

Unpublished manuscript of: Forgotten trails, and
school in the black hills by PHILBERT C. LIND

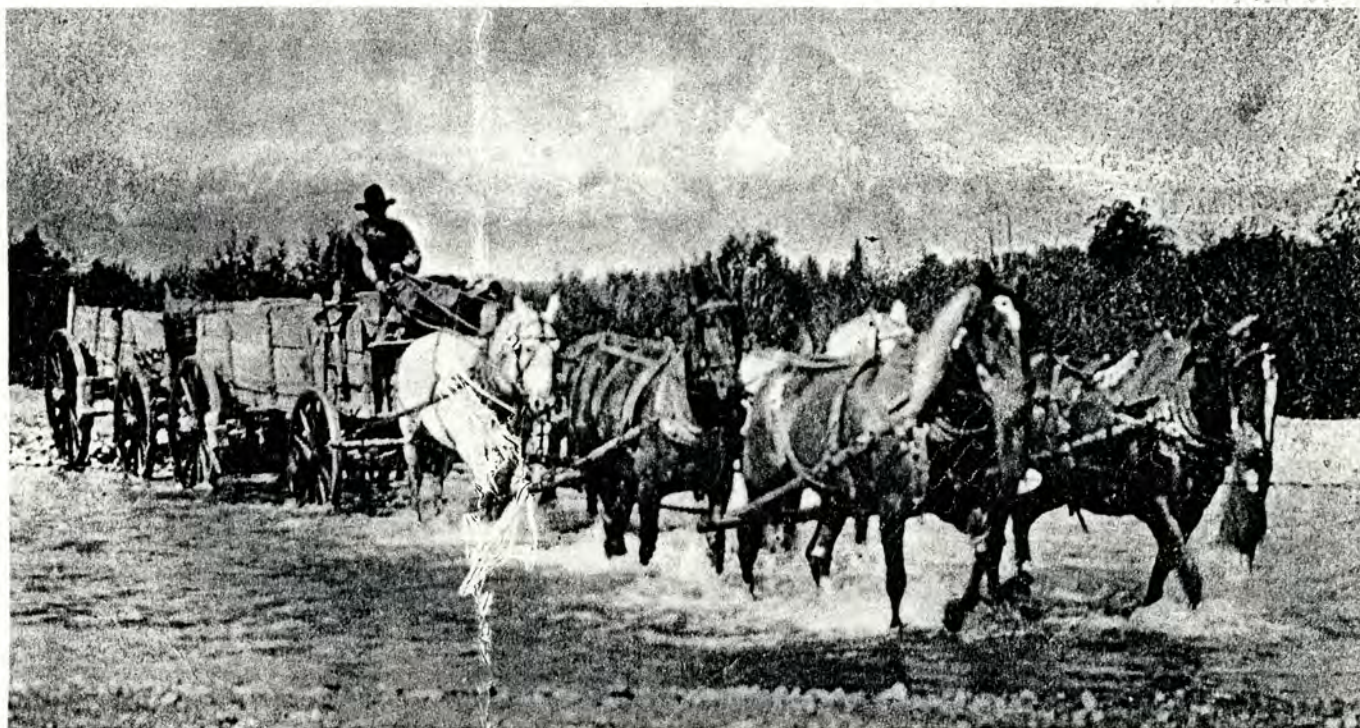
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The
Ashton, Idaho
Moran, Wyoming
Horse and Wagon
Freight Line

MID JULY OF 1910 TO OCTOBER 15, 1927

BY JOHN MARKHAM



1972 - John Markham

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CHAPTER 1

THE FREIGHT LINE

Soon after the temporary Jackson Lake Dam at Moran, Wyoming (built in 1906-1907) washed out on July 5, 1910, the United States Reclamation Service under Frank T. Crowe as the Supervising Engineer for southern Idaho, south-western Montana, and north-western Wyoming, started both the Ashton Idaho-Moran Wyoming Horse and Wagon Freight Line and the Permanent Jackson Lake Dam at Moran which still stands. Mr. Crowe's brother in law, R.V. (Bob) Sass, was picked by Mr. Crowe to be the Superintendent in Charge of construction and Joseph J. Markham was hired as the Head Timekeeper at this time. The freight line, which ran from mid July of 1910 to October 15th of 1927, was the last major horse and wagon freight line in the United States and hauled in all supplies needed for the construction of the Jackson Lake Dam as well as supplies needed by the ranchers in the Moran and Elk communities of Jackson Hole, Wyoming and supplies needed by the Park Rangers at the south entrance of Yellowstone National Park.

Each wagon carried horse shoeing equipment, hay and grain and emergency and food rations, bedding and extra clothing as snowfall and freezing temperatures occurred every month of the year on the 150 mile round trip between Ashton and Moran and May through September were the only months not having below zero temperatures. Two or more wagons usually traveled together for mutual protection and help but many single trips were also made. Way stations or over night stops were made at Squirrel Meadows, Cascade Creek, Flagg Ranch, Lizard Creek and finally to Moran, Wyoming and crews were hired by the U.S. Reclamation to keep the road open as much as possible during the winter of 1910-1911. Later another way station was run by George Fitzmyer on Dime Creek from 1914-1916 and Ed Sheffield ran a way station at the Flagg Ranch on the south fork of the Snake River just two miles below the south entrance of Yellowstone National Park from 1916 to 1926.

Intermediate stops were also made wherever breakdowns occurred and the freighters often slept under their wagons in snow, blizzards, rain, mud, dust and severe thunderstorms as this part of northwestern Wyoming and eastern Idaho has one of the severest winter climates in North America, and temperatures during the winter went as low as 60 degrees below zero in the long and severe winters and as high as 100 degrees above zero in the summer. All winter freight hauls from November through April were made on sleighs. Mosquitoes and horse flies were also disagreeable pests in the summer time.

A telephone line was also built between Ashton and Moran in early August of 1910 and part of it, from Squirrel Meadows to Ashton, Idaho was still in use by Milt and Ross Porter until October of 1930. The Porter family ran sheep at Squirrel Meadows and also ran a way station for the freighters from 1916 to 1927. Speaking of the Ashton-Moran telephone line, Russ Egbert of Ashton made the following statement:

"Some of the telephone line was stapled to fence posts at that time, and a great portion of the line to Moran was supported with trees."

A few trips were made with only two horse teams but from four to six horses were nearly always used with from ten to twelve horses being used in extremely difficult hauls pulling two or even more wagons in tandem. Most of the wagons were Studebakers, although some Pain and Cooper wagons were also used. The wagons were 14 feet long, 3 feet 8 inches wide and had side boards from 3 feet to 3 feet 6 inches high, giving them a cubic measurement of nearly 180 cubic feet or approximately 7 cubic yards and these wagons could hold a maximum load of up to 9 tons according to their dimensions in cubic feet, but two or more wagons would have been hooked in tandem to haul this much weight.

Russ Egbert said, "As for the size of the loads hauled over the road, 8200 pounds was the heaviest we ever took, our horses were large and good as was a lot of the other teams used on this freight line but it was a very rough road and most of the loads were around 6500 to 7000 pounds per four up."

With 6 or 8 head of horses plus trail wagons they could handle more weight. Speaking of the number of trips made in a summer, about 8 or 10 trips was about all a person could make with the same teams and that was with hay most of the time and grain all of the time as the grass was not very strong for that kind of work."

Herbert J. (Mac) McVicker, Ray Osborne, and Russ Egbert figured on an average of 10 trips per season from Ashton to Moran and I have used this figure for the 17 year history of the freight line. All of the freight lines I have read about in Wyoming, Idaho, California and Nevada figured on hauling $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ ton per horse and this figure was also used by most of the freighters I have interviewed so the 4 to 6 horse teams—the minimum usually used—hauled an average load of about 4 tons depending, of course, on the season of the year and the condition of the road.

Freighters nearly always used a "jerk line" when driving 6 or more head of horses—a "jerk line" being a line hooked to the bit of the near horse of the lead team—always the horse on the left hand side of the lead team, which was so trained that a little jerk on the bit of the jerk line horse was a command to turn right and a steady pull on this bit was a command to turn left.

A jockey stick—two metal snaps at the end of a short pole—was often fastened to the inside bits of the lead team so that a jerk or pull would turn the lead team either right or left as was desired by the freighter driving. The jockey stick hooked to the inside bits of the lead team either pushed or pulled the team mate of the "jerk line" horse in the desired direction.

The following description is from pages 104-105 of *THE WAGONMASTERS* by Henry Pickering Walker, Copyright 1966 by the University of Oklahoma Press:

few extremely hot days, the infestation of gnats, and it being late in the season, all led up to the storm. Before we went to bed, two or three inches of snow had fallen. The next morning being the fourth day of the trip, there were seventeen inches of snow. I wanted to get my load out and go on, but the men said "No, not in this storm." "If it quits storming, we'll get it out."

They slept and ate well, but I was worried. The fifth day passed. Our food was getting low and so was the feed for the horses. The sixth night the horses broke into the grain, wasted and ate most all of what was left. Billy said it was those blankety so and so's of Egbert's. I do not know, but of course they got blamed for it which made me feel terrible. The morning of the seventh day, the three men took one of my horses, two of their own, and my gun, left me in camp all day alone without a gun and went to Cascade. A Mr. Fitzmyer was there at the road house. He told me that Dad was leaving home that morning to come over the mountain and that there were eight or ten men from Jackson Hole with him with four horse teams with him loaded with provisions. Dad had told Fitzmyer, if he could contact us in any way, to tell us to come out of there and come to meet him. Well it was dark when the men got back, but they didn't tell me they had heard from my father. It was still snowing. We, as well as the horses were getting pretty gaunt. We did have things to make some bread.

On the eighth day Billy and I went down to the meadow and shot a moose, and with a small pearl handled pocket-knife, we skinned out one hind quarter, and was ready to head for camp with it when we saw in the distance, across the meadow, a man wading through the snow. He was headed in the direction of our camp. We waited our chance then brought the meat in close to camp and dropped it in the snow. Going inside, we learned that this man had walked from Sheffield's bridge. It was midafternoon when we came to camp, and was hungry. Bill brought the meat in, we cooked up a bunch of it and we all ate moose meat and bread. We were so relieved when we learned that he was not a game warden. The stranger wanted to go on to Cascade. We told him he couldn't make it that the snow was four feet deep on the divide. He was determined to go and left the camp.

The next morning (the ninth day) I had become so down hearted that I went out of the tent and started to harness my horses. I was about through when Hy came out and asked me what I was going to do. I told him that I was getting out of here. He said, "Aren't you going to help get your wagon out of the hole?" I answered, "No, it can stay there, I am leaving." It was then that he told me that my Dad had told Fitzmyer to tell us to come and meet him. Enraged, I blurted, "Why in Hell didn't you tell me?" "Well I thought it would clear up some," and continued, "You're not going alone." "Oh yes I am, unless you want to come with me." He went back inside and told the others. I

went inside, and had a quarrel with the men, got my gun and took off. I drove one team and rode one of the wheelers. I paid no attention to the last words of the men. I was only interested in getting out of there and meeting my Dad. As I followed along the road, the snow getting deeper and deeper, I thought of the man who had left the camp the day before and wondered what had become of him. The horse I was riding was the near horse of the wheel team, normally weighing 1650 pounds now looked like a gutted snowbird he was so gaunt. At this point for a distance of about three miles to the divide these large horses pushed snow in front of their breasts.

Again I wondered about the stranger who had left our camp the day before. I prayed for him and asked God to help me and my horses get to where my Dad was, and as far as Cascade that night. The night was cold, just how cold I do not know. It was late and the moon shone brightly. I thought of those guys back at Glade Meadows in bed. Scared as I was, I knew I was not alone for I had four faithful dumb animals that seemed to know and understand the object of our journey and how to care for themselves.

I felt the hand of the Lord helping us. The shadows were spooky and at times I was afraid to look back. I watched the trees as I passed under them for cats. There were Bob Cats and mountain lions in this area. It was about ten or eleven o'clock that night when I reached the wagon at Grassy Lake. This was my wagon that was minus a wheel. I stopped just long enough for the horses to get their breath and was thankful for the protection thus far. The horses seemed to know I was ready to go for all at once they started on. It was about one thirty or two o'clock in the morning of the tenth day when I got to the Cascade roadhouse. I let out a yell and one of the horses whinnied . . . A light came on, the door opened, and "Who's there?" came the voice of Fitzmyer. He could see that I was alone in the moonlight. "Where are those other fellows?" he asked; "Down in the meadow." "Didn't they tell you your Dad called for you to get out of there and come to meet him?" "No," I answered, "Not until this morning." "Those idiots, I hope they freeze," he exploded. Then he said, "I haven't a thing to feed those poor horses, but we will put them in the barn and call your Dad." "He is at Squirrel Meadows wondering why you haven't been there two days ago. It was difficult for me to leave those poor dumb animals like that so tired and hungry. We went to the house. Fitzmyer called Squirrel Meadows and got Dad on the phone. We had a sobbing conversation. He was very angry and upset to think that they had not told me to come meet them. I assured him that if the horses held out, I would see him the next day, which was the tenth day from home, and seven days since Dad and I separated. Fitz said, "I guess you would like something to eat," Boy Oh Boy, he had warmed over sour dough biscuits and stew that would melt in your mouth. Fitz said, "Kid, eat all you want,

for him, with his hurt leg, but they made their choice. "What do you think about me, I've only got three horses," complained Billy. Dad and I went on getting ready while they were talking. We were ready to go when they came up to our wagon, and Bill said, "I don't see the sense of us splitting up now." Dad said, "I never did see the sense of it, nor of many other things you guys have done. Now I am ready to go with the stock I have, together with my equipment. I think I can do alright. I always have made it out." "I want to stay with you," admitted Hy. "And me too," said Manny. "How about you Bill?" asked Dad. "Well, I've only got three horses so I had better stay," he answered. "If you want to go on, I'll let you take one of my horses till you get to the Dam," Dad offered. "No, we are going to stick together," was the decision of all three of them. "Just on one condition," said Dad. "This thing is going my way all the way to Moran. If you want to stay under this condition, fine, but the first one that causes any trouble, to Hell with you, I've had all I'm going to put up with." It was late that morning when we got started, so we only made it to the river roadhouse that night. We had to pull Bill's dead horse out of the barn. Later that night, Dad got a phone call from the Reclamation Office in Ashton. They told him that Hyrum Hess had started out from Ashton with a load of reinforcement steel. He got to Squirrel Meadows, ran into snow, fearing that he could not make it through, had unloaded the steel and had gone back home. They wanted Dad to go back and get it and take it on to Moran. We talked it over and decided that I should take the four mules and two horses on a pair of sleighs, which we had borrowed from the Roadhouse and go back for the steel. So on the morning of the thirteenth day, I started back over the mountain alone for the steel. It had been two days since my Dad said he wasn't going to let me out of his sight again. At this time Fitzmyer had come from Cascade to the river to take care of the River Roadhouse for the winter. He said he had no food at Cascade, so he fixed a lunch for me. I had my chains, jack, and binder, also some grain tied on the sleigh. I had a saddle on old Vick and rode her all the way. When I left Dad said, "Now across the flat and down the hill, you make the best time you can, stop at Cascade, call Fitz and Mrs. Nedrow at the Squirrel Meadows Roadhouse so she will know you are coming. Keep your gun with you. You should make it to Squirrel Meadows in time to load up tonight. Mrs. Nedrow will fix you a lunch in the morning and you should leave there before daylight if you can." You will make it back here in good time tomorrow evening." So he kissed me and away I went. The next day was nice and the snow was melting fast in the valleys, and low flats. I reached Glade Meadows, looked over the capsized load, and went on, coming to our camp home of six days in the Meadow. Again I wondered about that poor man, knowing that he must be somewhere on the road.

Could it be possible that he had gotten through or would I find him laying frozen to death somewhere along the road. I hoped my horses wouldn't step on him if he was there. Time and distance passed quickly and about 11:30 A.M. I arrived at Cascade. I watered and grained the horses, took my gun and went in the house to eat my lunch. A noise startled me. I could see the horses and they were not disturbed, yet I could hear muffled footsteps along the board walk outside. I grabbed my gun and sat ready to shoot whatever came in the doorway. A Park Swaddie stepped in the door. When he saw me he said, "Hey boy! Don't Shoot! I didn't mean to scare you, I am sorry. I should have whistled or something."

I admitted that I was really scared. He built a fire and we ate our lunch. I told him who I was, and he said he knew my father. He said that he would travel along with me as far as Calf Creek. I thought of Mr. Neil and the wild meat he had killed, and wondered if the Swaddie would ask me about it. When he left me he said, "You must be pretty brave to take on a trip like this. You be damned sure you don't shoot anybody," and laughed. I began climbing the east side of the hump, reached the top and on down the west side to where I met my Dad a couple of days before. Now this is where he said, "We are going to stay together from now on," and here we were again, miles and miles apart. Only that morning headed for Moran and I for Squirrel Meadows—going in different directions. It was easy from there to the Meadows Roadhouse. I arrived there about 5 P.M., took care of my horses and started loading the steel. Mr. Hess hadn't put any poles under the steel and much of it had frozen to the ground. This being the condition, it took me longer, so I borrowed a lantern to finish loading. Mrs. Nedrow was a very good cook and we had a lovely supper. The bed in the bunkhouse was comfortable but my stay in it was short. At four o'clock I was up fed my horses, got them harnessed, and had my breakfast. Mrs. Nedrow had prepared a lunch for me. (This was the fourteenth day from home.) In getting ready to leave I had trouble getting the bridle on one of my mules—Buck. I should not have taken the head stall off his head. I tied his head down to the manger, and climbed up on the manger. The mule kept throwing his head from one side to the other. When I finally got the bridle on him, I was so mad I bit his ear. He broke loose, bumped my chin, and I fell into the bottom of the manger, looking up at him, I crawled out, got behind him, tied him to one of the horses and roughly yanked him from the barn to the sleigh. I had put sticks under the load on the night before so they wouldn't be frozen down. I got all ready to leave and Mrs. Nedrow said, "You better bud them right along, the snow is going fast on the flats, and do be careful." I thanked her and took off. The load weighed 4500 lbs. the sleighs were slick, and we trotted most of the way across the meadow to North Boone Creek. Then going up the hump was much slower. We reached the top and

trotted all the way down the other side. I came to Cascade about 1 P. M., cared for the horses, but this time I sat on my sleigh to eat my lunch. I didn't stop long for I saw the snow was melting rapidly on the flats.

When I reached the river, it was hard to decide if I should ford the river or go on around to the bridge. I made up my mind to go on around to the bridge. I didn't know how much further that would be, but I feared fording the river by night. It got dark so fast and the snow was almost gone on the flat and open parts of the road which had been exposed to the sun. I picked my way, trying to keep on patches of snow as much as I could so it would be easier pulling for the horses. I rested them often and wished I had tried fording the river because it was only two miles from the river to the roadhouse where I was headed for the night. We had to pull on bare ground so much of the way, it got quite late before I got to the Pole Cat Creek bridge. The night was darker than dark. The brush and timber got thicker the closer I got to the creek. As I came to the bridge, I turned to the east to cross but the sun had melted all the snow from the bridge. I pulled up on the bridge with the front runners but when the hind runners hit the bridge, I was stuck. I let the horses rest a few minutes, then spoke to them, but they couldn't move the load.

The coyotes were howling worse than I had ever heard. It sounded like there were dozens of them very near to us. I had a large jack wired to the load of steel, but I didn't know about getting down off that horse. Finally I got up enough courage to get down. I put the jack under the beam, raised the load and spoke to the team. They pulled it off the jack and moved the load about four feet, and was stuck again. I felt my way back until I located the jack and raised the load again. Three times I did that, and each time they moved it four or five feet. The fourth time I had to feel my way back along the bridge to find the jack, I picked it up just as a timber wolf let a yell out of him. He was so close to me, I could feel his breath. I fairly flew up over that load of steel with the jack handle in my hand, and lit straddle of old Vick—behind the saddle. I was so frightened I prayed more sincerely than I had ever prayed before in my life, and with less words. After a few minutes, when it grew quiet again, I mustered all the courage I had, got down with more ease than before, and felt my way back again for the jack. This time I tied the jack to the load, put the saddle on tip, coiled my shot whip and started for the team just as the wolf yelped again. I lit on the horse, spoke to the team, and it seemed they easily lifted the front bob off the ground as the load started to move. Now we could go a few rods at a time on patches of snow until we reached the Sheffield or Flagg Ranch bridge. I feared this bridge would be bare too but luck was with us because the trees had shaded the bridge and it was snow covered. This was a blessing because the team was very tired and so was I. It was almost midnight and I had two or

three miles to go with two bad hills to pull. The down grades where the sun had shown were bare so wouldn't you know it, I got hung up going down hill. Three or four times I rested the team, going just a short distance at a time till we reached the bottom and snow. The up grades were snow covered, and all went well going up. The last hill I came to was where Billy Sheppard had left his dead horse. Oh Boy! The coyotes and maybe the wolves ran from the dead horse like a cloud sailing over the snow. The moon was showing now and then, we were getting close to the road house. When I arrived Fitzmeyer was waiting for me and he said, "Your Dad is worried sick about you. He has a man and a light rig preparing to come and find you." We went right in to call the Dam. Fitz got Dad on the phone and told him I was there and safe. Dad asked to talk with me and we had another sob session on the telephone.

After caring for the horses we had something to eat. It was now one thirty O'clock in the morning of the fifteenth day from home. The next day, October 15th, I waited for Dad and the other men to come from the Dam. Two of the wagons were loaded with men who were leaving the Dam for the winter. They had paid their money for their transportation to Ashton. Dad brought more heavy equipment to get the heavy load out of the hole. I think he was happy to see me again and he repeated once more—he wouldn't let me out of his sight any more. I assured him that was true. He then said, "Don't you ever tell your mother about this, will you?"

The following day we went back to Glade Meadows, set up camp, and that bunch of men started picking and digging to free the heavy load from the frozen ground. Dad and the others got cables and other things ready and before night we had the reach in the wagon and had pulled it right side up. We cleared a road down the little hill and got it back on the road. We all camped there that night by a big campfire. The next morning, Bill, Manny and Hy with the men from the Dam headed for Ashton. Dad and I started to the Dam with the big load. When we got to the River Roadhouse we transferred the steel from the sleigh to our wagon. I drove the four miles on the load of steel.

Dad drove the six head of horses on the heavy load. It was very late when we reached Moran, so we unloaded the next day. We rested our teams and on the morning of October 19, we headed for home. Another group of men rode out to Ashton with us. The trip home took three days. We got home October 21st, 1911. I was really glad to see Mother and the rest of the family after the grueling three weeks in the rough Rocky Mountains on the Ashton-Moran Freight Line.

I hereby testify that this report, one of a number of my experiences of freighting is true."

By Hollis Russ Egbert—December 10, 1968 Age 72
H. R. Egbert

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FORGOTTEN TRAILS

To Cora E. with love and
appreciation for her help in copying
this story from long hand writing.

Phulbert C. Lind March 12, 1973

FORGIVENESS, TRAIL

"I give unto man weakness that he may be humble; and my grace is sufficient for all men that humble themselves before me." Ether 12:27- B.M.

We hope these pages will be informative to the sons and daughters of John and Emma and the generations to follow. And with other things give them a glimpse of their fore bearers early days when they were young and had a beautiful world of adventure before them:

To all others who may be interested in the life of the pioneers and taming the west.

We would like to give special credit to Lamar Mason and Richard G. Harris, technicians for West Box Elder Soil Conservation District, who have encouraged the compiling of history as well as the ownership of their lands, and for new methods of trying to encourage new developments in this area.

To Reese Warburton, Jesse James, Rex Pursley, Charles D. Lind, and Darwin Thompson, members of the Board of Directors we say "thankyou." for having had the chance to work with you.

To contributors and to readers: We hope its compilation will be of help to you in remembering the incidents of the past.

To all of you, we say "THANK YOU".

Introduction. A

The hardest tires of the emigrant wagon tires cut through various layers of silt bringing to the surface sometimes darker sometimes lighter material. Then when the melting snow of winter or the occasional summer showers cause this level surface to be covered with water a short time. The surface salt and lighter sediments gradually settle and fill the old ruts leaving the surface perfectly smooth, but leaving a permanent mark that is still visible in many places after these many years. Faces of oxen have been preserved by salt while horns have rusted away.

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THOUGHTS OF MY HOME

The sun is slowly sinking in the west,
Silver clouds are drifting through the blue,
My thoughts in peaceful fancy give me rest,
When I think of my childhood days too.
In memory I see the old home on the hill,
Shaded by trees and willows green,
To my dearest inborn feelings this is a thrill,
And now my heart from that spot can't wean.

The hills and the valleys I loved to roam
Comes back to my vision in splendor divine.
The snow capped mountains near my home,
Whose summits kiss the blue sky at the line.
The thousand clear streamlets rushing and leaping
Down the steep mountain slopes to the valley below,
nourishing to the grass, aspen and willows spring leafing,
And the tall pine trees so they can grow.

God bless that mountain home on the hill
Where a large family grew to their fullest stature and well,
Prepared by thy hand, to battle life's mysteries,
Where grasses grow thickly and tall,
So the cattle and sheep can have their fill,
And feeding contentedly are fattened by fall,
The mountain trout in the clear waters pure,
And the deer in the thicket are happy feeling secure.
God you made it perfect long ago,
Please grant it may always be left so.

Philbert C. Lind

John Peter Lind

John Peter Lind figures much in this story and other history so we find he had passed his nineteenth birthday on this April day when he left Strå Forsamling, Linkopings, Ostergotland, Sweden where he was born July 6, 1842.

He was now on the high seas of the Atlantic ocean with others sailing for America and Utah. The sailing vessel was old and creaked in its seams, when tossed in the rough stormy seas. It sank to the bottom of the Atlantic on its return trip, after depositing its passengers in the New York harbor the passengers learned much later.

It had been a herculean task, taking six long weeks to cross the Atlantic ocean, with much time spent also in the Baltic and North Sea.

Cholera, an acute intestinal disorder, with germs highly contagious and deadly had taken a toll of more than one third of its passengers while it was enroute to America.

John said, "My heart was low and saddened when I awoke one morning and found my companion, buddy and bed fellow had died during the night."

He was buried at sea with many others who passed away. John further said, "After landing I was terribly hungry for food, especially some fresh fruit. Walking around I spied some highly colored tomatoes; never having seen any before, they were tempting and looked so delicious I bought two. They were so good to my taste I ate them both. They made me deathly sick and I was never able to eat a tomato since eating those two.

In 1862 the Civil War was at its height in the United States. This war took more lives than any other war in the history of this nation, divided families, and brother fought against brother.

John's company was delayed for this reason. It was sometime before

MAR - 73



John P. Lind Agess

they could be cleared, fitted out and moved westward on the train to Florence, on the outskirts of Omaha, Nebraska.

Here there was another stop. Emigration companies sometimes had to wait to be grouped into companies, according to languages, relationship, their physical condition etc. John being a strong Nordic individual of Viking stock was quickly accepted into one of the first contingents, and left for Utah in July.

His company commander was Joseph Horne, who had guided other companies across the plains in to Salt Lake City, Utah, several times.

John walked the entire distance from Omaha, learning a new language and new customs on the 1300 mile hike to Utah. Crossing the Green River he had occasion to show his dexterity as a swimmer. The water was nearly ice cold in the last days of September, but he relentlessly swam the river and helped the weaker and more timid through the turbulent river until he was forced to give up by a seizure of cramps.

His father, a sailor and fisherman was drowned in Lake Vettern, south and west of Stockholm, Sweden, September 2, 1845, while pursuing his work as a fisherman. John was just passed three. John said, "I remember distinctly the kind of clothes he wore, the kind of buttons on his vest when he disappeared."

John learned how to yoke and unyoke oxen; to drive and take care of the animals, and to herd them on the thin grass on the much used trail of the pioneers.

The company he was with arrived in Salt Lake City in October 1862. They had made fairly good time. He waited for his friends to meet him but they never came. He learned later that hostile Indians had stopped them from coming through from the south.

He was asked to go to Grantsville, Utah, thirty five miles west of Salt Lake City, by a group of pioneers traveling that way. The invita-

tion was gratefully accepted. When they arrived he soon made friends here, where he hired out by the month.

Sunday came along to usher in a new week. He had never worked on Sunday and on the long journey across the plains his company always rested on the Sabbath day.

When his boss saw he wasn't working, it vexed him, and caused disharmony, so much so in fact that he made this remark, "I have hired you by the month, I can make you work night and day and Sunday's too, if I want to." Needless to say, John didn't stay in his employ long, but went on to find other work.

He had an inventive and creative mind, so we find him during the first winter making many useful articles by his own industrious hands, such as wooden trays, combs out of horns, comb cases and "bric-bracs", of all kinds, while staying indoors waiting for his feet to heal from very bad frost bites, which resulted from a long walk in below zero weather, while wearing a rough, heavy pair of boots, which he recently purchased. For some time it was doubtful if his feet could be saved. He crawled on his hands and knees at times to get around. The feet finally healed but he lost part of the small toes.

The household articles mentioned and other items, were made to repay the kind people who cared for him while he was recuperating. When fully recovered he was soon in business for himself, setting up a shop where he made spinning wheels, chiffoniers, cabinets, tables and all kinds of furniture needed. He made a home made turning lathe to decorate the legs of tables, bedsteads, chairs etc, to make them more beautiful.

John never went to school in Sweden, nor did he after coming to Utah. Like many others he was self educated, learning himself the three "R's" in two languages. (reading, riteing, rithmetic)

He noticed the semi-arid soil of Grantsville was good for making adobes

and set up a place for making them. His own house was built out of "dobes", also many of the early houses in Grantsville.

The Church of Jesus Christ had been sending missionaries to Sweden for several years when John's mother and step-father were converted.

Persecution preceded these humble men teaching the true Christian revealed Gospel of Jesus Christ. They, however, found many friends, whom it seemed had been waiting expectantly for their appearance and the message these men taught.

John's mother and step-father had heard the message of the missionaries and believed. However, John's mind could not grasp the full meaning of the message of the restored Gospel at this time.

The parents sold their home and belongings with the intention of migrating to America and Utah that year and to start out on this long journey early of 1854. They had four children, John and August, brothers, and Lovisa and Emanuel from the mother's second marriage. We have been told the step-father merely tolerated the step-sons, causing some disharmony in the family.

On their fateful migration they came to Copenhagen, Denmark, where they were contacted by a very friendly and "nice" confidence man" who must see their money, and show it to the consular or chief magistrate, that they had enough means to sail to America. If they would entrust their money to him, he would personally see that they got their passage to America".

With confidence in his nice manners, they let him have their money. That was the last they saw of the money or the man. Investigations proved futile. They were stranded in this large busy city poverty stricken.

Copenhagen being close to many dairy farms, thirteen year old John soon had a job herding cows and learning the Danish language. At the same time the family was able to make a living.

August, however, having no job was left to roam the streets and mingle with the other street urchins. They showed him how easy it was to beg a little money from wealthy citizens, and they made a good living by doing so, however, they had to be very careful to avoid the law.

One day August thought he would try his luck which was not so good. Perhaps it was his faulty language which gave a clue. He was picked up by the police and an investigation followed. They found the destitute family were not citizens of Denmark and must be banished back to Sweden.

At the harbor they were loaded on a ship with very unsanitary accommodations. The two smaller children perhaps being undernourished were exposed to a contagious disease, commonly known as the "bloody flux." It is not clear where the mother was left to care for these children, but they both passed away. It is recorded, Louisa Anderson born Aug. 20, 1848 died January 19, 1856, and Emanuel born August 12, 1851 died February 14, 1856. After the burial the heart broken mother had to travel on foot, thirty six miles back to what used to be their former home.

A kind hearted person, learning of their stricken circumstances let them live for some time in a "stuga" cottage rent free while they partially recovered from their sad tragedy.

With hard labor from the boys and the step father, who cobbled shoes, they were able to accumulate ^{enough} to be independent of charity.

John decided to join the L.D.S. church when he was seventeen years of age.

On the third day of March 1860 another son was born to this couple. He was named Alexander Anderson.

The step father continued to follow his vocation until he passed away.

The again widowed mother, born May 29, 1813 continued to live with

her young son until the year 1875 when John had accumulated enough means to send for them to come to Utah.

She died in Huntsville, Utah, May 26, 1891. She had been living with her son, Karl August, at this time.

John assisted his brother, Karl August, to come to Utah with his family. Their children were all born in Sweden, Lovisa, Amanda and Augusta.

John married Maria Gillette on May 7, 1867 at the age of 24. They had three children, Nettie Maria, Dora Elinora and John. The oldest and youngest died in infancy and the mother passed away in 1872. John helped several families migrate to Utah before he brought his family to their ranch home in Junction Valley, also several others afterwards which we have not written about in this book.

7a



EMMA, C. Norberg Lind Age 42

Emma Christine Norberg

One Prophet among other things made this prophetic statement in the Book of Mormon, 2 Nephi 8:11,

"And it shall come to pass that the Lord God shall commence His work among all nations, kindred, tongues and people, to bring about the restoration of His people upon the earth. And with righteousness the Lord God shall judge the poor, and reprove with equity for the meek of the earth.

And He shall smite the earth with the rod of His mouth; and with the breath of his lips shall He stay the wicked.

For the time speedily cometh that the Lord God shall cause a great division among the people, and the wicked He will destroy; and He will spare His people, yea even if it be so, that He must destroy the wicked by fire.

And righteousness shall be the girdle of His loins, and faithfulness the girdle of His reins."

Encouraged by many prophecy's and words like the ones above, courageously and bravely spoke the messengers of the restored Gospel to an audience in Ransberg, Fogersanna, and other towns in the beautiful land of Sweden.

At first the message of the messengers of a new religion was not understood, coming as it were from a new world, the dawn of a new era- and a new day.

Consequently, the work met with persecution, many misgivings, as did the followers of Jesus Christ and Savior of the world in the meridian of time. However, this did not stop the work of the missionaries in presenting the Gospel to the believers and warning the errant.

May we relate an incident here which is said happened to the Norberg

family, who had become very interested in the lessons of the restored truth taught by these messengers.

The Norberg family who believed the message of these missionaries were young people. They had invited the two elders to hold a meeting in their home for the benefit of the local neighborhood. This was advertised throughout the neighborhood and countryside and many came, filling the house to overflow this evening.

It is said, however, a crowd had gathered a short distance from the Norberg home, with sticks, clubs and other weapons to disperse the crowd and punish the missionaries.

When the elders and congregation began to sing the first song of the meeting it made an impression on the enemies outside. They drew nearer where they could hear better. Finally weapons were laid aside on this summer night, so they too could join and listen to the message these elders had. Some of these later joined the church.

Mrs Christina Anderson Norberg emigrated to Utah in 1870 at the age of forty with her four children. Emma, the oldest was 15, Hyrum was 10, Mina was 7, and Anna 3.

In Omaha their finances were such that the mother, much against her will, had to leave the three older children, almost destitute, while she journeyed on to Salt Lake City with Anna to make arrangements for their transportation later.

In the meantime they made their living the best way they knew how. This was not easy to do where people spoke a different language, where customs were strange to them. The youngest "Mina" tender hearted and sensitive cried almost constantly for her mother, placing an added burden on Emma, who at this tender age felt keenly the responsibility of the load placed on her young shoulders. However, with this extra

obligation they managed to pick wild berries and do some work for families in the neighborhood where they were stranded.

Emma, loaded down with her great burden, became ill. A kind hearted woman sensing the unfortunate plight of these children were placed under went to the railroad officials and had transportation to Salt Lake arranged for them where they arrived later.

Emma was critically ill with typhus or mountain fever on their arrival, and did not remember anything about their journey to Grantsville where their mother was waiting for them. When she started on the road to recovery, after a long illness, her hair all came out. The new crop replacing it, that grew out, was a beautiful dark brown naturally wavy hair.

The young men where she worked were very much attracted by her beauty, grace and wit and skill. She had no trouble at all in getting dates to parties and socials held at that time.

In her work, which was mostly house work in different homes, she was kindly complimented many times by her employers.

Once there was the Fenstermaker family where she and another girl were expected to milk 30 to 35 head of milch cows twice daily. There were no milking machines at that time. With the help of two boys, who would drive them in a chute, and there so fixed, the cows couldn't kick the milkers.

John had become acquainted with Emma through her work in various homes, finally hiring her to work for his wife in her last confinement. His wife never recovered but passed away. He being very much distracted at the loss of his wife, and not knowing what to do with the small children, to care for them etc, persuaded Emma to marry him.

Her own mother had died the year preceding, 1871. Such a brief stay in Utah. We can visualize sorrow on both sides.

Emma accepted John and they were married in the old Endowment house in Salt Lake City November 8, 1872.

How well Emma carried her share of the burdens will be partly told in this story of Forgotten Trails, where they decided to make a pioneer move into the Snake River country from Grantsville, Utah.

"FORGOTTEN TRAILS"

All the history and stories contained in these writings have been verified to ascertain their truth and confirm their correctness.

Warning: People who travel on the Great American Desert stay out of the atrocious trails when the weather is wet.

"The Lord must have loved the common people or He wouldn't have made so many of them", A. Lincoln.

I Shall Not Pass Again This Way

"The bread that giveth strength I want to give;

The water pure that bid the thirsty live.

I want to help the fainting day by day,

I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give the oil of joy for tears,

The faith to conquer doubts and fears,

Beauty for ashes may I give always,

I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give to others hope and faith,

I want to do all the Master saith,

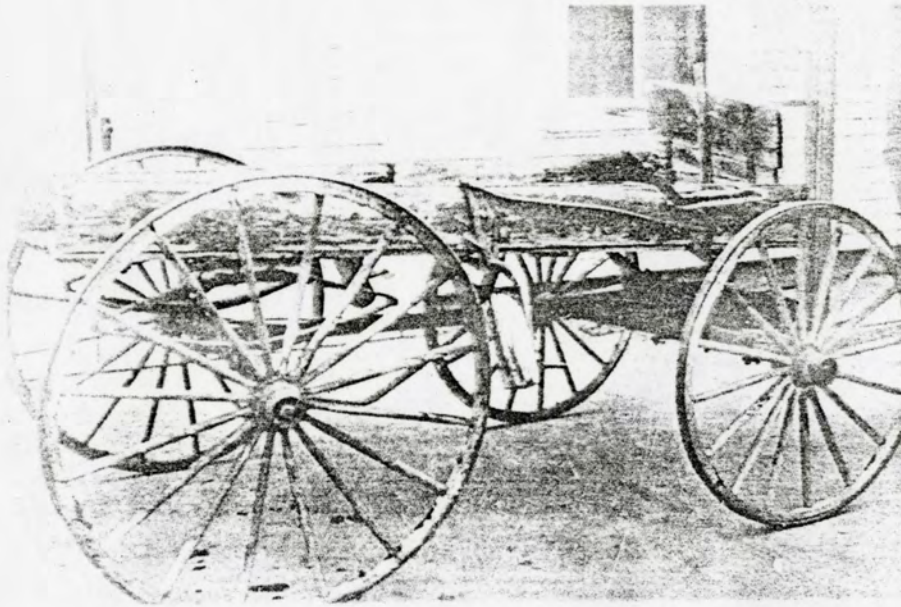
I want to do a'right from day to day,

I am sure I shall not pass again this way." unknown

Chapter 1 Family Planning

"For I will pour water upon him that is thirsty and floods upon the dry ground. I will pour my spirit upon thy seed, and my blessings upon thine offspring." Isaiah 44:3.

"Emma! Emma! , Confound it!, Thunderation!, Where are you anyway?, an impatient voice almost shouted, and much shuffling of feet was heard as a man entered a rough floored kitchen of a small "doby" house in Grantsville, Utah, on a beautiful day in May. "Sh!, Sh!, John, don't make



EL • UYN •

Pioneer Wagon That came west
with Johnston's Army in 1857. Had baws
and cover on for many years. Looked
like this in 1980.

so much noise, you will wake the baby; he is asleep and I am trying to get a little sewing done for the children, so they will have something decent to wear," spoke Emma softly and gently to her husband, John.

