

UPHILL - BOTH WAYS

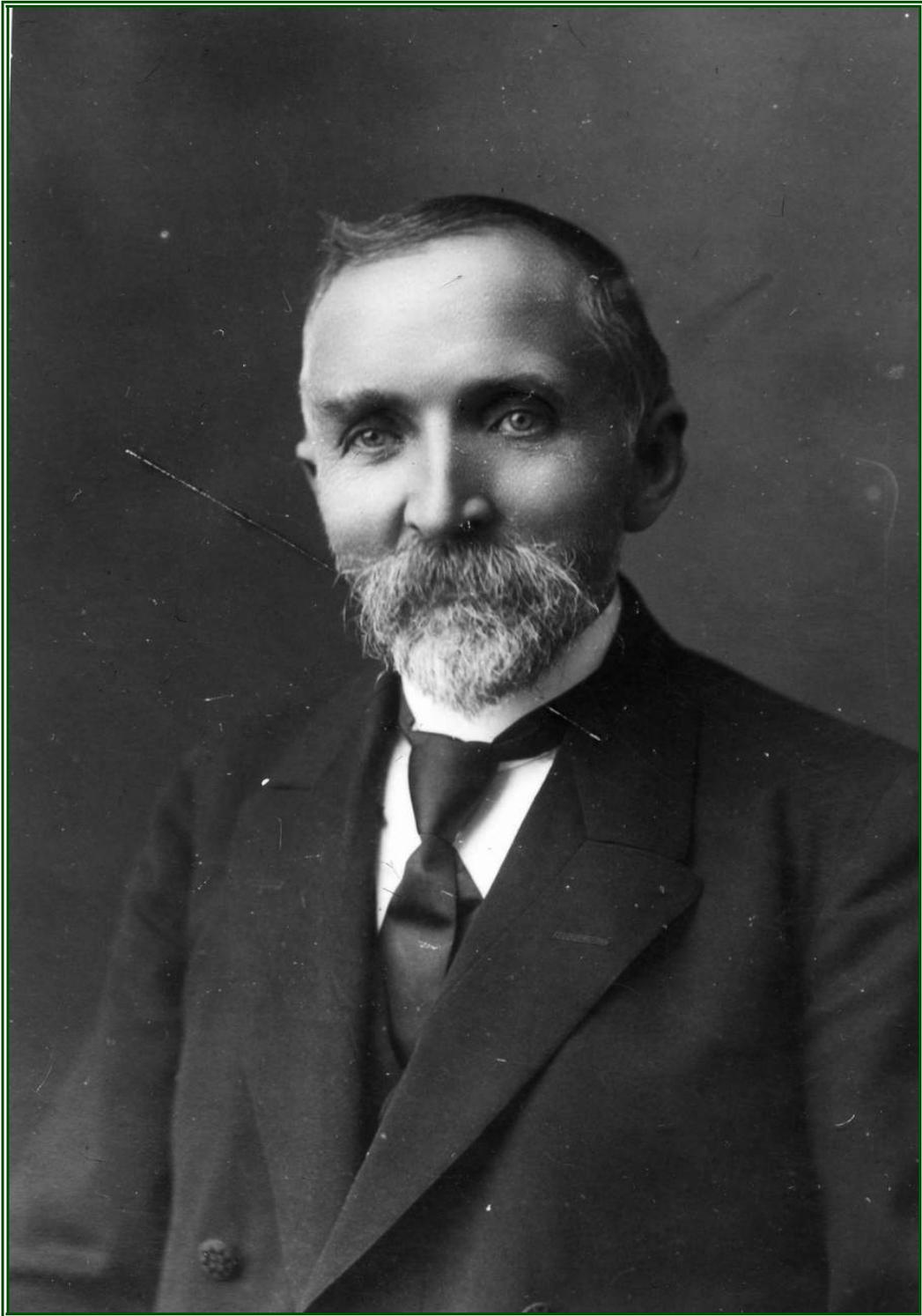


Volume 2 - Leamington, Utah ©

James A. Jensen
(posthumously - 2002)
&
James R. Jensen

— Dedicated to Jens Jensen

- Who also dared follow a new love



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("Rondo" and "Alvin" show which one wrote the "next" section of text.)

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Introduction

"Here beginneth the tale of Sir James Alvin, explorer extraordinaire...."

Well, this wasn't actually written by Chaucer but the story might as well have come from his works or the Decameron. This unschooled genius man eventually became "Dinosaur Jim", a creation of himself, he thought, though his "Little Marie" shaped him more surely than ever he dreamed. Let's start at the beginning. Somewhere along the line, I will personally appear but for the nonce, I'm not even on the horizon. I'll give him about five volumes' head start.

In August, 2002, I went to Provo to talk to mom about estate planning. I had an ulterior motive: I wanted to get samples of Dad's writings that I had seen in his upstairs studio in pendaflex folders in a banker's box that was labeled "**Jim's life (in chunks)**". He's been dead a few years now, and this was the first visit to 2821 North when Mom allowed me to invade the sanctuary that she protected for her Jim. Like a goose lamenting long the death of its mate. His chamber reminded me of an acetic monk's, closed to all but the worthy. This time she allowed me to explore without restriction the stuff he had produced and created, things she previously guarded jealously. The experience was mind-boggling.

