

PERSONAL HISTORY
OF EARL WEILDING SHAW

PROLOG:

This is an autobiography, except for the prolog, epilog and footnotes. It is taken from tape recorded conversations recorded in 1959. That year it was copied on paper by Janice Rae Shaw. In 1987 Weilding Thatcher Shaw organized it into chronological order. Although the remembrances and stories are not fully accurate nor descriptive of his whole life, they, like letters, often reveal much of the inner person.

ANCESTRY

My Grandfather lived in Salt Lake City, Utah, and lived to be 102 years and some days old. I think he lived just across the street from the Temple on North Temple, but I don't know for sure.

My Dad was born in Salt Lake City. He lived there and Mother lived in Murray. A Lyman lives in Murray now that married one of the Shaw girls, Myrl, daughter of Albert Shaw, Dad's brother. My brother Bert is named after him, James Albert. Albert Shaw, he went to California; he was supposed to have been a carpenter, anyway he told me he helped to build that bank on the corner across from Temple Square and kitty-corner from the Hotel Utah. Maybe it isn't a bank now. I met Rose Eliza Winegar once when I was a little kid. Aunt Rose Eliza lived on North Temple across from the Temple.

Dad was rather short. He was about five feet six or seven inches or something like that, not any taller than that anyway. He had blue eyes and when I was born he was 40 or 50 then and I remember his hair as brownish white. Dad had a big mustache, most all of the old timers had mustaches. Dad surveyed ditches for everybody in Teton Basin, I guess, in the early days; surveyed the irrigation ditches from way up in the mountains down to the valley. He used a spirit level that he fixed with sights on it like a gun on top of the spirit level. He made his own locks and keys. He made me a crossbow. He built a big wheel in the blacksmith shop; he made that and the blower it ran. That was an antique, I think; the wheel was about 10 to 11 feet high. The blower ran his forge. He was a good blacksmith. He bent the horseshoes to fit the horses feet and sharpened them and shod the horses until he got too old to do it and one of us boys would shoe the horses while he fit the shoes. I've shod as high as 10 horses while he fit the shoes in one day. He was a

carpenter, a darn good carpenter. Dad learned carpentry the hard way, by doing.

Mother was about as tall as Dad, not as tall as my sister Melissa but she was as tall as Dad. I guess Mother's hair was mostly dark, until it went grey. Her eyes were blue. At one time she probably weighed 160-170 pounds. One time she and Nellie Thatcher, who weighed 225 pounds, and Mrs. Breckinridge, who was bigger than both of them, and one or two others that were pretty good size, they got into a race, a sack race, and they got in sacks and raced together!

After Mother and Dad were married, Dad moved first to Pond Town, Salem, south of Provo, Utah. There he had a shingle mill and did blacksmithing and worked for other people. He had an Ox that he ran around on a sweep and gave power to make the shingles, so my brother Will said. I don't know how many years he lived there but Osmond A. Shaw, the oldest boy in the family, died there. Mother used to call him Ozzie. He is buried in the Salt Lake City Cemetery. The first five children were born in Pond Town, up through Bert.

IDAHO

Dad lived over north of Tetonia for one year, after coming to the Teton Valley, in a half house, half dugout and then settled on the old farm. Uncle Lew got that place up there north of Tetonia on a desert claim and he used to come up and bring his guns up all the time. Dad was a good shot but he never had time to fool around with guns, but he was always shooting something when he came up. I don't know what Uncle Lew did for a living. He always seemed to have a little bit of money. Dad bought a relinquishment from the man that homesteaded the old farm and then Dad homesteaded on it. This was 160 acres. Dad secured a Deed to the homestead, when he had proved up on it, which was signed by President McKinley personally.

When Dad first went up to Idaho he came back down to Utah and worked there every summer. Mother had Will, Rosa, Allie and Bert and I guess he was still coming back down after Ray was born because he came back to Utah for several years after he went up there. He came down to Utah and Mother used to cook and those Indians weren't on a Reservation and were running around up there and I know that Mother would tell about them coming in the house and she would have bread or something that she would bake and they would just come right in and go over to the bread and eat it by the handfuls without her consent. There was nothing she could do about it. And they would take milk and anything else that fell to their taste and go away. They never

molested her only just go in and help themselves to something to eat.

Dad told me a tale which is true I know. They were trying to round those Indians up and get them on the reservation. A bunch of them got loose off the reservation and went up through there with the soldiers after them, about 100 to 150 soldiers, with maybe 200 horses and supply wagons and things. And Dad was down there at a kind of a half-way house between Driggs and Out Below when these soldiers came in after the Indians. They had been up where Dad lived and on up further in the Valley, pestering the citizens, eating them out of house and home I guess. When you drop off the hill, from the dry farms into the Valley from the west, there used to be a ford instead of a bridge as now. You can still ford that river down below the bridge, it is only up on the sides of a horse now, I've seen people ride across there within the last 30 years. But that was 70 years ago, and they came up there and a man named Joe West had a big old two story house on the south side of the road, they have since torn the top story off of it, by that river bridge where you first come into the Valley. And he used to have rooms for rent up above there and he had a big barn on the opposite side of the road to put the horses in. All those meadows around there were good wild hay, they didn't seed any alfalfa in them because it was swampy. If you look when you drive you can see the water on each side of the road around there the year around. These soldiers came in there and they wanted to buy a stack of hay off of that man, he put up quite a little hay. It took a lot of hay to feed that many horses. They tried to buy hay off of him and he wouldn't sell it to them. He sold them food and things like that but he wouldn't sell the hay because they didn't have any money to pay for it. They wanted to write this script, the government had vouchers or something in that time and they would write it out and you would have to send it some place and then they'd send you the money back. They didn't pay in cash. And this old fellow wouldn't sell it to them, not in a big quantity like that, they would run him out of hay.

Dad said a Corporal or Sergeant or something wrote out the voucher and gave it to the man and made him take it. And he said, "No! No! No!" and the soldier started to chase him around the haystack to make him take this voucher for that stack of hay and the soldier said "Halt or I'll shoot!" And Dad said that old Joe West was on the other side of the haystack and said "If you won't shoot I'll give it to you. That big long gun will shoot clear through this haystack!" Dad said, with the bayonet on, those old rifles were about a foot taller than the average soldier. I don't know what kind of musket they had at that time

but I know the soldiers got the hay.

Dad told me that there was a gang of outlaws that stayed over in that old "Hole in the Wall" in Wyoming. That's right around the Teton Peak, not Jackson Hole but Death Canyon around the peak. That's what they call the "Hole in the Wall". They had a secret place, now I've never been in the canyon but I've seen into it, and a couple of men could stay there and hold off an army if they just used rifles. They had their camp up there with water in it and good pasture. The sides even sloped in. That's where they kept the horses until they traded them off, they couldn't get to them. And Dad said that they would go through one day and maybe the next day here would come the Posse, or the farmers from whom they had stolen the horses, hunting them. And he told me where the tree was that they hung them on up there towards Teton Canyon, but I never saw the tree, at least if I did I've forgotten it. But they hung them up there against the hills when they caught them. My Dad and Elise's father had a sawmill up on South Leigh Creek, which is the creek Bert lives on now. The mill is in the canyon up the creek. Dad also helped him build a creamery over where Hilliard's used to live, across the creek on the road running south through our farm.

THE HOMESTEAD

There is a spring just south of which Dad built the first buildings. The first building Dad built was the old log house which has since been torn down and burned up. It wasn't floored but had a dirt floor which I remember well. It was only a two room house and was curtained off around the beds. Each room was 12 or 14 feet wide and probably 16 or 18 feet long and they were joined end to end as the whole building was made at the same time. The kitchen was on the north end and the bedroom on the south end.

Nearby Dad made a rock cellar. The only dry farm land was the one 12 acre field above the spring, north and east of it. In this field on the south side just east of the old shop is a small rock quarry where Dad got the rock to make the rock cellar. The rock lay in sheets of 2 to 4 inches thick. Dad dug down about 12 to 14 feet to get enough rock to make the cellar. Just above that quarry Dad had an old clay hole from which he got the clay to roof his buildings when he first went there, in layers of about 8 inches deep. The grass grew on the clay to keep it from washing off. That type of roof is pretty warm and has to have a lot of water before it will leak on you. The old house had a dirt roof as did the rock cellar and the log granary next to the cellar. The granary stood on a foundation of

some huge blocks which were big at the bottom and smaller at the top, which kept it about 2 feet off the ground so the logs wouldn't rot. They hand hewed poles for the floor and laid them so that it was quite smooth and lay flat together so the mice wouldn't get in. That was the only building that was floored. Then, I guess, Dad built the old shop where he did his blacksmithing. He did blacksmithing for everyone around the country. It was east of the other buildings. There were two old barns west and a little south of the other buildings. They ran east and west. An old hen house north of these barns and west of the spring was made of logs also, large logs, and had a dirt roof and was about 12 feet by 18 feet in size. There was an old machine shed up back of the spring on the hill where Dad kept his buggies and wagons and things in the winter time and his sleighs in the summer time. The old horse barn on the hill north of the chicken coop held six horses in pretty good sized stalls. Later Dad built a double winged barn west of the chicken coop for the cattle and the two old barns were moved up on the hill back of the spring for a shed for the dry stock in the winter.

Dad built all the buildings on the ranch. The stone for the house came from a quarry in Badger Creek on the north side of the road where it makes a loop around Oliver Feize' house. He obtained lumber for the new house, large granary and small garage from his sawmill up on South Leigh Creek. I helped him saw the shingles for the house, I was big enough to roll the blocks up close to where the saw was, and I dropped the blocks off where Will and Dad could lift them up to run them through the shingle saw. The blocks were about two and a half feet through and I wasn't able to lift it but I was able to roll it. I was about 10 years old or such a matter then. They used green wood but the shingles dried right out. They had a little railroad track to take the sawdust and lumber out away from the mill.

Dad made most of the nails for the buildings. They were square and he hammered them out on the anvil. The house was built a lot later and so he didn't make the nails for it.

(The new house was built with symmetry north and south of an east-west center line. The south half had a large living room with center windows looking south. On the east of this living room were two equal sized bedroom with doors opening into it and each having a window to the east. On the west of the living room was a large corner bedroom with a hall on its north side leading west to a door onto the west porch. This bedroom had a window to the west and the north east corner of the room was cut off at 45 degrees to form a wall area big enough for a doorway. If you flip this layout of the south half over to the

north in mirror symmetry, you have the layout of the north half. An east-west dividing wall was between the halves with a connecting door slightly to the west of its center and the chimney in it just east of its center with flues opening into both halves. The counterpart of the living room in the south half was the kitchen in the north half. The west porch extended north and south to access both doors leading into each half. The center window to the north was replaced by a door opening onto a small north porch, thus differing from the south half. The whole building was about 40 feet square.)

The big spring by the house flowed with a constant flow of better than enough to fill a 6 inch pipe. It had a spring house built by the Spring Company which also laid a wooden, wire-bound pipe to Tetonia and rented the water for so much a year. Murray Sullivan, who ran the Bamburger line from Salt Lake to Logan, was the instigator of the project for the city of Tetonia. There were two divisions inside of the springhouse. A rising pool about 8 by 6 feet and a settling pool about 8 by 8 feet which had the pipe going to Tetonia. The pools were concrete and the house above them was wood. The rent was for \$80.00 per year. This was to be paid by the town of Tetonia, which they did for several years and then they slacked off in the payments. Dad secured a lawyer in Driggs to collect the rent and pay him. This worked for a few years more. After Elise and I were married I collected it myself for several years. I would take the money I had coming and mail Sullivan's to him. This collection was from individual water users. I was commissioned by Sullivan to collect for both of us.