He now stood by her side with his hat in his hand and answered more gently and quietly, "Yes, Emma you are always busy, and I would like to say, you have always been good to me, and you have always treated Dora as your own child." (Note) Dora is his daughter from his first marriage. Anette and John died in infancy)

"However," he began, "I have been thinking, and wanted to talk to you about my own problems and troubles and they are yours too." He began, "We have been married ten years come this fall, and I have made "doby" after "doby", worked on the railroad, etc. Now I have this picture agency." (note: another picture of interest published by Daughters of Utah Pioneers, is a Currier and Ives assembled by their Utah representative John Lind published in 1879, representing 18 individual portraits of the First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latterday Saints. There are the first six presidents of the church in the group, the others are apostles.) "I have been making frames for them, etc, I have traveled south as far as Nephi, and north into Cache Valley; If I could take trade in payment, I would do much better, but the (Little Spring Wagon) relic of the Johnston's army wont haul a very big load."

By this time he had brought up one of the chairs he had made in his shop and sat down, and went on, " You know we burnt some of the best charcoal I have seen anywhere out on the ^{Antelope} Island and other places--August and I, but after a few trips in our flat boat on the Lake, August got scared and refused to go with me any more. True that water is hard to navigate." (note: John had built a large barge or flat boat, shipping charcoal to Salt Lake City via the lake, which seemed to have been a dismal failure. The boat later burned on the shores of the lake near Grantsville)

don't like to think of you out on the rough hard ~~water~~ salty water when the lake is rough. I am sure your mother didn't like you out there either. She still thinks about the time when your father was drowned in Lake Vettern in Sweden."

"Well I have ~~our~~ new plan," said John. "We have quite a family now. There are eight of us, and your mother staying with us. Many of our neighbors have been requested to move to Oakley, Idaho and build up the Goose Creek country. Many of our friends have moved in that direction. They tell us it is a wonderful place. There are the Mathew brothers, Bill, Tim, Walt and Bish; the Poulton's, Will, Dick, Sam and Ted; The Hales; the Hunters-Rosel, Lude and Ed--Clarks, Williams, Swanty Nelson- Charley Eklund- Gustave Larson- John Adams-Andrew Ellison- The Tuttles-Dayleys--Warrs--All my friends and many more I can't think of." Others are going north up on the Snake River, others to Wyoming. It seems to me there is a general exodus from this place. If we could locate a homestead there with our friends it would be a welcome change indeed."

"This five acre lot we have here isn't much of a place to raise a family." (south of the highway opposite the cemetery in Grantsville) "Alex and I could go there in the little spring wagon, look the country over, satisfy ourselves about the location, and then we could make a move in that direction. I could get Riley Judd to give the little spring wagon the needed repairs so we could soon start on this trip of exploration."

After some deliberation, Emma answered, "You won't be satisfied until you have made this trip. We won't lose too much if you don't find what we would like. I shall support you in your decision, and stay here

and take care of your mother and the family until you return.

CHAPTER 2 TRAVELING

"Here is a challenge to the bold, it flings its gauntlets down

and bids us if we seek for gold, and glory and renown,

To come and take them from its store, it will not meekly hand them o'er.

E. Guest.

"John, did you see that?" asked Riley Judd, the blacksmith, as he shook one of the wheels of the Little Spring Wagon vigorously, with a mischievous glint in his eyes. "See what?" questioned John, thinking something seriously wrong with the wagon.

"Those darn begging Indians. One called Dave met me as I was walking up here. He was on a horse and all I did was raise my arms and said,

"How do you do." "The horse stopped, but Dave didn't, he went over the

horses ears and lit on the ground in the dust. When he got up and brushed the dust off, he said, "Too much how do you do."

"Checking the Little Spring Wagon over, they decided it would make the more than 300 mile trip with some minor repairs."

By the first days of June 1882 the wagon, the horses, and the bro-

thers were ready for the journey to Oakley, Idaho, approximately 160

miles distant.

They would follow a meandering trail to the north west from Grantsville,

which had been made through the years, in places by roving Indians, then a

stretch--then Stansbury about 1849--sheep outfits and the moving pio-

neers to Oakley. Further on they would contact the Bidwell trail of 1841--

However, "much use", made this and other trails roadways during good

weather.

Terrace, on the railroad was a thriving town at this time, being the nucleus for many small settlements- Roseette, Muddy, Grouse Creek, Oakley, Yost, Almo and ranches located in the area. The road from Grantsville to Terrace crossed over the Great American Desert, entirely nude of any vegetation in many places. When these barren spots were covered with water, sometimes called "salt beds" one could easily mire a light horse drawn vehicle. When dry they glistened like new fallen snow, with shining emeralds and diamonds in the bright sunlight. Mirages will dance for you, showing fresh water holes, castles, perhaps trees and forests. To the unwary travelers they were and are deceiving, however, beautiful they appear to be. This was the trail chosen by the brothers to seek a homestead.

When they arrived in Terrace they still had 65 miles of travel before them, to get to their destination. Feed for the horses had been scarce along the trail. Not until they had passed Muddy Creek drainage and bounced over the rocky meadows did they see very much grass. This of course was a welcome sight. The horses were turned loose to graze for a while here, as the hay they had brought with them had all been fed before now. Spending at least four days on the trail.

When the horses has rested and the men eaten a light lunch the journey was resumed. They had traveled but a short distance when they started to climb a mountain range, later known as the Dove Creek mountains, approximately 8000 feet at the highest elevation and 7000 feet where the road led them through a pass, later called "Road Canyon Pass."

Proceeding along the road at this higher elevation, they saw numerous herds of mule deer, a number of cattle of various colors, no certain breed unless they could be classified as Texas longhorns. Thousands of cattle had been driven via trailing just a few years before and turned loose on the wide plains of lower Raft River. This was near the head and south

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Camp Site - Creek in Foreground

~~with~~ fork of the river. Bands of horses were more timid and stayed at a distance from the travelers.

"Alex", spoke John, "this looks like a stock country to me." Alex made no comment. Shortly before he had been cursing the many rocks in the trail they were continually bumping into as they drove along.

They stopped the team for a "breather" on or near the summit where they could view the valley they were about to enter through a canyon which they later named "Road Canyon." The valley they were looking at is part of the Snake River drainage, "elbowing" out into the state of Utah farther south here than any other place. Up until now they had been in the great inland basin.

Alex was obviously pleased. He stated many times afterwards, "It was like entering an oasis in the Desert of Sahara." After feasting their gazing eyes briefly on this beautiful creation of God's handiwork in beautifying one of the gardens of Mother Nature, they started down the long canyon, fringed with juniper trees, service berry bushes, here and there a grove of quaking aspen, with plenty of grass in between.

The ground was blanketed nearly everywhere with different varieties of grasses, matted together ~~together~~ to form one green mass of beauty, sprinkled with yellow, blue, red, and lavender coloring of wild flowers too numerous to mention by name.

The road in the canyon took them down to the main stream of water in the south end of the valley, which they followed for several miles. Here they was another canyon cut through the mountain range to the west slope of the valley, which seemed very rugged from a little distance, (now it is called the Grouse Creek range) and the canyon was named the Narrows of the Basin Creek, which flowed east and merged with the stream of water they were following, almost due north. About a mile further on

they found that this river trail crossed over the creek channel to the west side.

This time of year it was really a river and had been named the Raft River. Overflowing its banks, fringed with willows, alders and birch trees. Spreading highly sedimented water over natural meadows. The river channel was stopped up with beaver dams in many places, causing the muddy water to spread out over the natural meadows.

When they drove through the surging water, Alex became all excited, "There are fish in this water," he said. This was indeed a surprise after a long tedious journey over and through what was then considered a waste land.

With wide awake eyes for all things they saw through the valley, and sometimes so interested, they forgot to watch out for "wash outs" in the trail they were following. The little spring wagon would sway and swing back and forth, side to side and up and down. At times seeming to buckle in the middle. However, it would always stay in one piece and come out the victor in these rough tumbles and twists found in the wash-outs and sideling places.

Traveling they found the grass was tall this time of year. Each little gust of wind would cause it to wave on both sides of the trail and it would shimmer in varied hues of green colors. Alex spoke, "This is a beautiful sight to see. "Yes," said John, then after a long pause, "but I see something else. It looks like an Indian camp to me, right ahead of us."

He was right, when they approached the "Wigwan Village" they found nearly five hundred Indians camped there near the stream of water, who had gathered for a provisional hunt and fishing rendezvous. They proved to be friendly, offering them jerked venison and other food. They were told by one of their leaders who spoke english "haltingly", that this was

safe retreat should any kind of noise be sounded strange to their acute
 night camp, staring in wonder and suspense, ready to dart away to a
 at a safe distance, watching the intruders making preparations for the
 a head of antelope (pronghorns) stood all hunched up in a tight group
 like we may have to fight a storm tonight."

at the forks of these creeks, " (Cotton wood and Dry creek) "it looks
 growth of willows and John announced, "we will camp for the night here,"
 At the setting of the sun farther along the trail there was a heavy
 answered Alver.

"Beautiful country," said John, "Abundantly provided with grass,"
 valued names like Long Creek, Short Creek, Hubbard Creek etc.
 creek, with one fork known as Dry Creek and the other carrying Indi-
 through on it a ~~new~~ course and has carried the name of Cottonwood
 This stream had several tributaries feeding it as it meandered
 and some cottonwood.

the south, the creek channel was lined with willows, birch, alder trees
 the north end of the valley joined the river here. Like the one from
 known as the "Junction Narrows." Another stream of water coming from
 to flow through a gorge between two mountains, cut through and is now
 their "Indian ponies". The river made a bend here, flowing to the east
 the grass and natural meadow grass grew abundantly, furnishing feed for
 At this particular place, near the lowest part of the long valley
 mountain goats.

most of their time scouring the hills for the wild deer and a few wild
 taking gloves, mosses and other weaving material. Their men spent
 work. Some were fishing, some were jerking meat, tanning buckskin,
 they were a very industrious group of people and were happy in their
 favored hunting ground.

hearing, or something disturb their keen eyesight and curiosity.

A flock of crows passed silently overhead and took refuge in tall black willows farther up the creek for the night.

A band of horses was seen in the distance on the flat to the west and seemed to be rather uneasy, probably sensing an approaching storm.

On the east mountain peaks, that are covered with a healthy growth of juniper and pinon pines. Most of these hills or mountains are shaped like enormous ant hills rising to an elevation of over 7000 feet. The setting sun made a brilliant display of its light on the peaks just a few moments before it disappeared behind the mountain range to the west.

Heavy, dark ominous clouds rolled up from behind the west mountain range to the south and the evening breezes gave the campers a chilly feeling, forcing them to hunt for their coats tucked away some where in the wagon.

Some distant lightning was flashing through the twilight shadows of the evening. Thunder began to be heard rolling in the distance. An approaching storm moving very rapidly was imminent and threatening.

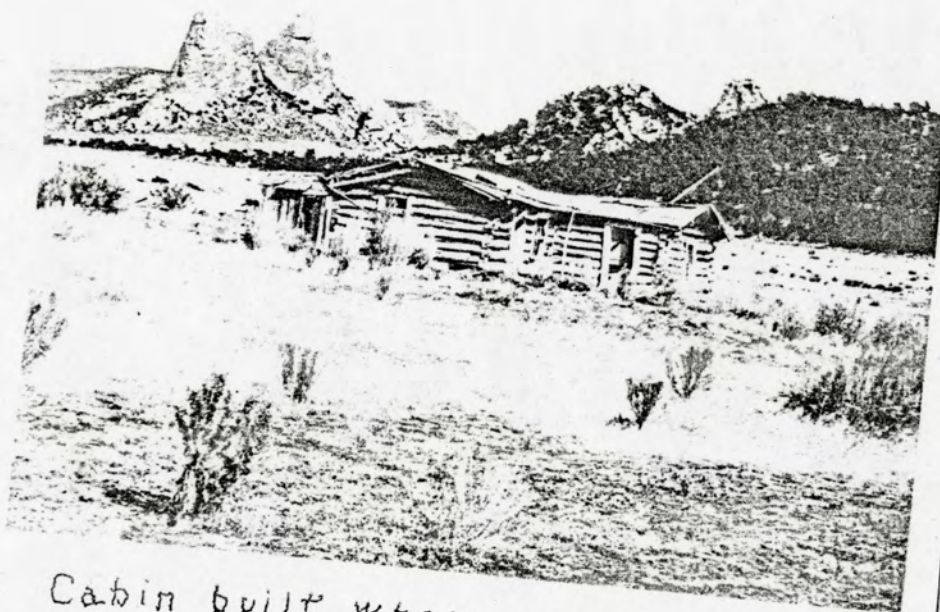
It hardly gave them time to fix their camp equipage before it broke over their heads in all its fury. Hail!, hailstones beating down the grass and stripping leaves from the trees and willows.

The storm was of short duration, and soon the tinkling of the bell of the hobbled horses could be heard as they started to graze for the night.

Dry willows, gathered before the storm and shoved under the wagon to keep them dry during the storm were brought out to kindle a camp fire. A hurried meal was prepared on the glowing coals. This was eaten in a hurry and the campers were soon in bed. Nights are short in June and they must be a-stir by the first break of dawn.

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Cabin built where home station was located
from 1863-1905. Used 1869 to 1879
Twin Sisters-- City of Rocks

They found out through the later years that storm was one quite common to the valley. Starting early the sun shone bright and warm not long after they left camp. They drove about two miles when they came to a well traveled road going east and west crossing their north and south trail. This road was not used near so much now as it had been. Two trails side by side told them it was an emigrant trail of years gone by- possibly the California trail. Feed for livestock was sparse here.

John and Alex were quite studious about roads at this time, when they saw a wagon resembling a stage coach drove up from the east. The driver pulled lines on his horses and made gestures of friendliness.

"Is this the road to Oakley?", inquired Alex, pointing his arm towards the north. "Yessiree, I am headed that way myself, just drove in from the City of Rocks Home Station over yonder about three miles," pointing his thumb towards the east. Then pointing north said, "There is another station up that a-way over the summit called Summit Station." "The next one is at Oakley Meadows. Of course, they are not in use now, but it used to be a stage and mail route up to The Dalles, Oregon. Ben Haliday built the stations in 1863-64 and aimed to have them rest stations, about ten miles apart where there was water is available, and the Home Stations near fiftymiles, where the passengers could spend the night. Stage drivers worked between the Home Stations."

"Thank you for the information," said the brothers. "Looks like you are driving a vintage of the past," ventured Alex, "Yep, it was give to me, I fixed the jerky up and she serves my purpose. So long, fellars, follow me and you will get there." He whipped up the horses and was gone.

The drive towards the summit, crossing meadows and patches of dock all in bloom, and some ~~and some~~ grass was delightful after the storm. The hail did little damage except to strip leaves where they had stayed over night.

They were soon to the top of the Oakley summit and descending the other side along Birch Creek. Three miles down this creek the road left and started another climb over hills and through hollows. At the highest elevation, they saw another stream of water, well stocked with mountain trout. In the clear water coming from melting snow banks higher up from the mountain peaks in Southern Idaho, fish could be seen darting back and forth through the clear stream. They became very interested, and found the water could easily be diverted to another channel for a short distance and it appeared as if it had been done before. It was decided to noon the horses. They watered and fed them some grain then went to work changing the water by filling the channel with rocks. Soon they were picking up squirming fish with their hands. When they turned the water back they had a number of fish cleaned and salted for their friends in Oakley. From here it was only a two hour drive into Oakley.

They were glad to be greeted by their many friends from Grantsville now living in Oakley, who were glad to get some fresh trout. These people were a hard working group in a new settlement, trying to make their living from the soil. They had to fight rabbits, crickets, grasshoppers and other pests. They found the Goose Creek water had all been diverted to canals and was now spread out over the land. John and Alex were told they could not homestead as all the available land for irrigation was already homesteaded. They could locate on the old Oakley Meadows where the old abandoned stage station was located. The place was examined carefully. They noticed the small stream of water crossing the road and passing the old abandoned station, to form a small meadow to the east where some hay could be harvested. They were told that Tom and William Oakley cared for this station for some time, and a Mr Hansen, well educated, taught school here

taught school here as a pass time during the winter months.

Finally a decision was made not to locate here. It wasn't what they wanted. Two miles away from town, many rabbits and other predators perhaps helped to discourage the brothers.

After visiting their friends in Oakley we find them returning towards Grantsville, with a determination in their hearts to investigate more closely the valley of grass and flowers, which they had heard was named Junction Valley, because of the junction of ^{roads and} water streams.

They made their camp for the first "homeward bound" night at the same place they camped the night of the storm.

Chapt 3 Homesteading---The Hunter-

Cheeks that are tanned to the winds of the north,
Body's that jest at the bite of the cold,
Limbs that are eager and strong to go forth,
Into the wilds and the ways of the bold;
Red blood that pulses and throbs in the veins,
Ears that loves silence better than noise;
Strength of the forests and health of the plains,
These are the rewards the hunter enjoys.

Forests were ever the cradles of men,
Manhood is born ~~with~~^{of} a kinship with trees
Whence shall come brave hearts and strong muscles, when,
Woods have made ways for our cities of ease?

Oh, do you wonder when stalwarts return
Yearly to hark to the whispering oaks?
'Tis for the brave days ^{of old} they yearn. E. Guest

Alex had gone for the horses which had strayed some distance from

camp during the cool night. The cool night wind was blowing in his face. As he walked he heard the tinkling of the bell on the hobbled horses in the distance. His poetical nature forced him to repeat to himself:

Cheeks that are tanned to the winds of the north,

Limbs that are eager and strong to go forth,

Strength of the desert and health of the plain,

Has brought me here with vigor and health to play the game.

Then catching the horses, he removed the hobbles, tied the halter rope of the one horse to the others tail; mounting the leader, he was soon on his way back to camp where John had fixed breakfast.

While they were eating John remarked, "I have been thinking this is the place where we will stake our claims. We will set a cedar post on that little knoll over there, write our names on it, and the description, then plow a furrow around our claims with our little hand plow." A post was set firmly in the ground. Alex said thirty years later, "The post we set in the ground is still there."

They were busily engaged in their work when two riders rode up (they were James Lyman and Joe Mack) to greet them. They didn't seem too friendly. "You fellows aiming to jump our claim?" Before John could answer, they started telling, "We own the whole north end of the valley clear to the Utah line, and maybe some in Utah. We need it for our horses." Merely a bluff. "We need it for our horses."

"You haven't staked your claims," said John, "but I guess there are other places we can find to homestead or locate." "You could try the other end of the valley," spoke Jim. We wouldn't quarrel with you then, would we Joe?" "nope", said Joe.

Another discouragement had to be met. Throwing their camping equipment and their plow into the wagon, they were soon on their way. "I can't fancy these 'land grabbers', who want the whole country; if we ever get

settled I'll want some neighbors," said John as they were driving along.

Ten miles farther south they stopped by the south fork of Raft River. Here a small stream of water was flowing from the west into the river. There were some black willows and quaking aspen trees growing by its side and farther west they could see a small meadow which the spreading water had made through the years.

They seemed to like it here and with some little effort crossed the creek to the west side. Here they unloaded again. They had time to look the place over, doing some exploration before night fall. The brothers seemed well pleased with their isolated discovery.

Next day some posts were set in the ground and water was turned from the creek channel and spread out on the land, where they could make visible signs of staying.

Spending a few days at their work of homesteading, locating timber for building, cedar posts for fencing and other items needed for their new venture.

At present they were not sure if their location was in Utah or Idaho. They had done considerable development work and were about ready to leave, when they had a caller come to their camp.

"Howdy! Looks like you are aiming to homestead." "Yes," John replied, "We have already done so." "When?" "Just now." "Well wood ticks ought to chew me to death," said the "caller" with much apprehension and misgiving. "No one can live here in the winter, to say nothing of trying to farm in the summertime."

"Will you give us your reasons for assuming we can't live here, and make a living?" asked Alex.

"The valley is too high, too much frost in the summertime, too much snow in the winter time, to say nothing of trying to farm in the spring and summertime. Boys I really mean it. I feel sorry for you if you stay

here and try to make a living from this soil. My I've been here a long time. Many years. I know the country pretty well and what the seasons

are like."

"You seem to like it here," ventured John. "Yes, I like it here but it is too high to live here in the winter. It's a good range for cattle in the summer though."

"Are there many cattlemen here now?" asked Alex. "Yes, too many of them have started to graze their cattle here in the valley--Losey's

and Hyland's south of us, Sparks and Maxwell to the west of here, and Keogh's to the north, Clarks, Rosever's and Grow's to the east. They won't like to see you "squatters" or "nesters" here I'll tell you."

"But we intend to stay--we like it too, what we have seen so far while we have been here," said John.

"Well I sure like your nerve and determination, guess I don't. I wish you luck. You'll sure need it. Mind if I stay with you tonight?"

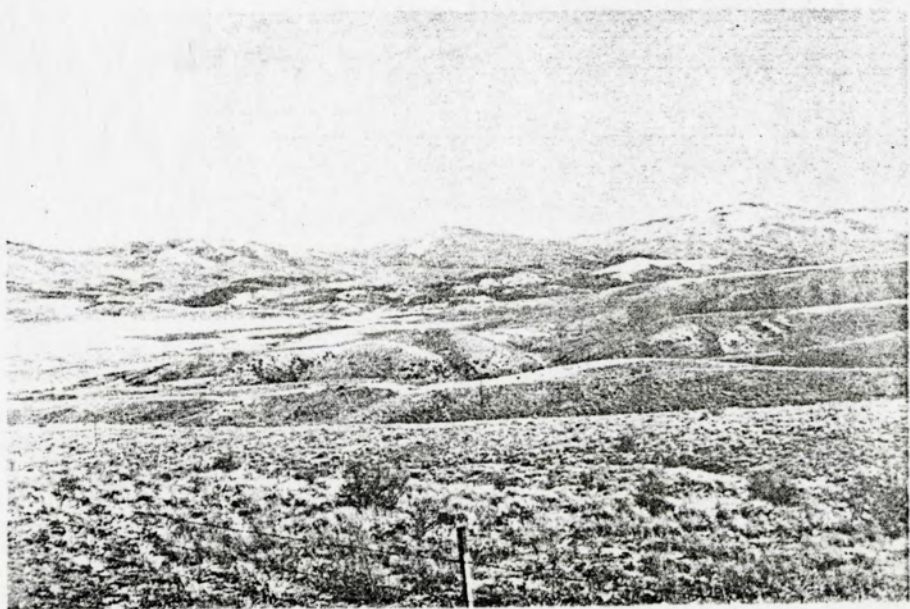
"No, of course not but you'll have to eat what we have though."

"Oh, I don't know," replied the caller, "I always ^{eat} some "jerky" in my saddle bags for an emergency. But today I was lucky. I got three young sage hens and they are large for this time of year." he remarked as he took them from his saddle bag all cleaned and ready for the fry pan. Holding them up for their survey he said, "Look, they are almost half grown."

When they had the camp fire burning good, the Dutch oven, fry pan and coffee pot were made ready, and it wasn't long before they were eating a delicious camp fire meal.

When the food had been eaten, it was time for smokes--but none of these men smoked, so it was story time for the group. The brothers looked at the caller and guest for the night, expecting him to tell more of the country.

Lind's Ranch - White-strip. Also hills
To the right.



So long as men shall be on the earth, there will be tasks for them to do

Some way for them to show their worth,

Each day shall bring its problems new.

And men shall dream of mightier deeds

That ever have been done before,

There always shall be human needs,

For men to work and struggle for.

"Are we in Utah?" asked John. "Yes", was the reply. This stream

we are sitting by is Salt River, south fork. "We are now about ten

miles from the Idaho line. The state line was surveyed about 1879.

It may be twelve miles to the Nevada line to the west."

"What about Indians here, are they hostile?" ventured Alex.

"Not now but they used to be." A snarling hatred for them seemed

to be intensified in the eyes of the caller by the glow of the camp

fire, when these nomadic tribes were mentioned, but he controlled

himself and related the story of the Almo Creek massacre, which has

been told by many writers, that evidently has much authenticity. The

writer will mention some then go on with the story.

Chet Rocastello and followers figured in the City of Rocks massacre

--John leaves book on Idaho-- Near the Almo school house a marker

erected in 1938 states 345 persons near Almo Creek massacred in the

summer of 1861. One story follows:

Undoubtedly the greatest slaughter of white emigrants by Indians

that ever occurred in Idaho Territory or in the north west probably, hap-

pened here, when we consider the number slain, was this massacre on

Almo Creek in 1861.

Many have visited this battle ground through the years where evidences of the conflict are marked plainly. Where the trenches were thrown up by the circle of wagons. Where a grave site depression in the Arlie Sahoon field south of the Almo store is seen. Probably where the well was dug. It is said one group who went to the place were accompanied by an old trapper, who gave a detailed account of the tragedy. It is also said two of the best informers were William E. Johnston and his wife who lived in Almo for many years. Mr Johnston was one of the main speakers at the dedication of the monument erected in their honor and memory.. They lived in north Ogden at the time of the slaughter and were 14 and 12 years old. The impression left on their young minds was never forgotten. Many Indians passed through North Ogden on their ponies with many scalps displayed hanging from their ponies manes as they journeyed on.

Later a blacksmith going out to salvage much needed iron from the burned wagons. In 1872 they visited the battle ground and later they moved to Almo to live and made the Cove their home. Mr Johnston uncovered many weapons on this battlefield which still bore evidences of a hard fought battle.

Ed Johnston, as he was familiarly called, knew the Shoshone language enough to make himself understood, and from an old Indian was able to get this version of the story, that is in part incorporated in the following story, quite well told.

In the spring of 1861 a group of people left the Missouri River--probably the state by that name. They had organized in to an wagon train, very well equipped to make the trip through an Indian infested country, all the way to California.

The train consisted of more than sixty wagons and more than three

hundred people, and many more cows and horses. Nothing much is known of their trip until they reached the plains and were harassed by the Indians at times, whom they were able to keep at bay very easily by their well organized train. This gave them added courage and arrogance that was resented strongly by the Indians along the way, who at first were small in number. Sometimes they took long pot shots at those who followed at times in the distance. This further aggravated their revengeful hearts.

This together with their general antipathy for the white man, coupled with a desire to destroy the train and possess its belongings caused a general uprising of the numerous Indians along the emigrants chosen route to travel. Indian runners were sent out, signal smokes were used. The place of concentration seemed to be the "Indian Grove" about six miles west of Almo Creek in the higher elevation where there is a natural lookout to the east.

According to the Indians account the largest number of hostile Indians ever assembled had gathered here. They provisioned their wigwams and camps with meat which was plentiful in this higher elevation and waited for the slow approaching wagon train, which was now watched from many angles.

When the emigrant train moved slowly over the deep rutted California trail which had seen such use, dust clouds could be seen from a distance rise up in the clear summer sky. Indians would signal each other from their stations as to their condemned victims approach.

The wagon train was traveling in confidence on one of the mountain trails which had seen much use after picking up a guide near Bear River or near Brigham to see them through. It is said on or near the Raft River he turned them south west onto the Sublett or Hudspeth's cut off to

California.

They had traveled peacefully for several days without sighting any Indians, then camped on the ill fated Alto Creek, meaning, plenty water.

Here they took their usual precautions, made a corral of their wagons, placed a strong guard and slept peacefully, not knowing that an overwhelming force of Indians were looking down on them from the nearby Indian Grove, which still retains the name.

The out posts of Indians probably watched them with nervous impatience when they lit their morning fires within the enclosures. From their hidden view they saw the herdsmen drive their stock to camp, harness the horses, yoke their oxen, milk their cows for the days supply of milk, and saw the guide motion to the men to fill their water barrels which request went unheeded. There was another stream of water three miles ahead; so why?

The Indians watched them break camp, loose animals were herded out on the trail and wagons followed behind in a double line wherever possible in military preciseness. From their concealed hide outs the Indians were ready for them. They were to attack a force far superior to them in arms and ammunition, if not in number, but therefore having a greater force in number, but lacking in ammunition and guns, they would use Indian strategy.

They let the wagon train leave Alto Creek a short distance, then bedlam broke loose. Indian warriors emerged from their places of concealment in great numbers. The loose stock was scattered by the attackers, and herdsmen were killed. The wagons quickly circled but not without many fatalities. Quick embankments were thrown up while others held the Indians at bay.

Now they could hear the blood curdling yells of the Indians who knew the first act of their contemplated murderous tragedy ^{had been accomplished.} They had the emigrants cut off from water and the long siege began.

It was not a fight where man was given for man but Indian fashion. Each Indian protecting himself and reserving his ammunition, keeping the emigrants in siege until they were famished for water and their ammunition gone. A large portion of the Indians could retire to their camps to rest while others stayed on duty to hold the siege and pick off any who tried to escape, with bows and arrows and the few rifles they had.

In relays the Indians continued their tactics. They kept up their continued war whoops and yells to impress them of their great numbers. Night and Day the continued warfare was kept up. The captives fully realized their helpless condition. When they tried to go for water under cover of darkness they were shot down.

In the day time occasional shots from the attackers would continue to take its toll of man, woman or child, which threw the besieged into greater confusion and grief.

On the third day the remaining stock in the enclosure was turned loose. As they hurried to the water the Indians took possession of them. Little by little the fighting force of the train was reduced, and the remaining few were contemplating the inevitable. The well they dug hastily to a depth of about 30 feet was still dry.

It was the fourth night the guide gave up all hope and planned his escape. He was accompanied by a young woman who had shown great courage and marksmanship. Their bodies, darkened by the dirt from the camp enclosure, under the protection of a dark night, made their successful escape by crawling through the brush and grass, making their way to the mountains and streams of water. After five to seven days they made their way to near Brigham, Utah, where they reported the terrible massacre to the army camp, which at that time was stationed on Bear River.

In the same dark night, it is said that two women and a baby and a man made a successful escape by the same procedure, crawling for miles

on their stomachs, hands and knees. The woman with the baby, in her anguish to keep up with the others, carried the baby with her teeth bit into the child's garments at times. They hid in the willows on Raft River near the E.V. Ranch, where they existed on rose berries, wild currants and edible roots, until they were rescued by the party from Bear River, which came to bury the decomposed bodies of the unfortunate victims of this tragedy. They were buried in the dry well they had dug for water.

The other tragedy was in the City of Rocks where six wagons were besieged by Indians. We will let their caller tell this in his own words; "They were burning the wagons, killing men, women and children. We saw this ourselves. When we got there the dirty devils- squaws- had women and children tied to the wagon wheels, burning their eyes out with fire brands, whacking their fingers and toes off, just to see them suffer. It made us so mad we made a cleaning in no time." That is one reason why Colonel Patrick E. Conner sent soldiers out here to help clean up on the Indians that were molesting the stage and the mail route also of the emigrants."

"It is said they did this over on Cassia Creek where they found one band. They were herded up a small canyon on the south side of the creek, and all were slaughtered, bucks, squaws and papooses. I didn't like this, especially the papooses being killed. It sickened me, but some soldiers, hard hearted, cruel like savages said 'nits make lice'."

"Men are of two kinds and he was of the kind I'd like to be.

No door at which he ever knocked against his manly form was locked, If ever man on earth was free and independent, it was he.

No broken pledge lost him respect, he met all men with head erect, And when he passed, I think there went, a soul to yonder firmament So white, so splendid and so fine he came almost to God's design."

"Perhaps we won't sleep tonight after hearing these Indian stories. Tell us about the country, the rivers, creeks and towns," suggested Alex. "That is easy and more to my liking," answered the caller, then continued, "Sublette or Hudspeth's cut off where these massacres took place leaves the mail Oregon Train on Raft River, takes off south west up Cassia Creek for a ways, then crosses a summit to Almo Creek, then up through the City of Rocks or over and up to Emigration Canyon through Junction Valley to the west, over the Granite Pass down to Goose Creek which it follows a ways then up over a pass and down the Humboldt River out to where it sinks, then up and over the Sierras into California. There is also the stage and mail route line from Kelton, Utah, over in to the Raft River valley, then through the Emigration Canyon, just south of the City of Rocks, where they have a home station still standing. Nestled among the cedars and pinon pines its a right pretty place. This stage and mail route goes over the Oakley summit and down into the Snake River country, then on down to the Dalles, Oregon.

Benjamin Halliday built Stations all along this line, it is said in 1863-64. That is he hired it done. He was a big operator. Quite a while before the trans continental railroad was finished. First place out from Kelton was Ten Mile- then one on Raft River- then the Home Station in the City of Rocks. This was a very busy and very pretty place for the travelers and passengers when they were going into Idaho and Oregon.

One writer says, "City of Rocks was out of the ordinary, located in Emigration Canyon on the south border of this fantasy of pinnacles of granite rocks sticking up all over, was the first Home Station from Kelton in 1869. This station was kept by Mr and Mrs William Trotter. He had served his time as a "stager" on the overland stage across the plains from St. Joseph, Missouri to Denver, Colorado. His brother, Charles, was the "stager at Rock Creek."

Mrs Trotter served excellent meals and placed red napkins by the plates. Such a contrast from the other stations along the line. She also had clean comfortable beds. They had a Chinaman to do the cooking. The Trotters later moved to Helena, Montana.

Their caller smiled and went on, "You know they drove mules on the stage. The two leaders, pure white, were called 'Crazy and Coyote'. The wheelers were Jim and Beauty. They were dark bay, and had the longest ears on any mule I have ever seen. Jimmy Adams, a dare devil and friendly fellow, used to hold the ribbons and drive. Oh! how they would go. They had other mules, the best that would be bought, but I wanted to tell you about these four."

Then he shifted the subject, "You know there are other trails which join this cut off and the stage roads. We have George Creek named after George Goodheart, a scout and pony express rider for a while from Brigham to Boise, and camped on this trail several nights making marks on the tree near his camp, 'That George camped here.' There is the trail to Park Valley. William O. Thomas says he named this place, also the trail to Rosette, Muddy and Rose Bud. Mr Thomas named all these places while following this trail around the Bovine Point. Mr Thomas used to live in Brigham then moved to Park Valley. He said it was a beautiful valley resembling Wales, his native land. Because of so many beautiful cedars groves it is called Park Valley. Here he became dissatisfied and moved to Grouse Creek, naming the places as they traveled along the long trail."

"Well boys," said the caller, "I have taken you pretty well over this local area with all of my talk, and I am now ready for bed." as he stood up and stretched his lithe body which was commencing to age and yawned. The brothers could tell their mysterious caller had been around many places.

"Let's just do that," said John, "Here is a blanket for you."

"No thank you, I've got my saddle blankets, and I use my saddle for a pillow."

It was a cool evening and the sky had been clear all day with a gentle breeze blowing from the north which had quit by now so they could all enjoy a restful night in this valley of challenging adventures.

Chapter 5

Viewing the Country

This day in honor I have toiled, My shining crest is still unsoiled.
But on the mile I leave behind, is one who says that I was kind;
And someone hums a cheerful song because I chanced to come along.
Sweet rest that man shall own who has not lived his day alone.

While the men are resting, let us look a "bit" into this western land on our own. It seems that nature provides this area with attractive mantles throughout the year. Generally glistening very white in the winter, with the exception of pine groves, cedars, mountain mahogany's and service berry bushes growing on hills and mountains, where deep snow drifts are built much larger by the winter winds, because this growth of trees and vegetation are there to stop and hold it for the later season of the year. This makes the melting snow more evenly distributed for their growth through the summer months.

The country becomes light and dark again in the spring and summer time, which is brightened by the bloom of many wild flowers, violets, sego lilies, larkspur, phlox lupine, columbines, blue bells, wild geraniums, wild roses, daisies, yellow dock of several varieties and many other flowers.

Fall brings flaming robes and blankets of red, yellow, orange, vermillion and other colors from the multi colored leaves of the aspen

groves, birch alder and cottonwood.

We must not forget the giant willows growing along creek banks of the meandering water streams in the valley with their many colored leaves of fall and the late blooms of asters, golden rods and other flowers which help to display the colors of fall and complete the picture and color cycle.

The vicinity surrounding the area where our men~~z~~ are now sleeping contains probably as many forgotten trails as any area of similar size in the west. These trails were necessary for the trappers, the mountain men and later the emigrants and pioneers. One of the trails entered the Raft River valley at the Strevell Pass. Thousands of cattle and sheep were driven westward and also northward. Feed must be found for the large herds or they would starve. The Indians viewed the movement of these vast herds with apprehension. Their wild game herds were becoming smaller as these domestic herds grew larger.

Early history indicates that in the year 1869 a herd of 3000 head of cattle was driven into the Raft River valley from Texas. Attracted by the mild winters and abundant feed. In 1870 the same outfit brought 110,000 head. The following year a cattle baron from California brought 4000 head to the Cassia mountain area.

Some of these outfits acquired names that have gone down in history such as the Barm- Wine Cup- -H.D.- Shoe Sole- E.Y.- and others.

It is said due to favorable weather conditions and not having any set backs or discouragements Theophilus Sickels, Frank Ryland, Ed Losey, Clarks, Joseph Grow, Sparks and Harrell, J.A. Shirley and many others soon brought or had here 230,000 head of cattle and several thousand head of horses on what is now the five units of the Saw Tooth National Forest and some bordering land south of Snake River.

The National Forest in Box Elder (western) when set aside contains

177,810 and in Cassia Co., 293049 acres.

Dry years coupled with hard winters and perhaps too many cattle for the area grazed--predominantly the snow and the cold in the winter of 1886-7 and 1889-90 abruptly reduced the number of cattle and horses. Many small and larger outfits were wiped out, In the winter of 1886-7. It was reported the Bar M holdings on Raft River with 40,000 head of cattle were practically wiped out.

The seriousness of this situation can best be judged by the consolidated operations of the Shoe Sole and the Wind Cup outfit, reported to have had 175,000 head of cattle and branded 38,000 head of calves in 1885. In 1891 the same outfit branded 60 calves. This gives the reader some idea of the number of cattle that were brought into the area. We can also visualize a great number of sheep brought into the area in the 1880's and 90's.

Chapter 6

Returning Home

"Acquire the grateful habit, Learn to see how blest you are,
 9 How much there is to gladden life, How little life to mar.
 And what if rain shall fall today and you with grief are sad,
 Be grateful you can recall the many joys you have had."

The caller was up and had a roaring fire burning before the brothers awoke. They greeted each other with a cheery "Good morning", "Pretty Frosty last night," "Your tarps are white with frost."

Sure enough white frost in June. "I guess you were right when you mentioned nothing would grow here, but then the grass persists in growing here," said Alex, as he tried to pull his stiff boots on his feet. He had to give up and hobbled over to the fire where he could warm them,

so the leather could soften a little. When he got the boots on his feet, he took some sprightly jumps around the fire swinging his arms around to get the circulation of the blood speeded up, then exclaimed, "This weather is great, The country is realistic. Oh! yesterday morn, I felt so forlorn, I felt right melancholic, However, today I feel fine."

John walked over to the creek with a cut fish line tied to the end of a cut willow pole. He soon returned with some trout for their breakfast. The horses were brought to camp and given their morning feed of oats and harnessed, while the caller saddled his own horse and made ready to leave.

They shook hands as they parted. Before leaving, the caller thanked the brothers for the nights accommodation. John said, "Goodness don't thank us, come and see us next year and we will have a cabin built, I hope. We sure appreciate all the information you have given us of the country around here." Well, if I am here I'll sure call on you, If I am not it won't matter much. Good luck to you." He raised his voice to shout as he rode away.

Alex stood watching him for some time then remarked, "A very interesting person. I hope to see more of him."

John, nearly 18 years the senior expected to be boss and supervisor, At his suggestion the camp equipment was loaded, all excepting the plow, it was hid in the willows for next time when they would return. (note) The plow was in use for many things on the ranch until in 1921 when they were building the Lind reservoir it was broken and never repaired) Soon the little spring wagon was rolling its wheels towards Grantsville. The men felt more familiar with the country after the information furnished by their visitor.

Near the top of the mountain they were told by two horsemen, they could take another trail that would avoid many of the rocks. Which ever trail was taken they were back in Terrace the first night. A very lively town full of saloons, pool halls, gambling dens and other games of amusement.

The populatio consisted of Chinese who had their own town, hobos, trancients and the regular railroad employees.