You have no idea of the riches I saw, the astonishing wealth of stuff, the range of incomplete projects, the uncompleted idea sketched out but not created. I was staggered by the third day. This man wasn't human. A Mini-Michelangelo. He must not have slept much. It was exhausting to just look in his boxes and drawers and shelves and binders, seeing the residue of the most extraordinarily creative person I have personally known. He had a constant blizzard of ideas, he wrote things down, he sketched things on the back of used envelopes and scrap paper, labeled and dated them and moved on. Ideas and plans flowered in the bed of extraordinary creativity that flourished inside of his soul. Astonishing man. The last straw was to open another drawer and discover that it, too, was filled with dozens of unlabelled boxes of 35 mm slides. Aargh.

I can tell you this: it is impossible to construct a comprehensive picture of this man's creations and plans and observations and collections and experiences. As I intently examined his things, opening envelopes, looking at pictures, flipping through binders and loose papers, I could see the outlines of the man but only because I was somewhat familiar with much of it. But while I could grasp the outlines, I can not set them down in such a way that you could grasp them. His dimensions are too great.

I can not imagine what I am going to do when the time comes to dispose of that estate. Mom won't do it now for sentimental reasons. A forty-year accumulation of enough stuff to fill 4,300 square feet is

frightening. Most of it came from Dad who swelled and burgeoned with ideas and plans and insights. These ideas required equipment and supplies so he bought it all. He bought tools, tables, brushes, wood, metal stock, drawers, tables, shelves, books, photo equipment.

This volume is created from two sets of documents. One set is mine, the other is his. To get things started I provide an introduction to my ancestors - who happen to be his, too. A thumbnail sketch follows, telling things that he shared with me that don't appear in his own stories. In the rest of the volume his stories and mine are braided together. He told stories skillfully, constructing them carefully in colloquial language, leading to powerful emotional responses and marvelous belly chuckles that he shared. Starting with the mystery of the King Birds in the morning and handfuls of thousands of "red-gold lady bugs". I revel in the richness of his stories and discover him for the first time.

I was surprised to experience the truth of what my wife told me: I must have acquired my writing style from him. When I picked up a hardcopy draft of this book this morning and started reading near the end, I could not tell whose writing I was reading. Our styles are indistinguishable. So I will insert his middle name "**Alvin**" or my middle name "**Rondo**" at the end of a chapter title where the writer has changed so you readers don't get disoriented. Middle names are necessary because we are both "James".

A caveat is in order: the things that I previously wrote about him and sent to you for Christmas 2001 were based on my memories and some intense research. Now that we have dad's own words, "hidden up to come forth in this latter day", I discover that in some instances my version is inaccurate. Obviously he's right, but please understand that my story is an accurate representation of the memories that were laid down in my gourd, aging over time. I leave the two versions side by side but don't be distracted by mine.

It is a wonderful thing to take his personal, as opposed to professional, writings and compile a book. This appears to be the one arena that vanquished him. Otherwise, whatever he took on, he bested with confidence and a flourish that most of us don't experience in more than one arena, and that only if we are lucky. The world of print was a foreign world.

He was adrift. He needed encouragement and assistance that I had available, but which I couldn't provide. My dance card was full. He wouldn't have accepted the help anyway. Just look at three or four frustrated editors from Harper & Row, Co, and others I don't know, who attempted to work with him to publish the manuscript for **The Road To Chilecito** that was only published when he was dead. He could not fight then with Tom Rich, and the editor Kay Dimmick who jointly got the job done for him, in spite of him. Thank you both for your excellent work. That

was mom's charge from dad near his last days: get his manuscript published. In typical fashion, she did.

In the same manner, this book had to be published posthumously. I don't understand why he was unable to prepare a coherent organized manuscript that started with A and ended with Z. His stories evolved in a most problematic manner. Instead of each new story standing on its own, which is how they appeared to have started, they ultimately assimilated each other as he wrote. In the end, I had to dissect manuscripts to tease out the unique elements. It surprises me. He was capable of writing stories that capture one's imagination, yet he couldn't construct an organized book out of them.

I had an advantage over him. I learned about printing, layout and editing a long time ago. In 1957 I learned printing at the hand of Rolly Thomas our landlord who lived next door to 3 Auburn Terrace, Waltham, Massachusetts. Rolly, an old sailor with scarcely clad girls plastered all around his basement, who served me orange sodas every time I visited, worked for the Atlantic Register in town and had a treadle-powered, platen press in his basement with dozens of cases of moveable type. Like my dad, I was touched by the tail end of a dying manual trade. I learned to set type by hand from California Job cases. These tiny strips of metal with a letter on the end had to be set upside down and backwards in a metal device in the left hand. These letters were outfitted with letting and spacing as appropriate to create evenly spaced words, lines and paragraphs. I even pried some type and had to laboriously sort and re-file it in the job case. The culmination of this training was setting and printing a 24-page book in two colors - black and green- nearly smashing my hand many times between the bed and roller as I chased print stock.

Then I became a copy boy for the Hearst syndicate in Boston, walking into a camera the size of a room, seeing three-story tall web presses, all kinds of smaller flat bed presses, and linotype machines. As a copy boy I ran about town, hung out in ad agencies, learning about layout and design, color separations, fonts, letting, ruling, etc. Later I spent 3 years as a grunt in a book bindery, working on an 18-pocket pocket-collator, hot-melt binder, saddle-stitchers, folders, sewing machines, paper cutters, and smashers. At Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana I was an associate editor for an international journal of linguistics for three years.

While on the faculty at the University of Michigan Medical school, I landed a contract with my anesthesiologist boss for a pharmacology text from Sarah Boardman at Little Brown & Co. That ended when the good doctor developed acute glomerulonephritis and had to go onto kidney dialysis. Later when I chaired the publication committee for a national professional association, I managed three national professional publications. So I learned things about printing and books that could have helped dad.

