Oral History of Kent Ray Peterson

Interviewed by: Jan Peterson

Transcribed by: Bernice Payne

Janet: This is Janet Peterson. I am conducting an oral history on Kent Ray Peterson. Kent was born and raised in Ferron, Utah. His birthday is Feb.14th 1935.

Kent: I was born in Ferron on Valentine's Day in 1935. And Valentine's Day has always been kind of a fun holiday for me because of that. My mother was Velma Cox Peterson. My dad was Kermit Antone Peterson. Dad's folks were Christen and Ann Margaret Peterson. Both of them were Danish immigrants. They were converted to the Mormon Church and came to Emery County and to Utah as teenagers. They were some of the earlier settlers of Emery Co. I think they came in to Ferron about 1978 (1878) or shortly thereafter. Mother's parents were Leslie and Moriah Huntsman Cox. They were both descendants of those earlier settlers of Emery County. In fact Grandpa Cox was one of those that was in charge of the road maintenance and road department of Emery County for several years, probably during the 1930's.

At the time I was born in Ferron at my Grandmother Cox's house at what is now 4th west and about 2nd south in Ferron. At the time that I was born, there weren't near this many houses and it wasn't called 4th west or 2nd south. But it was one of the first masonry structures that was built out of the brick that was made here in Ferron in the late 1800's.

I was born in Ferron, but my folks and I weren't living in Ferron at the time. We were living in Wellington, in Carbon County. My dad and his brother, Uncle Lorenzo were operating a farm in Wellington. And that is where I spent about the first 12 years of my life. We lived in a fairly small house in Wellington. In fact we lived out across the tracks. It was south of the main town of Wellington and we didn't get running water out there until I was 6 or 7 years old. When I was young, my dad would go to town, it seemed like about once a week to get water in 55 gallon drums and bring it in. And we would have those drums just outside the kitchen door. And I remember one time on of the old horses got out of the corral and he tipped the lid off one of those 55 gallon drums. And of course mom insisted that we get that water replaced. She wasn't going to use that water if the horses had been drinking out of it. So dad had to go to town and get fresh water when he didn't want to.

I do remember the running water coming out there. It was quite an event. We got electricity. I think I was about 10 when we got electricity out there. This was depression times I guess when I was born was right in the middle of the depression. I don't remember too much about the depression, I was too young. But obviously we didn't have much. Dad was trying to make a living on the farm. But it was pretty tough. Mom was a school teacher when they got married. She was teaching school here in Emery County. She had gone to..... I guess it was called Brigham Young Normal school. At that time,

I don't know if it was Brigham Young College or University. But the Normal School was what teachers went to and it was only for two years. So she had a two year teaching certificate and taught school for several years before they were married and then she taught again later on. I think at that time when she first was teaching.....and then once she got married, she couldn't teach anymore. It wasn't legal for a married woman to teach school in Carbon or Emery County. It was changed of course during the 2nd world war. But the things I remember as a young child. We lived next to Uncle Lorenzo. My younger brother, Don, was born 3 years after me. My Uncle Lorenzo had a daughter Kay who was about my age and a daughter, Myrna who was a year older than Don and a daughter, Maurine who was Don's age. So we had the 5 of us. Three girls and two boys who were constant companions during the time we were growing up in Wellington.

We had an old cellar. An outdoor cellar that was just outside the house. It was kind of a raised mound. I suppose it was half under ground and half covered with dirt above the ground and we played "King of Bunker Hill" on it. They tell me, I don't remember, but they tell me I would get up on the hill and stand there and tell them stories. Those are the things I remember when I was a young child there. One day we got into the old grainery and found some rat poison. I suppose it was poison wheat. I was covered with poison to kill the rats. We ate some of it and we all got sick. And I remember one of the things that Aunt Wanda gave us was black coffee. It was one of the things that was pretty strong medicine. I don't remember if I developed a taste for it at that time or not. I was probably about 5 or 6 when that happened.

Dad raised pigs to make a living and we always had a bunch of old pigs out there. I think we must of had 8 or 10 sows. They were the red Duroc Jersey pigs. They were big red pigs. And some of those pigs would get very mean. I remember I got in the pig pen once and dad got pretty nervous about it. We raise pigs and I am sure they made a little money off of them. But during the depression it probably wasn't easy to make much.

We also milked cows. We had Holstein cows and Dad always had a Holstein bull for the cows. Those Holstein bulls would get very mean. They were okay for the first year or so, but after that they would be quite mean. I remember one of the kept Aunt Wanda out in the old outhouse by the corral for almost one whole afternoon before the men came home and got the bull put away. She didn't dare come out.

Sometimes the old Holstein bull would get out and go to town and put all of the people in Wellington off the street. Dad seemed to be the only one that could control the bull. He'd go to town with his long bull whip and pop it a couple of times and the bull would go home. We kept him in a big stout high sided corral. It was kind of nice when we didn't have to keep Holstein bulls around anymore because they were kind of mean.

We lived not far from the Price river and as kids we spent some very fun times. We'd go down and play in the mud. When we got a little older Don and I and some of the other boys our age would play cowboys and Indians down by the river. There was a great place for doing that and we would skate on the river during the winters.

One of my near-by neighbors, Gene Gentry lived just down the road from where we lived. By his house was a place we called the old swamp. I guess it was just an old

wash that was kind of swampy place there were always frogs and mosquitoes and we'd go down there and catch salamanders and poly-wogs. It was a fun place for young boys growing up.