There was another spring about 300 yards west of the big one which came out in some rocks below the graveyard and had a flow of about one third that of the big one. This was in a pasture west of our lane. Spring Creek ran along the east edge of the place and along the south side also. Dad had the second water right on Spring Creek and North Leigh Creek and a family by the name of Breckenridge had the first water right. Originally, Spring Creek ran south to Leigh Creek instead of along the south of our place but Breckenridges made a ditch and put a dam in to take water west toward old Hayden. Spring Creek, in its present channel runs south of old Hayden. Spring Creek is very big in the spring of the year and headed about three and one half miles north and a little east of Dad's home, just before the foot of the hills. The head is almost a perfect circle and about 4 rods across and is just one big round spring. Dad put a dam in Spring Creek just north of the road from O'Brians to the old schoolhouse east of there. Middle Leigh Creek runs into Spring Creek just south of Dad's dam. Probably the oldest house in the Valley lies on the south bank of Middle

Leigh Creek and is the old homestead of Will Hansen. Middle Leigh Creek just runs in the spring of the year for about 3 weeks as it has a small head. The east and south lines of the place are formed by Spring Creek except for a small plot owned by Lillie Hopkins at the southeast corner of the place. The north line ran along the south side of a dirt road from Spring Creek to Tetonia. The oiled highway came across our place and then ran with its center on our north fence line into Tetonia. The ranch was a mile long and a quarter wide. The northeast field above the big spring was dry farm. There was a piece east of the house that was pasture. The field south of the house was an alfalfa field with the highway running along its south edge. Due west of the main buildings was a pasture down to the highway on the west. South of this pasture was a 40 acre field which was cut corner wise by the highway. South of this 40 was a long strip along the creek which was used for pasture and ran almost the full length of three 40's. Also a field east of the canal that cut across the place which used to be in alfalfa and was later put into grain and which lay north of the long pasture and west of the 40 the highway cut. The lower 40, west of the canal, had about 50 acres in it because the canal cut through the second 40 on a slant like the highway but not so much so. The canal came out of Spring Creek and watered the farms below Tetonia towards the River. The only dry farm was the one 12 acre field above the spring which was put into wheat mostly and some potatoes.

Dad tapped the ditch south of the old shop and had a flume and water wheel. The flume was about 4 feet wide and 2 feet deep and ran level for a ways and then dropped the water about 4 or 5 feet onto a water wheel. This was chain driven to a grindstone and there were some large cottonwood trees there and he could sit there in the heat of the day, at the noon hour while the horses were eating, and sharpen his hay knives. A ditch came out of the flume and ran just east of the house to the northeast corner and then out into the lawn on a "V" shape, and back to the other corner of the house, the southeast, and the same on the south of the house. It was in this "V" that mother kept her flower garden of pansies and flags, etc., between the house and the ditch. Dad ran it out like that so that she would have a bigger flower garden. All the rest was a smooth lawn with cottonwood trees on the east and south. The east trees were set out by Melissa and me one spring as small saplings. Later I set a row of cottonwoods along the south side of the lawn for shade. There was a garden south of the lawn for vegetables, etc.

The cemetery is on a piece that R. G. Mickle homesteaded and gave to the use of a cemetery. There was a vacant 40 acres

with homesteads all around it and R. G. Mickle used his homestead right and homesteaded it and turned it over to the Tetonia-Clawson Wards as their cemetery. John and Mary died shortly after birth and were first buried up behind the big spring on the dry farm part. Later their bones were removed and buried in this cemetery where nearly all the family are buried. They bought a lot and buried Will's leg, in a box the family built and lined, in this cemetery. The old Hayden cemetery is down toward the river on the highway and is the oldest cemetery up there.

CHILDHOOD

I was born in Leigh, Fremont County, Idaho. Leigh was located just north of Clawson just before you go to Middle Leigh Creek. There is an old schoolhouse which has since been converted into a home which is a frame building. This schoolhouse took the place of an old log and dirt schoolhouse that used to be there. This town was founded many years before Tetonia so that the old homestead was then located in Leigh. Clawson wasn't thought of at the time that they named that Leigh. A few years after Leigh they formed the Clawson Ward and made a great big high churchhouse which they used both for church and recreation. Later they built the old churchhouse which is made of brick. I went to church there at the old churchhouse, but I faintly recollect that someone said that they held church over at Leigh for a while before Clawson was formed.

I had blue eyes and my sister, Rose, said I had the prettiest yellow hair you ever saw, a real golden blond, beautiful hair and that when I was about 3 years old I was still wearing curls, pretty old fat curls, below my shoulders. Dad took me down and had my curls cut off and the women, Mother and my sisters, wept bitter tears they felt so bad about it. I can remember when I was a little old shaver I know I did have curls alright, I remember that. Mother and Dad and the older kids used to go to dances, over at Hayden, they had a dance hall over there. The women would all be seated in seats around the dance hall. I know I'd run across the floor and they would call me over and start petting my curls. I remember them getting a hold of them and holding them out and looking at them and then letting them fall back.

My brother Will said that one time they were getting ready for church and they were bathing us kids. Mother had a boiling teakettle of water on the stove. I was crawling around, I wasn't walking yet. I crawled over to the stove and pulled the teakettle over and the lid came off and scalded my left forearm. Of course the scar used to be a-way-up higher on my arm then. I scalded my hands so bad that my fingers started to grow

together. That's what crippled my fingers like this. It drew all the cords up. My right hand wasn't as bad as the left. Mother had to wrap each of my fingers separately to keep them from all growing together 'cause they didn't have no hide on them. All the hide was burned off, just the flesh. Otherwise I'd have all my fingers grown together on both hands.

Here is another little incident when I was a kid. I don't think I had started to school yet and Dad had bought a new range and hauled it in from Salt Lake City. It was made by the CWM Company, the Consolidated Wagon and Machine Co.. He hauled it up one fall after he came back from working down there. It had a reservoir on it, and we even took it out to Oregon in 1941 when we went. We had it 50 years or more, Dad did. It was quite an old range when we got rid of it. Well, I didn't even know they had a range, and they planned a surprise for me, so when I came home one of my bigger brothers hollered "Come here!" from the other side of the room. They paddled me about every day, my bigger brothers, so I minded them pretty good. I went running over there and ran into that new range with my hip. It sure was a surprise to see that big old range with a reservoir.

It wasn't very long after that when a man took a stallion around, drove him in the shafts of a 2 wheel cart, for breeding purposes, around the Valley. The road went up on the hill above or north of the house, and this old fellow was coming down one night after dark, and it was really dark, and that old stallion ran away with that old guy in the cart, and tipped it over. He was coming rushing down towards that big gate and my brother Will was standing out by the gate. The stallion didn't scare me a bit coming down with that cart upside down, he'd dumped the guy out when it tipped over. But Will was standing by the gate and when I saw Will, he looked like he had a tail that long with a spike on the end, just the way the shadow was, the moon was just coming up and shining through the poles on the gate and he was standing by the gate waving his hat, and he looked like he had a big long tail and big long ears and I was closer over by the house by a few feet and he was waving for me to get in the house and I thought he was the Devil! I just didn't know his voice at all. He liked to scare me spitless, the horse didn't scare me at all. That was when we were living in that old log house, and I went in that old house and Dad was sitting with his feet up on the warming oven where they kept the hot water, and I never touched the floor but went right under his feet and over into the corner. Dad, he took his feet down and looked over there and said, "What's the matter with you?" and I said, "Dad, there is a Devil out there and a big horse. The horse is running away and the Devil is out there trying to stop him!" I didn't know it was Will at all. I was as scared as I ever was

in my life, and I guess I was as white as a sheet. We had the stove in the old house, and that reservoir wasn't very high and Dad was sitting in a homemade chair and the seat wasn't as high as today, and yet I never touched the floor! I could run like a streak when I was a kid.

YOUTH

I was baptized on the 16th of May, I and Elise Thatcher who later became my wife. We were baptized by her Father, John B. Thatcher, in the cold waters of Spring Creek. I was baptized first so that she wouldn't have to stand around in the cold.

I had Dropsie, Dropsie is swelling of the tissues, when I was a kid in the 3rd or 4th grade in school. Mother and Dad didn't notice it at that time because I wore bib overalls like I do now. But I couldn't get them buttoned so I took a string and tied it around the button and into the buttonhole. And it went on pretty near all fall and most of the winter. And pretty soon I was as big around as I am now, or practically. So they got a Doctor down and found out what was the matter with me and put me in bed. It was on what they called a sanitary couch made out of steel, springs and everything else were steel on it, something like a metal military cot now only it had drop leaves. It was right by the heating stove, I know it was in the winter time. The Doctor would come there maybe once every two weeks. Mother had an old cooking range that had a big oven in it and she kept it full of big cobblestones. It wasn't any joke, I'm telling you. They'd wrap me all up in heavy blankets and I had a mattress, an ordinary mattress that was made out of straw like they had in those days. She'd wrap the stones up in wet rags and put them all around me clear up to my neck and then she'd put a lot of blankets over me. I would sweat and after a while you'd hear the water drip down on the floor, underneath the bed just like rain off the eaves. She'd sweat me like that for I'd imagine 3 hours. She'd give me one session in the morning and then one in the afternoon all winter long. I sweat that stuff away and when I got close down to normal I'd try to get up and I couldn't get up. I had rheumatic rheumatism from being hot and cold so many times. That's what made my heart enlarged. That was after I had this Dropsie all boiled out of me and the swelling was down. I'd get cool after I had those hot rocks taken away from me and Mother would give me a bath and put on dry bedding underneath me, a quilt underneath so I wouldn't be laying in that wet straw all the time, couldn't change the straw every day. When I got well enough to get up and wanted to get up I couldn't walk. Of course I'd been months in bed. I had this Rheumatic Fever and couldn't use my arms or legs or

anything. I sat around and they would pack me to the table and I'd sit and eat and they'd pack me back and lay me on the bed. They even did that while they were boiling me out getting rid of that water.

This makes a little testimony of the Gospel. To me as a kid, anyway, it didn't mean anything at that time, but it does now. Dad had a white top buggy, I'd been in bed all winter and I guess it was the middle of spring or summer and I hadn't been away from the house, and Dad said to Mother, "Will we take him to town with us today?" Mother said, "Would you like to go to town?" "I sure would!" Well Dad picked me up, I was about 10 then, probably weighed 60-70 pounds, maybe not that much, anyway he sat me up in the buggy and Mother got in the back seat and I sat up along the side of Dad, and we drove down to town. That was old Hayden, I guess, the oldest town in the Valley and which was located about a half of a mile south of due west of Tetonia almost to the Teton River. This town is older by about 20 years than Tetonia. It was before Tetonia was ever thought of. We drove down to old Hayden and that was west of Tetonia several miles. Mother got her groceries and took her eggs to town to trade for groceries and things like that, and butter. We got the groceries and came back and it was a lovely day, nice and sunshiny. We got to the house and Dad stopped and Mother got out and Dad wrapped his lines around the brake handle on the buggy, which was always on the right. It had a handle so that you could put the brake on and stop the buggy, and Dad said, "Come on. Slide over here so I can pick you up and get you out of the buggy." He was on the right side toward the house and had his lines wrapped around this brake lever, and I was afraid that if I untied the lines the team might step up or something. I said "No. Let me sit here a minute." Dad said "O.K." and started to help Mother pack the groceries in the house and came back out and said "Well, come on and get down" and I said "I'm going to get down by myself." Dad said "You know you can't do that, you can't even walk." I said "Well, I'm going to get down by myself! I feel like I can, I've been hoping that I can for a long time." I said, "Here goes" and I put my hand on the dashboard, the buggy had one so the mud from the horses feet wouldn't fly up in your faces and was made out of metal with either leather or imitation leather cover on it. It stood about 16 inches up from the bed. So I put my right hand on that dashboard and my left hand on one of the uprights or flat on the seat, I don't remember which, but I just swung my feet right out over the top of that wheel and turned loose and when I hit the ground on my feet I just walked right off. I had been doing a little praying while I was sitting in the buggy that I could get out of the buggy, and I hit the ground on my feet and Mother was

just astonished when I came running in the house. I was weak, of course I was weak. I always said, until I was grown, that the jar of me hitting the ground knocked that rheumatism out of me. The rheumatism was so bad that I couldn't even feed myself because it hurt. But I know it was another Power that knocked it out of me. When I hit the ground I stood up on my feet and I went around the buggy and Dad looked like he was catching flies with his mouth because he had carried me 6 or 7 months to the table and back. Mother was standing with a hand on each side of the door waiting for me to crumple up, and I went right on in the house. They used the north door. That was the new house.