Yet he would not accept the assistance help I offered. While I was still in graduate school, he did ask me to edit some professional papers for him but he could not tolerate anyone speaking ill of his creations so I stopped doing it. He was never nasty to me, but it was obvious my scarce time was wasted.

This volume became the introductory volume to the series I started in 1999. That project will consume the remainder of my life. This introductory volume is entitled "Leamington" because it is about dad, his ancestors, childhood and teenage years. It takes his life up to the time he meets "Little Marie", his wife-to-be. The second volume in the series which was distributed in for Christmas 2001, is entitled "Naples" and is undergoing a profound overhaul. It is a mirror image of "Leamington". It tells the story of Marie's ancestor and her childhood and picks up her meeting of dad in Toole, Utah. The difference between Leamington and Naples volumes is that the Naples volume goes beyond their meeting and tells the story of their getting married in Seward, Alaska before World War II. It traces their peregrinations between Seward, Alaska, Vernal, Utah, Naples, Utah, Honolulu, Hawaii and Hanford, Washington up to 1946. I appear in that volume in 1942. The third volume which is to be released to you kids for Christmas 2002 in company with this unexpected treasure-trove is entitled "Vernal" and is the story of me on the 2 acre farm in Vernal getting me to the age of 9. Volume 4 which has been started is entitled "Seward" and gets me to age 14 when we moved to Boston. Volume 5, also started, is entitled Boston. The stories that dad wrote are inserted into these volumes in chronological order.

Dad's own Table of Contents

While rummaging through his manuscripts at 2821 North in the summer of 2002, I stumbled across several versions of a Table of Contents that he prepared. It was a thrill to find them. I had no idea he had prepared them. It was as if he was standing behind me, smiling, knowing how exciting it was for me to see it. I picked the one dated "08-04-94", the most recent of the lot. It turns out that this four page document contains the only coherent summary of his life that I've seen. In the list of items, there are a host of references to things that he did not manage to write about, so I scanned the document and include it here to provide those tidbits. The notations are his own. He made check marks to show that he had completed writing each story but I could not find all of them. He also made notes to himself as reminders about what he had decided he wanted to do next.

Note the interesting fact that his method of organization is precisely like mine. Perhaps this is the only way anyone can write a personal history but it is pleasing to see that he, too, did things by time and space. And it is immensely pleasing to find his Tables of Contents because they clear up an enormous amount of uncertainty.

This volume includes all of the stories I could find up to the point on the first page where he notes "I Leave Home." The remainder of his stories are distributed in the proper time sequence amongst the volumes I have written.

✓ Done

08/04/94

Dad - Brooderhouse, steaming about Dinos

file: Hopeful

FIRST DRAFT OF OUTLINE FOR JIMS LIFE

At Home

✓ mother

✓ Earliest recollections, killing bedbugs, going barefoot

① ✓ The buggy, first banana, first icecream in paper cup

✓ Discovery, bee attack, ladybugs on mountain (already written)

✓ The BUGGY

✓ The orchard, planted by Gpa Jensen

~~✓ MOTHER~~

✓ Grandma Hansen, Uncle Hans & aunt Leola

→ use First

Grade school, skip third grade, begin violin lessons

✓ Dad & me to Fool Creek canyon
The Marvelous Model T (already written)

✓ Life saved on Hawk Cliff (already written)

High School ^{5 years. Pete Carlson} plays, operetta, fun, fun, school bus trouble ✓

✓ The Chickens and predatory cats (in curse of horses--)

✓ The Marshals chevy wrecked on a cow (already written)

✓ Mechams bees: Jim & Lee chicken boil Leamington mine in the Depression

✓ Horses; curse of horses in my youth. (already written)

I begin collecting fossils and Indian artifacts

My House, made from brooder house, my collections in it

I take correspondence class in Taxidermy, mount pigeons

enlarge { James; Instruments, cameras, camping

enlarge ✓ Hillbilly Band, Lost in Tumbleweed Trap (already written).

The Well, pulling thousands of gallons up out of it

✓ The Railroad; first job off farm (already written)

Cutting juniper posts with Darryl Moulton

I LEAVE HOME

University of Utah fall quarter

966 East, 13th South, Aunt Lottie

enlarge Tabernacle Choir, Zions trip, Cornwall-Condie

enlarge See America First; I travel all over the U.S. hitchkiking

{ Buy first motorcycle, with suicide clutch, \$57.

{ Tabby Mountain, motorcycle and Timp hike--Heber & back

Garfield Smelter, shift work, lose end off big toe

BYU fall quarter, flunk chemistry for third time

Buy second motorcycle, blooie pipe, WOW!!

{ Mercur, West Dip, Resolute, Snyder mine on ridgetop

enlarge { Company boarding house with colorful bindle stiffs

{ Tooele Smelter, meet MARIE

{ Courting Marie ^{6 weeks} in Mercur, up Mercur canyon w/blooie pipe open

{ Make arrangements to go to Alaksa to seek my fortune so I can marry Marie.

TO ALASKA

The Mount McKinley, Alaska Steamship ship, the Lynches *DICK LAYTON*
Les Rafter and hopeful pioneers

Mile 20, Seward, Alaska, Alaska railroad. Mountain Goats

Anchorage. Bob Couchers cousin puts me up then I stay at pig farm to help out. To Mantanuska for pigs.

Going to Panama, at Seward Les Rafter diverts me, I stay

{ Money sent, Marie comes to Alaska on the SS Alaska.

{ Our wedding, and honeymoon at Lake Kenai Lodge.

{ Defense industry reaches Seward. I start building home.