I remember Gene had a ouiji board. We'd ask it questions. We ask it once what the moon was. And it told us it was made of green cheese.

Mom started teaching school probably some time after well, about the time I was starting school, maybe before. I remember my first grade teacher was Miss Russell. Many of the teachers at that time were old maids. I remember she had severe arthritis. She wasn't much taller than the kids in her first grade class. Her knuckles were quite badly bent. But she was a very sweet lady and taught us to read. Between she and my mother they must have taught me very well. Because in the second grade, they decided that I was a good enough student that I could do third grade work so I went into the third grade and from that point on I was a year ahead of the kids in my own grade. That was a problem in Wellington because the kids in my grade were really a year younger than me. It was kind of a hard time for me. But by the time we moved to Ferron, that was eliminated and it wasn't a problem any more.

I remember the second world war during the time I was in grade school in Wellington. In fact the year the war ended I was about 10 years old. So my first three or four years in grade school was during the second world war. We were always interested in it. We'd hear about it on the radio. I don't remember seeing much in the newspapers, but we must have seen some. My uncle Ted was in the war. I remember hearing about that and getting letters from him. It was a scary time. And I remember when it ended it was a very happy time. Then it took two or three years after that before we could buy the things we weren't able to get during the war. The farm was probably the best place to live during that time because there was quite severe rationing. You could only get so much meat and so much sugar, so much clothing. It was difficult to buy gas and tires for the cars. But farmers could get gasoline to grow crops. Of course we raised a lot of our own food so we didn't really suffer from the shortages like people in the cities maybe did. When the war ended, even after we moved to Ferron, things were still rationed. You could go to town and buy 1 piece of bubble gum. You couldn't buy more than that. When the bubble gum would come into town all the kids would be there to get their 1 piece of bubble gum.

It was probably about 1946 before they started selling many cars. It was nice to see new cars on the road after that. When I was 12 and I would have been in the 6th grade when we moved to Ferron. Uncle Lorenzo's house burned down, completely destroyed it. And they didn't have any place to live. And about that time mom and dad had been thinking about moving to Ferron. Grandpa Cox had bought a ranch in Nevada and he wanted my uncle Ted and my uncle Bruce Titterson, who was married to mom's sister Rose, to go to Nevada with him to run the ranch. So mom and dad moved to Ferron to take over the farm and to help grandma cook. I think that was one of the nicest things that happened to me. I always loved growing up in Ferron. It was probably one of the nicest places to live--than Wellington. When I was a young man growing up. But we

moved to Ferron when I was in the 6th grade. Don would have been in the 2nd grade. Mom was teaching there in Wellington. We moved into an apartment there with Aunt Beulah. She was Uncle Lorenzo's wife's sister, I think. We lived there in that basement apt. until we could move to --- until dad could get the house fixed up in Ferron. And we moved here at that time. Grandma's house was across the house and it was one of the first masonry brick houses that was built in Ferron. We lived in a camp house that had been moved in from one of the mining camps in Carbon Co. I don't remember which one, whether it was Hiawatha or which of the mines. Of course when it was moved in, there was no bathroom. Mom wanted a lot of things done to it. There was a lot of remodeling done at that time. One of those things was to build a bathroom in it. They bought the fixtures, a tub, a toilet and a wash basin. They were all in the bathroom, but weren't plumbed in yet. Aunt Debbie, who was my grandpa Cox's sister, his older sister, was visiting with us and she went in and used the toilet in the new bathroom and it hadn't been plumbed in yet which caused some consternation to all concerned. But it eventually did get plumbed in and we had nice facilities. The first kitchen stove we had....we had a heater in the living room, called a front room at that time, and a kitchen stove that was a combination of a coal and an electric stove so we could use the coal stove in the winter and the electric stove in the summer. Then we put an old furnace in the basement that was just a big old coal furnace. It didn't have a stoker, so he would just have to put coal in at night and it would burn all night. It didn't even have forced air. But I do remember that the combination stove we had for several years.

Mom did a lot of remodeling on that house over the years. Eventually she did get a totally electric stove and they put a stoker furnace in the basement. When we first moved to Ferron, we moved just across the street from grandma and there was an old barn and a corral which was kind of next to our house. It was one the original old barns there. There were several old barns in Ferron and that was one of them. It had a big hay mower on one side of it and a large stack of hay and the hay derrick would bring it into the barn. And it had about 4 stalls along the north side of it. We'd put the cows in it when we would milk them. We had a couple of cows and grandma had at least a couple of cows. She taught me how to milk. I remember her coming across--watching her come across to the old barn all dressed up on a cold winter day. She was all bundled up in old sweaters. She preferred Guernsey cows. She would sit down and always put her head into the flank of that old Guernsey cow and she'd milk. She could always out milk me. We went out and milked. I don't know if we milked all the time, but we milked most of the time. Between four and six cows every night and morning. We would separate the cream and churn butter. All those kinds of things. We always had milk and those things. Then we'd sell milk to the creamery. There was a creamery in Ferron at that time. Probably sell about 5 gal of milk a day or something like that. Then the creamery would make butter and cheese.