After arriving Alex disappeared as was his habit in later years. John had some difficulty finding him, when he did he was in an active brawl with a section foreman. It seemes he had aroused the anger of this big Irishman, a very strong and capable foreman named J.J. Rouse. This man was trying to throw Alex to the ground but his efforts seemed useless, and Alex said in later years, "I was just like a cat, which ever way he would throw me I would light on my feet." John separated them, probably to the joy of both men, and a disappointed crowd who had gathered. Afterwards Mr Rouse told John, "He was one of the toughest men I ever had hold of."

The wagon and team had to be watched closely that night. Robberies were frequent. They even pilfered the lunch boxed. Milch cows were turned loose to gather what hay they could steal from the horses or the travelers wagons.

John was glad when the water keg was filled in the morning. He was ready to start at the break of day to cross some of the desert before the suns intense heat, a torture to man and beast were the many misquitoses, gnats, deer flies and horse flies. Camp was made the second night at the foot of one of the rugged peaks, called New Foundland. Here they discovered a cave that made an excellent cover for a campsite.

While they were preparing the evening meal they saw several mountain

on this rugged peak. They were hunted so much in later years they finally disappeared. Next morning they started out at daybreak so they could be across the big barren alkaline deaert before the heat of the mid day sun. Homeward bound the brothers were anxious to be back and tell their folks about their trip.

Their mother, who was staying with Emma, was not old in years, but sorrow, hardship and grief made her seem old to them.

Emma was onlu 27 years old now, and had been step mother to Dora for nine years and had five children of her own. Dora was 12, Josephine was 8, Fritchhoff was 6, Julia 4, Laura 2 and Herman the baby. This completed the family of the future homesteaders.

Emma was busy in her thoughts planning the evening meal for her children while she was engaged in her sewing. The evening sun was casting shining rays of living light from behind a cloud where it was hiding in the cool of the evening; coloring the sky and many other clouds with varigated colors, with red predominating, which seemed more sparkling and beautiful than usual this evening. When she looked up from her work to glance out of the window, she saw two dusty, dirty, tired, bearded men with long hair, drive in the yard. She recognized Alex and John almost instantly though they had had no shave or hair cut since they left home. It was a happy reunion.

John told Emma of their located homestead in Junction Valley with m much enthusiasm, words could not describe it adeqnately, "you should see it Emma, Its a challenge, we shall meet it and conquer the obstacles I can see there for us to surmount."

A Tragedy Happens
Chapter 7

Man the selfish little man thinks he can do as he pleases,

But to the spirit select there is no choice.

He cannot say this, I will do or that,

For the cheap means putting Heaven ends in pawn,

A hand is stretched from out the dark.

Which grasping without question he is led,

Where there is work he must do for God.

Always working busy doing something each day. Building and creating, very frugal and saving (they had to be) was the life of the pioneers. Many places had been subdued and conquered, but there were still others, and the brothers and a neighbor, August Shelberg, were planning on a return trip the same year 1882 when tragedy struck a hard blow to the family. It appears that John had gone to Salt Lake City after a wagon load of furniture and other bulky material. It was stacked high on the wagon, leaving poor seating room for the passengers who were Anna Norberg (Emma's sister), Dora and Josephine who were seated behind somewhere. Fritchhoff and his father were in the front. Near Black Rock the team became frightened and started to run. John had poor footing and couldn't hold the run away team. The girls managed to jump off behind the wagon. John soon was thrown down in front of the wagon. One wheel rolled over his arm, breaking it, and the other wheel went over his abdomen, injuring him inwardly. The jolting of the wagon finally threw Fritchhoff to the ground injuring him fatally-almost instantly.

A large crowd of people at Black Rock for a 24th of July celebration on the 23rd came to the rescue. These were from Tooele and Grantsville. The family was taken to their home in Grantsville. The shock of the

tragedy was almost a mortal blow to the young mother. She would much rather it had been her own life. It was almost as if a bolt of lightning had pierced her heart. But God had other work for her to do. John could not attend the funeral of his son because of his critical injuries.

In time John's bruised body healed, but not entirely, as he was always troubled in later life. with abdominal pains at times. He never cared to straddle a horse after the accident, so none of his children saw him ride a horse any distance afterwards. Because of this accident the next trip to the valley was postponed until early fall, when August Shelburg went with to Junction Valley. John still carried his arm in a sling. Alex and August built a dugout to shelter them from the early fall storms, and cold inclement weather. A few loads of logs were cut and hauled also cedar posts and quaking aspen poles were cut and stacked.

Indians were frequent visitors at their place. Grouse Creek Jack had at times a tribe of 250 or more. He was a good Indian. The brothers jokingly called him "captain or Chief", which pleased him very much. He had two squaws and a large family. He claimed this territory all belonged to his father in earlier days.

Then too there was "Captain" Jim, Jack's oldest son, a very jovial Indian. They and their followers spent their time hunting deer and fishing for their winter supply of food. They picked berries and found many edible roots. Also, to them, delicious beaver tails and muskrats. Jack said, "Beaver tails all the same as candy to papooses." The antelope (pronghorn) rabbits and ground squirrels were plentiful, also the common marmot or wood chuck. Coyotes, cougars and bob cats for their fur, and occasionally the wolverine, the martin, mink, and once in awhile the black, brown or grizzly bear.

Travelers on the trail were seen quite often on their way to and from Terrace. Early Oakley residents were on the trail quite often. This

was their closest railroad station until the Oregon Short Line was completed, when they found Hamman a little nearer and no mountain to climb. The three men stayed until quite late in Junction Valley that fall; the weather with frequent snow and rain storms moved them out. The following spring the men were back on their claims. John writes in his ledger: "On the 10th of April we returned and started to clear land of brush, and broke (plowed) what we could, I, Alex and Shelberg. The 16th of May we sowed 20 acres on my land. Although it ripened we did not thresh the grain but hauled it in, stacked it and fed it to the cattle in the straw that winter. This was all cut with the scythe. "On the 3rd day of July, Jake Kinney came in to settle. He camped for two months in the willows or longer, until he got his cabin built, so he could move in same."

Lora, then thirteen, was brought along to cook for the three men. Being left alone much of the time during the day when the men went for timber. It seems her job was to herd cattle and horses from the grain and meadows as they had not done much fencing.

Busily engaged in her work one day she happened to look up and saw a band of Indians at their headquarters. She hurried off from where she was to inform her father about their visitors and intruders. They hurried their team of horses along with a load of timber they were hauling. When they arrived they found the Indians friendly, and they had made good use of an old grindstone to sharpen their knives and axes.

John's first cabin was built out of hewn logs, fitted close together, with dove tailed corners. All cracks were daubed and filled with clay mortar. The dirt roof on heavy logs, small poles fitted together, then sealed with tall grass and finer grass to keep the dirt from falling through, completed a good roof, if the dirt was thick enough. This cabin was about 16 feet square with a door on the west, a window on the

east and a huge fire place built on the north, made of mason rock. This opened up into the cabin with a large hearthstone at the floor, and a rod in the top of the fireplace to hang cooking pots.

Built on a beautiful location setting, about 200 feet higher than the river on the west. The land sloped gently to the south and east, so it made an excellent lot of about 12 acres. However, to the east there was a sharp drop off down close to the river about 200 feet east of the cabin. This was used by the boys of the family for a coasting and skiing course a few years later.

A spring to the south west which supplied water for the meadow was used for culinary water and also for irrigating the 12 acres. The hill south of the creek rises sharply 800 to 1000 feet which made an excellent skiing and tobogganing course during the winter called "Toppen Hill"

Here the willows grow wild and still,
 Rooted in an age, Old Toppen Hill.
 Wild rose bushes and service berries,
 Broken nests with birds long flown,
 Flowers, vines, ferns and weeds,
 Warm soft winds that scatter seeds.
 Willow branches where the winds might live,
 Spilling sunshine like a sieve.
 Silence deep as depth maybe,
 Hinting of Eternity.
 God, you made it perfect long ago,
 Please grant that man may leave it so. P.C.L.

After a busy season and other trips to bring cattle out etc, John and Emma came out in the early part of December. Alex had made up

his mind to stay for the winter earlier in the fall. The cattle and for-

ses needed a care taker.

After a stay of several days, they were reminded by Alex that they should celebrate Christmas a little early for his special benefit. He would be alone for the winter, at least four or five months, depending on the length of the cold snowy weather.

Jake Kinney and his wife were now located three and one half miles down stream, which was some consolation.

The messenger celebration over, John and Emma took leave and left a

very lonesome young man to battle the elements of winter alone. There is no doubt that this was the start of the life of a very well read

man. When cold weather settled down in earnest, he had a good chance

to try out the fireplace. He said, "When I built a big fire it would

roar up the chimney like volcano and throw very little heat out in the

room, so I compromised by building a small fire on one side of the hear-

thstone and I would sit on the other, freezing on one side and too

hot on the other."

The winter was a cold stormy one after the first of the year. The

grain-hay supply was inadequate. The first experience of feeding cat-

tle in the valley. When the sunny days of February came, Alex said,

"I tromped a trail through the snow to a bare ridge where the wind had

blown the snow off the grass. The cattle followed and fed on the grass

for three weeks. By this time I was able to drive them to other grassy

bare spots."

Jake Kinney was quite a nimrod, always dressed in home made buckskin

clothes his wife made for him. He loaded his own cartridges with black

powder, and mounded and cast his own bullets. He came up one beautiful

early spring morning when the snow had settled and started to melt away

by a warm chinook wind. In their conversation he persuaded Alex to go

with him on a hunt in the Narrows of the ³Basin on foot. Alex told it this way, "We went up the narrows on foot. We finally came to some large tracks. We followed them until we came to a well peaked trail, then all of a sudden there was a loud crashing in the ~~the~~ willows and out came ten or twelve head of wild cattle that had wintered on the dry grass and tender willows growing in the creek bottom and side hills of the canyon. Jake was very much disappointed. When we were re-tracing our steps we saw a large wolverine stand up in the trail ahead of us, ~~we~~ sat up on its haunches, Jake whispered to me 'That's a dangerous animal, I am going to shoot. Be prepared to run'. He took careful aim and fired. When the smoke had cleared away we advanced slowly, but we saw no trace of the animal. It was probably more frightened than the hunters and made a fast get away." The hunters returned to their homes tired and disappointed.

The following week they made arrangements for another hunt in the lower elevation called the Junction Narrows. Alex said, "We took one side of the canyon, we hadn't gone far when we saw a large herd of deer bunched on the other side, Jake was all excited. He took my hat and filled it full of cartridges from a sack of ammunition he carried. He instructed me to hand him one cartridge at a time for his large caliber single shot rifle. The shooting started and at that great distance we couldn't see or tell of any hits. I started to wonder if he was shooting up in the sky, thinking the bullets by chance would fall on at least one of the deer and knock it down." They went home empty handed the second time. This is no discredit to Jake, just Alex's way of telling it.

The chinook wind kept blowing, bringing intermittent rains and by the first part of April Alex went to Terrace for his mail. Among the mail received was a letter from John telling him they planned on leave

ing Grantsville for Junction Valley about the same time as last year. He wanted Alex to meet the family in Terrace as they would be loaded and have cattle to drive. He came back home and tried to do a little spring work, but said to the folks, "The ground was so wet out in the field you could easily mire a saddle blanket." We are of the opinion that very little spring work was done.

Chapter 8

Family Exodus

New occasions teach new duties, time makes ancient goods uncouth,
They must upward still and onward, who would keep abreast of truth.
So, before us gleams the campfires, We ourselves must pilgrims be;
Launch our Mayflower and steer boldly, through the desperate sea. ~~For~~ ~~at~~
Nor attempt the future postal, with the pasts blood rusted key. "Whitney"

Perhaps these thoughts or similar ones were going through Emma's mind as she sat on the high spring seat of the covered wagon, holding her only son sound asleep on her lap. John sat by her side holding the lines and driving the team, urging them on with an occasional "gid-up". Under the wagon cover, back of the seat Julia and Laura quite crowded on this loaded wagon. Tied on the back of the wagon behind the cover was a crate filled with chickens, which had been tied on there so they could be tended more easily on the long journey before them. On the one side of the wagon was a water barrel, on the other side to balance the load were most of the food commodities for the trip that would be easily reached.

Trailing behind came the herd of milch cows and a horse or two, driven by Dora, Josephine and Sanford Gustavson, a 14 year old boy, who had been hired to help and go with them to the valley. (note: John had sent to Sweden for Sanfords folks consisting of Father, mother, three brothers and two sisters. They were to live in his house in Grantsville, and later bought it, November 22, 1890.

At last on this April Day in 1884 they were well started on their pioneer journey. Mama was hoping it wouldn't be too long before they would arrive at their new home. It had been hard to bid friends farewell that morning. Those who had gathered around the wagon that morning, not knowing when they would see them again.

While the heavy wagon wheels rolled slowly onward along the crooked trail they were following, there was much time for reflection and deep thoughts, which kept crowding through the mother's mind. Thoughts of her buried son, her mother in the same cemetery, then her brother Hyrum, now minus one of his legs which was amputated after a bad gun shot wound when he was fourteen years old.

"We see but half the causes of our deeds, seeking them wholly in the outer life, and heedles of the encircling ^{spirit} world, which though unseen is felt, and sow in us, all germs of pure and world wide purposes." Were these words spoken to her mind, or was she just in reverie? Then these words from scripture came to her mind for encouragement, "No one having put his hand to the plow and looking back is fit for the kingdom of God."

The child stirred in her arms, then awoke and soon was noticing objects along the trail, rabbits, early spring flowers of the desert, excitedly asking questions which kept the mother busy trying to answer them. (note: Herman said he seemed to remember many things of interest to a child along the way. Laura remembers many more.)

A halt was made at noon. Tired cows laid down to rest. The horses were watered and fed. The chickens in the crate were cared for. Each child was given an individual task to do. Josephine seemed to sense at an early age if everything was alright, her tempermental father would not be aroused to an angry mood, and her great desire was to please him.

After the rest, when young and hungry folks had been fed and refreshed

Visitors have stood at the shores of Great Salt Lake, some have called its waters bright emerald grayish green and leaden gray. They have called them sapphire, turquoise and cobalt - and they have all been right, its color varies with the time of day, the state of the weather and time of the year.

the caravan moved slowly forward again. The first night out it rained, and the cows, after a rest, started back for Grantsville. They had to be overtaken in the darkness by a fast rider and brought back to camp.

Nearly every day for the next six weeks there were intermittent showers or a steady downpour of rain, or the seasonal sleeting snow storms of early spring. No need for hauling water now as most of the ravines had rain or snow water in small streams.

Progress was slow; sometimes they traveled only a few miles during the day. Finally they arrived at the edge of the flat. A level barren alkali salt bed. This stretched out about sixteen miles before them. Instead of dust, it was now covered, nearly all over, with water, from the depth of a few inches to a foot or more. When a few miles out the heavy loaded wagon mired down, like others had done in previous years, when the crossing had been attempted in wet weather.

Horses were unhitched and packed with bedding and some food supplies. Cows were even packed--chickens were fed until they could return for them. Children doubled up to ride the saddle horses. John and Emma walked--sometimes in water up to their knees.

After a weary and tiresome journey through the cold salty water and mud, the sheltered cave on the foot of the Newfoundland Mountain was reached. A fire of dead greasewood was finally started, to dry wet clothes and warm cold feet and hands. The mother prepared a porridge of new milk and sago. John whittled some spoons out of greasewood sticks for the children to eat with "chop suey" style. Being very hungry, the tired children declared it to be the best food they had ever eaten, in "after" years. Perhaps there is no reason to relate the children slept well that night, under the sheltering roof of the cave, discovered on previous trips. This served as their home for the next two weeks while they were getting the wagon and load out and across the miry gumbo mud and water. This was a herculean task, but John and his family would not give up. Piece by piece the wagon and its

load was brought to the cave. While they were moving the chickens, a rooster excaped, starting out on his own but he soon mired in the mud.

Finally the wagon was loaded again and was ready to roll. Another smaller flat of alkali mud and water to cross. This was accomplished without any lasting storie\$ or set backs. Finally they came to Terrace where they met an acquaintance named Tom Marks. He offered his assistance to the family and the jaded horses. Alex met them near the Larson place, north of Terrace about fifteen miles. This place is now deserted.

Alex had stopped with the Poulton Brothers, from Grantsville and Oakley, who were moving \$their sheep from the desert to their lambing ground on Dove Creek.

Alex informed John that they would never be able to pull the wagon over the Dove Creek mountain. The road was still blocked with snow drifts. John and Emma were hesitant, not knowing what would be best. They had now been five weeks on the train since they left Grantsville.

Dick Poulton, who knew them well, and also the stage road from Kelton to Oakley, suggested they pull their wagon and load that way. It would be a 90 or one hundred miles trip around the mountain. He offered his well rested team of mules, to replace their jaded horses, which could be driven across the mountain in a day with the milch cows.

Dora, didn't want to be alone with Alex and Sanford, so took Josephine with her early the next morning, when the family parted. The wagon pulled by the mules left towards Kelton with John, Emma and the three small children.

The trip over the mountain proved very tiring to ten year old Josephine. In the dusk of evening they missed her. Retracing the trail a short distance, they found her asleep on the ground under a sage bush. She became very tired, slid from her horse to take a rest, and went to sleep. After waking her and getting her on the horse, they decided she needed careful watching. They came to their ranch home late that night.

The girls were very tired and used to talk about their arrival at the new home to the enjoyment of all in later years.

Dick Poulton's mules proved to be a blessing to the family. It seems the rainy weather continued into May as it had done all of April and travel was very slow. The circuitous route around the mountain of nearly a hundred miles extended their distance to the ranch much farther than anticipated earlier.

Crossing the Raft River was a hair raising experience. The high water was "booming", overflowing its banks on both sides of the bridge. When they came to the bridge they could see it was floating on top of the water, but hadn't yet been completely loosened. The mules, however, did not hesitate. Stepping firmly on the bridge, they pulled the wagon quickly across and plunged through the water on the opposite side. Looking back the occupants of the wagon saw the bridge floating down stream. From the river they headed west through the Black Hills and into Junction Valley. Turning south they had two more streams to cross. The continued rainy weather had raised the water in these streams also. The young folks who crossed the mountain range had nearly a weeks rest, by now and were watching for the wagon and their folks. Alex decided to ride down through the valley to see if they could be located. Jake Kinney also joined him and they found them slowly moving southward. The children were very much concerned about their chickens, which had been dunked when crossing the Dry Creek, which was now overflowing its banks. The crate protruding on the rear of the wagon would be lowered in the water when the front wheels of the wagon were pulled on top of the bank by the mules.

When they went to cross the south fork it was about to happen again. Jake rode ahead of the wagon through the water to show the best place to cross. This time it was his dog plunged in the water by the side of

the wagon to follow his master. The swift current washed it into the wagon wheel where it was caught and pukled under the water to drown. Possibly injured too. However, Julia and Laura never forgot this incident. When they arrived at their new home they were welcomed by Sanford, Dora and Josephine.

Emma appreciated more than anyone the joy of being stationary after a six weeks experience of really roughing it "out" in rain and snow and sleet, which in normal good weather, should have been about an eight day drive for the milch cows. Now she could at least wash their clothes and get them dry. A willow bowery was set up next to the cabin with board tight walls and a leaky roof through the willow covering. Here she could cook on a real stove named "Santa Claus" in big bold cast iron letters, and serve the meals. The bowery was built on the west side and adjoining the cabin.

Chapter 9

The New Home

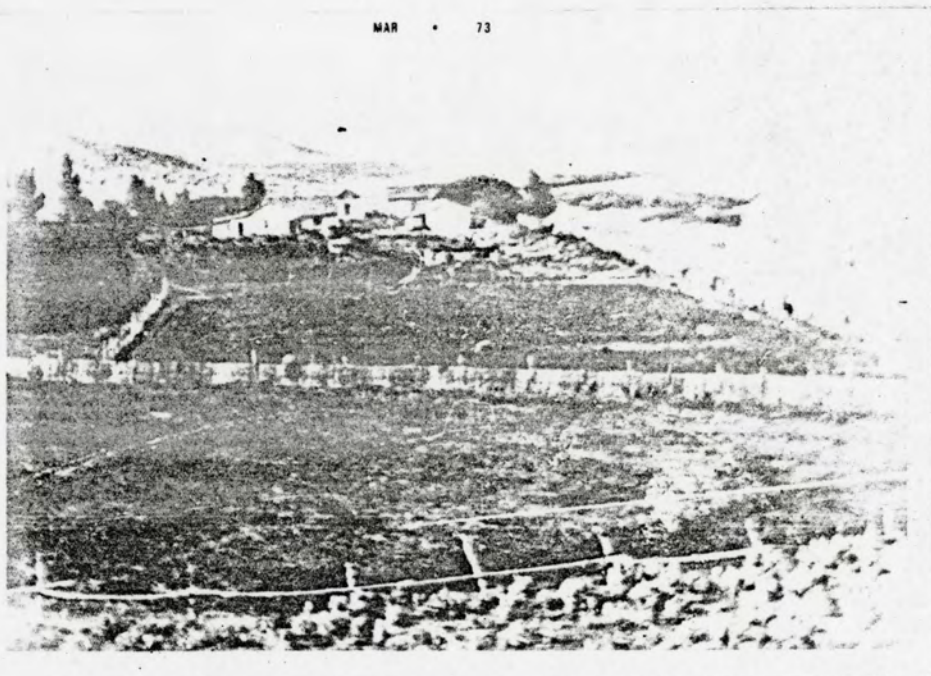
The trail that leads to home, That is the trail for me,
I know no finer trails to roam, with finer sights to see,
With highways the world is lined, that leads to wonders new,
But he that rides them far away, Leaves behind the tender things true.

The Santa Claus cook stove was small compared with the kitched ranges of a later date, but now it was welcome, and Emma cooked many delicious meals for her family and also for many guests that came to accept her kind hospitality. The door latch was lifted for all, so long as they behaved in a decent manner.

Some of her distinguished guests were John W Taylor, recently ordained one of the twelve Apostles of the L.D.S. Church. He had been assigned to visit the Oakley, Idaho settlement.

This particular morning Emma had prepared breakfast in a drizzling

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Linds Ranch as it Looked in 1912

rain. When Elder Taylor left he complimented her on the delicious hot cakes served for breakfast. Perhaps the rain helped to add zest and flavor to the food served. They were cooked on the stove under the sheltering cover of the willow bowery.

When President Lorenzo ^{Snow} _A lived in Brigham, he was assigned to visit the settlements in West Box Elder County, he found it convenient to stay overnight. He was accompanied by some of his family.

Heber J. Grant made a trip through the valley when he was President of the Tooele Stake. He was met at Terrace by some one from Oakley, then taken back via Kelton, Ut, on his return trip.

Emma and John had many visitors at their "half way " house, as many called it. Being half way between Oakley and Terrace, Grouse Creek and Park Valley, Yost and Grouse Creek, Almo and Grouse Creek. Some of their guests were law violators, gun slingers, and others just plain tramps out to see the country. Among the well known law offenders whom received much publicity in later years were Jack Davis (Diamond Field Jack), Fred Gleason, Frank Smith and others. In later years, now--"Back to the Home on the Range."

It was now past the middle of May, much later than generally to start spring work. Their horses having had a good rest by now, were started out on the plow, harrows and home made leveler. Grain was sown by hand and harrowed down. They had brought garden seed and planted a large garden by the side of the creek.

John writes," The twenty one acres of the 1883 year was planted. Alex planted eight acres of wheat on his ground. Together that fall we trooped out, with horses, three hundred bushels of wheat and got a fanning mill from Helaman Campbell to clean it with."

The garden grown was very good, furnishing more than enough vegetables needed for the family. Wheat for flour was taken to the flour mill ^{Utah,} where a Mr. Player operated at Rosebud, a few miles north of Terrace

-ated this mill for a large area of ranchers, who patronized his mill, far away as Oakley, Idaho, until it burned down and was never rebuilt.

During the summer months of 1884 with the help of Alex, August and Sanford a new home was finished and the already "old house" was used for a granary and the family moved into the new home that sported a "loft," where they could store commodities. The loft had one outside entrance. Two alpine firs were planted outside and were growing nicely. Having moved into the new house with a shingled roof, preparations were made for a hard winter, which did not materialize.

February 13, 1885 Laurence Fritchhoff was born. He was the first white child born in the valley and in the new home.

John left for Grantsville March 5, 1885 to take care of some of his business matters. Alex and August started fencing. This was a slow process. One post had to have four holes bored with one and one fourth inch hand auger. The pole, pine or aspen, had one hole bored in the big end. Two posts were set in each post hole. Sometimes both posts had holes bored. Posts were set a rod apart. A wooden peg was driven through the holes in the posts and poles. This made a good fence when completed. They didn't do much fencing before it was time to start a spring work. This spring and summer were dry compared to the previous one.

August Shelberg was with the family from August 15, 1884 until the first of September 1885 when he left to herd sheep for Ed Bennemonte. Board had cost him \$2.50 a week and 25¢ extra for washing. We have no record of him prior to this time but they exchanged work nearly all of the time.

During the late spring and early summers cows were herded off the meadows by Sanford, Dora and Josephine, so there would be some hay to cut. Josephine was herding off the cattle when the Emery outfit moved in on August's meadows to take the feed. They paid no attention to her

pleas. She went home and told her father. He hurried on down there to the intruders and told them to move on. Mr Emery challenged his attack. John had the habit of spitting his hands together when his "fire" was up and his steel blue eyes would flash fire. Sharp and biting words were exchanged. John was victorious, and the cattle were driven off the homestead to look elsewhere for feed.

The cattlemen had another tussle with Jerome Kempton who had moved in on the creeks at the fork near the narrows of the canyon. He had finished a fortified cabin recently. This was a rock wall 2½ feet thick built out of cobble stones, gathered from the nearby hillside. Convenient portholes were built in at the right height on three sides. He had repeatedly asked John to build one, but he refused on the grounds, "he would rather be a friend than have enemies." A story follows:

After Shirley's outfit sold to Keogh's, these Irishmen were quite reluctant to have their so called range gobbled up by homesteaders and sheep barons. To help control the range they hired a gun slinger, with a squeaky voice and a nervous hand named Bill Johnson. Bringing a large herd of cattle to be turned on the Kempton meadows, this fort came into view. On closer examination the rider saw a gun barrel protruding from each port hole. Mr Johnson and his riders lost all desire to turn their cattle herd on to these meadows, but moved them a few miles farther north to the end of the valley.

The new crown mower John had recently purchased worked early and late to get hay out before fall. He was mowing hay from the Kempton meadows up to what they called Howell meadows this year of 1885. The grasses cut were native and matured quite early. Later the grain would have to be cut.

John made inquiries about getting a threshing machine from neighboring

towns where they had one. However, trails were in such a rough state, the best they could do was charge fifty bushels of grain to move in, then every tenth bushel they threshed, besides feeding the threshing crew of about 12 men and that many horses. Having had some correspondence with George A Lowe Co., in Ogden, they, He and Dora, took two wagons and teams and drove to Ogden, Utah, to have a look and perhaps make a purchase.'

The threshing machine and horse tread power seemed to be what they wanted as the cost was very little more than they would have to pay for one years threshing.

They loaded up, and it seems they had a good trip home until they came into the valley. The following occurred: When they came over the Dove Creek mountain where the first view of their homestead and part of the valley could be seen after dark. It was all lit up with the glow of a fire.

John telling the experience afterwards said, " I knew instinctively that it was the house and I thought my whole family had perished in the fire. I possibly passed out when I fell from the feed table of the threshing machine where I had been sitting. Dora stopped the horses."

This is the story of the fire," The family was all sitting around the table eating their evening meal after dark, the keroene lamp was lit, they could not see the glow of the fire outside. Emma heard a peculiar noise. Sanford was close to the door, and she told him to look outside. When he did they all knew what was the matter. Emma dashed outside into the other room where Laurence, the baby was sleeping. She left him with the girls, tied a wet towel around her head to save her hair. Dashing back she risked her life to save their treasure chest. In this was all their valuables plus \$300.00 she was banking for sheep herders, who didn't want to leave it in their tents which were frequently ram-

sacked, or carry it on their person. It seems the sheep camps had many visitors in early days. Bedding, beds, furniture, sewing machine, clothing, and other things all burned. Some of the logs were saved by the bucket brigade, which though small, was formed to carry water. Herman, four years old remembered this and tried to help.

Jake Kinney came up the next morning to help hunt for clues and trace the arsonist. Horse tracks were found, also where the horse had been tied up. Horse tracks were measured and a set of imprints from the nails were noticed. It occurred to them to measure the boot prints of the man also.

A few days after the fire a man paid Emma a bill he owed. Among the coins he offered for payment she found a coin--a 50¢ piece that had been plugged, with a few other markings that could not be erased so easily. Under very close scrutiny by the whole family on this coin and other clues, they had suspicion enough to prosecute. The coin had been presented to Laurence by a sheep herder named Charlie Dale. He had taken his pocket knife and drilled the hole for a buckskin string and tied it around the baby's neck for a play thing.. Every little marking, the year it was stamped and other dents on it were known to the family. It had been worn by Laurence before he had been put to bed the night of the fire, when undressing the baby was lain to one side. This denoted a lot of snooping had been done before the fire had been started in the attic or loft through the outside entrance.

Here and there evidence was gathered to convince the family who the guilty person was and he had been paid by cattlemen to do this dastardly deed to try and discourage John from staying. John would not prosecute. Herman says he remembers, though only four years old, the bucket brigade saved the old house.

It was late to rebuild that fall, the harvesting had to be completed and the threshing done. The small threshing machine worked very well

when they got two horses trained to tread the power. Weight counted here for power to operate the machine. They threshed from 100 to 150 bushels in one eight hour day. Two gently horses were trained to tread the power. Each one worked one half day. John writes, " In 1885 I got the threshing machine, Threshed the grain for Jake Kinney and August Shelberg that year in December. August had eleven acres that year and Kinney had four. I also cut their wheat that year as I got a table rake, a buck eye reaper in July. All grain was tied by hand."

The family had to move back in the "old house" again. Herman said, " I remember my bed was on top of the grain in the grain bin."

Chapter 10

Building Again

Life is a gift to be used every day,

Not to be smothered and hidden away,

I It isn't a thing to be stored in a chest,

Where you gather your keep sakes and treasure your best.

It isn't a joy to be sipped now and then,

And promptly put back in a dark place again,

Get out and live and enjoy it each day,

Wear it and use it as much as you may,

Don't keep it in niches and corners and grooves,
You will find that in service its beauty improves. E. Guest

John had not been idle in the winter of 1886-6. To show his determination to stay he said, " I am going to build out of rocks, they can't burn them up." The new house was started that spring and was built out of both logs and rocks. The three back rooms were built first and had a dirt roof for a few years. This was replaced and five more rooms were added shortly after.

We find that both John and August Shelberg started boarding with the family September 12, 1886 and were paying board at \$2.50 per week,

washing and mending 25¢ extra. John left after paying his bill April 12, 1887. August left August 1, 1887 to take care of his sheep herding, then started a provision bill Aug. 3, 1887. August came back to board with the family Feb 2, 1888 and boarded until the 28th of March. John Shelberg and Alex left for employment in Nevada April 1887. Alex returned in 1889.

Oct 16, 1886 another son came to gladden the hearts of Emma and John. He was named Oscar John. The mother said, "At birth he was small but nimble and active." One can say the mother had an overburden of work to do with the extra boarders, besides her own family to care for at this time./

When Alex returned from Nevada he had stories to tell of mining experiences. He told of being in a dangerous and precarious place long enough, expecting a charge of dynamite to explode, his hair literally turned gray over night. A young man, not yet thirty, came back with gray hair, to assume his responsibilities as a rancher.

John was married to eighteen year old Flora Hardy when he returned. His wife gave birth to a girl in 1890 and died in childbirth. The grandmother raised her granddaughter at their home in Nevada.

John and Emma stayed steady with their ranching job. It required a constant labor from the whole family to accomplish so much. It seemed the mother was untiring. She worked in the field with the others, then came in a little early to prepare the noon day meal, then work in the afternoon, then cook the evening meal. Afterwards tuck the smaller children in bed.

As Dora grew older she took the responsibility of caring for the livestock on the range. John never did any horseback riding. All the girls became riders at an early age.

John writes, "I cut the hay on the Alex place for eleven years, from

1884 to 1895 when he got a mower of his own. I cut 34 loads of hay on the Kinney meadows in 1885 and about the same in 1886. In 1886 I bought the place for \$200.00 and Jake Kinney left on the 27th of June 1886. I sold the place to Walter T. Holt of Bountiful for the same price in August. He moved his wife and small baby out in October, stayed 18 years and got rich." "James Sessions came later and built a log house below the Kinney place. He was a brother in law to Holt. He lived here a short while then moved away leaving the house and stable vacant. Mart Holtman moved these buildings up on the Kinney place after he bought from Holt."

We find quite a number of outstanding local young men riding the range. Many of them making their homes here locally for a few years/ in near by places. Andrew Benson, Andrew and Bill Callahan, John and Andrew Warren, Will and Charlie Chadwick, Steve and Amasa Callahan, Dave, Tom, Amasa and Walt James, Tom Marks, Dave and Fred Hirschi, Emer Taylor, Hy Yates, Joseph Barlow and Many others.

Among the sheep herders were John Blyth, Charley Anderson, Charley and Frank Dale, Roy Pugsley, Roy Badger, James Duncan, James Raleigh, Johnathan Campbell, John Carter and many others.

Dick, Will and Sam Poulton had established their own sheep outfit on Dove Creek, building a shearing and dipping corral. Ed Bonnemotte on the Muddy where he built a shearing corral and dipping vat.

Dick Poulton said, "I drove a sheep camp, the first wagon to the top of Dove Creek Pass, 7500 feet in elevation, where the road is now." He had a strawberry roan colt born on Dove Creek about 1885. They asked him what he would name it. He said, "I'll call it Brigham. Brigham Young was a good man. This will be a good horse." This was his favorite horse for many years. Many wonderful stories could be told about it.

Brigham lived to be 38 years old and had to be shot when he broke his leg. It spent the biggest part of its life on Dick's ranch on "Warm Creek.

Pete, Andrew and Fred Larsen ranged horses in Junction Valley. Two of their sisters came to visit them from the Larsen ranch on week ends, then return again,--Christy and Sophia.

John met a man one cold morning when he was working out in the field. This man was wearing a long overcoat, with a rope wound around the waist several times. He said his name was Charlie Yost, he had worked on the E.Y. and other places since coming west. He was now living over at Yost or George Creek. His horses had strayed from camp and he was trying to locate them. They had quite a lengthy conversation. They were both about the same age and became very good friends in later years. He had married the oldest girl in the Larsen family (Maria Povelsen),. He was born in Indiana. His mother died when he was very young and had been raised by his God mother until he was nine years of age, then he left to make his own fortune in the world. He joined the union forces when he was in his teens, where he served as a cook and when the war ended he came west for more adventure.

In his later years he fulfilled almost a life time desire to return and visit with his Godmother. When he came to her home he would not reveal who he was, but said he was a "mormon". She became curious and wanted to know if he had grown any horns yet. He answered "no, but I have one coming." Parting his hair he showed her a bony welt protruding on the top of his head, which had grown out that much when he was a child and she had cracked him on the head with a stick of wood. This was too much for her to take. It brought back memories of when he was a careless child and she had cracked his skull with a stick of wood, and in healing, this lump grew out.

Patriarch David H. Toyn said of him, "I was called to the Yost ward as a missionary. I was staying with Emer Taylor who had a grocery store. While I was sitting there Mr Yost came in with his son-in-law. Knowing them we exchanged greetings. He wanted to know my business. I told him I was a missionary, and invited him and his son-in-law to come to church the next day (Sunday). Mr Yost looked at me and said, 'You are the first man that ever invited me to come to church here, I think you will see us there.' Next day he and his son-in-law were there and listened very attentively to what was said. After the services he thanked the missionary for what was said and for inviting him to the services."

The town of Yost was named for this man.

The Flood

Sing unto the Lord with Thanksgiving--that covereth the heavens with clouds, who prepareth rain for the earth--who maketh grass to grow on the mountains. Psalms 147-8. John writes, "In 1883 we had the greatest flood that was ever in Junction. It was the night between July 31 and August 1st. Fearful rains that season, any amount of hay washed away and spoilt."

Tom Marks and Dave James had set their tent quite close to the Basin Creek and filled it with their equipage bed rolls etc. The round up corral was near by. In the evening they had jokingly made light of an approaching storm which was threatening in the dark and ominous clouds to the west that was approaching. They had hobbled and turned their saddle horses loose to graze for the night. They had cooked and eaten their evening meal which had been prepared on the camp fire, and now crawled into their beds in the tent, and were soon asleep.

They were rudely awakened by the rain beating down on their tent and water flowing into their tent, soaking up their beds. They hurriedly

grabbed their boots and pants and scrambled for the tent door and higher ground, through water up to their knees. In a flash of lightning they saw their tent pulled down and under by a surging wall of water.

Thankful they were out on higher ground, but sorry for the loss of their tent, bed rolls, saddles etc, they were debating what should be done the rest of the night. Everything they had was wet, the closest place to go was John and Emma's, nearly two miles away. They started out in the downpour of rain and black darkness, guided now and then by a flash of lightning. Groping and feeling their way when necessary. They were finally able to get to the Lind's where they were made welcome with dry clothes and a bed to rest and sleep the remainder of the night. After breakfast they went to salvage what they could of their belongings from the flood, which by now had passed on. They followed the Basin Creek for some distance before finding anything. What they did find was all saturated and filled with silt and filth.

The flood covered all of August Shelberg's meadows and plastered unmowed grass to the ground and where it had been cut, it was washed away in the creek channel. The same thing happened on Holts. Some was salvaged later with the hay rake.

Chapter 11

Marketing the cattle and threshing the grain.

Men fear the passing of years only when they have been perhaps mis-spent. They who have used well their allotment of time glory in each achievement and welcome gladly the the coming of another year.

John didn't believe in relieving anyone of responsibility. When grain was harvested the whole family was called out to take part in binding grain bundles. This was a hard finger bruising, back breaking job. Everyone was glad when the job was finished.

On the 22nd of September, when they were hauling wheat, another son was born to Emma. He was named Raymond August. He was a strong, hus-

62a



Lind's Home in 1917

ky baby with beautiful brown wavy hair, and he grew rapidly.

In the growing up stage he and Oscar were known as the Lind twins.

Several trips were made each year to different towns. John believed in having company on these long trips, generally two of the children were asked to go. We find Herman and Dora, when he was seven and Dora eighteen, driving a herd of steers to Ogden. John drove the chuck wagon. This was a long slow drive of 150 miles and the cattle would shrink badly on these long drives across the alkali and grease wood "flats", where flies and mosquitos were extremely bothersome.

Julia writes, "On one of these trips to Ogden, I can remember when Josephine was 12 years old, she rode a strawberry roan mare called Nellie clear to Ogden driving a few head of steers." Julia was then 8 and could not understand how they could find their way through the towns. They managed very well. The steers were gentle and became quite tender-footed and leg weary on the long drives. After a few trips like these, John decided to try shipping on the railroad--generally from Terrace back to Omaha or Kansas City.

When John was asked to do the thrashing for his neighbors on the Muddy, Herman and Dora were needed to drive the horse power loaded on one of the wagons. Those living on the Muddy then were the Syckeles, Loseys Hylands, Garrards and Warrens.

The sheepmen were numerous in the valley by now, having practically taken the range over from the cattlemen in the south end of the valley. The Lind children were given pet lambs to raise on the bottle, cull lambs were left and in just a few years they had a sizable herd to care for. Laura and Herman were appointed sheep herders, and now look back with pleasant memories of times spent together in the nearby hills around the ranch during the day. Outstanding memories are when they had about as many deer in the herd as they did sheep. The deer staying with the sheep until they were driven home at night. The meals that August Shelberg fixed for them when they took the herd in the direction of his

homestead were prepared in his new cabin. August passed away in November of 1890.

A herd of hogs, this might sound fantastic, but hogs were herded up in the hills too, mostly by Jolia and Josephine. They were herded along the creeks, springs, and where they could find service ^{berry} bushes and glean what they could find that was edible. They had one trained hog called Serran, among his tricks he was trained to ride and drive.

Chapter 12

Another Son ---Indian Long Trip

He serves his country best

Who joins the tide that lifts her nobly on;

For speech has myriad tongues for everyday

And song but one; And law within the breast

Is stronger than the graven law of stone;

There is a better way.