{ Marie expecting, goes to Utah, I remain to finish and sell house. In Fairbanks for fossil ivory on Dec.7, 1941

BACK TO UTAH

Jim to Utah to join Marie, Salt Lake and machinist school at University of Utah.

I begin painting, my first pastels given by Marie.

{ Remington Arms, Rondo born, Mar.31, 1942, Dick May 28, '43
{ Hanford Wash. on Manhattan Project as machinist.

TO HAWAII

{ Jim to Mare Island, then to Pearl Harbor machine shop
{ Joe O'Leary and reefing, fishing casting etc
{ I paint series of tropical flowers in pastel and embroider dragon
on pajamas for Marie

BACK TO UTAH

Jim back to Utah, repairs washing machines for Joe Parent
Mechanic for Calders Creamery, Roundhead
✓ Driving truck for Wycoff, Wycoff smash up, (already written)
✓ Trashing the Blue Lycoming into a mountain (already written)
Peyton Machine shop
Dress business, do custom made hand painted wearing apparel
Ceramics business, teach classes, fire students work
Peyton machine shop again

BACK TO ALASKA

Jim to Alaska, take Art Schaefermeyer with him. Longshoring
Marie and boys join Jim in Home Brew Alley
✓ Encounter with an otter (already written)
{ Church established in Seward, Presiding Elder
{ Baptize children, bless and marry people
✓ Blood on the Snow (already written)
✓ Death of a young hunter (already written)
Square Dance club and Junior Swingers
The Great Clam Digging Expedition (already written)
Boulder in bedroom, narrow escape (already written)

→ Annual Fur Rendezvous in Anch, sell many paintings

Seward Sanitarium, native friends, families on river

✓ Family nearly lost on Resurrection Bay (already written)

Death of hand-gun Cook on Resurrection Mountain, recovery of body

Yukon River expedition, visit native friends families

TO HARVARD

Leave Alaska for Harvard, Marie stays in Utah while Jim works all summer in Nova Scotia, Marie drives loaded truck from Utah to Mass. Exhausting ordeal for her

Work at Harvards MCZ, var. field trips, Florida, Wyoming, Texas Mounts Kronosaurus, dinosaur for Princeton

Church involvement, The Cox family

Recreation: swimming on Cape Cod, antiquing, Miss Scammans ancestral home in Maine. Get first edition of Book of Mormon printed in England (after first ed. in Palmyra)

→ Annual Fur Rendezvous in Anchorage, selling many paintings

BACK TO UTAH

Jim leaves Harvard for ~~BYU~~ to begin natural science museum *at BYU*

✓ Miracle in New York, strange happenings (already written)

Enlarge → BYU chapter a long one with many dinosaurs involved and a lot of international hoopala.

Church involvement, High Councilor, Bishop of BYU 8th Ward

Jim retires at 65

cap. & center
The motorhome years. (oh boy!) →

✓ Evil spirits at old pony express ranch (already written)

✓ Flowers from Heaven, Jiggs, Nevada (already written)

Put over 100,000 miles on motorhome, sell it in 1992

LATER:

Are you getting tired of these "Later's"? I am, But they can't be helped. I have had to hunt and dig to claim all of the images and stories and bits of history that were buried at 2821 N. Since my writing has continued, each new cache of materials requires an overhaul of the previous text. It has happened again in 2003.

When I spent 2 weeks preparing mom for admission to an assisted-living center, I had ample time to rummage through the drawers and cabinets and files again. This time I went to the bottom of each receptacle, going through each page and photo one at a time. The number of items is considerably less that last summer. However, there is a sufficient quantity of things to justify the creation of three totally new volumes and wholesale modification of two existing volumes. UBW now looks like this (for 2003 at least....):

- Volume 1 - Introduction
- Volume 2 - Leamington **(Revised)**
- Volume 3 - Naples 1923 **(Revised)**
- Volume 4 - Mercur **(New)**
- Volume 5 - Seward 1940 **(New)**
- Volume 6 - Naples, Salt Lake City, Hanford, Pearl Harbor, Naples **(New)**
- Volume 7 - Vernal
- Volume 8 - Seward
- Volume 9 - Boston

The three new volumes were created by extracting the relevant information from Volumes 2 and 3 and interlarding those elements with the new materials collected in 2003. They create for you kids a clear sense of the time intervals and geography of the budding romance that the principals were headed toward when they were born in their tiny farm houses.

And Still Later - 8-7-04

I continue to search for details and information for UBW, attempting to include as much information and as many details as I can find. In addition to searching through documents, I took an unexpected turn, unexpected because it was outside of the pattern taught by mom and dad: I have reached out to my extended family on both sides of the genealogy chart, to mom's brothers (all of her sisters are gone) and to dad's two surviving sisters

(of four).

I went on-line and searched for the phone numbers of dad's two surviving sisters, Doris and Ruth. Ruth lives in Barstow, California and Doris lives in Bountiful, their families raised and moved on. Doris, the sixth of the seven children born to Dorothy, is 13 years older than I am, and Ruth, the baby, is 12 years older. As a child I obviously viewed them as "old" people, but today am surprised at how close I am in age to both of them, particularly Ruth.

Isolation Preferred

As I've written over the last 5 years, I keep referring to a peculiar feature of my childhood which derived from my parents' own peculiar feature. It is time to give the reader some examples. In a nutshell, mom and dad did not really enjoy spending time with other people, whether relatives, neighbors, church members, or the public. They didn't. If you look back and carefully examine your own experiences with them, I predict that many of you will be able to identify instants where they did appear a bit abrupt as you were leaving, evidence of stiffness in their manner of telling your good-by, glances at their watch in the late evening. a moment-too-long before they accepted an invitation to attend a dinner or reunion. As much as they liked you -and they did genuinely like you- they just couldn't wait for you to be gone. I'll give you several examples which could be multiplied.