About the first or second year we took the beef cows---dad had about 60 head of beef cows. He was running them about in combination with the ones he was buying from Grandpa. Uncle went with us. We took them up to summer range at Range Creek. I

don't know if Range Creek is in Carbon or Emery County, but it is about on the line I guess. Out by Horse Canyon. The way they had to take them the first few years was to drive them out. I guess I was probably about 12 or 13 the first year we went. There was dad and I and Uncle Lloyd's boy, Glen, that was my age in school. And we each had a horse and Uncle Lloyd drove a team and wagon that had all our supplies in it. It took us about 5 days. The first night we spent by Huntington. The second night was at Lawrence. The third night we went to Desert Lake--out east of Lawrence and Cleveland and Elmo. Then we'd go to Mounds, which was into Carbon County by the rail road, then to Horse Canyon and on into Range Canyon. I remember when we got to Mounds, Mounds is on the railroad and there is still a big corral there where they shear sheep or load cattle and sheep on the railroad. Just the it me we got the cows there, Craig came across and stampeded the cows. It was just like the stampede you see in the movies. It was real excitement for two young boys. We got out in front of those cows and stopped the stampede. I guess we felt like we were heroes. That was great fun.

After we hit horse canyon. The road ended. At that time they were building the road over to Range Creek. Now there is a good gravel road there. But at that time it was still a trail to part of the way up and over the mountain. The cows of course would spread out all over that mountain and we had to get them across and trail down a long through the bottom down into Range Creek which runs down to the Green River and from there we had to take them up what is called Gooseberry Trail which is even a steeper trail and up to the land on top. From the time we hit Horse Canyon we had to leave the wagon, put all the supplies on the two work horses that pulled the wagon. Put 'em in packs on those two old work horses and take them up over the trail to the cabin on top of Range Creek where we stayed. One of those old horses fell off the trail and broke most of the eggs we had in the pack. I can remember that. It was a very steep rugged trail the Gooseberry Trail.

The cabin up on top was an old homestead cabin. Marsings from over in Carbon County had homesteaded that country. It was about a thousand acres. It was beautiful range land. Some of the best mountain range in Utah. The grass was up to the horses belly and I think it really was. It was a flat plateau up on top about 9000 feet and mostly grass, a little sage and some quakies a few pines, a lot of deer. The deer would come right up and stand. You could ride within 30 yards of them and not spook them.

There were mice in the cabin and they kept running through the old tin cans all night. We would put up some fence that first year and went back a few other years and put up even more fence. Budge (?) Wilcox was the neighbor up there and owned most of the land and his family still owns most of it up there. He came up to where we were building fence around one of the water holes, which is the way most of the land was settled. The range country and most of the West, they homesteaded and took possession of the springs and 40 acres around the spring or water hole. And the rest of the land remained public domain. And now a lot of it is BLM land. We were fencing around the area and Budge came up there and was a little upset. He didn't think the fence should be where it was. He had a big pocket knife. He was a rough looking old character and had a

couple of cowboys with him. He sat there whittling on a big stick. But he settled down.

We had some fine adventures there. We drove the cows up for several years. We'd come out in the spring to bring the cows and then dad would come out two or three times during the summer to check on the cows. Even then we got to ride to the bottom and eventually we got so we could ride to the bottom. But for a long time, we'd just come in the car. We didn't have a way for our horses and we'd walk up on top and walk around and see what was going on.

Come fall we'd take the horses and gather up the cows. There were a lot of neighbors and one was Nutters. Christen Nutters was one of the real cattle barons of Utah. He had adjoining range. His cows all had what we called a hip "O" brand. A big "O" on the hip. I don't think some of his cows had actually seen a rider. If they had they hadn't seen one very many times. They'd get pretty mean we were chased out of the corrals many times by those big ol' mean cows.

It was just high adventure for a young teen age boy to go to Range Creek. The last few years that I helped we had a ton and a half truck and we could haul maybe 10 head of cows out there. We could haul them in to the bottom and take them up the Gooseberry Trial. Or there was what they called Hog Back Road. It came the back side going up from Sunnyside. It was straight off on one side and pretty steep on the other side for several miles running along the ridge. Or it seemed like several miles anyway. Mom wouldn't even ride in the truck up it, it was so steep. There were several switch-backs up on the road. We'd have to stop and back up to go on up. One time Uncle Ted was coming down into Range Creek and lost his brakes. Just about dumped a load of cows into the stream. But just before he was getting ready to jump, he tried his brakes one more time and they held that time so we never did loose any. But it was pretty scary a few times.

Living in Ferron, besides going to Range Creek as a young boy of around 12 until I went in to high school, and doing the things that young boys do, was great fun. We lived right next to Ferron Creek. The creek was between our house and Cliff Jensen lived on one side across the creek and Cliff Snow on the other. So all in between was an ideal playground for young boys. We would go down there with a lot of the boys in town and play cowboys and Indians or war games or whatever we wanted to do. We would build big elaborate forts down there. It's all gone now. Water doesn't even run in the Ferron Creek most of the time because it is all dammed off at the Millsite Dam. But at that time there were squirrels and rabbits. I got a 22 when I was about 14 and it was great sport for me to go down on weekends and hunt for squirrels, rabbits and birds or whatever. No thoughts of gun control or anything else at that time.

By the time I got in to high school, grandpa Cox had come back from selling the Monitor Ranch in Nevada and was going to stay in Utah. He put some money into this place in Ferron. They built a milk barn. It was Hi-land Dairy that came down and was telling the farmers they could make some money selling grade-A milk and dad was one of those who built a milk barn which would milk 4 cows at one time and produce it to grade-A conditions. There were about fifteen of the farmers in Ferron who built barns at that time. Cliff Jensen out across the creek; Owen Barton built one and Gerald kept it up.

