HISTORY OF MARINUS AND JOSEPHINE PETERSON

Marinus Peterson was born November 12, 1873, in Salt Lake City, Utah, to James Marinus Peterson and Karen Marie Anderson. His family lived in Salt Lake City until he was 4 years of age. They then moved to Ft. Green, Utah, where they lived for 3 years until they were asked by the church authorities to migrate to Emery County as pioneers. They settled in this country called Castle Valley.

The family arrived in Castle Valley during the fall of 1880. They almost perished that first winer because of the severity of the weather. Their stock all starved and froze to death and all they had left was the wagon they had paid $15 for and each other. None of the family recalls having heard what kind of living quarters the family had that first winter, but it must have been very primitive. They would not have had time to build a house after their arrival and before winter came. It was probably a dugout in a blue clay bank.

In the due course of time the father, James Marinus, also known as Jens Marinus Peterson, acquired other stock and traded a yoke of oxen for the land now commonly known as the "Brakes Ranch." Here Marinus spent much of his early years. The family very rarely got to town, three miles away. It has been told that the family would have 2 or 3 children blessed at a time when trips to town did occur. Despite the infrequency of trips to town the father led the choir for 20 years and also played the violin for dances.

Marinus was the first son and second child in a family of 11 children and the brother of 6 half-brothers and sisters from a second wife, Karen Marie Nelsen. These 2 wives were married to James Marinus Peterson the same day in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, Utah, by Joseph F. Smith.

Marinus and Andrew, his younger brother, being the eldest of the family were sent out to herd the sheep at an early age. Doing this they spent many lonely months and as they have stated, "became almost as wild as the coyotes themselves." Many times they were without sufficient food for their good health and well being. He married Anne Cathrine Josephine Peterson on February 3, 1898, in Castle Dale, Utah, by C. G. Larsen. This marriage was later solemnized in the Manti Temple July 13, 1898.

Anne Cathrine Josephine Peterson, known by everyone as Josephine, was born January 13, 1876 in Mt. Pleasant, Utah, to Jasper Peterson and Annie Louisa M. Jensen, the fifth in a family of 6 children; her father was called by the church authorities

Marinus and Josephine Peterson

to help settle Castle Valley. They moved to Emery County in 1878 and her father, that year, raised the first crop of wheat raised on Cottonwood Creek.

Josephine tells of working for 45¢ a week to pay for what education she received as a girl. She was an accomplished organist and served as organist of the ward for many years.

Her father died in Denmark while serving as a missionary for the church and was buried there. Josephine served in many church positions, among which was a mission to the Manti Temple.

Marinus never had the privilege of a formal education. He started school once, and being larger than the other pupils in his class he was chided and made fun of, so after 4 days he never went back. He was taught to read and write by his good wife, Josephine, and was later taught mathematics by his daughter, Crystal, which knowledge helped him greatly in his business of farming and stockraising.

The first two years after their marriage they lived on and managed the ranch now known as the Wilberg Ranch, north of Castle Dale. Here two sons were born: Wesley (Jan. 29, 1899) who died of a heart condition at 14, and David (July 11, 1900) who lived only a few hours. They then moved into Castle Dale and lived in a small cabin home. About this time their third child was born, Crystal Josephine (Nov. 9, 1901).

Around 1904 they moved to Sunnyside, Utah, where he had obtained employment in the coal mine as a miner.

While living in Sunnyside 2 daughters were born: Gladys Louise, (May 12, 1904) and Alta M. (September 3, 1906).

About 1907 they moved back to Emery County, bought a farm 2 miles south of Castle Dale, and here developed a dairy herd. At this ranch house another son was born, Forrest, (August 11, 1908).

They later built a small home in Castle Dale and moved back into town. Here 3 of their children were born, Lee Orlando (Feb. 21, 1911), Ileene, (April 24, 1913), and Nina, (April 19, 1915). Also at about this time they bought the Brakes Ranch from his father and others. In about 1916 he traded his small home to Josephine's brother, William for William's large home, which provided more adequately the room needed for the large family. Here their last child was born, Grant J. (July 26, 1917), making 10 children for this goodly couple.

