

THE EARLY DAYS OF ALMA REBER HOPKINS

Alma Reber Hopkins was born the 20th of April 1898 in a tall two room log house on the corner of 4th East and Hooper Avenue at Soda Springs, Bannock, Idaho, to Samuel and Rosina Louisa Reber Hopkins. He was the first son and second child of nine children born to this couple.

His father had immigrated from **Ebbw Vale, Monmouthshire, So. Wales, Eng.** and was of Welsh descent. His mother had immigrated from Switzerland at the age of 12 and had taught herself to read and write English as she kept house and babysat in the Paris and Bear Lake area homes while in her teens. Al's father was about 18 years older than his mother. His folks homesteaded an acreage 5 miles north of Soda Springs, called the "Meadows" and had to live there six months of the year for five years to prove their homestead, so Alma spent much of his babyhood tied in a big rocker, close to where his folks were fencing in the "Meadows" with his sister Violet for a playmate. Wood was scarce out there so they gathered "Buffalo chips" to burn for fuel. Sometimes Violet and Al were allowed to play on the bed so they could keep warm when there wasn't enough fuel. The "Meadows" gave Hopkins' a place to raise hay and provided some pasture for a few cows.

The other six months of the year his folks lived in their home in town where Al was born. It was located on the south east corner of a ten acre block homesteaded by Grandpa Thomas Hopkins. There was room in this lot for a big garden, a large lawn, a cow pasture, a barn and corrals.

When he grew big enough, Al would walk along the railroad track and pick up the coal that had fallen from the train, and put it in a sack to take home. They didn't have money to buy coal but there was usually some going to waste that had fallen from the shovel of the fireman along the railroad track as he was stoking the fire on the locomotive. When Alma was big enough to go to school, he would put the sack in his little wagon in the summer time and on a sled that was made of a board with wooden runners in the winter, to gather the coal. Sometimes he not only went after school to get enough for the night but would go again early in the morning to keep his mother and sisters warm during the day while he was at school. His father worked on the railroad for \$1.00 (one dollar) a day and milked cows also to support his family.

Alma's folks were strict and attempted to teach their children how to do right by punishments. Sometimes they didn't think a whipping was enough for him so they would lock him up in the coal shed without his supper. His sister, Violet, never could stand to have him go hungry so she would take her supper out and share it with him by passing it thru the wall of the room between the logs where some of the chinking was missing. Al's father seemed to have a quick temper and whipped him for very little reason. Al would have to walk behind the haywagon sometimes as they were coming back to town from working at the meadows if his papa thought he needed a little extra punishment. His father guarded the wagon with a

pitchfork if Al tried to catch a ride. When Al was fourteen, his father took him to the woodshed to give him a thrashing. After 2 or 3 switches Al said he had had enough. His papa went to hit him again and Al grabbed the switch and broke it. That was the end of his whippings. Such things as this caused him to never be close to his father. (He loved his mother and respected her but he started working for others at the age of nine and others soon had more influence on him than his parents.)

When Al was about eight years old, he herded cows for many people in Soda Springs, out on the open range. He would pick up the cows each morning after milking time and take them back and lock them in the corrals again in the evening in time for their next milking. He was paid 50¢ a month per cow. If the cows got in the stray pen, he had to pay to get them out. Sometimes Howard Thirkill accompanied him. He saved his money and bought his own pony to herd the cows. During this time he had many hours to observe birds and nature. He bought himself a book about birds so he could learn more about them and their habits as he herded the cattle. When he learned the cowbird was so lazy it laid its eggs in other birds nests to be raised by smaller birds, and how the cowbird baby would be bigger and usually kill the smaller baby birds, the cowbird became the target of his slingshot because he hated its slothfulness. He knew most birds were useful and protected them.

(as told by Al on tape) "When I was a boy I used to herd them (cows) I had a town herd. I used to get people's cows out of the corral in the morning, herd them all day, and put them back at night. I and Howard Thirkill herded cows for two years on foot. We put our money in a little bank. Every Saturday night old man Henry Schmidt would give us a dime for gum but we wouldn't spend the dime for gum. We would take it home and put it in our bank so we would have something to ride. Finally we bought an Indian pony from the Indians for \$90.00. We used to ride it double, bareback, for herding these cows. Then after Howard quit, Howard started working for Harry Horsley. Then Newell Horsley came out and he and I herded cows for a couple of years. That was before I started farming.

"At Christmas Mama had always sewed something for us. Our stockings were full of candy or something. We usually got a present or two also. After I got big enough I always had to get the Christmas tree. We did not have fancy decorations that you see now, like tinsel. I would help decorate the tree after I cut it and brought it home."

CHILDHOOD MEMORIS AS TOLD BY ALMA & RECORDED ON TAPE

"We had Christmas where we always had a Christmas tree and always hung up our stockings. We always received something for Christmas. We decorated our tree with strings of popcorn and cranberries. We also had metal clamps that we would put a wax tallow candle 3 or 4 inches long into, to light the tree. We had to make sure there were no branches directly above the candles so they wouldn't set the tree on fire.

Before there was electricity we used an old coal-oil lamp. Then a candle. A candle was quite popular. Sometimes when we would have a tub of tallow we would make tallow candles. We would render out the tallow and make our candles by putting a wick in them and putting them on a saucer, and they were pretty good light. When we would make them we would use a mold and put a wick in it. When we would buy them for a Christmas tree, they were various colors--red, green, blue, and white. They were just tallow candles with a wick in them a certain size and we would buy them for about 5 or 10 cents each. When we used coal-oil lamps for our evening light, it was always a chore to keep the lamp chimney cleaned every day.

I remember one year they said--"we sure had a good Christmas this year" and there was eighteen dollars worth of Christmas on the tree. You could buy clothes, sox and shoes for a dollar. That was the difference in money them days and now. Anything that cost a dollar was a lot of money. Father used to work on the railroad for ten hours for \$1.48. 12¢ to 18¢ an hour is what he used to make and he worked ten hours for a dollar and forty-eight cents a day. (\$1.48).

My dad had a bunch of cows and we would put them in the meadow during the summer and feed them during the winter. I'd milk the cows. He would put up hay in the summer and I'd haul it in to feed the cattle during the winter. Father would feed the cows and I'd milk them. I would milk 4 or 5 cows and go to school too.

Can you imagine working over there on the section for ten hours for \$1.48!?!?

Once I found some old traps, so when the fur was prime in the fall of the year, I'd hike up to Ledge Creek and trap muskrats. Soon I learned that if I did a real good job skinning and stretching them I got more money for them. I got my spending money and things like that trapping. The winter I was in Miss Ingalls class (third grade) Violet and I wanted to get the folks something for Christmas and we didn't have money to finance. I was doing chores so I made an arrangement with her that she would do my chores while I went to the trap line. I used to get in the dog-house for not coming home in time and she would stick up for me. She would stick up for me through thick and thin. Finally when we bought the folks a present, it was a five dol-

lar album for photographs. It had a picture of a deer running from a horse on the Isinglass (like plastic) cover. When we gave them that, they realized how much we had spent and they couldn't understand how we had gotten that much money. We told them what we had done and of course they felt pretty bad about the criticism and the trouble they had caused us over Violet doing the chores for me.

When I was growing up and got into difficulty, Violet was always in there pitching for me. She would cry worse than I did if Father would take me out in the back shed to give me a whipping."

The Town Where I was Born

The famous mineral springs of Soda Springs had been a landmark for more than 40 years to the fur traders and travelers on the Oregon trail when the town of Soda Springs was established in May 1863. A military expedition from Salt Lake City established a post on the north bank of Bear River in the newly created territory of Idaho. (This post was located west of the present hospital in an area which is now covered by the water from the reservoir) The troops were cavalry and infantry units of the California volunteers under the command of General Patrick Edward Connor. They brought with them 160 civilian settlers of a religious sect known as Morrisites. The townsite was selected and surveyed with a military post adjoining for their protection called Camp Connor after its founding general. This military post was short-lived and some of the civilians moved to other places. Then the town declined somewhat.

After 1870, however, the town began to grow again when Brigham Young came with a group of Mormons from Salt Lake City and met here with a group from Bear Lake. They met 2 June 1870 and laid out the town. Jessie W. Fox came in Oct 1870 and did the surveying. Three men stayed here that first winter of 1870. The next spring many settlers from the Bear Lake area moved in. Horsley, Rose, and Lau were some of the first. They were told to till the soil, build church houses and promote culture and learning.

Father (grandfather) Thomas Hopkins came here and homesteaded in 1876 from Wales. He was followed by his wife, Christiana (Hannah) Sumnerhill Hopkins and two sons, Samuel, age 19, and William John in 1877. Two other sons, Thomas G. and David, and a daughter, Eliza Jane, had emigrated here before. Ludwig Suhrki was one of the three men that stayed the first winter in Soda Springs and he was the first husband of Eliza Jane.

Samuel Hopkins married Rosina Louisa Reber and built a home on one corner of Thomas's ten acre block. There Alma was born in 1898. His sisters were Violet, Ethel, Eleda, Iris, Milda, Edith, and Jeanette. His one brother Ernest was 17 years younger than he.

The First Time I Ever Was Lost

By Al Hopkins

The first time I ever got lost was the time Howard Thirkill, Roy Fryar and I were chasing around town together and conceived the idea of getting a .22 gun and going up on rabbitt hill to get a rabbit. We were at the post office which was then located in the Fryar building. There was a blizzard with heavy snow and a good wind. It was right after Christmas. We got a box of .22 shells there at Fryars and had a .22. We started up the track and it was a real bad day. (At this time there was no Conda spur. The single track just went east and then south from Soda.)

We went up to the August Corbett ice ranch that was just above Ledge Creek. We took inventory of our money and decided we had a dime apiece so we asked Mrs. Corbett to make us a sandwich and we each paid her a dime. After we got the sandwich into us we took off over Rabbit Hill. There were lots of rabbits. There would be bunches of them go passed us in cycles. We went up pretty well on the north side (where the Bud Panting place is we bought) before we got close enough to shoot at one, and boy I shot one. I said, "I got one!"

Roy said, "Yes, you did!" By now the blizzard was raging and the snow was up to our hips. We tracked and tracked that rabbit and followed him nearly over to the Albert Beus ranch and finally the darned thing went down a hole and we didn't get our rabbit. Suddenly we realized it was time to milk.

I had cows to milk and Howard had cows to milk. Roy didn't have cows to milk but he wanted to go back. We started back and made it back to above the ledge on Ledge Creek just fine. We could look out and see the lights of town. We climbed down the ledge from rock to rock and when we got down to the bottom we saw we were right at the creek where we could not cross it because of quicksand. We even went through the willows and tried to find a way across the creek and we went around and around. We wandered through the willows for about an hour. We knew we would be in the dog-house and the folks would be out looking for us. It was serious! Then we saw some tracks!

"There is somebody else in here!" exclaimed Howard. Then we saw they were our own tracks! We had circled around and come back. We climbed back up on the ledge and looked at the town lights again to get our bearings more carefully. The next time we came down we went right through that creek and didn't pay any attention to it, and were home in about fifteen minutes. It had been quite a day.

BEAR LAKE AND GRANDMA

All of us were of foreign descent. All of those that I was raised up with were people from the old country, or their parents were. There wasn't hardly anyone here that wasn't that. They used to call those who was raised here from parents that was born here "Blue Bellied Yankees". We never figured we was.

We used to go up to Bear Lake about once a year. That was our vacation. Take old Dick and Fan, some Arabian horses Dad had. He used to work on the section. He would get a week off and we would go up to Bear Lake. We usually went up in the Fall so we could get our fruit. Apples and pears is about all we ever got. We would leave here, sometimes in a lumber wagon--a time or two we got a white topped buggy. We all would get in it and drive along. We would stop at the roadside where there was horse feed and water. We would get something to eat. Mother used to have most of it with her. One time we got over between Montpelier and Ovid, the horses got tired and Dad decided to camp. There was pretty good hay crop along the road. We stopped there and the mosquitos were just bugging us up and carrying us away. We went along. It would take us two days to go up. We would stay a couple of days and relax. Then it would take us a couple of days to come back. We would get a few bushels of apples and a few bushels of pears. They were usually fall pears and fall apples and they was hard as bricks. We couldn't eat them until after they had mellowed. Then we would eat them.

I remember one time we left here early in the morning and went over to Georgetown Canyon, just this side of Georgetown. We stopped for noon there by a spring. We had the horses tied up to the wagon eating a little hay. The first automobile I had ever seen went by. The horses were scared of it and jerked loose and broke the ropes. All horses at that time were scared of automobiles. They hadn't seen enough of them to get used to them. That was the first automobile I had ever seen. I imagine I was about 8 or 9 then.

I used to go over to Grandma's and stay in Fish Haven there every summer. For two or three summers I went over there and stayed with her. Fred and Charley and Leo was just boys then--none of them was married. We used to have quite a good time down there on the lake front. Take a row boat and go out rowing. One time I and Fred went down and we went for a row boat ride. The folks decided to take a trip over south along the lake. A wind come up. The waves got high. The folks was down along the lake and they looked out there and seen a row boat. They wondered if it was us but didn't know, but they watched it. Only part of the time could they see it. Part of the time we were up on the crest and part of the time down in the trough. That was Fred and I. Old Fred was the master of the boat and he held her straight. I got quite a kick out of it.