John Behling had one. Ralph Lemmon and Hugh Behling had one on Mill Road up the canyon. I can't think of any of the others right off....oh Max Fulmer. There were about 12 or 15 in Ferron. Now there are until about a year ago - 3. Gerald and Roger Barton. Ralph Lemmon and his son Hallie and John kept theirs going until about a year ago. They probably sold their milk cows by now. And Tracy Behling, Hugh Behling's son still has a fairly large dairy. So now we are down to 2. Each of them probably milks over 100 head of cows.

Jan: Doesn't Bruce Behling have a dairy?

Kent: Yeh, Bruce Behling milks cows. I guess we still have 3. I don't think Bruce has a grade-A They are probably producing more milk than we did at the time that I was a kid, just because they have more cows. Ten or 15 from each one of those 10 would be about the same that they are milking now. It just got to where you needed more land and more cows to take care of the family. It is just one of the things that has happened in Ferron over the years.

Some of the things I remember about the farm growing up was that dad had permit out on the Sid and Charlie area of the BLM what we called "down below" then. Out in the San Rafael Swell area and every winter the cows would go down there. The winter of '48 and again in '52 there was extremely deep snow in Ferron. I suppose it was probably the winter of '48 when dad went out and it had snowed a lot and then turned off warm and then kind of melted the top of the snow and then turned off real cold and there was a hard crust on top of about foot to 15 inches of snow out there. The cows couldn't get to any feed or water. They were out there starving. All the guys in town had to go out and get the cows. I remember dad talking about that. They had to have one man out front on a horse breaking a trail or the cows couldn't get through. They took turns on front with their horses, breaking trail and other behind pushing the cows. It was quite a project to get those cows out of there and save them, but they managed to.

Then the winter of '52 was about as bad. They even air-dropped some hay out in different places. I don't remember that they did any here, but around the state they did that were stranded out on the desert lands. But my memories of that country, weren't quite as.....it was a country we loved, but the thing I remember most is that going out it was always cold either in the late fall or in early spring, like March. When Emery County can turn off could and always a cold hard wind blowing.

Sometimes we would take the horses out by truck out to what we called Hyrum's corral. Which is out, not to far from Snake Rock where the petroglyphs are today. We'd unload the horse and go check cows all day and move them and then ride back to town and it was always a long ways. It seemed like we always went on a trot and those horses had a rough trot. My bones were cold and it was not a fond memory of how cold I was for at least 10 miles on a cold winter day. You'd come to town and come past Cliff Jensen's and there would be some milk cans sitting out there and the horses would always get scared and jump sideways and feel like they were going to dump you off and break every bone in your body.

The milk cows, as I said, we lived right next to Ferron Creek and there was an old bridge across it and it washed out a couple of times when the big floods came down, before Millsite, especially in the summer, we would get a real strong thunder storm up on the mountain, or sometimes in the spring when the run-off would come there would be big floods and it would fill up to almost where the subdivision is today and it would wash the bridge out. One time when we had the dairy cows out in one of the south field for summer or fall pasture, after we had harvested the crops we would put the cows in there for a while and I went out to get then one day and while I was out there the bridge washed out and coming back there was no way to get the cows home. That was quite a time. I don't even remember how we took care of that. If we took them through Cliff Jensen's or took them down around the other way. But we eventually go them home. It was kind of scary trying to get those old cows home.

When Grandpa came back he bought several pieces of land and one of them was the piece where our house is now. He bought it from Leonard Olsen, Of course we called it the Leonard Olsen place. Leonard Olsen was a man who lived in town and the last few years of his life he had a few mental problems. Grandpa said that he wouldn't take cash when he bought the place, but he gave Leonard $3000.00 in cash. Leonard's wife, Mrytle claimed she never saw the $3,000.00. We always thought there might be $3,000.00 in cash buried here on the place. But we've never found it. I suppose Leonard was not as crazy as some people thought and he really did spend the money.

Leonard had an old lean-to chicken coop place that he stayed in out here. He spent a lot of time. When grandpa got it, it wasn't leveled and he spent a lot of time and put some money into it got the place leveled and dad bought it from him and it turned into a very nice farm. It is right next to the Herring Flats, out next to the canal so it is a nice place to live. Three miles from down town Ferron.

The roads coming out here used to always fill in with snow, drift in on the winters when we had snow. They'd fill in almost to the tops of the fence line through out these south lanes. And once they drifted in, they stayed drifted in until Spring, until the snow melted. So there was no coming in or going out.

At the time I did move to Ferron, we had an elementary school. The elementary school has since been torn down. There was a high school and jr high. The elementary school went to the 6th grade and the jr. high was the 7th and 8th grades and the high school was 9th 10th 11th and 12th. There wasn't a separate jr. high, we were just part of the high school during those years. The Emery kids and the Castle Dale and Orangeville came to the jr. high and no.....just the Emery kids. Then the Castle Dale and Orangeville kids came for high school.

We had some excellent teachers thought at South Emery High School. It was a small school. When I graduated it was one of the higher numbers of students. I graduated in 1952. I think we had about 200 kids in the high school. We had about 40 kids that graduated from high school when I did. We had some excellent teachers. Allan Tuft was one, he had probably as big of an influence on me as any body. He was the science teacher. But he had something in his demeanor that demanded respect from the kids. It

seems like all of the girls were afraid of him. None of the boys, at least I don't remember any of the ever misbehaving in his class. He looked at you and that was all it took. But he was an excellent math teacher and science teacher. And I think almost directly because of him there were about 15 boys, near the age that I was, either a year a head of me or a year behind me and my class that went on to graduate from college in one of the engineering branches or one of the sciences or mathematics which is amazing from classes the size that you have. Almost close to 10% of the kids and almost 20% of the boys that went on to college because of him.