His father, James Marinus Peterson, was called to serve a 3-year mission in Denmark from 1901 to 1903, presiding over the Fredrickshaven Branch. He left his family to make it on their own and also support him.

In about 1920 Marinus filed on a 160-acre homestead in Joes Valley, and after 4 years of occupancy and hard work by all the family patented this land. He developed a herd of sheep and a dairy herd on this ranch. At this time he was fairly well off, owning 2 good ranches, 100 head of cows, with a permit on the forest for them, 300 head of sheep and a good home in Castle Dale.

His hobbies consisted mostly of dancing. He was a very good dancer and often performed at weddings, dances and other activities with a step dancing (similar to tap dancing), Heel and Toe Polka, The Scottish, Virginia Reel, square dancing and any other dance of his time. Josephine danced all of these dances with him. All the ladies enjoyed dancing with him. The last time he "step danced" was at his son, Forrest's, wedding reception, December 28, 1931. He loved good horses and took great pride in the good horses he raised and used.

He was accidentally killed in Joes Valley July 16, 1932, while attempting to build a platform hay derrick for stacking hay. This was such a shock to his wife that she never fully recovered from it. She died of a heart attack May 28, 1956 at her home in Castle Dale, Utah. Their word was as good as their bond.

HISTORY

Marinus Peterson

Marinus Peterson was born November 25th, 1873, in Salt Lake City, Utah, to James Marinus Peterson and Karen Marie Anderson. His family lived in Salt Lake City until he was 4 years of age They then moved to Ft. Green, Utah, where they lived for three years until they were asked by the church authorities to migrate to Emery County as pioneers. They settled in this country called Castle Valley.

The family arrived in Castle Valley during the fall of 1880. They almost perished that first winter because of the severity of the weather. Their stock all starved and froze to death and all they had left was the wagon their father had paid $15.00 for and each other. None of the family recalls having heard what kind of living quarters the family had that first winter, but it must have been very primative. They would not have had time to build a house after their arrival and before winter came. It was probably a dugout in a blue clay bank.

In the due course of time the father, James Marnius, also known as Jens Marnius Peterson, acquired other stock and traded a yoke of oxen for the land now commonly known as the "Brakes Ranch". Here Marinus spent much of his early years. The family very rarely got to town, three miles away. It has been told that the family would have two or three children blessed at a time when trips to town did occur. Despite the infrequency of trips to town the father led the choir for 20 years and also played the violin for dances.

Marinus was the first son and second child in a family of eleven children and the brother of six half brothers and sisters from a second wife, Karen Marie Nelsen. These two wives were married to James Marinus Peterson the same day in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, Utah, by Joseph F. Smith.

Marinus and Andrew, his younger brother, being the eldest boys of the family were sent out to herd the sheep at an early age. Doing this they spent many lonely months and as they have stated, "became almost as wild as the coyotes themselves." Many times they were without sufficent food for their good health and well being. More will be told about his sheep herding later in this account.

He married Anne Cathrine Josephine Peterson on February 3rd, 1898, in Castle Dale, Utah, by C. G. Larsen. This marriage was later solemnized in the Manti Temple July 13, 1898.

He never had the privilege of a formal education. He started school once, and being larger then the other pupils in his class he was chided and make fun of, after four days he never went back.

He was taught to read and write by his good wife Josephine, and was later taught mathematics by his daughter Crystal, which knowledge helped him greatly in his buisness of farming and stockraising.

As an economist he was poorly trained for in later years he made some financial deals that left the family in poor financial condition at the time of his death.

The first two years after their marriage they lived on and managed the ranch now known as the Wilberg Ranch, north of Castle Dale. Here two sons were born, Wesley (29 Jan 1899) who died of a heart condition at 14 and David (11 July 1900) who lived only a few hours. They then moved into Castle Dale and lived in a small cabin home. About this time their third child was born, Crystal Josephine(9 Nov 1901).

