

personal history of
Theo Woodrow Pollock
born April 6, 1916



Woodrow and Denor

The following pages are the transcribed tapes recorded by Theo Woodrow Pollock describing his life from 1916 to 1964.

Tapes transcribed by Jeannie Pollock-Tice Edited by Hillary Pollock-Petrick Produced by Melinda Mueller-Pollock June 2001

Life of Theo Woodrow Pollock

TAPE 1

Way back in the year 1916, on April 6th, there was a baby born to Ellinor Matilda Davis Pollock and Samuel L. Pollock. My name is Theo Woodrow Pollock. I'd like to make a tape to give some information to my grandkids and great grandkids as years go by.

My Dad and Mother reared 14 children - their names, from the oldest to the youngest,

Emery, Blaine, Edith, Leda, Mildred, Jimmy, Lorraine, Cleora, Wilma, Dora, Verl, Violet, Austin, Woodrow,

Mother and Dad were married in the St. George Temple. Dad was 21 years old and mother was 17 years old; and right promptly they decided to take up a homestead down south in Kanarraville about six miles, southwest actually; and they built a log cabin there. Later on they bought a brick house up in Kanarraville. We lived up there in the wintertime and in the summer time we lived down in Dry Creek where their log cabin was.

I'll have to record this tape strictly by memory because I never kept a diary or journal.

The first thing I can remember about my life, I guess I must have been about 3 years old. We lived in this old house in Kanarraville; it was an old fashioned house with real high ceilings about 11 feet high and mother put me to sleep in this bedroom.

The light was shining through the door of the living room; we didn't have anything but kerosene lamps and it made it kind of dim in there. I'd look up on the ceiling and there was some plaster broke off, and it made a shape or some kind of figure up there, and it looked like a

wild animal to me, I thought it was a bear (I'd heard the kids talk about bears) - so I would fuss and cry until Mother came in and calmed me down to get me to sleep. But I remember how scary it was. Another thing that is pretty clear in my mind from that time; my brothers and sisters older than me would go up back of the house, in the sagebrush, and hunt for what they called tones, in the springtime. They were little plants that came out of the ground with two fern like leaves that lay flat on the ground and a little purple flower would come up from the middle of it. That was a sign of spring because just as soon as the snow melted they would come up and bloom. I must have been pretty small because I remember how hard it was for me to make my way through the sagebrush to try to keep up with the older kids. Most of my memories are when we lived in the old log cabin south of Dry Creek, south of Kanarraville; anyway, we called it Dry Creek. There are a lot of good memories there - I remember one time we had some big shade trees in front of the house, old Cottonwood trees, and we liked to get under those trees and play around in the summertime. Austin and Violet decided they would get Dad's old camp stove, a little light stove that he used to take with him shepherding to build fires in when he stayed in the tent. They were going to cook us a little dinner there I guess. Violet took the lid off and laid it on the ground, I came tripping along barefooted, never did wear shoes I don't think, but I hit that hot stove lid with my big toe and burned it. Nobody had any sympathy for me and told me I was a big baby and all that. But I proceeded to go in the house, got in the drawers and found an old jar lid. The jar lids for canning fruit in those days; they had these jar lids that were made out of zinc and they had a glass liner inside them so the fruit wouldn't be poisoned by the metal and then they had this rubber that screwed down on the lid; well, anyways, I got that jar lid and it was only about inch deep and about 3 inches in diameter. We had a wash beside of the house, we called it a wash, and it was where the floods had washed a big gutter in the ground. There was a spring down in the bottom where we got our water and we had made a trail made down there - it was a pretty steep trail - it was about 10 or 15 feet down there I guess. I hopped down there and got that jar lid full of water and climbed back up the best way I could and would stick my toe in that water - boy did it ever feel good. Then when it started getting warm and hurting again I would dump it out and go down and get me another lid of water. I done that, I guess for maybe an hour,

and it got to feel somewhat better so I decided to give it up. From that day to this I can't figure out why I didn't go down there in that creek and stick my toe in the water until it felt better instead of climbing up and down. Down there by that spring there was a wild rose bush hanging over the bank and it had a bird nest in there (every year it had a bird nest in there) - we called them picky birds - they were really King Birds - and every time I would go down there, them buggers would come after me and land on my head and pick the heck out of me. Later on when the little birds were almost ready to fly off, I went down there and got three of them and took them up to the house and got a pasteboard box and cut some holes in it and put the birds in. I was going to keep them but Mother made me take them back down to the nest; she said it was mean to take them away from their mother. I sure did feel bad about that because I really wanted those birds.

Edith and Leda had been down to California for school or working or something. Anyway they came home one year and we had an old red hen that was a favorite because it laid brown eggs, and all the other chickens laid white eggs. And we thought she was all right - it was an old Diamond Red - meanwhile while they were down in California the chicken died and we just took it down in a big patch of rabbit brush and threw it out there and scattered feathers allover - I insisted that Leda go down there with me where the feathers were to show her that the old red hen had died, I guess. They all laughed because I insisted they go down and look at those feathers. I didn't know what they were laughing about.

* Down at that old log cabin they had what we called a cellar; they had dug a hole in the ground about 8 by 10 foot square and as I remember they had cedar posts laying across it and then some cedar boughs and straw covered up with dirt - which made it pretty nice. It was always nice and cool down there and Mother put up some shelves down there and we always had a bunch of cows to milk, maybe 11 or 12 cows to milk everyday; had lots of milk and we would set the milk down there in big flat pans about 3 inches deep and 10 to 12 inches in diameter and then let the cream raise, then skim it off with the skimmer, then drink the milk, use the cream to make butter and cheese. Us kids would get them big homemade loaves of bread, the big fats ones, take a big butcher knife and saw us off a big

hunk of bread and would sneak around down to the cellar and slap that bread down in a pan of milk and the cream would stick to the bread. Then we would open the big sack of sugar (we had big 100 pound sacks of sugar sitting down there that was used for canning fruit and stuff like that, for making jelly). We would stick the bread down in the sugar and it would stick to it - man was that every good eating. That sugar and that homemade bread I'll never forget how good that was! (It was fine if we could get away with it though - Mother would kind of keep an eye on us and I think the main thing she didn't like - she always hollered about dropping cream in the Xsugar sack and it made hard lumps).

X Dad built that old log cabin by bringing timber from Dry Creek Canyon; dragging it out with a horse, would put a chain on it and drag it out there. He made it in two stages. We used that for quite a while I guess when they were younger but by the time I came it was bigger because they put another log cabin right beside it, about three feet away, and they even put a floor in it, a wooden floor, and that was a lot better than the old log cabin, but we used both of them. In between these two log cabins they continued the roof right across, then they just put plain old barn boards up (1 x 12) on the sides of this three foot portion of it and they used it as a pantry - kept canned foods in there and dry goods, groceries and stuff. One day Austin was in there fooling around and he saw this knot hole in this board and he decided to go to the bathroom instead of going outside - so he stuck his little dinkus in there - it wasn't long before he started hollering somebody better come here, somebody better come here - then Mother went in there to see what was the matter; she saw what he was doing and the old rooster had a hold of it on the outside and was pulling on it - I guess he though he had a big X worm!

It seemed like Dora was always the ringleader of the bunch. One night about dusk, well it was almost dark, she said she would give me a penny if I could race around the house - she said she would go one way and I would go the other - and the one that could beat back to that point would win, well if I beat she would give me a penny - but of course, if she won I wouldn't give her anything. We took off and I got around to the dark side of the house and I saw this big old ugly ruins sitting there on the chair - it had a big ugly face and I got scared and I took off back around the other way. R nearly had a run-

away. Dora had that thing made up - she took one of Ma's old dresses and some other old clothes and tied them on that chair - then took a pillow case and tied a string around it to make it look like it had a head on the top; took some charcoal out of the stove ashes and made this ugly face.

I had no idea I was going to run into something like that - it just scared the living wutz out of me. When I mentioned I had a run-away, in case you don't know, that was when a team of horses would get scared and got loose and would run-away with the wagon - they usually tear the wagon up - hitting posts and trees - so everybody tried to avoid the run-away.

* Another thing Dora would do; we had kerosene lamps - they weren't much light - but we used them all the time - it was all we had in that old log cabin - she would take a sheet and tie it up like a movie screen; then she would put up a little table on the backs of two chairs; then she would tell the kids she was going to have a show. We would all get in front of it - the light would be shining from the back and it would make a shadow on the sheet. She would get somebody on that table and say she was making out like somebody was going to the doctor - and she would say well, you're in really bad shape - we're going to have to operate on you: then she would take a big butcher knife and saw through the belly and she would take a saw like she was cutting through the breastbone and take her hands like she was pulling it apart and start taking stuff out of there - sometimes she pulled an old shoe, or a pair of scissors out of there - inside of this person - just all kinds of stuff like that.

That was what we had for entertainment. One time Mother and Dad decided to go down to Hurricane, it was about 35 miles from our place - go down there with a team and wagon - it would take all day to go down there and then another day to get back.