After I got through with that rheumatism we used to run miles every noon up at school. I got pretty strong after that, but I was sure weak at the time.

I was a tartar in school I guess. Old man Honeycut taught the whole school of about 60 or more, just one teacher. I remember a little kid sat in front of me in school. And this kid was Howard Bradley's brother's boy, and he sat right in front of me, and I'd go writing on my slate or anything, and he had hair way down and he'd sit on the braids of it. It was braided in two braids like a girl's. And when he'd get off the braids wiggling around in his seat he'd get that hair back on my desk and I'd go to write on my slate and here would be that snake wiggling on top of my desk and I'd throw his old braid over in front of him and he'd throw it back and it would hit me in the face. I put up with that for pretty near all of one year and the start of the next year and then I got some ink. They would give it to you in big square bottles. They were very low bottles but they were square and had a pretty big sized mouth to it and they furnished the old pens that you would stick in the pen holder. And so those braids kept banging back there in my face and so I just took the ends of them and undone my ink and just rammed them down in there and swirl them around and put it back off the desk so it wouldn't drip on the desk and get the other end and I soaked them clear up right close to his head! I thought that Mrs. Bradley would kill me! She was a big woman and every time she would see me she would chase me trying to get hold of me. She was just a weeping and a wailing and a howling because she had to cut that kids hair off! She couldn't get that ink out of it at all. She had to make a boy out of him at last. But he sure had long braids.

I used to herd sheep, Dad had quite a bunch of sheep, and I was probably 10 years old. But he put me over on that Lewis C. Shaw's desert claim with a herd of yearlings, about 600-700 yearlings, and it came up a big snow storm. It was early spring, and we had the ewes and lambs over where the old place was. And he put me over there and I was living in a little old

sheep camp and in this storm I stayed with the sheep, but we were lost from the camp in this field. Well, Dad came through the storm and hunted until he found me and took me back to the camp. I would have frozen to death before morning out in that blizzard. And Dad told me that we would back the camp up until it touched the fence, and if this happened again I would be able to find the camp as the field was surrounded by fence. I could just walk in any direction in a straight line until I hit the fence and turn either way and eventually find the camp for sure. Otherwise I might freeze to death before anyone found me, or before I found the camp. And the sheep camp was kept backed up against the fence all the rest of the time that I herded sheep there.

On my sister Melissa's birthday Dad got a puppy for her, it was hers and the dog lived until they put that water-works in. Melissa must have been 16-17 years old at that time, the dog lived that long. She named him Jack. I remember one time when Dad was running a saw mill or sawing shingles up on South Leigh Creek one winter for the new house. He went out and he had to fall the timber and saw it himself. Anyway, he went out to fall timber and he heard a little noise up over a little hump in a hog-back in the canyon. He walked up on top of that and looked down and there were seven bear down there in just a little place, rolling logs around and eating bugs out from under the logs. They seen Dad about the time Dad seen them. Dad, he started back over the hill and the bears coming over towards him, see, curious. All he had was just that chopping axe. Dad said he didn't know how he was going to protect himself from seven grown bear with just a chopping axe. He backed away and got over away from the bears a little farther and he walked back to camp and he told my brother Will, who was up there, about it. I was down on the ranch when they brought the bear in in a sleigh. It was quite a way up to that sawmill in South Leigh Canyon and they got home after dark. They made such a fuss out at that old spring when they came home that it drew our attention outside. They unloaded those bears and got them all cleaned up and quartered up into quarters and laid them out on the snow. They told old Jack, I remember it so well, I was just a kid, to watch the bear. He guarded that meat all night long and never took a bite out of it. You could see the tracks, he never went to the meat, just watched it. Kept everything else away from the meat. We thought a lot of that dog. Dad, he thought a lot of him. The guys hauling water for the engine that ran the ditch digger ran over him with a load of water and coal on the wagon. They ran over him, broke his back and cut him in two. So when that guy said, "Well, I run over and broke your dog's back.," Dad said, "Well, I think the dog's worth a

lot more than you are. I think you should have run over yourself and left the dog alone." The man said, "Well, he laid down in the shade of the wagon and when I started up the wheel went over him." Dad said, "Our family thinks about as much of that dog as they would one of the kids of our family. I'm not going to kill that dog but I'll give you a rifle but you've got to shoot that dog and get him out of his misery." So Dad gave the man a rifle and he killed old Jack and he carried him off. Melissa and I buried him. Made a big to-do, her and I, and we made a head board and put it up to his grave and a foot board and put it up to his grave. He was a nice old dog.

We had an old grey mare, the best old horse! I rode her all my life to District School, you know, every day, over the snowy roads that were just as wide as a sleigh track, just 3 inches wide and all the rest of it was powder. And that old mare could run just as hard as she could go and step on that sleigh track and never step off of it. And I'd get up to where the Post Office used to be, up there across the road from Bert's place, where he lives now--they used to have a Post Office there, part of the highway would probably take part of the spot where it stood, the Clawson Post Office--I'd get up there in the mornings and I'd meet old Ed Honeycut, he was the School Teacher, and he lived way down in Badger Canyon to the north and he taught for several years in Clawson. North of Bert's there is a little rise there and if I saw him coming I'd wait for him, and then we would race from there to the School House, on that kind of a road. He was a big, tall School Teacher and a pretty nice fellow, and he would try to outrun me and his horse would fall off the road and boy would he pile up in the snow! He'd look like he'd been out in a blizzard before he'd get through! His horse would fall down and he'd just scoot through that snow. My grey horse would run that sleigh track just like she was on rails and was a locomotive.

We had her up to Ed Harrington's shearing corral one time and I was just a kid of maybe 8 to 9, but I herded sheep for Dad and we were shearing sheep up there. You have to get them bunched right in tight where the shearers can grab one without wasting any time because they sheared for so much a head and Dad came loping up there, he'd been out checking the sheep on the range. We only had a few hundred head to be sheared that day and the rest of them were out grazing. Dad had been out there and just came loping in on that old grey mare, and she was a funny mare, she had some kind of disease or something that made her that way, because she would just hang back, and I mean hang back until she broke a new rope! She'd just sit down on her rear end and just hang back until something gave way. And he came riding in, and she had hung back so much that she had made big puffs on her throat, big

as a big boloney sausage, and they never would go away, due to the halter pinching so tight under her jaw. And he came up and threw the rope over the fence and tied it and got over in to see how the sheep were going and that old mare got scared of something and she reared back and they had panels made of board and tied together with wire or rope for a sheep corral so that they would be moved quickly to make the corral somewhere else. And she took off with those panels and pulled them for hundreds of yards! And sheep were going everywhere! Dad was real mad about that! He just hadn't given it a thought when he tied her to the fence. That stopped all the shearers, there were about 5 or 6 shearers. I was pumping the machine by hand. You turn a crank by hand and ran 4 or 5 sheep shearing outfits. When I wasn't doing that I was up in the wool sack tromping wool, these were my jobs. You would come out of there greasy as if you had been dunked in it! And covered with ticks! When it was tromped I'd go back and turn that crank. It would get tiresome, someone would have to take turns with you. The old mare was call Old Dap. That's what we called her, Dap. Dap and Nance. Old Nance was true to pull, she would just pull anything, and Old Dap was balky and she would just hold back.

I was big enough to remember this very distinctly. The Indians got off the reservation and came up there in Teton Basin, and that must have been 45 or 48 years ago. There was quite a little bunch of them that came up there and they had a bunch of horses tied on the tail end of their wagons to trade. They camped that night on the flat south of the old rock school house, there wasn't anyone living on the flat. But they turned their horses to feed out there and what interested me was they had a lot of kids, probably 25 or 30 Indians, and saw them squatted out all over that ground around there and I couldn't figure what they were doing. They had strings and they would loop one end, and I did it after that all the time, and put it over a squirrel hole and then they would sit back there about 6 or 8 feet from the squirrel hole, kids and men and women, and the old squirrel would come up there and stick his head out and they'd give it a jerk and they had the squirrel. Never miss. They would bring that squirrel right along on that string right over to the bonfire and hit it on the head with a stick, and take the string off and bury it in the coals. And That's all they cleaned it, just buried it in the coals. And I watched them and I watched them and I was real fascinated, and I spent a hour or two watching them do that. After so long a time, they didn't have watches or anything, they had cooked enough to know about how long it took to cook a prairie dog or squirrel, and they would start raking ashes off with a stick and took the squirrel off of there, the hair would all be burned off and the

hide would be kinda peeled off where they pulled him out of the coals, but they would pick that squirrel up and eat it all, They would spit the head and bones out but they would just eat it like an oyster. They never hesitated eating those squirrels and there were quite a few of them and they had quite a few squirrels and they never put any salt or anything else on them. They just fished them out of the fire and took into them. Eat them with their fingers.

When I was a little kid we hauled our grain. Dad raised quite a lot of grain and we threshed it with old horse power. We would have about a dozen teams on a big pole bolted on a thing that had a lot of gears in it, and the horses didn't walk very fast, in a circle, it was a horse power threshing machine. But with all these horses pulling the gears speeded it up, and this box was a big cast iron box with big gears in it, and then it went on a tumbling rod up to the threshing machine and make the thresher run fast, because the thresher would have to turn over about 1500 time a minute, and those horses would just walk around there, and that's what they called a horsepower machine. A tumbling rod is about a 2 inch steel rod that went into the separater and then there was a flat gear like the gear on the rear end of a car now-a-days with one or two universals in it and a spider gear and a ring gear to transfer the power to the machine. But we threshed lots of grain. It would just run out of a spout into a half bushel measure, and when it was full you would pull it out and stick another under. Then the half bushel would be emptied into a gunny sack, etc. They didn't waste very much grain as they had a canvas under it to catch the spill, and there was a thing that stuck out so that every time you pulled the half bushel out it would add up on a talley, and we could tell how many bushel we threshed a day. Then Dad would put it in that big old granary on the ranch.