He serves his country best

Who lives a pure life and doth righteous deeds

And walks straight paths, however others stray,

And leaves his sons as uttermost bequest

A stainless record which all may read

This is the better way. unknown

The year 1890 found their homesteads all fenced. It had been a tedious slow job. Part of John's fence was built on the west side with two barb wires and one pole. The rest was a pole fence. Alex had pretty much the same, but August had a stretch of buck fence on the west side built entirely of cedar posts, and on the east it was barb wire which they could now buy. August Shelberg lived alone in his new cabin which John helped build, after it was completed in 1889.

On August 24th 1890 on a Sunday another son was born to Emma. August Shelberg visiting the family, saw the new son and told the parents they would have to name him Phil or Bert. After his departure they de-

cided on the names Philbert Cornelius.

August's health was failing so he went back to Grantsville and asked John to take care of his property. August's brother, John, was still in Nevada where he had been working.

Julia was asked to go to school, or perhaps she wanted to go this fall, she was now thirteen. John had business in Grantsville so we find he, Julia, and Oscar on their way on this trip. Emma said afterwards, "I don't know why I let that four old youngster go; but he won out in his coaxing.

They were gone about a month on this trip. Oscar had received some wonderful gifts for a child. His pride was a big glass marble, the size of a small base ball, which he kept for years.

John wrote in his book, "August Shelberg died November 26, 1890 and was buried in Grantsville." All the children mourned his death. He had been such a good friend and neighbor for them.

John also writes, "I sold my house and lot in Grantsville to John Gustaveson November 22, 1890. The first time I saw Coltan was in 1884 in October when August Shelberg and I went to Cassia Creek after lumber. He and his son had both taken up homesteads where John Beus located. The old man sold to James Lyman, Fred sold to John Beus (which is the Beus place) The first time I saw John Beus was at a dance in 1889."

We find John and Alex had some new neighbors at the mouth of the canyon or Junction Narrows--Louis Howell from Tellsville, Utah. In 1891 Louis Howell bought his place from Charley Garner. Charlie Garner came from north Ogden and bought the place from Hank Goe who owned the place in 1885-6-7-8. (note Louis Howell was a polygamist with two wives.)

When June came along in 1891 some one had to go to Grantsville for Julia. She had been gone for at least seven months. Emma and Josephine decided they would make the trip this time. Dora and Laura were

were left home to take care of the small boys and keep house. Herman, Lawrence, Oscar and Raymond. Laura was a very fitting companion for these youngsters and perhaps took them with her some of the time when she and Herman were herding sheep.

Emma and Josephine found their way on the trail to Grantsville with only incidental happenings. They visited friends and relatives briefly then started home. This is the first time we have any record of Emma returning to Grantsville since she left seven years before. We must give them credit for being very good trail finders. In those days there were many trails of equal importance. To find and stay on the right trail took good judgment and skill. In this day and age with all the road signs, many people are lost daily. Thirty to forty miles was a good days travel for an averageteam of horses.

The chores of driving a team of horses were multiple on these long trips. The horses had to be watered, fed and groomed, collars fit properly, wagon greased daily etc. One could easily tell a good horseman from a poor one by the way their horses were groomed and cared for. Meals were cooked over a camp fire. Beds were generally rolled out on the ground or when stormy, under cover. The little spring wagon had bows and a cover.

Only once near Dove Creek did they lose their way. They evidently planned on coming home that night, and in the darkness took the wrong trail which was more traveled as they had been hauling logs and timber from the pine grove near Clark's Basin, where there was a round up corral and cabin. The hour was late so they made camp. The baby gave his mother and sisters a bad time that night. Emma said she thought he had been bit by a snake, or some poisonous insect. At least his voice matched the howling coyotes and helped to frighten other predators from camp. They were all glad when daylight came so they could rectify the

mistake they had made. They were soon on the right trail towards home.

The family left at the ranch welcomed them back home quite early the next day. Emma had some little trinket of remembrance for each one of the children. To those at home it looked like Julia had grown six inches while away.

May 15, 1891 Gustave Anderson came to the ranch from Sweden. He was sixteen years old. John had heard about him through friends so sent for him. He fitted in very well with the family. He taught the boys many Swedish songs. They in turn taught him the English language.

July 10, 1892 a daughter was born to Emma. They named her Mollie Althea. Her youngest sister was now past twelve, and in growing up Mollie would sure be a tomboy ,with five brothers just older and the new boy from Sweden.

April 18, 1893 the other members of the Gustave Anderson family came to the ranch from Sweden. They were Anders, the father, Johanna the mother, Hilda and Selma the daughters.

John met them in Terrace. There was still plenty of snow on the Dove Creek mountain and some at the ranch. When they were having difficulty getting the wagon, and also the sled used through the snow, the ladies decided they would get their hats from Sweden out of their trunkd and wear them. They wanted to make a good impression on the folks at the ranch. Arriving, the expected guests created quite a sensation among the children. Philbert, then 2½ years old was trying to take care of Mollie who was just a baby, but he did his best to keep her at a safe distance and made them understand they had to leave her alone. He has never forgot this incident. This family was sure appreciated at the ranch. They lived in the old house the time they staid at the ranch.

We find all of Emma's daughters were sent out to school, also Dora. They attended school in Oakley,^{and} Ogden . Dr.A.F.O.Neilson, the teacher, said of Josephine," She was the best composer and story writer I had in the whole school. Pres. William T. Jack called Laura"the Swedish night-

ing gale, Jenny Lind." (Johanna Maria Lind)

John records, "In 1894-95 we built our barn." In the Almo Park John and Alex found some beautiful timber, mostly lodge pole pines which was cut and hauled to their ranches. Here they met Herman Taylor and his father and others from Almo who were also getting timber.

Herman said, "While I was busy cutting poles I had the misfortune to cut my leg badly with the axe," John told me, "I'll fix and dress that cut for you." "He started to rip his shirt in strips, with the strips he dressed the wound, stopped the flow of blood with a tourniquet and I was soon at work again." A little later John felled a tree and as it hit the ground it bounced and hit John's leg, crippling and bruising it. There we were both limping around trying to work." The work went on until the barn was completed. A rock floor, and water piped into the barn, came a little later in 1897.

John had purchased a circle saw and a sweep horse power. He rigged up a saw mill and sawed pickets and shingles for the barn, the house, the shop and also the neighbors houses. This was a very interesting work while it lasted.

"Indians"

One day while the family was at work sawing shingles, they saw a strange procession coming down the mountain trail from Dove Creek. They moved slowly. When they came closer the family hadn't yet figured it out. There were several hundred head of horses, a few cows, dogs, and many people riding the horses. Finally the caravan stopped and just a few came riding to where they were working sawing shingles. It proved to be John's friend, "Indian Jack". He wanted to saw shingles, John let him. He soon gave the job up in disgust. Then he told John he had a sick cow. She had laid down and wouldn't get up and he wanted some medicine for her. Emma ^{fixed} ~~fixed~~ some medicine for the sick cow in a bottle,

and explained to Jack how to administer to the sick animal, "Open mouth and pour down throat." He understood and returned to where she and his company were.

It wasn't long afterwards, they passed the place where they were working. Jack was all smiles and said, "Heap good medicine, cow get right up." He told this time also they had held court before leaving Dove Creek and quick justice. The criminal was tried, convicted and buried in a very short time. That was the reason he and his followers were moving to another camp ground. This was the largest number of Indians seen in one company since they came to Junction Valley and it would probably be the last time they would see that many in one band. Small groups were frequent callers.

---Range Wars---

John Blyth, a young Scot emigrant herding sheep, was one of the first victims of the useless range wars. He was herding sheep for Charlie Parks, it is said.

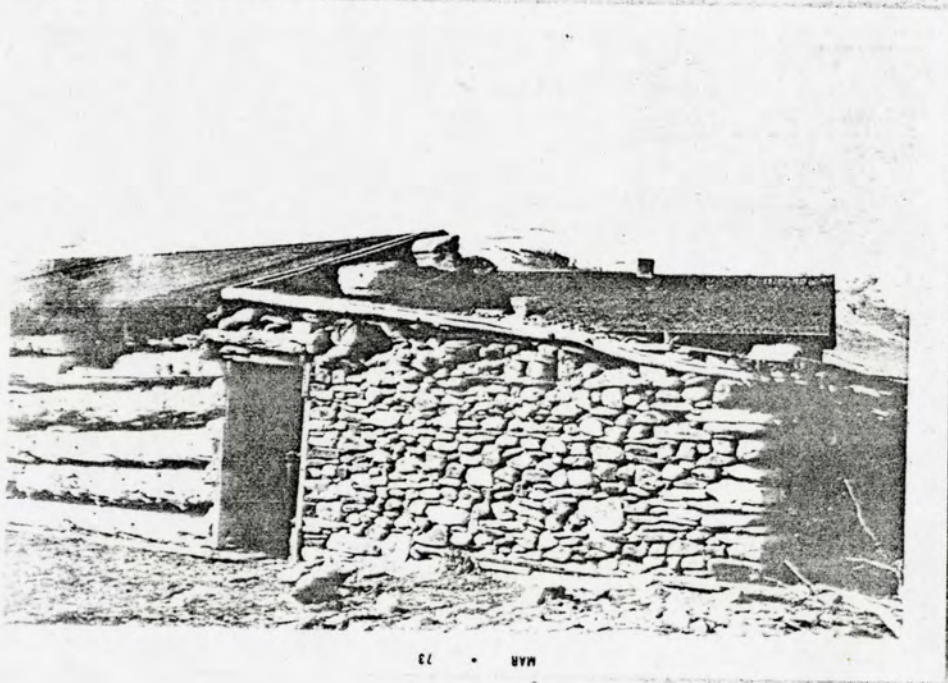
They had an imaginary division line on the range which ~~was~~ sheep and cattlemen should observe and respect. It seems John Blyth got too close with his herd of sheep and Bill Johnson, the hired gun slinger, goes to work on him with his quirt, trying to hit the Highlander over the head, but he is able to keep him at a safe distance with his sheep herders staff, therefore, the trusty six shooter is brought into action and John Blyth is crippled in the groin.

At the trial, which seemed to be a farce, the gunman was acquitted, as there was no other way to protect ones self from a cane wielder. Blyth never recovered from this gun shot, but was lame the rest of his life, always using a cane to walk with.

After this fracas he carried a 38 revolver on his hip and became one of the best shots in this area. It is said Bill Johnson later died in prison.

Jerome Kempton's fort

Notice Port holes Built about 1884



John Blyth owned the National Hotel in Burley at one time. He had his headquarters in Yost. At one time, operating from there with five or six bands of sheep. For many years he was a frequent caller at the home of John and Emma for supplies for his camp, buying oats mostly for his horses.

The most notorious court case ever tried in Cassia County was about a fight between sheepmen and cattlemen trying to enforce a "dead line". About the middle of January 1896 the real trouble began west of Oakley.

On February 4th two sheepherders were seen eating their breakfast. On the 16th, their dogs were still tied to the wagon wheels of the camp, almost dead from starvation. They found 44 shells outside, blood on the wagon tongue and on the camp. Officers were notified. They decided the herders had been shot on the 4th of February. They brought the bodies to Oakley for burial. Herman was in Oakley going to school at the time. He and others heard the bells of Oakley toll all night long, to impress the people of the seriousness of the crime.

The headstones of these sheepherders buried in the Oakley cemetery read

Daniel Cummins Died Feb. 4, 1896

Age 22 years 3 months 23 days,

Death is certain; The hour unseen

Why did they kill them thus, so sudden

Pin them on deaths awful lances?

Why pick the flower just budding?