First, I must enter a caveat: I am not being critical of mom and dad when I tell these things. I am reporting the evidence I adduced from the laboratory of my life with them, and from their interactions -particularly as reported by them after events were over- with other people. This information is provided so that others in the families who might read this may get an insight into their own experiences with Alvin and Marie. If this isn't relevant to your experience, disregard it. They were sound, reliable people. Who liked best of all to be alone with each other.

A good place to start to observe the full development of this pattern is dad's retirement in 1983-4 (can't remember which). Looking back, I think I perceive the full expression of the trait described above, a startling, what I consider abnormal, pattern. When dad retired, they sort of retired into 2821 N,, raised the draw bridge over the moat, mounted guards in the turrets, closed the windows, turned out the lights, and sat alone. Dad kept himself busy creating up in the studio, and mom pattered around in the house and yard, feeding dad and putting him to bed at 11:30 p.m.. Outwardly they seemed normal. But they had a citadel, siege-mentality.

They did go to church, they did have contact with neighbors and some contact with their family, so they appeared too an outside observer to be integrated normally into society. But they weren't. I observed this trait in

passing during the years, not really forming a specific diagnosis rather noting the evidence. As I have examined that evidence more closely, forming a pattern of the data, I have become convinced that they were closet troglodytes (cave dwellers!). They preferred their own company to that of others. They quickly tired of people and attempted, usually successfully, to conceal their impatience to get back to their pursuits that were always solitary. They did not hunt or fish alone or with friends, they did not have dinner with the neighbors (The Jewish Aarons family was the sole exception and did become the closest thing to 'family' that I recall them having.) they did not involve themselves in any activities other than the formal ones put on by their congregation.

One of the most revealing bits of information is their preferred past-time during their active years after retiring: traveling -alone- in their motor home, parking overnight in K-Mart parking lots and KOA's. They logged something like 150,000 miles (I discovered a detailed log of their travels while poring through dad's documents in the studio. I was amazed at the number of places they went to. Two of their favorites were Death Valley where they went three times, and the Olympic Peninsula where they parked on the beach during heavy squalls enjoying the winds and rain and waves.)

They were loners, even when they were with other people. Oh, both of them were capable of engaging in sparkling conversations, enjoying recounting their travels and accomplishments, but note: they were at their best when TELLING you things, not listening. They usually couldn't wait for people to be gone so they could close up the castle. I know. I saw it from the inside.

Ruth and Doris

To relate this isolationism to myself, let me give you some shocking data:

I have only seen Aunt Doris and Ruth 2 times in the last 15 years.

Two times. How does that strike you? These are my dad's sisters. The last time I saw them (this is 2004) was 1998 at dad's funeral. The before that was at the Jens Jensen Family Reunion in Leamington in 1988. I don't recall having any contact with either of them after leaving SLC in 1967 and 1988. Two contacts in 35 years ain't much, is it. Of course, the major reason for this drought is myself. I've simply followed unthinkingly in the pattern of mom and dad.

It is important to enter another caveat here: The extended Jensen family has never done anything to offend me. No one has pushed me aside, no one has made me feel bad, no one has done anything to offend me. Nor

do I feel any animus to any of the family. So the reason I am a troglodyte is because I was trained that way. But I am changing this. There are still years that I can have contact with my paternal relatives and will do so, aunts and cousins.

What is interesting to me, now that I am receiving photos and information from Doris and Ruth, is that they did have contact with mom and dad during those years, but mom and dad never talked to me about them. Let me emphasize: mom and dad were never anything but positive about Doris and Ruth if they ever talked about them, but for their own reasons that I don't know they seemed to prefer to isolate themselves from the rest of the world. Mom and dad just didn't talk about their family so I never understood what sort of connection they had. I know they loved them but the paucity of contacts was puzzling. I still don't understand.

I visited dad's best friend, Harold Hegyessy in American Fork in 2002, and that started the chain of events that led to my deciding to contact dad's sisters to I telephoned Ruth in early 2004 and started a correspondence that is a pleasure. She gave me her E-mail address so we exchange posts regularly and it enriches my own life immensely, as well as providing grist for UBW. Ruth, who served as a clearing house for me. provided E-mail addresses for Doris, Ray Vogel (son of Viola who was 1 year older than dad), Connie Watkins (daughter of Viola), and Joey Zezulka (son of Wanda, who was 2 years younger than dad.)

In addition to just communicating with them again after many years of isolation, I went to them specifically to seek any information I could find about dad, photos ,diaries, and anecdotes. Remember: Doris and Ruth were dad's little sisters. Doris was 11 years younger than dad and Ruth was 12 years younger, so both of them have clear memories of him up to age 18 when he left home for good. Of course, when you subtract their ages from 18, it's obvious that they were little girls at that time he left, Doris being 7 and Ruth 6.

I am inserting the information I receive from each of them about Alvin in this volume. I've debated whether I should break it down and try to insert it in chronological order. The problem is that dad didn't attach any dates to his writings so I don't have a reliable calendar to use. Rather than pretend that I know where to place Ruth's and Doris' anecdotes, I will compile each of their material into individual sections and then insert each with a heading the indicates who provided the information.