I learned to swim in Bear Lake. I used to go down there across the swamps, right straight out there from where grandma lived, out into the lake. There was a nice sandy beach there. They could swim and I couldn't. They would have me get straddle of a limb of a tree that was out in the water and lay there on my limb and paddle and learn the motion. After I did that for a while I would get out in the lake and paddle around. Finally I got so I could paddle a little bit. So I learned to swim, so to speak, in Bear Lake in still water, then after I had done the motion I would come here and go in Soda Creek where there was a current and I could swim good. It seemed to help me a lot where there was current. I learned to swim a little bit.

There used to be dances down there on Saturday night or Friday night on the lake. I used to go down there and watch them. I used to spend a couple of weeks there. Sometimes I would spend a couple of weeks if the folks could spare me. When I would go, the girls would have to take care of the cows, so I didn't get to go much. My Grandmother used to think that I was about all there was. I certainly used to enjoy her fried potatoes. She used to have fried potatoes for breakfast, dinner and supper and I would eat them all. They was just the kind I wanted, They was good! That seemed to be the main diet. The boys used to date the girls and go out. I wouldn't get any dates; I would just hang around, look in on them, and tease them and one thing or another. Grandma thought I was about all there was. I used to go up there like that until I was pretty good size.

Then one year they started to put the hay up on the meadow. After we got the hay up on the meadow I decided to go to Logan Canyon--Alma Bigler and I. We got his Dad's car and we went up and stopped the first night at Fish Haven. We slept out in the orchard where the trees were bearing. We went on down along the canyon; we went to Salt Aire and all over. We were down there about a week. Art Hopkins, Alma Bigler and I--they had been working a pay job for me and I had paid them off. They had their money and I had my money. We had got Alma Bigler's car and we went to Utah. It was quite an excursion. We went to Salt Aire which was quite a popular place then. There used to be a chair car with chairs right out in the open. It was kind of a flat car. We would get on the thing and they would take you to Salt Aire. You would get out to Salt Aire and there was all kinds of concessions. It has since fallen down and it isn't there any more. It used to be quite the place. There was a dance pavilion out there and we got out there one night and I decided I'd dance. I wasn't a real good dancer. I didn't know anybody, but I wanted to dance with somebody so I seen a little girl and I went and ask her for a dance and she accepted. And she was little. I was pretty good size. They had a very good strict dance floor manager there. I was trying to talk to this girl and I kind of bent down. The floor manager came along and tapped me on the back;

I knew what he meant. I went on, bent down, talking to her, and finally he came along and patted me on the back and asked me if I ever came up for air. Ha Ha He he.

There was a roller skating rink out there and I decided to try roller skating. I had never done much of it. I went around there a few times. I was about 18 years old then. I went around there a few times on those roller skates. I never was good on them....but I tried it.

I came back and went to work. We put up the way for Father and then we went on that excursion down there.

Grandmother always wanted me to go on a mission to Switzerland and do some genealogy work for the family, but I never seen it that way. I never wanted to go and I didn't go. She always looked forward to me doing that and I never done it.

She spoke English so you could understand her but around the home she talked German. The boys and them all talked German unless we was there and when we was there they all talked English. They always had the German language in the home. We would go up and of course they would talk English so we could understand them. The boys would never be a bit broken, but Grandma and Grandpa--they talked broken. They talked low Deutsch. The kind of German I learned in school is high Deutsch. For illustration:

If I said "I don't know" in high Deutsch, I would say Ich weiss nicht. In low Deutsch I would say Is weiss nid. It means the same thing but it is just the way they talk. It is what they call High Deutsch and Low Deutsch. I never had learned any German before I went to high school. We learned the "Lorelei" and "Ach Du Lieber Augustine". We used to sing in class. I don't believe I could ever sing the "Lorelei" any more--it's been so long since I sang it.

Teasing Fun

My fun was to tease my sister. Violet was my older sister. Winifred Lau was her little chum. She would come out. We would go out in the yard. She was a sister to Cyril--Dorothy was Heber's sister. We would go around in the shade of the house and build a kind of a bench like for a market counter. We decided to make a meat market. Had to have some meat to sell. The back lot was full of alfalfa. There were butterflies and grasshoppers out there, so we would go out there and catch butterflies and grasshoppers and bring them in and kill them and we would sell them over the block. We would cut off a slice and sell it like the butcher, so it was meat. We had seen the butcher sell the folks meat so we was sellin' these butterflies and grasshoppers cut up as if they were steaks and chops. We done that for a while then.

Once in a while I would get to telling them fancy stories just to entertain them. One day I told them how I liked to suck eggs. I had never sucked an egg in my life but I told them I did. "Well", I said, "I can sure go down on 'em".

They said, "Well, we'd just like to see you suck an egg".

So, by golly, I sez, "I'll show ya. We'll go up and see if there is an egg and if there is an egg in the nest, I'll suck it".

They used to come in once in a while an' steal Dad's chickens. They stole every chicken he had a lot of times. So they couldn't, we used to have to put the padlock on the chain. We had a log chicken coop and had a hole bored through the logs and down around through the door with an auger and a piece of log chain through there with a padlock on it. Well, in the summertime, when the thieves wasn't apt to strike, we'd just sometimes hook this chain up over a nail in the casing up over the door of the hen house. So we went to the hen house and, sure enough, there was an egg. Well, I had never sucked an egg in my life, but I had been feedin' these girls that I was the champion egg-sucker, but I had heard talk about how they do it. They just broke an end out of it, ya know, and they tip it up and suck it and that was all there was to it. I had heard this story and I had told it and I was goin' to go through with it. I had just got this egg outside the hen house there and I took the egg and I started to break an end of it on that nail that we used to hook the chain on to keep the door shut so the dogs or skunks or something wouldn't git 'em. I put it up to my mouth to suck it and they came over very close to me--one on each side of me. They wanted to see right closely how I done it. I showed them the size of the hole and I sez, "Ya just tip it up like this", and they stood there. I guess they was winkin' over my head. I seen I didn't have a big enough hole, so I took my finger and opened it up a little more. I was goin' to eat that egg or suck that egg, whether school kept or not. I tipped it up the second time

just in time to get it smacked right in my face and rubbed all over my face and hair. They just rubbed that in and even made them shells cut me. Boy! Those two girls took me down and broke me of sucking eggs!

Anyway, I had it kind of in for them. I wasn't goin' ta be dropped very quick! So one day they came down there and they was a playin' house with their dolls. They had little doll cradles. (I think I had made Violet's little cradle out of a bushel box with a meat saw and a little hammer I had.) She'd put her doll in that cradle and rock it. They had a little buggy and--Oh, Mother and the girls had made some doll clothes and dressed them. They would take their doll for a ride in the buggy and one would carry hers and they was just carrying on. They was just in love with them dolls and I was an outcast. I didn't mind--I was goin' ta git even fer this egg rubbin' deal anyhow, and believe me I did!

I watched the way it was and I was watchin'. Mama was down town and that is the reason I dared to do it. They couldn't call her. She went down town and put us on our honor. Of course, I knew I was gonna git even with 'em. They wasn't gonna rub an egg shell in me and break me of ever suckin' eggs and get away with it! Anyway, that was the first egg I ever sucked and I don't believe I have sucked one since, but I will always remember it and anyway I wanted to get even. So when I seen my chance, I dashed in and grabbed Violet's doll. I kidnapped it. I grabbed it and run. Of course I expected to be chased. The first I knew they looked around and seen the doll gone, looked out, and I was out at the choppin' block at the wood pile. There was a wood pile right east of the house. We used to bring wood in and throw it over the fence then Father would cut it for mother to burn. We didn't have to drive in the lot--we would just throw it over the fence, right east of the house there. Well, anyway, I run out there to this choppin' block. As soon as I got their attention to let them know that I had their doll, I made them think I was going to hit it with the ax and break it. So they started. I said, "You come any closer 'n' I'll break it."

They kept a comin'. I held the ax up--they knew I wouldn't but I come down--I intended to just scare them and miss it but I hit it square. I smashed it all to smithereens. Well, there was nothin' I could say cause I had done it. There was nothing to say I didn't mean to. If I had said "I didn't mean to," that would have looked terrible, so I just had to take my medicine which was a right good woodshed interview. I guess I did get even--I got even, whipped. Anyway, I always had some pranks with the girls.

Games!!!

One time Aunt Eliza and Dave Rowe came over from Star Valley to visit with us and they brought a girl that was just Violet's age that was a chum of Aunt Eliza's to visit with Violet. She was a nice girl. I forgot her name, but they had a good time. They was nice and I was nice too. Of course, we liked to go up and slide down the hay stack. We liked to go up and play hide and seek, and all these things. We was always trying to invent some new gesture--some new prank. Father had a six tined fork that he used to clean the barn with. He had broke the handle, so he cut the handle off and put a steel handle on there and instead of a long handle, it was short like a shovel. We had this chicken coop I was tellin' about--this log chicken coop--and in the winter time, he would put something in there like hay or straw and if we had a bad winter, he might feed it off to that stock before spring because he had it there as hay because it was feed. And, he did a time or two feed it off. Well, this particular summer there was nothing on there--there was just a flat top. He was out to the meadow haying and bringin' the hay in and here was this darned fork up there and us kids got up on there playin'. So, we decided we would lay down flat and we would get up on there and we would throw this fork and stick it in the ground and see how close to the one that was laying there we could come, without hitting them. One time I throwed it and it just landed right in that girls head, about three of the tines went right up under in her scalp. We jumped down there and jerked the damned fork out and took her down and she was a cryin'. Aunt Eliza and Uncle Dave left for home the next day. They didn't keep her there any longer. That spoiled their trip, and everybody else's. That was absolutely accidental. I didn't mean to do it. Imagine the damned venturesome kids just tryin' to see how close you can come to ones head laying prone on the ground throwing it off the top of a building. That is how crazy it was. It is just the grace of God that I ever grewed up!"

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Alma's parents had both came to this country because they wanted to come to "Zion" after joining the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, better known as the "Mormons". His father, Samuel, had worked in a coal mine for five years to save enough to come with his mother and brother when he was 19 years old.

His mother, Rosina, and her mother had been disinherited when they joined the church so her mother sent Rosina here with missionaries to the Bear Lake area when she was just twelve years old and followed her the next year after another year of working in a factory in Switzerland.

They had both given much for the church, so going to church every Sunday was an important part of their life.

Alma was baptized on his birthday, 20 Apr 1906, in Spring Creek, just a half block east of his home. The next Sunday when they were going to confirm him someone said he had stuck his toe above the water when he was baptized, so they didn't confirm him. No one could contest the man's word but Alma wondered why he hadn't said anything the day of the baptism. They rebaptised him on 30 June and confirmed him the next day, 1 July. The church record still read 20 Apr 1906 but his mother recorded it 30 June.

Good Old School Days

The first day I ever went to school was when I went to school to visit with my sister, Violet. I went to the building which is now the old barn which is west of the grade school. When the teacher seen that I was Violet's little brother, she came down and wanted to know if I wanted to write on the board. Of course, I did and I walked right up there and I drew a picture of a man--just a round circle for the head, a round circle for the body, then I put his feet, his hands, his ears, eyes, nose, and mouth on there and I walked back and sat down. I hadn't quite got back to the seat when the whole class started roaring with laughter. That was in the old Knowlin barn that I owned for a hide house afterwards, but that was the first day I ever went to school.

The next year I went to school in an old four room building that has since been razed. That was the first school house that was of brick that did stand where the present (Hooper Elementary) grade school now stands. My first teacher was Miss Homack. Miss Homack was also my second grade teacher. Under her direction I made a green and yellow basket out of quarter-inch rope made with raffia. My mother made socks for all her nine children and always kept her knitting in that basket through the years.

My next teacher was Miss Ingalls. I was just an average student. I was just getting along like the rest of them, maybe, but I couldn't quite get some things through my head. One time when Violet and I were going to school, I told her, just for fun, that I was going to play hooky. We were right down there where Bill Corbett lives (2nd East Hooper) when she finally gave up trying to get me to school and went on down. She was late. She thought I had gone to play hooky and I had just followed right in behind her but her eyes were so full of tears that she didn't know it. She went right up and told Miss LuAnn, (that was her teacher,) mine was Miss Ingalls, that I had played hooky from school. Miss LuAnn came down to tell Miss Ingalls that I was playing hooky from school, and Miss Ingalls looked and said, "Why, he is right here in his desk. He came in late but he is in his desk." So Violet felt pretty bad because she had reported me playing hooky.

