult job because

irrigation water was always scarce, and my Dad had to go all along the canal setting head-gates according to the water shares each farmer owned.

We always raised a big garden next to our house and all the family had to help weed the long rows of vegetables. My mother bottled lots of vegetables from our garden. My favorite vegetable was fresh corn on the cob. We also bottled lots of fruit. We had peaches, apples and pears which we bought from fruit farms in Ferron. Being the oldest girl, I helped with the canning, washing, ironing and house-work. I learned a lot from my Mom. My Dad raised all of our own meat, raising pigs and beef which had to be bottled or cured. Later on we took our meat animals to the Killpack Packing Plant in Ferron to be butchered. We put our meat in a freezer locker in Ferron and took out only what we needed to use. We always had a chicken coop in which we raised chickens for eggs, and Sunday dinner fried chicken. One of my jobs was gathering eggs and feeding the chickens. Nellie Ann helped whenever she could.

All was not work during my youth years. There were several kids about my same age in our little town and on the nearby farms. In the summer we got together to have bonfires and play games and go swimming in a pond above town, where the Rochester Canal crossed a wash. In the winter we went skating on a farm pond below Moore. We took our sleighs to some of the nearby hills to ride down or were pulled by a long rope behind a horse. We rode our bikes everywhere to go play at each other's homes. We also had horses to ride. Some of the kids I played with in and around Moore were my cousins, Paul and Evanell Crawford and Dora Lee and Mary Alice Albrechtsen. Others were kids from the Ralphs, Edwards, Allen, Truman, Leslie, and four Olsen families.

When my Grandmother Nielsen was still living, we went to Emery a lot, where I got to know and play with most of the Emery kids my age. After my Grandma died, we mostly went into Ferron to shop at the stores and to go to the picture shows sponsored by the Ferron Ward and shown in the church house. When the L.D.S. Branch in Moore was discontinued because so many families had moved off the "Flat", the families still living in Moore had their choice of going to the Emery Ward or the Ferron Ward. Our family chose to attend church in Ferron. We drove to Ferron on Sunday for church, and sometimes during the week to movies. On Tuesday nights, during the school year, I often stayed in Ferron with one of my best friends, Val Jean West, so I could go to Mutual (Young Women's M.I.A.). Val Jean and her mother treated me just like one of their family. I had many friends my age that I went to school with. I attended all 12 years of school in Ferron, riding the school bus from the first through the twelfth grade. There was no kindergarten. The Emery kids rode the school bus to South Emery High School in Ferron for grades 9 through 12. High school age students from Orangeville and Castle Dale also attended high school at South Emery. I had great friends and school mates from Moore, Ferron, Clawson, Emery, Orangeville and Castle Dale. About 45 years after our high school graduation, nine of these great girlfriends and classmates in the Salt Lake area still get together monthly for a lunch and a fun visit. We call ourselves the "Emery County Lunch Bunch."

One of the biggest events we looked forward to each year was to go "Eastering" down in the cedars a few miles below town. Nearly all the families on "The Flat" got together on Easter, driving their teams and wagons, and later their cars, down on the First Reef, which we all called the Cedars, for an Easter outing. We took nice picnic lunches and our Easter baskets. We played in the cedar trees, had Easter-egg hunts, and played a lot in the rocks and dirt. One of the highlights of our Easter trip was to roll our Easter eggs down a hillside. We made a little track for them to roll on. We had so much fun on Easter! We also went to the Ferron Peach Days celebration held each September when the Ferron peaches were ripe. There were horse races, boxing and wrestling matches, talent programs, dances and a lot of free peaches to eat. We sometimes went to the E.C.V.R. (Emery County Vocational Roundup) in Castle Dale. This celebration was like a county fair that had carnival rides and a lot of entertainment similar to Peach Days.