Around 1904 they moved to Sunnyside, Utah where he had obtained employment in the coal mine as a miner. He tells of his experiences there: "The coal in the Sunnyside mine is full of methane gas which escapes from the coal. It accumulates at ceiling level to

start with, and lowers as the volume of gas increases. The miners would crawl into their working places in the morning, lay on their backs and raise their carbide lights upward until it contacted and ignited the gas, which would burn out with a big woosh. Then the miner would get up and go to work." The coal was under cut by the miner lying on his side and cutting away the bottom of the vein with his pick to give the coal a breaking point. He then would drill holes in the coal, load them with explosives and shoot the coal down. The coal would then be loaded into cars holding about 3 tons each. The miners were paid for the amount of coal produced.

While living in Sunnyside two daughters were born; Gladys Louise, (12 May 1904) and Alta M. (3 September 1906).

About 1907 they moved back to Emery County, bought a farm 2 miles south of Castle Dale, and here developed a dairy herd. At this ranch house another son was born, Forrest, (11 August 1908).

They later built a small home in Castle Dale and moved back into town. Here three of their children were born, Lee Orlando, (21 Feb 1911), Ileene, (24 April 1913) and Nina, (19 April 1915). Also at about this time they bought the Brakes Ranch from his father and others.

In about 1916 he traded his small home to Josephine's brother William, for William's large home, which provided more adequately the room needed for this large family. Here their last child was born, Grant J. (26 July 1917), making ten children for this goodly couple.

His father, James Marinus Peterson, was called to and served a three year mission in Denmark from 1901 to 1903, presiding over the Fredrickshaven branch. He left his family to make it on their own and also support him. The family more or less disapproved of this arrangement and blamed the church for the hard times they had to endure, which developed into some of them a bitterness toward the church. Upon attending Priesthood meeting one Sunday morning, Marnius was reprimanded by the elder conducting the class for not having a lesson book and he never went back to priesthood meeting again. After that he was always at one of the ranches on Sundays doing chores etc, and all in all he became inactive in Church attendence. However, he filled many barns with tithing hay and usually gave a dressed porker to each widow in town at harvest time in the fall of the year.

In about 1920 he filed on a 160 acre homestead in Joes Valley, and after four years of occupancy and hard work by all the family patented this land. He developed a herd of sheep and a dairy herd on this ranch. At this time he was fairly well off, owning two good ranches, 100 head of cows, with a permit on the forest for them, 300 head of sheep and a good home in Castle Dale.

His hobbies consisted mostly of dancing. He was a very good dancer and often performed at weddings, dances and other activities with step dancing (similar to tap dancing), Heel and Toe Polka, The Scottish, Virginia Reel, square dancing and any other dance of his time. Josephine danced all of these dances with him. All the ladies enjoyed dancing with him. The last time he "step danced" was at his son, Forrest's, wedding reception, December 28, 1931.

He loved good horses and took great pride in the good horses he raised and used.

He was a work-a-holic, a hard task master to the members of his family and those he employed. However , his employees liked to work for him because of his generosity and always knowing where they stood with him. For instance, one hay pitcher, because of his exceeding great strength, could break pitch fork handles at will and proceeded to do so, just to show off. Marinus told him, "Dick, if you break one more handle, just take your lunch bucket and head for town." There were no more broken handles. He was accidently killed in Joes Valley, 16 July 1932, while attempting to build a platform hay derrick for stackin hay. This was such a shock to his wife that she never fully recovered from it.

Marinus had many friends and he associated well with people. His word was as good as his bond.

He trusted people as though their word was as good as his. He sold a fine team of horses to a fellow in Cleveland on his word that he would pay, but never received a dime. He loaned a fellow in Castle Dale a rather large sum of money on his word to pay. He still has this coming. He sold a bunch of cattle to a fellow in Lawrence with his brand (MP) on and had to re brand all of his herd on the botton of the belly to catch these men that kept stealing them but never received payment for the ones they had stolen. He was always over generous with the Elisha Jones family because they befriended him as a boy, and he had spent much of his youth in their home. For a time after his marriage he lived in a house on the same lot with them.

Experiences and Stories told about Marinus Peterson by a son, Forrest Peterson

Herding Sheep as a Boy

In his boyhood days the range was all open to the public. There were no restrictions as to where you could go or not go with your livestock. It was very conducive to people accumulating large herds of stock. I have heard Father tell about being put on East Mountain with herds of sheep, to care for them during the summer months. He, being too young to do the heavier work on the farm had the responsibility of herding the sheep given to him. He tells how lonesome he would get to see the family or other people, and how he would look forward to having one of the family visit him, to bring supplies and see to his welfare.