Max Peacock was another one. He taught biology and he taught business classes. Janet, my wife, took the business classes and learned an awful lot from him. I took biology. He was an excellent teacher and he was a good friendly sort of guy that you could talk to even then. Allen Tuft, you didn't talk to as a friend until you got older. Then he was. But as a kid he was strictly a disciplinarian. Brad Jensen was the principal. Brad had been a star athlete. An Olympic hopeful and he was on the track team, a track star at BYU. I think he probably played basketball. He was the coach here at South Emery for a lot of years before he was the principal. He used to bring fear to kids that had misbehaved. He had what he called "his board of education". It was a big paddle. It seemed like it was a 2x6. But it was probably a piece of 1x6 board that was painted and had holes drilled in it. It was hanging on his wall. He used to carry it once in a while. And every body knew that he used it. But I never knew of anyone that he actually used it on. He probably did use on someone, but he didn't have to because we knew it was there and nobody wanted to be bad enough to make him have to use it.

Loye Beach was an English teacher that I had through a couple of years and she was our yearbook advisor when I was the yearbook editor on the yearbook in high school. She taught us our junior year in English. We read Shakespeare. We read McBeth. We studied poetry, Longfellow. I think I memorized part the "The Wreck of the Hesperus" in her class in high school. It was probably where I started, between her and my mother, to get an interest in reciting poetry. My mother used to do it too. Especially dramatic poems. I remember she used to do "The Face on the Bar Room Floor". So between the two of them I certainly developed an interest in it. It developed more in later years than it did right then.

We had some good young teachers that came to Emery County. LouJuanna Rushton taught English my last year in high school. Max Eagley was there. He taught English, and I don't remember what else he taught. Keith Albrecht was there when I first started. I think he started the year I started high school and was our Ag teacher for many years. He got me interested in Future Farmers. FFA. He had just finished college and after serving in the army he came to South Emery. It was his first teaching job and he became quite a figure in the school and the community. He made a real impact on us in the FFA organization. We did a lot of things in it. A lot of us went on and did things with the State FFA. It got us a good start in learning how to do things. I won one of the local public speaking contests and went on to the state public speaking. It was interesting. He really got us involved. We went on a trip to Colorado to ....over by Grand Junction. We

talked to some of the kids over there and got to speak on the radio. I thought that was great fun.

I graduated from high school in the spring of 1952. I went to Utah State. I remember that was the year that Dwight Eisenhower won his first election to president. We watched his inauguration on television there at Utah State. We didn't have television then in Emery county. In fact we got telephones I think the year after my first year in college. We didn't have telephones at the time I was in high school.

One of the better things that happened to me in high school was that's where I met Janet. She was a freshman when I was a senior. We got pretty well acquainted that year. Even better acquainted in later years.

We got started in high school just kind of an indication of our social life at that time which I think was interesting. At that time automobiles were doing pretty well, by 1946 when the war was over or so they started selling a lot of cars. By the time we started socializing much in high school, and during the early 50's, 1951 and '52, dad bought a '52 Buick we drove. But my good friends were DeLor Beach who lived down in Molen and Udell Albrechtson who lived down to Moore and Sharp Snow who lived in Castle Dale. So when we went to a dance, I would take my car to a dance, and I would drive down to Molen to get DeLor and then we would drive to Moore and pick up Udell and then drive to Emery to get Clara, Clara Petty who he was going with and then we would go to Castle Dale and pick up Sharp and then get Janet and Colleen Beach for DeLor and I and then drive to Orangeville and pick up LaPreal Childs for Sharp and then come to Ferron to the dance. Then after the dance, we would have to reverse all that. We put on a lot of miles. But we didn't do it all that often and gasoline was only 25 cents a gallon, so we could do it for a dollars worth of gas. But we did travel a lot of miles and the roads aren't quite as good as they are now.

In 1952, I decided to go to Utah State. I had spent a lot of time with the FFA and knew I loved farming and ranching and wanted to become a rancher and farmer. So I went to Utah State and majored in Animal Husbandry. I got a Sears & Roebuck scholarship that year for $100.00. That $100.00 paid my tuition that first year in college. Udell and I and Dan Hunter lived in Mrs. McMurtie's boarding house in Logan when we went to Utah State. I don't remember the address. But down below the hill. We lived up stairs and would come down and eat in the kitchen every morning and afternoon. I don't remember what we did for lunch. She was the only person I knew that could boil an egg and make the yolks (tape ended)

While I still enjoyed agriculture and animal husbandry was a great love, I realized that if I was going to make a living and be able to stay on the farm was becoming doubtful. It was questionable that there was enough there to support another family. I realized I probably needed to choose another field. I found that I enjoyed chemistry and math and engineering and those kinds of studies. So I decided to go in to engineering, chemical engineering specifically. So the next year I had to go some place else to school.

At Utah State I had some real good times. I remember that that was the time of the big bands and Rock Flannigan and his dance orchestra which was one of the

descendants of the Glen Miller Orchestra came to play for the Jr. Prom and I took Carolyn Conover from Ferron to that dance. We went to the dance. It was pretty big stuff to have a nationally known band. That was the first time we realized that that kind of stuff could come to Utah even.

Jay Bracken Lee was the governor. I think he fired the President of the College and so all of the students went on strike and drove down to the capitol in Salt Lake to protest the firing. We all got a day off of school. I don't think Brack Lee ever went back so we probably lost. But it was an exciting time. I was in ROTC. The Air force ROTC and had dreams of becoming a jet pilot.