Then in the winter time, Bert, he was out on his dry farm most of the time, and Ray, he was doing something else, and sometimes he would take a bobsleigh and Dad would take a bobsleigh and they would give me a bobsleigh to drive and we'd load them full of grain and go way out to St. Anthony and Teton. I know one time Dad went out there and Mother went along and we took out a load of grain to get some Christmas or presents, I guess, Mother did her Christmas shopping anyway. And Dad bought himself a stiff brimmed hat, like a cowboy hat, with a wide stiff brim, like a 5 gallon cowboy hat. So we started coming home and there was a long lane as you go out of Newdale going East, its about 7 miles long yet, and boy that wind was blowing, you could just see those horses' ears once in a while, and Dad had this big fur overcoat on, an all fur overcoat, with the collar turned up and Mother had a quilt over me and her. And

Dad had this hat pushed down inside and the collar turned up against that old hat and I guess turning his head and making the horses go and things kind of loosened his hat up on his head. Anyhow, we got about two thirds the way up that lane and that old hat left his head and hit the snow out there and it just went northeast, and it stood right on that rim, and boy, it was just going just as fast as the wind and the wind was blowing about 35-40 miles and hour. Dad threw the lines down and I grabbed them and he jumped out in that big overcoat and took after that hat, because it cost him half a load of grain, I guess, price of that hat! He took after that hat and he was in snow way above his knees, almost to his crotch, running after that hat and the hat was just getting further away all the time and that big fur overcoat was dragging back behind him on the snow like a big Peacock's tail. Dad he went clear out of sight, 'course it was quite a blizzard, and he went clear out of sight after that hat. And we sat there for a long long time, and Mother said, "Do you think he'll find his way back?" "Well," I said, "I don't know but, boy, it will sure be hard to come back pushing that big coat against that wind!" After a few hours, Dad, he came back, and he found the road and he came walking down the road until he met us sitting there and he never found his hat. And I said, "I can tell you where you can find it next spring, Dad. We'll take the sheep out there on the Canyon Creek and you'll find it! It'll be in a snow drift. It'll be blown over the bank down in a snow drift!" It was the most thrilling thing in the world to go down that canyon, there wasn't any bridge then, that is no high bridge, the bridge was low and you had to go clear down in the canyon before you crossed the bridge. We stayed over there at that place quite a lot, at night, you know, half way between where we were going, and we would stop off there and stay over night.

I used to go hunting in the Basin a lot. When I was a kid about fourteen, I guess, I killed my first Elk. Joe Hatch and Lawrence Hatch and a kid named Lowell Richards and I went way over in the Park on my first Elk hunt. I couldn't sleep for two nights before we went because I was so excited about going. There were kids that had been going over there poaching Elk. So we went over this time and they were playing tricks on me all the time, those kids. I was as old as they were but they thought they were hot rods, I guess. We got two Elk one day and took the bones out of the meat and got two seamless sacks full of meat and got them packed into camp. The next day they went across the Snake River close to where the highway runs, north of the lake up by the South Entrance. The next night we left the horses all loose except me, I tied mine up to a tree and that was the only horse left, and we had 5 burros to do the packing with.

And I rode all day and I found these burros and horses about halfway home on the fork and got them back, and I gave them a pretty good talking to. And old Dose Peacock and George Peacock came along there and they had 6 or 8 horses loaded with Elk meat and I told them I was going home. So I took all of one Elk in a seamless sack, it would weigh about 200 pounds, you get a sack full of straight meat, one of those big seamless sacks and it makes a pretty big load. And I tied that in my saddle and I rode behind the saddle coming out and we got over to Bitch Creek close to noon, Middle Bitch Creek. Sitting around there after we eat our dinner, we just threw our rifles up against a tree, and that Peacock went over there and picked my rifle up and said, "Huh! Look at that!" And the front sight was just hanging on. It must have been the Hatch kids, they took a knife or something and pounded the sight until it was just ready to fall off, the front sight. He showed me the rifle and said, "That's what you shoot with, huh?" I said I didn't knock the sight that way, that I guess one of the other kids must have knocked that sight. He said, "You better pound it back in a ways so it won't fall out." And I took my pocketknife and hammered it back, and looked at it and hammered a little more one way, and then I hammered it back the other way just a little bit and I said, "Well, it will shoot straight now." And old Dose Peacock, he's quite the guy, he always thought he was quite important up there. These Blue Jays, we called them Camp Robbers, they were around. We would throw them a piece of bread or something and they would take it off on a limb and eat it and then sit there and squawk at you if you didn't feed them some more. He said, "Let's see you shoot that Blue Jay on that limb." It was off two and a half or three rods. I picked the rifle up and I said, "I don't want to shoot the body, I'll just shoot its head off." So I shot its head off and it fell down on the ground, and he looked over at his brother, George. And he said, "How did you get that sight so accurate?" And I said, "I didn't know it was accurate until I shot, I just pounded it in right here. You saw me." And he said, "That was an accident doing that wasn't it?" And I said, "I guess it was. I shot for its head but I happened to cut its head off." And another Blue Jay came along and lit on another limb a little further away and he said, "Let's see you shoot that one's head off." And I shot that one's head off. He looked over at George again. He said, "Those guys were pretty tough with you over there weren't they?" And I said "Oh, not too bad." And he said, "Well, they made you hunt their horses." And I said, "I had the only horse tied up. It was natural to go hunt their horses." He said, "I hope you don't ever shoot at me, you can't have two accidents in two shots!" He was quite a hunter. By that time I could shoot

pretty good, but he didn't know that the gun shot high and I wasn't quite thoroughly honest with him because I knew the gun shot about 2 inches high in that distance of 3 or 4 rods, because I had shot it enough to know that it did, so all I did was to pull down on the body of the Blue Jay and when I touched the trigger it would shoot its neck off. I was holding on the body all the time and it was an accident in that far that its neck happened to be in line with the bullet, but usually it was if you pulled down on its body. They couldn't have done it in 100 years, shot both of those things necks off. They were pretty good shots though.

We went over there quite a few times hunting, in my life. I know Joe Hatch and I went over there hunting alone one fall, about October or later, and we went over one evening and took two pack horses apiece. The snow was better than knee deep over against the north end of Jackson Lake, and it was pretty miserable. The horses were getting hungry and we hadn't found any game, the game had mostly all moved out. We took quite a ride one day and it was just getting good and dark in the evening and we were riding up a canyon back towards camp and we looked up towards the west. The sun had been long down but you could still see light in the sky and there were two old Bull Elk standing up on the hill a lot over a quarter, between a quarter and a half mile, to them. I don't know which one of us saw them first. I said, "Do you think we could kill those?" And he said, "There's nothing like trying if we want any game to take out of here." So we tied our horses up to a pine tree and kicked the snow off the ground and sit down on the ground and we started shooting. He'd shoot once and I'd shoot once. He had a 30 30, and his gun held about 10 or 11 shells and mine held six and we emptied our guns twice, not his but mine. And I said, "I don't want to shoot any more, I can't hit them." He said, "I can see fire fly regular right underneath them." And it had a peep sight on the rifle I had. It belonged to my brother Will, but Will was in Omaha. And it had two peep sights, you could push one down and it made a bigger hole, and I happened to think, and I pushed that down and looked up there, and boy those Elk just stood out just plain and perfect through that. And I said, "Well, you don't have to shoot any more. I can kill them in two shots." "No," he said, "We shot 20-25 times and more and we haven't even made them move, they just stood there like statues. You couldn't kill them in two shots." And I killed them both in two shots. Knocked one down and then knocked the other one down. "Well," I said, "They're down and its dark." And on that side hill there had been a fire many years ago and it must have been a crown fire, and just killed the trees, because they had all fallen over during the years, every which

way, blown over. I was about 16 then, right around 16. We left the horses tied down in the bottom and it was above the knee in snow. And I said, "We'd better leave our guns on the horses and just take our knives and go up and clean them." And I said, "That fallen timber is going to be awful." And it was way over a quarter of a mile of straight fallen timber. And you get up on that and try to step on another one in that dark and sometimes you misstep or else slip off and you go in clear up to your waist before you hit the ground between that timber. We got up on top and we cleaned those out and I said, "Do you want to buck that timber back?" He said, "Well, its either that or sit up here and freeze to death all night." So we went crawling back down through the timber and I had a heart and I believe he had a liver. We went back down and got down in the bottom and he says, "You got any matches?" And I says, "All the matches I've got are soaking wet." "Well," he says, "How are we going to find the horses?" "Well," I says "Do you think we are above them or below them?" And he says, "I have no idea." And I said, "If we can't find the horses we're going to have to sit out here and kick a stump all night I guess." And he walked down one way and I walked up the other way and there were no horses anywhere around that we could find. We came back and he said, "Well, I don't know how to find those horses!" "Well," I says, "I'll tell you this much about it, my horse is a favorite horse of mine and if I call her name she'll answer me." He says, "Oh you're crazy!" And I says, "I think she's stood there long enough so she'll answer me. She's cold and hungry." And I called and she was off back further in the canyon, it was kind of a wide canyon, she winnered at us and we walked right over and found the horses. Well, nickered, she didn't exactly whinner, just nickered like you was going to feed her oats. We got on the horses and the horses started for camp and I says, "Camp's up that way." And he says, "Yeh, its up that way." We started out and you couldn't see a pine tree until you bumped your face into it. And we were ducking and dodging, and he says, "We'll never find that camp." We had ridden 2 or 3 miles, I guess. And I says, "Let me go on in lead. My horse will go to that camp." So I just wrapped the bridle reins around the horn and sat on there and turned her loose. And every time I hit a limb I'd holler back for him to duck. So when my horse stopped I just slid out of the saddle and stepped right in the center of the beds. The horse stepped right on the edge of the bed when she stopped. And I just stepped right down in bed when I slid off the horse. That was a good horse though, and I owned her for a long long time and Thatcher rode her a whole lot, rode her all around. Sorrel, baldy faced horse I called Pet.

Up at Driggs, I guess I was 14 or 15 then, Dad sent me up to Driggs after some flour 'cause they had a mill up there and ground wheat, or something. When I got there it turned out to be a big blizzard. And in those days a blizzard was a real blizzard, snow higher than a fence post, see? The snow used to come and you couldn't even see the hand in front of your face in the middle of the daytime. You'd have to trust to the sense of the horses to get you home. This big blizzard blew up. Of course, a lot of people traveled on that road and the tracks were as wide as a horse would walk and the sleighs would run in those tracks, it would be hard in the tracks and soft on the outside and in the middle. Every once in a while there would be just a little skiff of snow in the tracks. The wind was blowing so hard and taking the snow through, that it would just leave a little skiff in them. The tracks were maybe a foot lower than the rest of the snow and beat down hard where the horses walked and pulled the sleigh. I could see in the track whenever there was a little skiff of snow what looked like a cat track going the same way I was. Then where the snow drifted there wouldn't be any track. Then every 200 or 300 yards or so there would be maybe 10 feet or so of the little tracks going down the road. I was looking for that cat. The horses were walking along and couldn't go any faster because the blizzard was terrible. I watched that track all the time because I wanted to see what animal was out in the blizzard. It was miles to any house up there, that was before it was settled like it is now. It was about half way between Driggs and where Bert lives. Pretty soon I saw that the tracks went over to an electric light post. They set a big post down along side the other post, a big cedar one, they set the pine post in and in two or three years they set a big cedar post along side it and tied them together with a strap of iron and bolted them together so the one wouldn't rot off and let the power line down. That made quite a big post, maybe about what you could reach around. That track went right over to that post. I stopped the team and got out and walked over there, and a puppy had crawled over to that post and got on the east side of it and the blizzard was coming from the west and he had layed there and the snow had blown up over him. I got to scooping around the post and scooped him out from under the snow. He had curled up there out of the blizzard. I scooped him out and brought him back to the sleigh, and when I got started again I put him under--we all had sheep skin lined canvas coats at that time in the wintertime and they would come down to your waist. That little old dog was just freezing to death and just big enough to be weaned. I stuck him down by me among the sacks but he couldn't get warm, he just kept a whining and a-shiverin and lonesome too you know. Somebody had dropped

him off, so I stuck him in under my sheep lined coat and buttoned it up tight to get him warm against my body and took him home. We called him Whiskers and boy that was a wonderful dog.