My teacher in the fourth grade was Miss Della B. Smith. I liked her!--She took an interest in me. It seems that she just started me off right, by answering a few questions that were fundamental to gain the rest of it. She came over to me and put her arm around me and wondered where I was. I showed her what I didn't understand and

after that she would come and show me where to start. Then I started off with a bang and everything was easy. We used to have ranks--1,2,3, etc.--and I started off with rank "First" when Miss Della B. Smith was my teacher and stayed in rank "First" right on through until I graduated out of the eighth grade. She was the best teacher I ever had. I don't know whether it was on account of me or someone else in the class like me, but Miss Della B. just stayed on with our class--fourth to fifth, fifth to sixth, and then she went in the seventh and eighth grades, right on through, with the class. It was awful easy to get my work. It was no trouble. I completed the 6th and 7th grades in one year. When I was in the 6th grade I spelled down the 6th, 7th and 8th grades. Miss Ethel E. Fox taught me part of the year. Skipping a grade was the worst thing that ever happened to me.

Miss Middleton taught me in the 8th grade and I graduated with high honors with a 93 1/3 % average. When it came to exams, the teacher would let me out early on those days when I didn't have anything to do. There were a lot of sheep in this country in those days, and I used to take my pony and knife and skin sheep. I got over twenty dollars from Mr. John Henry Smith for skinning sheep before my graduation in 1912.

The next year when I went to school I had a teacher, (I have forgotten her name but she was related to Doc Kackley.) On account of my record as a scholar, if I said anything was right, she didn't even look at a textbook--she would take my word for it. This really upset Jesse Gagon when she knew I was wrong. I learned the teacher thought I knew it and I became playful and I became anything but what a good student ought to be. Finally, I quit school for that season. The rest of the class that I played with and chummed with was behind me so I decided to lay out a year and let them catch up.

Then I went to work for a fellow out here by the name of Art Sheridan. He seemed to be my idol and when I would see him and see his walk and his actions I wanted to grow up to be like him and do what he was doing. He liked me and he always called me "son". He'd get me a job out here on the Lallatin-Soda Creek Ranch, which he leased, to go out there and do chores. He was away working with teams of horses, hauling gravel and things like that for the City of Soda Springs in the summer. In the fall they would be haying and in the spring and the fall they would farm. I started working for him and he was a fellow who kind of discouraged education. One day I had been working for him putting up hay. Come Sunday he said, "I don't want you to go home today. I want you to go with me to measure hay. We have got to see how much hay we have over here on the meadow at Ninety Percent.

I said, "I'll go with you but I don't know how to measure hay."

He said, "What is the use of you going to school? You have been going to school and everything." And he kind of discouraged me going to

school. The year I laid off to wait for my class to catch up, I was working for him, and that is the way he talked to me about education and it influenced me. However, when I told him I didn't know how to figure hay, he asked me if I knew how to figure lumber or he wanted to know if I knew how to figure a yard of gravel, and he threw a lot of the figuring at me that we need in everyday life to carry on in an agricultural country. I found out right then that I had been going to school to learn to figure and to read and to write but I hadn't learned any of the practical things. Immediately I went and got a rule to measure hay and since that time I can remember how to figure hay today, just as good as I could forty years ago. I have measured lots of hay, being in the livestock business. And I learned that and because he told me that, I went and got it right now. I also learned to figure lumber and also learned to figure cubic yards of dirt or gravel, and all those things I learned. He seemed to be of the opinion that after I got that much, I didn't need any more, and why waste the time going to school when you just as well be making money. I worked for him all that winter.

The next fall, my old chums, like Milton Horsley, Heber Lau, and Newell Horsley wanted me to come back and start school and we decided that we would all four start two weeks late. That was in the ninth grade, which was new to us as far as Algebra and foreign language, which at that time was German. We had a German teacher, teaching high school in the basement of the grade school, by the name of Stephen (pronounced Steffan). They had just petitioned off a couple of rooms in the basement for high school. We started two weeks late as planned, so we could help with the harvesting. Mr. Stephen just assigned us our lessons as if we had been there all the time. When it came to history, grammar and things like that, that we had the fundamentals of--things that we could carry on from what we knew from the eighth grade, we were fine. When it came to Algebra and foreign language, the class was way ahead of us and we just didn't do anything but play when we got to those periods because we had no start and Mr. Stephen didn't show any interest and didn't care whether he caught it to us or not.

Milton's and Heber's fathers, especially noticed that their boys weren't doing anything in school. It used to be customary when we got out of school, if there was a team and a sled going on our way, we would go out and catch on the runners and ride home. One day, Dan Lau came along and we went out and jumped on the sleigh runners. He lived right there where Loren Fowler lives now and he had a barn there to keep his horses in. He turned in and when we went to jump off he stopped us. He said, "I want to talk to you boys."

So we stayed there and he asked us how we were getting along in school. We told him--not well, that we hadn't gotten any recognition

at all from Mr. Stephen on the foreign language and the Algebra. The others we could gather up and catch up but those two things we had no fundamentals of and we weren't doing any good. His brother Joe Lau was on the school board so he immediately went to his brother and told him that Mr. Stephen wasn't doing a good job of taking care of the students, getting them started and seeing that they got anything out of school. Mrs. Ellis Kackley, Joe Lau, and Hildreth the printer, were school board members so they invited us to come to the school board meeting. They brought four boys invitations to come to the Kackley home for the meeting.

We went, and they were in a general business meeting when we got there so they asked us to wait out in another room until they were ready for us. Mr. Stephen, the school teacher was there too. Mrs. Kackley came in at intervals and talked to us to keep us from getting too lonesome. They understood we had a complaint. After a while they asked us in. Mr. Stephen turned a deep scarlet. We all sat right along side each other and it happened that Milton sat first, I next and Heber next. Newell didn't go. He backed out. Anyway, the way we were seated, Milton was the first one to go up and he tried to nicey nicey things over, which made me mad. When he got up he started out saying, "I don't particularly have anything against Mr. Stephen. I think if we had studied we would have got it instead of reporting and causing this disturbance. I think it is all our fault." And he sat down.

It made me so mad I wanted to hit him right in the nose (which I did lots of times before and after. I wanted to do it right there but, of course, I couldn't.)

Then they asked me. When I got up I looked right at Milton in a sneaky mocking way and said, "I don't either have anything particularly against Mr. Stephen. But we started to school two weeks late. We didn't even get recognized. We had no foundation in Algebra and especially in foreign language, and we didn't get any instruction. We just got handed a textbook and an assignment. We, of course, have been unruly because we didn't have anything to study because we didn't know how to study it. We didn't have a teacher to start us. Just for an example, the other day Mr. Stephen was explaining an Algebra problem on the board and he explained it as he seen fit and just before he erased it he said, "Now is that clear?" I raised my hand and he called on me and I told him I didn't understand where he got his quotient. He said, "Well, we are just not explaining to people who don't follow through" and he erased it. I sat down.

They asked Heber and he got up and cried. He couldn't speak one word. Well, what I said touched off dynamite and they asked us to leave. As we were leaving I heard Mr. Hildreth say that Newell Horsley had said something and Mr. Stephen spoke up and said, "Newell Horsley is a liar". One of the trustees jumped up and shook his fist in his

face and said, "You call one of my boys a liar and there will be something doing right now." That is the turmoil we threw them into and that is the way we left.

Well, anyway, they had it out and I guess there was plenty of good straight talk went on after we were asked to retire. Anyway, the next time we came back to school, Mr Stephen came down to my desk and he said "Git your Algebra", and I got it.

"Now," he said, "show me where you are".

I just opened my book to the first leaf and said, "Right there". He gritted his teeth a little bit and walked up and down the isle and finally he quieted down his nerves and came back. He gave me an assignment (since he could tell I was the leader) and all the rest of them with it. He did that all the rest of the way on through. I felt like I had been brought back on a silver platter and after that I learned to say more than "Miene Lehrer ist ein toer". (My teacher is a fool). I learned to speak and sing German in ½ year.

We were just about caught up with the class when Eleda got scarlet fever and because of the quarantine, I was out for six weeks and I never went back. I had been behind and I was the leader of the behind class and when I fell out the second time I knew I would get nothing but reversements so I didn't go back. I never went to school any more. I could easily get a job and that seemed more important at the time."

Alma was very well educated though he only got to grade eight. He could out-figure most of the high school math teachers and was a good business man. He helped with the finances at home at an early age and because of him other members of his family were able to get college educations.

The Lake at Hole in the Rock

In 1915, Al, Milton Horsley and Heber Lau had been hauling wool from Dick Dimmick's corral. They took their wagons out when they thought a load of wool would be ready and discovered the shearing corrals had been moved. The water pressure from the Government Dam which had made Blackfoot Reservoir, had become too great at Hole in the Rock and water had come pouring out of it until it formed a lake and buried the corral. When it started, the men moved what they could of the corral as quickly as possible. The water finally leveled and left a nice clear lake so deep that only about three feet of a telephone pole appeared above the water line.

They had to wait for wool because it had rained and the shearing had been started late so the sheep could dry out. The boys decided to take a ride in a boat some of the men at the shearing corral had put together with a sheet of metal.

They paddled out to the middle of the lake and could look down and see the dipping vat and remains of the old corral. Somehow they tipped the boat over. Milton and Al could swim but Heber could not. Heber started fighting the water to drown. Al and Milton took him and hung him on a telephone pole, then swam the boat to shore. Milton and Heber's dads were at the corral and saw the boys in trouble and started taking their clothes off to go to Heber's rescue, but Al and Milton brought in the boat so fast, they just turned it over and sent them back for Heber.

When the dike was built the water quit coming up at the Hole in the Rock.

The Working Life

I worked for Mr. Sheridan, then I worked for Russel Panting. When I was 18 years old, Russel Panting's brother, Chris, and I leased a ranch on the west of the valley from Chris Panting Sr. and we started to farm. There was just one little log house over there and no water. We used to lead our horses to water down by the lake and Mr. Panting brought some lumber over there and we built a barn for the horses while we was farmin'. We got Mr. Kuggler over there to build us a well so we wouldn't have to go for water, but we did (the fall we plowed it up) lead the horses to water all fall. The next spring was an early spring and we went over and got our crop in by the first of April but we had water. The well had been completed and there was a pump on it. While Mr. Kuggler was drilling the well, Mr. and Mrs. Panting came over and cooked for the well digger and also us and it made it very pleasant. Mr. Panting was old but he was able to haul water in barrels for cullinary purposes. We led the horses down to the lakes.

But then that fall come and I was working for Sheridan again. I was working for \$35.00 a month. I think he charged \$1.25 an acre for butting this grain with the header. Then we would have to get a threshing machine and thresh it and we would have to buy sacks. There were no elevators in Soda Springs. Largilliere bought all the grain that come to town. He used some little old buildings which he would have to unpack at the Largilliere Store which is now the Largilliere Bank. Stuff that he could he had dumped into cars. Most of that was put into sacks and then the sacks dumped. Sacks was a great item. All the grain was handled in sacks and hauled in with horses on a lumber wagon. We went out and got this threshed and hauled it to town. I put in 30 acres of fall wheat which froze. I brought a sample of it to town to Edgar Largilliere. We borrowed a little money from him to operate on. I knew I was going to bring in grain to pay it and hoped I'd have a little left. I showed him this wheat which was very poor. I went over there and Chris wasn't there and he was my partner when the headers got over there they wanted to know whether I wanted it cut or not. They went out and looked at it. I was just a boy 18 with a boys judgment. Whatever I hired done I had to pay for out of my wages of \$35 a month. Chris should have paid his share, that was my partner, but I finally said, "Go ahead and cut it." They went ahead and cut it and then when they throwed the threshers into it Chris seen how it was comin' out and he said, "Well, I didn't tell them to cut it. You can take it all."

So he wouldn't pay any of the expenses but he give me all the grain. So I had to take this over where I was workin', over to Sheridan's and grind it with barley and sack it to sell it at all. It wouldn't sell alone. Of course there was a water-powered mill over there and I was workin' there. As long as I would do it on my time, the grinding was free. I hauled it over, run it through the grinder and sacked it and hauled it to town with a four horse team for 65¢ a hundred. I didn't even make as much on farming as I did working for \$35 a month.

So I came to town and spent the winter taking care of father's cows. I did a little trapping on the side. There was no restrictions on furs. Whenever I got a dance ticket or a box of shells, I'd always catch rats, skin them to make a little money to get what I needed. I never asked father for 50¢ after I was thirteen years old. If I got any ducks or anything I would always bring them home and we would have them to eat. I made my spending money all the time I went through school, even before this, trapping at Spring Creek and Ledge Creek. I had a dozen traps I'd built around. I used to get 10¢ or 12¢ apiece for the rats. When they finally got to a quarter I wanted to quit everything and trap rats. I thought I could get rich!

The next spring, (1917) Ray Campbell and I decided to lease Edmund Beus' ranch, over south of town. So we went over there and leased that. It was another early spring and we started plowing in March. We broke up a bunch of brush which is now the airport. We farmed over there. In the late spring, people shipped their sheep in to lamb here from the Utah and Nevada desert. There were a lot of fall-out sheep. We had a little pasture--20 acre hog pasture--over there. We could get the sheep and buy them for a dollar a head. We would put them in there and they would have lambs and we would take good care of them. There were fifteen. We sold some ewes and lambs for a little spending money.

After we got the crop in, we got the summerfallowing going. The alfalfa was up about six inches high, I thought I could go to work for a couple of weeks to get a little money and then come back and put up the hay, so I went up to Jim Hansen at the Knollin ranch and asked him if I could come and help him for a couple of weeks and he said "yes".