One day in between to pick the fruit and they brought back a bunch of peaches one time. Mother was going to can them and put them in the back room of this old log cabin. Next morning she got up and she got her bottles all ready and was going to can the peaches - she had them covered up with a sheet and had us kids go out with some buckets to get some peaches and bring them in to her - we went back in and told her there were no peaches there. There was nothing there but two tubs of shelled corncobs. Us kids, we didn't think anything about it, but Mother said well I know what happened - it has to do with trade rats - trade rats would steal the peaches and they

wouldn't take one unless they leave something in its place. The corncobs were the handiest things they could find out by the barn and they would put them in there. So we had to hunt for those peaches - find out where they did leave them went outside and found a hole underneath that part of the log cabin that had a floor in it - we got a shovel and dug a hole under there - though we would probably have to crawl under there - there were peaches under there all right! We had to sneak them out of there - washed them off, and canned them. While we were under there, I think it was Violet, she found a few coins - two or three nickels and dimes - so we thought we should take a better look - so we all got to digging around in the dirt and we found quite a few coins. There were even quarters. I think we had about three or four dollars. Mother and Dad said that somebody must have lost their purse under there and these rats found it and took it under there sometime over the years. We all thought that was a gold mine under there! I connected gold with being rich so I though we had found a gold mine.

Never heard tell of screen doors back in those days - those old log cabins got pretty hot in those days so you would leave the door open because there were very few windows in them. So we would leave the door open and the chickens all ran around outside and they would come into the house and we would have to shoo them off - Mother would take the broom to them. I remember that real well. One day an old rooster came in there; flew up on the table and landed with his butt-end on a sheet of fly-paper - it came in sheets about 16 inches long and 10 inches wide, real sticky, the flies would land on it and get caught and they would take it a burn it up. But that rooster - when he got that fly paper on him - he took off with it dragging and we could hear him flopping around and he went off through the barnyard and we could hear all the chickens cackling and running and even the cows were running with their tails in the air. That another thing stayed on my mind for a long time!

My Mother got me a felt hat one time - it was red - boy I was proud of that hat - I wore that hat all the time - it was kind of a floppy hat. One night I went with Dora to bring the cows in - we were riding the horse - and we went down to the end of the wheat field because we thought we heard some cow bells - they always had bells on the cows so we could hear them a long ways off so we would know

where the cows were - but they were somebody else's cows in another pasture. So we started back home - took a ^{short} cut off through the wheat fields - I was behind her on that horse and she was going pretty fast and my hat flew off - we didn't stop to look for it because it was getting too dark - and the wheat was pretty tall any ways. Anyway we never did find that darn hat - I was really sad about that. Well, to finish this story - in the fall of the year when the thrashers came up - they had a big crew of men who came around and thrashed the wheat and barley - when they came up there to bring the wheat in - they cut it with a binder - a binder is a big machine that they pulled with three or four horses that had a big cutting blade on the front of it and it cut the grain and then had a conveyor belt that carried the grain back up to the other end of the machine and then a big arm would reach out with the binding twine (hemp string) on it and tie it up in bundles. Then they would chop it in the fields and stand it up in the fields to dry - it had to be real dry before they could bring it in to put it in big stack fields around the barn. Well, anyway when these thrashing machine men came they had one run by six horses - but they go around in a circle and turn a big wheel and it had a big belt on it to run the thrashing machine - they would throw the wheat bundles in it at one end, it would chop it all up and grind it pretty much and shake all the seeds out of it - which was the wheat and it would go down a pipe and the fellows there would catch it in a burlap sack and carry it over to the granary, dump it out and come back to get another sack. This one guy went to throw a bundle of wheat into the thrashing machine when he spotted something red and pulled it out - he said hey look what I found - a red hat in this bundle of wheat - I said that's my hat - we were always around there watching them do the grain. He said~ well, if its your hat - what will you give me for it - I said I can't give you anything - I don't have anything to give you- - he said =well I'll tell you what, I'll give you this hat if you promise to see that I get an egg for breakfast in the morning. Mother always cooked them one or two eggs for breakfast anyway - that was no big-deal - but I remember I went out and chased a chicken off the nest and I got an egg to be sure that guy got his egg so I could get my hat back! I was really happy about my hat.

* Uncle Henry and Aunt Alice had a house across the valley - it was about a mile and a half I guess up to the mouth of the canyon and we

used to go up there to visit with them - there was nobody else around - they all had kids about the same age as ours.

I always like to go play with George and Denora - we had to walk up there - I was only about 4 years old at this time. Leda would say run along like a good little boy - put your head down and run and I thought I had to have my head down - and I would run and run and run. Then after we would play all day we would have to walk home again. I would be pretty tired by the time we got back home. For a little four year old I suppose that would be quite a trip.

When I was about 5 years old I remember I was always getting sick - real bad sick. At the same time Verle had a ruptured appendix - he didn't know what it was at the time - but there was an old doctor in Cedar who would come down in his horse and buggy. His name was Dr. Green - and he doctored Verle with Linseed oil and flushed him all out so he wouldn't get gangrene because they didn't know what they could do with a ruptured appendix then. While he was there Mother had him doctor me and he said I had bronchial pneumonia or real bad bronchitis; he gave me some green medicine to take, I remember that pretty green medicine - and his name was Green and I thought that was why they called him Dr. Green, because he gave green medicine.

How dumb can a kid get?

We used to make our own fun. If we could possibly get a hold of old Model T tires we would roll them, push ahead of us with our hands, and roll them down the street. I couldn't keep up with the other kids because I would be coughing all the time - I had the darndest cough all the time - I would get out of breath and would have to stop. I remember how I used to envy them because they could keep going and I couldn't. This lasted until I was 15 years old - that bronchitis - I would be sick about two weeks then well about week; all the way from the time I was five until I was 15 - for ten years there - they thought I was going to die several times.

I would like to go back just a little bit. There was a time when Mother and Dad were first married and they took up this homestead. They had a section of land, however much that is, filled with sagebrush and big tall rabbit brush that was about 5 feet high - so thick you could hardly get through them. Dad had to take an ax and

cut all that brush out - at least cut out enough so they could raise a garden, some potatoes and corn and stuff to eat to keep them through the winter time. And during the winter time too he would work at getting this brush off the property; he finally got a team of horses and a railroad iron about 10 or 12 feet, a big heavy steel iron, put a chain around each end of it and drug it with the horses. He would pull them out by the roots and after they dried he would gather them all up and burn them. He finally cleared all that land. Of course, some of it wasn't cleared until the older kids got big enough to help so that made it easier on him.

I remember when the kids would take me up back of the house in the brush to look for tones (tone is a little flower that would come out early in the Spring - its got some flat leaves that lay flat on the ground then a little purple flower grows out of the middle). But they always came out as soon as the snow melted - so we would look for them to see if it was just about spring. I always wanted to go hunting tones!

I guess I should tell you a little about our Christmas's. Like most families then, we would go out in the hills and cut us down a Christmas tree; bring it in and set it up in the house and start decorating. We decorated with popcorn and paper chains and snowflakes we would cut out of paper. We never had any store bought decorations. Mother would usually try to rake up 10 cents apiece to give the kids (to draw names out of a sack) to buy presents for each other. I don't know whose name I got but when I went to the store to buy something I saw this big glass Christmas tree ornament - it was beautiful. It was all different colors, painted with gold paint - a really pretty thing - so I bought it for my drawing, it cost 10 cents and I took it home and hung it on the Christmas tree. When it came time to open the presents the next morning - whoever I got - they didn't have a present. I told them that was their Christmas present. It was the prettiest thing I had ever seen in my life - that gold glass bulb hanging on the one side of that Christmas tree.

One time I went to buy Mother a Christmas present and I didn't know what to buy her.

I saw this little tea strainer about 3 inches in diameter - you just set it over a tea cup to drain the leaves out of the tea when you pour it. In those days we didn't have tea bags - you just used tealeaves and

let them soak, then strained them off. I took it home in a little paper sack and tied a piece of red ribbon around it. I asked Mother if she thought she could tell what it was - she said no she couldn't tell me what it was. I was so anxious to let her know what it was I asked her if she was going to have tea on Christmas day. She said yes, and started laughing; I guess she knew what it was.

* We were down at the shepherd's with Dad one Christmas holiday; counting the sheep wagon - it was actually just an old covered wagon with a canvas over the top of it. It was by Uncle Wally's house (they weren't living there anymore). Dad would keep going out to the barn and spending some time out there. He wouldn't let us go out there to see what he was doing. On Christmas morning we found out what he was doing - he had whittled out some runners out of oak and made us a sleigh - he took real good pains with it - and boy we loved that sleigh. That was one of the best Christmas's.

Christmas was always a good time around our house. One summer Blaine and Austin and I used to go down to Sawyer Springs or Ash Creek we called it. There was a family of Bohemians lived down there - ? Doslix? Was their name - they had some boys William, Paul and George - they all played the accordion - and their Dad played the accordion too. They let us try to play the accordion and we got where we could play part of the tune on it and we really loved that accordion. That summer Mother saved up enough money (when she found out we loved the accordion so much) to buy us an accordion - it was about \$7.50 in the Montgomery Ward catalog. She got it for us for Christmas. I remember I stayed home all day that day learning to play that accordion. By the end of the day I could play three or four tunes on it. I'm not talking about a piano key accordion - it was one of those squeeze-box accordions that had the button keys on it. ~~I could play three or four tunes on it. I'm not talking about a piano key accordion - it was one of those squeeze-box accordions that had the button keys on it.~~

PLAYING ACCORDION!