I herded cattle for years up in the mountains, we'd put our cattle, all the boys and Dad put their cattle together and take them way up in the very top of the range up by the Teton Peaks, in Badger Canyon though it was in that range. We would start them in down at the bottom and by Fall they would be clear on top of the mountains because we followed the feed back. I would ride up there three days a week, every week. I had a good saddle horse and good saddle and Old Whiskers would go with me. He would tag me up there and it was about 4 miles until you got in the trees from home. He would get sore footed running on the gravel on the road, there weren't any oiled roads at that time, just graveled roads and dirt roads. And he would get sore footed tagging me, and if it was an inch it was 30 miles up to where the cattle were and back. So I would always call him when I got on the horse and get him up on something and he would jump over and sit on my lap in front of me on the saddle and I would haul him until we got up to where the ground was soft and covered with pine needles in the timber. Then I would let him down so the gravel wouldn't cut his feet all up. And he would go with me all day up in the woods and look at the cattle and back. Boy that old dog, you could just point, you never had to say anything when you were driving a bunch of cattle in front of you. Point over there and he would walk over and nip the back one's foot, and point over that way and he would go over and nip the back one's foot there, if they got lagging behind, and keep them all up in a bunch. He was an awful smart dog. When Whiskers was about 6 years old some people named McDaniels lived north of us across from where Will Hansen lived. But they didn't have that big barn there but they lived in that old house. That old house, Will Hansen didn't make it, Noah Edlefson made it 20 years before Will Hansen even knew there was such a place as Teton Basin. And people named McDaniels lived there and ran that place and the dry farm north of Dad's up on the top of the hill there. They owned a spud cellar on the hill across the road from our place. Their pigs would come there, and every fall they would turn them loose and they would come down in there south of our residence. We would have that field into wheat or barley or something and they would come down there and eat all summer and when we would get it shocked they would tear the shocks down so we could hardly get any crop off of that patch. They had a hundred pigs if they had one. They would come in droves down there. So I used Whiskers on those pigs quite a lot. He'd go out and just bite a pig, he'd get hold of

its ear and hold it for an hour if you wanted him to. He'd just stand there and hold a great big old 500 pound pig and brace his feet and that pig couldn't go anywhere. He wasn't hurting the pig at all. I was never mean to the dog but if I wanted to get those pigs rougher than that I would just go over and take ahold of Whiskers' long hair and give him a shake and say "Now sic 'em!", and he would just roll pigs upside down and everything else if he thought you were really mad at the pigs. He wouldn't hurt them as long as he didn't think that you were mad at 'em. But I've seen him grab a great big pig, the pig would be runnin' and he would be after one and he'd grab it and tear a hunk out of it and he'd run over and just grab a great big old 400-500 pound pig by a ham and as he went on by he'd just have a mouthful of pork or else he'd leave it dangling, hanging down. He'd tear out a mouthful every time he'd grab a pig. We had to do that to make that guy take care of his pigs, that's all there was about it. If you crippled up 2, 3 or 4 dozen pigs for a man he'll take care of them and we had to treat the neighbor that way because you'd ask him and tell him and everything else and he wouldn't do a thing about it, just leave them running loose. They didn't have herd laws in those days. Oh they had plenty of fences but we didn't have any hog fences. You don't have to fence any ranch hog tight anywhere. People are supposed to take care of their hogs and sheep both.

Old Whiskers lived until after Elise and I were married, long after. I know the people said they wouldn't come down and chiveree us because they were afraid of Old Whiskers. They didn't know that all his teeth were gone by then. That old dog at night, he'd meet anybody down at those big swinging gates that was 100 yards below the house, more than that, pretty near 200 yards. We always had those gates shut at night so the cattle couldn't come in and bother us, you know, stray cattle. And he'd meet everybody there at the gate and if he knew them he'd let them open the gate and come in and if he didn't they'd better stay in their bobsleigh if they didn't want to get bit. I had about 25 brood sows there one year and it was along in February or March and I had different pens in the buildings made for the brood sows. And I'd set the alarm clock and I'd get up when I figured they were going to farrow, the brood sows, 2 or 3 times during the night, every 2 to 3 hours and go out and check the pigs. If an old brood sow gets up and she had a dozen pigs laying there in a nest, she is liable to lay right down and squash most of them, smother them to death. And I was out there one night, in a building way up on the hill way back of that old log barn, the furthest building down and I had 4 to 6 sows in there and I went in and one of them had farrowed and killed a couple of pigs and I just picked the pigs up by the hind legs

and threw them out in the snow through the door and Whiskers, he'd pick the pig up and take it off and bury it. A dog's trick you know, he'd want to bury the meat. 'Course they don't go back and dig it up very often. Anyhow, Old Whiskers was busy taking those two little pigs off to bury 'em and I started down to another shed that just joined on to that big log barn, the horse barn, joined on the south side of it. And I got just about half way down to that shed and I heard somebody let out the most mournful howl you ever heard. He hollered, "Come and get your dog!" 'Course he swore. "Get this dog, He's killing me." I went down there and Old Whiskers had, it was bout 2:30 in the middle of the night when nobody should be around anybody's place. That guy was up there trying to steal something, I guess, McDaniels. He sure wouldn't come around to see a person at that time of the night. Whiskers had grabbed him, and he was a good sized man, big as I am, and he grabbed him right down by the ankle, and shut down as soon as he grabbed, and his teeth went clear around the ankle, he was a big dog, he weighed 70 pounds. He is the one in the picture of Rose and Granpa Shaw. His mouth just fit clear around that guy's ankle and he shut down and the guy tried to get away Whiskers pulled back and of course something had to happen and there were just two grooves right clear around to the back just the width of those four teeth on old Whiskers. Just cut as deep as his teeth right in to the bone in places. You could see his shin bone all right. His leg was bleeding and he was hopping around there and I said, "What do you think you are doing around a man's place?" And he said, "I'm going to kill that dog, that's all there is about it, I'm going to kill that dog, I'm going to kill that dog!" I said, "What in the heck are you doing around a man's place in the middle of the night, like this?" I said, "You only live up there on the hill. You can see us anytime in the daylight." "Well," he says, "I just came down here" he says, " and that dog bit me and I'm going to kill him!" I said, "He's perfectly all right, he's guarding this ranch, mister, and you don't want to bother that dog." He saw a pole, a tip end of a fence pole, leaning up against a fence and it was about 3 inches across or bigger and 5 or 6 feet long. One of the cattle had rubbed the fence and broke the stick off. Dad and I always stuck them up out of the snow so that we could carry them up for firewood. He grabbed that and he went over after Whiskers with the pole over his shoulder. He was a grown man and I was just a punk of a kid about 15-16. Old Whiskers was right over by me. He took that pole and I said, "I'll tell ya something, that dog will sure get ya if you don't leave him alone." I says, "You'll have more than that on your leg." When he got up within striking distance of the dog he decided he'd better back up a

little bit 'cause the dog just crouched right down to the side of me. He threw that pole and it was a wonder he didn't break one of my legs because he threw the pole flat along the ground to hit the dog. Old Whiskers went up in the air above that pole when the pole was coming at him, just jumped straight in the air. He lit back down on the ground and he just went right for that guy's throat and he was about 6 feet away and he just sailed right for his throat with his mouth wide open. I jumped over there and grabbed Whiskers by the cuff of the neck and pulled him onto the ground and his teeth just snapped about 6 inches from that guy's juglar. He'd have got him, there isn't any doubt of it in the world. He'd have cut his throat wide open. I just grabbed Old Whiskers by the cuff of the neck and pulled him on the ground and "I'm going to turn him loose in 2 minutes if you aren't out of sight." I said, "You know he'd have killed you right there don't you?" "Yes," he says, "He'd have bit my throat. He's too quick." He went off and I guess he never did come back on the ranch as far as I know. I know he must have had a sore ankle for a long long time because that dog like to cut it plumb off. That was John McDaniels who married a Mickle girl. Whiskers died of rheumatism and old age. Ray and Florence lived there for a few years and grew sugar beets for 3 or 4 years one right after the other. During that time the old dog got so old and feeble that he couldn't get around and he just lay around in the wet and the cold until he finally died of rheumatism. Elise and I were in Salt Lake or Portland. During that time anyhow, and I got up there and I saw Old Whiskers. He didn't know me, he couldn't hear me as he was deaf. When he got old he went deaf and his eyesight wasn't so good but he could tell it was me by the way I would pet him and rub him, you know. He was crippled up so bad that he would just whine when he would get up on his feet. I didn't have the heart to shoot him. He lived all his life and done me the best any dog could do for a person to make work easy. He was a pretty good dog.

Dad always wanted to go prospecting for gold, so one summer after we got the haying done he says, "Well," he says, "I want to go up there and prospect." Rammels had a mine way up pretty near the top of the range on the north side of Badger Creek. Dad wanted to go up there and he said, "We'll bring back a load of Pinon Pine for kindlin'." It is very dry wood for winter. The Pinon Pine grew right on top of the mountain up there. They were the last trees up on the hill. And so we bottled up a bunch of grub and quite a lot of hay. 'Course the grass was on the ground but we bundled up some hay and oats for the horses and some quilts for our bed and we went up there and got up to where the mine was and we could see their stakes or monuments

they had built of rocks and put their location notices in tin cans. And Dad, he got prospecting on up further. One evening he and I were coming back into camp and we were in quite a rush, it was getting dark, and we wanted to get in camp to make supper and make our beds down for the night. We stayed up there for 3-4 days. He was coming along and this same Old Whiskers whirled, he'd just jumped over the log, and Old Whiskers just whirled right around, I don't know if he even hit the ground or not, he smelled that Porcupine as he jumped over it. And he was right in front of Dad and he whirled around and grabbed that Porcupine with his mouth wide open and he got quills clear down below what we call the tonsils on a person, way down past the roots of his tongue. Of course he killed the Porcupine in just a second but that didn't keep him from getting his mouth full of quills. When we got to camp Old Whiskers was just a whining and if he had one Porcupine quill in his mouth he had a thousand. And Dad says, "If we don't get them out before we get home we'll lose Old Whiskers. They'll kill him, those many Porcupine quills. Cause his throat to swell up until he couldn't ever breath any more." "Well," I says, "I don't now Dad, whether we can pull them out of him up here or not." "Well," he says, "You see if you can pull them and I'll try and pull and we'll pull what we can get ahold of and then we'll try and pull his tongue out enough so that we can get down to the further ones." So we pulled them out with our fingers, and the old dog was so relieved when we pulled the quills out and made the pain leave, that he never even tried to bite us, and we were working down his throat and our hands down his throat 'till he could hardly breath. But it took us about all night by bonfire. The gold mine or what ever mine it was didn't amount to much.

YOUNG MAN

Bishop Egbert, in the valley, ask him if I can throw a rock. He'll get right up and swear that I could throw a rock out of sight when I was 17 or 18 or so. He'll say, "That's the only man in the world that can throw a rock clear out of sight."

I lifted a Model T out of Spring Creek in high water time. A woman had seven, eight or nine kids in the car. It was sitting with the front wheel and the hind wheel teetering over the water which was 15 feet or more deep and running fast. She got too close and the bank caved off leaving the car with one hind wheel and one front wheel hanging over that boiling water which was just washing the bottom of her tire. When I took the cows to the pasture she was hanging onto one side of the car and screaming as the kids were in the car. I went over and she lifted the kids out of the car and I lifted the front end of the

car out by hand and set it up on the road and then went around to the back end and there wasn't any place to get a hold on it so I went and got a pole and pried it over on the road.