I went up to work for two weeks and Edmund Beus, who owned the ranch come home and he wanted to know where I was and Ray told him. He said, "By golly, if he is going to do that we had better get rid of him. We don't want anybody working off that should be working here." When I came home Ray told me that Edmund was dissatisfied with me working out. I said, "Well, if he doesn't like it he can buy me out." I was a little concerned and I had bought one horse from him for \$125. I hadn't paid him for it. I wasn't going to pay him until I had it out of the crops. He just told me that I didn't need to pay for the horse for what I had done. I had worked there all spring, so he just gave me the horse, which made me a team.

I went to work there (for Jim) for two weeks and stayed there for four years and a half.

Father still had this bunch of cows with no place to put them so I conceived the idea of homesteading the cedars so that we would have a place for Father's cows. Father had filed up there on the timber and stone up there and he had 40 acres of it fenced. There was rock and he couldn't fence it right so he put up a leaning fence. First I had Violet start homesteading on it while I became of age. While that was going on, the right-of-way was sold through it for the Conda Railroad. I gave it to her. She was a widow at the time. I was with her when they gave her the money the right-of-way brought. It wasn't very much but it was a lot then. After I filed on it, she relinquished and I filed. Of course it was subject to the right-of-way that she had sold, which was understood. I filed on this 160 acres 14 Sep 1920.

After I fenced the cedars, whenever some of the herds going by had a calf or a sheep who couldn't keep up they would just open the gate and put it in the cedars until they could come back for it. One night I was up in the cedars looking hard for a new calf. There were a few clouds, and as I came around a group of cedars the moon broke through

the clouds and shone on a tall white object in the cemetery lot. I jumped as if I was seeing a ghost! Finally, after clearing my vision I realized a white ram with its big curled horns was in the fenced grave yard, and had his feet up on the headstone. A ray of moonlight broke through the clouds and sillouetted it so it was very scary.

The Cedar Cemetery

The old pioneer cemetery, known as the Cedar Cemetery, was used from the founding of Soda Springs until the Fairview cemetery was put into use. 1919 was the last recorded burial in this cemetery.

The pioneers chose this place to lay away their loved ones probably because of its beauty. No one ever had a deed to their lots in the cemetery. The lots were just chosen by squatter's rights when they lost their loved ones and they were laid to rest.

Fences were put up around the graves for protection from the animals. When the sheep and cattle were being trailed to and from the stock yards, they were driven thru the cemetery. Many of the fences and markers were broken down, so the identity of many were lost.

Some of the graves remaining in the cemetery are those of unidentified people from earliest pioneer days but the bulk were victims of a diphtheria epidemic which ravaged this community in the fall and winter of 1890-91. At that time many families lost one, two, three, or more of their children, which indeed saddened the community. Facilities for taking care of the victims were not as available as they are in our present day and age. The families had to do the best they could under the circumstances.

When Alma homesteaded the cedars, it was with the understanding that the ground where the graves were had an automatic lease for a 999 year period. The owners were to maintain their own fences. Some of the folks had kin which built fences and put up headstones, but many lost identity as weather removed the paint from the boards which were used for headstones, and fences and other identification rotted away.

On 24 May 1963, the D.U.P. (Daughters of the Utah Pioneers) asked permission to restore what they could and a plaque was placed in the cemetery listing all the known names of persons buried there. A stile was built across the fence between the railroad tracks and the cemetery, so people could visit the graves without allowing the livestock to stray which were fenced there in the cedars. Alma spoke at this ceremony.

Finally, Albert B. Christman and Loyal A. Hopkins, agreed to give the cemetery plot to the D.U.P. It was deeded to them 13 Mar 1979. Since then the Army Reserve has built a log fence around the area so it is easier to identify exactly where the graveyard is. They also cleared off a lot of overgrowth so the graves can more easily be seen.

(As recorded on tape)

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National Guard

"I was just in the National Guard--I was never in the real service. I was in the last draft of World War I. I was there at that job then and I went on down to Pocatello. That is the first time I was ever in Pocatello. I went down there with Fred Bauker--he was the man that built the Enders Hotel and the courthouse--and George Small and someone else. It was the first time I was ever in Pocatello. We went down in Fred Bauker's car--he had a model T. We got down there and we went over and got examined for the service and then, of course, we had the night to spend before we come back. I thought I knew Pocatello like a book--O, I knew everything! Hell, I could get around every place--we just walked. We went here and we went there--We went east side; we went west side; we went north side and we went south side. We was learnin' Pocatello. That was the first time I was ever in a city limits other than Lava. The next morning the sun got up in the West! HaHa (chuckle) and I had to learn it all over again. I was twisted all the time."

When his picture was taken in his uniform, he was at Camp Lewis, Washington near Moses Lake in 1924. He was a Patoon Leader that summer.

Weather 1920

The weather is a good topic this morning. It reminded me of a conversation I had yesterday with a fellow. He was talking about the weather and of course I was trying to sell him some feed. He was afraid it was going to be an awful expensive winter. "Well," I said, "A good expensive winter is what we need to bring our springs and streams and lakes up to par. The rest of it will take care of itself."

I said, "I remember one year when I was on the Knollin Ranch. I was just starting out up there. We started to feed everything the 11th day of November and we didn't quit until the 13th of the next May. The first day of May was just as much of a winter day as you've ever seen. The snow was a coming and you had to turn your head against the storm. We was driving down to get what little feed we had left. We was feedin' some stock up there. We had made it stretch according to the calendar but a lot of people hadn't and I know some people just shipped hay in here by the passenger train to keep their stock alive. We practically had two winters that winter. One winter come and spent and started to clear up and it looked like it was going to be spring and then here come another one. I used to go up east of the Knollin Ranch with skis. I would get up on the hill and I could come down over all the fences. There wasn't a sign of a fence. I could come down over them fences and clear out into the field clear down pretty near over to where the highway was--never an obstruction. It was the 13th day of May when we quit feeding the livestock and in 2 or 3 days there was more grass and flowers than the stock could eat."

We put a crop in and that was the greatest crop I have ever seen harvested in this country. We didn't get it in until late but it never had a reversement. There was never a day it didn't grow. There was never a frosty night or anything. I think that was the best crop I have ever seen on the ground in this country. I know because I pitched it. I used to harvest the grain with headers. This was about the time of World War I. Boy! I didn't get in the army but I helped win the war by pitchin' grain. Me and Tom Thompson built a heading stack a day--every day--The two of us just from the header and we was just kids. By golly, they can say what they want to about the boys in the service helping to win the war but we did our share here whether they appreciated it or not. That was the hardest winter I ever remember and the best season afterward. So if we do get a good hard winter we can expect a good season after, which is what it will take to bring us out of the kinks on this thing. We had several dry lean years and we need to get some good moisture and winter so we can have a fat year once. This year might be a hard ol' winter. I wish it would get so deep you would have to wade in the snow to get around. I don't even care about using the highways. I'd like to see them close up. I've seen 'em close up. I'd like to see them do it again. (told about 1960)

The year that I was talking about that we started to feed Nov 11th and didn't quit until the thirteenth of May, there was a lot of people knew there wasn't enough hay here and they went on down to the Snake River Country. There was Butler, Somsen, and a lot of those fellows from Grays Lake, went down to the lower country. It broke them. Auto Peterson was a prosperous sheep man on Grays Lake until that winter and that winter he lost his outfit and he never got back. They used to ship hay in here regardless of what it cost and had a four horse team going between here and Grays Lake, and they couldn't get it out there fast enough to keep the stock alive. There was just hundreds of dead sheep and cattle. That spring I went up to clean the Woodall ditch. There was a lot of cattle perished on the Woodall Ranch that winter. There was washes where the ditch had broke out and they hauled those carcasses over there. It was just full of dead cattle. We was out there trying to clean that ditch and it would just stink so bad that we couldn't hardly live there. We was camping out and I was cook. I had the awfulest (worst) time keeping the blow flies out of stuff you ever seen. They was there a plenty. It caused a lot of trouble. We never used to think about getting around. That particular winter there was a land office in Bancroft and the people that wanted to file on these homesteads--these homesteads was open for entry then--would go to Bancroft to file.

I know one time John Miksell and Mose and Jim Hansen and Marie Thompson went to Bancroft to file on their homestead entry. They left Tom Thompson and I on the ranch to feed the stock. They come to town, put the team in the barn and caught the train to go to Bancroft to file on the land and was going to come back. The train usually gets back about 3:15 or 3:30 P.M. and they would be back home that evening. They didn't get back home for three days! The train snowed in, in the country just the other side of Alexander and the train was right there stuck and they couldn't even get home. Tom and I got into Mrs. Thompson's cake and ate all the cocoanut we could find and we had a lot of fun when they first left. But before the thing was over we got pretty serious. We had all the cows to milk and all the chores to do, and nobody to help us and the wind blowing so hard we couldn't even haul feed out. I went down there and I sez "Now, by golly, there is only one way we are going to feed them cattle today and that is to feed them bundles." We was only supposed to feed one bundle to about every ten head. I said, "We are going to feed them all bundles today or they won't get any." So we just went over to the darned stack and got on the windy side and throwed on a load of bundles and we went up and fed them. We fed them bundles that should have been saved but it was the only way we could have fed them and we didn't have any die. We were supposed to have fed them some bundles and some straw, but the straw would all blow away and we couldn't handle loose hay. We had a rack there that was tapered and didn't have

sides on it. We did get some bundles to hang on by jumping on them-- as one threw 'em off, the other one jumped on them back there. Then we got out in the wind and we went up and fed that stock a ration of straight bundles, rather than not feed them at all. I thought it was all right but of course that was my judgment, and nobody ever criticized me for it. I'll tell you, towards spring we wished we had some. Once in a while I would always want to be a little good to something and I'd give them a little extra and I remembered that too, because it looked like something was goin' to starve to death on account of my courtesy.

I shoveled more snow that winter than I did all the rest of my life, before or since. That was the winter of 1918 or 1920, I guess.

CONSTRUCTION WORK

I went ahead then and quit my job at the Knowlin ranch after 4½ yrs. The reason for quitting the job was to live on the homestead. Utah Construction was in here building the railroad and I came down and they had built a camp on my ground, in between the snow fences. I wanted to homestead there and I wanted to build on the ditch and I needed to have a job while I lived it down. I went into them and told them that they had built a camp on my ground without permission. They said, "No, they were on railroad ground because they were between snow fences".

I said, "These snow fences have a right here but the ground is mine". They investigated and found I was right.

Well, I built a 12 by 14 foot shack. I started to live there. A fellow by the name of Vern Carter was being laid off the job there. He was a young fellow about my age and wanted to know if he could help me build and shack up with me there. He was from Michigan. He was very handy with a saw and I was, too, and we erected the cabin pretty fast. I got the lumber from Gagons.

I went in and told those (railroad) fellows. I said, "You have a choice--you pay for this ground you have got this camp on and you pay good, or you give me a job".

They said, "Well, we have laid off everybody--there is no job".

I said, "Well, there is going to be a job for me or there is going to be damned good pay for me for you getting on here without permission".

They said, "We never allow a local man to be watchman. There is too much walks away".

I said, "I wouldn't steal, but if you don't want me to be watchman I don't want that job". But I said, "You had better find me something." So they put me on what they called foreman. There was a train that stayed here all night and went out to Conda and back every day. They would come up there and stop and get me. Then they would go on and they would stop at the switch and I'd get off and clean the switch.

They would go on and when they come back they'd stop and get me. That was my day's work and I'd get \$6.00 a day for that all the time I worked. Well, that took care of our expenses and Vern came down and helped Father milk his cows. He had a Harley Davidson motorcycle and we chased back and forth in that. He would come there and get our milk and go up there and batch and I'd work.

That fall they put me in charge of a yard crew just before they closed down. Spring come and they wanted me to be boss. They gave me a crew. They gave me a yard crew. I loaded the culverts and I loaded -- crossing plank and I cleaned up and I did everything. I had a big crew. Then they put me in charge in the pit. It was a big diamond steamshovel working gravel down in the Baliston mine. They put me over a pit crew -- there. I had to be over a bunch of men--6-12. They wanted me to go with them to Nebraska. I seen the job was going to wind up in a short time and I'd be here and wouldn't have a job. A fellow by the name of George Nichols worked on the Conda Railroad and became a good friend.

They wanted me to go with them on the construction line to Nebraska. They said, "We'll give you \$125 a month. We would like you to run men and we like the way you run them and if you'll go we'll give you that."

Well, Father was old and he had to have help. All my wages that I didn't need myself I would give to them. I had the pasture there for the cows. I realized I had that obligation to take care of them, so I turned them down and went to work for Finch for \$60 a month. I turned down the \$125.

Finch had a ranch bordering my homestead, so I moved my cabin from over there where the construction camp was, over next to the petition fence between me and Finch. I called my homestead house "Dew Drop Inn". I would work for Finch during the day and just go down to sleep there. Then I would go back and work. I done that to prove up on the land. People told me I was crazy for ever wasting my right on it. At the time I wanted it. It has turned out to be all right. I have always had a handy place. I never was sorry. I never owned it really for a long time it seemed like. Bootleggers would cash their whiskey there during prohibition days. People would go through there huntin', shootin' things up all the time. Even though I was paying taxes on it I never really got any use out of it much until you folks moved up there and went to livin' there. If I left anything there, it was all shot up and ruined before I got anything in investments up there.