(My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)!! !

(Bring Back My Bonnie to Me)!! !

page 10

* One time Mother or Dad got a pair of used ice skates from Glade Berry - they were some people who had quite a bit of money I guess - but anyway she gave them to me for Christmas - they clamped onto the sole of your shoe, they had a little key to clamp them on there with and they wouldn't stay on my shoes because the soles kept coming off - the shoes were so wore out - so I took some baling wire and wired clear around the shoes and skates by twisting the wire with a pair of pliers to hold them on. We had lots of fun skating but we would get our feet all wet and real cold and one day we went into Wilfred Berry's mothers place to get warm and she opened the oven door to let us get our feet warm and she noticed my shoes were all wore out. She gave a little kind of giggle like she always did - and she went in the other room and came back with a pair of little work shoes, high top shoes, and they were in pretty good shape - but Wilfred grew so fast he outgrew them so they were ^{still} real good - and they just fit me! So then my skates would stay on good and my feet would stay warm. Boy I was just as proud as a peacock with those shoes - to get a pair of shoes - even if they were used - and in good shape - we appreciated everything we could get like that because we didn't have anything to speak of. There were just a lot of little things that I have memories about that stick with me - I guess they will forever. We used to go to Kanarraville once in a while for birthday parties that one of the kids in town had. At my age there were only about 8 or 10 kids all together that was my age in the whole town that had birthday parties. One of the main games we played, when I was about 8 or 10 years old, was Chewing the String - if you haven't played Chewing the String you ought to try it. You get a piece of string about 2 feet long, put each end in your mouth - one in your mouth and one in the girls mouth - then you start to chewing on the string and wadding it around your tongue and it gets shorter and shorter till you got up to the end, then you would get a kiss. We called that Chewing the String and that was one of the best games we ever played!

* Speaking of those kind of games - we used to play another one called Catch Kiss but that was after we got a little older - maybe about 12 or 14 years-old. We would get the girls all together and we would start them down the corn rows - big tall rows of corn way over your head - there were big patches - oh I guess a quarter of a mile long -

we would give the girls a head start and if we could catch them we would get a kiss. Boy that was really the best game I had ever seen...

*** I remember Mother used to plan a big fishing trip about ever so often - we would go down to Sawyer Springs and she would get in that fishing pond - in the creek there where the water was a little deep around the trees and rocks - she would get an apron and she would scoop it down in the water and scoop it up and have a bunch of minnow fish in there. We would take them back home and she would cook them all up in the frying pan but she would cook bones and all because they were so little they were only about 2 or 3 inches long. But she loved fish so much she ate those dog-gone things bones and all. Of course, I didn't care for them - I wouldn't eat them at all.**

Mother used to tell us a little story about when she was courting Sam L. - before they were married - said they were down at Sawyer Springs one time - that was a beautiful place by the way - they were walking along arm and arm when they saw this little water snake came racing up the path and they didn't get out of the way quick enough - and Dad said Ellner, you better go on - I got to stop here - I think that dang thing went right straight up my leg and he had to stop and get it out. But he still didn't get very excited - he wouldn't dare pull his pants down till she got out of site. *sight*

*** I drove my first car when I was about 9 years old - I remember Austin trying to teach me how to drive it - it was a Model T Ford and what a hard time I was having doing it - I was too short - I couldn't get down to the brake pedal. Those Model T's - in case you haven't driven one before - that was something else - they weren't like cars are today - they had three pedals on the floor - and one was the brake pedal - the one in the middle was reverse and the other was low or neutral - it was used for low and neutral both - and then the emergency brake acted as a brake and half way down would put it into neutral - or if you put it all the way down it would put it in high gear if you weren't pushing the other brakes down. So it was quite complicated if you didn't know how to do it. But first to drive that car you had to get out in front and get hold of the crank - the crank didn't come out - it just stayed in there - you would have to hold your thumb back when you cranked it because if you didn't, sometimes it would backfire, it would kick and a lot of people got their thumb broke - so you got in the habit of pulling your thumb over your forefinger so it wouldn't**

break it off. Anyway, it had a choke - you would reach over and find the choke by the radiator, it was just a wire with a loop in it - pull it out and choke it until it coughed a little bit then push it back in till it would start. There were notches on there - then the gas feed was on the other side - you would put it down about half way on the notches - then you would get it started and get in it - in order to get it to go you would push your foot on the outside pedal - first off, you would have to put the emergency break lever down about half way - that would put it in neutral - then you step on the right hand pedal on the brake - down on the floor rather - it wasn't the brake - it was low gear. If you would push it half-way down it would still be in neutral, if you pushed it all the way down it would be in low gear and you would start creeping along. Then when you got to go fast enough you just let your foot clear off and put your emergency brake clear down and it would go into high gear. Then you could chug along. It just had two gears, low and high. But in order to go in reverse you would have to put your foot on the right brake, that would stop the car - and then you would push the left hand pedal down half-way, that would put it into neutral - then you could push the middle brake down and that would put it into reverse and it would go backwards. Overall it was pretty complicated. We never had a gas feed on the floor - you would have to use the gas feed on the steering column to go chugging along. They didn't have much power either but we made out with them. It was an awkward thing to drive. One time when I was about the age of 10 or 11 (along there somewhere), Verle was up in the West mountain herding sheep for old Don Smoot; fellow from New Harmony, had a bunch of goats up there - he was herding goats not sheep. Mother wanted to go up and visit him and Verle wanted me to stay a couple of weeks with him to help him herd those goats. I remember she was going to ride the horse and that was unusual for Mother to ride the horse especially a straddle horse - that was unheard of - they always rode side straddle - the women in those days didn't straddle a horse like they do now, and it wasn't nice; but anyway, she figured if she had some pants on, or overalls, denims of some kind she would be o.k. She hunted around and finally found an old pair of striped bibbed overalls that old Al Farley had left up there for some reason or another. She crawled into them and they just fit her - and pretty darn good too - I remember how we laughed at her, she looked so funny - she had kind of a pot belly anyway and it stuck out in those bib overalls and she sure looked stout. Anyway we got

on this old horse, Blossom we called her, she was a family pet; went up to West mountain. She visited the rest of the day - it was about ten miles away from our house. She left about sundown to go back home - I guess she didn't get back home till way after dark and she was by herself.

One morning we got up to get some breakfast and Verle decided to make some hotcakes - cooking them on an open campfire. He told me to go into the tent and get the bucket of honey; they had half-gallon buckets of honey, and to set it on the fire because it would go on the hotcakes better if it was melted down a little. So I got the honey and set it on the fire - and me not knowing anything about it, I just set it on the fire and all of a sudden the thing blew up and blew the lid off the can and it landed on one of the old goats backs and stuck to her and scared the heck out of her - she took off and scared all the rest of the goats and they stampeded and took off over the mountain. We had our breakfast and ate our hotcakes and then took out after those goats. It was way in the afternoon before we ever got around them. We chased them all morning and into the middle of the afternoon, but we finally got around them and we just barely got them back to camp where we were supposed to have them by night. We were gone all day - didn't even have any dinner. That's one little experience I had.

In about a week I started getting pretty homesick. That was an awful feeling - I couldn't stand it any longer - I had to go home. Couldn't stay the two weeks but I did stay a couple of more days but I just kept getting sicker and sicker. Verle took me out on top of the hill there where I could see our house down at Dry Creek couldn't see the house but I could see the trees - so I knew where it was. He said you just go right down this canyon till you get out on the flat land then you head straight for the house. I started down the canyon and turned around to look and Verle was sitting on a rock there, crying. He hated to see me go but I was too homesick, I couldn't help it, I had to go. I started down that canyon, I got partway down and I heard something in the brush and I took off and I thought oh, man, a mountain lion is after me for sure. Me being just ten years old, I ran as hard as I could down that canyon until I got so give-out I couldn't even breathe and I had to stop. And when I sat down to rest I guess God told me that was a deer instead of a mountain lion because I relaxed then and went on home. I never got home till about dark that night but I was sure glad to get home!