After the first year, I realized that probably engineering was a more lucrative way to go than animal husbandry. I went down to BYU and University of Utah. They both taught engineering. I thought that BYU would be the better place to go. It was closer to home and I think at that time it didn't cost as much money. I went two quarter there and I really was not a total success at BYU, although it worked out fine.

At that dad was having some real health problems. He had a bleeding ulcer and had to have surgery. So I dropped out of college that last spring and came back to Ferron and worked on the farm all that summer. That fall it was during the Korean War, about 1954. The Korean War was just ending. But the draft was still going and I knew I was going to have to go in to the service. And this looked like a good time to do it and so I volunteered for the draft. The draft board called me and it was Oct. 14th 1954. I was on the train going to Fort Ord California. By that time, Janet and I had had a falling out and we were no longer in love and but I went to Fort Ord. That was probably the coldest place I had ever lived in my whole life. It is down by Monterey Bay. I was there in the fall and I have learned since that is a cold time of the year in that part of California.

I learned a lot of new things being in the military. I learned that also young farm boys who spent their summer as I had spent that summer and previous summers hauling hay and lifting bales practically all summer. Dan Hunter and I spent the summer lifting bales on to wagons and handling them all by hand. So I was in good shape. I think that my first physical when I went in to the army, I was 6'2" and weighted 147 lbs. So I didn't have excess flesh on me. By the time I left basic training, I had come up to 170 lbs. I don't know the whole reason for that, but I put on a lot of weight. It was a typical basic training experience. The kind of thing you go through---glad you did it but you don't want to do it again.

I was assigned to the army security agency school in Fort Devens. When I got out of basic training it was just before Christmas and so they gave us a two week leave and so I came home for Christmas. At that time, I don't remember just how we did it but Janet and I got together at that time. She sent me a Christmas card I guess. We had a couple of dates and ended up married by the 27th of December. I am not sure why all those things happened, but we decided what we better do is get married. But not tell anybody. I guess we thought we could keep that kind of thing secret.

We drove to Ely, Nevada. Mom and dad had just bought a new car. It was a '55 Chevrolet. The first of the Chevy V-8's in fact. We had that car for our car for a few

years. It was a great car. One of the real classics. We drove the car to Ely, Nevada; got married and the funny thing was that Janet was old enough but I wasn't. She was younger than me. I had to lie about my age, but they let us get married. We came home and on the way home, we decided we'd better tell them. I guess we didn't decide it until after we got home. Anyway, we got back to Castle Dale and talked to DeLoy Beach and Colleen Rasmussen. They were married and we talked to them and decided we'd better tell everybody. So we woke mom and dad up in the middle of the night and then drove to Castle Dale and told Janet's mother. I don't remember what all was said. Mom was a little bit upset I remember, but we drove to Price to the a motel and had our honeymoon at a motel in Price. Then we had a reception and by New Years Eve I was on a train and on my way to Fort Devens. Caught the train in Helper and was on my way to Fort Devens to go to the army security agency school, which I really didn't know anything about.

As it turned out it was a good thing we told everyone, because in just that week and a half that we had, Janet got pregnant for the first time. When I went back to Fort Devens as it turned out, to learn more school, to be a radio operator, it was about a 6 months school. The last couple of months that I was there, I think I got there the first of January and Janet came back about the first of May or in April some time, and spent a few months with me. It was an interesting time. It was the first time really except for short periods of time when I went to college, it was the first time I'd really been away from home.

I had to go to New England which was so totally different than Utah. It was kind of a traumatic experience. New England's largest open space that you could find that wasn't covered with trees or houses was only about 5 acres. Coming from the wide open West, I kind of had claustrophobia. When it came time to leave, of course the army did their usual thing. I was to be sent down to Fort Bragg, North Carolina and we were going to take our little old car, a '48 Studebaker back there. I think I was getting paid about $130.00 a month. We paid about $25.00 a month for rent, $25.00 a month for a car payment. We were going to drive down to Fort Bragg and the week before we were going to leave, they called us in and said there had been a change in plans, you are going to Fort Huachuca, Arizona. And you are going to fly down. Well this really put a damper on things. So one of my friends, Dick Pinkley, we were both married and had pregnant wives and so decided we would take the wives to his home in Ohio and they could stay there until the babies came and then they could come and join us in Arizona. That didn't work either. But that is what we did. We took the wives as far as Utica, New York and then they just drove from there. Dick and I hitchhiked back to Fort Devans and flew on the airplane down the Fort Huachuca. I remember landing there and there had been a drought through the spring in New England. Everything was dry. We landed at Arizona at midnight and it was a pouring rain. So we got soaked in the Arizona desert. We got up the next morning and I could see 50 miles in each direction and I thought it was great. The guys from New England thought they had gone to hell. But it we found out that we couldn't bring our wives down there because we were on our way to Louisiana for maneuvers for 3 months, which we did.

My mom and dad went back to Ohio and picked up there and picked up Janet. Dad bought a tow bar and they towed the old Studebaker home. By that time, Janet was about 9 months pregnant. She had the baby in Price. That was Jill. I managed to get a couple of days off from the army. They flew me to Phoenix out of the army base and the bus didn't leave until the next day. So I hitchhiked home. I was there right after Jill was born. Then I had to go back to the army. Later, after maneuvers, Janet went down and we lived in Bisbee until about a year. We had some great times there.