I managed the purebred Hampshire sheep for Henry L. Finch, doing the main lambing work in the winter and the farming work in the summer. Jo Saing managed the ordinary sheep.

SCOUTING

"I took a great interest in Scouting. I produced the first First Class Scouts ever produced in Soda Springs and I got a lot of kick out of it. That was through the Mutual--the Mutual sponsored it. They put me in a Scoutmaster's training class down at Logan University down at Logan, Utah. I went down and spent a week or ten days. It was very inspiring--the most inspiring time I had ever had. The whole bunch of us stayed in one dorm there. We slept on the army cots with the army issued blankets. We took the course and it was very inspiring. I came back and I was very enthused. In fact, I was so enthused that if I didn't have to work, I would probably have spent my whole time at Scouting. I loved it! I was working for Finch then and I was probably 21 or 22 years of age then. M. P. Lawrence, the barber here, he took an interest in me, and he was very instrumental in me doing that Scouting work. He was president of the Mutual. They voted \$20 (twenty dollars) for my expenses to go down there for a week. I had money left, so you can see how conservative I was.

It was a very nice program. We went out one day and looked at milk cows--they had a dairy there. They had a hot blood stallion there in a boxed stall and all covered with net wire so he couldn't bite ya. If you walked up to the stall he would just open up his mouth and put his ears back and come right at you with his mouth open. If he could have got at you he would have killed ya. They kept him there at the college for breeding purposes, but I'm telling you, you wouldn't want to be around him without a good twitch on his nose and a stick to keep him away from ya. He was in that stall to where he gained so much energy he just didn't know what to do with it. We went out and watched them milk cows and watched how they done it there in the dairy. They would take the "soup" from the cow barn and put it in a tank and take it over and sprinkle it on the lawn of the campus. They have commercial fertilizers and things like that now. Manure does its part but you can do more with commercial fertilizers."

Alma was a Scout Master for several years. In 1954 he helped with the building of the Diamond Creek Youth Camp and three years later was influential in having it turned over to the Tendoy Boy Scout Council.

He gave \$25.00 a month for the Little Lemhi Boy Scout Camp as long as he was on the Council. He also gave a saw to be used for its building. Some months he gave \$50.00 a month to build Little Lemhi up on Palisade while he was on the council.

He also helped build camp Nebeker for the Scouts.

Romancing

"I got engaged the first time about when I was twenty. I was working on the Finch Ranch. It was about 1918. The first year I went through the park was 1918. I was engaged to her (Grace Davis) about four years. Of course, she would leave and go to California and I wouldn't see her for six months at a time, then she would come back and spend the summers here and stay with mother and just be here so she could be with me. Hell, I got so I would go every night and I would walk in my sleep. I even went to sleep eatin' breakfast. There was a Chautauqua show here and I think it ran for 5 nights. We went to that Chautauqua show and then we went down to Coppard and Shelp and rented a model T car to go to Lava. They didn't put very good rubber on the damned things and there wasn't very good roads. We was comin' back and we had flat tires, and one thing or another and I had to walk from Davisville. I come out to the ranch and I went to milk the cow and I started to milk the cow and I went to sleep milking. I went in to breakfast and went to sleep eatin' breakfast. I went to feed the horses and they was just as sturdy as they could be. I felt like the last rose of summer. I hadn't slept for 5 nights--go to the Chautauqua and go down there and have to walk home. I couldn't even open my eyes good. I started to feed them horses. I stirred a little in that manger and a little in that. They started eatin' with such brisk appetites and such bright eyes. They felt so full of pep you could just see it. I just said out loud, "Oh, I wish I had horse sense". She would go to California and back out. I went to Yellowstone Park with her in 1918 and 1921. I guess I got unengaged in 1921. Then I went with this one and that one. Finally, I found your Mom and she was a pretty good girl, so we got married.

She came here to work in the cafe and she didn't get off until 10 o'clock and we had to have some fun between 10 o'clock and the time I would get off at the ranch. When I would get off at the ranch I'd come to town so I'd take some of her girl friends around while she was gettin' off. Then we would have a party. You see, she was always included. Clara Bowler was workin' for Kuger out there and I used to go out and get her and bring her in so she could be to the party. She was a pal of Mom's. I would take Wilma Marriot and Eula Oliver out and they would help me get some chickens. Sometimes Mom would have to help clean them but we got some of it done before she got there most of the time. She was a pretty good cook. Iris used to bring her out to the ranch there where I worked and they would clean up my house and

sometimes, if I knew they was comin', I'd try to get it cleaned before or I'd be ashamed. ????

Sometimes it would get pretty dirty if I was busy. Of course, I never would leave any dirty dishes. I'd leave the house dirty-- wouldn't scrub the floor, but I never would leave any dirty dishes-- I'd just jump up and wash them. They would come out there and they would clean up my house and they would make me a bunch of pies. She used to make pretty good divinity candy. Doggone, I'd eat that stuff. I'd just come in and eat divinity candy and think "I don't want anything to eat--I'm goin' to town." So I'd just eat divinity candy and then go to town and see her. Of course, now she has forgotten how to make divinity candy and I am too fat and can't eat it. It's all right anyway. I ate too much of it. She spoiled me rotten. She would come out there and make me pies and I'd eat a whole pie and go back to work. I wouldn't cook anything. Iris brought her out there. Iris was my sister and she thought she (Min) was pretty good and she was, too.

(Dad) We went out on the Whizz-Bang to Conda. I would ride my horse up and tie it up and get on the Whizz-Bang and ride out and come back and get on the horse and ride back to the ranch.

(Mom) Clare and Iris wanted me to sluff him. I said, "Well, I don't know how I can sluff him--he lives between here and where we get on the car."

They sez, "Well, we will help ya."

So I got off shift a little early. I don't even remember who relieved me. Mary (Lakey) must have done--and we girls started for the Whizz-Bang. We got up there OK but the first guy to come on was him."

(Dad) "The horse was already tied up there when they got on."

(Mom) "He said I wouldn't have got out of the hotel without him seeing me but someone seen him and stopped him to talk to him. That is how I got away. We walked up the railroad tracks."

(Dad) "I saw them walkin' up the railroad tracks."

(Mom) "Of course, we was the first on. They got me to leave early because they knew Al would be there. Then we had to wait for the orchestra to come and everyone else that wanted to go to Conda to the dance. That was the only way they had of gettin' out there. The Whizz-Bang was like a bus only it ran on the railroad track instead of the highway."

(Dad) "It was like a wide truck with a coach on it just like a bus only it had flanged wheels. We just nick-named it the Whizz-Bang because a magazine come out in them days called the Whizz-Bang." (That magazine was full of jokes.)

(Mom) "That was just our pet name for it."

(Dad) "Ya, that was just our pet name for it. The Gallopin' Goose is

what we called that one that ran from Minidoka to Rupert. The one that came from Montpelier down here to Pocatello and back, they called that the Ping Pong. We used to ride that to Lava. We would get on that here early in the morning. It would go thru here at 10:30 in the morning. We would get on that and go down to Lava and get off, and it would get back here at 3:30. We would have an hour or so in Lava. We would stop in Lava and take a swim and catch it and come back. It was called the Ping Pong."

(Dad and Mom were married in Los Angeles 24 Dec 1925. The details of this is found in Mom's history)

"After I worked for Finch for 10½ years, the depression hit and Finch come out one day. I was buying some furs. I was trapping furs on the side like I had done when I was a kid. When I first got married, I trapped furs for a little extra money. I would ship them & I would see what they would git then I'd see what they would offer here and I could see there was a big margin in what I could git here and what I could git by shipping them, so I started buying furs. I bought furs, shipped them and worked there too. Finch knew I was doin' it. I used to arrange to come to town at noon--just drive in for the mail and bring the milk and people knew I'd come and they would have their furs here in town and sell them to me instead of Henry Schmidt down here. I would ship them to Northern St. Louis. Mom and I got so we could just about tell what we were going to git for a skin. Sometimes I would buy some of them green and Mom and I would flesh them all night, clean them up and pack them. We would just about know what we was gittin' for a skin. (He got \$75.00 a month from Finch when he was first married, then he had raised his wages to \$100.00 a month. Then when Esther was a baby in 1931, Mr Finch had a stroke and it was up to Al to take full charge of things. He raised Al's pay to \$125.00 a month.)

In the fall of 1931, Finch come out and cut my wages first. The depression hit and he didn't have the money and he come out and cut my wages and I accepted the cut. I figured I would make it buying furs. In a couple of weeks, however, he come out and said, "I can't even keep you at all." He said, "I haven't any money to pay you with and I can't get it." He said, "I'm goin' to have to do my own chores out here and you can live here. You stay here. I wouldn't have this ranch without you. You are more able to lay off than I am able to pay you."

So Mom stayed there and I had bought a bunch of calves and had them over in the cedars and I had hay there. I went on the road with a Dodge car. We had an old Dodge car. I would buy pelts and things and I'd stick them in the back of this car. I would go as far as I could in a day and come back.

Louie Goldstein was down in Bancroft. He found out from Henry Schmiht down here that I was pretty active in the fur business. He come up and used to buy a little stuff from me. One day I was out there on the lawn. I had just been to the country and had a bunch of furs. I was piling them up and counting and Finch come around and wanted to know when I could go to work. I told him I had to go to the country once more to clean up, then I'd be ready to work. He was about to walk away and said something and I was counting and I didn't answer him--I was just counting. He thought I was too high and mighty to talk to him. He said, "Maybe you have too much money to work for me any more."

I said, "If that is the way you feel about it that is just the way we will figure it." I moved down to Father's. I and Mom went down there. Then Louis come up. The depression was rough. Nobody had any money. By golly! No job either.! No jobs to get! It looked like pretty slim pickin's. I bawled and everything. I thought I would starve to death.

Mom said, "If you work for yourself like you have for H. L. Finch, you will make it anywhere!" She gave me encouragement and she talked to me.

Louie Goldstein wanted me to go into partners and I went with him, in partners, and I took his pickup and we would go around and we started buying a few sheep together. He gathered up a little money he had around and we went out to Grays Lake. But first I wanted a house to live in. Uncle Will had a little house out there that he had give us and I wanted to move it to town. I went out there and I was jacking it up. The floor joists were laid in concrete and there was no seal. I was out there with Ted Holbrook. We was a battin' out the concrete with a hammer and chisel. and we was a workin' there. Louie Goldstein smelled a mouse that things was goin' to git better. He come out there and he said. "You git somebody to move this house and you come and go with me."

I says, "I haven't any money to pay anybody to move it and I don't have any place for my family. We are living with Father and Mother and we can't stay there much longer." (Dad had paid Uncle Tom \$112.00 for the land to put this house on).

He said, "Never mind. We will git somebody to move this house!" So I got in the pickup and we come to town. We went over to Herb Allenback's and asked him what he would move the house for. We took him with us out there in the pickup and he looked at it. He sized it up. We had a basement here. Uncle Will and I dug the basement and poured the concrete. We had a basement to put it on. We finally made the contract for him to move it in here and put it on the basement for \$75.00. I didn't have 75¢!

The next morning early--it was getting lambing time, Louie come up. We got in the pickup and we went to Grays Lake. It was one of the first times I ever went over the Grays Lake Divide. I'll never forget it! I was drivin'. I looked over the top of the divide where you can see down the valley and that was my first view of the south end of Grays Lake!

There was a man with some sheep in a corral down there. We went down there and made a deal with them people to buy them lambs. We bought the lambs for \$1.75 a head. Louie was to trail them to town. We bought Soderman's; we bought Vias'; and we bought Stoor's, right there at that corral. We cut them all out and we gave them a check. We throwed them all together and got a man to help me and we started to trail them to town. We were out all night. We trailed them to town, put them in the boxcars and shipped them and made a little money. We started to make money. The depression was bad. We bought them and sold them and then we bought the Andreassen lambs from down to Thatcher. By golly! All winter I had been hauling in pelts for two bits and hides for 50¢ and I carried the pelts and Louie carried the furs and the sheep trade.

We bought these Andreassen lambs which consisted of about six car loads and within a very short time of receiving them we realized we wasn't going to have the money to receive them, so we went to the bank to borrow \$500.00. We owned the hide house. That was the building I went to school in my first day, west of the grade school. We was using it fer hides and pelts. We owned it. We wanted to mortgage it for this \$500. We had bought it from the bank. They didn't want it. They had loaned money on it to A. J. Knollin and had to repossess it and the bank had sold it to us and they didn't want it for collateral. They didn't feel it was collateral. We had it full of hides and pelts, I told them. It is my money, but they are in there under the mortgage. We want to mortgage. Edgar Largilliere says, "We will take it up with the board". That is when I learned what "to take it up with the board" meant.

I said, "Will the board meet tonight?"

and he said "Yes".