TAPE 2

* One time we were over to the old cement house - the new one that Dad made - they used to have thunderstorms and there would be so much water that came out of the hills that it would cause a big flood to go down through Dry Creek Canyon - that wash was about maybe 100 feet across it - and one of those plugs would come out of there and it would have trees and rocks and everything else - with a big front on it about ten feet high - and then when that passed over the water would be so high and flooding coming down there - it would be five or six feet across that thing - going like thunder - you couldn't even think of standing up in it. But Jimmy Duncan and Leda (that's Dora's two kids, Jimmy was the oldest, and Leda was the next oldest we called her Little Leda) - well they started back across that wash and the flood was coming and they saw it was coming. Jimmy could outrun it because he was bigger - Jimmy got clear across and looked back and Leda was only half-way across and there was a little kind of island out there and he told her to stay on that island, climb up on that big rock (it was a rock about the size of a car). So she climbed up on that rock, poor little thing, she was, I think, 4 years old then. It was really a scary time and that water came up higher and higher and it kept coming up and she was sitting there looking into the flood coming down the stream, with muddy water splashing in her face and it just almost took her off that rock. We didn't know what to do - Jimmy and Verle were both there. They went and got one of Dad's big rope he used - they were one of the main things he used around the farm - it was about 300 or 400 feet long. So Jimmy tied it around his waist and got upstream about 50 yards and Verle had the horse there and we tied the rope to the horn of the horse and let it go a little at a time. Jimmy went down that creek trying to make his way across there. He finally got over to the rock where she was - and he held on to her and held on to the rock. Fortunately the flood started to recede and go down. We waited until it had gone down enough that we could hold onto the rope and have Jimmy get back out of there. We were all in hysterics - I'll NEVER forget what scared people we were about that little girl being in the middle of that flood.

*

Another time we had another little experience similar to that. Blaine was riding this little pony we had - it was a nice little pony - I forget what her name was Braidy I think we called her because her mane looked like it had been braided - it was so curly. He was trying to chase a bull - we had a big Jersey bull that had long horns on him - and he was headed for a bunch of stray cattle and he wanted to go with them. Blaine had Jimmy Duncan behind him on the horse - and that darn bull - he couldn't head him off and the bull started putting his head down and started bumping the horse. So Blaine. Used his head - he went over to this big oak tree and let Jimmy Duncan get off so he wouldn't get hurt. He told him to stay in that tree. So he still tried to chase that bull - and that bull turned around and he got that poor little pony underneath his front legs and just tore a big huge hole in there about 12 inches across - the flesh was just hanging off - but that horse wouldn't give up - he still chased that bull home. And then after he got him in the pen he went back and picked up Jimmy. I guess Blaine was only about 8 or 10 years old then. That was quite an exciting time too.

* Us kids use to love to go down to stay with Dad at the sheep herd - he had a little herd of sheep. Of course, sometimes it would be very far from home, maybe a couple of miles are all, but he still had to stay out there with the sheep. I remember one winter we were down there staying in the sheep wagon with Dad. We would wade around in the snow and slush in the spring of the year and get all soaking wet. Then we would get in the sheep wagon and they had a little stove in there and somehow or other Dad had some baling wire tired onto the stovepipe to hold it from falling over - a piece of baling wire stretched across there. We would take our shoes and socks off and lay them on there - and our pants too so they would dry during the night and we would all get into bed with Dad. I would get on one side and Austin on the other - I guess it was Austin and I that were there then. He would read to us - he read *Bat Boy's Diary* - and oh, I thought that was a wonderful book. It was about a little kid that was awful mean and in mischief all the time. Dad, I remember he couldn't read very good; he would have to figure out the words sometimes. But anyway he made it awful interesting. And you know, I really appreciated my Dad for that. I JUST LOVED HIM for the little things he did.

One day Blaine and I were going over to the cornfield to hoe some weeds in the corn and we started across this wash. In case you don't know what we call a wash, it is where the floods have run down through the valley and tore out a big deep gully about 8 to 10 feet deep but made straight-off banks on it. We were going across this place one time because we saw some coyote tracks, a lot of them around there, and we noticed this hole about as big around as a water bucket and we decided there must be some coyotes in there. So we went back home and got a shovel and a burlap bag. We went down there and started digging in there to enlarge the hole so we could get in there. Blaine was smaller than me so I let him go down there - of course, that wasn't really the reason I let him go down there, but he thought it was. We got that hole big enough that finally he got hold of one of those little coyotes and he brought him out. We managed to end up with three of them. We took them out and put them in the sack and took them home with us - we were going to raise them for pets. We turned around and looked and here came that old coyote behind us. She wouldn't get real close but she was following us because she knew we had her babies. We took them up and put them in a little pen on the back porch of the house, we had a little screened-in porch. Went to go to bed that night and went to look at our coyotes and they were bouncing around in that pen, whining to get out. We noticed that down through the garden lot was the old coyote - she was pacing back and forth across the fence. She wouldn't get inside the fence but she sure was eyeing them coyotes. She did that for a couple of days but finally she left. Our little coyotes - we gave one to a schoolteacher - Russell Call - he wanted to raise it for a pet. The other one we gave to somebody - I don't recall who. But we kept one and we had him for our pet - and have him for a dog - shoot, he got about half-grown and he started killing all the chickens around there. He wouldn't eat them - he just liked to kill them. , So we had to get rid of him - so Dad got the rifle out and took him out in the back of the yard and shot him.

One day we were fooling around in these washes and Laron Williams had a herd of sheep down there. There had been a big rainstorm. We looked down in this hole in the wash there and there was an old sheep stuck in the mud. So we tied the horse up on top of the bank there, it had a little ditch that ran down into the wash. We tied the horse up not knowing that it was right over that ditch. I was down there trying to get that sheep out of that mud - I had almost got her

out and that dang hot water came down over me and liked to have drowned me. I got out of there as fast as I could. That old mare she had lifted her tail and started wetting and it came down through that little creek - so I got wet on allover - I sure was mad at that. By the time I got home it was almost dry - boy if that wasn't a mess. I sure was glad to get into the creek and get that washed off! One time old Joe Hasmonleet came by the ranch; he wanted to leave his sheep wagon there; he was a cattleman but he had a sheep wagon to stay in. So he left it there and us kids got in there and found a quart can of strawberry jam so we took a pocket knife and cut the lid out of it and we took some bread out there to have bread and jam. That was real good stuff! We never got strawberry jam. Mother got after us and told us to get out of there so we didn't go back in there for jam anymore. But one day I saw her going out around the barn in the brush hunting, gathering eggs and I noticed she went around back of the sheep wagon and then around to the front and crawled up in there. So me and Blaine decided to see what she was doing - we peeked through the cracks. She was in there sitting on the bed and she had a piece of bread and that can of jam - making herself a jam sandwich too!!★

★ My mother, she was a character, I tell you. One time Madge and Violet (Madge Stapeley was a friend of Violets that lived about a mile or two away) got together and went down to where old Laren Williams had left his sheep wagon for a while - it didn't have many groceries in it - but they ate some of what was in there. There was a ten-pound sack of sugar in there - so they took it home and Ma said what are you going to do with that? And Violet said we're going to make a whole bunch of candy and have all the candy we want to eat for a change. She said you're not either - your stealing that sugar and you're going to take it back. So they started to take the sugar back and they got about 30 feet from the house when she called them back and said well, being as you already got it you can leave it here and I'll use it to can my peaches with.★

★ When I was about 14 years old I would take that Model T Ford and take Blaine, Lorraine and Cleora up to school. I think Cleora was in the first grade. I was only 14 years old and wasn't very big to drive that old Model T. We would get stuck in the snow and have to dig it out and push and we would manage to get there. I remember when

we had to eat those old cold molasses sandwiches, and would sit out in the car to eat them because we were up to Emery's service station, we would park the car beside his service station, and he didn't like us to come in the house - because it didn't look good for all us kids in there eating lunch. But Lela would always bring us out a gallon of milk to eat with our sandwiches - it would be skim milk of course, because she had skimmed the cream off. Lela was Emery's wife - we sure appreciated that. I remember after we moved from Dry Creek up to Kanarraville and we would have to go to school. We depended on Dad to sell the wool before we could get any clothes. We had gone barefoot all summer and sometimes we would have to start school before we got the wool sold so we wouldn't have any shoes and we would go to school barefooted. Then would come a big snowstorm and we would have to wrap our feet in newspaper or magazines or whatever we could find; paper is pretty good insulation. Then we took a burlap sack and cut it in half and use one for each foot. We would wrap it around our foot good and tight and tie it with a piece of binding twine. We would go to school and our feet would about freeze and get the sacks all wet. So we would take them off and had big long radiators in the schoolroom - big steam radiators - and the teacher would let us hang them on there to dry so they would be dry when we went back home after school.*

We had a big flood come down there - we had a flume across the wash there to carry the water out of the creek over onto the alfalfa field. The flood made the water come too fast and washed the sand into that flume. The flume was made out of three 2x12 s nailed together that made a trough and then we had it propped up on poles across the wash; it was quite a ways across that one. Anyway, it would fill full of sand and the water wouldn't go through it so we had to clean it out. Jimmy took me over there and he said you're littler - you're not so heavy - there is already all the weight of that sand-on there - you go out there with this little short handled shovel and dig that sand out. So I went out on that thing and I just got started digging pretty good when I heard crackling and noise and all of a sudden that thing broke loose and fell down in there and I was right in there among all those boards and that sand and mud. It's a darn wonder I didn't get killed. I was awful scared and I'm sure that's why it sticks with me!