Why didn't they give the boys a chance?

~~~~~

John C. Wilson Died Feb. 4, 1896

Age 25 years 1 month 4 days.

Assassinated while on duty.

Sadly in the early springtime

Did we lay them away to rest;

Away from the cold unfeeling clime,



Safe away among the blessed.

\*\*\*\*\*

The unsolved murder of these two sheepherders has become the most fascinating legend of this area. The trial Of Diamond Field Jack (Jack Davis) tried at Albion, Idaho with much display of legal talents on both sides. Jack was convicted to die, and hang for murder. Twice he was saved from the gallows, with only hours left, by fast riders bringing stay of execution from the Governor. He was later pardoned and became a mining man in California and Nevada. Ironically he was killed in a car accident. So was Fred Gleason who was also questioned because his gun shot 44 cartridges, and he had been seen in the company of Diamond Field Jack prior to the killing. May we say here that these sad slayings turned the hearts of all the people in this area, against all gun slingers. The two mentioned had been entertained in most of the homes in this area, including John and Emma's.

I guess I wasn't fashioned for the brilliant things of earth;  
Wasn't gifted much with talent or designed for special worth,  
But was just sent here to putter with lifes little odds and ends,  
And keep a simple corner where the stirring highway bends.  
And if folks should chance to linger worn and weary through the day,  
To do some needed service and to cheer them on their way. unknown

#### HOWARD STANBURY EXPLORES ALONG LAKE AND TRAIL

Howard Stanbury had been sent west to map Great Salt Lake in the summer of 1849 with eighteen men, mules and wagons and supplies. He left Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, May 31, 1849. He made a very hard trip west of the Lake. Some of his party was left at Malad River October 18, 1849. The others traveled west on the Emigrant Trail, and following the courses of his guide, they went south and west around Promontory Point. On its west side they found fresh water in many places. This was a surprise as this had been pictured as a dry country and sea shore. Rounding the north end of the lake they suffered much for want of water, but seemed



to follow close to where the railroad was built some twenty years later.

At one time the mules were without water for sixty hours. They had only one twenty gallon keg to carry water on their mules. Night traveling possibly saved their lives. They lost three mules in their travels, one was stolen by the Indians, one they had to leave as he gave out, and one strayed away. They finally got to Pilots Peak where some Indians had constructed some winter tepees, larger and heavier than the summer camps. These were newly built and not yet used. From Pilot they had seventy miles to travel to Grantsville, which was all desert and very little water and forage for their mules. They found five heavy wagons and one cart abandoned on the desert, with much valuable treasure in their loads. Also another place which had been rifled--a poorly constructed cache. All had been taken but twelve oxen yokes.

They were twenty days on this journey from Maled River coming into this valley, where the Mormons were wintering cattle November 7, 1849. They had encountered much rain and snow at times on the last leg of their journey. (note: Howard Stansbury's history. Captain in the Civil War 1861. Short and heavy set, died of apoplexy April 17, 1863. Had much energy.)

### Chapter 13 --Accident Sheep Herding--

Is there enough money in the world today to buy your boys?  
Could a monarch pay you silver and gold in so large a sum--  
That you'd have them blinded or stricken dumb?  
How much would you take if you had the choice  
Never to hear again in this world their voice?

Philbert was lying in the baby's home made rocking cradle, which was built quite large and had plenty of room for a four year old, on the 13th of February 1895, when he heard the cry of another brother, on this eventful birthday of Emma's seventh son. He was named Vance Otto. Philbert had been a great nuisance to Dora and others who had to wait on him.



Emma, who was lying in bed in another room, the ten days after the birth of a child, which was a must, could hear his wails, said, "He was so patient begging for a drink for more than an hour; I tried to get out of bed and get it for him myself."

Some of the girls were away to school again. Dora and Gustave were

working down to the corral and new barn. Laurence and Philbert went to call them to dinner. They went through the pale fence stackyard, to avoid deep snow and mud. The youngest is generally the slowest, and on the return trip he was sitting on top of the pole fence when a band of horses dashed by so close they frightened him, and he fell to the ground. The leg was pinned between the poles and broke above the ankle, to release it. Dora and Gustave came along in a few minutes to carry him to the house in a shawl that she was wearing around her shoulders.

Philbert still remembers this painful ordeal quite well. John and Emma set the bone and tied splints on the leg to hold the bone in place until it knitted, during this time he had to lie in the cradle and learn patience. By April, Raymond and Mollie had him learning to walk and jump again.

Vance grew rapidly in body and mind, when very young he told his uncle "he weighed 1500 pounds." He told another friend of the family, "You got hair on your face," The man replied, "That's dirt." Vance cautioned, "There's hair in the dirt, you best go wash it off."

Philbert, when seven years old was given the job of rounding up the milch cows and penning up the calves for overnight. They were only milked once a day, and he had plenty of help from Raymond and Oscar, but they had other jobs too. This required a larger herd of cows. This summer there were twenty one to round in every night along with their calves. Laura, Laurence and Oscar were the milkers. Emma made butter and cheese. The churn was an up and down dash churn. The cheese press was a screw



press and a heavy deep steel pan with wooden ends that fitted down into both ends, giving a tremendous pressure in the frame when the heavy screw was tightened. The butter and cheese was sold to sheep men and also in Terrace. There was a great demand for it. Emma bought her first washing machine with this kind of money received from Dick Poulton. Before, all the washing of clothes was done on the wash board.

Alex finally quit working for other people and got started in the cow business as follows:

November 20, 1894 Alex got twelve calves for \$72. Nov, 15, 1893 Alex got 42 calves for \$295.00. These were leased.

John Shelberg, after grieving the loss of his wife, took his brothers place over and John supplied him with the following stock:

Nov, 22, 1894 John Shelberg got 20 head of calves. John also got twenty five 2 year olds from the ranch--a total of 45 head that is understood was leased.

To give the readers an idea of how the sheep herd had grown, despite quite heavy losses, we found the following record of sheep shearing with the old fashioned blades, credited June 17, 1893:

|                                                  |   |                              |   |     |
|--------------------------------------------------|---|------------------------------|---|-----|
| Dora sheared 47 head--was 23 years of age.       |   |                              |   |     |
| Josephine sheared 135 head--was 19 years of age. |   |                              |   |     |
| Paula                                            |   | sheared 83 head--was 16      | " | " " |
| Laura                                            | " | 102 " -- " 13                | " | " " |
| Herman                                           | " | 10 -- " 10                   | " | " " |
| Gustave                                          | " | 13 -- " 18                   | " | " " |
| Johanna                                          | " | 18 -- Anders Anderson's wife |   |     |
| Hilda                                            | " | 72 -- 14 years old           |   |     |

Anders Anderson sheared 4, ( Hilda's and Gustave's father)

We thought this interesting to show how the shearing was done and how the children pitched in to help shear with the stiff hand shearing blades. Gustave and Herman learned the art and followed a sheep shearing



crew for several years. They later used the clippers to shear with.

The high number sheared by Josephine and Laura is quite impressive, especially when you consider Laura's age.

While the sheep shearing activities were at their height one day and the shearers had left for lunch, three inquisitive and mischievous boys came to examine the sheep shearing blades--Oscar, Raymond and Philbert. Raymond took one pair of blades and disappeared for some time in a dark corner. He finally came out and wanted to know how we liked his new hair cut. Needless to say, in the light where we could see good, we decided he could have done a better job. When the shearers returned they helped to clip it more even and shorter.

On the 8th of November 1896 John and Emma leased out 808 head of ewes to Bishop William Meacham of Park Valley, Utah for five years. Lease to keep the number good and pay 12 lambs on the hundred and 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ # of wool per sheep. In 1901 Bishop Meacham moved to Gentile Valley, Ida. In 1901 John and Herman made a trip to Gentile Valley to have a look at the sheep and have the lease extended. The sheep at that time looked good Herman said.

John writes: "Raymond and I started for Gentile Valley June 2, 1903. Got there on the 7th. We called on William Meacham on the 8th. We found that he had no sheep, but he was going to get 40 or 50 milch cows and pay back every penny with interest on the \$8000.00 he owes me. We left on the 10th and came home on the 20th. The money was never paid." You can't blame John later in summing up dates: "Mrs John Canfield owes me \$25. that will never be paid. J.J. Rouse owes me \$260.--Stockwell owes \$78.00. This is the way it goes in this world when you trust mankind. All told it would amount to \$1500.00 people owe me, and then the "Arlige" Meacham owes me \$10,000.00 on the sheep."

The sheep story would not be complete without more true stories about the children herding and taking care of them until they were leased out.



When ~~Hernad~~ was 12 and Laurence 9 years old, they were taken to the south end of the valley eight miles from home. The little spring wagon was loaded with a teepee tent, bed roll and provisions. A corral was built to hold the sheep at night. The teepee tent was set up at a convenient spot near the corral. Then the youngsters were left alone on their own for a week at a time when some one would come and check.

Emma, worried much about her youngsters out in the hills alone, but then she also had the small children at home to care for. Camp sites were set up in other convenient places by or near springs. Most of them had names for identification--two at Preachers meadows, two at Long More; Choke Cherry Hollow; had the upper and lower; Spring Hollow; Andre Hollow; Road Canyon--all of these had water springs. A dry camp corral was built in the cedars.

All these corrals were kept in repair for docking and marking lambs by other sheepmen after the year 18<sup>96</sup>~~89~~ for many years afterwards. The boy shepherders were provided with good books to read and study. This perhaps was the nucleus for the invention of animal games and animal stories, imaginary of course, but they were entertainment with high ideals in the background. They furnished amusement for the herders while the sheep were shaded up during the heat of the day. Some stories and games were very exciting.

Once when a certain game was finished it was time to locate the sheep herd. It was gone---they followed tracks hastily as they were seen in that area not long before. Their suspicion was aroused. They had followed the fresh tracks quite a distance when they caught a man driving them. He was questioned by the junior shepherders quite severely. Perhaps the best persuader they had was an old muzzle loading shotgun they carried and had to use it at times. The would be sheep thief relented and apologized for starting to drive the sheep away.



The girls helped to herd during the summer months when it was hay time. Julia taught Laurence how to knit. He knit him a pair of mitts when nine years of age while herding sheep with Julia.

Laura tells about one experience when the camp ewe got lost. This ewe was always near the camp, that's how she earned the name. Laura tells that she and Raymond hunted way into the night for the ewe and lamb. "Raymond 7 years old was scared and clung to me. Next morning I had to send him alone to the ranch house  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles away to let the folks know the 'camp ewe' was lost. How I hated to see him leave but I knew I had to stay with the sheep." He made the trip through. A search was organized, and the ewe and her lamb was found and had not been harmed.

Oscar and Herman were camped in the Choke Cherry Hollow on the 14th of October, Herman's birthday. (Oscar would be nine on the 16th) This was a great day, he was fourteen years old and they wanted to surprise and treat the folks at home, but what would it be from their limited supply of groceries. They had delivered with the camp supplies last time some fresh tomatoes. They decided that would be a real treat. They got busy and baked some tomato pie in the dutch oven.

When they had corraled the sheep that evening they walked two and one half miles to the ranch house. Outside the front door, they fired one shot into the dark sky with their old muzzle loading shot gun to let folks know they had arrived, then walked in the house, and everyone at home was treated to tomato pie. After a brief stay they had to walk the long distance back to the camp in the dark before they could retire.

The same two brothers were camped by the Andre Hollow corral when it came a snowfall in the evening. In the morning they saw large, fresh mountain lion tracks in front of their tent. They looked the tracks over and followed them around the corral, but were not sure if it had picked up a lamb. They followed the tracks more than a mile over to the Narrows of the Basin. They had the old trusty shot gun but didn't see the cat anywhere. They saw no blood on the trail or around the corral.



It may not have been hungry or it couldn't separate the sheep for a kill. Perhaps it was satisfied by just taking a look for a kill later on.

When Laurence was ten years old he was sent out to herd the sheep alone. It was in the spring time when the lambs were small and the green grass starting fair. It was a squally day with some sleet storms. A good day for sheep to scatter out everywhere. When he brought the sheep home that night, a 'marker' black lamb was missing. His father, who used the rod at times told Laurence, "You go and find that lamb, and don't come back until you do." Having more than a mile to walk where he had herded the sheep, it was dark before he arrived to search for the lamb. Knowing the sheep had covered a large area during the day, he knew it would be almost impossible to find the lamb in the dark. He knew how to call for divine help, however, and had faith. He knelt down and made an appeal for help to his Heavenly Father. Soon as he made his request, he heard a 'bah, bah' from a lamb close by. He rushed to where it was and picked it up, very thankful he had someone he could appeal to for assistance when he needed help.

Emma read to her children at night, stories she read from books at night-- sometimes Swedish and sometimes English. They were learning ~~the~~ languages at the same time. John read to them quite often at the supper table, where he sang annually on Christmas eve ('Julans Visa'), The Christmas Story. This was very lengthy and hard for them to understand. They did not appreciate this near as much as they should.

The year of <sup>1876</sup>~~1875~~ was a wonderful year for romance in John and Emma's family. Dick Poulton, who had visited the family quite often through the years of homesteading, revealed to John that he had long been interested in Josephine, and now felt he could afford to marry her. He was having a house built on Warm Creek (north west of Oakley, Ida) and they would start out life together on his ranch there.



Will, Sam and himself had all located on this wonderful spring.

They were married by Bishop Thomas King in Almo in April, then later sealed for time and all Eternity in the Salt Lake temple. Dick used to say he had Josephine as No 1 since they came to the valley 12 years before when there was something about her he had noticed that was different from anyone else. He always called her "my Dear."

Dora had so many admirers it was hard to make up her mind which one it should be. She finally decided in favor of Peter B. Johnston from Almo. Another sheepman who seemed to be prospering in that business. He had no home. They were married about five months later than Josephine and Dick by the same Bishop Thomas King in Almo. They rented a cabin on the Beus place on Raft River where they lived <sup>for a short time, then Pete bought</sup> until they moved to Twin <sup>a little ranch on Dove Creek, UT.</sup> Falls in 1907. While they had the ranch on Dove Creek, Dora spent much of her time in the sheep camp helping Pete with the sheep. When their three girls were old enough for school Dora rented the Johnathan Campbell house and corral in Rosette, Utah, where Mary, Erma and Dora all started school.

Laurence and Herman stayed with Josephine on Warm Creek and went to school on Cottonwood when Herman was seventeen and Laurence was fourteen. Just a short term but they enjoyed it very much. The school only lasted about three months for them.

Mollie and Philbert went to school on Cottonwood 1900-01--about three months. Their teacher was Miss Born. She never joined in any of the childrens social and game activities, but stayed in the log school house the entire time of school hours.

Those who attended school this winter were Harry and Elmer Persons; Willie, LaCretia and Rowena Rose; Tillie and Oscar and Mattie Iverson; Jennie Mae Poulton; Richard, Emma, Mary, Shade and Harrison White; Philbert and Mollie Lind.

Tillie Iverson was a wonderful helper, fifteen years old, She is



remembered as a wonderful and outstanding leader among this group of school children. She saw that the school's recreation was conducted on a high social and moral plane. There was no "bullying" from older boys or girls and she paid special attention to the shy blind children who started school late. Through her help Mollie made two grades, Philbert made three and was promoted to the fourth. We are not belittling the teacher in anyway or we would not have done so well in any of the grades.

This sending children away for school broke up family life for Emma and John. For sixteen years now some of their family had been sent some where to school. When the older girls were home they taught a home school.

Dora was the first appointed 'home school teacher. Then Josephine, Julia, Laura and Herman all had a brief try at it. Gustave, Hilda and Selma were all included in this school, where one room of their large family home was set aside every winter for a brief schooling during the coldest part of the winter months.

A down the lane of memory bloom all the joys of yesteryears,  
And God has given you and me the power to make them reappear.  
We can settle back at night and live again the joys we knew,  
And taste again the delight of days when most our skies were blue.

John had tried several times to get a school started before the close of the nineteenth century in the valley but had been rebuffed many times. He was rebuked in this manner by Louis Howell who had two families and acquired the name of "Preacher": "I object to a school in Junction for the following reasons: In five years Yost will have a population of five thousand people. In ten years there will be ten thousand people in Yost, (note: Yost is George Creek ) and me the prospective Bishop of that place. No! Brother Lind, a thousand times no." John answered, "In five years Yost will be what it is; In ten years it will be what it is, and your children and my children will grow up in ignorance." Sarah, Louis' wife answered, " Brother Lind is right."



Two weeks later Louis and Sarah Howell, Walter Holt and his wife, Effie, visited at the Lind home stating they wished to support a school.

This story is more complete in "Schools and Black Hills."

## Chapter 14

### Home Life

"A voice within us speaks these startling words,  
'Thou shalt never die'. Celestial voices hymn it in our souls,  
Harps by angels fingers touched, when the morning stars  
Sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy;  
And still sound forth the songs of our great immortality."

When the days of April warmed the ground, and the grass and early spring flowers started bursting and springing forth another daughter was born to Emma. They named her Alva Virginia. Ahe was born on the 11 of April 1897. She had beautiful blue eyes and wavy blonde hair. T They said she all resembled her brother Oscar in looks and action.

When she was five years old, there was an old man from Wisconsin, who had been bitten by a wood tick on the calf of his leg which had developed into blood poison, and for some time was in a very critical condition. He stayed at the Lind home for three weeks while this infection was nursed back to normal health. His name? "The Clock Maker." That was his business, when he felt better he oiled and repaired all the old clocks on the ranch.

In foot races for the children he would always root for his "gal" Alva. "My gal is going to beat." She invariably did. In later years many people were surprised at her speed. Not only running but in other talents. She was very gifted in music and learned to play the piano when very young. She started school when Gertrude Yost taught school, but thats another story.

When the changeable cold bleak winds of March blew, sometimes cold



sometimes hot with intermittent snow and rain storms. Three years later, another daughter came to Emma to bless her home and her brothers and sisters in years to follow. We had a lot of fun on Aprils Fool Day and a lot of surprises, but the biggest surprise was on the 2nd of April 1900 when Edith Melvina was born. She was taken to Yost (George Creek) and given that name and a blessing on Fast Day in May. One of the spectators in the audience was the writer. He had wondered how another sister and another baby would fit in the large family. He soon found out that she needed the same care and attention the older ones had in their start of life. "Life is a gift to be used every day. Life is a gift the humblest may boast of and one that the humblest may well make the most of." She had a very serious illness when two years old. She finally recovered. Milve, as we called her, had dark brown eyes and light brown hair. When time came to start school, Kathryn Keeler was the teacher.

These three sisters were inseparable playmates when growing up and fixed themselves a play house out of one of the old buildings where they could spend their spare time. One day they dressed some of their pet cats in doll clothes. The girls father, who always fed these cats a mid day meal of scraps, happened to call them when they were all dressed up. There was an immediate scramble for the feed pan. The girls who were watching, said they had never seen their father laugh so heartily at any time before.

These girls were all talented in music, and followed much the same vocation as the older children, but did not have to work outside quite so much as the older children, having older brothers to take this responsibility. This did not stop them from breaking and training their own saddle horses and riding the range and fields.

#### \* WILD CATTLE \*

New stories the reader asks? True stories is not an easy task. But here is one that fits the bill and is written to show the cowboy skill.



We are still in the ninties and before the turn of the century we find a herd of wild cattle, perhaps more than one as they generally stayed in small herds. These were no doubt descendants from their ancestors who had escaped from the prowling, marauding and murdering Indians, who were a constant threat to the Emigrants along these trails in their travels west.

One of these herds established itself in the rugged Black Hills along the old California Trail both in the City of Rocks and Emigration Canyon. They were a very leggy and hardy breed of cattle. They could easily jump the fences ranchers built to protect their crops lands, and always seemed to find the choicest feed. When the feed became scarce outside the fenced fields, they would jump the fences at night and graze the ranchers alfalfa and grain.

It is said Sparks and Harrell joined forces with Keogh's, Shirley's and others to chase one of the most troublesome herds out of the Black Hills and rocks of this rugged country, and if possible, hold them with one of their own herds of three or four hundred head which had been driven to a convenient spot, and were to act as a buffer herd for the small herd of wild cattle.

Twelve to fifteen riders succeeded getting the cattle out of the Black Hills and rough terrain and headed them for the "buffer" herd below. Suddenly the leader, a beautiful golden colored bull, with long gleaming well polished horns and fire in his eyes, breaks away from the herd and heads back towards the rugged hills and his range, as if expecting his rank to follow. Instead, Pedro, a Mexican vaquero, darts after him on his fleet horse and tosses a long snaking riata over the massive horns, then stops his horse to tighten up the slack. When this is done the lariat snaps like a string.

By this time, another rider who had been watching from a vantage point starts after the now tiring bull on a larger, stronger horse and stronger



lariat, letting it out over the same massive horns, then tossing it on the right side of the bull as he quickly rides past the running animal on the left, spinning it around on its haunches. At the <sup>same</sup> time the well trained horse jerks the head of the bull back on its right side, the long hind legs are pulled up under his body, and the monarch of this rugged range and all he surveyed, a natural born leader goes down never to rise again.

A few hours before he had been ruler and monarch of all he surveyed in his field, and race, a natural born leader, now his last race had been run and like many a gladiator of old, died on the battle field. The stories of wild cattle in this area died with him.

Lets think of work in terms of hope  
 And speak of it in words of praise.  
 And tell the joy it is to grope,  
 Along the new untrodden ways.  
 Lets break the habit of despair  
 And cheerfully our task regard,  
 The road of happiness lies there,  
 Why think of it as hard?

#### \_\_\_ MINING \_\_\_

There were many mining claims in the vicinity of John's and Emma's ranch home. The Vipont was the most likely looking discovery and a man by the name of Mr G. Lavagnino, West Jordon, Utah, bought from John Lind October 1, 1890

|                                  |         |
|----------------------------------|---------|
| 5 sacks of flour--loo# each----- | \$17.50 |
| One hind quarter of beef-----    | 7.15    |
| One front "" "" " "-----         | 6.80    |
| One dressed hog -----            | 15 .15  |
| 3 sacks of potatoes-----         | 4.50    |
| 1 sack of onions -----           | .75     |
| 1 sack of cabbage -----          | .75     |



1 sack of carrots ----- 50

12 pounds of butter ----- 3.60

This was provisions for miners while they were digging for valuable ore. Later others worked the claim. Herman worked there when he was a boy and told the following story: "They seemed like a rough crew to me. I worked with these men in the mine and on other jobs. There were about 50 men and Mr. Parish from Salt Lake was the boss. The cook was a gun slinger and always had a gun handy."

"One evening they had boot leg liquor in the camp, one of them had purchased during the day. They offered me a drink," I said, "No thank you." Then some of them got quite insistent. The cook wouldn't join with the others and merely said, 'Leave the boy alone, he doesn't want any.' The others became more insistent and finally grabbed me to pour or administer the drink. The cook quickly pulled the revolver and with blazing eyes said, 'I told you to leave the boy alone.' Herman knew he had one friend in the group, and the incident died down.

The mine closed down for several years in the early part of the twentieth century, then reopened during World War I, and became a paying producer from 1918 to 1923.

They had a school and about 250 working men. An eighty mile power line from near Thousand Springs on Snake River to the mine was built. This electric line was taken down after the mine closed down. When in operation the mine netted more than one million dollars annually it is said.

The Century Mine near Rosette, Utah had a post office called Golden and extensive operations during the beginning of the twentieth century and furnished employment for many men. These two mines both set up concentrate mills and shipped these concentrates out from the mills by freight wagons.



John did a little business with the Cotton Thomas Basin Mine. In 1900 he had an account with the King family from New York. A few years later it was Tom Sherry. Neither of these operated on a paying basis. In the King family there were the father, mother and two sons. Here are a few items: 4 lbs of butter \$1.00; Six meals and house accommodations \$1.50; One trip to Kelton, Utah \$6.00. They received supplies from the first of July until the last day of October. They feasted on porcupines and badgers often.

#### RANGE USE

Acquire the grateful habit, learn to see how blest you are.  
How much there is to gladden life, how little life to mar,  
And what if ~~rain~~ shall fall today, and you with grief are sad,  
Be grateful you can recall the joys that you have had.

When the range land was used in common, we find the sheep men and cattle men operating over the same area, and the range ground was severely overgrazed causing weeds to multiply and the introduction of inferior grasses and plants. The June or pin grass was one of these that spread rapidly over the area. The bull and Canadian thistle brought seeds in the wool of sheep. Burs of the burdock came both in hair and wool. So through the years we have watched noxious forage take over many areas. The larkspur, a poisonous weed and native plant, grew better where grasses were grazed out. Once we remember counting eleven head of dead cattle that had died in a small area by eating too much larkspur.

The sheepmen also found their sheep herds were infested with scabies and all sheep must be dipped in a solution of sheep dip. Vats for dipping were built on Dove Creek, Muddy, Grouse Creek, Park Valley and other places. John built his own and we find sheep herds are dipped every summer and fall, many of them twice a year until the scabbies disappear.



The dipping vats and shearing plants were operated close together. Laurence, Philbert and Raymond cut 200 cedar post for a shearing corral on Grouse Creek in 1905--April 21-22-23. They had to be hauled about ten miles. they received the big sum of 10¢ a piece delivered.

Alex spent much of his time for several years hauling wool to the railroad stations during the shearing season which was in June or the first part of July. He rigged up two freight wagons, the lead and a trailer. The lead wagon was loaded with nine sacks and the trailer with five. He loved horses and at one time ranged a large number of good horses.

As a wool hauler, David H. Toyn told the following story on Alex. "On the long trips from the head of Grouse Creek to Tecoma, Nevada on trails now forgotten, it was necessary to spend at least one night on the trail. Alex trusted his four hobbled horses to stay near the camp and graze during the night. It seemed where he stopped they were filled up and rested by morning so had started out for home with their hobbles on. When Alex woke up he found they had left, he followed their tracks for at least eight or ten miles before finally catching them.

He removed the hobbles, tied the four horses tail to tail and jumped on the back of the leader. Guiding with the halter rope didn't respond quite as good as Alex thought they should. By the time they reached Toyn's corral they turned in Toyn's lane. Mr Toyn was out doing chores. Alex called to him to "stop eq!" All Toyn had to do was pick up a pole and slip across the opening into the field. This stopped the horses but not Alex, he slipped down the horses neck and grabbed one of the horses ears in his teeth and just hung there for some time with his teeth. Mr Toyn finally asked, "Whats the matter with you? Havn't you had your breakfast yet?"

The sheepmen who had to touch the range in the valley of the Junction with their sheep at least once or twice during the grazing season were:



Bonnamettes with their five herds; Johnathon Campbell, James Rallegn, James Morris, E.H. Jones, The Poulton's, Bish Matthews, Johnny Gray, Roy Pugsley, Pete Johnston, Daniel Deus, Wrathals, John Blyth, Tom Thomas, Pete Larsen, Fred Critchfield, James Port, James and George Bronson, Marshall Harrington and others who were all appreciative of the feed produced on this range throughout the valley, at the same time apprehensive of the great number crowding and over grazing.

In 1906-07 there was a sheep reduction. Much of the range was placed under the U.S. National Forest Reserve.

Now let us leave the sheep men and sheep and write about hunters who were fascinated by the great number of mule deer and antelope in the valley in the 1880's and 90's. Pete Larsen said he shot the deer down for the buckskin.

Browning Brothers had the contract to supply meat for a construction crew. It is said their hunters shot 500 or more in one <sup>year</sup> for their meat and skin. The Indians not to be outdone, had up to one hundred hunting almost daily for their meat and buckskin supplies.

They would sometimes bring a quarter of venison to John and Emma to trade for flour or sugar or other things they might take a fancy to. This venison was not properly dressed out and Emma said it became so distasteful to her, she could not eat it.

Emma's three sons, Herman, Laurence and Oscar went for a hunt the last day of August in 1897. They all carried their firearms proudly as they were trained in the use of the weapons, so there was no reason why they shouldn't. In their several years of sheep herding they had carried the old muzzle loading shotgun. The sheep herd was some times molested by coyotes, bob cats or wolverines which were all plentiful.

This Sunday morning they had gone mostly for the hike. Herman had received a new winchester 38-55 caliber model 1894. Laurence had a muzzle loading shot gun with double barrels, Oscar carried the old reliable muzzle loading springfield.



Leaving quite early they had in mind of scaring out some sage chickens that fly into water holes and spend at least half of the day in the shade of the willows or service berry bushes. When these berries are ripe they like to pick up some that fall to the ground, for food. They would probably see a coyote or bobcat. Perhaps a deer or cougar or other predators. Anyway it was a boys world and a boys hike, with all the desired attractions to give them interest along the way.

They had walked four or five miles along a circuitous route, and were now ready to take off towards home. When they came to some large protruding rocks which stuck out of the ground below a long row of aspen trees under the brow of the mountain, they sat down for a rest. This particular grove of trees and underbrush is watered by huge snowdrifts during the winter months to be melted during the spring and summer by the melting snow. After a relaxing rest the lads were ready to start for home. Oscar, the youngest of the three, was probably more tired. Shouldering the heavy musket for half a day or longer, it would begin to be a load for an eleven year old boy. Perhaps he could have been a little drowsy when he started to get up from his sitting position. Grasping the barrel of the gun with his left hand, which was on his left side, the hammer of the gun which had a primer cap on the cylinder drug on the hard rock. There was a loud "boom". The end of the barrel was close to the boys side. The charge ripped off all the flesh from two ribs, leaving a jagged wound about four inches long and two inches wide. It set fire to his shirt and garment at the same time. The shot came with such force it sent Oscar on the run and Herman after him. When he caught Oscar he extinguished the blaze. The wound had started bleeding profusely by now.

Herman took the remainder of Oscar's shirt, and with his own and the powder horn thong was able to stop most of the flow of blood.

Oscar was very weak from shock and loss of blood. It was necessary for Herman to carry him "piggy back" two and one half miles to their home. Laurence carried the guns and the powder horn.



The anxious parents, especially the mother, cleaned and dressed the large wound. She used a home made ointment, that she had used for other injuries and wounds. With much faith and many prayers the wound was completely healed in about three months, and left a blue scar that Oscar carried to his grave. Without skin grafting and stitching the healing was much slower than it would have been with these aids.

In this tragic experience when most of the excitement had left, Herman felt a stinging sensation on his forehead. Closer examination revealed a shot had hit him a glancing blow and some had pierced his hat.

Surely the Lord was watching over the boys. It could easily have been like a report that came back from Oakley later--Two of the Lind boys had been accidentally shot to death.

#### -----Chapter 15-----

##### Opposition

Lehi in reasoning with his son Jacob says among other things, Starting with verse 11-2nd Nephi Book of Mormon page 52. "For it must be that there is opposition in all things. If not so, my first born in the wilderness, righteousness could not have been brought to pass, neither wickedness, neither holiness, nor misery, neither sense, nor insensibility." A very interesting subject. In the 25th verse of the same chapter it states, "Adam fell that man might be, and man is that he might have joy."

Ema and John received much joy from their big family even though they seemed unruly at times. Those who attended the school were cautioned to "mind their teacher." This was a hard thing to do all the time. They must have inherited some of their fathers rebellious nature.

One time when Ramond was in school, he was asked by the teacher to bring a green willow three feet long and an inch in diameter to her desk. Will had the stick and had brought it in the school house and as there was some controversy and trouble about it, Will was the one to take it to the teachers desk, and Raymond just sat there. She came down, grabbed the



stick from Will and hit Raymond across the back at least half a dozen times with all the force she had, which was considerable. Nothing was said, not a word. Raymond sat there and took his punishment like a man. That night the brothers had to dress the black and blue welts. They were a long time healing. Oh! how the teacher repented of her punishment. Not one of her pupils was punished in anger again after this display of temper.

Laurence was asked by Miss Halling to put one of the boys( who by his disobedience and misbehavior was expelled from school for two weeks) out of the school building. The boy, reluctantly, finally went home and told his father some unlikely story.

He was watching for Laurence, who nearly always rode horse back to school, to come home that night. In anger he wanted to know the truth. An argument ensued. Finally, the father sensing he was the loser said, "Dont you ever put my boy out of school again." Laurence fired right back, "I will if the teacher asks me to."

There was also opposition at the annual school election meetings where school trustees had to be elected and other problems settled. Always two sides, John would summon his voters to be present and the opposition would have his there also.

Opposition speaking, "There are some present who are afraid to show their colors?"

Herman answered, "I am not afraid to show mine."

Emma: "I am not afraid to show mine."

Opposition quiets down for a moment, then makes a ridiculous remark about the school laws.

Alex, with school laws of Utah in his hand with much sarcasm said, "Where is that written in the pages of the law?"

Opposition, after searching through the law book, "In the bald head I guess." which was his own.



Voting was finally processed and trustees were elected, and other matters settled when the meeting was adjourned back in 1902.

\*\*\*\*\* DRY FARMS \*\*\*\*\*

In 1908 dry farming was introduced to the valley, and most of the ones who came over a period of about four years to homestead and live here, are mentioned as follows:

|            |                 |              |                            |
|------------|-----------------|--------------|----------------------------|
| Augustine, | Charley         | Griffith,    | James                      |
| Allred,    | Mr              | Griffith,    | Robert                     |
| Baker      | John D.         | Griffith,    | William                    |
| Bird,      | Henry           | Garner,      | Charley,                   |
| Bird,      | Willford,       | Hendricks,   | Marriner                   |
| Bird,      | Fred,           | Henderson,   | Roy                        |
| Briscoe,   | Robert,         | Howard,      | Mr and Mrs                 |
| Briscoe,   | Mary            | Hendricks,   | Lorin                      |
| Briscoe,   | Lorenzo         | Hollister,   | Mr and Mrs                 |
| Baker,     | Simon           | Hubbard,     | Fred and Mrs (storekeeper) |
| Bailey,    | Jack            | Howell,      | Parley Presiding Elder     |
| Brownly,   | John            | Howell,      | Leonard (mailcarrier)      |
| Brown      | Ed              | Holtman,     | Ed                         |
| Brown,     | Geo. Washington | Holtman,     | Martin                     |
| Bronson,   | Geo. M          | Holtman,     | Archie                     |
| Bronson,   | Geo W.          | Johnson,     | Vick                       |
| Bronson,   | Laura           | Johnson,     | Mr and Mrs                 |
| Bullers,   | Chester         | Jensen,      | James                      |
| Crowther,  | Harry           | Kidman,      | Fred J.                    |
| Cressel    | Geo.            | Mikesel,     | Sam                        |
| Darr,      | Willian         | Kirkpatrick, | George                     |
| Drennon,   | Mr and Mrs      | Kirkpatrick, | Monte (mailcarrier)        |
| Fryer,     | James           | Millard,     | HENRY                      |



|                                    |                                          |
|------------------------------------|------------------------------------------|
| Merrill, Adrien                    | York, Gary                               |
| Merrill, William Pope              | Bird, Tom                                |
| Knudsen, Louis                     | Tunks, Clyde                             |
| Altson, Joseph                     | Trunkay, Frank                           |
| Slamper, George                    | Trunkay, James                           |
| Ross, Dr. and son Sam              | Tracy, Clarence                          |
| Smith, Johnathan                   | Moulton, William P. (postmaster-Moulton) |
| Sease, Arvil (vet. Mex. civil war) | Moller, Chris (Postmaster " "            |
| Slater, Phil & Eugene              | Wrigley, Frank                           |
| Slamper, Ernest D. (Bishop)        | Wrigley, John                            |
| Saunders, David (Bishop)           | Wrigley, Alec                            |
| Webb, Irvin                        | Dr. Ross Sam Ross                        |
| Wright, Rufus (vet. civil war)     |                                          |

These settlers needed schools. Two more schools were built—one in Utah and one in Idaho.

The mail route from Moulton to Almo, Ida with Leonard Howell as the carrier. It was later changed to Oakley in 1917 and Monte Kirkpatrick was mail carrier. In 1925 the Lynn, Ut-Oakley, Ida route was established and Laurence Lind was the first mail carrier. The mail route from Yost to Lynn was discontinued in 1917. From 1917 to 1925 Ernest D Slamper carried the mail from Lynn to Moulton and return.

A Sunday School was organized in 1913 with John D. Baker as Superintendent and David Saunders and Gustave Anderson his assistants. This was sorely needed with about seventy new homesteaders. Many of them had families.



## \*\*\*\*\*RUSSIAN SETTLERS\*\*\*\*\*

A colony of exiled Russians were seeking a mecca where they could enjoy isolation and peace. They were located on the dry sage brush flats below Park Valley, along the lower part of Dove Creek, where about three cattle ranches were set up in early days. They built their town site near Dove Creek and dug wells for water. From here they spread out over the Dove Creek flat around the old ranches on the two sides and did much plowing in 1913-14.

They bought draft horses at Grouse Creek and had Charlie Chadwick for their interpreter and guide.

They needed oats for their horses so John Lind and sons supplied them with several wagon loads. Some of those that came for grain were: <sup>Roy</sup> Shubin, Moses Slevin, Osiff Potapoff, Pete Chernloff and Vaseley Dimitriff. Dimitriff was an entertainer. He was well qualified with much practice on the stage in California, playing the accordin and singing.

The older people became apprehensive of their young folks mingling too much with the youths of California, where they had located for a while. This seems to have been the main reason for the migration to this isolated area. Here they could grow up in their own cultures and traditions. A.P. Karyakin was their presiding authority. A christian group, they worshiped on Saturday.

The writer and his brother, Oscar, spent one night with Osiff Potapoffs family. They had built a very comfortable dwelling after Russian architecture, with a huge brick oven in the kitchen, then a kitchen stove cupboards etc. We were told two could sleep on top of the oven if they wished--a nice warm place to sleep.

We discussed their methods of living, management of the family and other incidentals. They believed girls and boys should marry from fifteen to seventeen. Vaseley Dimitriff was twenty three and still single. For this reason was considered a black sheep of the colony. They moved away in the fall of 1914.



No one is beat till he quits, no one is through till he stops,  
 No matter how hard failure hits, no matter how often he drops,  
 A fellows not down till he's in the dust and refuses to rise,  
 Fate can slam and bang him around and batter his frame till he's sore,  
 But she never can say he's downed while he bobs<sup>up</sup> serenely for more,  
 A fellow's not dead till he dies, nor beat till no longer he tries. Guest

The north end of Junction became a very busy and industrious farming community. They had a store, a church, a post office and two schools. The Vipont mine furnished work for those who needed it; and a market for much of the products they raised.

A few wet years they raised very good crops of both hay and grain and what garden stuff they needed. This was followed by a series of dry ones. Instead of wet moist earth to plant their crops in, they had dust and more dust. A few fortunate ones that had their house by a spring or a good well, stayed on for a while. The others moved away. The Vipont mine was attractive to some for employment. Finally the mines contract expired and its operations were shut down in 1923.

It seems John thought often about his first trip out to the valley and wished others had the fortitude, courage and determination to stay, that he and Alex did.

Moulton

A ward organization<sup>A</sup> took place in 1916 when Elders George F. Richards and Joseph W. McMurrin came to visit the stake in Almo, Idaho, for quarterly conference. When they looked the valley over by traveling the trail from one end of the valley to the other, it looked good to them, and they were said to have expressed the thought there would be two prosperous wards in the valley some day. Afterwards they left and went to Grouse Creek, Ut, south and west of the valley.

There were many in the valley who were not members of the L.D.S. church so John decided he would do some missionary work. He sent for a stack of



Books of Mormon, and his son, Oscar, drove him to the different homes leaving with them a Book of Mormon.

When the armistice was signed Nov. 11, 1918 closing World War 1 it was a time of rejoicing. Many people stayed up all night celebrating and rejoicing the conflict had ended.

John and Emma had three sons out in the mission field for the L.D.S. church telling of the Restoration of the Gospel of Jesus Christ being restored in its fulness. They were Laurence in Sweden, Herman in Michigan, and Philbert in California. Oscar and Vance had just been discharged from the army to come home that year.

Prior to this time John was concerned about a son who was attending school at the U.S.U. in Logan, Utah. He wrote, "Dear Son, I hope you will learn all you can while you are away to school and away from home. Here it is the ninth of Dec. 1910 and things seem to go backwards, very little plowing done, cattle are in the hills unsold. They waited until too late. They were too poor for beef, and as feeders they were only offered \$30. for the big steers and \$22. for the long yearlings and small ones."

"Herman and Laurence are in Heyburn building a house for Julia. They have been gone near four weeks. They may come home for Christmas. Laura and Mollie are at home after being gone six weeks."

"Weather is fine for this time of year--no snow yet. We had school election on Dec 7 in all eleven districts in west Box Elder to elect a school board member out here. Kimber and Jones are running--can't say who will get it."

"Mart Holtman is for Jones, and got all he could to vote for him. He, (Holtman) has been riding in his finest carriage for more than a week, putting on all the style he could. In a week we will know who will eat the pudding--Jones or Kimber." (Jones was elected)

Another letter Feb. 20 1911--"Herman is assessor for Junction, George



Creek (Yost), Stanrod and Clear Creek"

"Ward was here and offered as follows for the steers \$37.50 for the threes and \$21.50 for the calves. Weather has been hard on the cattle. Rained for three days and three nights and we had a terrible flood. Water went clear up to the barn. Then we had a hard freeze--then snow-- We have 8 inches of snow now and good sleighing."

"Herman and Raymond took a long ride down the river and found five head of cattle. We did not close any deal with Ward.

Love and regards from us all. Your affectionate father".

#### \*\*\*\*\* HOMESTEADING \*\*\*\*\*

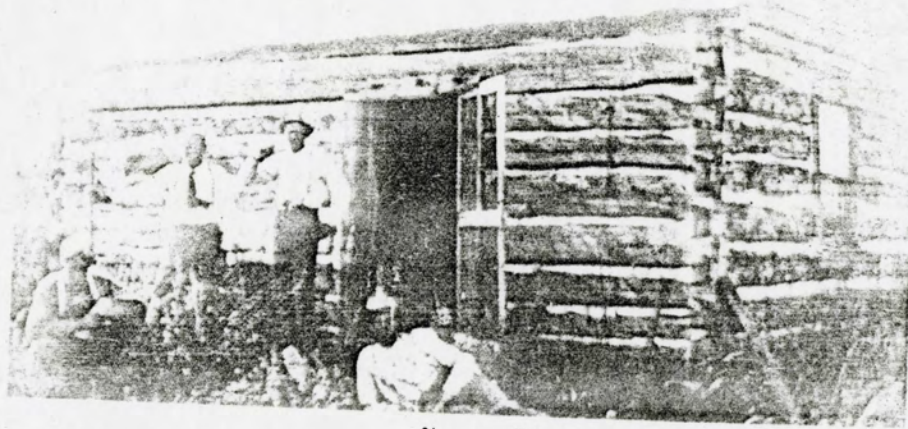
June 24th 1908 Laurence and Oscar went to Brigham, Utah and filed on their homesteads. There was need to secure some range. One of the largest herds of cattle shipped on the railroad into this area was in the fall of 1913 by Miller and Lux. They had bought Douglas Brothers ranch at the fork of the east and west Grouse Creek. 2500 head were left here with a crew of cowboys to care for them. 2500 head were driven the long trail to Clear Creek in Idaho, where another ranch had been purchased. They expected to graze this number of steers on range land that was already overstocked with sheep and cattle and horses.

#### \*\*\*\*\*CELEBRATION\*\*\*\*\*

Courage isn't a dazzling light that flashes and passes away from sight.  
 Its a slow unwavering ingrained trait with the patience to work and the strength to wait.  
 Its a part of man when he has work to do, the brave man is never freed of it  
 He has it when theres no need of it, Courage was never designed for show  
 It isn't a thing that can come and go, its written in victory and defeat,  
 And every trial a man may meet, Its part of his hours, his days and his years,  
 Back of his smiles and behind his teard. Courage is more than a daring deed,  
 Its the breath of life and a strong mans creed. E. Guest.



97a



Nome Steaders  
Vance Lind Raymond, Laurence  
Philbert



On the 4th of July 1911 a large crowd of people had assembled at Grouse

break for their annual observance of this festive day. They had their

program in the morning which was held in their low log recreation hall, by

the side of a new one being built. The afternoon was set aside for sports,

foot races and other activities. First the children's races, then adults.

We noticed some betting on their favorite sprinters and fast runners.

At the horse races later some became very boisterous and noisy. Some

betting on favorite horses was done for small amounts, and we noticed

some left with ill feelings.

One of these, F---F--- was not seen for almost half an hour, when he

appeared riding his favorite horse. He was decorated with a leather belt

full of cartridges and a six shooter strapped to his hip. Scattering

people everywhere F---F--- rode right into the middle of the crowd. With

revolver drawn he called in a loud voice the names of those he wanted to

contact or see through the sights of his pistol.

His horse had slowed to a walk when Laurence appeared from the rear

on the horses right side, and took a springing jump like a cougar, grab-

bing <sup>the</sup> right wrist that held the revolver and pulled P.F.'s arm to his waist.

The left arm went for the gunmans left arm and Laurence had him pinned but

not yet pulled from his horse. P.F. was trying to spur his horse forward

with no one holding it. Philbert stepped in front on the off side, grabbing

the bridle rein with one hand, the other hand dislodged the foot from the

stirrup. The rider went to the ground with Laurence still holding a lions

grip with his arms. P.F. was quickly disarmed by all kinds of help now pre-

sent. His wife took possession of the belt and revolver. P.F. was given a

some extra hard wraps across his back with the heavy cartridge belt to

sober him up and straiten him out.

P.F. said afterwards, "When that land got his hold on me, I just

couldn't do a thing. It was just like a lion had me in his grip."



98a

MAR • 73



Laurence Philbert 1912  
At the ranch



Needless to say the couple left for their ranch shortly afterwards and the crowd had a real good time that night at the dance.

Laurence was elected constable after the fracas, in his home town but never had the occasion to subdue any more gunmen.

Raymond was the next constable and Alex was the Justice of the Peace. They had a few court cases to settle which seemed minor at the time. Monte Kirkpatrick had to be disarmed at a dance.

"Success is not the teacher wise and true,  
That gruff old failure is, remember that  
Success is much too apt to make a fool of you,  
which isn't true of blows that knock you flat.  
Hard knocks are painful things and hard to bear,  
Most of us wouldn't dodge them if we could,  
There is something mightybroadening in care,  
A 'lickin' often does a fellow good."

#### \*\*\*\*\*CHAPTER 16\*\*\*\*\* Grouse Creek

A prophesy by Charles Kimber before leaving Grouse Creek Oct. 26, 1891, when he had been prevailed on by Phillip Paskett to do so.

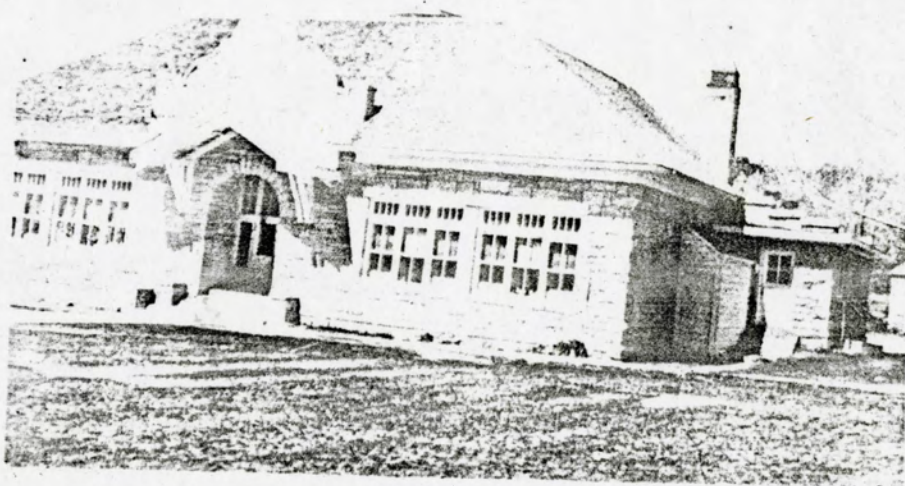
"We may travel east or west, north or south, but we will come back to Grouse Creek, and when we do we will be poorer than when we left." Then turning to Phil Paskett he said, "and when we do you will be flat on your back."

We are indebted to Ellen Kimber Toyn for the following hard trip to Huntington, Utah from Grouse Creek to seek a new home. Their destination was St. George, Utah. Also the history of Grouse Creek.

"When we had traveled about one and one half miles the tire run off one of the wheels of the wagon and broke every felly in the wheel, belonging to Phillip Paskett. Alma Tanner was going with us as far as Tooele. He put the wheel together and set the tire and we reached Grandfathers,



99a



School Grove Creek 1912



Bishop Charles Kimber, that night. We were all of us kindly entertained. Our teams were fed, and our loose horses, about 90 of them, put in the field.

We had a dance that night at Mr George<sup>A</sup> Cooke's

We started out next morning with everything going all right until we reached the Southern Pacific railroad which we crossed, breaking the tongue out of one wagon, and the sway bar out of another. After fixing the tongue we started on towards Bull Springs, where we camped that night, three miles south of the railroad. After traveling a little distance, we found we were not on the right road, and our wagons cut down in the desert mud, making it hard pulling in places

Hebe Shaw, driving two span of good horses hitched to a heavily loaded wagon, got stuck in the mud. The two off wheels settled in the mud quite deep when the horses stopped. When trying to start again, the teams pulling real hard, the wagon commenced to move but the thrift chain of the lead team broke. This caused the lead team to break away, taking the stretchers with them. Running at full speed and circling several times, one of the horses, which was worth at least \$100.00 and belonging to Charles Kimber stumbled over a hump and turned a complete summersault, which broke its neck. Phil rode up to the horse right away and found the animal still breathing, but it died a few minutes later. This incident caused a feeling of gloom in the company. We herded our harses at Bull Springs t that night.

The next morning being the 27th we returned and brought Hebe's wagon back to camp. After lunch, about 2pm, we started to cross the desert. Alma Tanner took the lead and Hebe Shaw went next.

Charles, who was driving two span of horses, got stuck in the mud before leaving Mudk Springs. After unloading part of the load, he pulled out and everything went fine for about five miles, then Hebe Shaw got



stuck in the mud when crossing a slough. Charles took off his leaders and pulled him out. Charles tried to cross next. His horses and wagon both went down. After unloading the wagon and pulling it out backwards, he hitched up again, and was able to get through all right.

Alma Tanner, leaving his trail wagon, was able to get through in a different place. We reached New Foundland late that night. We stayed at New Foundland for six days. Some of the horses had returned to Grouse Creek. Charles Kimber and Hebe Shaw went back after them, finding them at Red Butte, then returned. We left New Foundland on Wednesday afternoon, having lost seven head of horses. We crossed the desert that night, leaving Phil Pasketts wagon on the desert until the next day.

We reached Grass Mountain the next night. Hebe Shaw having gone ahead with the loose horses to Cooke's Spring, where we all met that night, Nov. 6th. Reached Timpy Springs Nov. 7th. Stayed at Timpy Springs two days. Some of the horses had gone back. Found the horses and reached Parley Kimball's on the night of the 9th. Reached Tooele on the 10th and stayed there three days. Reached St. John Nov 14th. Stayed there Sunday. Reached Camp Floyd Nov. 16.

Reached Jaspers ranch near Goshen the 17th, where we lost four head of horses belonging to Phil Paskett. Failing to find them we left on the 19th and reached Mona the same night. Reached Fountain Green Nov. 20th losing one horse that night belonging to Charley Kimber. Passing through Mt Pleasant we reached Fair View Saturday Nov 21st. Rested Sunday the 22nd.

Monday we started to cross the Wasatch Mountains by way of Cottonwood Canyon. Having traveled about 12 miles and the grade being steep, heavy and icy, we had to leave one of Phil Pasketts wagons and traveled on to Flat Canyon--elevation 9875 feet. We traveled about 20 miles. Next day the 24th Kimber and Paskett went back after the wagon, and returned that night.

Next morning we started down the Huntington Canyon the 25th, and traveled about 10 miles, crossing the river about 15 times. Finding all



the horses before sunrise we again started on the 26th, crossing the river eight times. We reached Big Marts ranch 5 1/2 miles from Huntington after travelling four days--45 miles through timber, pines, aspens, and cottonwood. Went into Huntington Nov. 26th 1891. The end of a months journey on a now forgotten trail. Much of it the same as John's and Emma's across the desert.

Charles Kimber came back the following year 1892 to Grouse Creek

poorer than when he left. His wife died shortly afterwards.

Phil Paskett went up to Basalt, Idaho and said, "I'll never return to

Grouse Creek." He stayed at Basalt for some time then came back to Gro-

use Creek. He was flat on his back in the wagon box suffering from rheu-

matism. At Grouse Creek he recovered and lived to preach Charles Kimber's

funeral sermon in May 1935 and several years later.

# \*\*\*\*\*BRIEF HISTORY OF GROUSE CREEK, UTAH\*\*\*\*\*

July 17th 1875 Charles Kimber Jr and his brother William came from Tooele

to locate a farm or ranch. At this time there were very few people in

the valley--Valison Tanner and his brother Alma, John Ferguson and Oliver

Kilgore. They returned to Tooele in August. They came back to Grouse

Creek the latter part of June 1876, putting up a small stack of hay and

building an adobe house. Charles Kimber made the adobe. They went

back to Tooele again. In March 1877 they came back again, bringing their

father, mother and sister with them.

March 21, 1877 William C. Betteridge, Phillip Paskett, Robert Allen Jones,

and Albert Michins arrived at Grouse Creek (east fork). A. F. Michins and

James Simpson went back to Helper and returned June 10, 1877. Each fam-

ily had one child.

The latter part of March 1877 Isaac Lee, his son Joseph B; Daniel Mc-

Elwys; David H. Toyn and Thomas Davis came.

In April on the West fork (East fork) Elwys and Elwys Hubbard, Levi Bestol,

Charles Britze, Thomas Atkinson, Henry Merrill, Philemon Merrill, Seth



Fletcher, Charles Smith, Alma Richardson, Isaac Kimball, Ara Sabin, Val-  
 lison Tanner, Richard Warbutton, Ezra Rowberry and William Gallaher.

David H. Toyn brought his family Nov. 15, 1877. They lived in a dug  
 out for some time. October 1877 William C Betteridge, Phillip Paskett,  
 and William P. Paskett arrived with their families. Benjamin F. Cook  
 came with his family in the fall of 1877.

The first settlers came to Etna in 1875. They were attracted by the  
 acres of natural meadows. Wallison Tanner and his brother, Alma, are said  
 to be the first to arrive. Richard E. Warbutton and his brother, Tom,;  
 William Gallaher and Ezra Rowberry came from Tooele. Seth Fletcher, Henry  
 Merrill, Levi Beethol, Charles Brizee, Thomas Atkinson, Philemon Merrill,  
 Ara Sabins, Charles Smith Sr. and Jr., Walter Smith and two sons, Alma  
 Richardson, Isaac Kimball and a family named Hemingway all came from  
 Grantsville and Tooele, to engage in stock raising and ranching. William  
 "Cotton" Thomas came it is said in about 1875 and settled on the meadows  
 at the head of East Grouse Creek. (east fork)

Sometime during the winter of 1876-77, Isaac Kimball wrote a letter to  
 the Deseret News in which he described the Grouse Creek valley as a good  
 place to settle. This letter in the news drew the attention of the Bet-  
 teridges, Pasketts, Richins, Simpsons and Jones, all from Henifer, to  
 investigate. They spent six days on the trail the first trip. They left  
 Henifer March 15, and arrived at Grouse Creek Mar. 21, 1877. The follow-  
 ing day they staked their claims on the east creek, The land had not yet  
 been surveyed.

Mrs James R. Simpson (later Ellen Blanthorne) and Mrs Jane Richins  
 were the first white women on Grouse Creek June 10, 1877.

The first crop of wheat amounting to 15 bushels, was raised by Elisha  
 Hubbard on the wasr creek and was used for seed.

The first houses were all built out of logs from the east mountain  
 and had rock floors and dirt roofs, with the exception of a few dug outs  
 and the adobe house on the Kimber ranch.





Starlett, Herman, Laurence, Philbert, Oscar  
Raymond, Vaneer, John's and Emma's  
Sons,



On August 19, 1877 at a conference held in Brigham, Samuel Kimball was appointed the first Bishop at Grouse Creek.

Oliver G. Snow, Pres. of the Box Elder Stake organized the east and west creeks into a ward and Samuel Kimball was officially sustained as the Bishop of the ward with Benjamin F. Cooke and Phillip Paskett as the counselors July 17, 1879. The meeting was held in the home of Benjamin F. Cooke.

In 1878 the residents built a tithing granary 15 feet square which had a dirt roof and a rock floor. The building was used for a school house and Phillip Paskett was the first teacher. He received a salary of \$35. a month. Clara Shaw Frost taught a summer school here also. The settlement was called Cooksburg to start with or the Burg, then it was changed to Grouse Creek.

April 14, 1884 school districts were organized and teachers were employed by the trustees. They were Anne Gregerson and Etta Madson and received a salary of \$20. and \$25. a month. Prior to the consolidation of the schools in the county, the two districts had built three school houses in Etna and Grouse Creek. At the present time Grouse Creek has a four room school house built out of dressed sandstone at a cost of \$10,000. about 1910.

The Grouse Creek ward has erected four church buildings. The present one was completed in November 1912 and is built out of gray dressed sand stone. It has a full basement used for socials and recreation. It has class rooms and the chapel on the first floor. This chapel cost approximately \$9000.00 when completed in 1912, but has had some remodeling since then. Ellen Toyn

#### CHAPTER 17

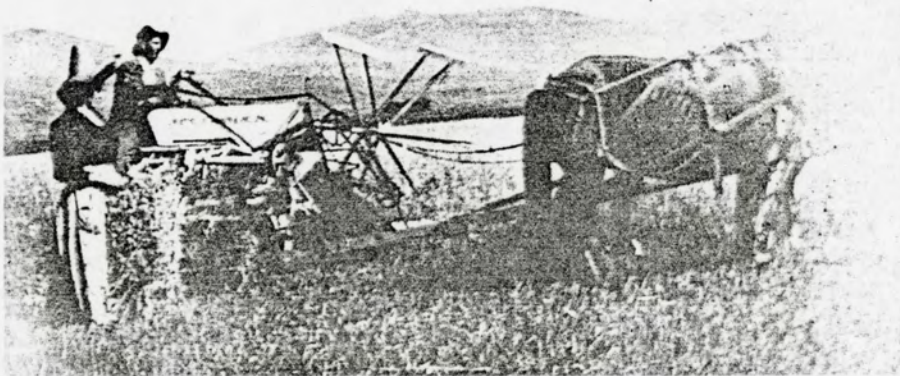
#### Interesting Short Stories

We can be great by helping one another,



Cutting Oats in Lynn 1912  
Laura and Philbert

• MAR • 73





We can be loved for very simple deeds,  
 We can be famous for our words of kindness,  
 We can be rich in sunny smiles and gentleness."

Behold he hath heard my cry by day, and he hath given me knowledge by visions in the night time. 2nd Nephi 4-23 B.M.

On the evening of November 27, 1908 Bishop David H. Toyn who was an overnight guest at the home of John and Emma, pulled his chair up close to John, who was a little hard of hearing, and made this remark, "I had a vision this afternoon coming down the Grouse Creek mountain on the old trail." John looked at him eagerly to learn more. Then he said, "I saw all of these bench lands in the valley under cultivation and they were raising grain." We have written the names down of most of those that came to the valley to homestead shortly after Bishop David H. Toyn told about his vision. Park Valley, Yost, Grouse Creek, Almo, Moulton and other towns, all expanded rapidly for a few years.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints saw the need of organizing a stake in the area. On the 27th of April<sup>1915</sup>, the Raft River Stake, with John A. Elison, a young Bishop from Oakley as Stake President was organized. He had Joseph Harper and Henry Belnap as his counselors. George Richins was the stake clerk. Almo, Idaho was the new stake headquarters.

David H. Toyn was released shortly after and was sustained as Patriarch to the stake in 1916. Traveling through the wards of Almo, Albion, Elba, Malta, Moulton, Naf, Yost and Grouse Creek he gave many blessings to the young folks. After he had passed the age of 75 he filled two missions in the church. He passed away at the age of 89 and was 67 when he was made a Patriarch.'

Joseph Barlow was sustained as Bishop of the Grouse Creek ward when David Toyn received his release.

Henry Blackburn, a young school teacher from Brigham and married a young girl from Grouse Creek named Eliza Richins, was sustained as the Bishop



of the Yost ward about in 1902, when he was also a school teacher there.

Once Bishop Blackburn had an urgent call to come to Grouse Creek. He stayed at John's home January 22nd 1907. Early the next morning he had to cross the Grouse Creek mountain. The snow was deep that winter.. When the snow got too deep for his horse to "buck" he tied it to a quaking aspen tree and fed it some tender quake branches to eat while he was gone, then started wading through the deep snow, (without snow shoes or skis,) many places more than waist deep. He had at least 12 miles of snow to wade through before coming to the first ranch house.

Telling about this the night of the 24th when he returned he said, "I walked and pushed snow most of the way and I would get thirsty and eat snow, but it wouldn't slake my thirst. When I came to the first house it was already dark. They had their lamps lit. I knocked on the door, they opened, recognized me and asked me to come in. They gave me some dry clothes as mine were wet. My pants were frozen stiff. That is the first time I have seen pants stand alone." Three or four men on horses helped him on the return trip so that wasn't so bad, but just think how easy it could have been for him to perish in the deep snow.

The same winter between Christmas and New Years Theodore Brackenbury from Almo, froze to death on the Oakley summit. He was found with the horse standing by his side, waiting for him to get on his back and they would continue on their journey from Oakley to Almo.

#### \*\*\*\*\*ROADS\*\*\*\*\*

Roads had to be improved and new ones built. The trails would frequently wash out, so John writes, "April 11, 1895 we started to build a road across the Dove Creek mountain. Four men put in 56 days of hand labor and 22 days with teams of horses. "The first trail had been so badly washed out they decided to build a new one, much of it in the side hills where it would be more lasting. There were no county road commissioners at that time, Pioneers had to build their own.



Alex was the first appointed local road supervisor. He took much interest in this kind of work that was started right near the turn of the century. A new road was built over the Grouse Creek mountain with hair pin turns to climb the steeper grades. These had to be changed in later years. Two dugways were built in the Harrows of the canyon also, at the cost of \$25. for each dugway. These have been widened but are still in use.

Near Lost

Alex, Herman and Oscar built a road up Johnson Creek, then up over the <sup>Park Valley</sup> mountain and down its south side for \$200. It saw much use at one time but now its only a Forgotten Trail.

Oscar followed Alex as road supervisor and there was continued improvement in the roads.

June 5th 1910 two automobiles passed John's home. They were the first that ever passed the ranch, and the first to pull the Dove Creek mountain.

### \*\*\* ACCIDENTS \*\*\*

It seems as you look back over things through the years that all that you treasure dear,

Is some how blent in a wonderous way, with a heart pang and a tear.

Though many a day is a joyous one, when viewed from itself apart,

The golden threads in the warp of life, are the sorrow tugs at your heart.

Fred Gill while in his teens had a run away with a small buggy in the Junction Harrows where the upper steel bridge is now. This happened quickly and Fred was thrown out of the buggy. His leg was broken and badly mangled. This was early in the morning. No one came along all day. He was forced to crawl two and a half miles to the nearest ranch home. Once he crawled to the river to get a drink of water. This was such an ordeal he decided not to try it again. He was taken to his home in Yost, then to Oakley, Idaho. Here the broken bones were treated and set by Dr. A.F.



O. Neilson. He finally recovered.

Gertrude L. Yost Taylor, when going home with a crowd after a dance in the Junction school house received a broken right wrist in a tip over in the Junction Narrows. She was teaching school at the time and had to learn to write with her left hand.

Johanna Anderson was badly bruised when the heavy wagon she was riding in capsized. She was confined to her home for several weeks.

Selma Anderson was gored by a cow and had to be confined to her home.

From October 3, 1914 Laurence Lind was ill with thphoid Fever until the new year was ushered in.

Jan. 22, 1915 a horse fell with Raymond Lind breaking his leg above the ankle. He was crippled up until in June when he could walk without a cast or crutches.

May 28, 1908 Emma Lind came down with erysipelas and was laid up for three weeks.

May 10, 1909 Anders Anderson's leg was broken by a run away team. He was taken to Oakley where he was confined to a room without proper care from the Dr. June 5 blood poison set in, the leg was amputated but he died July 2, July 4th the funeral was held in Yost, Utah.

Jan. 14, 1917 Alex was in Oakley with his buddy James Jensen. They were offered a ride in a model T ford. It tipped over and Alex received injuries that sent him to the hospital and rest home for four months. Jensen in telling about the accident said, "I saw Alex could not get out, and if left very long he would be gone, so I took hold of the d--- thing and lifted it up so he could get out." Anyone knowing James Jensen wouldn't doubt his word. It was a slow recovery for Alex.

Another great loss to him--his caretaker lost one third of his now large herd of hereford cattle, during the late cold spring of that year.

This short list does not include the scores of accidents in taming wild horses, bronco riding, wrangling cattle and other exciting experiences in ranching.



## \*\*\*\*\* A COWBOY STORY \*\*\*\*\*

Tom Marks told the following story concerning an incident in the cold weather of early fall, when they were having a general round up on the range.

Fred Hirschi, a lad about nine years of age was without warm underwear. They had to have a "mascot" to bring them good luck so Fred was appointed unawares to be "it". All looking out for him. They would throw a tie of lasso rope around his bed while he was asleep and drag him in the bed all over the meadows to wake him up, with the lasso rope wrapped around the saddle horn and mounted on a good horse--maybe the meadows were not so smooth at times.

This particular cold morning his underwear was not warm enough, so they drug his bed near the fire, got some newspaper which they laid Fred on while they marked out the size of a new garment for him, traced out on the newspaper with a charcoal stick. When the completed pattern was drawn it was carefully tucked away until they could get to town.

Years afterwards Fred was asked if this was true. He said, "Yes, all excepting when they got to town they all got so drunk they forgot all about me and the new underwear."

However, they were all very considerate of people who were in trouble or distress. I am sure Fred was well cared for.

## \*\*\*\*\* CHAPTER 18 \*\*\*\*\*

"Last eve i paused before the blacksmith's door,  
And heard the anvil ring the Vesper chime;  
Then looking in, I saw upon the floor,  
Old hammers worn with beating years of time,

"How many anvils have you had?," said I  
"To wear and batter all these hammers so?"

"Just one," said he, then said with twinkling eye,  
"The anvil wears the hammer out, you know,"



And so I thought, the anvil of God's word, (Book of Mormon)  
 For years skeptic blows have beat upon  
 Yet, through the noise of falling blows was and is heard  
 The anvil (Book of Mormon) is unharmed--The hammers are gone"

When John and Emma had been in the valley a few years, Nephi P. Anderson came to the valley. He was born in Denmark Nov. 27, 1847. After coming to Utah he lived in Bear River City, also Birgham City, Utah. A very talented man and a good church worker. By profession he was a civil engineer and had contracted to survey a large portion of west Box Elder Co.

In surveying the south end of the valley, he camped near John's home and they visited back and forth when off work. This brought them close together as friends. At times when they were working on surveys, they encountered wild cattle and ill tempered bulls which gave them some trouble.

Indians were curious about these workmen and their work and came to investigate. In spite of a few set backs of this kind the work went steadily forward until it was completed.

When the first examiners of surveys came to investigate he found some mistakes and it was necessary to re-survey some of the area. This took some time to do and his work was delayed, also the pay, for several years.

On the 5th of September 1906 U.S. surveyor, Thomas M. Hurlbut, from Portland, Oregan, came to examine Mr Anderson's surveys. He had with him his son, John, also Fred Younger, and Nephi P. Anderson was with him to show where to find the survey corner stones quicker.

Emma boarded these four men until the 20th of September. Philbert was hired to drive them to and from work in a white top spring wagon. Pomp and Bird were the names of the horses he drove most of the time. Philbert had to help with chaining.

We examined surveys towards Yost and on the east mountain of Junction. We covered much of the ground in the south end of the valley and on Dove



Creek. We covered the west mountain on section lines and walked all the way in Township 15 north and 17 west.

They came again on the 15th of October in 1906. This time we worked over at Grouse Creek, Etna, and the Goose Creek valley to the Nevada line and the Idaho line.

While we were at Grouse Creek we boarded at the William Sallingham home. Their children at home were Godfrey, Annie and George. At Etna we boarded with the Charley Lucas family. Maude and Emma were home. On Meadow Creek it was the Perry Fenstermaker family. Francis was home. On Hardesty Creek we stayed with the Quat Catlin family and Lloyd and Stella were home there with their parents.

When we were through, Mr. Hurlbut said Nephi P. Anderson was one of the best transit men he had ever examined surveys for and the surveys were the best he had examined. The last mile was surveyed in a foot of snow. This line was surveyed north west of Grouse Creek and the work was completed October 28, 1906.

Nephi P. Anderson served as county surveyor and was called out many times to do work. At the time of this survey he was 58 years old, very active and a good walker. Because of defective hearing during his last years it was hard for him in many ways. He went on long hikes in connection with his work.

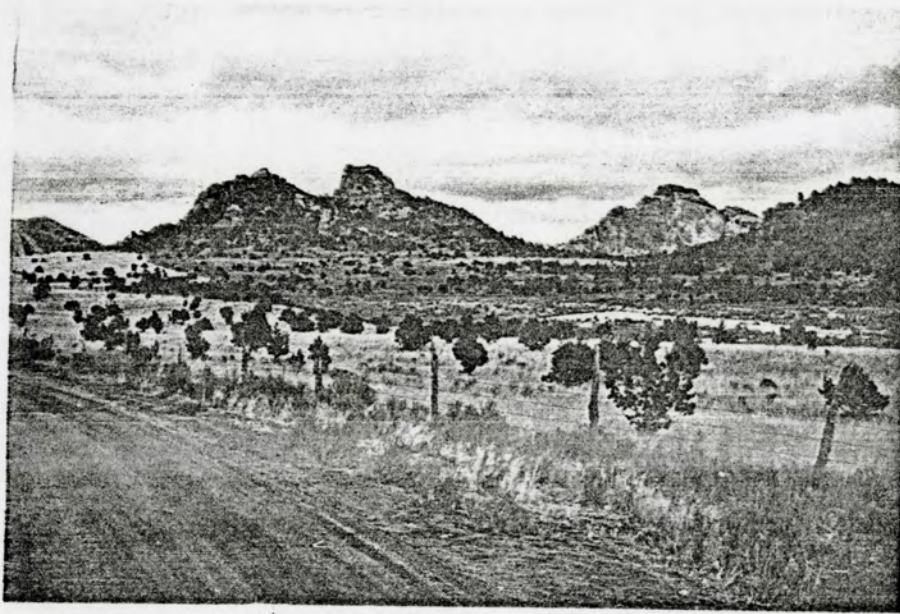
On his last hike and work he failed to come home. A search was made for him, and his body was found washed against some rocks and debris in the Logan River June 4, 1910. His death is a mystery that was never solved. This man walked from the Lind ranch to Kelton, 35 miles, or visa versa several times. One time he walked seven miles to the Chadwick Basin, located the corner they failed to find earlier and was back for breakfast at 7:30 a.m.

His son, who served as County Clerk, also County Surveyor was President of the Norwegian mission for a few years. His name was Lorenzo. He inherited some of the walking ability of his father. He helped with some



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Idaho Utah Line



• MAR • 73



of the surveys.

\*\*\*\*\* INDIAN STORY \*\*\*\*\*

Grouse Creek, Jack, the Indian Chief talked of homesteading. He staked a claim joining John's and Emma's in the Choke Cherry hollow, but never could stay or be contented long in one locality. He claimed to have had 17 winter snows on his head when Brigham Young brought the Mormons (L.D.S.) to Utah, to the Great Salt Lake basin. It was very evident that he knew the country well through northern and central Utah, Southern Idaho, and Western Wyoming.

He joined the L.D.S. church and worked on the temple in Logan. Saw it completed and received his endowments there. He was a "hod carrier" supplying the stone masons with mortar during its construction. He was also a philosopher and a progressive one.

He stated when you belong to the church, "you go up, up, all the time, even after you die." When you are rebellious, wicked and sin, "you die. You go in the ground, you stay there."

"When white people first come to Grouse Creek they walk to church, pretty soon they come in wagons and buggies. Now they come in cars. He no touch 'em at all," said Jack.

One time he needed grease to grease the axles of his wagon. He was given a can and the donor offered to grease his wagon for him, "No, no," he said, "We wait until we get to the top of mountain then grease wagon, and go down fast."

He was a good trapper of predator animals, and he and his family gathered many pinenuts in season through the years. His visits to the area became less and less frequent, his hair more white and on one of his visits he admitted, "We don't know what's the matter, we like an old sheep, we shake all the time."

He waited too long to receive a location on the Washakie reservation and was placed on the Fort Hall Indian Reservation on Bannock Creek, where Bishop Meadows from American Falls, Idaho became interested in his no-



nadic life.

When Grouse Creek Jack was nearly blind and suffering from rheumatism, Charles and Ellen Toyn were passing through on the highway and decided they would call to see their old friend. When they drove up to his wigwam (he refused to live any other way) he had been lying down. When he was told who had come to see him he had to come out. With his bib overalls poked full of green sage, and tears in his dimseyes, he said, "We glad to see you."

They commented on the green sage sticking out of his overalls. He said with a silly grin, "Heap good medicine for pain," then for their benefit pulled it all out. He passed away soon after. Some said he was 120 years old. Records showed him to be more than 112. Age didn't matter. He had taught many white boys "Indian Lore", including Charles in their youth.

#### \*\*\*\*\*RESIDENTS STORIES\*\*\*\*\*

John Shelberg stayed on his brother Augusts homestead until the spring of 1901, when he traded his property to Walter T. Holt for 50 yearling heifers, and moved near Cardston, Canada, in company with Tom and Owen King from Almo, Idaho, and others. They drove their cattle to American Falls and shipped on the railroad from there. John Shelberg had a cattle dog named Keno that followed the cattle drive that far. Some how he was overlooked or not wanted. He being a one man dog, finally worked his way back to the ranch and waited several months for his master to return. It is not known what became of this faithful dog.

John Shelberg came back in the spring of 1902, then went back to Canada and was never heard from again. He said on his last visit, "If I had known more about our move to Canada, I would never have traded my homestead off."

Walter T. Holt sold his property to Martin Holtman, who had bought Sarah Howell's ranch. He then sold this to his brother-in-law, Wilford



Bird and moved to the Holt place in 1906. Holt moved to Oakley, Idaho.

Jerome Kempton sold his property to a railroad man named Ballinger. The ranch became known as the Ballinger field for many years and finally became known as the home of Clement Simper, who spent years improving it, to raise both hay and grain which was fed to his cattle and sheep.

The old Rock fort that was built by Jerome Kempton is still standing 1973. The cabin part reroofed is used for a granary. Clement Simper has now passed away and his son, Ordell, has taken the ranch over.

With the exception of the old meadows where John cut hay for Kempton's and some others, the balance has been planted to crested wheat grass, the intermediate and tall grasses, with a mixture of clover and Alfalfa.

When you drive along this road, which has been altered and changed through the years, you can again see the grasses wave during the month of June, when they are stirred by a gentle breeze that blows, similar to the way it did more than 90 years ago, when John and Alex came through in the little Spring Wagon, and there was an Indian rendezvous gathered in this location.

Ernest D. Simper, with a young growing family in 1909, a brother in law to Mart Holtman, came to take possession of the John and August Shelberg ranch and spent several years living there, then sold it to J. Bert Nelson and James H. then moved to operate a small dry farm, in what is now called Woodrow, also a recreational hall built by the side of the Woodrow school house. Here he became interested in Sunday School work. After working in the Sunday School he was sustained a counselor to Bishop David A. Saunders, the first Bishop of the Moulton Ward in 1916. He now moved to the lower end of the Shelberg field and top end of the Kinney field, which had grown to a ranching unit. From here he worked as first counselor then later sustained as the 2nd Bishop of the Moulton Ward, until his family was grown when he moved to Brigham. Some of his family went to High School there. Mr. and Mrs. Simper both passed away in Brigham, Utah.



Miller and Lux, after spending time and operating in this area a few years decided to sell their holdings. Hazel Yates and his wife, LaRue, became possessors of the Charley Yost ranch, which was Charley's first choice when he was a young cow hand riding the area for Emery's and Spark's and Harrell.

There were others who had settled in the George Creek (Yost) area. Among them were Rebecca Tracy, a widow with seven sons—<sup>William</sup> Sam, Alonzo, Frank, Benjamin, George and Albert. The Montgomery family—Ed, Matt, Joe, Charley, and Heber. Joe was the Bishop of the Yost Ward for several years, following the release of Henry Blackburn. Emer Taylor with his wife and family; Hyrum Yates with his family. Lon Chadwick and family. Rudolph Walters and family. And a little later the Oman Brothers, John and Gustave. The latter married Bell Montgomery and raised a nice family. There was also the Randall family and Andrew Callahan's and many others.

We find at Etna, Miller and Lux sold their holdings to Ross Warburton and sons and they have made this into an Al ranching unit. Richard E. Warburton was one of the few who stayed and built a mansion of gray dressed sandstone on his ranch for his large family of six sons and three daughters also two step children.

Delbert, one son, had the misfortune to lose his wife. This was followed by a series of car accidents which left him paralyzed from his waist down. He spent a fortune trying to regain the use of his legs which are still paralyzed at this writing 1973. At the present time he lives in Ogden but visits his daughter and family in Almo and his three sons and families occasionally in Utah.

#### \*\*\*\*Chapt 19 88\*\* Alex's Last Experiences.

"I know that He granteth unto man according to his desires whether it be unto death or unto life.

Yea, I know that He alloteth unto man according to their wills, whether they be unto salvation or unto destruction.



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Alexander Anderson  
Age 65



Yea, I know that good and evil have come before all men; He that knoweth not good from evil is blameless, but he that knoweth good and evil, to him is given according to his desires, whether he desireth it good or evil, life or death, joy or remorse of conscience," Alma 29: 4-5 B of M.

There seems to be two freedoms; the "false" where a man is free to do what he likes, the true where he is free to do what he "ought".

Alex, in his later life lived alone much of his time. He had talked much about getting married, to his friends, and his hopes were built up quite high at times. Especially when he became engaged to Alice Rose, who lived in Yost with one son.

His cabin, with a dirt roof, was cleaned up to brighter than bright and decorated with new pieces of furniture, and they attended parties and socials together. Once when he went to Yost to check on his rating, and to see and visit with her, he found she had eloped with a Mexican, who had been courting her also. This hurt Alex, deeply and it was a long time before he could venture to make any more steps towards matrimony. He would consult spiritualists and the "ouija" board operators to find his rating.

He did quite a lot of correspondence with different women through the mail, but never found one with his standards. Once he took a trip to Virginia to see one of his best writers and correspondents, but came back much disappointed in her personality.

Alex made it a point to visit Ogden, Salt Lake City and other neighboring towns to attend circus' and other entertainments and recreation. You may say he was a sports enthusiast.

During his last illness he was asked by his nurse if he had any regrets about the way he had lived his life. He thought for a while then said, "I wish I hadn't worked so much on Sunday." His passing was a hard, rough and tense ordeal, like his life had been-- He clung to life like he had done in many other accidents throughout his life.



When they brought his body up from Bury for burial, Johnson's and McCulloch's hearses caught fire. They had some difficulty extinguishing the fire. The funeral was held in the Junction School house, on his original homestead. The casket was taken through the window, because of a sharp turn in the foyer.

The speakers at this good neighbors funeral were Philbert C. Lind and David H. Toyn and Bishop Ernest D. Simper. The prayers were given by Vance O. Lind and Roscoe W. Nelson. Laurence F. Lind dedicated the grave and he was buried beside John and Emma. He died Sept 19, 1935 in Bury, Id.

#### \*\*\*\*\*JOHN'S LAST TRIP \*\*\*\*\*

#### CHAPT 20

"Life is sweet because of the friends we have made

and the things in common we share;

We went to live on, not because of ourselves,

But because of the ones that would care.

Its living and doing for somebody else-

On that-all of life's splendors depends,

And the joy of it all, when you count it all up,

Is found in the making of friends."

John and Emma went on a trip to Grantsville on the 16th of June 1915

on a train. Perhaps the first long trip together for many years. The

31 years since they left the town to travel the forgotten trail together

had seen many changes, and so had they.

Now John and Emma were honored guests of the community they had left

so many years earlier. And the people they knew didn't want them to

leave, so they stayed for nearly a month. They left on the 16th of June

and returned on the 11th of July. They had with them Willie Bolinder, a

daughter of Emma's uncle, who still lived in Grantsville, and was a bl-

acksmith for years. She stayed until in the fall.

John and Emma continued to live on their homestead. Nearly every day

when the weather permitted, John would go for long walks of inspection to



see how their sons were doing with their farming operations.

When ground squirrels became very destructive to crops, he helped to get rid of them by setting long strings of gopher traps size 0. He had very good luck trapping these destructive little herbivorous feeders, which soon could mow a few acres of grain down, when the joints of grain or grass was white and juicy. That would be all they cared to eat, a bite or two in each joint of grass or grain. One morning he came with one ' three or four times the size of a ground squirrel and said, "I have caught the grandfather of all the squirrels." It was grizzly and looked old, however closer inspection showed it to be a young wood chuck that was feeding right along with the ground squirrels.

When his son, Oscar, bought the first automobile in the valley Aug. 25, 1916, he took the family to a social in the Woodrow school house, John was very much pleased with the fast transportation. He talked at times like he would like to own one and learn to drive it.

He may have thought of the experiences of other ranchers who had been driving horses for years then expected their cars to respond the same way. Some of these would tell their cars to "WHOA", but it would continue on until the clutch was released and the brakes applied. For this reason alone, many garages and sheds had the rear wall pushed out.

Bill Jones walked two miles for an axe to cut a tree down. He didn't know the car had a reverse gear.

Alex had several cars which he drove, like someone said "With slack ribbons". He had many minor accidents. One of his cars jumped a six foot wash, but he had to have help to get it back on the highway.

John learned to make harnesses. He made him a set while he lived in Grantsville. So, he undertook the big task of making a set for each one of his sons. These sets were all designed differently.

When the boys were small he built 5 home made sleds, six pairs of skates, several pairs of skis, but they could never get him to join with



them in any of the sports. They figured it was because of injured he had received in life and he did not care to participate.

With the help of his son Laurence, he built a beautiful two seated cutter and painted it blue and red. A heavier sled painted red was used for a run about and light loads. The bob sled for feeding and heavier loads were all home made.

The summer before he passed away he decided the threshing machine he bought in 1885 needed remodeling. It was built larger all through from top to bottom, with all new material. "Every day is a fresh beginning, Every morn is a world made new. You who are weary of sorrow and sinning, Here is a beautiful hope for you. A hope for you and a hope for me. Yesterday is a part of forever, bound up in a sheaf that God holds tight, With glad days, and bad days which never, Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight, Their fullness of sunshine and sorrowful night. Isn't it strange how long a night can grow, 'Ere morning and the dew, Isn't it queer how black a cloud can blow, Before the sun breaks through? Faith is remembering ere break of day, Or 'ere the storm is done, That out of somewhere speeding on its way, Are the morning and the sun.

anonymous

John continued to get weaker through the warm days of spring in 1920 and friends that came to see him like Dave James, Tom Marks and many others, would shake their heads sorrowfully, and say to others who were concerned about him, "I don't think John is long for this life."

He passed away and was buried in a little plot of his own choosing, May 24th 1920 on his homestead.

The funeral which was held at his ranch home under the direction of Bishop David A. Saunders was unique because there was no building large enough in the valley to hold the crowd. The long porch was the grand stand and the front yard the chapel. The speakers were Charles Kimber, George Blanthorn and David H. Toyn, all long time friends of the family.



The crowd filled the front yard. Many people regretted they had not heard of the funeral, (there was no telephone) or they would surely have been there.

John had never had a Dr. and he would not have one now during his last illness. Emma watched over him tenderly night and day and tried to please him and make him comfortable. At times it was a hard task. She had taken care of his children and their children through the years.

When the neighbors needed assistance and help she had gone to them to set fractured bones or help them in sickness.

When a woman travailed in childbirth she had gone to her aid many times, even to carry needed water from the spring a quarter of a mile away, because the lazy and thoughtless husband would not assist.

## CHAPTER 21

### Emma's Farewell

Oh! Lord who knowest every need of mine,  
 Help to bear each burden and not repine,  
 Grant me fresh courage each day,  
 Help me do my work always—without complaint.  
 Oh! Lord Thou knowest well how dark the way,  
 Guide my footsteps, lest they stray;  
 Give me fresh faith for every hour,  
 Lest I should ever doubt thy power and make complaint.  
 Give me O'Lord, a heart strong to endure,  
 Help me to keep it simple, pure.  
 Make me unselfish, helpful, true  
 In every act what e'er I do, and keep content.  
 Help me to do my woman's share  
 Make me courageous, strong to bear  
 Sunshine or shadow in my life,  
 Sustain me in daily strife to keep content. anonymous



Woman was not taken from the head of man, for she was not intended to be the ruler; nor from his feet, for it was not intended that she should be his slave. Eve was taken from Adam's side to be a help meet and a companion. Emma was just that.

She lived for many more years, always busy. She improved the ranch home, made it more modern, piped the water down from a spring a mile away. She had a large store house built, and went ahead with many more improvements. All these improvements were made under her supervision in the next few years.

Another tragic blow <sup>hit</sup> hard when her son, Oscar, passed away suddenly and unexpectedly on the 8th of July 1924. The Dr. A.F.O. Neilson was summoned from Oakley, Idaho. He said it was quick pneumonia. And it was quick. He was brought from his homestead in the evening not feeling well, and he had passed on by 6 am, the next morning. His funeral was held the same way his father's was. In addition, he had military honors, having served 18 months in the U.S. Army as a private, then as the officers cook. One year of this time was spent in France before the armistice was signed.

William Pope Merrill, 1st counselor in the Bishopric took charge of the funeral as Bishop Simper was not at home. He went to Almo and engaged H.E. King (Ted) to speak—a young man the same age as Oscar. Then Patriarch David H. Toyn from Grouse Creek ward. He was buried near his fathers side with military honors, though there was no display. Eighteen months of war service in World War One.

Anna took consolation in the thought there would be someone on the other side to meet her, now she had two sons and a daughter besides her husband who had passed onto the great beyond to the place that is inevitable.

A good deed is never lost, she who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and she who plants kindness gathers love.

Emma continued her sewing, knitting and spinning carded wool which she



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Oscar J. Lind Age 26



washed and carded herself. The writer has an old coat she sewed for Oscar in 1895. One of her best remembered articles she sewed herself, letting her daughter Julia assist, is a U.S. flag that was hoisted to the top of a ranch flag pole, set up in the year 1894, when the writer barely remembers the incident. It became a part of a yearly program for each 4th and 24th of July to honor the freedom of the states and the arrival of the pioneers in Utah, for many years.

When Emma was President of the Relief Society of the Moulton Ward she was persuaded to take a braided rug, of her own make, to the Relief Society display from all the wards in the stake. Her rug took first place at this exhibit in Malta, Idaho.

By her industrious labor and her own high ideals she instilled into her children's hearts a loyalty to God <sup>and</sup> their nation. While she was still living a non member editor of a weekly magazine stated in these words, when asked, "Where have you found Mormonism at its best? My answer is Lynn, Utah." "There is no church on earth, which would not be proud of such men as the Lind brothers. They are strong as oxen physically, but as sensitive to beauty and grandeur as artists, and their keen mindedness is linked with fair dealing."

Pres. John A. Elison of the Raft River Stake, who had known John and Emma since his youth (His parents also migrated from Grantsville, Utah over the Forgotten Trail in his youth), said, "I have always advised people to live close together in a community life, where they could enjoy a social, religious and educational life together, but I have noticed through the years that John and Emma Lind's children were ready to step forth and take their places of responsibility with others when requested to do so.



## \*\*\*\*\*MOTHER \*\*\*\*\*

Never a sigh for the cares that she bore for me,

Never a thought of the joys that flew by.

Her one regret was that she couldn't do more for me,

Thoughtless and selfish was I.

Slave to her baby! Yes, that was the way of hers,

Words cannot tell what this old heart would say of her,

Mother--the sweetest, the best and fairest of all. anonymous,

Emma was critically injured in a fall on some ice February 9, 1934. Her children were very much concerned about her welfare and gained her consent to take her to the Twin Falls general hospital, where Herman and his family lived near by. Edith, her youngest daughter, went with so she could be near her mother while she was in the hospital.

Though she was an ideal patient her condition didn't seem to improve. She had never had a Dr. in her life before.

When they placed a cast on her body to help hold her fractured bones in place, it did not accomplish what the Drs. hoped it would, at her advanced age she longed for freedom and to be able to do for herself the way she had always done through the years, and be content like she had always been, and tried to be.

She passed peacefully away March 27th with an attack of pneumonia, with all her children near by excepting Laura, who was living in California and came for the funeral.

Her funeral services were held at the ranch home like the other two of her son and John, March 31, 1934, under the direction of Bishop Ernest D. Simper.

A quartet was sung by the Hunt family and George W. Bronson. The choir from the Grouse Creek Ward furnished the other musical numbers. Charles Toyn and David H. Toyn from Grouse Creek Ward, J. Bert Nelson from Huntsville, Utah and Pres. John A. Elison of the Raft River Stake (Malta Idaho) were the speakers. The information of who gave the invocation



and benediction is not available. All bearers were her grandsons: J. H. and Raymond Boulton, Simon Baker, Lynn O. Clark, Laurence O. Baker, Fred Zeller, and Raymond Boulton. She was laid down by the side of John for her last rest.

The grouse creek road had been open all winter, which is usually closed with snow early in the winter. People came from Alamo, Yost, Grouse Creek and far away Twin Falls and Hazelton in addition to the family, to attend these outdoor funeral services, for the heroine of our story and history. We have tried to write down a few of the incidents of her pioneer life. Nothing but good could ever be spoken of Emma. She lived to see all of her children married in the temple for time and all eternity excepting Wittichoff and Oscar. Her daughter, Edith, was married that fall in the Arizona temple.

Motherhood is the one thing in all the world which most truly exalts the God given virtues of creating and sacrificing. Though it carried the woman close to the brink of death, motherhood also leads her into the very realm of the fountain of life and makes her a co-partner with the creator in bestowing upon eternal spirits mortal life. Artists may make new visions real; poets express thoughts never known before, or dress old ones in a more becoming garb; engineers may transform deserts into boundless fields and fill them with prosperous towns and thriving villages; scientists may discover new elements and by various combinations thereof create means distributive either to progress or destruction--all these are the measure revealers of unknown things; but the mother who in compliance with eternal law, brings into the world an immortal spirit occupies first rank in the realm of creation. (Millennial Star 86: 296-297, 1926)

Emma, with God's guiding hand saw her children till seven full time elations while she was alive. She had one ward Supt of the Sunday School, one stake Supt of Sunday Schools, two Bishops, one High Councilman,



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Standing  
Mollie-Left  
Milve  
Alva