We didn't have many modern conveniences in our home. We heated our house with a large coal heater in our dining room, and a coal stove in our kitchen. Our bedrooms got very cold during winter, requiring a lot of quilts, and often a towel-wrapped heated flatiron or a hot water bottle to keep our feet warm. My Dad always got up early to build the fires and get the house warmed up before the rest of the family got up. We had to heat our water on our kitchen stove, and our baths were in a round tin tub on the kitchen floor. We most often took turns bathing in the same tub of hot water. We never got an indoor bathroom until I was in high school. Those winter-time trips to our outdoor privy were very cold and miserable. Early in my life, our culinary water came from a cement cistern that was filled with ditch water from the canal. We had to pump a hand pump on the cistern and bring water into the house by bucket. We had a lot of trouble getting water down the ditch in the winter. It would freeze to solid ice. Sometimes we had to haul water from the canal or from Emery or Ferron. Later on, the families in town went together and made a large cement cistern on a ridge above town just below the canal. The water was piped into each home. This gave us better, cleaner water, and enough water pressure to have indoor taps, and eventually an indoor bathroom. We got a new kitchen stove with a hot-water jacket on it. The kitchen stove heated the water which was then piped into a hot water tank. We now had a good supply of hot water.

I helped my brother, Royce, carry the wood and coal in for our stoves. Both our kitchen stove and our front room heater had to have kindling wood to start the coal. Royce had to bring a little wagon load of big lumps of coal for our front room heater. One of the jobs that my Dad had to do, both winter and summer, was to get loads of wood to start our coal stoves. Cedar wood made the best kindling. Most of the time Dad hitched our team of horses to a wagon and went down into the cedars about 3 or 4 miles below Moore, and got a big load of dry cedar trees. Royce would help him, and Nellie Ann and I would go along for the ride. It was a fun family outing that took all day. Later on, when we got a tractor, Dad would go for a load of wood, pulling a wagon behind his tractor. About the time I left home in 1950, my parents had a coal furnace installed in our cellar under the house. This made our home much more comfortable. We were then able to get an electric stove and water heater.

Except for the very early settlement years, there was always a post-office in Rochester/Moore. Mr. L.C. Moore had the post-office in his home long before I was born. I believe there was one postmaster before him. In 1940, when Mr. Moore moved away, the post-office was moved into the Homer Edwards home. In 1944, my Mother, Melva Olsen, was appointed post-master, and the post-office was moved into our front room. It consisted of a few shelves of wooden boxes, about 8 inches square, each with the name of a family living in and around Moore. Each morning, except Sunday, the mail truck would stop at our little post-office. Each week-day there was mail delivery from Price to Emery, that delivered mail to all the Emery County towns. In the afternoon, the mailman would stop and pick-up all the out-going mail. Each day, most all the people living in Moore would stop in for their mail, and usually visit for awhile. I helped my Mother take care of the mail when I wasn't in school. I found out much later that I had been designated by the U. S. Postal Service as Assistant Post Master. I even got a nice certificate of appreciation for my service in the Moore post office.

The most unusual mail deliveries that came to families in Moore, were boxes of live baby chickens. Every spring most of the farm families ordered and received boxes of 50 or 100 or more newly hatched baby chicks. The families would place them in home-made incubators or boxes and keep them warm with a light globe suspended above them. They put food and water in the boxes. After they had grown sufficiently, they were put in the chicken coops. The hens were kept as laying chickens, while the roosters most often were used for fried chicken dinners. Our family got new chickens each year by ordering new baby chicks.

The mail truck driver, Mr. Parley Johnson, was very friendly and accommodating. When I was in high school and was dating my future husband, Jim Peacock, who lived in Orangeville, I would ride with Mr. Johnson in the mail truck to Orangeville. Jim and I would then go to a show or a dance and then he would drive me home in his father's pickup. Jim got kidded a lot about sending for his girlfriend on the U.S. Mail.

When my brother, Royce, got married after his service in the navy, he and his wife, Lorene, moved our old, little house on the lower road up by our our home, just across a narrow roadway. They lived there for a few years, with Royce helping my Dad with the farms and dairy. They eventually moved to Salt Lake City where Royce went to school and trained to be a Journeyman electrician. He then began working for Utah Power and Light Company, living in Orangeville. He retired after working for UP&L for over 30 years.