Us kids decided to build a swimming pool one time so we would have a place to take a swim. We had this old field wash that came down through Kanarraville, through Dry Creek, big wide wash that had a little stream in the bottom. We started carrying rocks and we even got some burlap sacks and filled them with sand and sand bagged it. We cut trees down and laid them across there like a beaver pond to make a swimming pool. We got it pretty good and one day it was a hot summertime and it was awful sultry that day. We all took off our clothes and went skinny dipping. Boys, girls and all! We had a good time! Before we got tired of swimming it started to thunder and lightening; big old rain storm came again. Well, a big old flood came down there and washed all our swimming pool away. On the way home that day I went to open the gate and I jumped off the horse and the way the old wire gates were they had a stick tied to a piece of wire and you would wrap it around there as a kind of pry-board to hold that gate shut. I went to undo that and just about that time the lightening flashed and the thunder sounded and that darn thing hit me in the mouth. I still remember I thought sure that I had got struck with lightening! Dora was taking care of us up at Kanarraville - we were all going to school. Our school teacher, Thelma Butterfield, she was going steady with one of the fellows there in town, Rulen Flatt. Well Rulen had a sister the same age as me, Verna Flatt and they used to line us up in the front of the room to read and each one would read a paragraph. Well, I'll study this first paragraph, I won't have to study the whole story, then I'll get up in the front of the room and be there first and I'll be the first one to read and I'll already know that one pretty good. Teacher said time for reading, get up here and line up in front of the class. I ran up there and I managed to get up there first. The teacher said we're going to do something a little different today - we're going to start on the other end this time. So Verna Flatt was on the other end of the row. She read and they kept coming to-me and I didn't have that last one studied so I didn't even want to read it but she told me to read that last paragraph. I told her no I don't won't to read it - let your sister-in-law read it. She thought that-was a wise remark so she expelled me from school. Well, I had to have a note from my mother or father to get back into school. They were down there in Dry Creek and I couldn't get down there. Dora wrote me a note - she wouldn't accept it - so I still didn't get back into school.

I remember I would go around town, anybody would see me they would say Woodrow, what are you doing out of school, or little boy, who do you belong to? Aren't you supposed to be in school? It embarrassed me and scared me to pieces. Finally Dad came up to town from the ranch and wrote me a note so I could get back in school but that was about a week later.

I guess you know Grandpas can be mean little boys too. One time when we lived there in Kanara Mother had gone to Relief Society and we used to buy our groceries with a little book of coupons - they were 5, 10 and 25 cent coupons. Well I knew where Mother kept the book - on top of the cupboard - and I had a hard time getting up there but I got up there and got a 10 cent coupon - there were only a few left in there. What they did with those coupon books is they used them like credit. When they gave you the coupon book and then when you got it all empty you would pay for it. That was how they kept track of your credit account. Well, anyways, I went down to this old co-op store to buy something good; Memorial Sardines in a little flat can were pretty good so I bought me one of them - they cost 10 cents. Took it back up home - I don't know why I didn't dare go in the house but I tried to open it with the key - it came with a key and I twisted that key ~~and~~ off - the little tab that was supposed to open it and it wouldn't open. So I laid it down on a log and took the ax and chopped it right in the middle. I was digging the fish out of that little hole I made and I cut my finger on the tin can. Boy, it bled all over the place but I still didn't dare go in the house to get it taken care of. Well, later on Mother was missing the 10 cents; she wanted to know which of the kids took it. She said Lorraine you might as well own up to it - I know you're the one that took it - you're the one that would do something like that. Well, it wasn't Lorraine, it was me and I waited a day or two and it got to hurting my feelings so bad to think that Lorraine got accused of that when I was the one that did it. I went and told Mother I was sorry and that I wouldn't ever do it again. She loved me and told me thanks for telling her to protect your sister. But that taught me a good lesson. I remembered that forever. Like I said before, we never did have any money, didn't hardly know what it was. But I knew how big around a nickel was - and when I was going down to the post office one day - they had sent me down to the post office it had been snowing - about 8 or 10 inches of snow - and every so often along the trail I would see a little round hole down in the snow. Oh, boy, I thought someone had dropped a nickel

and it had melted right down in the snow. So I dug it out and didn't find a nickel - then I would see another one - and I would try it. I went all the way to the post office that way - got almost to the post office anyway when I met an old man coming down, old Ollie Steel - he had a cane and he was poking it in the snow as he was going along - that is what was making all those little round holes.

When they had dances up there in Kanara, in the old schoolhouse; after the dance, the next Monday morning us boys would go out and find the cigarette stumps that got thrown away and didn't all burn up. We would take them up back of the schoolhouse, in the sage brush up there, and smoke cigarettes. We knew we shouldn't - but in order to keep the teacher from finding out we would chew sage brush for a breath knocker - boy that was the nastiest stuff I ever tried to chew - but anyhow, I don't think it made any difference - I think she knew! I started smoking when I was 13 years old. Smoked for 35 years then quit. In that old schoolhouse they had a library - but they always had it locked up. It had books for the ninth and tenth graders to read and us kids were forbidden to even see them. Of course there wasn't anything in them - but they didn't want us to read them - they said they were for adults. Anyway, the school room had a ventilator in it - it had ventilation from one room to the other to keep the air circulating so we would have fresher air. But by going up these ventilator shafts, you could crawl across the rafters and go down into the library. We found that out and we went up in there one day - and this shaft was about 3 feet wide and 2 feet the other way - it was kind of an oblong thing. You would pull the grill off down by the floor and to get up there you would have to push your legs out against the wall and your arms too and work your way up, crawling with pressure on your arms and legs. A bunch of us kids were there, Twilla Williams, Myrna Williams, and a bunch of kids. Well Twilla, she started up there first and got half way up there then I decided I would start up there - I don't know why but I looked up and I told Twilla I could see her pants. She started laughing - she laughed so hard she started wetting - she wet all over me and I crawled out of that hole in a hurry I'll tell you!! I'll always remember that!!!! I was telling Twilla about that years later and she laughed her guts out about it!

* Old Mr. Brown used to come to town once every six months I guess, for the movie the old silent movies. When he would get there he would have a bunch of flowers to hand out around town. He would take them to people's doorsteps to drop them off. We would always try to get there - the first ones there would get the job of doing that - and they would get a show ticket for doing that. I tried to get in on that. We would go watch those silent movies - black and white of course - no sound - but they played the piano - some girl played the piano so there was music while the show was going on. Sometimes we wouldn't get there in time to hand out the flowers and he would let us turn the crank. We turned that movie machine by hand to make the picture and you had to keep it at a certain speed all the time - boy your arm would give out - sitting there - but you could watch the show while you were cranking it.

But I didn't like that way of watching movies very well. We didn't have any television or radios or stuff like that. The first radio I ever heard - old Willie Farmer from Cedar came down to Kanarra and he was going to put on a demonstration. He had an old radio - with a big long box and a big horn sitting on top of it. In order to get any reception at all he had to go outside and get up on the church building - he had two sticks - one at each end and a piece of wire the full length of that building and down to the radio. Then he would take another from the radio and run it out the window - and drove a big iron rod into the ground about six feet deep - and tied the wire to it for a ground wire. Then you could hardly hear it through the speaker - but if everyone was real quiet you could hear it sometimes.

He had a set of earphones and we would take turns listening through the earphones and that was pretty exciting. We did have phonographs - the old Victor phonograph. There were two types - the Edison and the Victor - they had a big spring in them to wind them up like an old fashioned clock; crank them up with that handle - when that spring got good and tight then you could put the record on and play it. It would last till the record finished then you would have to crank it up again if you wanted to play another tune. That was a long ways from being a stereo but we enjoyed it pretty much.

One time me and Austin raised some popcorn. After we harvested it we had ten pounds and we could sell it for about 3 or 4 cents a pound. We were going to sell it and Austin had a harmonica - a ten cent harmonica. I wanted it so bad that I traded him my 5 pounds of popcorn for that harmonica.

PLAYING HARMONICA

* When my Dad first got that Model T Ford he sure had a heck of a time with it learning to drive it. We went to Kanarra one day and he got up there pretty good but coming back - we had to come back the back roads - down through the cedar trees just an old dirt road with cedar trees on both sides. He kept running off the road and about hitting the trees. I remember, all of us kids in the back - it looked like the Grapes of Wrath coming down the road. He said Ellinor - don't talk to me now - I feel like I got hold of a wild one!

One day Leda decided she would drive that Model T Ford.

We got up to Uncle Wally's - about a mile north of our place - the old homestead place by the log cabin. We were coming back down the road there and it was right along a big wash. The road was between the wash and the plowed field - a freshly plowed field - and she was going faster than she thought she was I guess, and the front wheel hit into that plowed ground - that soft dirt - it swung her around and she threw a big cloud of dust and dirt up in the air. I remember covering my eyes - I thought I had gone blind for a little while.

The old Model T got kind of sick and wouldn't work too good so Dad decided to overhaul it. He got a book and read on how to overhaul it. He was going to put new piston rings in it, grind the valves and all that good stuff. He worked on it two or three days, then went to put it back together and it said to stick the head gasket on with some heavy grease so it wouldn't slip while he got the bolts in there. He didn't have any heavy grease so he decided he would use some honey and he got a can of honey from the house; spread it all over that gasket - around the cylinder walls and all - put it down there, tightened the head down good - we had to pull it with the horse to get it started. We couldn't crank it. It wouldn't start - so we pulled it with the horse and 'got it started. He got it warmed up pretty well - and according to the book it said after it gets warmed up pretty good to shut it off and tighten the bolts down while it was still hot and it would seal better. So he tightened them down and the next morning he tried to go out there and start it and he couldn't even turn the engine over. He pulled it with the horses and all it did was drag it - it was locked! So he had to tear it apart again - took the heads off - and looked down in there and the cylinder rolls and pistons were sealed with honey candy! We had to take hot water, wash them all out to get that honey out of there. It took him a long time to get that thing going again!

