

Robby Robertson's family stories

**Robby Robertson
April 18, 1995**

English 3rd period

Robertson, David. December 3rd, 1956. Orangeville, Utah. Personal Interview. Orangeville, Utah, 9th April, 1995

I choose to tell about my Great Grandpa Robertson cause he was a pretty good guy from what I hear. Here is a summery of his life told by my dad.

My Great Grandpa was pretty smart in school, he always did his work and everything else he had to do. When my grandpa was in 8th grade he had to go get his dad (my great great Grandpa) from the bar, cause he was drunk, and started yelling at him and he pointed a gun at him and started chasing him. My Great Grandpa hid in a ditch and his dad never found him. From that day on he was on his own, he never went back home or back to school so he was an 8th grade drop out.

He did real good for himself, he got a job and earned enough money to get some land on Trail Mountain, with the land that he bought he build a coal mine and became rich. About the time he got rich Trail Mountain was for sale, so he bought it. He made lots of money and had lots of land by the time he was 16, so he build a airport in price (that later burned down) so he was pretty well set for life. So it was kind of good he dropped out of school in 8th Grade.

Robertson, David. 3rd December, 1956. Orangeville, Utah. Personal Interview. Orangeville, Utah, 9th April, 1995

I choose to tell about my Grandpa Robertson cause he was a pretty cool guy I guess. I didn't get to know him at all. This is a story told by my dad.

My Great Grandpa owned Trail Mountain and an airport in price (which you already now if you read the story before this one) when his boy Ted was born. (My Grandpa Robertson)

When my Grandpa Graduated from High school he helped my great grandpa with the mine and the airport. In 1956 the day after Christmas, December 26th he had to go to work, cause his dad was to old to go so he took care of it, anyway my Grandpa told his family buy for the very last time. When he got to the mine he decided to blow up some places in the mine looking for coal, well he went in and after he went in two of his nephews came to show him what they got for Christmas, my Grandpa did one explosion (you have to wait between explosions) and he waited for a while, but he didn't wait long enough and when he set the second one off all the coal dust didn't settle and it caught on fire and blew up the whole mine including my grandpa and his 2 nephews (15 years old). My dad was not even a year old, so he didn't even know his dad. After a couple of year my grandma was out of money so she had to sell the mountain.

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I choose to tell about my Grandma Allred cause she is a nice lady and she has some pretty good stories about when she was little. Here is a story told by my mom.

My Grandma Allred is pretty old, she said she used to live out on Cedar Mountain and they would depend on their dad and her brothers and their hunting skills for food. For water they would have to walk about five miles every day to a spring carrying a container to put the water in, she said sometimes she would spill the water and have to go back and get more, but they lived pretty good.

My Grandma said they had a lot of livestock and her brothers would ride the cows and bulls for fun, cause there was nothing else to do. For clothing their mother would make her dresses and her brothers pants and shirts, they got their material from a store about twenty miles away from their home so her mom went to the store about twice every six months, the way she got to the store is by horse and wagon so it would take her about four days. The place she lived is still standing out on Ceder Mountain which she often visits.