We got out of the army and I came home and decided to go to the University of Utah and finish my engineering degree. And so we spent the next 3 years at the University of Utah in Salt Lake studying to become a chemical engineer. I had found that in previous times even at BYU and Utah State, I could get good marks without a whole lot of work. It was easy. But when I got to the University of Utah that all changed. And my marks were never as good after that and I worked extremely hard. But we made it through. Janet worked all the time that I was going to college I guess. After we got out we lived on 17th South in Salt Lake in a little apartment. She worked at Grisimer ? Steel first and then Surety Life. We had Jill and then when I got out of college I got a job with a company called Electro-ceramics in Salt Lake. They made ____ electro-ceramic products. I was their R&D department. Worked there about 3 years and then went to work for Hercules for about a year and then went to Hill Air Force Base for about 16 years, 1963 until 1979. Had some real great experience there. I got to see the world. Travel the world and see air force bases and air planes all around the world. All across the United States. I was able to get into every one of the 50 states at one time or another. I spent time in Europe, the Far East, Japan and Korea and Viet Nam. In fact I was even there at Camron Bay in Viet Nam.

Then we moved back to the power plants. The power plants were starting up in Emery County. So in 1979 we came back for Thanksgiving and I talked to Lee Rasmussen and he said they were hiring engineers out at the power plant. They needed an environmental engineer. I talked to them and got a job and we moved back to Ferron. And we have been here ever since. I think it was the next spring that Janet and the kids came down. We had 4 kids by that time. Jill had graduated from high school. We lived in Bountiful for a while and she graduated from Bountiful High School. We moved to Farmington and Jeff graduated from Davis High School and we moved down here and Kara and Chris both graduated from Emery High.

I went to work out at the power plant as their environmental engineer. I was responsible for making sure that everything that the power plants did was in accordance with all the environmental regulations, of which there are a bunch. I had to keep the precipitators, keeping all the particulates out of the gas and all the scrubber that take all the sulpher dioxide out. After a few years I was promoted to plant engineer. I worked in that job until I retired in 1990. But it was good times at the power plant. I was there when unit 2 came on line and I was there during all the construction period for unit 3. Brought unit 3 online. I was responsible for a lot of things that eventually got done there. We tried to keep the air as clean as we could although after the power plants came the air in Emery County was never quite as clean.

While I was traveling the world with the air force, I knew that Emery County was one place you could come where the air was still clean. That was because no body lived here. The county was starting to die away. I think the population had gone way down. I think the average age was getting close to 60. There was nothing for anyone to do. The power plants came in and changed all that. They brought new the people in. As I say I came in December of 1979. By 1980 the family came.

We decided to build our house out here on what used to be called the old Leonard Olsen place. At that time they weren't allowing people to build outside of town. When Millsite reservoir was built in about 1968 or '69, one of the things that they did was they decided they could save a lot of water by keeping the water out of the canals in the winter. So they installed a stock watering system that hooked onto the regular Ferron City water system. It came out to all of the farms. Dad had decided to retire in the middle 60's. Don had come home to farm. Then he decided he didn't want it and he had gone to Alaska and then to Washington to live. Dad had sold his milk cows and retired. He eventually ended up selling off all of the property. We started buying this place, the Leonard Olsen place and eventually got title to it and when I moved down here with the power plant, well, by then dad had died. We decided we wanted to live out here. Ferron wasn't allowing any building outside of the city limits so we had kind of tough problem there for a while. It took us over a year to finally get permission but I researched all of the zoning regulations and found out that you could build a place on a farm like this and call it a care taker dwelling, which we qualified for. And we finally convinced Ferron City, I think Ron Barney was the mayor, that they could allow us to use the water that was already here. It was good drinking water so we hooked onto the drinking water system and got a building permit from Emery County and built our house.

We built the house. Janet and I probably did most of the work. All of the kids helped. Paul Stevens helped us. He built the foundation and got us started and was here to help us out all the way. But we all did the work ourselves. A great majority of the work. I think we had help with the finishing of the sheetrock, and the plumbing, some of the final finish carpentry work. But other than that, we did it all ourselves. Janet pounded as many nails as I did. Maybe more. She was out here from morning 'til night, building on this house. But it turned out to be a great place to live. And we've never been sorry we moved out here.

We thought at the time we moved here, this was at the time when the real environmental issues were coming to the fore. Everybody was trying to get by and save electricity. The cost of gasoline went out of sight. And we thought we would try and build a solar home. We thought we would try and build a solar home up on the blue hill. I think that Janet was a big factor in convincing me that that wasn't a smart thing to do. We decided to build it right here in the trees and that was really smart. It has been a great place.

When I moved down here in 1980, it was at the height of the boom that Emery County had. As I watched that, I came here and grew up and it was right after the war. Farming was probably doing as well then as it ever did. Except maybe in the very early