My high school years were truly great years. I always enjoyed school work, and got very good marks. I liked to read and study, and was very good at penmanship. I was in the Pep Club and the school choir. I learned to type very well, and learned shorthand, believing I might go into business in college. I always got along very well with our teachers. I had lots of friends from all the towns that sent students to South Emery. We had a lot of fun times at class parties and all the high school sports events, especially basketball. There often were school dances after the basketball games, and I loved to dance. The Junior Prom was always the biggest dance of the year. Our Junior Prom was "Begin the

Beguine". We took a whole week off from school work so we could decorate the auditorium. I dated several different boys until the summer between my sophomore and junior years. That's when I started dating my future husband, Jim Peacock. Jim and I dated during our Junior and Senior Years, and graduated together in 1948. I was the valedictorian of our graduating class. We had a great group of classmates that have had 5-year reunions for over 55 years (as of this writing).

I received an academic scholarship to Carbon Junior College in Price, and attended the first year following high school. I served on the student council at Carbon. Jim also attended Carbon College on an athletic scholarship. We had a very enjoyable and successful year at Carbon, both taking heavy class loads and making the Honor Roll each quarter. I lived in Price with my cousin, Dora Lee Albrechtsen, during the week and rode the Emery County College Bus home on weekends. Jim lived in a basement room near the college and spent a lot of his time with college athletics, primarily basketball.

Although nothing for certain had been decided, Jim and I both knew we were right for each other and were deeply in love. I decided to stay home and get a job instead of going to college for a sophomore year. I got a job working in the Ferron Drug Store for Darryl Peterson. My friend, Jackie Jensen, also worked there and we became great friends. I needed to earn some money, anticipating getting married in the near future. At Christmas time, 1949, Jim and I got engaged, and decided on a June, 1950 wedding date. Jim's life got very complicated when his father died in February, 1950, while he was in the middle of basketball season, playing on the Carbon College team. When Spring quarter started in March, Jim only took classes three days a week, riding the college bus, so he could spend more time at home taking care of their family farms and cattle. He had sufficient college credits to graduate from Carbon College after Spring quarter. This was a difficult time for Jim and me as we were preparing for our wedding.

I lived at home with my parents at our old family home in Moore until Jim and I got married in June, 1950. We then moved to Provo where Jim finished his college degree at Brigham Young University. He majored in Education, and got his first teaching job back in Emery County at the 3-teacher school in Emery. Jim taught sixth, seventh and eighth grades together that first year. Even though we made our home in Orangeville, we stayed very close to my Mom and Dad and had many wonderful family visits and meals back at my dear old home in Moore. As our children came along (we have six—three daughters and three sons) we continued to visit at Moore until my Father passed away. My mother later sold our dairy and farm, and bought a little house in Orangeville so she could be close to her three children and many grandchildren. She sold our farm and our old family home to Orvil Allen. It was very heart-breaking to me when Orvil tore the home completely down. There is nothing left. The corrals and the milk-house were all demolished. It breaks my heart to now drive past the empty vacant lot that was my dear old family home.

I have great memories of my 20 years living on Rochester Flat (Moore). I will always remember and cherish my family and friends and my years on the "Flat".

Personal History of BARBARA OLSEN PEACOCK April 26,2006

"Living in Moore (Rochester) on the Muddy Creek"

When I was a little girl, we lived down on the lower road in Moore. We lived in a little two room house that had one bedroom and a kitchen. We all had to sleep in the same bedroom. There were 3 children, Royce, Nellie Ann and myself.... I was the middle child.
There was a little building that was called the "Wash House" and when my brother Royce got a little bigger he moved out to the wash house, cause he wanted his own space. He had all his belongings out there and as soon as he got out of high school he joined the Navy.

When I was young, my job was herding the cows. We had a dairy and I remember taking care of the cans and cleaning them. I remember sitting on my horse with my knee up around the horn of the saddle and reading for many hours while watching the cows. There were no fences to keep them in and each morning and night they had to be taken to the pasture after milking was done. Later we got up-graded and my Dad sold milk to Hi-Land Dairy so we had to have a milking machine with more sanitization and care. That was my dad's living...along with being water master for the canal company.