I assume the different stockmen respected one another's right and choice to a certain piece of country for his stock, and as cattle and sheep like to inhabit the same country, season after season, it appears evident that Father's choice must have been what is called Marinus Canyon, which due to his occupancy over a period of years was given his name.

At this time there was no government control on preditory animals, and there was always the danger of loosing stock by bear, lion, coyote and wolf. So this was one of the main problems on the summer range-keeping the preditors out of your flock Father said he would put flags of cloth around where the sheep had bedded down and also build fires in strategical places around the herd to keep the "varmints" away.

He related to me about getting so sick once, with a pain in his stomach. In later years, having seen appindicitis in others, knew that was what he had. He said it got so bad he could not tend his sheep, couldn't get out of bed and knew he was going to die, but claimed his appendix broke and the pain eased at once. He started to get better right away and was soon able to gather his sheep and care for them again. There had been some loss to preditors, but the loss wasn't too bad.

He told of having to go find another sheep herder and have him extract a tooth for him. He had tried to do it himself, but was unable to do so.

We can only compare some of these experiences of this teenage boy with the conveniences of today to realize the hard ships that befell our pioneer forefathers. I have often thought, "no wonder they were worn out and died at an early age."

One Bullet Per Rabbit

Father said his family had a 22 caliber rifle, and if they went rabbit hunting withit they had to guarantee a rabbit for every shell shot. If they missed a shot, they were required to obtain a rabbit by some other means.

Eating Grass in Montana

Father was a first rate sheep shearer and at one time was shearing in Montana. The weather turned very wet and continued to rain for several days, and as you can't shear sheep when the wool is wet, the shearers had nothing to do but sit around and wait for the storm to subside. They also weren't getting any pay with which to pay for their board, so the group decided to scatter throught the nearest town (Butte) and beg a meal.

Father decided to play on someones sympathy for a meal, so he got down on his hands and knees on a lawn in front of a real nice home and acted like he was eating grass. Immediately a lady opened the door and said, "Mister, are you really that hungry?" He allowed that he was and the lady told him to come around to the back door. She came to the back door and said, "The grass is longer back here it won't take you so long to fill up. Help yourself."

Father used to get a good laugh out of the story whenever he told it.

Wild Horse Steaks

One winter about 1923, Father had our sheep on the country known as "the wedge", and it was my responsibility to go out from home on weekends, move his camp and bring supplies from home for him and his horse. On one such occasion, after moving the camp, we were riding around the sheep and jumped a herd of wild horses. Father asked me if I had ever tried eating horse meat. My answer of course was in the negative. He allowed we ought to try it. He took the 30-30 rifle from its scabbard on his saddle and shot a fat yearling colt. In those days there were herds of wild horses and burrows on the eastern desertlands. The government and stockmen were killing them to keep the range from becoming over-stocked, so killing this colt was not an infraction of the law. We cut off a hind quarter of the colt and took it to camp and the next day had horse steak for dinner. As I remember it wasn't too bad, a little tough and coarse. It being horse meat, we weren't too enthused about eating it, but we had to try it once The dogs got most of it and we often killed this kind of meat for the dogs.

Tithing Hay

Father was usually too busy to attend church, but paid a lot into the tithing fund by delivering loads of hay into peoples' barns as tithing. As I was young and husky, it seemed I was the one that usually jackassed the hay into peoples barns. I always filled Emery Larsen's, O. J. Anderson's, Richard Miller's and A. D. Keller's barns, and of course, I always did this after work, while I rested.

Father's Hog Ranch and Old Jack the Dog

At one time Father had most of the alfalfa fields at the Brakes Ranch fenced into pastures with herds of hogs in them. We grew barley and potatoes which were cooked in a large thousand -gallon vat and then fed to the Hogs. We had a black dog we called old "Jack" and when we wanted a certain pig caught, we

would single it out and set Jack on it. Jack would grab it by the tail and if the tail held, we caught the pig. There were a goodly number of bob tailed pigs on the ranch.