Doctors were kind of scarce in those days. Old Doc Redner was up there and he was a pretty good doctor. There was a Dr. Keith, a woman doctor there, and she was a good Doctor. One of the Hatch boys, Mark, I believe, that was the first they ever saw Polio in that country, and Doc Keith rode a horse all the way from Driggs way out east of Bert's dry farm several miles up in the hills to where the Hatches lived, and gave him treatments, rubbing treatments to that kid, and different treatments. And he got all right, and now there isn't a thing wrong with that kid, he just absolutely got all right.

Mother died when I was about 20. My Mother had Dropsy for a long time before she died, her legs were always swollen up. Oh, for 15 years or such a matter she had just what Will had, the veins in her ankles would break and run and make running sores, she doctored those for 15 years, I guess. And she was a heavy woman, she'd weigh 160 or 170, around that. I know there was a raw running sore on each side of her ankle for years. Once, she was at Relief Society and they were standing quilting quilts, and they looked down and there were blood tracks all over. One of her ulcers had broken and bled.

I went to the AC one winter before she died, she died about 1919, because it was the year after the war stopped when I went to the AC. When I got back home, she had been bed ridden most of the winter, and when I went back home in the spring, she was in bed. Of course I helped take care of her along with the girls, one of them would stay there all the time to help take care of her. We hired a nurse at the last. The nurse came up there to help take care of her. Aunt May, she used to help nurse Mother a lot, she had her family to take care of, and the other girls had work to do, and so Dad hired a nurse to come up there and stay with Mother and help.

They took Mother out to Idaho Falls or Rexburg or somewheres and put her on a diet. The doctor, he put her on raw turnips and raw carrots, particularly turnips, he thought that was a good diet for a sick woman, and she was dying with Neuphritis, kidney trouble, and dropsy, and heart condition too. Her heart was probably so weak that it couldn't pump the blood through, and plus the kidney condition and that made the dropsy. And they didn't know, they didn't have any medicine in those days to get rid of that water.

But I have another Testimony of Mother. She came home and she was getting worse every day and the nurse, I guess she was a good nurse, Dad was paying her good money, and so she said to me, "Your Mother is about ready to die, have you ever seen

anybody die?" I said, "No." She said, "Well, she's going to die one of these days." So after the nurse was gone out someplace or gone to bed, Mother called me over to her bedside, I was in the room, and she wanted to talk to me. And Mother knew, nobody in this world could convince me that Mother didn't know, I didn't know myself what I was doing, but Mother knew what I was doing. I was holding on to her. And she said, "I know that you don't want me to die, but I've suffered so long, and I'd like you to turn me loose, and let me go." I didn't realize that I was doing that but I realized it within just a few days because, I was never too religious, that's for sure, but after Mother talked to me and asked me to let her go, that I was holding her, and she was suffering, and if I would just let her go her suffering would quit. I went in my bedroom and prayed and told my Heavenly Father that if that was the way it should be that it was all right. She died the next morning. This was in the old big home in the Basin. I feel, that I was holding her. I think people have that power to do that.

MARRIAGE

I married Elise on 10 September, 1927. Then we stayed one year in the Basin. Ray and Florence took over down there for Granpa on the farm and we went to Portland, Oregon, and we were there for one year, or approximately one year. I worked on the ships and used to bring Brazil nuts home in my pantlegs and in my pockets. And some of the workers would take sugar home, they would tie their pant legs and just fill them full of sugar, when they were unloading sugar boats.

Then we went to Salt Lake and lived in the other half of Grampa Thatcher's house. On First East and between First South and South Temple they had a body shop, and I worked in there. There was a little alley that went through that block, and the shop was on the corner of that alley. I worked there for a long time and then the fellow started a body shop down on maybe Fourth South between First and Second East, maybe Fifth South, down an alley, the only way you could get to that building was down an alley. The boss took one of his best men down there as boss and sent me along, he thought I could paint, and we worked down there for quite a while.

Then I went back up to Idaho alone and I worked in the Ford Garage up at Driggs and did all the body work and painting up there, for quite a while. My son was born while I was up there. I went back to Salt Lake for a while when he was less than a year old and then back to Idaho now and again. Work was hard to get.

Then we got back on the farm after that. Bert or Ray or

somebody got disgusted and wanted to go over to their own place. Dad had a mortgage on the farm and they foreclosed on him and he had a year's grace and he deeded it over to me to see if I could save it before the mortgage came due, before the foreclosure came due. This was the same mortgage that finally took it.

When Thatcher was about two or two and a half years old we had an old Collie dog, pretty old smart dog. This dog used to get the cows from the long pasture just by our driving down into it and honking the horn. And he liked Thatcher and liked to play with him. And I left him playing with the dog up to the house and I walked down through the field for half a mile to change the water. It was in the middle of July and the alfalfa hay, alfalfa and Timothy, was up to my shoulders and I was changing the water, irrigating it for the last time. I'd put in a dam and turned it out in another place and I looked up and saw the hay waving out in the field. I wondered what it was, knew it was an animal 'cause the wind wasn't blowing, and the hay was wiggling. Pretty soon here came the old dog down and Thatcher had ahold of his tail and he was not half as high as the hay was and the old dog was scenting me on the wind and Thatcher was holding his tail and brought him right down through all that hay down where I was irrigating. He had followed him for over a quarter of a mile through hay at least 2 feet higher than his head.

When Thatcher was about 3 years old I was milking an old cow that was blind in one eye. Thatcher was sitting down and I thought he was allright but the old cow got scared at something and she made a jump and she couldn't see him, Thatcher had crawled underneath 'er. She just jumped and hit him with both hind feet as she jumped over 'im. I took him up to the house limp and white as a sheet.

Then I let Thatcher ride old Pet. She was like riding a cradle, if you were wide enough in the beam. But his little ol' legs just stuck out there straight from his hips, bouncing up and down on that horse. Everytime he came down he would just whack, whack, whack.

I was moving a fence out of a bunch of brush that had grown up around it and the only way that we could get it out was to go through the posts and pull the staples and let it lay among the trees and then take a horse with a single tree on and hook on the other end of the wire and pull it out along the fence, because you couldn't pull it out sideways because the trees had grown up all around the wire. And I was pulling the wire and Thatcher was around and I kept telling him to stay way back, because a horse pulling hard on a wire might pull it in two at any time. If it were to break it would wrap him up and cut bad, when barb wire breaks it just flies and jumps all over. I don't

know how many wires we'd pulled out but Thatcher got too close and I was way up 300-400 yards from him leading the horse pulling the wire out and the horse went off and he didn't realize what it was doing as it was going by and cut his arm. Anyway, I recollect it wasn't too bad, just scratched it up some.

I helped my Dad on the farm before he died. Dad died about 1933 or 1934. Dad died of an enlarged heart and angina pectoris. Also he was old, 82 years, and that plus his heart. He never had a heart attack when he died to my knowledge but he had been sick for some time. I know that a year or so before he died he would have these awful spells, he'd get white and pound his chest, he wasn't getting any oxygen, his heart was hurting and he'd go white. After a while he'd relax and then he'd go to sleep. So I got Dr. Redmond in there. He got so sick after a spell of getting up in the night and locking himself in the kitchen. He got to hearing things. He'd cock his head up to the side and he'd say, "Do you hear 'em. Do you hear what they're saying?" And I'd say I don't hear them. "They're talking!" And he'd hear things like that.

He went to stay over at Allie's, and the night before he died I sat up with him all night. I went over often to sit up with him to relieve the others. Some would stay one night and some would stay the next. We ate supper with Allie and after supper I was sitting by Dad helping him when I could and he said, "You hear Ed Harrington?" And I said, "Yes." And he said, "Ed wants us to get those sheep out of there and over into that other field." Allie said, "What are you talking about?" And I said, "Well, Dad is just talking to Ed Harrington." And she said, "Why, Ed Harrington has been dead for 30 years!" And I said, "I know he has but Dad is talking to him, he is living in the past." She thought that was peculiar that Dad's mind would go back 30 or 40 years to when he was running a lot of sheep and had them sheared at Ed Harrington's corrals. Dad died over at Aunt Allie's in Cache, in R. G. Mickle's house. I was up with him the night before he died, sat up with him, and then I had to go home in the morning to milk the cows, I was there all alone on the old ranch. After a while one of Allie's boys, I guess LaMar, came over on horseback and said Dad died. So I hired LaMar Matthews, who lived over across the creek where Hilliards used to live, to drive, I was just breaking a span of colts and he was good with horses, and I hired him to go out and tell Bert and Ray in the bobsleigh while I went back to Cache after I finished milking. I had just been home a little bit and didn't even have my breakfast eaten before they came over and said Dad had died. Cache is south of Tetonia.

We sent him out to St. Anthony to the Undertakers, and it

was about 3 days after that he was buried. It is written on the tombstone when he was buried, or died, one. When we auctioned off everything after Dad died, Will divided the money, and he took out so much to buy the tombstone, and he helped set it up himself in the cemetery.

CALIFORNIA

We lost the farm in 1939, I guess, Rammel got the place. Thatcher had measles early in 1940, when we had to move out. We stayed up in the foothills one summer and milked cows. It was east of Beards' up in the hills. Dave Lofthouse, Mary's husband, had it rented, he put in some grain up there and he rented off of Mrs. ----, I can't remember the woman's name, she was a kind of society woman from Salt Lake and she came up there and her husband died, he had the farm, and then she got it and she rented it to Dave Lofthouse. And he rented it for a year or two, and I'm not sure but I think Dick Egbert bought it because he owned all the other ground around it. I didn't plan to stay more than one summer. We just had to find some place to move until we could sell our machinery and live stock. So we took them up there and fixed the fences around the place so the cattle wouldn't bother everybody and we took up about 50-75 head of hogs and made a pen for them and when we left hogs were so cheap that we just took the fence down and let them go. Couldn't give them away and everybody else had hogs. Pork was cheap that year. It was worth about 2 or 3 cents a pound, I guess, if they were fat. We didn't have any grain to fatten ours but they had lots of grass to eat. We rented our cows to Hilliard for the winter, we had about a dozen milk cows. We were supposed to get the calves but he sold them, and had the cream check too, so all we got was the cows back. We went down to California for practically a year, staying at Truckee for about 2-3 months. I was supposed to recuperate in Truckee from having my toenails pulled, which was done just before we left the Basin, and I got infection in them and was supposed to sit around, but I shoveled gas in the cars, or whatever you want to call it, and they had Elise cooking, and she cooked and we both helped with the cabins and one thing or another while we were there. Wallace, Elise's brother, worked at this motel in Truckee, that was why we went there. We all went on the train to the Worlds Fair. We stayed with ---, in that woman's hotel. Then we came back on the train and worked some more. Then we left Truckee in September or November and drove down and stayed at Will's in San Leandro. Then we went on down the coast. On the way we stopped at Monterey and it was dark and we didn't know where we were going and we asked a guy where we could park

and he said, "Anywhere you want to, its all sand and its all yours." We pulled out there on the sand and didn't know where we were and finally decided we were far enough out and away from the road. And we were! When we woke up we were almost in the ocean, if we had gone much farther we would have been. The fleas were terrible.

The first thing we saw when we woke up were these seals. The seals all came up at the same time, hundreds of them, all at the same time, jump up and then go under and then jump up, like soldiers marching in the water, one right after another, in a line. They were all in a line, not like follow the leader. We didn't stay there long, we went into Monterey and that is where they can sardines. Thatcher and Elise sat out in the car and had an ice cream cone. The smell was so thick they couldn't even eat their ice cream cones, even with the windows shut up! It was such a stinky, awful, nasty smell! I went inside. As they canned, the cans were overfull and when the lid was pressed on and sealed it squirted out on the floor and when it got so slick and deep that they couldn't walk around there any more they took a scoop shovel and scooped them back in the hopper and they would go through the can again. All the waste was washed out in the bay and that is why it stank so and why the seals hung around there. We went right on down the coast and when we got to San Louis Obispo, why they were building this Army Camp, and I got a job in the Army Camp and we stayed in Moro Bay in a Motel. We spent Christmas on the beach at Moro Bay.