~~~~~  
Julia-L.
Laura

and one stake Patriarch. Two Relief Society Presidents also.

Her family was all working in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints when she passed away.

Dora is buried in Twin Falls cemetery with one of her daughters;
Josephine is buried in the Oakley cemetery with her husband and two sons.
Julia is buried in the Bothwell, Utah cemetery.
Herman is buried in Provo, Utah
Laurence is buried in Lynn, Utah by his wife and daughter, Emma.
Oscar is buried in Lynn family cemetery also.

***** IDEALS *****

As you think you travel in your thoughts. When you love you attract. You are today where your thoughts have brought you. You cannot escape the results of your thoughts, but you can endure and learn, can accept and be glad, for you will realize the vision (not the idle wish) of your heart. Be it base, be it beautiful or a mixture of both, you will always gravitate towards that which you love the most. Whatever your present environment may be, you will fall, remain or rise with your thoughts, your visions, your ideal. You will become as small as your controlling desire, or as great as your dominant aspirations.

***** CHAPT 22 *****

LIFE'S TEST___ CONDEMNED___

"If never a sorrow came to us, and never a care we knew,
If every hope we realized, and every dream came true.
If only joy were found on earth, and no one ever sighed,
And never a friend proved false to us, and never a loved one died.
And never a burden bore us down, soul-sick and weary, too,
We'd yearn for tests to prove our worth, and tasks for us to do. Anonymous

The spring of 1934 was not like other springs of the years that Emma had been in the valley. There was very little snow in the mountains.

The plains and lower country had none. Daniel Beus, a sheep man of many years experience, had moved his sheep to his lambing ground in February, that had always been reserved for ewes lambing in April and May.

Other sheepmen were taking theirs off the Great American Desert. The expected snow hadn't come. In places they could haul water to them, but not all over as known springs started to dry up. Always the words and thoughts were, 'no snow in the winter, there will surely be rain during April, May and June.' "April showers bring May flowers" became a hideous joke. Yellow docks of several varieties that had made the hillsides yellow with their bloom in May and June, merely started to grow then curled up and dried for lack of moisture.

Road men came in June to build a new road across the Grouse Creek mountain eliminating many of the steep grades and the dangerous curves. A fire was started in some dry sage brush by its side so it could be widened.

The range was dry as tinder. Mocking dark^{ominous} rain clouds were overhead ready to go somewhere with a down pour of rain. Yes, it was safe to start a fire in June. The brush were lit, the fire started to burn slowly at first, but with the help of the wind from the dark rain clouds that that blew away, it spread rapidly in several directions. Crawling up the mountain side in hollows and coolies, nor did it stop on the mountain top but leaped over seemingly barren ground to burn out quaking aspen groves, laurel and Chaparal on the other side.

All day long it burned. Nearing the Lind ranch at sun down it finally burned itself out after destroying all the living vegetation on six or seven sections of the choicest range and feed in that area.

Round up time in August that year instead of October was not like other round up times of earlier years. The gray dust clouds would rise as the riders urged their ~~cattle~~ on towards the scantily harvested fields. These are the cattle that have borne the brunt of the range famine of 1934 when the spring and summer rains wouldn't come after a dry winter.

These are the cattle that in other years would run with their heads and tails held high in the air at the first "Yipee, Hi, ho" from a cowboy.

This spring and summer season has not been pleasant for them wandering over the dry sage brush and range and living on the dry, dry fodder of other years. The seeking over the hills among gray, brittle, dry, sage for wisps of grass, sheltered from the scorching sun, the drying wind and more wind.

These are the lean cattle walking, walking, walking, up hill, down, hill and in coulees with their noses to the ground snipping the tufts of dry aged grasses, where there should have been sweet smelling green grass and wild flowers as in other years.

The months on the calander were torn off one by one but they failed to make a record of the rainless heat of the summer, or the searing winds that blew and burned the dock and the grasses to the ground, even before they had really started to grow. Always, the wind blows, and sometimes great, black ominous, "black" clouds gather, drifting superciliously up from the distant sky line, to play with mens hopes, then disdainfully drift away.

But, during this drouth comes the government, stepping in to buy up all the holloweyed, poor cattle, however, they must be condemned to meet their standards of fair play and make a good sale. Now they have all been gathered from the bleak and barren range ground and are standing over in the old corral.

They are gaunt, holloweyed and listless. Little knock kneed calves with large limpid eyes are standing by the side of their mothers, are all condemned and will be bought at the low, low price of \$12., and the ranchers take the money because there is nothing else they can do. Wait, be patient, rain will come again to these mountains of home.'

We dream about these mountains of home,

That call us back again when far away we roam,

We dream about the mountains that sing,

Their songs of praise and make them ring.
 We dream about the mountains that give'
 Us strength and hope with which to live,
 For all these mountains we give a grateful prayer
 To our Heavenly Father who puts them there.

*****A CHRISTMAS STORY *****

In the City of Rocks at the Home Station and division of roads, the California, Oregon and Mail stage of years gone by, we would like to relate a story by C.S. Wolmagott, who spent much of his time in later years tuning pianos in Twin Falls. He called at the home of Herman and Hazel Lind many times. He told of the beautiful scenery surrounding this station nestled among the Black Hills and granite rocks.

"I came west and landed at my sister's place august 8, 1875 (Mrs Charles Trotter) at the Rock Creek Station. I contracted mountain fever. In the absence of Drs, my friends prescribed sage brush tea. I was able to be up and about in about two weeks, after consuming about two wash boilers of this brew.

My sister served four meals a day, and I ate all of them. My friends thought I would have a relapse and sent me to the City of Rocks until I was able to go to work. At the City of Rocks station, on account of stage arrivals my sister, Mrs William Trotter, and her husband served five meals a day. I was doing so well Mr Trotter persuaded me to stay with him and be a helper over the Oakley summit. My duties would be to ride on an "outrigger" on the opposite side of the driver, and at frequent intervals stick willows in the snow for a guide on the return trip.

This aided greatly in the drifting and falling snow, to help keep the horses and sleds on the trail. I decided to stay. I liked this home station, nestled among the cedars trees and pinon pines on this old Sublett, California and Oregon Trail.

The buildings were of logs, and it was handy for this material, and

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Castle Rocks—In a low fog—

they were built commodious, with low ceilings. The sitting room or bar room was about 30 feet long and 14 feet wide, running east and west, with a large fireplace in the west end. The dining, kitchen and bed rooms were equally commodious.

I spent much time in the bar room watching the snow fall, when it would be deep enough to start the sleds across the summit. When they started moving their snow horses over the summit to the Summit Station I knew the snow was deep enough and my job was about to start. I was pleased when Mr Trotter told us to go to the creek and cut some bunches of willows about two to three feet long. I cut the willows and was anxious to start.

He told me the next morning when the stage moved west that we would start and go by sled. When the stage arrived, Mr Trotter took me in his room and said, "We have to take precautions so we wouldn't go blind." A sure precaution was to black my eyes with burnt cork. He not only blacked my face, but my neck as well. I thought the preventive was all right until I went outside and everybody laughed at me. I noticed the driver had only a little underneath his eyes and on his nose. After the embarrassment I entered into the joke on me. I poked sticks as the driver indicated in the snow, leaving the tops to stick out.

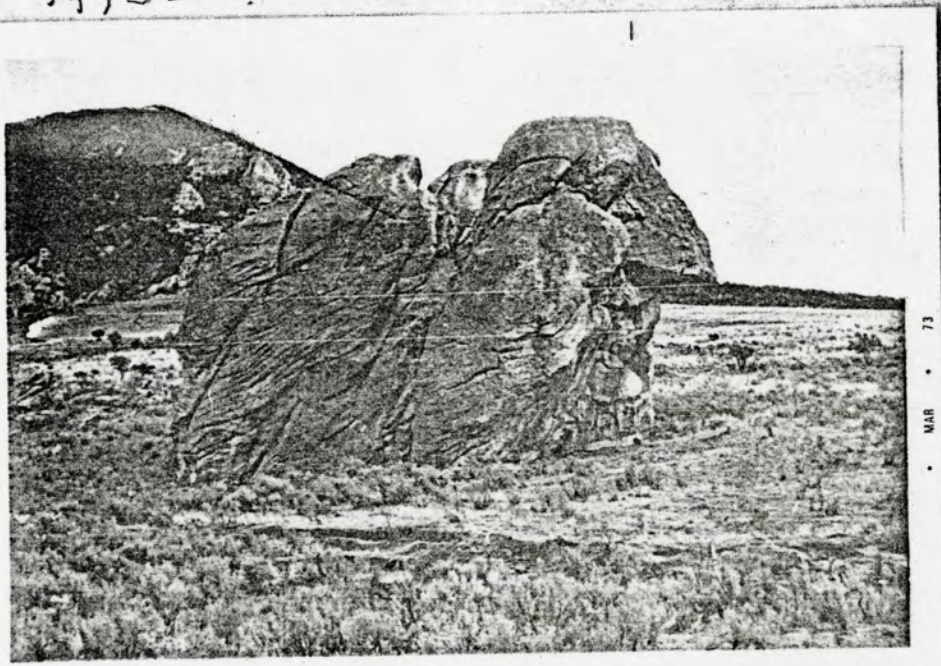
Some places the horses would go down in the snow and we would have to tromp them out, packing the snow more solid around them. We traveled toward the Summit Station then sometimes towards Oakley, (the Summit station was the end of the snow) which were relay stations.

Then we met the east bound station stage, which was a coach, passengers, luggage and mail would be transferred. The coach would turn around and go back with the exchanged load and the driver would continue on west. While the driver of the sleds would return to the Home Station at the City of Rocks with me, the east bound passengers and the mail."

"On my return I would always tell Glove Maker Jim, and elderly Indian man, about seventy, who was staying there, of my trip and experiences, then

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"Dodo Bird" - City of Rocks
Also - "Name Rock" 1854 Names



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listen to his stories. He told me of the massacre in the City of Rocks of six wagons loaded with emigrants, and of the Almo Creek massacre.

As it came near Christmas time, Mrs Trotter and the woman cook began the preparations for the Christmas dinner. Turkeys were ordered from Torrine, Utah, and everything on the market was sent for. The women folks made fruit cake and prepared to make steam pudding(orsuet) and mince pies. I remember they didn't put "cider" in the mince pies or the suet pudding gravy.

When Christmas time came the Trotters of Rock Creek were also preparing dinner, and the drivers didn't want to be late. We met the stage coach on time, and on our return to the Home Station, were met with all kinds of Christmas Greetings. Then on Christmas evening (98 years ago now) sat down to a dinner that only youth and vigor could do justice to."

"After the meal we went into the living room where Glove Maker Jim had decorated a Christmas Tree with pop corn and cranberries and on its branches hung little tokens of remembrances for each one that was present. Jim acted as Santa Clause. Then we all tried to sing. An old fiddle was brought out. The ladies sang and I played. Jim kept time by tapping a scribe awl on a carpenters square. So passed Christmas south of the City of Rocks in the Home Station in 1875.

***** HISTORY AS TOLD BY GEORGE GOODHEART *****

Another story and historical data is told by George W. Goodheart, born in Bloomington, Illinois, March 30, 1842 and died Dec. 25, 1927 at the Odd Fellows home in Caldwell, Idaho.

An Indian scout and pony express rider between Brigham, Utah and Boise, Idaho. According to his account it was only carried(one year) and Mr Goodheart was a rider one winter, George Creek (Yost) is believed named after this Indian Scout. He tells the following story:

"One day in early March as I rode up Goose Creek (probably Birch Creek) five old Indians came out of the brush some distance ahead of me. When I came up, one fellow put his hand on my horses mane and said, ' You will

have to go back' I asked why? "We are going to stop this paper talk" I pleaded to go on and they wanted to know why. I told them, "I had much paper talk to the Big Chief in Washington to send an ox team loaded with guns, ammunition, blankets, beads and jewelry for the Indians and I wanted my share."

The Indian I had been talking to untied a flowered handkerchief from his neck and tied it tightly around mine, and said, 'All right you go; this handkerchief will show others, if they try to molest you, that you are all right.' They will let you pass through.' If any Indian wants to look at it, let him. They will not harm you.' "Once or twice I was stopped by Indians, they looked at the handkerchief and said I was all right!"

"I told the Indian agent in Brigham what they (the Indians) were planning to do and this would be my last trip through. The Indians planned to burn Clark's Ferry on the Snake River and do many other injuries to the white man."

George W. Goodheart married Lizzie Pattee, daughter of Joseph Pattee, a fur trader and manager of Fort Hall on Feb. 1, 1862. She was drowned while crossing Snake River, near Bonanza Bar, on their way to see her dying mother, who lived near the mouth of Cassia Creek at this time, in a cabin two Frenchmen had helped build for them. The names of these men were Frank and Lewis. They were trappers and had a cabin of their own near the Pattees. The Pattees had brought quite a number of cattle to the Raft River, and horses too!"

"Mrs Pattee died the same time her daughter was drowned. George says he tried to revive his wife from the drowning but his efforts were useless. He had to load her body on the horse and brought her to his father-in-laws cabin. He himself was cold and wet from much exposure in the bitter cold weather."

When Joseph and George partially recovered from this sad tragedy, with

with the help of Lewis and Frank, they buried mother and daughter in a double grave side by side on an elevated ridge. This grave is near the townsite of Malta, Idaho.

After this sad tragedy, Joseph Pattee had no desire to stay there longer. George Goodheart helped him gather his cattle and horses and they drove them to Montana and sold them to Mart Barrett."

"In 1874 George W. Goodheart married Julia Payette, a cousin to his first wife. She was shot by mistaken identity near where the Burley townsite is"

George learned from the son of the Indian who shot his wife, "After I am dead tell George Goodheart I killed his wife by mistake." Following the second tragedy of his life he joined the U.S. forces and distinguished himself as an Indian Scout. He had learned the Indian language in his early life.

The cattle they brought to the Raft River country were among the first.

*** AN ATTEMPT TO DESCRIBE THE CITY OF ROCKS****

The City of Rocks near Almo, Idaho in Cassia, County, Idaho covers an area of about 25 square miles. However there are croppings out of the same formation on the Granite Pass to the west, and the Basin Narrows to the south west in this area.

One of the famous Emigrant Trails passes right through the area from the north east to the south west. Another fork or spur, leads off to the north west and passes over a summit into Emery Canyon. The other California Trail, through the Emigration Canyon and also used for a stage route and rest Home station later. The first Home Station built in a very picturesque spot by a spring, viewed the Twin Sisters to the northwest, a valley to the west became known as the Junction Valley because of the Junction of early trails near this Home Station into California and Oregon.

Some of the massive granite rocks have the largest known chronicles of names of early emigrants recorded on their sides. Many of these names in

protected areas are still readable. There are scores of names as well as messages for those who were to follow.

The beauty spots in these rocks have been carved by erosion to form massive and enormous domes of granite that look like they could have been pushed up from below in/ons past, then carved out by giant hands to forms of many spectacular shapes.

The bath rock rises to more than 200 feet and the large depression on its top fills with snow and rain water, Indian legend says, "A bath in this tub before sunrise will restore youth to the aged."

Near the southern entrance are the gleaming turrets and fortresses. There too are the huge twin sisters of equine with paposes on their backs rising more than 250 feet, to guard the entrance called Devil's Gate.

North of these are spires, one is called needle rock. Others are pointing heavenward like steeples on the old churches built centuries ago.

Many of them look like they could have been carved by human hands--"Andy camp", "Dodo bird", "Name Rock", whichever name you choose to call it sets out alone by what used to be a favored campsite, has many names written on its sides of Emigrants.

The three bears, The Saddle Rock, The Tabernacle, Treasure Rock, Old Men with her chicks, Old Woman, Chinaman and the Elephant are a few of these fantastic forms of the past.

The surface of the road stool is hardened while underneath the large domes^{the} system is crumbling. The whole chaotic, weird, fantastic scene runs through such a variety of changes of an erotic nature it is hard to try and describe.

covered with snow in the winter the rocks become a fairyland. A land of make believe. In the spring the gentle rains and warm sunshining work to warm the rocks and make beautiful flowers gardens framed with green and gold colored designs in moss, grass, spring flowers and rocks.

In the summer time the rocks take on a more somber appearance and have

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Black Hills

and have again changed their decorative colors for the summer time. They have a dress for each season.

In the fall when pine nuts are ripened in their mist of surroundings we have still another picture.

For one not interested in stone and landscape there are legends and stories of buried treasures. Some they say have been found, others haven't. The Overland Stage to The Dalles in Oregon was held up in the year 1878. From \$90,000.00 to \$600,000.00 was taken by highwaymen. One of these was slain. The other subsequently died in prison. Before dying he told where the treasure was hid and buried among five cedars in the shape of a heart near or in the City of Rocks. Frantic searches have been made. If it was ever found it has not been revealed.

In another story a group of emigrants were held up by marauding Indians. While under siege they hid \$50,000.00 in some crevice in the rocks. Dynamiting crevices in the rocks has been a pass time by some, especially the treasure rock which carries that name.

Another lone bandit robbed the stage of \$150.00 and escaped to the rocks before he was captured and taken to prison, but he would not divulge the place it was hidden. This man died in prison.

The Granite Pass has the highest elevation of any pass on the California Trail between Raft River and the Goose Creek. They both eventually empty into the Snake River. At least they used to in the years past. So it was not traveled much during the winter months.

Many mining claims are near the Granite Pass. The most noted is the Vipont. In the City of Rocks there has been some mining for mica.

The City of Rocks biggest attraction is historic value and picturesque beauty.

CHAPT 23

PARK VALLEY BRIEF HISTORY

As falls the day so falls the leaves, In silence from the tree of life.
Born for a little while to blaze in action in the heart of strife and play.

And then to shrivel with Times blast, Then to fade forever in the past, so I write this brief history of Park Valley.

The first settlers of Park Valley were Latter Day Saints, and with these settlers came Thomas Dunn, who served in a religious capacity, holding meetings in his home as early as 1871. He was succeeded by Thomas Stewart then Moroni Coleman.