In the fall of the year, after the hogs were fattened, they were driven out to the Wilberg Ranch, where they were butchered and hauled to the mining camps to market.

P. S. - This dog "Jack" was a coyote Killer. He would catch the coyote and some way hold it until Father could kill it. This was a real accomplishment for a dog.

Prince and Tobe

Father was a lover of good horses. They were our means of power for our machinery and also for transportation. We had a goodly number on the farm. We raised our own horses. The mares Maud, Susie, Blue, Pet, and others, were bred to a Belgian stallion called "Old Bob" owned by Bp. John Y. Jensen, in Castle Dale. Of the colts born from this horse, two geldings were raised that were Father's pride and joy. When they were fully grown he broke them to work, and was very careful to never hook them onto anything that they couldn't pull. They grew to feel they could pull anything they were hooked onto.

They were named Prince and Tobe. They would pull their hearts out for Father. Once in Joe's Valley we were building a new road from the Indian Creek bridge over Middle Mountain to the Olsen Ranch. The ranchers expressed a desire to see this team pull on a dead set (something they had no chance to move) so Father chained the double trees to a large cedar tree. Upon command they started to pull, straining their muscles until their bellies almost touched the ground. Finally one of the tugs broke, and the jar broke two more tugs. That made three out of four tugs broken. The ranchers allowed that was the prettiest pulling they had ever seen.

When this team was just newly broke to work, Father and I had just finished our work at the Brakes Ranch and had Prince and Tobe hooked to a buckboard for our journey home. We drove up to the ranch house, Father got out of the buggy and handed me the lines to hold while he went into the house for something or other. I'll never remember what it was, but something spooked the horses and they ran away with me in the buckboard buggy, headed toward town. In the excitment, I dropped one of the lines used to guide the horses so had no way of trying to stop them. This is one experience I shall never forget. I think there is nothing as terrifying as a team of runaway horses. There were three wooden gates to go through, and luckily they were all open. It seemed as though the buggy would crash into the gate posts as we bounced through, but I was lucky and it didn't. Above the ranch about a half mile the road circled a small hill and the team seemed to respond to the pull of the one line I held, so I had presence of mind enough to pull them straight up the hill. Just as they reached the crest they had slowed to a gallop. I jumped from the buggy and went tumbling, but received no injuries. Father had jumped onto another work horse and followed after me and was greatly relieved to see me safe and unhurt.

When the team came to the state road, they had to make a 45 degree turn. They threw the buckboard clear across the highway and left it there upside down. Orsen Madsen saw the team comming up Main Street in Castle Dale, and as they were about spent, he managed to stop them. This was where Father found them. We always had to watch Prince and Tobe after this.

This team had great respect for Father. They could tell when he had hold of the lines. Once we were going out to the sheepherd with a load of supplies. This was when Father and Hans Wiskman had bought a herd of sheep from a Greek. Father had to go to the ranch to do something or other and the Greek and I were to take the wagon and start for the desert until Father caught us.

We were entering the Buckhorn Flat country, Prince and Tobe were lazily pulling the wagon along, with the Greek urging and urging to keep them in motion. Father rode up behind the wagon, and seeing the situation, motioned for silence. He got off his horse tied it to the back of the wagon, silently slid into the wagon and took the lines from the Greek. Old Prince and Tobe didn't need to be told or hear his voice, they knew by the feel of the lines that Marinus Peterson had hold of the throttle. We all had a good laugh about this.

Black Canyon Creek Crossing Incident

Once in Joe's Valley during the Peterson-Wickman sheep deal I was elected to take a wagon load of something or other to upper Joe's Valley Ranger station for Wickman, he being the ranger at the time. I was to leave the wagon and ride the horses back. As the closest way was by Red Pine Ridge and down Lowry Water Creek. that was the route designated for me to travel. It was necessary to cross Black Canyon Creek enroute coming home. It was high water time and was very dangerous, as this was a steep and rocky crossing.

This was one time Father showed some concern about me. He met me at the crossing to see that I make it allright. He threw me his lariet and had me tie it around my waist, he holding the other end. Then I entered the water. I remember how I could hear the boulders, rolling and bouncing in the torrent. The horse was steady and sure footed and we had no difficulty getting across. I was very appreciative of having that rope tied around me with my dad on the other end of it.