The other element that I am adding to this volume is derived from the work Doris did -I believe- to transcribe and print copies of Grandma Dorothy's journals and writing about her beloved Alvin. I will place the three elements at the end of this volume as appendices that provide additional "color" about Alvin that will fill in spaces around his own stories.

Leamington in 1967

I want to place Leamington geographically, and give you a view of the old homestead. First, here's a Mapquest map of central Utah with a **bright red star - ★** showing where Leamington is located. The town of Delta, which is to the south west a short distance, is where dad attended high school. Tooele to the north is where he met "Little Marie" while he was working in the Anaconda Smelter.

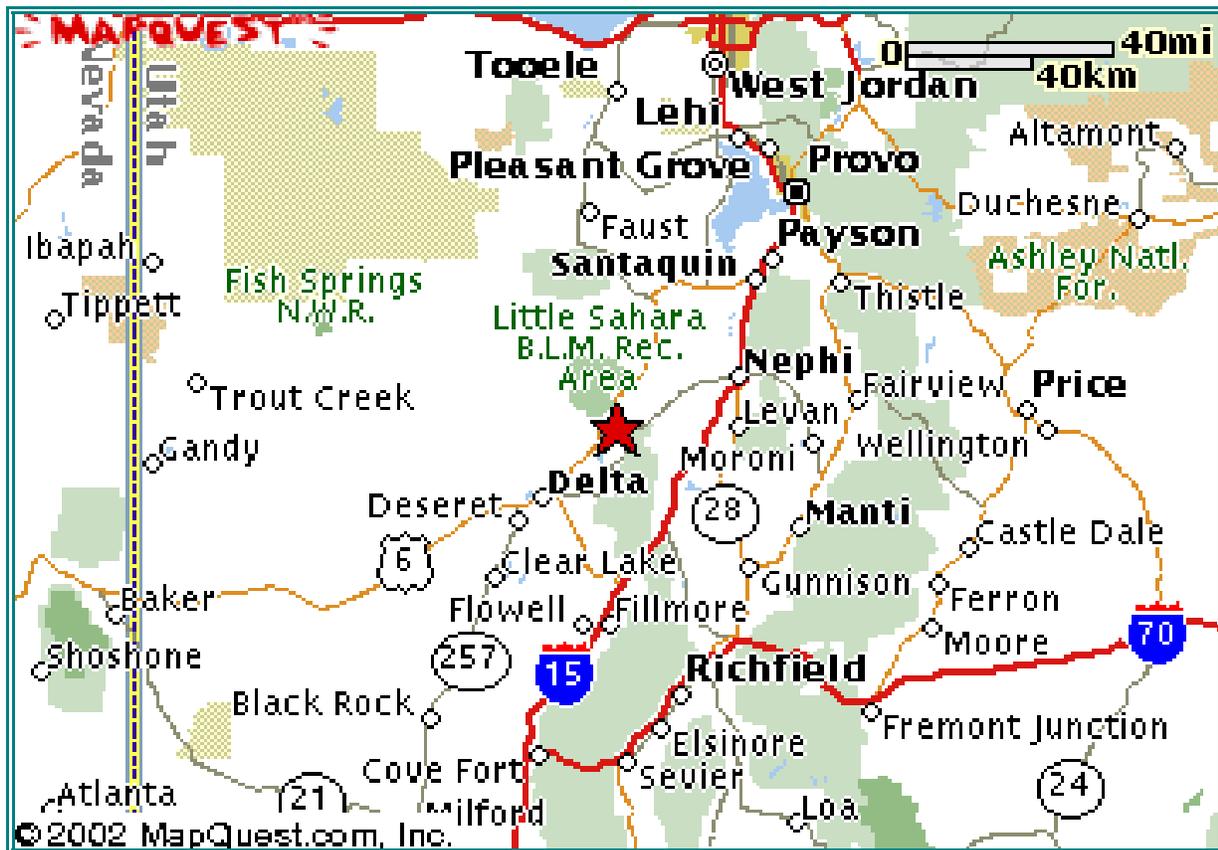


Figure 8 Mapquest.com map of Central Utah

The next four images are pictures of the homestead that I took when I visited it on a day trip with mom and dad in 1969 after I had returned from the Peace Corps in the Brazilian Amazon. Dad drove down in his huge yellow Chevrolet Bel Aire with the 400 cubic inch engine. I know it was late spring because we picked several paper grocery sacks full of asparagus that grew profusely along the irrigation ditches, ditches left over from dad's childhood. Dad told some stories of what transpired on the farm.

When we drove into the farm I was impressed by the craggy trees that lined the drive into the house, and lined the irrigation canal behind it. They were silver maples that were more than a hundred years old because they had been planted by his own grandfather. When dad was a boy, the trees had some size but were considerably smaller than these.



Figure 9 Driveway into home

This photo shows Samuel Peter, dad's dad, sitting in front of the same house. Notice how barren the land was, covered with sage brush, no trees at all. Grandpa Samuel holds Viola, and Alvin (right) when he was a few months old. This is the original one room structure. The addition of three rooms hadn't been built yet. It is the lighter colored section in the first photo. Grandpa obviously liked his babies. His shirt was always buttoned up.