July 14, 1879 under the direction of Pres. Oliver G. Snow of the Box Elder Stake, Bishop Arnold Goodliffe of Snowville and others, the people were organized into a ward. Erastus Meacham was sustained as Bishop, with Carl J. Rohwer and William Godfrey as counselors. Auxillaries were set up afterwards.

This was known as the Park Valley Ward, but due to rapid expansion for a few years, the people in the western part organized into a ward May 22, 1910. Jacob Kunzler was sustained as the first Bishop of Rosette Ward, with James Morris and Fred Hirschi as counselors. All auxillaries were organized and sustained at the same time.

Meetings were held in the Rosette school house at first. In 1916 Arta McLain Seeley was serving as Bishop, a new chapel was built and dedicated. He also served as a member of the Board of Education. His term as Bishop started in 1913.

William H Meacham succeeded Erastus Meacham as Bishop of the Park Valley Ward in 1892. James Palmer became Bishop in 1899 and David Hirschi in 1912 and William Hish in 1920 and Ira Burton in 1923. Elijah Palmer, though not a Bishop, presided over the ward for nine months, until Louis Hirschi was sustained as Bishop.

He served as Bishop until 1941 when the two wards were again consolidated and joined as one ward with Bishop Fred J. Hirschi as their Bishop. He had been Bishop of the Rosette Ward prior to the consolidation. Kenneth Carter was sustained as Bishop of the Park Valley Ward in 1948 with Farris James and Fred Hirschi as his counselors and LeGrande Morris and Dee Hirschi as clerks.

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They completed a beautiful chapel in Park Valley costing \$65,000.00 which was started in Dec 1951 and completed and dedicated on Mar. 14, 1954 by Pres. J. Ruben Clark.

Like all other communities in West Box Elder Soil Conservation District there is a shortage of irrigation water. Many have consolidated in later years to install pipe lines from the mouth of the canyon to their homes and farms. This has materially increased the flow of water to be applied to the ground irrigated, as the ground from the canyons is very porous.

On Dove Creek which flows through the bottom of the valley from the west to the east, there are some prospects for well drilling. Shallow wells have been drilled but no big flow has been found. Chester Kunzler has drilled wells on the Old Rosevere place, and Charley and Roy Kunzler have drilled wells on the Old Clark and Pete Johnston ranch on Dove Creek with noticable success.

Below Park Valley, twelve miles to the south east, known as Kelton Flat, there are some excellent wells and they are now irrigating several thousand acres near and on the Old Conant ranch, which was formally irrigated from the Indian Creek water. This was also piped to Kelton, the old railroad station that has been abandoned.

Jesse James drilled a well at his ranch, "The Sinks of Dove Creek", which did not come up to his expectation. Ray Carter and a few others have drilled stock wells, and the beautiful chapel is supplied with a flow of water from a well. Wells supply nearly all the water for culinary purposes.

"And it shall come to pass afterwards, that I will pour out my spirit on all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams; your young men shall see visions. Joel 2:28 Old T.

When Alex and John were questioned about the range land in early days, they would invariably say the same thing, "There was grass everywhere." Tom Marks, an early couhand, would say, "I could stake out my saddle horse anywhere and be assured he would have plenty of feed." Jack McCammon said, "When a young cowboy, I had just spent a months wages for a new 60 foot lariat (rawhide). While riding up the Grouse Creek mountain I saw a large buck deer lying asleep in the tall grass, with his head stretched out along the ground. The tall antlers stuck high up, so I decided this would be a good time to take the kinks out of my new rawhide lariat. I gently tossed the riata over the large antlers. Instantly there was action. My horse, frightened jst as much as the deer, went into high voltage action and tried to throw me. In the excitement I lost my hold on the lariat and the deer went bounding over the ridge with the lariat trailing behind."

"When I quieted my horse, I started in pursuit. Before I came to the top I heard several shots. Riding a little closer I saw an Indian camp. ^{They said "Nose'em"} When I came to the camp I inquired about the deer and the lariat." Jack said, "I always suspicioned they knew more about the deer and the rope than they would tell."

Dave James used to tell about the good grass on the Hogup mountain winter feed for cattle and horses, as this mountain had no permanant springs prevented this being grazed during the summer months.

Now, however, they have seen a new era, gently over the horizon. We see sons and grandsons taking over to restore, and if possible, to improve the range land which has gradually deteriorated the last century through over grazing of the natural vegetation.

Miles and miles of fences have been built to control livestock and hold them in allotements. Wells have been drilled to great depths to

to provide drinking water for livestock.

Thousands and thousands of acres have had the sage brush destroyed by plowing or spraying. Other grasses like crested wheat grass, tall and intermediate wheat grass, australian vetch, all imported, then the Indian rice grass, the whitmore^{grass} and sweet and yellow clover have all been seeded in the area with noticable success.

There are so many potentials seen by the forebears who came to this area nearly a century ago, crossing almost impregnable barriers to establish their homes, where their descendants could enjoy some small measure of comfort and conveniences.

John's and Emma's grandchildren- more than fifty of them still living- have seen and visited every continent, nearly every island of the seven seas and established themselves successfully. So many in Idaho, Utah, Montana and California seem to prefer the mountains and range land. The same may be said with confidence of the Warburton's, the James', Pugsleys, Thompson's and many others who have been named who have descendants in this western area.

Wagon With A Colorful History

Much of the first part of this story centers around a wonderful Little Spring Wagon that was in use for three quarters of a century after it came to Utah. How much longer before is not known. "About the fastest thing on wheels," was said about this Little Spring Wagon when it came west as an officers wagon in 1857 to help suppress the Mormons in Utah. Prior to that time its history is unknown.

From the time of its arrival in Utah the soldiers were stationed at Camp Floyd. In 1860 most of the troupes were removed to New Mexico and Arizona, and about a year later war between the north and the south being almost a certainty the remainder of the army was ordered to the eastern states.

The government stores and supplies valued at \$4000,000.00 were sold later at extremely low prices, greatly to the relief of the Saints, who could now purchase wagons, livestock, provisions, clothing and other articles that they were greatly in need of, at a mere fraction of their cost. John P. Lind, a young pioneer who had walked all the way across the plains from Omaha, became the possessor of the Little Spring Wagon, took it home to Grantsville, Utah, where he had many uses for it as a delivery and a supply wagon. We may also say "family carriage", as it was equipped with bows and a cover and spring seats. The cover to be used in time of cold and inclement weather and protection from the hot sun. The carriage as a delivery wagon of products from his small shop in Grantsville, made trips as far as Juab County to the south and Cache Valley to the north. John and Alex made a trip to Oakley, Idaho, to look at homesteads therein 1882. Instead of Oakley, they staked their claims in Lynn, Utah, on their return trip. The Little wagon made many trips across the Great American Desert to the northwest in preparation for the family exodus to Lynn, Utah, which took place two years later. John continued to give the Little Spring Wagon good care and it gave good service in return, wherever it was needed, which was almost every day. A school^{house} was built in 1901 in Lynn. The wagon was used to transport men to work and also back home again, a distance of 12 miles every work day during its construction. When the school house was completed the Little Spring Wagon was used as a school wagon from 1901 to 1909 inclusive. In 1910 the county furnished a larger, more roomy wagon. This did not stop the activity of the little Spring Wagon, however. It made trips to Ogden, Utah, Rexburg, Idaho, St Anthony, Idaho Falls, Burley, all in Idaho. To Cache Valley and back to Lynn again. It continued on the job until late in the 1920's. Its first owner since it left the army passed away in 1920, but the wagon still served on trips and at home.

Automobiles, tractors and trucks were taking jobs over now, but at times there was still work for the wagon and it continued to serve until its tongue was broken, tires came loose, spokes rattled, so the place for it was in the junk pile to pass into oblivion.

Happily a search was made for relics of by gone days in the agricultural field and students from the U.S.U. in Logan, always alert, they was the little Spring Wagon, and wanted it for a companion to the little Threshing Machine and horse power used on the ranch for many years--since 1885.

The last we heard of the threshing machine, the horse power and the little Spring Wagon, they were all on display, showing in comparison the big strides in the farm machinery that have been taking place.

We still say this little Spring Wagon was the fastest things on wheels at one time. If you don't believe it, look at the size of the wheels.

To the People of West Box Elder,

Dear Friends: It was way back in 1940 when I was first introduced to

the people of West Box Elder County. At that time I was employed as State Range Examiner, with the old A.A.A. now (A.S.C.S.) The reason for that

first trip, was to measure some newly constructed water ponds on the Rose-

bud ranch.

My next journey west was to assist County A.A.A. committeeman, Donald

J. Homer with an A.C.P. sign up. We spent a very cold winter day in Park

Valley and stayed that night with Joe Palmer. I remember how cold it was

and how those stacks of quilts felt that night, thanks to Mrs Palmer's hos-

pitality.

Next stop was Grouse Creek. I still remember all those Warburton bro-

thers coming to the meeting. That was back when Etha was pretty much all

Warburton's.

Tremonton, Utah
March 17, 1965

In 1948 Margaret and I brought our little family to Box Elder County to live, because we believed this was the best place in the world to raise our family (we still do). I went to work for the Box Elder County P.M.A. committee under chairman Al Bishop. From that time on I had more opportunities to visit West Box Elder and get better acquainted with more of you. My work finally changed completely, to assisting with engineering problems, and I was finally transferred to the Soil Conservation Service, where, part time, I worked under your old Unit Conservationist, Lamar Mason.

On August 13, 1956 Lamar became part of the State S.C.S. Office Staff and I became work unit conservationist, assisting the West Box Elder Soil Conservation District. It has now been six and one half years since this privilege was given me.

During this time, I have worked with all of you, either as S.C.D Supervisors or Cooperators. I have stayed in your homes, enjoyed part of your social life and worked with you as you struggled with your problems. We have all seen a great deal of progress and accomplishments come to pass. I believe this was possible first because of your great desire to build on your wonderful heritage received from your strong, freedom loving forebearers, and second because we all had a very effective medium through which we could work in solving problems, and in introducing new methods and new ideas. That medium has been, and still is, your West Box Elder Soil Conservation District with its very effective local leadership. That great organization, The Soil Conservation Service has been the means through which I have been able to serve you.

During this period of association I have come to love you and your great rugged country. With you I have seen it in its milder periods when things were really going good. I have also seen you people put through real hardships and suffering when things were anything but right. It was during these times that I really learned your true character. When the less sturdy would have quit, you just bent your backs and redoubled your efforts to meet the challenge.

I believe West Box Elder has a great future. The country itself has great resources, but the greatest potential lies in you people and your ability to unite and work together, as well as individually to restore depleted resources and develop new ones.

I am confident that you will be equal to the challenge that lies ahead.

Effective March 4, I was transferred to the Tremonton work unit to serve in the northern Utah Soil Conservation District. This will mean new experiences and a great challenge for me. I expect to enjoy this new work. At the same time it's hard for me to leave the close association of you whom I have come to regard as my close friends. I want you to know, how I appreciate you and the friendship you have extended me. It has been a real pleasure and an uplifting experience to be with you.

My wish for you at this time is that you will continue to enjoy your Heavenly Father's great blessings, and that you may be able to build and develop your wonderful land to a realization of its full value.

Sincerely Yours,

Richard C. Harris S.A.C. director

FOREWARD

I have written this story of Pioneer school life and also other schools in Junction Valley with the hope that it will be appreciated and preserved for future generations.

In the five years that I attended school, I am quite sure that I attended the school because I understood it to be a rule and order of the family and also the county. In other words we were all obligated to go.

The first year in our memory work we had to memorize the names of the counties and their county seats. The names of the states in the United States and their capitols. This was memory work for the whole school.

Vance O. Lind and Esther Howell were the first graders and they probably learned faster than the older ones.

After the first year young ladies came to teach from other towns, some of these places were far away from home. When you consider the fastest transportation they had were horses and buggies, spring wagone and freight wagons.

The nearest railroad and station was Terrace- 35 miles, or Kelton Utah out on the desert flat, called the Great American Desert. When the Moulton, Ida. school house was built it stood within a stones throw of the California Trail called both "Subletts Cut Off" or "Hudspeth's Cut Off". This log house is still standing 1972. It was built in 1912- making it 60 years old. The windows are all gone, the doors knocked off their hinges. On the floor stands part of an old piano that helped to furnish music for school plays, dances and church meetings in the years gone by.

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*School in the
Black Hills*

NOT UNDERSTOOD

"When I was young and frivolous and never stopped to think
When I was always doing wrong, or just upon the brink;
When I was just a lad of seven and eight and nine and ten,
It seemed to me that every day I got in trouble then,
And strangers used to shake their heads and say I was no good,
But my mother always stuck to me--It seemed she understood.

I used to go to her most every night and say
The dreadful things that I had done to worry folks that day.
I know I didn't mean to be a turmoil round the place,
And with the men and women folks about forever in disgrace;
To do the way they said I should, I tried the best I could
But they scolded me a lot- My mother understood.

She never seemed to think it queer that I should risk my bones,
Or fight with other boys at times, or pelt a cat with stones;
And when I'd break a window pane, it used to make her sad,
But the neighbors said I was, she never thought me bad.
She never whipped me as they used to say to me she should,
That boys can't always do whats right- It seemed she understood.

Now theres little grand chaps of mine just ful of life and fun,
Comes up to me with solemn faces to tell the bad they've done,
Its natural for any boy to be a roughish elf,
He hasn't time to stop and think and figure for himself.

And though the men and women folks insist that I should take a hand,
Its so long ago when they were small themselves, and they don't understand..
unknown

Some day I have to go up there and make a sad report of my doings
here on earth.

SCHOOLS — BLACK HILLS

Chapt 1 *Introduction*

Where there are progressive people they want a school. The best schools for their children that their circumstances can provide.

Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting get understanding. Prov. 4:7

First school trustees 1901 were Sarah Gunnell Howell; Effie Willy Holt; John Peter Lind; and years later there were Daniel Beus, Alex Anderson (Both hatchlors) and John P. Lind. A few years later- The Box Elder County Board of Education with Nephi Anderson as County Supt.

As arrows are in the hands of a mighty man, so are children of the youth. Happy is the man that has his quiver full of them; they shall not be ashamed, but they shall speak with the enemies at the gate. Ps. 27:45

The following persons named attended the first Junction school in 1901: Laurence F. Lind (first white child born in Junction Valley), Oscar J. Lind, Raymond A., Philbert C., Mollie A., Vance O Lind, Ruby and Ivan Holt, Evan and William Howell, Selma Anderson; Sarah, Libby and Esther Howell. (These Howells were separate families) & William Beus, Mary Howell, a widow in her late forties, was the teacher. She claimed to have taught school in Wellsville, Utah before she married Lewis Howell. Rose Whittaker attended for 2 weeks then eloped and got married.

Other children added to this school before it was moved were Alva Lind, Milve Lind, Nancy Holt, Jane Howell; Clement, Stella ~~and~~ Luella Cora, Leona and Jay Simper; Myrtle, Della and Pearl Holtman; Reese, Maude, Clara and Abbie Howell; Mary, Calvin, Luella and Bertrude Stewart; Ethel, Maude, Francis and Sam Sease; Lavona and Grace Brown; Curtis, Wayne, Melba and Dorothy Bird; Tim Briscoe, Rufus Wright, Lucy Wright; Leona, Clifton and Delbert Thayne; Verna and William Darr Jr; Helen and Howard Bird and Ray and Mildred Johnson.

Socials were held in the form of dances. Those who helped to furnish music were George M. and George W. Bronson who played violin and guitar. Pate Cahoon, William Jardine, Claude Barnes all played violins. Oscar and Philbert^{Lind} played accordians. Myrtle Peterson, Alva and Mollie Lind the organ. Sometimes Alex Anderson and Peter O. Clark helped on the violins.

CHAPTER 2 PREPARATION

No man goes about a more godly business than he who is concerned with the right bringing up of his own and other peoples children. (Aristotle 2300 years ago)

Back in the 1870's and 80's people were locating this area, especially along the creeks, by springs and other favored spots where it was thought feasible to make a living from the soil, or wrest a living from herds of sheep, cattle or harses and some mining.

Building suitable homeistes out of logs and sealing them, and roofs thatched with poles, willows grass and dirt, seemed to be the quickest and best method to construct these buildings hurriedly. Those that constructed with care lasted for many years. Some are still standing, though not in use, nearly one hundred years later.

Some came here as employes of large cattle outfits and had no intention of making permanant homes. There were also sheep herders for the summer months only. These with the cowboys drifted out with the herds when cold weather took possession.

John Beus was one of the early settlers along the Raft River. They had a family of seven children- five sons and two daughters. They lived near the Raft River and had a lovely ranch Site, open to the east as a plain. To the south, west and north west black hills covered with pinon and cedars, some of these dry hills rising to an elevation os over 7000 ft covered with a dense groweth of these trees, with an abundance of grasses and shrubs growing there also. Pine nuts are harvested frequently.

John Lind lived at the uppermost place on the south fork of this river, eleven miles from the Beus Ranch. He had thirteen children, however there were only eleven of them home at this time when the building of the school house was considered a must. The two oldest girls were married, and at least three of the Beus children.

Lewis Howell, two miles farther south up stream, had two families. Mary on the west side of the river had three daughters and two sons. Sarah living on the east side of the river had five daughters and two sons.

Walter Holt living six miles farther up the river from the Howell ranch, after passing through the Junction Narrows, had two sons and two daughters.

John Shellberg, a widower, lived two miles farther up stream from the Holt place. He was living alone at this time. His daughter was with her grandparents in Nevada.

The Anders Anderson family had one son and two daughters. They lived on the Basin Creek.

Alex Anderson was a bachelor.

Naming the families; Mr and Mrs John Beus with Jane, Nettie, Johnny, Daniel, James, David and William.

Mr and Mrs Lewis Howell (Sarah) had Lewis Jr., Mattie, Sarah, Libbie, Esther, Jane and Reese.

Mr and Mrs Lewis Howell (Mary) had Mamie, Hattie, Alice, Evan and William.

Mr and Mrs Walter T. Holt had Walter T. Jr., Ruby, Ivan and Nancy.

Mr and Mrs Anders Anderson had Gustave, Hilda and Selma.

Mr and Mrs John Lind had Dora, Josephine, Julia, Laura, Herman, Laurence, Oscar, Raymond, Philbert, Mollie, Vance, Alva and Edith (Milve).

We have named the married and deceased with the others.

We consider it a pleasure to name these good families who had settled as permanent pioneers in this valley surrounded, partly at least, with Black Hills where were seen grasses, sage, pinons, service berries,

cedars, quaking aspen, birch, willows, red pine, bitter brush, wild flowers, of many kinds and a winding trail called a road. A meandering stream of water, supplied with tributaries flowing down towards Snake River through this rugged valley. We have seen a lot of heaven and peace here in this valley.

" When I consider the heavens, ~~at the work of thy fingers,~~ ^{the work of thy fingers,} the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; What is man that thou art mindful of him; and the Son of man that thou visitest Him. For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels and hast crowned him with glory and honour.

Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; Thou hast put all things under his feet. Psalms 8:3-4-5-6

CHAPT 3

ALMOST READY TO START WORK

The sky's are blue and the sun is out
And the grass is green and soft.
And I am sorry for him who cannot hear'
What the grasses and trees have to say,
Who is deaf to the call of a running stream
And the hills and trails that lead to play?
The boy that climbs up a steep hill or sprawls on a creek bank,
Is more richly blessed with the joys of life,
Than any old man of rank.
For youth is the golden time of life,
And this old heart of mine.
Beats fast to the march of its old time joys
When the sun begins to shine. unknown

After tragedy and sorrow hit the stalwart settlers hard, the sun began to shine again for them in their determination to have a school.

Alice, daughter of Mary and Lewis Howell had passed away.

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Jake Kinney Ranch 1883



Walter T. Holt Ranch 1886

Matt Holtman 1906

Wilford Bird and Curtis Bird

Now Curtis C Nelson

Walter T. Holt Jr. died of the dreaded diptheria.

John Beus passed away October 22, 1899. He was the presiding Elder of the George Creek or Yost Branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Lewis Howell was one of the speakers at his funeral.

Hilda Anderson, who had been working for Charley *Yost* in Yost, fought a losing fight with typhoid fever.

It is said that the town of nearby Almo had an epidemic that struck hard. Twenty six deaths resulted from this contagious fever. Drs. had not learned how to combat it successfully.

In the same year in November Lewis Howell came to visit John and Emma Lind. He had with him Mr. and Mrs. Walter T. Holt. At this visit school was talked about and they were all in favor of building a community school house and getting a school teacher to teach their children.

Perhaps the location of the school building was discussed. It appears it should be located about half way between the Lind's and the Beus' Mr. Howell complained about a sore throat on this visit. In a week he was dead. Our records show his passing Nov. 20, 1899.

The Anderson family came to attend the funeral which was held in Yost. In going down a hill and making a turn, one of their frisky horses kicked at the tongue of the heavy wagon breaking it about half way. The end of the piece attached to the wagon, jabbed into the ground, capsizing the wagon. Mrs. Anderson was pinned underneath and received critical injuries.

The Holt family was not far behind and they gave their assistance. Mrs. Anderson was taken to Sarah Howell's home, where she remained until she could be taken to her own home.

it took some time for these humble settlers to recover from all these sad tragedies. They were few in number so waited some time before the thoughts of school became activated.

We read in the ledger of John P. Lind's records: "June 5, 1901 We commenced to work on the Junction school house. Laurence and Herman hauled

eleven logs. June 6- 11 logs, June 7- 11 logs, June 8 Oscar and Lawrence hauled 4 loads of rock for the foundation. Herman and I went to Howell's after 8 logs.

June 10. We went to the Almo Park after logs with two teams of horses and wagons and four men. Were gone 4 days. June 14, commenced the building, three men.

June 17 and 18th there were three men. Two other men went to the park on the 18th and returned on the 19th with logs. Three men worked on the building that day. June 20. Three men worked on the building. We hauled two loads of logs from Holts. Holt worked on the building June 21st-three fourths day, June 22- three fourths day, June 25th all day.

I had three men on the building 21-24-25-26. We hauled one load of logs for Holt.

Anderson hewed logs two days for Holt and Shellbergs. Holt and Evan Howell started for lumber on June 28th. On the 29th Daniel Beus worked with us.

July 1-, 3 men-. July 2 I had 4 men. Holt and Beus worked with us that day. I furnished 20# of nails- Holt 6#.

July 27- I sent to George A. Lowe in Ogden for steel sheeting for the roof and nails \$35.80. To Montgomery Ward & Co. \$23.25 for furnishing stuff. To J.F. Merrill and Co. \$ 33.80. To Sears \$16.72 for paint and oil.

C.G. Anderson from Ogden, Herman and I started to work again on Aug. 19th. Worked every day that week. C.G. Anderson quit work on Sept. 18th. I paid him \$64.25 for a months work.

Oct. 9th we finished the paint on the building and on Oct. 10th we had a dance"

Lime needed for the plastering and daubing of the log building was burned in a home made kiln. Lime rock was found on the Grouse Creek mountain. A kiln was built by a dry wood aspen grove west of Lind's home. The kiln had an open fire place underneath the now filled with

John Beus Ranch



Howell started
with us.
July 1-3
day. I turned
July 27-
roof and nail
studs. To J.
oil.
C.C. Under
10th. Worked
I said him

a dance

Time needed for the plastering and taping of the low building
burned in a home made kiln. Lime rock was found on the ground near
mountain. A kiln was built by a dry road canyon above west of lime
home. The kiln had an open fire place underneath the new kiln with

lime rock where a continuous fire was kept burning night and day until the rock became red hot and glowed with the fire at night. At this time it was burned hot lime rock that ~~had~~ had to remain until it was cooled, when it could be used for daubing and plastering. Burned rock lime was slacked with water. By adding water the lime rock would ~~start~~ to slack, become red hot again until it would dissolve itself into a liquid white gum.

C.G. Anderson was a mason by trade but a handy and skilled man in all kinds of work.

Washed sand needed for plastering was found in piles along the creek bed.

The new school house when finished, was daubed between the hewed logs on the outside with a white mortar and left with the hewed logs showing. The corners were dove tailed. The four windows, two on the north, two on the south, had outside shutters painted a light blue. The cornices of the roof a light pink and the steel roof a rusty black.

The east entrance door and frame were painted an imitation wood grain, quite popular ^{at} that ~~the~~ time.

The inside had a wood wainscoting up to the level of the window sills painted to match the entrance, clear around the four walls. All above the wood was plastered and kalsomined in white, including the ceiling. A man hole was made in the west end near the tile chimney.

The school benches were old double seated "hand-me down affairs," with many pocket knife scars cut in their tops, indicating the handicraft of other occupants and encouraging the present users to try their skill with pocket knives to see if they could not improve the carvings with their own knives. Sometimes they were apprehended and scolded by the teacher.

The big three and a half ^{foot} box stove, donated by Sarah Howell, was placed near the entrance, with a long stove pipe attached and mounted with an elbow near the ceiling and extending to the west end, took the smoke ~~out of the room and into the chimney and out of the chimney into the air~~

an elbow near the ceiling and extending to the west end, took the smoke outside through the tile chimney. The stove pipe was wired securely so it did not come apart very easily.

This improved the heating efficiency of the stove. However, we found many hugging the stove on zero mornings, including the teacher.

Two round wick kerosene hang lamps with a center draft hung near the ceiling, and three other wall lamps with reflectors gave a brilliant kerosene light at night when socials and dances were held.

We read Oct 10, 1901 we had a dance to let the people know the school house was finished and ready to be used. The large crowd came from Almo, Yost, and Stanrod as well as Lynn to enjoy themselves. Midnight supper was served. Waltzes, polka's two steps, and square dancing, with a program was the feature of the entertainment. The building was more than filled to its capacity, but everyone seemed to have an enjoyable time and returned again and again to later entertainments.

School benches were carried outside of the building to give more room for dancing during the socials.

CHAPTER 4

SCHOOL STARTS ON THE FRONTIER

"Dream on O youth, Do not fear the morrow will bring a hindrance to your firm desires.

Doubt not your strength to scale the highest peak.

Hidden potentials, strength and power, will aid you to reach the goal you may seek."

School started with Mary Howell, the widowed mother, as the teacher. She had two sons as pupils- Evan 14 and William 10.

Sarah Howell had Sarah 16, Libbie 14 and Esther 8.

Mary and her two sons came to school in a ^{ditch} riders cart with a narrow seat, hardly room for two, and a carriers seat under ^{neath} and to the rear of the seat. They had a big buckskin colored stallion named Don they

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Wide Open Spaces
Black hills Crossed by
Emigrant trails 1849
Also Early Mail Route in 1869
To 1879 From Kelton Utah

drove the two and one half miles to school.

The three Howell girls came in a single horse buggy. They were experts with horses, driving different horses on the one horse buggy as they trained them.

Ruby 12 and Ivan Holt 10 came in a single horse cart, driving a pony named Dick. When this family moved away, Dick was turned on the open range and lived on for many years.

Rose Whitaker came to school for two weeks they eloped and got married. William Beus 10 came horseback.

Raymond 13, Philbert 11, Mollie 9 and Vance 7 Lind came in a spring wagon, a relic of Johnstann army officers fame, purchased by their father after this army left the state of Utah, and abandoned Camp Floyd, to take part in the Civil War. They had with them Selma Anderson 19. These were all that came for at least the first two weeks. John Lind, with the help of his sons Herman, Laurence and Oscar, built a shelter for the horses after school started, also a suitable school lot fence. This occupied their time for at least two weeks. Suitable cedar posts had to be cut in the narrows of the canyon. The record lists 135 slabs were hauled from the steam mill in George Creek canyon. Ten logs for the frame also 50# of spikes.

The yard or lot fence lists 160 posts set in pairs in the post holes with four 1½ inch holes bored in each post with a hand auger. 80 pine and quaking aspen poles ^{Post} set approximately one rod apart. Hardwood pegs were driven through the posts and pole to hold them securely together.

After this work Laurence 16 and Oscar 15 came to join the others in school. They generally rode brⁿochos unless there was plenty of snow, when the sleds were used. Not many sleigh rides were had the first winter.

Laurence more than six feet tall, was the favored leader in school. His slim athletic body with long legs, he soon acquired the name of "Daddy Long Legs." This was quickly shortened to "Daddy" in recognition of his

leadership. Oscar was nearly that tall and Raymond was fast approaching his manhood.

Mrs. Howell soon found the older pupils well disciplined and hungry for knowledge and eager to learn more, was her big problem in school. In arithmetic she had never studied fractions. In grammar and geography it was all memory work for them. Reciting before the whole school, the younger pupils were learning these lessons about as fast as the older ones were.'

Mary Howell had no desire to join with her charges in their recess periods. They had liberty to invent and discover their own games and their apptitude towards play. There were not enough to play baseball, so they played "One old cat", "Danish ball, Tag, Stink Base, Steal Sticks, Leap Frog; Hop, Skip and Jump and many others.

Laurence, Oscar and Raymond were called on to haul the necessary wood for the big box stove.

The wagon that hauled the logs, rocks, and lumber was used for this necessary hauling. They went down in the Junction Narrows where there were quite a number of big, knotty, discarded pinon pines, that had been passed up by by others because of their size. These large pinon pines were only a challenge to these youth. It wasn't long before they had them trimmed, loaded on the wagons and hauled to their destinations in the school lot.

These big knotty trees were full of pine pitch and hard to split with an ordinary wood axe. Alex, Anderson, the miner, rancher, and fr-eighter, had some dynamite in storage. He volunteered to to blast the logs to stove lengths. One day we had fire works in the wood pile, which the boys enjoyed very much. Some of the wood pieces lit on top of the school house roof and slithered to the ground frightening many of those in the house. Others were saattered over the lot, but most of them were gathered up in stove lengths.

Once in February this winter we had the customary winter thaw, filling gullies with flood water. This centered in the Junction Narrows, the drainage from the valley. Taking some time to collect, it did not flow down the canyon until towards evening, way after school was dismissed.

Next morning the flood water was gone and Mrs. Howell and her two boys were quite late in their arrival at school. The other school children had been there for some time waiting. The three Howell girls had told us the bridge had been washed out and they had to use the crossing which had been in use at other times in an emergency.

When our teacher arrived, she had William dressed in her long over coat. They forgot about him sitting on the under seat carrier until it was too late, and dragged him through the deep water. He had to sit close to the big box stove most of the day, while his own clothes were drying with the heat from the stove.

During the long lasting rains the students were thankful the building had a steel roof. They heard many stories of leaky dirt roofs, some times for days after the rain had subsided and quit.

The five months of school passed quickly. During the last days of Jan. in 1902, it came a minus zero cold snap. It was cold, difficult and hard to drive six miles to school in an open rig. The trustees met together and decided to dismiss school for two weeks. During this time the weather was very pleasant and by the middle of February it was almost spring. School was dismissed for the term in March. For many of the youths it was one of the happiest days of their lives up to that time.

One more incident in ball playing should be mentioned before closing this term of school, to show the pupils interest in ball playing. They had home made bats and home made balls, and one had to be hit or touched with the ball to be counted out. We all tried our best not to be counted out. Evan, with the rest of us, was a fair batter and knocked the ball far enough to make a home run. He was nearing home base when the ball came from outfield and "bopped" him on the side of the neck. Hating to be

getting a younger person to teach.

They hired a young girl from Yost by the name of Gertrude L. Yost. Her father, it is said was a supporter of the Catholic Sacret Heart Academy in Ogden, where she had attended school for higher education and training. She was very much appreciated by the pupils of last year, who all came excepting Laurence and Oscar. They had to help complete the fall harvesting of crops and haul the winters wood. Miss Yost added to the list Alva Lind, Nancy Holt and Jane Howell, all beginners.

She had a new method of teaching- not quite so much memory work, but enough to learn verses, songs and rules. She bowed her head and said a simple prayer each morning, asking that we be prompted and guided by the Holy Spirit each day. We learned to sing patriotic songs and were surprised when we had to learn Joseph Smith's First Prayer, Redeemer of Israel, Onward Christian Soldiers etc.

One of the school trustees visited the school one day and saw these songs written on the blackboard; claiming to be an athiest, he raised an eyebrow and complained that religion was being taught in school. Be that as it may, it is said the other trustees voted him down, and the youths continued to sing and recite verses along with their regular lessons in school. Soon the teacher decided they were ready for a public school play. They did very well in their first try at entertaining a crowd, and were instructed to prepare several programs while Miss Yost taught school and helped them.

They were given a few lessons in biology. When shown a few weird parts of the animal, which were shown in a quart bottle and were preserved in alcohol, namely- the brains of a cat, a water snake, a few insects etc, were displayed in their preservative.

We gathered fall leaves in various colors, -browns, reds, yellow etc, pasting them on stiff paper and framing them and they were displayed on the walls.

We were taught by the brief lingering twilight season of late fall, with its varied days of sunshine and rain can be one of the most delightful times of the year. This is generally known as Indian Summer.

It seemed the Black Hills adorned themselves in their most gorgeous and beautiful robes of the year. pine nuts on the pinon pines were plentiful, but we hardly ever took time to ~~gather~~ any, because there is so much sticky pitch on the cones and trees.

At least twice a year school was visited by the County Supt, of Schools, Nephi Anderson, who traveled all the way from Brigham City, Utah to visit all the schools in the county enroute. He drove a one horse buggy on these long trips and made it a point to spend a part of the day at the school and a night at the Lind home. Supt, Anderson is the author of several books. Some of which are "Piney Ridge Cottage, Added Upon, Marcus King Mormon etc.

We had spelling matches about once a week for the whole year. It was amusing at times when the younger pupils could out spell the older ones. For instance Vance(8 years) spelled the word squirrel correctly and Selma, who had failed, had to take her seat. Another hard word to spell was "separate" for a twelve year old.

Through the efforts of John Lind and neighbors a post office and mail route was established, ^{in 1942} and settlers were getting their mail from Yost to Lynn semi-weekly. Emer Taylor, a middle aged man from Yost and a neighbor to Charley Yost, was the mail carrier. He was well known and respected. Miss Yost found the route handy to take her to her home some times. Mail days were Monday and Friday

One Friday she invited Selma, Ruby and Mollie to spend the week end at her home as some special entertainment was to be held in the community. They accepted the hospitality. Returning early Monday morning to the school with the mail carrier, they courteously asked what the fare was, and he replied jokingly, "a kiss from each of you". When the older girls were paying off, Mollie made her get away to a safe distance and stood

there watching Mr Taylor collect.

She said afterwards, "His droopy mustache filled with tobacco juice and a drippy nose was the most unsanitary thing her young mind could think of at that moment. She often kidded her girl friends about this touchy fare..

Laurence was named substitute teacher when Miss Yost was ill or absent briefly. Once she was absent when her brother, Will brought a heavy wagon load of young folks to a school play and entertainment. After the party Miss Yost decided to ride home with them. The road was narrow and sideling in many places through the narrows of the canyon. It caused many of them to spill out in a dangerous spot. Miss Yost received a broken right wrist and others received injuries, but no one was seriously hurt. She had to use her left hand to write for some time.

Miss Yost got a leave of absence for two weeks while she took an excursion trip on the train to California with many of her friends and others in the month of March. On her return she brought a present for each one of her pupils.

She often wore a long beaded necklace with a "crucifix" attached. We asked why, and she said, "It is a rosary and the beads were prayer beads." Each bead represented a different prayer the bearer was supposed to memorize. We boys would rather memorize something like this:

Boys flying kites haul in their white winged birds,
 You can't do that when you are flying words.
 Thoughts unexpressed fall back dead,
 But God himself can't call them back, once they are said.

We spent two years under her tutorship. When ever a visitor came or called to visit school, the registration book was brought out for them to sign in the visitors section. The last time we saw this book, the section was filled with names and comments.

We feel there were many who loved her as a teacher and friend. Many

school plays and dances were given to the public the two years she taught school. We were not surprised a few years later when we learned this young lady was an active worker in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. She had accepted the challenge given by the Savior, "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me--- and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light."

Every day is a fresh beginning

Every morning is a world made new,

And yesterday is a part of forever

Bound up in a sheaf of gold- which God holds tight,

With glad days and bad days which never shall visit us more

With their bloom and their blight.

Young folks, if you would be happy- Keep within the bounds of virtue- Within the bounds of integrity. Keep within the bounds of the beauty of soul- Which even has power to transform your features.

CHAPTER 6 ONE STEP FORWARD

Then one of them which was a lawyer asked him a question tempting him and saying, "Master, which is the greatest commandment in the law?" Jesus answered him, "Thou shalt love the Lord ^{Thy} God with all thy heart; and with all thy soul and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment and the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two great commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

Matthew 22:35-36-37-38-39-40

This year 1904, a teacher from Mantua, Utah, named Elvina Halling was hired by the trustees to teach the Junction school. She had qualified herself by attending the B.Y.C. in Logan, Utah. It appears now with the slow method of transportation they had in 1904 they did not, as a general rule, care to drive 150 or more ^{miles} to do much investigating, and then return again before a contract was signed. Perhaps through friends and the Co.

Superintendent some knowledge of the isolated place in the Black Hills was had.

This time the father and mother, Mr and Mrs Lars Halling and one son named Wilford, had decided to take the teacher to the Junction school. She would probably want to return to her home.

They came to the home of John and Emma Lind early one Sunday morning. They were driving a "white top" spring wagon, a fore runner of the many campers you see on the highways today. This wagon, however, was pulled with a fancy team of driving horses.

They had spent about 4 days on this trip. They had camped out in the wilderness at nights enroute. Perhaps the last night out was the most "hair raising" of them all, to this young girl. When they camped by a remote spring at the foot of the Dove Creek mountain, where the trail they were following would lead them to a pass with a 7300 foot elevation before starting to descend to the ranches in the now called- Lynn.

She told afterwards of hearing many strange noises after retiring for the night. She learned later these disturbers of a restful sleep must have been the yipping coyotes, the hooting owls and the screeching of a bobcat protecting her young from other predators. Similar noises at the ranch, where she boarded later, convinced her.

Next morning they climbed to the summit, before starting down near the south end of the Raft River valley where they had to pass through some of the Black Hills before arriving at the first ranch.

On their arrival at this home, they were told the school house where she was to teach was six miles farther "down the country". They inquired about a place to board for the school term, and found Miss Yost had boarded with Mrs. Lind the two years she had taught the school. Arrangements were made for Miss Halling to board there too.

Next morning school started. The Hallings had to see the school house before returning to Mantua.

Miss Halling's school group was not quite so large. The Holt family had bought a place in Oakley. Ruby and Nancy were gone. Ivan was staying on the ranch with his father to help with their cattle etc, until they had a sale for both the cattle and ranch.

Sarah Howell had moved to Rexberg with her family and sold her ranch to Mart Holtman from Park Valley, Utah.

Raymond again drove the historic school wagon the six miles each morning and return home at night. Will Beus and the Howell boys came horse back. Evan finally quit. Ivan Holt came horseback.

When Oscar and Laurence came later, they rode horseback and took care of the janitor work. When cold weather set in, they had a warm fire waiting in the box stove for the others. Selma, Mollie and Alva were the only girls in school.

The weather this fall was invigorating and delightful. The fall coloring of leaves was delayed. If snow came it melted quickly. The boys found green grass growing in November, and they enjoyed taking long walks of exploration. They would make many new discoveries in a boys world. They explored the Black Hills near the school house, which they were told was lava rock. By its side was an outcropping of gray lava ashes which was loose and soft, and could easily be tunneled. Here they started to dig. It was different play than staying inside the lot to play ball and stink base. They got so far away at times they didn't hear the school bell calling them back.

One day they caught a "cotton tail" and turned it loose on the school house floor. Miss Halling made them place it on top of her desk for a drawing model, where it sat quietly while we were having an art class. Later it was liberated to find its way back to its den.

Not enough snow came that winter to have a sleigh ride. Miss Halling stayed to spend holidays in the valley, and on both sides of the Black Hills attending dances and socials in Almo, Yost, Stanrod and Lynn. Her

girl friend, May Pierson, from Logan, Utah, taught the lower grades in the Yost school. They chummed together when ever it was possible to do so. Sometimes week ends were exchanged.