Rip Rapping

At the Brakes Ranch the Cottonwook Creek would often change course as it meandered its way through the ranch and would sometimes head square into a piece of choice farmland. Father was not a person to let a mere river rob him of valuable farm land, so he would fight it by what we called rip-rapping, that is placing an object so as to head the water away from the land. One way this was done was by making cages out of net wire and filling them with rock, then rolling them into the creek to head the water from the land. This was very effective, but also very expensive because of the cost of the wire and the cost of the labor to haul the rock.

Another method was to cut large poplar trees, of which there many in Castle Dale, and drag them down the creek to the ranch, a distance of about 3 miles. This draging was done on the ice. A team of horses had to be "sharp shod" to be able to pull on the ice. Uncle Claborn Elder was usually employed to help with this work as he always had good pulling horses.

When the trees arrived at their destination they were put in strategic positions in the creek and then tied to a "dead man", an object buried back on the bank. They were very effective when high waters came in the spring.

I always thought Father would have been much better off if he had let the river alone and developed other land to take the place of the land lost. He spent a small fortune fighting the river and gained very little.

Sheep Shearing

Father was a professional in this field. He had been taught this art as a boy when there were many herds of sheep on the range. I have heard him tell of the contests in sheep shearing wherein he had sheared over 200 head of dirty sheep in 8 hours, (dirty sheep means sheep that have dirt or sand in their wool which makes it hard to cut the wool). He was an expert at sharpening shears, called hand blades or clippers. He could go around a sheep without closing his shears. Just the push through the wool would shear it clear, and he would very rarely cut one.

When I was in high school I was taught by Father to help shear sheep of our own flock. Father at this time had a rupture and wore a truss and of course could not shear as rapidly as when he was

younger and more agile. I thought I was getting really good at the trade and told Father I believed I could shear sheep for sheep with him. He accepted the challenge and laughed at me when he sheared almost two to my one- and said, "Not yet son, not yet".

Fathers First Trip To Salt Lake City in a Model T. Ford

Father's first car was a model T Ford. Wallace Jones taught him how to drive and operate it. To stop these old model T Fords you had to push down lightly on the low gear pedal and push hard on the brake pedal. Father would get confused on the pedals and push hard on the low gear pedal and lightly on the brake. He went through two wooden gates at the farm the first day he drove it. When he arrived home that evening I saw him coming and ran out and opened the yard gate for him. He didn't get the gate, but he took out the gate post. After having learned to drive the car well he decided to take Mother and go to Sanpete and Salt Lake to visit my sisters. He went by way of Salina Canyon. In the canyon he ran off the road and up onto a bank and almost tipped the car over, but finally arrived in Sanpete Co. where they visited with my sisters, Gladys in Ephraim, and Alta in Spring City. Then they headed for Salt Lake City.

Arriving in the Springville area, they were stopped by a patrolman who asked Father where his license plates were. Father told him they were under the seat. The patrolman said, Didn't you know you were supposed to have them on your car in plain sight?" Father said, "No, I thought as long as I had them, that was good enough".

Patrolman: "Where are you from?"
Father: "Castle Valley."
Patrolman: "Where is that?"
Father: "In Emery County."
Patrolman: "I thought so."

Father had to get the license plates out and put them on with bailing wire, but he never received a citation.

After driving through Pleasant Grove, he was again stopped by a patrolman. He had cut a corner where a monument stood in the center of the street. The patrolman made him go back and make the turn properly, and after finding out where he was from, let him go without giving him a citation.

At the Point of the Mountain he was again stopped for driving straddle of the center line and was told, "That line belongs to the state of Utah and you keep off of it. Where are you from?" Again he got by and never received a citation.

Coming into Salt Lake on State Street, he knew he must turn west on 7th South, but said every time he came to a corner there was so much traffic he couldn't turn. So he watched for a break in the traffic and when one appeared he darted through it onto the other side of the street, drove down the gutter until he came to the corner then turned the corner and headed west.