Every time the men came in from work out front at the service station (part of the Motel), they would stop and feed Penny candy and stuff just to get her to walk on her hind legs. We got her at Will's place and took her all through the Museum in San Francisco. We weren't supposed to, but Elise had a wide sleeved summer coat and laid her up on her arm and held her close and she slept through it all, and they weren't supposed to have dogs in there at all. We took her all through that and those people would feed that dog for ever more just to see her dance and she would speak for it, you know, and she would just dance around in circles on her hind feet and then they would feed her. She got poisoned, I suppose on Castor BEans, when the Castor Bean plant dropped its beans why she ate them or else somebody gave her clams, I don't remember which, but anyway she got poisoned and we had an awful time finding her, she had crawled under the neighbors porch. But we got her and doctored her and she got over it. She was a sick little old pup.

Thatcher had nosebleeds all the time and then he had a pain in his side and we thought he had appendicitis once. We took him down to the Doctor for the nosebleeds and he packed his nose once, and then he gave us some medicine for him to build up his

blood and that medicine tasted like oranges, peelings and all. He didn't used to have much appetite and after that he could out-eat a whole family, while he was taking that medicine. It sure straightened him up in no time at all and I don't remember him having too many nosebleeds afterwards.

The work at the Army Camp was muddy. I and Wallace came home, he wasn't in the mud but he got muddy riding with me, and Elise would take the hose to the both of us, either that or we to each other. It was just a sheet of water laying on the ground and you would be down in a 6 to 12 foot trench and dirt would be caving in all around you while laying tile. I laid enough tile there to reach from here to the coast and back, sewer tile. We really laid lots of tile in that camp. We ran the sewer into some big tanks down in a canyon.

You couldn't buy a board, nobody during the Second World War could have built a house unless it had been a Doctor or somebody like that, because they had a priority on lumber and you couldn't buy lumber. They had thousands upon thousands of feet of lumber piled on the base to make the barracks for the soldiers. And they had it covered up with a piece of waterproof paper, tarred waterproof paper, and they'd lay some rocks and things on the paper so that it wouldn't blow away. And one day we were out there laying sewer tile and the wind and the rain got so bad that we couldn't hardly work down in the trench. And when we got one trench laid, we got out to go to another and this wind was so hard that you would have to watch, it was just picking those piles of lumber up board by board and they were just spinning through the air and going clear out of sight. They'd scalp you if they ever hit you the way they were going. They were just making mile-the-hour, those boards, through the air.

Guys running to get away from that and fall in these latrines where the houses were moved off and they couldn't tell the difference, it would all look the same, the water was 5 or 6 inches just laying on top the ground, just like a lake, and they'd go in there and come out pretty mad. And the mud was just as deep as a man was, there wasn't any doubt of that. You would get down there and you would be in mud to your knees laying sewer tile. And when you would go through one of those kind of places I'm afraid they had trouble with the sewer tile! We wouldn't waste no time at all when we went through one of them things. They'd dig right through them, see, if they happened to be in the line of the trench, and when we went through there we went through pretty fast! It was either that or quit, that's all there was about it. I was making as much money as any man in camp outside of the superintendent. Tile layers got the top pay. They might have buried you any second.

One day, they shot at night if they were going to do any dynamiting, when there wasn't so many on the job. I never worked nights on the job, I always worked in the daytime. And they shot a point off the mountain there, just lots of rock, and they put in maybe half a carload of powder in the holes, and shot that rock all loose. And we weren't supposed to do anything but lay tile but we went up to this place and they had shot the trenches full and everybody got shovels and started to dig it out. It had to be on just a 2% slope, sewer works better on a 2% slope than anything else, so we all got down in there digging with shovels to get that loose rock out so that we could lay the pipe. And I was a digging along there with a shovel and all at once I took a shovel full and rammed my foot on the shovel and lifted it up and down in there there was about 30 or 40 sticks of dynamite all fused and capped and everything else. And we had been picking there with picks and shoveling it out and as soon as I ran on that I just threw the shovel away and called the foreman and said, "Are you going to put men in a place like that? There is enough dynamite there to kill 50 men if it exploded around this neighborhood." So he had to get special men in there that had done the blasting to do the rest of the digging, because I wouldn't get in a hole where there was dynamite like that! If I had hit one of those caps with a pick, with 30-40 sticks of dynamite, they wouldn't have found enough of me to ---, or anybody else. There were men all around there, it would have killed everybody in the neighborhood.

We got the camp all done and were just hooking up the water main, it went way back in the mountains and picked up a creek and brought it down in a 20 inch main and run it in a big tank that was 75 million gallons or something like that. It was a big steel tank, they run it in there. And a truck came in before we put the water into it, a 5 ton truck loaded with Purex or Clorox in 5 gallon cans and they emptied that Clorox in that tank and then they had to get in there with pressure hoses and squirt it up on the sides around to sterilize the tank. When we put the big pipe in the big water tank, it came out as a 14 or 16 inch water line and that big of one coming into it, it had a big valve where you could turn the water off and on. The main line was steel pipe and you had to bolt them together with a collar around it and a rubber gasket and when you tightened the bolts up it pushed the rubber in so tight it sealed the joints, so it didn't leak. It wasn't like laying sewer tile. When we got the water on there, that pipe that came out of the big tank, it ran out about 4 feet with a big valve on this straight piece, to shut it off, then it would drop down with a 45 to the bottom and then a 45 took off on the main pipe down below. When they put that pressure on there that ground would

just raise up and down when the tank was full of water.

After the soldiers moved in, there wasn't a barracks, the carpenters had the warehouses up but no barracks, so they pitched thousands of tents and they slept in the tents and ate in a big tent mess hall. They had about 30,000 soldiers in there before we even had the barracks up. We hooked the sewer and water lines in the barracks and put in the showers and taps and everything. We weren't doing very much, we could do it so much faster than the carpenters could put those barracks up that we were sitting around for a month, working for an hour and sitting around for four waiting to get an outfit so we could work on it.

Elise, she wanted to go back to Idaho, she really was homesick, first time she ever got homesick, but she got so homesick that every time she saw me she said, "Let's go to Idaho." Mr. Nixon and Roy Hill, Roy Hill was the superintendent of the whole Camp and was kind of a pal of mine, we got really friendly for a boss and working man. And he wanted to take me and my partner, he picked out about 100 men out of 10 or 11 thousand that were working there, they had a contract in the Hawaiian Islands and they wanted us to go over there. And when I quit, we were just fiddling around there and Elise was anxious to go, so I asked him to give me my time and he made me promise to come right back and go to the Hawaiian Islands with him, because they had a big job over there. These 100 men were to head his crew over there.

We left there and went back up to the Teton Basin to sell our cattle that Hilliard had and dispose of our furniture and stuff that we left up there. This was the late summer of 1941, I guess. On the way we went up to see the Sequoia, the Sherman and other big trees, and through the south end of Death Valley and through Las Vegas and up. It took about 30 days to go up and dispose of the things and get back on the job. On the way back down from Idaho we took the McKenzie Highway into Eugene and then over to Florence and then down Highway 101. So we went back and stopped at the Army Camp. I had kept my badge, the only one that ever did, because they usually take it from you when you get paid off, and I walked back on the Camp after we got back from Idaho and got hold of Nixon. He was sitting in his office and feeling pretty lowly because the contract blew up over in the Hawaiian Islands and all the men had been back and waiting to go with him because they all liked him. He was a nice man to work for. He had agreed to take our families.

We went on down 101 to Los Angeles. Then we visited with Wallace's oldest girl there in L. A., Francis, and she had two sons, Anson and Wallace. When we left L. A. we went back up to San Leandro and visited with Will. We stayed in a trailer court

until we could get some money, we had our money in a bank in Idaho and had to send for it. It took 3 days. Then we went up, took the inland road, went up 99 into Oregon, west of Klamath, and on up to Portland. We stopped at Lucas' place for 2 or 3 weeks looking for a place. Then we went over into Washington and made a deal for a place at that time. Then we went up to Idaho and I loaded up the things and went back and Elise stayed in Idaho because it was time for Estelle to be confined. Elise worked in the Hospital in Driggs, and Estelle was confined Dec. 5, and was in the Hospital when the news came of Pearl Harbor.

OREGON

Elise and Thatcher got down to Oregon a day or two before, or on, Christmas Eve. I gave the place up over in Washington. It was too far away from any business and out there you had to have quite a lot of acreage to make a living or else you had to grow berries. Fritz and Nora came down while I was over in Washington. We stayed on there until about November and they started to make the Troutdale Aluminum plant, and so we all moved over to Troutdale and got an apartment there for a month. And it was such a windy place, Troutdale, the wind blows continuously there night and day, and the house wasn't too good and we were paying high enough rent, and you could come in the door at night from work and just throw your hat up like that and it would blow right over on the wall and stick.

On a Sunday, when we weren't working, we would drive around and we drove over and happened to get on the Sandy-Bluff Road and saw this place that had the sign out for rent. And went across the street, later we knew his name was Buell, and found out who owned the place and we went up and a lady, Mrs. Darnes, she rented it to me. We had left our stuff over in Washington, so we went back and moved it out of the house and brought it over to Sandy. We rented with the option of buying over in Washington.

Fritz and Nora always wrote to us, they lived with us up in Idaho, and they were in Baker or LeGrande or somewhere and Fritz didn't have a job, and I knew about this Aluminum Plant and so Fritz came down. We both went to work in the Plant, but he couldn't stay with the job because of his feet.

We lived there for about 3 years and then we moved over below Dunn's Corner on Bluff Road and lived there one year. They wanted to sell the place by Buell's and so we moved in the fall of 1945 to this other place. The other man bought it and wanted us to move off and the law said he couldn't move me off as long as I had a crop on the place so we waited 'till we baled the hay in July or August.

When we lived by Buell's we used to take the 10:00 O'Clock bus and get to Portland to the shipyards by midnight and work all night in that wind and rain and get back home about an hour after Thatcher went to school, so I didn't get to see very much of him while I was working in the shipyards. I got my back broken about a week after Elise started to work in the shipyards, about the second day after she was out on the job after learning welding. Her eyes were bothering her and so she went on as a helper. I was a chipper, that's the hardest job in the yards. I've always been, I would always sooner work hard than to have some darn easy job. Time goes faster, see? And the hardest job in a shipyard is a chipper. He has to follow the welders and chip all the seams out so that it is solid weld. Then they come along and run another weld on top of that and then the chipper comes along and chips that out with about a 35 or 40 pound air hammer under several hundred pounds of pressure, air pressure, and chisels that you put in that thing and chisel that stuff out. It pretty near shakes you to pieces, you know, its pretty hard to hold that hammer up above our head or straight out when you're chipping the seams out. And I was pretty strong, always was, and so I got that job because I preferred to do that than some other job.