Figure 10 Samuel, Viola & Alvin (right)

The drive was still dirt, weeds between the tracks worn by the tires of vehicles which were motorized instead of horse-powered. The house was deserted. No one lived there, and hadn't for many years. It burned down later so these photos are some of the few that show what it looked like at the end. The

house itself was unlocked when we visited. I went in.. Four small rooms. That was all there was for the two parents, Virginia (who died in the irrigation ditch as a young child), Viola, Wanda, Ruth, Doris, Alvin and Ivan (who died of sickness at age 10). No wonder that Alvin was banished to a brooder house behind the house, which would have been to the right in this photo. That shed was gone. Turns out we had seen it on our way to the house. Sitting in a farmer's corral as a shed to store tack or feed for livestock, covered with manure. When you got close to the house you could see the seams in each of the walls demarcating where the new rooms had been added. I marveled that a family could live in so few rooms and in such little space. The brown structure in the right of this photo, behind the house, was added years later and was used as a store room of some sort. It was not part of the original homestead.

This photo shows the large alfalfa field, the silver maple-lined irrigation ditch running along the left of the property. We were out on the north end of the farm looking south to the house. This field had a story. He described



Figure 11 North field

how as a teenager he was assigned by his dad to come out here in this field to do a particular task, one that he knew how to do and could do alone. But something happened and he ended up not getting the task done. He finally laid down in the alfalfa and went to sleep. Later his dad, who couldn't see Alvin from the house went out to investigate. When he found dad asleep, dad apparently woke up upon hearing foot steps or grandpa's comments, but grandpa didn't get angry. He just went back to the house, leaving Alvin out there with his conscience. This is where the "string out" happened reported below by dad.

I felt dad's ambivalence about our visit that day, as if he was not really sure he did the right thing in taking me down there. Perhaps it was a pensiveness born of memories he hadn't experienced for a while, memories that pressed down on him. For example, at one point he became concerned about finding the site of the root cellar that they had used when he was a kid. It was located to the north of the house, at the end of this driveway. He rummaged around intently, purposely, fixated on discovering where it was. He was determined to locate it, as if it was a bearing, a compass fix that he needed to set him straight with the universe. He found it, though to me it wasn't much of a thing to see because it had been filled in so was level ground. He triumphantly scooped up a metal thing and waved it in the air and said, "See this? It was such and such." He was happy at that instant when he found his lodestone.

Later I asked him to stand in front of the house so that I could take his picture with it. Specifically so I could show it to you at this time. That is true. Don't not believe me.

But look at him in the next photo. Was he happy to do this thing? Was he joyous and proud and happy to stand there in front of the house he



Figure 12 Dad and the homestead

lived in until he was 18? I didn't think so then and don't think so now. He consented to stand there, but it was an obvious imposition. Unlike Marie who had lived in three different houses by the time she was 18, dad had only lived in one. His downward glance suggests something not entirely positive about his experience of the moment. The yellow car was his hot Bel Aire. He took me to Portland in it one time and we nearly went off the road in the Blues between LaGrande and Pendleton that winter day. He recovered somehow and kept on going, hardly slowing. Wild man. Extraordinary man.

Here's another photo of the house. Somewhere along the way the



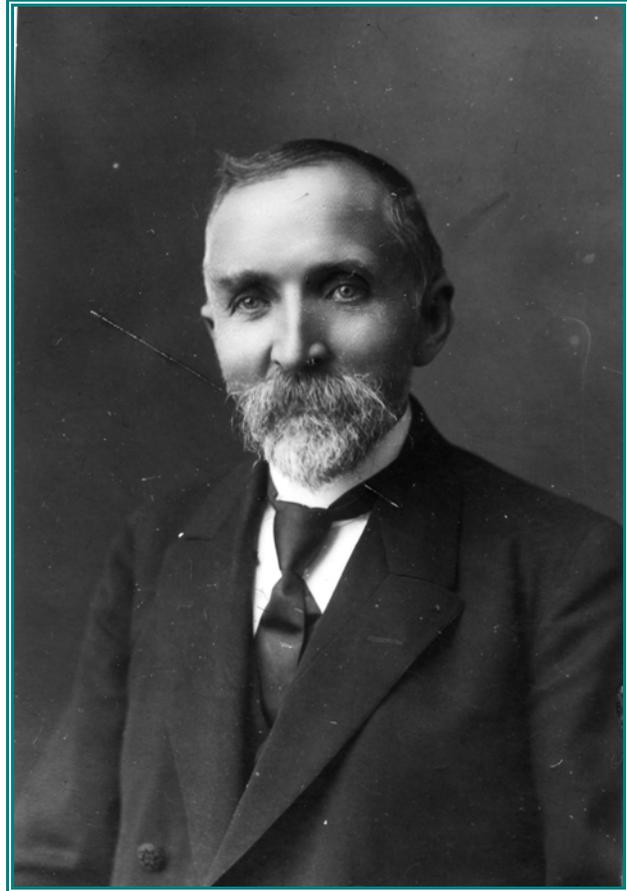
Figure 13 Cattle chute in front of house

homestead had been converted into a stock pen, an area where cattle were loaded up and shipped to a slaughter house. The proof is in the foreground of this photo. To get this shot without the yellow Chevy I had to ask dad to move it, or to get his permission to move it. I wanted to show the front of the house without any interference. The property had been let fall into disrepair, junk lying everywhere. Perhaps it was that which upset dad. He didn't really show unhappiness in his words but it was evident that he was bothered by something. I think I too would have been unhappy to see my childhood home converted into a feed lot.