I said, "I'll be down in the morning." Here we had those lambs to receive and we didn't know how we was goin' to do it. The next morning, I--bright-eyed, young and foolish--went down to the bank and asked him if the board met last night.

He said, "Yes".

I said, "What did they decide?"

He said, "Well, we decided we couldn't let you have it. They are burning coffee in Brazil. There is no reason why they won't burn hides and pelts in this country".

So I went back and told Louie we was out of business. We went over to the hospital where Doc Kackley had his office. We told Doc Kackley we was in trouble and needed some money. He looked over his glasses and asked, "How much do ya need?". Boy, that was the first encouragement I had had was that "How much do you need?"

I said, "\$500."

He said, "Can you use \$2,000?"

I says, "How will we ever pay it back?"

"He says, 'I'm not worrying about you fellows paying it back.' And he reached up there in a little place he had in his office and he gave us \$2,000 in twenty dollar bills. We walked over and deposited it in the bank. I guess the bank knew where we got it, but we started then and started trading more. Then the Bank Holiday came along. The hides I had bought for 50¢ and had accumulated for two years got to be worth 10¢ a pound. Pelts I bought for two bits and 30¢ a piece--worth 4 and 4½¢ a pound--by golly, got to be worth 15¢ a pound. Wool in the buck, for 6, 9, and 10 cents a pound got to be worth 20, 25, and 26 cents a pound! Things went up so fast that we had some money and went into the sheep business. We had enough money to pay for our original sheep. The first year we were in the sheep, we hit a drouthy year--1934. There was no feed in the country. The bank told us if they was goin' to finance us to carry on (it took financing after we owned them)--The bank told us if we were going to finance like that we would have to show them that we had feed, so I went over to the Eden country and bought contracts for a bunch of feed. Louie went with me. It was the first time I was ever over in that country. We went to some Michelsons that used to be in Bancroft. They showed us around. We met some people there that we bought hay from for years and years after. After I came back I told the bank that I had bought the hay, measured it, and paid for it. They still didn't think they were safe. They wanted to know if I had a bill of sale. I told them "no". I had to turn right around and go out and get in the truck and go to all these people and get a bill of sale for the hay.

He said, "You went into new country and bought all this and you don't know the people. You don't know whether they owned the hay and maybe when you go to feed the hay, the hay will be gone." So I had to go down there to get a bill of sale from all these people to feed these sheep. We went through there and brought the sheep home. The market picked up a little and we seen where we could make a little money and we sold them in the spring right out of the shearing corral. They bought our range and I agreed to run them that summer for free. They come up a couple of dollars that summer. We just as well have made a couple of dollars if we had known but we was afraid--afraid we would be broke again, so we sold them when we seen a little profit. One time when I was figuring up the books I said, "Louie, we have lost a little money when we sold those yearlings."

He said, "No, you didn't lose 5¢. You never had it."

I said, "We had the sheep and if we had held them we would have made more."

"Yes," but he said, "I want to tell you, you didn't lose anything because you never had it." Then he said, "My good partner, there is two kinds of losses. The loss like you just mentioned," Then he said, "There is another kind of loss. That's the loss when you had a chance to sell them and make a profit and you didn't, then they went down so you made a loss." He said, "That second loss can break you. The first loss

will never break you." I have remembered that all my life, so I have been a free seller. I found out one thing in business--when you had a chance to make a profit, you had better take it and let the other guy make a little too. It makes a better circumstance and everybody's happy."

During the winter of 1933 Al was marooned three different times in blizzards. The worst and first time he was stuck in a blizzard was in Wyoming. They had half-way houses in some parts of Wyoming because the storms were so severe. They contained a heater and a little food. They were stocked by the State of Wyoming. "The times that I spent there, if you didn't have a string tied to them you couldn't find them from here to that post--you couldn't see your radiator cap. A lot of time I thought they were foolish to have because you could never have got to 'em, unless you happened to be there and stop before the blizzard got there. People would get out of their cars to go to them and they couldn't even find their car to get back to it. They would leave their car and just go a little way and lose their direction and couldn't get back to their car. I have sat there in the car and couldn't even see my radiator cap!"

During this one storm, Al was taking a lady from the hospital in Kemmerer to her home in Big Piney, Wyoming. Before leaving Kemmerer she went into the cafe and got a brown bag of sandwiches. Al, along with five other trucks, decided to travel together and try to get through the blizzard. They got stuck and attempted to go back but the blizzard was so bad they just had to get into their trucks and stay put. She told Al he should keep dry. She never complained during the trip and just gave a word of encouragement. About this time, a couple had started out on their way with a sick child to the doctor and when they came to a half-way house they stopped and went in. They sent for a snow plow by way of a horseman who just got on the horse and let the horse find his way. When he got to Opal, the man said he wouldn't go out in the storm but the Superintendent of Highways for the State of Wyoming came in about that time and said, "That snowplow is going out and I'll ride on the front of it to help guide you." That snowplow rescued 36 people on that trip of which one was Al. Some of them were about ready to pass out.

The mail truck had also been stranded further out on the highway and when they were brought back to Opal their faces were black from the smoke from burning flares inside their trucks to keep warm and they were nearly asphixiated when the snow plow reached them.

Al traveled many miles in Wyoming and Idaho buying hides, fures, and pelts. He and Louis bought the old A.J. Knollin barn to use as a hide-house to store his purchases in until he could ship them to be sold. Here he also salted, stretched, and prepared them for sale. He enjoyed this business and the sheep business because he enjoyed being his own boss and delegating authority.

(by Marva)

Daddy was an outstanding Scoutmaster when Mother married him. Sometimes he would even take his family camping with him. After Scouting, he was called to be Superintendent of the Sunday School.

Leora was 2½ years old when Mother and Daddy were married. 2½ years later, when Marva was 17 months old, Mother and Daddy were sealed in the Logan Temple and Leora and Marva were sealed to them. It was just six weeks before Loyal was born.

By the time Esther was a baby Daddy was a counselor in the Bishopric to Bishop Everett Horsley. He served well in spite of the fact that his boss, Henry L. Finch would often want Daddy to work with the pure-breds on Sunday which Daddy was in charge of.

Daddy was president of the YMMIA when he went on the road buying hides and furs. Sometimes when he would get in Wyoming, a trapper would be coming in with some furs and the trapper would get detained in the mountains and by the time Daddy got back home he would have to hurry very fast to get to MIA. One night he sat out there in Georgetown Canyon all night in a blizzard off the road and didn't get home until after breakfast. Another night he sat out in Georgetown Canyon so long he made it home just as we dismissed MIA. Finally, he just quit trying to come, and go to church.

His growing family and also the obligation of helping his sisters and brother through college were a great financial responsibility. He spent most of his time trying to make a living and when he and Louie would get through with their book-work at the hotel, he would go down to the pool hall and play a few hands of pinocle.

Whenever Daddy and Mother had a party it was a group to play pinocle. Daddy like to play it and he excelled in it, like many things he did.

Loyal and I used to ride in the cab when we would go service the sheep but by the time Phyllis was a baby Daddy would have us ride in the back of the pickup, unless it was storming. One day we saw him smoking a cigarette and we knew why he had us ride in the back. His language was also affected. He quit smoking seven different times, but after a few months he would go back to it. The people he associated with all the time encouraged his smoking.

Even though he no longer went to church and the world influenced his life more and more, he encouraged us kids to do what was right. He always saw the Bishop at Tithing Settlement and gave generously for the building of our new church so his kids would have a good place to worship.

Daddy was often approached by people who were hard up for money. He helped them and seldom received remuneration. I remember one time when a poor lady came and asked for some money so she could have her son come home on furlough. As soon as the son arrived home he paid the debt and Daddy was overjoyed at the reunion of the family. She had gone several others in town and been refused, but Daddy gave her the money.

One time when Loyal was small, Mother convinced Daddy that Loyal needed a spanking. He took Loyal in the bathroom and soon she heard Loyal crying and it sounded like he was really getting spanked. When they came out Daddy told her that she was never to ask him to spank one of their kids again. He said, "If we can't teach them and correct them without that, something must be wrong". She doubted he had even spanked Loyal that time and guessed he had probably just hit his own leg and had Loyal cry as if he were getting spanked. Daddy was so much in command of situations, however, that all he had to do was speak to us and we would get into action or cry. We knew that we were to live so as to honor our name also.

One time he said he would do something and I said, "Cross your heart?"

He retorted sternly, "If my word isn't as good as a promise, I'm not worth much!" I knew from then on that I could expect him to do as he said he would.

Daddy enjoyed traveling and after supporting his younger son, Clifford, on a mission for two years, he took Mother and Fern and went back to North Dakota and picked Clifford up and they enjoyed the tourist attractions coming back home.

He was serving on the school board when I graduated as the Valedictorian from High School, and Daddy was the main speaker at commencement.

Daddy enjoyed being sociable with people and was always friendly with everyone. He taught us to sing "What I want is sociability, Someone to be sociable with me. I'm so very sociable myself--social disposition, social sentiment. What I need is sociability and I just must have more sociability." He had taught that to his Scout boys. Because of them he also developed a story-telling gift which he used throughout the rest of his life.

After Daddy sold his farm to Loyal and Albert, he was quite frustrated when they didn't always do what he wanted them to do. He knew they would not work on Sunday, but when it was harvest time he thought there should be an exception.

THE SHEEP WENT OVER THE LEDGE-- 13 May 1940

I went into the sheep business in 1932. We had a lot of sheep and we went down there to Snake River and got a desert right. We summered them here and wintered them down there and then we would sell the yearlings and we would make a little money. We made our money on hides and pelts bought in the depression. Then we sold and bought sheep and we started the sheep business. The two years before this time, every time we would go to the sale we would get bighead or something, and lose a lot of them. This particular year I had 5,000 and I had been right along with them. . . . I had two bands. I had been coming right through with them. Other years we had been having bighead. I was staying right there seeing how they was handled, wanting to see that they wasn't starving and hungry when we hit certain parts of the trail which I thought was causing the bighead.

I was on the school board here in town. I had been out for a couple of weeks on the dusty trail and I wanted a bath and I wanted to come home and see Mom and the kids and I had a school board meeting that night. I had bought some wool and pelts down at Moreland and I had my pick-up pretty well loaded. I thought, "I will go home and go to the school board meeting tonight and unload my truck". So I told the lead herd, "Well, you are off the reservation. You will be over there about the knoll tonight and camp and I'll be back out and see you in the morning and bring you some supplies". To the other boys I said, "You'll be camped just off the reservation". So I left them and came home. I had some wire that I had been using to count them with and I left that over on the lease and went home. I got home in good time for the board meeting.

It seemed like that night when I got home from board meeting, I wanted to go out there. I just wanted to go out. Mom says, "Oh, lay down and go to sleep. They are all right." The next morning I went out and I just kept going and kept going. Gerrett's were ahead of me and I said, "Any sign of my herd?"

They said, "No, I haven't seen them".

Finally there was a rack and camp back there and no sheep. I seen Donel (Bigler) walking up by the camp. That wasn't where I told them to camp at all. I drove over and I said, "What's the matter?!"

He said, "A couple of hundred sheep went over the precipice last night".

I walked over and looked and I said, "A couple of hundred! Hell! There are a thousand of them in there!"

They had camped there because that fellow of Jones' told them they had dropped all along the trail and if they went over there they would mess up their drop. Donel was just pulling through the herd to go back and talk to the herder. That herder walked back and he saw a little feed up there by him, so he said, "Oh, we can stay here and fill up".

So old Pat stayed out and filled them up and came into camp about one o'clock when the moon went down, dead tired. He flopped himself down and he hadn't been down very long when he heard something. He got up and he went out on the bed ground and there wasn't a piece of pelt. Walker ranch was right down below and they had a great big white hound dog about that high and he had come up to see our dogs. When he had seen the sheep he spooked them. They was gone! He went out and grabbed this piece of pelt out of them and spooked them and they went right towards the ledge. They milled this way and the ledge broke back that way and they went right over just like pouring water out of a bucket. If they had milled the other way the ledge would have broken away from them and they would have just went around the hill. But they just milled the right way and there were a thousand head of them laying down in there.

A thousand head went over and 800 of them were dead. The others hadn't gotten there yet. They had rested just off the reservation. While I was there looking at that herd the other herd came by and I just sent them on. They were the finest sheep. After the ones we saved were sheared they just looked like they had a marcel--the wool just lay in waves, they were so fat. It was the nicest band of sheep that ever came up the trail that went over the precipice. The first ones that went over the ledge, if they landed on their head their head was just mashed right back into their body. 144 of them went over a cliff 150 feet high and lit in the willows. Out of 144 there was one dead, one broken legged and one ruptured--the rest were all right. They lit in the willows and it broke the jar. Mr Lingual came with his wagon on the other side, loaded them on the wagon, brought them over to the bridge and turned them up on the hill. Sheep were twenty deep in there. Crews from town came out. We rigged up a scaffold to pull them out to pull them up onto a ramp and we pulled 9 sacks of wool off from them. I just stayed right there. I wouldn't eat or anything else. I just stayed right there pulling wool. We pulled wool for three days and then we found 4 or 5 of them that had slid down into the crevice and were still alive. They were run over with blood soup just like they had come out of the slaughter house vat. They pulled up with one alive and asked, "should we take the scissors & put it to sleep?"