So I chipped there until one night the boss, we were just finishing the boat, we made a boat a week, launched one every 24 hours, but when we laid the keel we had the thing in the water in a week. One night the foreman, the lead man they called him on the gang, he called me over and he said, "You go down and cut all the scaffolding loose in that hold and cut your ladder loose at the bottom before you come up and then climb the ladder and cut it loose at the top when you get out on deck." You know the hold in a ship is where they pack cargo, and they might be 20 feet square or maybe 16, but they ran clear from the top of the ship to the bottom to the sub-keel. The sub-keel is really a bad place, you get down in that thing chipping things loose and you don't know whether you are going to get out or not because you have to crawl through such small places, a little round hole here and a little old square hole over here and you have to crawl all through them to go in that sub-keel which they fill with water for ballast. We have to clean out everything so there won't be any trash down there. They leave stuff on to handle those parts of ships and you have to go down and clean that out, chip them loose. They weld them up on the ground and, when they get them up there and put them together, then you have to go down there and cut all that electric welding and pack those things out of there. I had been doing that for a week or so before I got my back broken. And this evening I cut the scaffolding out and the 50 foot ladder that is welded to the

bottom and the top of the boat. They used 3 by 12's, some 16 and some 20 feet long, whatever distance it took. They lower these boards one at a time with one of those big cranes and they are all put together every 6 and one half or 7 feet with a hole through the plank to run the cable through and then a stop on each side of the plank on the cable. They are all cut out on the ground and brought up there and rammed down on that cable and then they send a man down to weld that cable on the floor of the boat, then the crane will lift that up and a welder will go in there and weld it right up against the deck. Then, when the workmen go in, there can be a half a dozen on one plank and so on all the way down. And they complete all four sides of a room like that. When the workmen get all done all that stuff has to be taken out of there. And I went down there and I cut everything loose from the bottom. And I'd get up on the next row, and you could walk clear around the room, the planks all matched so that you could step from one to the other and go clear around the room. And I got them all loose clear up to the very top and then I had to cut my ladder loose at the bottom. I cut my ladder loose and then I had to pack that heavy hose and gun and a bucket full of chisels up that ladder and I had the gun wrapped around me, the hose, and the gun hanging over my shoulder and the chisels and climb that swinging ladder. And I got out on deck and I laid my gun down and my chisels were just awful dull, I had been down in there working for 3 hours or more, maybe 4 hours. And I took my chisels down to the front end of the boat to have a special man hired to sharpen them. That's all he did. He just gave me another set of chisels, emptied mine out and filled my bucket with sharp chisels, and I turned around and walked back over to the hold, because I wanted sharp chisels. I had to reach in there to cut them cables loose so the planks would be free, they would hook the cables on one of these big dollies, that would pick part of the boat up, big cranes, and they'd hook the cables on that and you could go in and that cable would hold the tension so you could chop one end loose and then you would have to grab on the plank and shinny like a squirrel up to the other end and then you would chop it loose and have to have ahold of the cable so you wouldn't drop down in the hold.

I just got in there and chopped them loose and came back out and laid my chisels down in the bucket there and I was going to chip the ladder loose and I got the ladder chipped loose. And they had dropped a big grabhook down in the hold while I was chipping the ladder loose, the hole was about 2 feet square, big enough for a man to crawl up and down in, and I'd just chopped the ladder loose and was stooping over to pick up my bucket full of chisels. And they had already grabbed onto one of those

sections of plank. A man stood above with a high powered light and guided the cable and they started raising those out of there and when they got up to the hatch the man would stand there and shove the cable over until it would clear and then it would come on up and he would shove it over so the next plank would clear and the planks were coming out of there 2 and 3 together. And they had it way up there almost to the boom, I guess, and I stooped over to pick up my chisels and the crane operator got in a hurry and he hooked one of those plank on the edge of the hatch. And those cranes are so powerful that they could pick up 50 or 60 ton or more. I heard them holler, "Stop!" because he had hooked it on the edge of the hatch, and the next thing, they hollered, "Look out!" And a lot of those planks were up there 50 feet off the deck, and everybody had their eye on that and I just stooped over and picked up my bucket of chisels and so I didn't even know what was coming until one plank hit to the side of me. And I jumped back and the other plank hit me right square on the top of the head and mashed my steel hat flat as a pancake on my head and knocked me back on the deck and all the rest of them lit right on top of me. And so they hollered for the stretcher and I wanted to get up and they wouldn't let me up. In a second there were 20 men around there and they wouldn't let me up and it was raining in the middle of the winter, probably close down to freezing. They picked the plank up and lifted them off and in about 2 or 3 minutes I was shaking so hard I was just a bouncing all over that deck with cold, I guess it was shock, looking back, but I was cold. And those guys, right in that rain, would start stripping their slickers off and throwing their slickers down and getting their under coats and wrapping me up like a mummy until the ambulance could bring in a stretcher. And then they hooked it on the crane cable that had let the planks fall, and they sent the stretcher up on that and rolled me over on the stretcher and lowered me down to the ambulance on the same crane that had knocked me silly. They took me to the first aid station in the shipyard, and there were two other guys there, one before me laying on the bed. And when they got the ambulance loaded I gave them Elise's number and what boat she was working on and to get word to her. The superintendent of the company went and got Elise and took her over to the Hospital. They laid me on a piece of plywood I guess 2 and one half feet wide and 6 feet long, and all that was under me on that plywood was a sheet, for 33 days. I wore a cast for about 6 months and a brace for about 6 months. They gave us disability until we were starving to death and I threw the brace away and went down and went to work again. The State gave you just enough disability so you could starve to death. Sixty some dollars a month! It took all we had saved and when

we had run out of money and food I had to go to work. I went back to the shipyard as a burner, a guy who cuts the boat all to pieces with a torch. They put in solid walls of metal, thick, and then they mark out doors and port holes and the burners came along and burned them out.

In Tygh Valley we had a bull that was really mean. Came up and knocked the horse right out from under Thatcher and let him fall in a pool. One day the inspector came to inspect the milkhouse and he fought that man's car. I thought he was going to wreck it! This is the same bull that we dehorned and put a chain in his nose and that tore up the dirt at the Fair Grounds because the children teased him, through the fence. Burlingame came down one day. I told him to tie his horse in the yard, I didn't think the bull would bother him. But he got through some way and I looked out the window and there the horse was tied up and couldn't get out of his way. The old bull came up and got his head under and between the horse's hind legs and there he was just tossing that horse's rear end up in the air, up and down and up and down and up and down. The horse couldn't get away from him. That bull threw that horse over the yard gate. That gate was high, as high as 5 feet. I put the bull in the field with the cows, in the feed lot, it was in the winter time. Old Burlingame was going to town. So I put the bull out there and he got on his horse and took off for town out of our yard from the house out to the highway. After he got out I went back into the house. I heard that old bull beller and he had come clear up out of that field and went after Burlingame's horse and he was just a going! He was about ten feet behind that horse. Burlingame had about a ten foot rope, halter rope, with a big old knot in it, big as my hand, and he'd swing that rope around, clear around that horse, and he was whipping him with the bull running behind with his tail in the air. That bull run 'til he was give-out. Then he took over the hill and he rooted up a bunch of trees and a bunch of sage brush, fought the ground 'til he got over his mad spell. Then he came back. Burlingame, he never came back on that horse!

While we were on that place, one year it was so cold and the snow and the ice in the creek blocked it and it backed up into our yard. We had 3 horses, 2 work and 1 saddle. They were out on a knoll to begin with. They didn't want to go through the water. Then came this cold spell and they were still there and we couldn't get them off. They just stayed there and were finally frozen in there. We couldn't get them out. One man came in on a good horse but she wouldn't go in there. She'd go so far and then wouldn't go any farther, afraid of the ice and water. It was cold as "blue blazes"! So we finally got a boat in there and I had to chop a path in front of it all the way out

to those horses, and out around them. Then we drove them back through the path that the boat had made, to get them back. And even then there was a scum of ice that was frozen over from the time that we chopped it and got out there. I don't know how long it took, hour after hour after hour! I froze both feet. Three cows dropped their calves and they all died and Elise had calves in the wash tubs and in the house. Oh, that was a hectic night. Coldest time of the year.

When Elise had her hand hurt in the Combine, it was cut and it was just hanging by just a little bit of skin. The Doctor looked at that and said, "We can do that in just 10 minutes." That was the same Doctor that worked on me last year or so. I've had 3 testimonials in my life. I've told you two and this is the third. The Doctor said, "I can do that right now!" And I said, "Listen here Doctor, would you object if I used your telephone and called a certain party in The Dalles?" "No," he said. I said, "I'm L.D.S., or if you want to call it, a Mormon. I would like these folks to come down and administer to my wife, before you operate on her." "That's perfectly alright. We don't object to anything at all like that." I said, "My faith is so great and my wife's faith will cooperate with mine, so that she'll have the use of that finger and all the joints in it. All you've got to do is put it back together." He wanted to cut it off at the 2nd joint, because of the cuts between the joints. So he said' "Go ahead and do your telephoning, I've got to go into surgery." He was delivering a baby. I called Brother Montgomery and told him the situation and he called Brother Sessions, and they came up to the Hospital just as soon as they could get cleaned up. Brother Montgomery was working on a job when his wife got in touch with him and Sessions was working in ----'s house, repairing it. They came up to the Hospital. The Doctor was there. I asked the Doctor if he wanted to stay in the room and Elise said, "It doesn't make any difference to me." And Sessions said, "Me either." And the Doctor said, "No. I'll go out." And they administered to Elise, according to her faith and mine, that she would be healed. When the Doctor came in again, I said, "Now all you've got to do, Doctor, is put that thumb together and it will be alright." Brothers Montgomery and Sessions looked at me and I said, "That's right. If he does what he can and sews that up like it was, she'll have use of the thumb." The Doctor said later that was the finest piece of patch work he'd ever done. He thought he probably would have to come back and crack the joint but he never had to. Right today the Doctor marvels about that thumb and looks at me kind of peculiar and I said, "You put it back together. Her faith and mine and the food she ate healed it."

EPILOG

In 1957 Earl had some heart attacks. The Doctor confirmed an enlarged heart. Subsequently they had to go on welfare and sell all they had except a pickup and a few belongings which they put in a small trailer. They would winter in Indio, California and Apache Junction, Arizona and summer near Maupin, Oregon on the Deschutes River, or in Idaho. Earl loved to fish and spent much time in the summers doing so. During this time Thatcher was in College at Brigham Young University, visiting them once in Indio and when they passed through going to and from. On one of these stops in 1959, while Thatcher lived at D-66 Wyview Village on campus, the above stories were recorded. They were promptly typed from the tape because the cost of the tape was too much. About 1960 the Doctor, mentioned above, examined Earl and saw a "growth" on the inside of his thigh and wanted to do a needle biopsy. Earl refused, preferring to die of cancer than to undergo treatment. Later it was found to be an aneurism, an enlarging of the artery due to weak arterial walls. The Doctor said he was sure glad he hadn't done that needle biopsy as he would have punctured that artery and would have had a hard time stopping the bleeding.

On his 63rd birthday, 4 April 1962, we had a nice party for Dad in Mesa, Arizona. At this time he was having several heart attacks each day. Also, the prior fall, upon returning to Mesa, he lost the sight of one eye entirely for several weeks. Later on in the spring of 1962 Earl went to a special Hospital in Portland, Oregon, to receive extensive examinations, at no cost to him, since few patients with aneurisms had been examined while living. He had an aneurism on the inside of each thigh, one in the pit of the abdomen and several others. In fact his heart was similar with enlargement due to weak walls. The Doctors said he was not operable but would die either of a heart attack or of an internal ruptured aneurism. This examination process reduced his strength considerably. Thatcher and Janice went to visit them in Oregon on the 4th of July, 1962, after his hospital stay and helped them move the trailer to Felt, Idaho. Later they returned to Oregon. Earl died in the trailer during the night of 17 October, 1962, on the banks of the Deschutes River below Maupin. He had been fishing each day, doing the thing he loved the most. He died of heart failure, not feeling anything. He was buried in the Cache-Clawson

Cemetary in Teton Valley overlooking the farm where he was born
and next to his parents.