After we moved over to the other place - the old cement house mouth of the canyon we still had to stay down there to do chores and things. Dad stayed down there during the week while we went to school and we would go down there weekends and stayed. Well that week there was a big talk in the newspapers and everyone was talking about it where this man Hickman had killed this little girl and cut her all up in pieces and put her in a garbage can and they were out looking for him - he was still at large. Blaine and I were staying there - down at Dry Creek - at the farm.

There were two fellows that came there just after dark and wanted to know if they could stay there. We didn't want them to stay but there wasn't anything we could do about it because we were just little fellers - especially after this talk about Hickman. We only had one bed - it was in the living room - we just used the kitchen and the living room because the stove was in there to keep us warm. We went to go to bed that night and those guys were talking to us and Blaine and I had each had a little old pocketknife and we had a stone there we sharpened them on - we would get them real sharp - so sharp they could shave the hair off your arm. So we were showing these guys how sharp they were. The one guy said yes, they're pretty nice little pocket knives - how would you like to have one like this? He pulled out of his scabbard a blade about six inches long that flipped out and locked. Well then that scared us worse than ever - we were sure that was the knife that cut that little Marian Parker up. Well when it was time to go to bed we told them we didn't have anyplace for them to sleep so they said well, you guys sleep at the foot of the bed and we'll get in the top. So we had to sleep down there by there feet all night. The next morning we got up and cooked them some eggs and they left and boy were we glad to get rid of them.

TAPE 3

* I would like to tell you about a dog we use to have. We were going up to New Harmony with Dad in a wagon one time, Austin and I. When we got up there we stopped at an old lady's place, Annette Hammond, and she had this spotted dog. It was a Dalmatian - I didn't know it was a Dalmatian then but it was white with black spots.

The reason I'm telling you this is because he was such a crazy dog. He didn't have a lick of sense in this world. This dog, one time we went out to the cows on the horse and he saw a big long-tailed lizard run into the sagebrush. He went over to that sagebrush and he tried to get that lizard out and it ran out the other side. I don't know why he didn't see it but he insisted it was in that brush. He tromped on that bush and growled at it and then we left - the next day he did the same thing and he kept at it until he killed that whole sagebrush bush trying to get that lizard. And that lizard had been gone for months! And that's just one thing he did. He was going across a big wash once - it had a pole about 16 inches in diameter laid across it and we would walk across there. If you fell off you would go down about maybe 15 feet to the bottom of the wash - it was probably 20 feet across. We walked across there and called that dog and he started to come across there and he got at least 2/3 across and he looked down and it scared him and he let out a big yelp and he turned around in the middle of that log and went back again. We couldn't get him to come back across that thing either. Another time he was going along the side of that wash, with his tongue hanging out and his ears flopping and he fell off and broke his front leg. We carried him home on the horse and bandaged his leg up, put splints on it, and in a month or two it got better. Little while later we were going down to get a load of water; we always hauled water in barrels from down in Ash Creek - to use for drinking water and culinary uses. On the way down there that darn dog run out in the middle of the road and a car was coming and it ran over him and broke the other front leg. We did the same with it, patched him up until he got better. It wasn't very long after that - I forget just how this did happen - but I think the horse kicked him and broke his back leg and we got him all patched up! By the time he got all three of those legs patched up, he walked crooked all the time. Going sideways - he couldn't walk straight. One day that dog started after a rabbit going across this big airplane field - it was cleared off - all the brush was off it. That dog took off and the rabbit got way ahead of him, making a great big circle. That dog would look at him, with his tongue hanging out - he was going as fast as he could with those three broken legs but he would follow the trail of the rabbit, he wouldn't cut across. It wasn't long before the rabbit was so far out of sight he never would catch him. He didn't have sense enough to cut across to get that darn rabbit. That dog had a habit of running back

and forth in front of the team of horses and jumping up and biting their noses.

I remember Dad used to get so mad at him. He got out one day, got in the plowed field there and got a bunch of dirt clods and filled his pockets full and put a bunch on the seat of the wagon. Every time that dog would come by he would throw a rock at him. He would miss him and it made him so mad. It was funny to watch him we ~~laughed~~ laughed at Dad for that.

~~I~~ I didn't tell you what fun us kids used to have when we were real tiny kids. We played in this big wash and down along the bottom where the water had soaked in real good - there was some of the nicest clay - you could get it out and mold it up just like the clay you have in school. We would dig that clay out and Dora would teach us how to make furniture out of it - little beds and chairs and stoves - all kinds of furniture for her doll house. What we would use for dolls would be little corn dolls. They would be ears of corn that when they first came on the stock they wouldn't be very big; then we would shell all the shucks off them (the leaves), and leave the silk on them. Sometimes it would be red, sometimes yellow, most of the time plain old clear color. Anyway, we had them for dolls. We wanted boy dolls and girl dolls so we would get down to the bottom where the corn came to a peak and break it off and that one was a girl. The ones that didn't get broke off were the boys. We use to play in those ~~washes~~ washes for hours on end. Really had a good time when we were kids.

One day Dad decided to make some molasses candy. We always had quite a bit of molasses. We would go down to Dixie - that was where they made it - and get two or three five gallon cans of it. One day he was making this candy, stirring away, and he had his pipe in the corner of his mouth and he went to say something to somebody and his pipe dropped off into the bowl of candy. He told us kids, boy don't tell Eleanor, she wouldn't let us eat it - we'll just make out like it didn't drop in there and we'll go ahead and make the candy. When we got it all done we would take it and pull it out, stretch it until it would turn white and be good molasses candy.

It would be a lot better - it gets full of air when you pull it. We used to make candy out of honey too - the same ways - and sometimes we would use both together and that would make good candy. But that

was about the only candy we ever made - we couldn't afford sugar to put in it.

I wanted to tell you about the first suit of clothes I had. I was about 14 years old and Emery was raising corn down at Dry Creek and he had rented a place called (sounds like Millard Beals?). The bank had taken over a plot of land that they had repossessed; somebody couldn't pay the taxes on it. Anyway, Emery was raising corn and he would have us hoe the weeds out of it. Those rows must have been a half-mile long. He would give us so-much-a-day to hoe the weeds out of that corn. And that so-much-a-day was 25 cents and that isn't much for a whole days work in the hot sun. Anyway, I made enough money to send back to Spiegel for this suit of clothes that cost \$12.50. Worked all summer long to earn the money to get it. Mainly I wanted it because it had long pants - and mainly before I always wore knee pants which fit up tight around your knees and that leather bad would itch and make it sore around there - I hated to wear those things when we went to town or to Sunday school. So that was my first suit and I remember how pretty it was - it wasn't navy blue - it was a little bit lighter than navy blue but still kind of dark. It had a checkered vest that went with it. The vest was checkered on one side and plain blue on the other side so it was reversible and you could wear it however you wanted. Boy, I thought I was the cock-of-the-walk when I put that suit on. The first pair of long pants I ever had!

I remember when Austin and I were little fellers - school was out - so we came down to Dry Creek to spend the summer. We decided we would have us a little garden. So Dad gave us a piece of ground inside the fence - it wasn't very big - only about 20 x 20. We got to planting stuff in there - planted all kinds of vegetables radishes, lettuce, carrots, turnips - all kinds of stuff. We ran out of seeds and Austin wanted to plant corn - just plain old field corn in the rest of it. I got mad and was going to dissolve partnership with him - I wouldn't have a garden with him. Ma came out to see what the big fuss was and I told her Austin wants to plant field corn in here - anybody knows - look at any encyclopedia in the world and you would find out that corn aint garden chuck - and they all laughed at me for that! But we had a pretty good garden after all = we salvaged everything possible out of it.

* When we used to go to school up to Kanaraville in that old schoolhouse - it had a flat roof with a drain pipe where the water could run down the corner of the building. It was about a 4-inch cast iron pipe. I guess the electric lines were tied in there somehow and one of them was touching that pipe. We didn't know it but we found out if we would take hold of that pipe and touch the railing - the porch railing was made out of metal too - if you touched that you got a big shock! We didn't know what was happening - us kids didn't have much sense anyway to speak of so we found out when one person got hold of the pipe and we all held hands around in a circle and the other one would touch that iron rail on the railing of the porch then we would all get a shock and we waited to see which one would turn loose the quickest! And that was a game! It is a wonder we didn't all get electrocuted!