My husband, Jim, says that the first time he saw me, I was sitting on my horse reading while I was tending the cows, and he was really impressed with my long pig-tails. Jim was driving his dad's sheep to Salina. I never remember wearing a hat, we didn't know we were supposed to then.... I had plenty of freckles.

Jim and I went to the same high school and it was there that we got better acquainted.
I remember ***Muddy Creek*** as a child...it was the place we went to play and swim in. Of course, the main purpose of the creek was for irrigation, which was the only water the farmers had for their crops. Irrigating took a lot of time. However, as kids, we had a lot of fun playing in the creek.

I played with the Ralph's girls, who lived very close to the Muddy Creek. I remember going up there to play all the time. When I was a little girl, we had a church branch in the little old school house. I remember one time, me and Annalee Ralphs and Mary Albrechtsen, were all leaning over the bench at church and one older lady said to me "I never remember seeing so many freckles in my entire life."

As kids we had so much fun...we were surrounded by the old blue hills in the middle of town. I remember in the summer time we would kill a chicken that we confiscated from someone's coup and we would have a big bon-fire and have a chicken and potato roast. It was one of the most fun and exciting things we could do. Of course, we never worried about setting anything on fire, because there wasn't anything but the blue-clay hills around us. It was pretty barren! We did have to carry the wood for the fire and anyone who wanted to come was surely welcome, but they had to help gather the wood.

There were several families with kids at the time I grew up. My best friend was Doralee

Albrechtsen, a cousin and a very close friend. To this day we have what we call "The Lunch Bunch" Which is a group of friends from childhood days that live close....Doralee, Annalee Ralphs and Val Jean West. We were so close when we were young and we were always together. Then as more people moved into Emery and Moore, the branch got too big so they built a church in Emery. They let the people in Moore decide if they wanted to go to Emery or to Ferron to church. We decided to go to Ferron. The Albrechtsen family went to Emery because of family members there.

We rode the school bus to Ferron as there was no school in Moore (Rochester). Parley Johnson was the man who delivered the mail to our house. When Jim and I started dating, the Edwards family were the only family that had a telephone in Rochester and many times, they would send one of the kids over to give me a message from Jim. They would deliver the message to me "that boy friend of yours wants you to come to Orangeville on the mail." That was the only way we had to communicate and I guess it worked okay. Jim says that he was the only person he knew that could have his girl friend delivered by the U. S. Mail. (Jim loves to tell this story.)
Parley was so good, he would let me set by his side and I would wait patiently while he dropped of the mail along the way. Jim would usually bring me home.

Jim and I dated all through high school and we both went to Carbon College one year. We got engaged and I went to work for Darrell Petersen in the Ferron Merc. & Drug for a year in order to have a little money for my marriage things. I loved working in the Drug Store..I made the "Iron-Port" drinks that everyone loved and a good share of the men would come to spend many hours in the store to pass on the news and just enjoy being "social". Then when Erin's Café was opened they went there for the "Coffee Social".

Jim went to Carbon College for one more year, then when he went to BYU, we decided that we would get married so I could go with him. We were married on June 1, 1950.

THE TUNNELS....I don't remember much about them. A bunch of the kids would go up and play in that area because it was a different place to be. My dad was the water master out there for many years...I wish he had written down a history about them. He would have to go set all the head gates for the water shares or water turns... and as there wasn't much water, it got pretty mean at times. One of my fun memories was when they had the "ditch cleaning". Every spring they would let the kids out of school to spend time cleaning the ditches before they would start irrigating. This was hard work because the only tools they used was the good old shovel. It was always a lot of work, but we made it fun and the best part was that we were on holiday from school. It was a good because it taught the kids how to work!

I remember going swimming in the "Muddy" ***and believe me, it was really muddy***... we actually tried to not think about the many animals that had been in the canal as we took an occasional drink from the murky mess. Because I was the cow herder, I knew where the cows had been , but I tried to forget some of details of what went in the water. I remember getting off my horse with my little cup and tried to find a spot they hadn't been in recently. As I look back on the "good old

days", I wonder how we ever survived without bad diseases from the way we lived and have to wonder how I ever lived to be 75 years old.