days when farming was fairly successful. The first probably 50 to 70 years of Emery Counties existence. But by the time that I had graduated from high school, there were not jobs to be found in Emery County. When I left, the coal mines were operating maybe 2 maybe 3 days a week if they were lucky. They'd be off during the summer when nobody needed coal. All of the coal was being used to heat houses. And the homes around the state were being converted to gas. Nobody needed the coal. So Emery County really went down hill. By the time the power plants came in there were just a few farmers hanging on. Then the plants came in and the farmers were able to sell their water and a lot of their land; lease their water. And people had money. All of a sudden Emery County was worth money again. A few years later, the power company decided they weren't going to build unit 4 and things started to drop way back. Many of the houses that had been built went into foreclosure. A lot of the people who thought they could stay here forever, couldn't stay. There weren't enough jobs. Construction jobs dried up. The mines changed I think. I think the time unit 3 came online, there were about 1500 people working for Emery Mining. By the time I left, that was down to about 700 people. They were actually cut in half. Their workforce. Primarily because of the way they did business. They went to the longwall miners that would produce a lot more coal with a lot less people. And the workforce was cut in half. The power plants found out they didn't need as many people as they had thought. So the number of people at the power plants was reduced. In fact, that was one of the reasons I left. They decided that they needed to cut back so they went through two periods of early retirement. I of course thought that I hadn't worked for the power company long enough that I would ever be involved but they came in with one of those deals you can't turn down and the summer of 1990, they made such a deal that I couldn't refuse. So I took an early retirement from the power plant when I was 55. I decided that I would come home and work on the farm and write cowboy poetry and play golf and live happily ever after.

Well a couple of years later, I'm not sure what happened, but I got nervous and decided I needed to do something. Janet had run for county treasurer in 1990, the year I retired. And so we had gotten involved with politics. She lost by what turned out to be 3 votes. We were very unhappy with that so I guess that is the way it went. But that got us involved with the Republican Party and County politics. I had gotten involved with the Museum and anyway by about 1992, I decided that I ought to run for County Commissioner. Which I did. It turned into a real experience. I shook hands with almost everyone in Emery County I am sure. I spent a lot of time out meeting the people. I got to know a lot of people that I didn't ever know before; saw a lot of parts of Emery County that I'd only briefly seen. But I ended up winning the election, became Emery County Commissioner on the 3rd day of January, 1993.

At this point I've been in office not quite a year and a half. There are problems now that we never dreamed of. There has been a change. I talked a little about the way the land was settled and how they just settled the water holes and the grazing lands. Those were public grazing in those days. The Taylor Grazing Act came along and the Federal Government took over the Forest Service took over the forest lands in about 1903

or '04. And so the Forest Service could control grazing on the mountain, and then eventually the BLM took over for Taylor Grazing. Now we are going through the time where the environmental people are saying the these are public lands. They belong to all of the people in the United States. And I guess those of us that grew up here and have walked those lands all the time, we don't think they belong as much to somebody in New Jersey or Washington DC or even Salt Lake City. Not as much as it belongs to the people in Ferron, and Castle Dale, or Clawson, Huntington, Orangeville, wherever in Emery County. We think these are more our lands than they are their lands. So there are some trying times coming up. There's things that are changing. We don't know how it is going to all work out.

When I was growing up in the 1950's the uranium boom came on. Atomic energy was going to solve all of the energy problems of the entire world. And they found uranium in Emery County. A lot of people in Emery County went out and prospected. Some of them even got claims that paid off with some money. Cliff Snow and Don Snow had some claims. They live here in Ferron. They ended up making enough money off of their uranium claims that Don and Virginia could do some things that they wanted to do. I don't think that anybody every got rich, but people did get some money.

I remember going out prospecting once with dad. It must have been in the early '50's. We went out on horses down below Ferron. One of dad's friends had a Geiger counter. And we found some rocks that made it ding. Didn't ever find too much. I don't think any one amongst us knew anything about prospecting. We saw a wild horse on a ridge not to far away. He was just standing there on the ridge with his mane and tail blowing and I knew he was the famous black stallion that every one wanted to catch so we took off after him and chased that wild horse. We forgot about uranium claims. We finally caught him. Roped him. He was a two year old that had been stunted in his growth. I guess he had been inbred. Probably several generations. He was pigeon toed, knock-kneed, looked a mess. Wasn't worth 2 cents. We finally just turned him loose and let him go. It was kind of a disappointment. Awe he was pretty from a distance.

When I grew up here there weren't very may roads. When dad took the cows out the road I don't know that it even went through to ... very far. At least we never went very far on it. We went down to Hyrum's corral and bring the cows out around Sid and Charlie. But that is about as far as we went. There was a road out Dutch Flat that went way down below Ferron. The Buckhorn Draw road went through. It went clear through. In fact, you could go all the way to Hanksville. We used that road and went to Hanksville when they started building Lake Powell. But most of the roads that are out on the San Rafael now, or a lot of them were built in the '50's during the uranium boom. Some of the local guys would get out there in army jeeps and 4-wheel drives. They weren't here when I was a kid growing up. Nobody could afford them. Later on into the 50's by the time I left and gone away to college, a lot of people had the old army jeeps. There were some cats and a few things and they could get out there and build a few roads into the prospecting areas. Now those are roads that this county commissioner is trying to do something to maintain them. The environmentalists that are here now say that they don't

belong there. They are wilderness areas. So those roads don't even exist. The BLM wants their studies and says the roads aren't there. We know they are there and we are trying hard to keep them. So that is just some of things we are trying to sort thru now as we go into the 21st century. We don't know what is going to change. A lot of changes up 'til now and there is going to be a lot more. But we are trying to maintain a lot of the life style we lived as we were growing up here and I think the kids growing up now still feel the same way that I did growing up here in Ferron. Still it is probably as close as you can get to the frontier as anywhere in the United States probably. We have the big San Rafael, that not too many people know about. But more are finding it I am afraid. I am afraid the secret is out. There are going to be more people out there than we know what to do with. But we will do what we can. We will try to save as much of it as we can for those of us who still live here. It will be interesting what the next 100 years brings.