TELLING SAME STORY REGARDING TWILLA WILLIAMS - TAPE 1 PART 2

> When we were kids down on Dry Creek we used to go out to the sheep camps where people were lambing sheep and sometimes a mother to a lamb would die or they would have maybe 3 lambs and they would only take care of two because they only had two nurses. If they had 3 lambs - usually one of them would get starved out so they gave them away - we called them dogies. They were orphaned lambs is what they were. We would raise those darn things until they got up pretty big so they could go with the herds of sheep and take care of themselves eating grass and such; then we would sell them. We would do pretty good - sometimes we would get \$3 or \$4 dollars for each one of them. And if we had a bunch of them we could get rich! We always managed to sell the lambs by the 4th of July, or the 24th - so we would have some money to spend on the 4th of July. I remember, Mabel Williams, her husband John Henry Williams, would go up on the mountain and cut cubes of ice and put them in what he called an ice house - buried them in sawdust till summertime then make ice cream. And boy we loved that ice cream! You could buy a big old cone for 5 cents and if we could sell a lamb we could get all the ice cream we could eat for two or three days! Most generally, though, we would end up buying clothes with it.

One time I bought me a pair of purple pants - they were bell bottoms - the big flared bottom pants - actually they were Mexican pants - they had a big striped braid down the outside, so I bought me a big Mexican straw hat with those tassels all the way around it. I was a Mexican then!

I remember the 4th of Julys and the 24th - both celebrations. We had a great time! They always arranged foot races out on the town square to see who the fastest racer was. They had sack races and they had an iron pole down there, and they would grease it, and see who could climb the furthest on that greasy pole. They greased it with axle grease. Then they had sack races where they put you in a sack, pulled it up around your waist and then you had to see who ran the fastest. They had hobble races where two people would get together and they would tie your right leg together with the other person's left leg and then they had couples like that to see who could run the fastest.

I really thought I was going to town then!! Some dude - I

*** I also remember Mother on the 4th of July. She always managed to buy a can of salmon. She loved that canned salmon. She would buy a can of salmon and try to divide it among the kids, there were always about 7 or 8 of us kids at home at that time, but she always managed to give us a taste of it, would hardly get any herself. But that was one thing Mother loved - canned salmon - and she loved cantaloupe too. We always raised lots of cantaloupes. Speaking of melons, they built a big cement bridge across Ash Creek Canyon down toward Hurricane. They worked on it all summer long, maybe two summers; they finally got it finished and they were going to open it up and they were having a big celebration. They had all kinds of stuff - but I do remember the watermelons. They brought them up there in big wagon loads. We all had a big watermelon bust - we would just break them open, pop them on a rock and grab the heart out of them, throw the rest away, and go get another one. They had tons and tons of watermelons. They finally ended up throwing the watermelons off this big tall bridge to watch them splatter when they hit the bottom. That was quite an exciting time too.**

I guess you realize by the way I talk that we are growing up a little bit now and I'll tell you a little bit about my teen-age times. One thing I remember real good - I guess I was in love. I had puppy love - was almost sick to my stomach. We had these two girls Edna Anderson and Lucy Ramey - Lucy Ramey was a girl that came up from California to visit with Edna Anderson. They had a ranch between our place and Kanarra. We used to go up there and see those girls. Austin and I decided we would go up there and have a big chicken roast. So Ma gave us a chicken and we cleaned it and put it in a flour sack and put it on the back of the horse and took off up there. We got up there just about dusk - we told them what we were going to do and looked and we had the bag but no chicken. The bottom had fallen out of the bag. So Austin sent me back to look for it. I went back a couple of miles down the road and found it - and when I found it, it was all dirty and I thought we can't use this so I took it up and showed Austin. He said it was all right, the girls said they would just wash it off. So they took it down to the creek and washed it real good. We rolled that chicken in clay and baked it in a hot fire and when the coals went down we baked it. We were really having ourselves a party. And it really turned out good. While we were cooking that chicken in the clay, Lucy Ramey had a ukulele and she used to sing to us - she was the only one who could sing worth a darn. But she was a good singer and she would sing songs to us. I remember she used to sing that song Get Out and Get under the Moon - boy that was one of my songs forevermore. I still remember that song. But our love finally broke off. One day Dad went to town - he rode the horse up by that place. He said you guys got this horse ruined every time it goes by that guy's ranch; it wants to turn in and go to their place!

Lucy Ramey went back to Los Angeles - I guess that's why I forgot about her.

After that we used to go to town in the summertime - and always on the weekend when no one was working. We would fool around all day until about sundown, little after sundown. All of a sudden the girls would start streaming across the street - arm in arm they would go down Kanarra's main street singing songs - then us boys would go behind them and we would start singing and then we would all get together and we would all sing. Finally we would have a big party of some kind - we would either have a big potato roast or a corn roast

or watermelon bust or something like that. Then around about 11 o'clock, people would start to pair off - it wouldn't matter if it was a cousin or not - we all went with cousins just the same as if we weren't cousins because we weren't intending to get married anyway. But I remember we really, really had a lot of fun. I remember we used to play Sheepy and run all over that country side hiding and let the other team hunt for us - that was a lot of fun.

I remember the best place we use to take our walks was back in the fields - we had what we called Kanarra Lane - it would go down by the cemetery - it was where the people used to go to get to their fields down through there - probably a couple of miles long. We would go down there with the girls, arm-in-arm, and sing songs, really had a good time. That was where my cousin Helma learned me how to french kiss. Course, a kiss was just a kiss to me in those days. I was about big enough at this time to be going with the girls and I remember I had Ardella Williams was my first love. I guess we had puppy love. I remember we use to be down to Dry Creek and I could hardly stand it till I could go up and see Ardella. The funny part about it was I didn't have any excuse to go see her. Sometimes I would get Lorraine, who was the same age, to go get Ardella and bring her down to stay over night so I could get to see her. Other times I would go up to play with Allison, he was the same age as me, but that was miserable because I hated him - I didn't like him at all - but would do that just in order to get up there and be close to Ardella. But I remember how miserable it was to be in love. It was terrible - but finally I grew out of it. She was a beautiful girl then - she was blond, kind of short, she was a little bit heavy but boy she was about the prettiest thing in Kanarraville. Lorraine and I went over to her mother's house to see her one time when we were up there on a vacation and that was after we had all grown up and married and had kids and everything else. In fact, all our kids were married. Boy, Ardella, she didn't look too good then - she didn't look half as good as my wife!

I used to go over to New Harmony quite a bit and fool around over there. I had a friend, Carlisle Hale, and Riley Adair - oh there were several of them - Coot Sing and Merlin Isom. One time we were up there and we decided we would go up to the corn patch. Old Godly Smooch was an ornery old buzzard - he would always take a shotgun after you if he caught you - but we would go after his watermelons -

he had watermelons planted in the corn patches. We were up there seeing if we could find a ripe watermelon one night and I remember I heard this rustling coming up through the corn fields - instead of running we decided to lay still at the bottom of the corn and maybe he would miss us. He got closer and closer and I told Carlisle Hale boy, I wish my mama had me - and he said I wish mine had never had me!!! Boy we were scared that night!

One time Merlin Isom- he was a cousin of mine who got accidentally shot with a 22 when he was a kid and blew half his brains out - they found him where he was laying and there was about a half teacup of brains laying there - they didn't think he would live but they doctored him up and he got little better but he always said things screwy - said them all mixed up - he would say everything went black as a ghost - stuff like that. It was really funny being around him. But him and Glenn Grant, we called him Coot Sing because when he would see a little baby he would always say oh he's a little coot sing, coot sing - and so we call him Coot Sing!

They were up at Pace's farm one time going swimming - I wasn't there - I heard them tell about it later - they were swimming in the nude - skinny dipping up at Pace's farm. It was about a half mile up the hill outside of New Harmony. Some girls came up there and decided they would play a trick on them - so they took their clothes and hid them. The boys got cold and wanted to get out of there and the girls wouldn't give them their clothes! They told the girls give us our clothes or we are going to come after you! - The girls just sat their giggling. All of a sudden the guys got out of the water and Merlin and Glenn took out after them. Chased them bare naked all the way down to the main street of town. The girls had thrown the clothes away but they still kept chasing them because they found out they were scared. .

I used to go to work in the summertime over at New Harmony for Ed Hall (I stayed at Billy Isom house but was working for Ed Hall). I didn't get paid any money - I always got paid in produce - either take hay or grain for my work. Austin wouldn't go out there to work - he said he wasn't going to work for hay or grain. So I would save it up and when wintertime came I'd sell it when people needed it for their animals - so I would have a little money in the wintertime - that always came in handy. Didn't make an awful lot of money because I

worked for \$1 a day - you could get about a ton of hay for \$4. It would take an awful lot of hay to make very much money. Sometimes I would take potatoes - they were a pretty good seller. You could always sell corn - if you could get any corn. People always bought corn for their hogs and chickens.

One Fall a bunch of us guys - teenagers - couldn't find any work anywhere around so we all got together and went up to Provo - out on the Provo Ranch - looking for work. We all got to work for a couple of Greek brothers up there - they had a big tomato patch. They gave us a job picking tomatoes for them. I remember we would pick those tomatoes for - I forget how much per ton - it wasn't very much - we made about \$2.50 per day - and you had to pick an awful lot of tomatoes to pick a ton of them! We picked them by hand then. Another time ^{Joey &} ~~John Denary~~ and I went up to Provo and stayed with Lula and picked apples for this old fellow; in this apple orchard. It was the first time I ever heard of the Red Delicious apple. We worked all fall there and when we got ready to come back home neither one of us had over \$3 or \$4. So we didn't make too much money there!