And I said, "Hold it." I took a horse blanket and dipped it with sheep dip and it was all right. We succeeded in saving 4 or 5 like that, after they had been down there in all that for three days.

This happened right out there at Blackfoot River, just off the Reservation by the Walker Ranch between Grave Creek and the Walker Ranch.

(by Mother)

"Al was never afraid of dangerous tasks and didn't have patience for anyone that was. He had his share of accidents and illnesses. If he cut himself while working, he was always very prone to get blood poison.

Dr. Kackley was aware that Al had a bad appendix and tried for about fifteen years to take time to have them out. He kept putting it off but one day he was down at Swan Valley looking at a band of sheep when he had a worse attack than ever which put him in the hospital. He was bloated up, but when you touched him with your finger, it dented in and didn't come back out. They took his appendix out and he had a drain tube in his side for 13 days, during which time he had to have a special nurse to watch him. On the fourteenth day they sent him home.

In 1942 he had tick fever and had a fever of about 107 for three weeks, with ice packs on his head. Everyone that came to talk to me at the hospital told me his brain wouldn't function any more after this. We had two special nurses that took ten hour shifts and I went down and relieved them each day for four hours. Hannah Smart looked after you children and kept you out of the street when she knew I had to be gone. He was delirious so much he was trying to slap the wings off from a wood-tick or remodeling the hospital or something. One day Dr. Evan tapped on the door and asked the nurse, "Is he dead yet?" and Al heard him.

One morning at four o'clock Dr. Kackley called me and he said, "Can you find somebody that can donate some blood? We've got to have it and we've got to have it in a hurry".

"At this hour?" I exclaimed!

and he said, "yes".

I called Frank Kunz, Earl Gunnell and Tom Thompson and they all went down and donated a pint. He told me later that he felt he was going to fall over a precipice and when he received the blood he was able to move away from the edge of it. He had the same feeling later and was administered to and again managed to keep from going over the edge.

He got better enough when the fever went down that they let him come home. Dr. warned me that it would be the end if he took one step too many because of the hard pull his fever had been on his heart but two days after he came home he had to go see the sheep. I ask Tom Thompson to go with us and Al had to ride around the sheep before he could rest. He then was content for a few days until he regained his strength and the sheep got home."

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From 1941-1946, Al ran the Fox ranch out on the Blackfoot River. That was the most fun for the whole family of anything we had ever done. We had three regular meals together--breakfast at 7 A.M., dinner at 12 Noon, and supper at 6 P.M. After supper, since we lived 20 miles from town, we had nothing to do but relax, visit or maybe take a horse-back ride or go fishing. We went to bed early like the chickens did because there was no electricity and the coal-oil lamps discouraged reading after dark.

We put up hay in the summer so the cattle could be fed in the winter. We used horses to pull the mowers, the dump rakes, the bull rake and the stacker. All the hay was tromped into the stack by two or three men after the stacker threw the hay up onto the stack. Working together all day brought our family close and helped us to really get acquainted.

The following is what his daughter, Phyllis, recalls of our life while at the Fox Ranch.

"I always was a "tom boy" so I especially remember the years on the Fox Ranch with fond memories. Dad was usually busy but he quite often quit after supper and we would sit on the porch and visit and Dad would tease us kids about "Side Hill Moonies", etc. especially if we planned to sleep outside. We seemed so much closer as a family during those summers working and playing together.

I remember how pleased I was when Dad let me drive a team. I worked Brownie and Chief and Dad told me always to ride Brownie. One day as I unhooked from my rake to ride to the barn I thought I would ride Chief for a change. He was so broad it was like sitting on a table. He danced around and turned in a circle and I got after him and we went on in. When Dad saw me he said Chief had never been ridden and wasn't broke to ride but said I could ride either one I wanted.

Dad gave me a horse I named Bud. Bud had been running with the wild bunch on the hill and I remember when the men were snubbing him down and breaking him. Mostly Dad and Carl Hayes. I wanted to ride Bud so much! Dad was afraid I would get hurt.

One day the family all went to town except me and I was at the ranch with a hired man. We decided to go riding and I talked Jimmy (the hired man) into saddling Bud for me. We rode a long way--up on top of the ridges where we could see for miles. We could see Soda, China Hat, etc. It looked like a patch work quilt. We got back to the ranch and put the horses away. I didn't dare tell Dad I had been riding Bud so I didn't say anything. The next day Dad asked me if I had been riding Bud. I asked him how he knew. He said he saw the cinch mark.

Dad and Carl always drove the teams that ran the buck rakes. (Mr. Campbell and other men too). Dad started some of us kids out by having us drive the stacker team and then we could "graduate" to a rake and then a mower. It was fun and we sang as we worked. Dad often sang to us. One of his

favorites was:

Did you ever go a fishin' on a hot summer day
 Standin' on a log when the log gave away
 With your hands in your pockets and your pockets
 in your pants,
 Watchin' the fishes do the hulla hulla dance.

We wrote another verse about Esther. She drove a team too and had a run away one day when Bill's bridle came off. She was also scared to death of snakes.

Did you ever go a hayin' on a hot summer day,
 Driving up the team when the team ran away
 With your hands on the reins and the reins on the team,
 Esther saw a snake and you should o' heard her scream!

One year when Mr. Campbell worked for us Esther drove his team. He made her a \$5.00 bet that she couldn't get them to back up and if she did he would pay up. One day she was mowing in some willows and they went into a pocket with no way out except back. She said "Back" and backed them clear across the field winning her bet.

When our family traveled together sometimes Dad would get started singing and we would ask for more and it was such fun. The miles went by pretty fast.

One summer my brother, Loyal, was herding sheep for Dad at Saddle Springs and we all decided to take a dinner with us and go see him and pick some huckleberries. Four of us rode "Nubbins" from camp to the berry patch and the rest walked. We very importantly tied him up with a slip knot and went to picking berries. When the time came to get our horse and return to camp, we found Nubbins had pulled the end of the rope with his teeth and returned without us.

It was now time to bid Loyal good-bye for awhile and go back to the ranch. Dad's old pickup had been through some rough country and at that time the brakes weren't working very well. We started down the mountain in compound gear and were doing fine until Mom thought Dad was going to shift and in a hasty moment said "Don't shift here".

But, Dad, being a man not liking to be told what to do, shifted out of gear and was unable to get it back in. Having no brakes we started for a fast ride down the mountain--jumping brush and anything in the way. Mom yelled out the window and told us to all get down low and hang on; but me being the curious type, had to see what was going on. So--with my hands on the rack of the truck, I peered through the cab window. All of a sudden we came to a sudden stop and my nose tried finding a way through said window. "Ow! It hurt". Blood ran all over me.

We had hit a lone pine tree on a small cliff and that tree still has a mark on it where the bumper hit. We all got out of the truck and Dad

backed away from the tree. In trying to put it back into compound again it started down the trail with gears screeching and Marva, Esther, and I trailed behind yelling at the top of our lungs and crying in fear of what might happen to our dad. Dad finally got the truck under control and we all piled back into the truck and returned safely to the ranch."

(As recorded by Al) "After we got over the sheep going over the ledge we bought out Heber Lau's outfit, in 1943. I had the money in them (sheep) and Louis had his money in trading. Then finally Louie and I didn't like the partnership and I leased the Fox Ranch. I leased the Fox Ranch and I was kind of waiting. We used to go out there and hay."

Our oldest sister, Leora, and her husband, Dail Sibbett, lived at the ranch the first year and Ann, their first girl, was just a baby. There was so much snow that winter that the telephone poles looked like fence posts. We could not go see them except by skiing from the Blackfoot River bridge. Marva, Loyal, and Esther took them supplies and Christmas that year and stayed a few days. The next spring there was so much water that the river was flooded clear up to the barn of the ranch.

After Leora and Dail went to Shelley to live, Carl and Lucy Hayes brought their son, David Lynn and stayed out there until we lost it. We lost the Fox Ranch thru no reason but discouragement from the banker and the lawyer. Fox sold the ranch without acknowledging Dad's option to buy which was the agreement when the five year lease expired. They went to court and Fox agreed to let Dad have it for a year free and be off from it by May 1, 1948. Harold Lowe of Grace and Jesse Flint, Ogden, went together to buy the Fox Ranch. They said they wanted Carl Hayes to stay there and work for them but they never made any firm offers of employment so Carl and his family moved. He always appreciated working for Al because he always knew exactly what was expected of him.

Al said, "One thing or another went wrong so Louie and I dissolved partnership, and just me and Mom went for a while." The Partnership with Louis Goldstein was dissolved 9 Nov 1948.

When the Fox Ranch was lost, the family felt bad but did the next best thing and bought some property west of the Blackfoot Reservoir. Much time was spent clearing the sagebrush and picking rocks at the newly acquired farm west of the Reservoir, twenty miles north of Soda Springs. The geese were getting most of the crops on the peninsula so Dad gave Phyllis, Clifford, and Fern the opportunity to earn money with a deal that they could have the peninsula harvest--so if they wanted any money they would keep the geese off.

From this farm, fishing and boating could also be enjoyed and it was nice to have in the family, but it did not bring the same life-style the Fox Ranch had brought because there was no "home in the country" and every day after the activities, we all went back to town to our hectic schedules. In 1963, the folks sold the farm to Albert and Loyal with a 20 year buy agreement.

Winter--1949

"In 1949, I got snowed in down there at Cold Water Camp. I got back to Rupert after laying on the floor a couple of days at Cold Water Camp. There was basketball snowed in at Rupert from Boise and they couldn't get back to Boise. They had the rooms in the Hotel. I used to stay at the Caldonian. I got out of there when I left and got snowed in up to Cold Water and when I got back there was no place at the Caldonian, but the Chamber of Commerce found me and a traveling salesman a place over in a private home. They was very nice people and they took nice care of us. Of course we just slept there and we went up town to eat. As soon as the basketball team got out of Rupert for Boise then I got back in the hotel. I was going to lamb some sheep down there. I thought while I was down there I just as well get the snow removed and I put a crew out there to shovel snow out of the pens so I could put the canvas on. It would just about get shoveled out when it would snow in again and we would shovel it out and it would snow in again. I moved all the snow out of the alleys and around with a tailboard once. We just about got ready to put the canvases on and it snows in again, so I got Benson and his carry all and moved it and piled a great big pile of snow at each end of the lambing shed as high as this house. I was just about ready to get canvases on again and it come again. I had to clean them sheds three times of snow. Then I got the canvases on. One night before I got the canvases on I got the first lamb. I just moved in there. The highway crew went over to that herd of sheep and moved me up to the sheds. It looked like it was goin' to clear that night and the boys didn't want to move.

I said, "I wouldn't have the nerve to ask them to open again, now that they have done it. I'm a goin' ta those sheds". The next morning there was a blizzard. That evening I got out there. We was trying ta break down a feed yard where we was going to have a drop band in a corn field. By golly, the corn stalks had held the snow to where I couldn't get the darned sheep around, so I got Benson with his dozer and had him drive it backwards and drag his blade and that knocked the snow down. He had just left and I was out in there and there was a blizzard a ragin' and I heard a lamb blat.

"My God", I said, "I'm started". I took the lamb and tried to get the ewe to follow but the blizzard was coming so hard she wouldn't go again the blizzard. So I took the lamb over and throwed it in one of the pens in the shed and I hollered to the boys and had them come and bring some straw and we covered that pen over with a horse blanket that night. I took the hook and went back and got the ewe. The next day I got a crew out there and put them canvases on. Whenever we would git enough in the pens inside so we would have to go outside, I would have to have a crew out there shoveling that snow out and a

tailboard taking that snow out, so we could get through with the feed. Whenever we would go up through the place to carry water or anything, or pack a lamb we would have to raise our hands up--our hands would actually drag in the snow. If we would just walk with them natural, our hands would just drag in the snow, if we didn't pick 'em up.

"And talk about snow! We had it! But I didn't start to lamb until a little later that year. All the people that was lambing at their normal date had got into a lot of that kind of weather. That night it cleared off and I never had a chilled lamb during all the lambing. It just went right through perfect. I turned out just four days later than usual turn out and I turned out in the greatest feed I ever had. The history of the desert is where there is water there is no feed and where there is feed there is no water. If they (animals) go into the waterholes they tromp it out--that is the answer.

"Well, this particular year there was a great big snow bank behind every butte of rocks and there was a lot of that country. Boy! My lambs were playing on snow drifts and running out off the snow drifts and eating bluebells and buttercups. The desert just looked like a lawn. It was the most beautiful sight I ever seen and I never had such a paradise on the desert in all the time I was ever there. Water any where you would want it, drifts for the lambs and sheep to water up on and where there was feed. When I left there to come home it was like leaving paradise to what couldn't have been any better. Of course, we know it gets dry down there and we had to come but it was a wonderful spring. I would just like to see some more like 1949. Even though we all talk of that--there was livestock froze to death right in the train.

"The train would get stranded. Over in Wyoming there was some 20 cars got stranded over there on the Wyoming desert in that blizzard and before they got out, all the cattle and sheep in the cars were dead. They just froze to death. Those things happen but at the same time we had a wonderful season. If you didn't have anything like that happen it was alright, but of course, those things happen."