In February we had early thunder showers, and spring flowers began to burst forth. Sweet roots, Johnny-jump-ups and lilies of the valley made their appearance the last days of February, and pussy willows were out in March. Rain was soaked up in the ground as it fell.

All was not well in school, however. One of the boys became rebellious and resented authority. One morning the teacher saw him standing on top of her desk. Before she realized his plans, he disappeared into the attic hole above her desk. he felt secure in his retreat, so stayed. She commanded him to come down, then coaxed, but to no avail.

After a time in the semi darkness and finding nothing to do of importance, he began to amuse himself, and frighten one of his pals below, he started to break the keys of the plastering between the laths and fire them down through the man hole at his buddy below, and he had to protect his head which was very vulnerable to these attacks, with a large geography book. His aim was poor but the power of a 13 year old boys arm was great.

This was a great disturbance in school for half a day. The teacher became irritated at this kind of behavior and the boy was tired of his perch. At noon when the instructor left the room the boy was given a secret code and came down.

When Miss Halling returned and saw him down, she informed him that he was dismissed from school. This was a "stunning" blow, and he would not leave the school, fearing his father at home. She could easily have "booted" him out, but refrained, and asked Laurence to take him outside and see that he started home.

What he told his father when he got home is not known, but a very irate parent met Laurence when he was going home that evening. With venom in his speech about the "law" etc, he began to tirade. Laurence pleasantly

informed the enraged man he would put his son, or any one else out if requested to do so by the teacher; stating why he had done so. The attacker quickly changed his attitude and demeanor.

This boy came back to school when his expulsion time had expired, with a change in his behavior, and in tracing his life's history, he became a respected and loved character where he lived.

From this time on the school functioned normally and when it was dismissed the first part of April. The pussy willows had budded the middle of March and were fully out. The birch, alders and quaking aspen leaves were showing a tinge of green, and spring crops were nearly all planted.

Laurence and Oscar's schooling ended here as it did for Selma Anderson.

A social was given a little different from the others. A farewell testimonial for Miss Halling- never to return again, and a young man who had accepted a call to go back to Sweden, his native country, to spend nearly three years as a missionary for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

He left his native land as a stripling lad, sixteen years of age, to travel by ship to New York and from there on the train to Terrace, Utah, where John Lind met him to take him to his ranch.

Laurence writes of his arrival as follows: "Father called us down to the road from where we were herding sheep, Herman and I. I was six and Herman 9 and told us he had brought us a big brother. We didn't see how tall he was then, but we noticed his face was badly sun burnt and swollen from wearing a small brimless cap. That evening we saw that he wasn't much taller than Herman."

A stranger among strangers, he was welcomed to the Lind home. His undernourished body grew fast and he became a trusted and reliable worker. He learned to read and write the English language in the Lind Home school. He also had worked some on the log school house. Now he was returning to his native land to bring them the glad tidings
message of the restored gospel

and tell the people there what it meant to him. This young man was Selma's brother, Gustave.

Miss, Elvina Halling left never to return again.

Millions of years may pass away,

The sun no longer shines by day,

The stars burn out and lifeless be,

The earth freeze up from sea to sea,

Yet time never takes as toll

The deathless substance of the soul.

How then should you and how should I

Improve each hour that passes by

To make, and shape, and mould and perfect make,

That soul that through systems break

Lives on and through the 'eons be

What you make it for eternity. unknown

CHAPTER 7

Inspiration

There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding. Job 32:8

Every day of your life is the best day, and each day prepares you for another. Have a deep faith and a strong determination to do the Lord's will and your life will be enriched.

In the fall of 1905 Katheryn Keeler came from Ogden, Utah to teach the school at the foot of the Black Hills. She was instructed to take the daily train to Kelton, Utah. This train had been nick named "The Alkali Limited" and "The Jack Rabbit Special". It had a schedule to observe, but being the only train (unless disaster should befall the Lucin cut off) to travel the old historic rail road between Corinne and Lucin. Going the entire distance once a week, since the cut off was finished,

because of an old mail contract.

Its service tried to accommodate all patrons. It was said very often the sportsmen were given transportation to the best "jack rabbit infested area" and unloaded to enjoy themselves until the train returned later in the day. (On this stretch of railroad the golden spike was driven May 10, 1869, though this service was discontinued years ago.) The historic area has been made a memorial park.)

Miss Keeler came on the Saturday train and was met by Oscar Lind in Kelton. He was a student of the former teachers. She commented later, "what a bashful, ^ocurteous youth introduced himself to take her to the school where she was to teach. How much she enjoyed the scenery and the long drive, so different from anything she had taken part in before, all new to her.

However, the driver was a poor conversationalist, contenting himself by whistling and singing to keep time with the clop, clop of the horses feet and the grinding of the wagon wheels on the gravel and rocks as they rolled along the crooked gulley, washed out trail to their destination and the ranches.

Like the former instructors she wanted to board with Mrs. Lind and was admitted into the family home.

She had the same students to teach. From her perspective as a city girl, they must have looked like a group of "hay seeds". They were different all right--she found that out later. They wanted to sing--she couldn't sing, she couldn't carry a tune. They wanted to dance--she couldn't dance. Her mother was a strict Methodist.

Herman and Laurence had left home and started a business of their own on Warm Creek in Idaho, 49 miles distant. Julia and Laura had left home too. There was plenty of room for another boarder. The boys in the family had a bunk house all of their own, and were seldom seen at the ranch home only at meal times.

Miss, Keeler was adapting quickly to the change in environment. My, how she could teach language and mathematics. The methods used by the former teachers were simplified. They were basically on the pupil's level.

The six and a half mile drive to and from school though tiresome at times in cold, stormy and inclement weather, was one of consolidated learning in the open historic wagon.

Mother nature is a wonderful instructor, we learned much from her on these long drives. We learned to tell different wild animal tracks in the freshly fallen night's snow. We knew coyotes would follow the trail almost the entire distance to see if something hadn't been left for them somewhere.

The buck deer would sometimes cross the trail with his following of does and fawns to a new pasture in the Black Hills, where many of them spent the winter to avoid the deeper snow in the higher mountains, as they knew all the hills so well, traveling sometimes over a large area, where they had their favored spots.'

During the months of November and December there were thousands of sheep on the trail to the desert range where very little snow fell, and there generally was an abundance of winter feed which was being overgrazed. Many of these herds would trail back again in the spring of the year to their lambing grounds in the Black Hills.

Cowboys were too, anxious to get cattle out of the higher rugged country where the snowfall gets deep. The Black Hills were not so important to them now. Many of them knew that wild cattle had wintered there in past years.

Her first time away from home, Miss, Keeler became homesick. Her widowed mother came later in the fall to spend three weeks with her. She too was fascinated with the scenery and busy life. On week ends they would go fishing, guided by some of the students, they were led to large beaver dams along the creek. They caught many mountain trout which to

then were very delicious when properly fried.

Mollie and Alva taught her how to mount a saddle horse and round up the cattle when they needed attention. She learned how to guide a horse and ride like an "old timer".

At Christmas time she decided to spend the holidays with the family. They took her to dances and she learned to dance or be a wall flower. They went skating together which was a lot of fun. They coasted down the steep hills on toboggans, and also skied some. This, however, wasn't so popular then.

They made one long sleigh ride trip to Warm Creek to visit Herman and Laurence, over the Oakley summit where the sleigh was only upset once, spilling them in the drifted snow. No one was hurt, everything was gathered up out of the snow, loaded up and they were on their way again.

Coming over the Oakley summit we struck a well packed trail. When we got to Oakley we found out that Theodore Brackenbury had frozen to death in the deep snow on his way to Almo a couple of days before and rescuers had been after his body, and his horse which was still standing by his side when they found him.

We returned safely home with only minor incidental happenings, after a few days stay. Coming home the long distance put us in a bright moon light night and we could see coyotes playing by the side of the road in the snow.

The appreciation of the family was shown by this girl when she had her mother send out a box of Christmas presents for everyone in the family.

The snow went off the ground late that spring--a contrast to the year before. There was plenty of it in the mountains. Grass and flowers came quickly though, before school was dismissed this term. It had been a good year for Raymond and Philbert. They were the first graduates from the Junction school. Will Beus and Will Howell had fallen way behind, though they started out together when Mrs. Howell was teaching.

⇒ Improve them and they become the brightest spot in your life.

Where there is no vision the people perish, Prov. 29:18

After school was out they received a large diploma, at least 14X18 tied with one white and one purple ribbon.

Miss Keeler pledged herself to teach again. She was now a full fledged "rancherette", as well as the good teacher she had been the previous year.

Mollie and Vance were the teamsters, still driving the little spring wagon of army fame. Edith M Lind and Myrtle Holtman started school this year. William Beus and William Howell were still attending but quite irregular.

Through some difficulty the little spring wagon was stopped from making the long trips each school day. John Lind made a proposition with his neighbor, Martin Holtman, to board their daughter if they would hold school in his home. Then we find the four Lind children and Myrtle Holtman attending school in the Lind home until school was dismissed that year.

Mollie and Miss Keeler became very good friends and had many happy times together, but she was called to teach other schools in the county. We are reminded of this verse:

She asked for strength that she might achieve,

She was made weak that she might obey.

She asked for health that she might do greater things,

She was given infirmity that she might do better things.

She asked for riches that she might be happy,

She was given poverty that she might be wise.

She asked for power that she might have the praise of men,

She was given weakness that she might feel the need of God.

She asked for all things that she might enjoy life,

She was given life that she might enjoy all things.

She has received nothing that she asked for,

All things that she hoped for, her prayer is answered. unknown

Life is for learning, repenting, sharing, this makes our portion sweeter. Improve each shining moment, these are like uncut diamonds, you discard them and their value is lost.

Ad



Iahⁱ in reasoning with his son Jacob says among other things, Starting with verse 11-2nd Nephi Book of Mormon page 52. "For it must be that there is opposition in all things. If not so, my first born in the wilderness, righteousness could not have been brought to pass, neither wickedness, neither holiness, nor misery, neither sense, nor insensibility." A very interesting subject. In the 25th verse of the same chapter it states, "Adam fell that man might be, and man is that he might have joy."

Bama and John received much joy from their big family even though they seemed unruly at times. Those who attended the school were cautioned to "mind their teacher." This was a hard thing to do all the time. They must have inherited some of their fathers rebellious nature.

One time when Ramond^u was in school, he was asked by the teacher to bring a green willow three feet long and an inch in diameter to her desk. Will had the stick and had brought it in the school house and as there was some controversy and trouble about it, Will was the one to take it to the teachers desk, and Raymond just sat there. She came down, grabbed the

stick from Will and hit Raymond across the back at least half a dozen times with all the force she had, which was considerable. Nothing was said, not a word. Raymond sat there and took his punishment like a man. That night the brothers had to dress the black and blue welts. They were a long time healing. Oh! how the teacher repented of her punishment. Not one of her pupils was punished in anger again after this display of temper. *Miss Gost*

Laurence was asked by Miss Halling to put one of the boys(who by his disobedience and misbehavior was expelled from school for two weeks) out of the school building. The boy, reluctantly, finally went home and told his father some unlikely story.

He was watching for Laurence, who nearly always rode horse back to school, to come home that night. In anger he wanted to know the truth. An argument ensued. Finally, the father sensing he was the loser said, "Dont you ever put my boy out of school again." Laurence fired right back, "I will if the teacher asks me to."

There was also opposition at the annual school election meetings where school trustees had to be elected and other problems settled. Always two sides, John would summon his voters to be present and the opposition would have his there also.

Opposition speaking, "There are some present who are afraid to show their colors?"

Herman answered, "I am not afraid to show mine."

Emma: "I am not afraid to show mine."

Opposition quiets down for a moment, then makes a ridiculous remark about the school laws.

Alex, with school laws of Utah in his hand with much sarcasm ^{asked} ~~said~~, "Where is that written in the pages of the law?"

Opposition, after searching through the law book, "In the bald head I guess." which was his own.

At the close of Kathryn Keeler's term of school it did not look promising at all for another teacher. However, another girl from Elwood came to teach in the fall of 1907. She was from Elwood, Utah. She also came to Kelton on the train in company with two sisters from Denver, Colo, Berniece and Dee Harlan, who were to teach the Yost school. The two sisters took the stage to Yost the terminal of that route, Etta Crowther to Rosette, Utah where she was picked up by Raymond Lind.

She too boarded with Mrs. Lind and the little army spring wagon was again used as the school van. Mollie and Vance were again the teamsters. This service continued until the holidays. With altercations about transportation and other difficulties this service, which had been given free gratis, was discontinued.

With the experience of the year before, a home school was convened in the Lind home with Mollie Lind as the teacher of the Linds. Her association with the former teachers had given her a creditable education. Miss Crowther moved her boarding place to the Mart Holtman ranch and was kept on the pay roll to teach Myrtle and Della Holtman, William Howell and William Beus who came to school irregular.

entertainments were held quite regular. Mr. Holtman bought an Edison phonograph with a seven foot horn to amplify the sound. After a few attempts to furnish music for the dancers with this machine it was discontinued. They were happy to return to the violin, guitar and accordion. Sometimes the harmonica and banjo joined with the other instruments.

Unbidden to all of us, anniversaries come and go. Before long another school year was gone. It seemed like the last one to be. It seems people in and of the world can be divided in two classes; those who help and those who hinder; those who lift and those who lean; those who build and those who tear down.

John Lind had been a builder before he came to homestead his ranch in 1882, and since that time there wasn't a ranch house along the eleven miles stretch that he hadn't helped in some way to build because he was glad to have neighbors.

Longfellow said:

"Look not mournfully into the past,
It comes not back again,
But wisely improve the present, For it is thine.
And go forth to meet the shadowy future
Without fear and a manly heart"

"And in as much as ye shall keep my commandments, ye shall prosper, and shall be led to a land of promise; Yea, even a land I have prepared for you- a land which is choice above all other lands." 1 Nephi 2:20 B.M.

CHAPTER 9

Faith and Works

"Even so faith, if it hath not works is dead, being alone. Yea a man may say, Thou hast faith and I have works. Show me thy faith without thy workd and I will show thee my faith by my works." James 2: 17-18

In the fall of 1908, all the schools in Box Elder County opened their doors for school excepting Junction log school house. This was very disheartening to the families who had children of school age.

The school districts in the county had consolidated prior to this time, and they now had a member of the school board of education from Grouse Creek named Charles Kimber. He was prevailed on to see what he could do for this school, which had a hard struggle to keep going.

On the 9th of November 1908 he drove up to the Lind home with a young girl from Brigham City, Utah and introduced her as Miss Hazel Farrell, daughter of Charity Farrell, a widow. He said she had earned her teaching certificate by attending the University in Salt Lake City. She too decided she would like to board at Mrs. Lind's, making the fth school teacher to board with this family.

To get better acquainted that night Mr. and Mrs. ^{Lind} recited some of the eventful happenings in the twenty six years of pioneering in the valley. Being the first settlers here in the valley they had experienced many adversities to build their ranch home in this choice cattle range. The burn out of their home by an arsonist to discourage them and drive them out of the valley if possible.

Winning the love of the Indian tribe that was here during the summer months of the first years, coming to harvest ^{various} jerked meat, and many pine nuts in the Black Hills, in the fall of the year, and also some antelope and deer. Fishing was also an attraction. It was indeed a choice hunting ground for the Indians.

Winning the love of the cowboys, and later sheepherders, were cherished

experiences of this frontier by having faith with works, were related. They told of visits from authorities of the L.D.S. Church that were concerned about the members of the church that had moved to these frontier towns. Pres. Heber J. Grant traveled through the valley when he was president of the Tooele Stake. Most of the first residents in Oakley came from Tooele and Grantsville. John^W Taylor stayed at the ranch one night with them as did Pres. Lorenzo Snow in the early 1880's.

Mollie and Vance were the teamsters and had the care of the horses and wagon. It states in my diary that the first day was spent in cleaning the school house, which had stood vacant since last April.

There weren't very many attended school this short term, but with encouragement from Miss Farrell William Beus and William Howell both graduated with Mollie and Vance Lind. These four would have graduated last year if school had continued without interruption.

Miss Farrell, who turned 19 on the 5th of March liked her job and signed a contract to teach another year. John Lind received word by letter this fall of 1909 from the Board of Education, they had shipped a school wagon to Kelton, Utah, by freight, knocked down, would he please see that it was set up and transported to the Junction School District, where it would be used to drive the pupils to school.

He entrusted this responsibility to his son, Philbert, and the little spring wagon, arriving quite early in the day at Kelton, he saw the new wagon crated in the ware house. This had to be set up and ready to go by the time the Saturday train arrived.

Miss Farrell came on the train and was happy to see some one she recognized, and was also anxious to start for Junction, forty miles distant.

The horses having had a long rest were "hitched up" to the new wagon. With this wagon loaded with trunks and suitcases, Miss Farrell was honored to have the first ride in this school van when it started for the Black Hills and the school, with the old discarded school bus trailing behind. Leaving in the afternoon it was after dark when they arrived

at the ranch.

School started Monday morning with Mollie Lind as the wagon master by request of her father, driving the new wagon as Alva and ^{Melba} Edith were still going to school. There was a new family along the way and new students, Clement Stella, Luella Simper and Myrtle and Della Holtman to pick up. None came from the north now.

The Board of Education now hired a county nurse and supervisor that made her visits to the various schools to examine and check all the school children for their health standards. Miss Jones, who was employed at this time cautioned the boys to scrub their necks good, and wash their hair which seems to be best remembered.

When winter snows and blows came the hard pulling school wagon was set aside for the sleds which were used in preference to the wagon.

We enjoyed the soft air and bright sunshine of early fall and again in spring and summer, but nature owes much of its grandeur and beauty to the deep snows of winter.

Another school year passed quickly by. Another rejoicing when boys could roam the hills to do their allotted tasks and have some time for exploration and meditation. These children had an established faith and perhaps were feeling a little sorry for some whose lamentations of older people who had drifted were later expressed in the Aliens Cry.

I am an alien to the faith my mother taught me;

I am an alien that heard my mother when she cried.

I am a stranger to the comfort that "I now lay me" brought me,

To the everlasting arms that held my father when he died.

I have spent a life time seeking things I spurned what I had found them

I have fought and been rewarded in full in many a winning cause,

But I yield them all-fame, fortune to the fathers that surround them,

For a little of the faith that made my mother what she was.

I was born when God was closer to his children and addressed them

When the twilight benediction robbed the coming night of gloom

But I have built a wall between me and the simple life behind me.
 I have coined my heart and paid it with the fickle world's applause.
 Yet I think his hand would fumble through the voiceless dark and find me
 If I only had the faith that made my mother what she was.
 When the great world came and calle^d me I deserted all to follow,
 Never knowing in my dazed condition I had slipped my hand from him
 Never noting in my blindness that the bauble fame was hollow
 That the gold of wealth was tinsel as I since have learned it is.
 I have spent a life time seeking things I spurned wh~~at~~ I found them
 I have fought and been rewarded in full in many a petty cause
 But I'd take them all, fame, fortune and the pleasures that surround them
 And exchange them for the faith that made my mother what she was. unknown
 Faith is the moving cause of all action--Faith is the anchor that brings
 peace to your soul.

CHAPTER 10 ENJOYING THE HILLS

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my strength.
 Psalms 121:1

In the spring of the year of 1908 there came a father and son from North Ogden named Charley and Roy Garner, to look at some land in the valley that the father remembered so well from the time he had lived on the Sarah Howell ranch. They stayed with the Lind family overnight. In the conversation that night we learned they had sold to Lewis Howell in 1891. This date is verified in an old diary.

Now they were planning on using their homestead rights. Later we learned they located their claims about four miles west of where the log school house was standing. This land had several springs and meadows and they built a log cabin shortly after, and Roy moved his family there. However, when cold weather came they moved out.

The next three or four years homesteaders came from many places to homestead the entire north end of the valley, both in Utah and Idaho.

This is the way Myrtle Peterson, born in Denver, Colorado and raised in Salt Lake City and Park City, found it when she came to teach school in the trim little log school house by the Black Hills in the fall of 1910.

When school started, two school buses were set in operation. One from the north end was provided for the "dry farmers", and the last years school bus continued to serve on its six mile run.

The school house was filled to capacity. Many new school benches were set up—such a contrast to the old ones.

The following pupils were added: Cora and Jay Simper; Calvin, Mary and Luella Stewart; Ethel, Maude, Francis and Sam Sease; Grace and Lavona Brown; Reese, Maud^{Sidney} and Clara Howell; Leona, Clifton and Delbert Thayne; Tim Briscoe; Rufus and Lucy Wright; and Vera and William Darr Jr. If there were others we are not omitting them intentionally, and there may be some of these that had a chance to go, but very little.

Miss Peterson had her hands full teaching a large school, and there was much complaint about the school house being in the wrong location.

In Dec. 1910 E.H. Jones in Kelton, Utah was elected a member of the school board in place of Charles Kimber who was defeated.

Several socials, school plays etc were given. Miss Peterson was a talented musician and helped with the dance music. A big holiday dance was given, and it was spread around that this was the wedding dance of Laura Lind and Joseph A. Zeller, who were married shortly before in the Salt Lake temple.

School continued through this term in the log school house, but before another school term started another school house had been built on the Mart Holtman ranch on the east side of the river. This was a building some what larger, and had all the windows facing the road on the north side, so the sunshine never entered the building. It had a library and a foyer on the east end.

afoyer on the east end.

Myrtle Peterson came back to teach school in this building. We read in the diary, " Oct. 7, 1911 They had a dance in the new school house. Oakley orchestra band furnished the music.

The log school house with four shutters was locked up until Vic, Johnson received permission to live in it until he got a cabin built on his own homestead near by.

With the years 1912-13 came new plans, The settlers who had located all around where Charley and Roy Garner claims were ^{had} also secured relinquishments of these. They having the largest number of school age children petitioned the Board of Education for a school building.

When this petition was granted we find Ben and Joe Shaver, contractors and builders, tearing the log school ^{house} down and moving it four miles west on the corner of a school section. Rebuilt, the door was on the south and the windows on the east. The roadway on the ~~the~~ corner, on the south and west, and Roy Garners cabin, now used by Fred Bird and later by Joseph Litson, on the west. The inside of the building was lined with sheet rock. The logs on the outside were faced with matched finishing lumber and painted a gold cream color.

The big box stove donated by Sarah Howell was still in use. The name of the school was changed to Woodrow, as the new school house took the name of Junction.

From the new setting the Black Hills were seen through the east windows, but we had to step outside to get a good view of the more rugged pine and aspen covered mountains to the west, which also grew the mountain mahogany, service berry, bitter brush, chaparral, mountain grapes, elder berries and choke cherries.

Another teacher was hired now for the Woodrow school and more dances and socials were held here than in the new Junction school house. One of the reasons, a Sunday School was organized for the settlement in 1913 with John D. Baker as Superintendent, David A. Saunders and first assis-

tant and Gustave Anderson 2nd assistant.

Another school house was built in Idaho named the Moulton school house. Some of the teachers who came to teach now from far away places were: Edna Coleman, Kansas,; Pauline Jacques, Kansas; Miss Bushman, Doris Sorenson, Charlotta Anderson, San Diego; Margaret Fowler, Miss Irwin, Edna Reeder, Ruth Taylor, Ida Cahoon, Mercy Baker, Will Pack, Ruben Jones, Albert Herbold, Mary Dolbeer, Mary O'Donnell, Floyd Leavitt, Berniece Bird, Chloe Nelson, Vivian Spiers and many others not mentioned, kept three schools tutored for many years.

The dry farmers needed to fence their homesteads. They looked to the Black Hills for what they needed and where cedar posts had been cut by the thousands. *they were cut by ten thousands.*

Logs were cut and hauled from the west mountains to build cabins, bungalows, stables, corrals and other necessary buildings. A saw mill was set to saw lumber for them. These settlers were pleased with the new location. Ample rainfall came in the spring and early summer to produce good yields of grain, and their garden produce could not be excelled anywhere. Deep snows fell in the mountains in the winter time, and were piled in huge drifts to keep the springs replenished and flowing during the summer and fall months.

The Lord was blessing these new settlers and a new Stake was organized by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in 1915 with John A. Elison, a young Bishop from Oakley made President, and he had for his counselors Joseph A. Harper from Albion as 1st Counselor and Henry Belnap a school teacher from Almo, as his 2nd counselor. Almo was designated as the head quarters. A branch with Parley Howell as presiding Elder was then organized for a year, when a ward was organized in 1916 with David A. Saunders, Bishop, and he chose as his counselors Ernest D. Simper and Harriner Hendricks, and the rebuilt log house (school) was used the year around as it had been in 1913 when the Sunday School was set up as an

active organization.

The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof; the world and they that dwell therein. For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods. Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart, who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity; nor sworn deceitfully."

Psalms 24:1-4

CHAPTER 11

SCHOOLS__CHURCH__HISTORY

There is a lot of joy in the smiling world, there is plenty of morning sun,

And songs and laughter and danced too, whenever the day's work's done.

Full many an hour is a shining one when viewed by itself apart,

But the golden threads in the warp of life are the sorrow tugs at your heart.

Oh, the sun is froth and it blows away, and many a joys forgot,

And the pleasures come and the pleasures go, and memory holds them not,

But treasured ever you keep the pain that cause your tears to start,

For the sweetest hours are the ones that bring the sorrow tugs at your heart.

The lump in your throat and the little sigh when your baby trudged away,

The very first time to the log school house-how long will your memory stay?

The fever days and the long black nights you watched as she troubled slept,

And the joy you felt when she smiled once more-how long will that all be kept?

It seems as you look back over things, that all that you treasure dear

Is somehow blent in a wonderous way with a heart pang and a tear.

Though many a day is a joyous one when viewed by itself apart,

The golden threads in the warp of life, are the sorrows that tug at your heart.

E. Guest

The many students that came to the three schools in the valley for several years were taught and trained during the week days when school was held, and this would make quite a book if it was all recorded and we hope much of it is.

The log school house now in the near center of the valley seemed to stand out above the other two because of the church organizations. A young men's mutual Improvement Association was organized with Vance O. Lind as the Supt. This was followed by the Young Ladies organization with Dela Howell as Pres.

On the 3rd of October ¹⁹¹⁶ we find they held another missionary farewell, in the Woodrow school house. The Bishop had asked for a missionary from the ward and Laurence F. Lind volunteered. He was the first missionary out from the new Ward. The building was more than filled to wish the young man God speed to far away Sweden, where his parents came from when in their teens. His father walking the long distance from Omaha, Nebraska, to Salt Lake City in 1862, and his mother with some of those coming later to enjoy the long train ride in 1870. However, she had no enjoyment in the ride as she was very ill from Omaha to Utah and afterwards with the typhus or mountain fever. Starting to recover, she lost all of her hair.

He made a safe landing after sailing across the Atlantic Ocean and a mine infested North Sea, as there was a war on which soon spread, to be known as World War One. His brother, Oscar had to sail to France a little more than a year later, as did Rufus Wright and others from the valley to take part in this great conflict--James Trunkey, Amos Millard, Horace Nelson and in 1918 Vance Lind and Raymond Nelson with others ready to go when the armistice was signed Nov. 11, 1918. Fortunately they all returned after serving their country.

Before leaving Sweden Laurence wrote a letter home stating, "I saw the "midnight sun" and described its beauty.

These men were all honored with a "house warming" by their friends

and loved ones in the old log school house at its new location. They saw the need for more room to entertain so an outside dance floor was built, protected by a willow bowery. This was on the east side of the building, the same length but wider. Dancing was enjoyed quite frequently on this floor during the summer months, given under the supervision of the Sunday School and M.I.A. This perhaps was the merriest summer the Black Hills had ever witnessed.

This floor was enjoyed so much an opposing element thought they would do even better. They built a floor across the road to the south, under the direction of Archie Holtman. After a few attempts at rivalry, it proved to be a dismal failure.

The settlers had collected some funds and were planning on a ward chapel. It was hard to agree where it should be built. In the mean time there were deaths in the ward and a cemetery site had to be selected. This site was selected two miles east and one mile north of the Woodrow school house.

Roy Henderson who had homesteaded in Idaho next to the Utah line, was the first death. His funeral was held there in the log school house and the body buried in the new cemetery at the foot of one of these Black Hills. This was followed by Orville Sease Sr., a veteran of the Mexican and Civil Wars. His son, Orville Jr. was killed in a mining accident, Rufus Wright Sr. a veteran of the Civil War, Joseph Moon Sr, a veteran of the Civil War; James Jensen died suddenly, was a bachelor who had lived in Murray, Utah; and Guy Ward a grandson of Mr. Moon. Their funerals were held in the different school houses under the direction of the Bishopric.

In the year 1923 the Vipont mine closed down. The 80 mile power line from Southern Idaho was dismantled. Buildings were left standing vacant. The most valuable machinery was shipped to other mining fields. Many of the employes were given jobs as supervisors of this important



Lyn Darrington -
 Paula Lind - Where Log School
 house was built 1901

industry. Many of the near 700 people were leaving the valley because of a drouth. Some had become discouraged and left before, because of this drouth condition and an infestation of ground squirrels and jack rabbits eating and wasting most of their crops.

CHAPTER 12

***** PONDERING *****

Oh! yes, once I heard all the calls that come to the quick glad ears of boys,
And a certain spot on the creek bank told me of its many joys.
And certain hills and certain trees were loyal friends to me,
And I knew the cows and I knew the birds,
And I owned a dog and we both could hear and see.
Oh! No, never from tongues of men, have dropped such messages wholly glad,
As the things that live in the great outdoors,
Once seen and also told to a lad.

Settlers, or Dry Farmers leaving was a fore runner of what would happen to the Woodrow school house. It had seen years with a large school- then small. Years as a meeting place for the ward membership with a large attendance and then a few. But the smallest attendance was when on a Sunday Pres. ^{John A.} ~~John A.~~ Elison came from Malta, Idaho, and had to leave his message written on the black board, as there was no one there to hear it. Soon after this the door was locked up, and the building was left standing vacant.

What people were left started meeting in the Junction school house on the Mart Holtman place, and some under the supervision of Bp Ernest D. Simper were meeting in the Moulton school house sporadically.

With the changing trends of population the Woodrow log school house was again torn down from its foundation and moved twenty miles east. This time to be rebuilt as a modern ranch home on Wallace Tracy's ranch, owned at the time by his father William E. Tracy. It is still close to

some of the Black Hills on the ~~South~~ side of the highway. It is a good home now for the Wallace Tracy family with the additions that have been built.

Wallace Tracy has served as the Bishop of the Yost Ward and is now released. His sons Kent and Harold have both filled missions for the L.D.S. church.

One more thing on Oct. 9, 1910 when Myrtle Peterson was the school teacher, Joseph Montgomery, Bishop of the Yost Ward baptized Oscar J. Lind, Raymond Lind, Vance Lind, Alva Lind, And Edith (Milve) Lind in a beaver dam in Raft River close by the school house, where a meeting was held and they were all confirmed members of the church (L.D.S.) by Bp. Montgomery and ^{John K. Rinde} Gustave Oman. Perhaps this was the only religious meeting held in the building before it was moved the first time.

This is a brief history of the log school house that was built by the side of the road and used so many years ago. We have tried to avoid writing about disagreeable things.

These were exceptionally good students as were those of the Junction and Moulton school houses which were built later--and one at the Vipont mine for two or three years. Berniece Bird taught this school.

On April 11, 1932 the Junction School, built in 1911, burned to the ground, and only a water can and a chair were saved by the janitor, Tom Sherry--books, chairs, desks, and a piano were all burned with the building. Edna Reeder was teaching the school at the time. She had for pupils: Simon, Laurence and Mollie Rae Baker; who had to travel six miles from their ranch owned by Mr. and Mrs. Simon M. Baker.

Amy Marie Lind, nearly four miles away.

Oscar Lind- $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles away.

Jimmy Wright 3 miles north.

Wendel Litson 4 miles north.

Keith Nelson $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles south

Ross Bird $\frac{1}{2}$ mile away.

Six beginners and three other grades started the school in the fall of 1931. There had been no school on the Utah side for a few years when the school reopened.

During the summer a new school house was built $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles farther south which made it more convenient for the Baker family, now having $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles to travel.

When school started in the fall of the year, 1932, Clara Reeder taught the school one year. She was followed by: Carma Nelson, Dean Orwin, Phyllis Johnson, Lynn O. Clark, Laurel Hill, (she taught for four years), Mollie Rae Baker, Cora T. Lind, Marilyn Lind, Carol W. Lind, Vida H. Lind, Amy Babbitt and Marvel R. Lind, when this school closed its doors for lack of students.

In the summer of 1965 there were twenty geologists (students) headed by Professor Compton from the Stanford University in Calif, mapped the entire Raft River valley at the rate of three square miles, assigned to two students, each day, covering approximately 30 to 60 miles in a day. Most of this kind of work was done during the summer months. What their findings were will be made public some day.

The Bureau of Land Management has had thousands of acres of sage brush land plowed and seeded to crested wheat grass, intermediate and tall wheat grass, whitmore and Indian rice grass, Australian vetch, alfalfa and sweet clover. In many places this has grown to be excellent feed for livestock.

They have drilled wells for stock water, developed springs, built ponds and reservoirs for irrigation. It has all been done as an endeavor to build up the grazing capacity of the range land and creating a more productive area in these valleys of the Black hills.

So long as men shall be on earth
There will be tasks for them to do,
Some way for them to show their worth,

Each day shall bring its problems new.

And men shall dream of mightier deeds
Than ever have been done before,
There always shall be human needs
For men to work and struggle for.

SO SMILE, IT'S UNDERSTOOD IN ALL LANGUAGES
Philbert C. Lind

CHAPTER 13

NOTHING LIVES LONG ONLY THE HILLS AND THE MOUNTAINS

What became of the teachers who taught in the log school house?

Mary Howell sold her property and moved to Yost and Garland.

Gertrude L. Yost married Harry Taylor and lived in Almo, Idaho where she was a faithful worker in the L.D.S. church until she passed away at the age of 51--leaving three sons and six daughters.

Elvina Halling taught school in other towns, she married and has passed away. We didn't learn her husbands name.

Katherine Keeler taught school in towns here and there. She married a cow puncher named Perkins and made their home in Overton, Nevada. Her husband went blind and they spent a fortune trying to regain his eye sight. I met him.

Etta Crowther married Hyte Yates and lived in Yost and raised two children, Eddie Holtman, and Dorthy Tracy. He didn't have very good health and passed away comparatively young.

Hazel Parrell married Herman G. Lind. They had five children and lived in Twin Falls until he passed away when she moved to Provo, Utah.

Myrtle Peterson married Arthur Holtman. They had three children and lived in Burley, Salt Lake and Park City. She passed away quite young.

God bless these teachers with all the others who helped to inspire the minds of so many youths in their early life.

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CHAPTER 14

SCHOOLS AND PEOPLE 1938-42

When I think of humble sincere people who live close to God, I think of Lynn, Utah.

Maybe this article should be about the place instead of the people, but people make a place what it is in my way of thinking, so I will proceed to tell about them.

My first impressions of the folks in Lynn were formed Sunday morning. I arrived in Lynn late Saturday night, and went to church with the people I boarded with Sunday.

The people talked slow it seem^{ed} to me, but they did not think slow. They were thrilled to see each other after a week from church. They lived as they believed--that there actually was a Christ who had died for our sins, and that he heard and answered our prayers. I don't think they could live and be so happy, so far away from Doctors if they did not have an abiding faith in their Savior. Their prayers in church even were to a living Heavenly Father.

So, I went from that first little Sunday School pleased with the prospects of spending nine months with this humble group of people. I hoped to assimilate a little of the spirit of humbleness from them. I was not disappointed. I spent four years in the valley and enjoyed the simple things of life as they do.

Have you ever pulled on a snow suit to walk to the chicken coop and gather eggs-- maybe just a quiet trip--maybe a few snow balls thrown at you. Maybe you are packed in snow before you get back to the house with most of the eggs unbroken. Perhaps a few tumbles and tussels in the snow with your land lady is fun. Have you ever seen the whole family from the father to the baby bundle up and get on the bob sleds to go feed the cattle? There some work was done, but not much by me. Its stillas much fun to play "I'm the boss of Bunker Hill" as it ever was--

and on top of a hay stack with deep snow all around, you have deep snow to fall in when you are pushed off.'

Its the thrill of a life time to bundle up in a sleigh behind a fast team of horses, and go to a dance- to see the full moon in all its splendor through the nights starlite dark blue sky, as you speed across the icy fields of snow--to sing at the top of you lungs--then arrive at the school house, to help move the desks to the side of the wall so you can have room to dance with everybody, by the light of the kerosens lamps. After the dance to come out to the waiting sleigh and find nature in all her glory, just for you to enjoy, and breathe in bits of her splendor on the way home.

Its half of life to get on a horse and ride with the men folks to hunt deer--see how the little calves are making it--see how the springs look, and maybe gather some water cress. You can do that any time in Lynn, because of warm water in the springs--and that bit of green in the winter is really good. To look at fences, to cut and bring down the Christmas tree on a horse from the higher altitude. In fact just to be up high for the pure joy of breathing the pure thin air and get a look at the world from these high places. Sometimes to ride just for the pure joy of riding, jogging and jolting you get. If you have to sit behind the saddle, its lots of fun to tease the person in front.

My first taste and smell of wild flowers came with the first spring I spent in Lynn. I can still see the "Holly Jump a Nuts" making the whole country side yellow with their bloom. Then a little later the whole country side would change their dress. The beautiful blue bells would reflect the blue of heaven. Then there was the more yellow in snap dragons, buttercups, docks and of course the common dandelion. The blue wild iris made a baby blue of the fields. The meadow sweets turned the meadows purple. Then there were lace flowers, cow slips and many others.

Let your land lady get you out of bed in your sleep at five o'clock in the morning to go and see a sand lilt and you soon won't forget

what it looks like.

You don't have to go to a show to enjoy life. Just pick up your filled dinner plate off the table and go to eat by the fire place, or if its summer time-out on the lawn, and you will have a party just by having a change. If you really wan't to enjoy eating get some company to put their feet under the table with you. You will find its a great life just to eat and talk. And while I am writing about eating, I want to mention the home made ice cream, the sour cream pie, the angel food cakes with whipped cream inches high on the fruit and berry pies or any other dessert you may like. If people in Lynn didn;t do anything but eat I wouldn't blame them a bit.

I forgot to mention the meat, fish, chicken veal, lamb,beef,pork, and if you don't watch out they may feed you porcupine.

What a lot of things to see and hear on the way to school. I used to sing that in my heart each morning as I walked to school a mile and a half each morning when it was stormy or disagreeable "then we used a buggy."

The children made me see what I likely would have been dead to. I didn't miss a bird or a birds nest, gophers, squirrels, rabbits, snakes, muskrats and beavers. We would often see deer in the fields. If they weren't wild there would be tame ones. I even saw several mink. One day one of the boys shot a pregnant hare. He opened it up and brought five little furry rabbits home and raised on a bottle and nipple. We watched pigeons make love and you should have seen them strut when the first egg was laid. We raised rabbits for pets and owlets too.

Have you ever gone on a raft in a bathing suit and jumped in the water for a swim the day after the ice melted on the reservoir?. Its a mighty cold swim, then roasted marshmallows over an open fire on the bank-then fished. If you don't know any more about fishing than I do, it would surprise you, when you had made two or three attempts to pull your line

out and find you have a trout on your hook. At night when the chores are all done and everyone has helped with table and dishes cleared away, then there is the cozy fire and a good book to read, by the lamp it light! If you don't have to read, you can just sit and listen to bed time stories read to the children, or you may get the guitar off the hook, and there will be piano music too.

When the new little lambs and calves come there is one for each to claim as their own besides the pet lambs raised on the bottle.

Its fun to ride after the milch cows- maybe even help to milk some of the cows. In the spring time there are grubs (worms) in the cows back to squeeze out. I never did it, but it surprised me to see it done.

If you have the nerve they will have you brand and vaccinate calves. Sometimes there is a laugh in that, especially when the seat of your pants isn't as secure as it should be.

I loved these years in Lynn, I loved to live close to nature, I love sincere humble people. This is only a taste of the life they live, but you get a glimpse of the pure joy of living close to God and depending upon Him.

To me that was Lynn the four years I taught school there.

Laurel Hill Redd, Grassy Lake, Alberta, Canada