I remember now, on those tomatoes, when we were picking them - we got \$2.50 a ton. And we had to pick forty 50-1b boxes to weigh a ton. After we got through picking the tomatoes we all got a job in the cannery - stacking cans - you would stack them when they came off the racks - they would be hot and we would have to stack them up to cool in a big barn. We also had to get them and bring them out and put them in boxes and send them down to be labeled. Then every time a contractor came through for different kinds of tomatoes they would put their labels on it. That's when I found out it doesn't make any difference what brand tomatoes they are - they are all the same anyway! One day they would be Libby's - the same cans already canned up next day it would be Del Monte and right on down the line! So it didn't make any difference. The same with the ketchup too.

I've had some awful dirty jobs in my life too. One spring, Joey and I - an old hide buyer would come by there; he was an old Jew who used to buy hides. He told us if we could get some wool, he would buy wool from us. We told him we couldn't get any - and he told us _well, why don't you go out here where the sheep have died during the winter and when the summer time comes and they start rotting - you can take something to just scrape the wool off - put it in a gunny

sack and I'll buy it from you. I think he paid us 6 cents a pound for it. So we decided we would try it. We got the sheep men to tell us where their sheep had died - the different locations around the country there. We went out there with each one of us with a little garden hoe - we sawed the handle off it - so we could take it and scrape the wool off these rotting sheep. Boy would it stink - we had to tie a handkerchief around our mouth and nose so we couldn't smell them quite so much, before we could even stand to get up there and get that wool off. That was one of the very worst jobs we had. During the Depression time around 1930 and 1934 - the government was buying up a bunch of sheep from the sheep men because they couldn't feed them during the winter and they were starving to death. The government didn't want them to go busted so they would buy up the sheep. The men that owned the sheep could keep the hides. So we had to kill the sheep first to get the hides. So me and Joe took a contract with Arnold Graff one time - we had to kill 700 head of sheep and skin them. First we started shooting them with a 22 - shooting them in the head and wait till they die and then start skinning them. But that got so it was too slow and bullets cost too much so we got where we just catch them with their hind leg, throw them down, bend their neck over our knee - we had a hold of their chin and would bend their neck back so they couldn't get away and then cut their throats. That sounds like an awful thing but I went through a lot of that. And we finally got those sheep all done - we only got 10 cents apiece for doing that. And we also had to take the carcass and the guy had dug a big hole with a tractor and we had to haul them in there, then throw sagebrush on them and burn them.

If I remember correctly, it was 1932 when President Roosevelt was elected. I remember the deals he came up with - one of them was that the people were all going into the banks to draw their money out and he was afraid the banks would all go bankrupt so he ordered all the banks in the U.S. to close their doors. About a week later he told them they could open them and if the people wanted to draw their money out they could draw it out at 25 cents on the dollar - which would make them lose 75% of their money - so they didn't draw it out. Well, because they didn't draw it out, the banks stayed open and they could still loan out money and that kept them afloat. That was just one of many good things that President Roosevelt did. Around about that time he came up with another deal - CCC Camp - Civil

Conservation Corp. - that was just for young men - it would be like they drafted them into the Army but they would go into the CCC and they would put them in a camp and they would do odd jobs like building roads, bridges, and dams - because it was good for the country. They were paid \$30 a month. Unfortunately I didn't get in on that. That had the WPA - that was a work project they got going to do different things for the country - similar to CCC except it was for the older people that had families. My Dad worked on it and they started re-doing the streets there in Kanarraville - he had a team and a wagon - so he helped haul gravel for the roads. They never had any other kind - they were just dirt roads. After they got that done they started putting rock ditches all around Kanarraville because they had water running down each side of the houses because that is where they got the water for drinking and washing - and in order to keep it so it wouldn't dry up and such they had these rock ditches - so they had a project doing that. Well, about that time, I don't remember exactly what year it was but it was about 1933 or somewhere around there, my Dad had been up to Kanarra and they had been celebrating the 4th of July and he used to drink some on holidays - he came home that night - out to Dry Creek - and he slept out under the trees on a cot out in front of the house. When he got up to go to the bathroom, he started stumbling, he was a little tipsy anyway, and he banged his head against that cement wall of the house. The next morning he got up and had a terrible headache - took a lot of aspirin and couldn't cure it - it lasted about three days. One morning when mother tried to wake him up, he was paralyzed - he had had a stroke - he was completely paralyzed. The only way we had to make a living then was on WPA and he couldn't work anymore. I was the oldest one in the family still at home - the oldest one of the boys - and I was nominated to carry on the work field - so I went to work there; helped fill in the ditches - worked out at the rock quarry in Spring Creek Canyon till we almost froze to death it was so cold. But they made us work out there anyway; fortunately we only had to work part of the month - because they were only allowed so much a month. And when we got our allotment worked out they would have to lay us off until the next month - so we did have a little time off then. I stayed with that until they had all the ditches done in Kanarra. Then they started another contract - two fellows from over around Kanab took a contract to put in a pipe line clear from the springs up in the canyon above Kanarra and they piped in down to a

big water tank. Then we had to dig the trenches from there, all down through every street in Kanarra and they all had to be at least 4 feet deep. Some of those ditches they made us go down about 11 feet because there was a little swale in the ground. It is a wonder they didn't cave in on us and kill us they were so deep.

I mean to tell you, those bosses - the contractor - really poured it on us - they worked the heck out of us. That was the year I stayed with Willard Batty and Wanda, my cousin. I got really acquainted with Wanda - you've probably heard about her. She was my double cousin - she was a little older than I was - about 5 years but I really loved that girl - not as love, love - but as a friend.

I can't begin to tell you all the things I've done - I'm just hitting the high spots a little bit. But when we finished up that WPA project - I worked on there for three years to keep our family going - it was the only source of money they had - of course, I didn't get any of the money - it all went for groceries and stuff like that, that we had to have. But we had good times in-between - we always had good Christmas's. We liked to get together and go up to Cedar to the movies. You could go on Wednesday nights and get in for 15 cents - we would try to save up enough money so we would have 15 cents to go the movies. One night Willard Williams, a friend of mine I used to buddy around with a little; we had been to a movie up there and when we came out that night and we stopped down the street and there was an old railroad car there - they called it the diner because it was a railroad dining car. We went in there to buy a hamburger - you could buy one for a nickel - pretty good hamburger too. It seemed a lot better than those McDonald hamburgers!! We went in there and ordered these hamburgers and saw this most beautiful girl sitting on the edge of the table playing the guitar - she was pretty little blond girl. Boy I really fell for her - she sang so beautiful - she had a beautiful voice - and she sang us some songs. She sang this song called Too Many Parties, and Too Many Pals.

I finally got my nerve up (in between songs) and I said how about going out some night - I'd like to have a date with you - she said sure! - Just like nothing. I said when, and she said anytime - so I said I would come up Friday night and pick you up. She said o.k. I'll be here. Well it so happened on that same Friday night old Joe Stapely came around there, he was a friend of mine, he asked me how I would like to go to California. I told him I couldn't go to California I

didn't have any money. He said, well I got a good chance; you can down with me. He said I have to drive Cliff Quinn's truck down there to get a load of water well pipes. Cliff Quinn was a friend of Joe's - he was drilling wells out there west of Cedar. I said yes I would go down there with him. He was just going to pick up the pipe and come back. So we got in the truck and got down there between Las Vegas and Yermo and the wheel bearing went out. We had Cliff Quinn's wife with us - she wanted to go down to San Fernando too - but she was going to stay down there. She suggested that we flag the bus down (she had enough money for her bus ticket) and she would send a bearing back the next day. It so happened it was a three-day holiday (Friday, Saturday and Sunday) - so they couldn't send it back until Monday. We had sometime out there in that desert broken down.

TAPE 4

We had a few bottles of chili sauce and some peach preserves that Ma had sent down to Violet - which we were supposed to take to her. We ate some of those peach preserves and got so thirsty we could hardly stand it - and of course the chili sauce didn't go to well without anything else to eat with it. So Joe and I we decided that it was about time we got something to eat. So we looked in our pockets and got a little money out, 50 cents or so, and flipped a coin to see which one would hitchhike back to Baker and get something to eat. Joe won, so I had to stay with the truck and he hitchhiked. He was gone a couple of hours and then he came back. Boy we got something to eat now; I've got a big can of deviled meat and a box of soda crackers. So we started eating that stuff. I noticed the big can didn't have a label on it. When we got through eating, he said you know what you were eating? - I said, deviled meat I guess, it tastes like it. He showed me the label and it was a can of dog food! You don't know how good those dogs eat - it tasted pretty good. Well, finally, Monday about 11 o'clock, here came the bus - and dropped us off a package. We already had the tools to do it with so we finished fixing the truck - put the wheel bearing on - and drove on in to San Fernando. Joe took me down to Violets place (my sister Violet); she lived in San Fernando and dropped me off. He went back up to Cliff's place to see Cliff's wife and get the directions about getting the water well pipe. He came back down to our place the next day and said well, we can't get back home now; the people that Cliff got the