He finally arrived in the vicinity where Crystal lived. Mother saw Crystal and Jack walking down the street and said, "Stop Dad, there they are." He thought she meant the cops and he poured it on. He wasn't going to be stopped again! Mother finally got him stopped.

He turned the car over to Jack, and after their visit, had Jack drive the car back to Springville, out of the traffic before he would again take the wheel and come on home.

It must have been nerve wracking for all concerned, but afterwards whenever Father told the story everyone got a good chuckle out of it.

Father and The Wire Stretcher (Broken Nose)

One evening we were all waiting for Father to come home from the ranch so we could have supper. When he arrived, he was riding a horse whith a harness on and most of his face was covered with a bandadge. I took care of the horse, then went into the house to hear the story.

Father had been building fence at the ranch and had a wire stretcher with cogs on a wheel that worked on a rachet. Great strain could be put on the cogs when the wire became tight. When he tightened the wire (Father believed in having the wire tight and the post solid) one of the cogs broke and the handle spun backward, hitting Father on the side of the nose, virtually knocking his nose off his face. Only the skin on one side of his nose held the nose on.

Father realized something had to be done quickly, so he unhitched one of the horses from the wagon, jumped on it and raced for for the ranch house. Here he jumped off the horse (Old Blue) grabbed a handful of ice and a bandage to hold on his nose, and raced to town 3 miles away. The doctor sewed his nose back on and did such a good job that after it healed, there was no disfiguration except the stitch scars, which showed slightly.

During the early hours of the next morning, Mother came and awakened me and said Father had left the one work horse hitched to the wagon at the farm and would I go see to it. When I arrived there before daylight, "Old Dutch" was still standing as Father had left him, hitched to the wagon. I suppose he had sensed the futility of trying to move. Anyway, he was glad to be released and unhitched.

Handy Man

Often during the summers we lived in Joe's Valley, when we weren't crowded with other work, it was our custom to load and haul out winters' supply of wood from the mountains to our home in Castle Dale. It was never Father's custom to haul a crows nest (a load of small sticks) so we would load the large dry trees of pinion pine and cedar by rolling them onto the wagon with a team of horses.

I was driving such a load down Straight Canyon one day and a tire came off a wheel. I managed to get the wagon off the road, and rode the horses back to the ranch. Next morning Father gathered up some burlap sacks and rode the team back down to Straight Canyon. We sat the wagon tire on some rocks and built a fire under it and got it red hot. We then wrapped the fellie of the wheel with burlap, slipped the expanded tire over the burlap and hurridly cooled the tire with cold water. It set really firm and the last I remember seeing the wheel, you could still see the burlap under that tire.

The early settlers learned many things such as this to enable them to exist in this desert wilderness.

Hans Wickman and the Sheep Deal

In about the year 1924 or 1925 Father entered into a sheep deal with a man by the name of Hans Wickman, who was the forest ranger in the Joe's Valley area at the time. Father was a soft touch for this man, Wickman had nothing but his home and no security to put up on the deal so Father mortgaged the Blakes Ranch for $16,000.00, (a small fortune in those days) to buy 1000 head of ewes and their summer range. Wickman was to do the herding and care for the sheep, Father was to move his camp and grow winter feed for them. Hans was not a very good herder and the loss was heavy during the winter and spring. When the sheep were shorn they were offered 95 cents a pound for the wool. Wickman insisted on getting a dollar a pound for it. However the day after they had been offered 95 cents for it they couldn't give it away.

This deal almost broke Father. The Greek took the sheep back for $8000 which left an $8000 mortgage on the Brakes Ranch, and we eventually lost the ranch to the Manti Bank to satisfy the

mortgage.

Father was a powerful man physically and a hard worker, but he make bad deal after bad deal until he left Mother almost a pauper at his death.

Small Pox

Some time during my early years, I remember Father coming home from the ranch one evening feeling ill. As there was a smallpox epidemic in the valley at the time, he wouldn't come into the house but stayed in a sheep camp wagon we had out in the yard. The doctor was called the next morning and verified our suspicion. It was smallpox. Mother and my sisters carried his meals to him and gave all assistance possible from a distance. Father recovered without any ill effects. His thoughtfulness saved the rest of us from getting the disease. Smallpox in those days was often fatal.