I think about the fun times we had on the blue hills playing games. We would go "Eastern" and as we had wood stoves then. I remember when one of the families would have to go to the desert or the mountains for wood, all the kids would pile on the wagon and ride and play down in the desert dirt. (Picture of all kids down "Eastern"). We would play in the dirt and would make a little trail for the kids to roll the Easter eggs down. That has been a tradition for all of our own families at Easter. Jim would make the trail and the kids roll the eggs down it.

The Post Office was in the Olsen home after Mr. Moore left town. It was very convenient to send Barbara to Orangeville on the mail. We eventually got the telephone in Moore, but not until after Barbara had left home and was married.

FOOD.... We ate what we had. We had pork and beef and of course, lots of dairy products were always available. We killed and processed what we had to eat.

When Jim and I were in high school, Jim was on the basket ball team and my dad loved to go watch him play. He always told Jim "you win this game and I'll kill the old "Bunk Eyed Hen". and he did, he killed several of the old "Bunk Eyed Hens" and my mother cooked chicken for the whole basketball team.

My favorite food as I was growing up was fresh corn on the cob. We always had a garden and fruit trees. We did canning and I learned to can as a young girl. We all had to help with the produce and canning. We lived with Jim's parents in Orangeville while our home was being built. His parents were Jess and Jennie Crawford Peacock. Jim and Paul Crawford are cousins. Paul's mother, Zenna Crawford, was also my first cousin as Zenna was my dad's sister. We had a close family relationship with all of our family. Spend time canning together and having many Sunday Dinners as a family. We would gather up the kids and go with the men to chop wood up in the mountains. It made it a fun family outing and the kids had a wonderful time and made lasting relationships.

We had coal stoves in the kitchen and front room. Did all our cooking and canning on a coal stove. There were many cold mornings and you tried to stay in bed until Dad had the fire going and it got a little heat in the house. We used the number three tub for baths in front of the coal stove oven. We even shared the water, it was a lot of work to change water and heat it for each kid and water was not so plentiful all the time. And believe me we did get dirty on those blue clay hills and on the desert and the mountains. We had a pond in the field for the animals and tried to keep it full of water.

When my mother died, we had to clean out her house and she had shelves of canned fruit that had not been used. I think some of it was from our home in Rochester. It looked that old. But when times are tough you learn that you never throw anything away, as you never knew when you.

need it.

We had a lot of good times and made wonderful memories. I would walk up the lane to the Albrechtsen home about every day. We had each other and we loved each other. Our friendships were cemented because we only had each other. The girls I grew up with are still my good friends.

My daughter, Sharon, still tries to have a Peacock & Ralphs dinner occasionally. She has a big house and yard and tries to get us together about twice a year.

We have six children, 3 boys and 3 girls. Our daughter, Sharon Peacock McCully is a Juvenile Court Judge and the whole family made a trip to Portland, Oregon when they made her the President of the National Association of Family and Juvenile Court Judges. That was so special for Jim and I and our whole family. We were so proud. Our son, Lee Peacock, is the head of the Utah Petroleum Assoc., son James Peacock is an Electrical Contractor for the Rexburg, Id. and Wyoming Temples and also worked on the Conference Center. Daughter, Jan Peacock Hansen is married to Jae and lives in Orangeville. She teaches elementary school. Daughter, Carol Peacock Peacock is the manager/ secretary for the court system in West Jordan she married Craig Peacock from Salt Lake City. We did a quick genealogy search on that one and now we have 3 thoroughbred Peacock children. Our son Scott is married to Jennifer and is a Social Worker in Herriman, Utah.

We have a wonderful life with a wonderful family. We still have our home in Orangeville and have get-togethers there as often as we can. When I think back to the days in Rochester (Muddy Creek) and playing in the "Muddy" and drinking the water, I have to wonder how we all survived to such a ripe old age of 75. My life has been full and I thank the Lord for my many blessings.

Interview by Janet J. Petersen