1948, Dad, along with the Corbett brothers, Bill and Roy, bought the City Transfer and Storage, Inc. from Charles Lau. Dad managed it--buying and selling grain, coal, garden supplies, wool, feeds, salt and Christmas trees. He stored nitrate, trucked, tilled gardens, and weighed trucks. He sold it to Steven L. Jones, Sr. 15 Nov 1967.

While managing the City Transfer, he served in various positions in the Chamber of Commerce. He usually had a float for the Fourth of July parade. He was also in charge of getting the pavilion built at Hooper Springs, as a member of the Lions Club. He was also an active member of the Chamber of Commerce.

(by Mother)

"In February 1953, Al had a gall stone attack on his way home from the sheep. They had operated but he wasn't doing very well so they sent him to Salt Lake City the first day of March in a blizzard. The ambulance driver got lost near Preston and went straight south. Finally he realized he was off the highway and asked me if I knew where we were. We were at Lewiston so I had him take the next road to the left to get to the highway. It was a rough road, and just nearly shook the socks off from Al. They thought he would die on the way but the rough road must have shook the gall stone loose and saved his life. His liver abscessed and that is why they sent him to Salt Lake City.

"When we got to Salt Lake City all the doctors were gone because it was Saturday. He didn't get to see a doctor until the following Monday. He didn't like it down there, but was well enough to come home in another week.

"He sold out of the sheep business in the fall of 1953 when they came in off from the range. They delivered all of them when they came off the range except just a few that he kept for home."

Those last few years he was in the sheep business, Alma and Myrintha trailed the sheep to Rupert, Idaho to be ready to lamb in February and March. He left the children home to go to school and shoulder their responsibilities at home without their folks. They had been well trained to take their responsibility, too.

All his kids used to be delighted if he would take them to service the sheep camps with him. It seemed going with Dad was a holiday no matter what the work, whether we were just taking food to the camp, trailing the sheep or working at the shearing corrals.

Phyllis recalls: "I remember the thrill of going with Dad to take supplies to the sheep camps. Riding in the back of the pickup, we would stand on the high side as we bounced along, fearing we would for sure roll into the bottom of the canyon.

"One such trip as we drove up into the mountains over the "road" Dad made, we came upon the wrecked sheep camp with groceries and gear spread all down the mountain. Dad had been pulling the camp up the mountain when the hitch broke and the camp had rolled, broke, and scattered down the hill and he had come for our help.

"Many times the whole family was involved helping move sheep or get ready to shear. In May the sheep were gathered at Corral Creek for shearing and all of us that were big enough helped pen sheep and my brother, Loyal, tromped wool in the wool bags. Mom cooked for the "crew".

The only bad part of the sheep business for us kids was when Dad came to town with the sheep camp for us to clean up. It was very very dirty! Mother would spend all day washing the bedding thru many waters. We kids would scrub the pots and pans--first in the sandpile and then with a lot of scouring in hot soapy water. The floor and benches had layers of dirt & grease to be scrubbed off, too.

Fern tells about the trip Mother and Dad went on to Florida from March 10 to 30, 1954:

They took Tom Thompson and his mother, Marie, with them. Some of the things they saw were: A dog show, the destruction of a tornado, the oldest town in America--St. Augustine, Marine Land, alligator farms, Ponce de Leon's Fountain of Youth, A Greyhound dog race, seven professional baseball games including the Dodgers vs. the Yankees. (Dad said seeing these was the main purpose of their trip.) They watched the picking and packing of grapefruit and oranges & The Pilgrimage at Natches, Mississippi; They visited Key West (the farthest point south in the USA). The keys are small islands connected by bridges. One bridge is seven miles long. They saw the Florida Derby race in which the horse from California names Corolation, ridden by Shoemaker, won \$100,000. They crossed Tampa Bay on a Ferry to St. Petersburg. They went in glass bottom boats and saw the submarine gardens in Silver Springs. In the South they observed preparation and planting of tobacco and took a sightseeing tour in New Orleans. On the way home they got in a terrible dust storm that made them look like they had been driving a tractor in a dry plowed field instead of in a closed car. Mother celebrated her 50th birthday while they were on their trip--24 March 1954.

Dad's pack trip with Salmon River Lodge--Aug 1973
by Phyllis Giles

Dad arrived at the lodge Augst 18, 1973 to join us on a high country pack trip to do some fishing. He brought me a "Mac" knife which I use with fond memories.

The horses were saddled early the next morning down river at Stub Creek and Dad, Uncle Wells, Doctor and Joe Carper, Bruce and I rode together to Kitchen Creek camp. Dave and his father (Grandpa Chuck Giles) brought the mule string.

Several times we stopped for Dad. The doctor on the trip told me very confidentially that my father was a very sick man. Dad had had a tooth pulled which wasn't healing because of diabetes and his mouth was very sore along with other problems. It was hard for him to eat.

The next day after breakfast and lunches were made, Dave, Bruce, Dad, Wells, Dr. Carper and son, Joe, and I rode over to Butts Lake to fish. Dad had a fish case, tackle box, bait box, rain coat, etc. tied on his horse. He looked like trader Sam. We laughed and joked about it. We kept 32 fish and ate our fill for supper.

The third day was our wedding anniversary and we saddled up and rode to Cottonwood Lake. It was a beautiful spectacular ride. We saw 3 elk and 25 sheep. Dad enjoyed the day. Fly fishing was real good and he caught several fish. Dave told him to turn most of them loose but every time he thought we weren't looking he would put another in his creel. It rained on us going back to camp and the fire felt good. Dad and Chuck told stories and we played games around the fire.

The next day we packed up and moved camp. Dad, Chuck and the Carpers went to Basin Lake enroute and fished while we set up camp. It rained again this day.

The last morning on the hill, when Dave wrangled the horses, Dad's horse "Tom" wasn't with the bunch. We searched as long as we could and left for the river about 2 P.M. Dad was very concerned and felt bad. We rode back down to Stub Creek and George picked us up with the jet boat and Golda, Dave's mother, had dinner ready. Dads jaw was quite swollen.

The next morning Dave drove Dad to Salmon and helped him buy a new tire for his truck. Dad wanted to pay for his pack trip and could hardly express his thanks when we wouldn't let him. He bought our lunch and I gave him a hug and prayed he would make it to Soda safely.

During the first elk hunt on September 21st, "Tom" walked into camp. I knew Dad would want to know so I hurriedly wrote him a post card. The card was in the post office the day Dad passed away.

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The last summer of Dad's life, he was much sicker than he wanted us to know. Sometimes, during the day, he would come home and slip into bed quietly. There was a big mirror in the bedroom and we soon learned to quietly check to see if he was in bed before we would go near because if he knew anyone was aware he had gone to bed, he would quickly get up and leave, no matter how sick he was.

He raised pigs, scared the geese, and kept a check on the farm after he retired. He would pick up separated milk from Marva's back yard to take it to his pigs, and Marva noticed that last summer there were days when he could barely do it. She would see him take hold of one of his legs and move it forward, then the other leg, etc. until he could get himself in motion enough to go get the pig feed. She knew he was sick and hurting but never discussed it because she knew he didn't want to talk about it. (She also knew it would be an insult to him if she offered to help him.) His most enjoyable pasttime was fishing, and he fished often.

That fall, after he returned from his fishing trip at Salmon, we had an unusually wet year. It started raining about the 1st of September and just would not stop so we could harvest. We finally cut the driest or ripest grain we could find and took it to the elevator and paid them to dry it for us. (We quit harvesting that year in Nov over 4 inches of snow)

The morning of 1 Oct 1973, we decided to go out and start on the oats at the boat dock (a lease from the Indians just south of Grandpa's Farm.) Dad came out to see how we were getting along. The grain was taller than waist high and they were combining just low enough to get the ripe oats. The windrows left behind the combines were green instead of yellow. Dad climbed into the back of his pickup and reached into the big grain truck for a handful of oats. He looked at them and said, "I've never seen anything like this in all my 75 years. The field looks greener, than a hay field from the second growth, but those oats are ripe".

Then Albert asked him for a ride over to Grandpa's Farm so he could get a pickup and they left. Dad went home, ate lunch, and picked up the mail after that. He was on his way back to the farm but just got a half block passed his house when he was prompted to pull over by the High School lawn and turn off his pickup. A short time later some students saw him and called the police. He had gone quickly as he wished. His biggest dread was that he would become completely helpless and an invalid like his mother had been. After having a stroke, she had laid like a baby unable to communicate for nearly two years, before her death.

His funeral services were held on Thursday, Oct 4, 1973, at the First-Fourth Ward LDS Chapel with Bishop Francis Rasmussen conducting. He was survived by his widow, Myrintha Tolman Hopkins, sons, Loyal of Soda Springs and Clifford of Hyrum, Utah; Daughters, Mrs. Al (Leora) Peck of Blackfoot, Mrs. Albert (Marva) Christman, Mrs. Reed (Esther) Stoddard, and Mrs. Daryl (Fern) Nelson, all of Soda Springs, and Mrs.

Dave (Phyllis) Giles of Salmon: Sisters, Ethel Crump and Iris Neff, both of Pocatello, Edith Ford and Jeanette Cuneo of Boise, and Milda Hodson of Medford, Oregon: 32 grandchildren and nine great grandchildren. Burial was at the Fairview Cemetery.

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About My Dad

by Fern Hopkins Nelson

When I think about Dad, I remember feelings more than actual words. For instance, if I ever had a friend my parents didn't entirely approve of, they never told me I couldn't go with them but I would sense a feeling of concern that told me I better reconsider.

With Daddy, I remember trips. Even the short one of going to get him from work so I could show him how I drove. On the way home I got a "brownie point" every time I did something wrong and I could only work off one a month by doing everything right. This was done in fun and I really enjoyed it. Once my friend and I thought the Pep Club bus was going to a game in Montpelier so we drove to the school in my car knowing Clifford could drive home when we came back because then it would be too late for me to drive. I didn't have my night driver's license yet. When the bus didn't go because of bad weather, I offered my car if an older girl, Norita Chugg, would drive since she had a night driver's license. Going down the summit, the car was really sliding around and she didn't want to drive any more so I took over for her. Clifford was really shocked to see us there. I didn't know if I could make it back up the summit so we got special permission from the coach to let Clifford drive back for us. My Dad really gave me brownie points that night and it took me until my birthday the next year to work them off.

Special trips were to North Dakota to get Clifford from his mission, to New Mexico on a Scouting assignment, and to Yellowstone Park many times. The trips to Yellowstone I remember are: 1. with Oliver Lloyd and family, 2. with Sam and Erma James and family, 3. with Ray and Eunice Gunnell, 4. with Aunt Edith and Uncle Walt and Geraldine and Jeanette, 5. with Chuck and Golda Giles and Marilyn and Jerry, 6. after Daryl and I were married we went to the park and found them there. What a fun surprise.

In Yellowstone I remember going up behind Daddy and marching in step with him. Whenever we did this, he started singing a funny little marching song that made us laugh. It went, "Left foot, right foot, a belly full of bean soup", repeated over and over.

Daddy knew how to make me feel special. He really did this when he named our boat "Fern". He also made me feel special when he got excited about me catching a fish. I enjoyed showing my excitement too, because he seemed to enjoy it. We never went to the park without catching fish.

One of the highlights of our trips was listening to Daddy sing and Mother recite her readings. The songs I remember Daddy singing were: "That Silver Haired Daddy of Mine", "I Want a Girl, Just Like the Girl That Married Dear Old Dad", "Poor Robin Is Dead and She Lays in her Grave" and "Sociability". Mother's readings were: "A Smack in School" and "Capital Punishment". Daddy also lead us in the song, "Did You Ever Go a Fishin' on a Hot Summer Day", and our family made up new words to it about Esther called, "Did You Ever Go a Hayin'".

My sisters have often told me about Daddy taking me to town to show me off when I was little and having the barber cut my hair. When we got home, Mother had to cut it again because one side was inches longer than the other.

Even though my Dad was inactive in the Church most of my life, when he did go to church I saw tears in his eyes and I knew he loved the Gospel even though outside influences kept him away.

Daddy was always proud of his kids and we knew it and didn't want to let him down. I remember when I tried out for the school play he told me to stand up there proudly and speak right out so they could hear me in the back of the room. He added, "You don't need to be afraid; you're as good as anybody else." He never looked down on anybody so he never told me I was better but he gave me confidence to be "as good as".

If Daddy ever needed to get after me, it only took one word or one angry glance and I hurt like I would if anyone else had beaten me.

When Daryl asked if he could marry me, the first thing Daddy asked was, "Will it be in the temple?" Even though my parents weren't going to the temple, it meant a lot to them that I was doing it the right way.

This may seem strange but I think I felt closest of all to Daddy when we were 8,000 miles apart. When we were in New Zealand, he wrote us a letter. Just one all the time we were there but in it I felt his love, his concern, and his approval. It meant a great deal to me.

My parents taught me a great deal but more by example than words. They were hard workers and I never knew either one to ever do a dishonest thing.

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