Axe Man

I was told as a boy, that one couldn't be a good axe man unless one could hit the same place twice. Father could do this and when chopping, he rarely missed the exact spot he wished to hit with his axe. When he cut a cedar post it looked like he had cut it in two with one single swing on the axe. I have never acquired this perfection in chopping.

Love of Singing

One thing we male members of the family did enjoy was our sing songs we held each evening as we traveled home from the Brakes Ranch. Lee would sing the lead, Father the bass and I the tenor. We usually had some of the Jones men with us, who were all good singers. We enjoyed these song festival occasions very much. They seemed to take the tiredness out of us before we reached home.

Gold on East Mt.-Frenchie Epellette

Father and a group of cattlemen were working with their cattle on East mountain one summer. When they discovered what they thought to be high grade Gold ore. The brought some of it off the mountain and went down to Willsonville (Sam Aiken Ranch), built a furnace and tried to smelt the gold out of the ore, not knowing that that kind of gold would burn under head of that kind. They decided it wasn't gold and everyone forgot about it except Frenchie Epellette, a Frenchman. He sent a sample of this ore into Salt Lake City to have it analyzed. When he received the report, it confirmed the fact that it was high grade gold ore. The sample paid for the analysis and $5.00 cash over.

Frenchie kept this information to himself and tried several times to locate again this vein of ore, but was unsuccessful. He finally came to Father and told him about the analysis on the ore and asked Father if he could remember where the ore was. Father said he could and it was decided to go and find the ore after we had the crop of hay up we were working on. This was about July 5th. Father was killed on the 16th and the secret of the gold ore vein has never been revealed. Frenchie and my brother, Lee tried one summer to locate it, but were unsuccessful.

Paint Pigment-Cedar Mountain

Father had his sheep out by what is called "The Little Holes" near the base of Cedar Mountain. I was moving his camp on week ends when there was no school. One trip Father showed me some material that would become like putty when you rolled it in your hands. He had a friend who was supposed to be good at identifying different ores, etc. Father had this man look at this clay, and

he identified it as a valuable paint pigment. Father never did anything about this find. I have tried to locate it once but was unsuccessful.

Rubarb Wine

Father developed stomach trouble and Dr. Henzi told him how he had developed this trouble and had him make a forty gallen barrel of rubarb wine and told him to drink a glass of this wine before each meal (which Father did). It lasted all winter and well into the spring. It cured Father's ailment. The last of the wine was drunk at a shearing bee held at our place for all the little herds of sheep in town. One of the Jone's men really got soused and wouldn't stay home, where they would take him, until the last of the wine was gone.

Sentiments

May I express these sentiments about by Father:

We of the family always respected his authority as our leader. When something was to be done, we did it.

He was kind hearted when the need arose. I remember him telling Lee, who had been sick with pneumonia almost unto death,"Lee, I rode ole Sailor down to the creek today and saw the biggest sucker I have ever seen. I was about to rope it but was afraid to do so because I was afraid it would pull me and Ole Sailor into the creek. You hurry and get well and you and I will go down there and get that fish."

He had a sense of humor. One day while traveling toward the "Brakes", Nephi Williams stopped us and hollered, "Marinus, that left rear wheel i going around". Father answered, "I was afraid some damn fool would notice that before I got out of town". Father loved a good joke, and he ruptured himself laughing.

He was one of the hardest working men I have ever known. He was at the height of his glory when he was working the hardest.

He was generous, especially to someone that was down on their luck. One night he brought home a man who was traveling through to Rochester, to farm. His horsed were tired as well as himself. This man failed as a farmer and went by to Oregon to his trade as a lumber camp cook. The next Christmas Father and Mother received a box of fruit cakes of different kinds for their kindness to him. He gave many farm products away to people who needed some help.

He was honest. You could depend on what he said. He was plain spoken and abrupt in his judgement.

He never physically abused his family. Not once did he ever lay a hand on me, although at times he may have been justified in doing so.

After these many years, since his death, I can see now how I could have improved my relationship with Father, if I hadd had the wisdom of things as I have them now. I am looking forward to again meeting him and really getting to know him.

I think the greatest thing he did for his children was to provide one of the greatest mothers for them.