James Alvin's Ancestors

Jens Jensen and Matilda Johnston

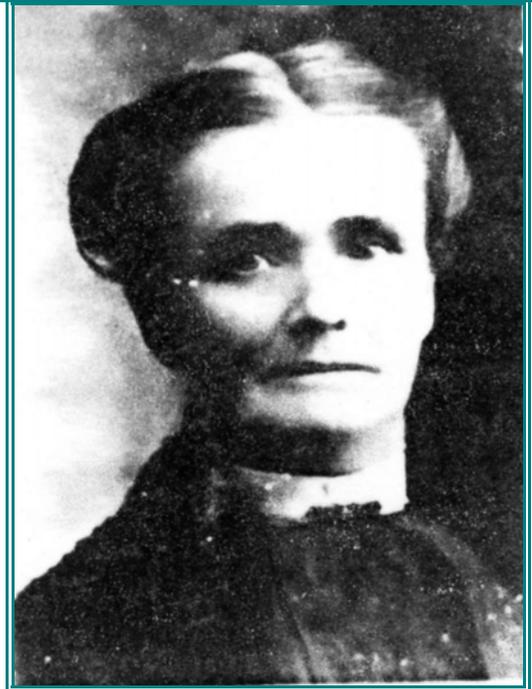
Denmark produced gorgeous people, some of whom wandered across the Atlantic ocean in search of something. Jens Jensen, an only surviving son who was born in Denmark on Jan. 16, 1854, was one of them. He was smitten by the "American Religion", as Tolstoy referred to it, and emigrated to Leamington where he was one of the last settlers. He married Matilda Johnston in Salt Lake City on Jan. 04, 1883 and produced five kids, one of them being Samuel Peter Jensen, the father of my father, i.e. my personal paternal grandfather.. Here he is, a handsome, obviously pleasant, humorous man, looking directly into the camera's eye.



The photo on the next page shows his extended family, a fascinating lot of handsome people, people who looked not all there, people who looked like they'd shave a deal pretty fine, some who didn't really look like the family, and some who would probably as soon take your head off as talk to you. Jens is the third from the left on the front row, more serious and a few years younger than in the above photo but obviously the same Jens Jensen who had the courage to take up his world goods and leave Denmark behind.



Jens was polygamous, a mighty brave thing to do if you ask me. I really can't understand why either husband or wife would willingly consent to a marriage relationship where there were more than two adults, sex aside. It's tough enough with just two. Jens first took Mary Jane Nixon to wife on Jan. 5, 1881. Two years later he married Matilda Johnston of Edergole Farm, Tyrone, Ireland on Jan. 4, 1883. He apparently preferred cold January marriages so must have had control of his senses.



My paternal grandfather, Samuel Peter, was the child of Jens and this Matilda. His wife Dorothy Hansene Hansen was also born of immigrant stock. Samuel, the sober gentle scholar – and Dorothy, the fiery woman. In the barren isolated town of Leamington. Here's a sketch of both of them before you spend some time with Alvin in his stories.

Samuel Peter Jensen

Samuel, a retiring self-effacing man lived on some of the last arable -but just barely- land in the desert valley, high in the foothills near the end of the irrigation canal. He had, literally, a hard row to hoe. Samuel was a natural scholar. He taught himself languages down there in the desert. For entertainment, he translated a book in one language to the other. Samuel kept an orchard for cash and was rigidly honest. When a man bought a bushel of apples from Sam in January, he knew that the last apple would be as good as the first

Sam was the first generation born in Leamington, Millard County, Utah on July 21, 1889, to one Jens Jensen who had the temerity to leave old Denmark for the new world, apparently in thrall to the new world religion. His wife was Matilda Johnston. He spoke Danish but did give his off spring in the same gift. First generation folks in those days did their best to shed the traits and residue of the "old country", lest they be denied good jobs or looked down on socially by anyone - especially in a small town. From what I hear, the town of Leamington had some pretty venomous people, perhaps a characteristic of all small towns where people live in each other's front rooms and pockets.

Samuel Peter died in 1953, when he was 63 , when were living in Seward. Sam spent his entire live in Leamington, and didn't leave it often. So I didn't know him well. Dad told a few stories about him, so I have an idea about what he was like. My general impression is that Grandpa wasn't



Figure 17 Samuel Peter Jensen on his mission to Denmark

a very happy man. That isn't to say he wasn't. In fact, he probably appeared to be satisfied with his life. But it seems to me, two generations down-stream, that he was totally out of touch with his reality, that there was an absolute mis-match between his mind and temperament, and the farming setting he found himself in. It wasn't because the life was hard. He was tough and knew how to survive, and did that well. And it wasn't because the foothills only had marginal land and water problems. He dealt with those problems. It seems to me that there was a much deeper difference. He was a quiet, natural scholar who belonged in a college library. Not a dry sandy farm surrounded by cattle and generally un-educated people. That isn't to say that he was superior to them because he didn't feel that way, but the difference in interests and natures made him a fish out of water in that desert setting.

For example, in this picture, grandpa holds a whale vertebrae on his farm. My dad sent it to him from Alaska. He kept it around. How many farmers in central Utah would have any interest in a whale vertebrae? And how many would even keep the darn thing around if some fool kid sent it to them? Not many. Not many. A natural curiosity about and love of everything filled his soul. New information of any kind thrilled his quiet soul. I understand that.

Grandpa was the source of my dad's love of this wonderful world. His dad poured that love into him by taking him out into the mountains, explaining and discussing. Trips up into the mountains with a book on the geology of the area were excellent sources of learning. They instilled a deep love in his son for this magnificent world.

The major thing I think my dad would have changed in his dad was his deference. Samuel Peter would never cross or contradict anyone. Even when dad thought he should. In school, grandpa did not take dad's part. That was hard on dad when other dads would take the part of kids who were real troublemakers.

Dad told about getting into trouble at school for fighting. His version of the story is that the kid he fought with was a known bully and trouble maker while he wasn't. This probably wasn't the first time dad had been in trouble for fighting because the principal called him and his dad and the other kid and his dad to the office for

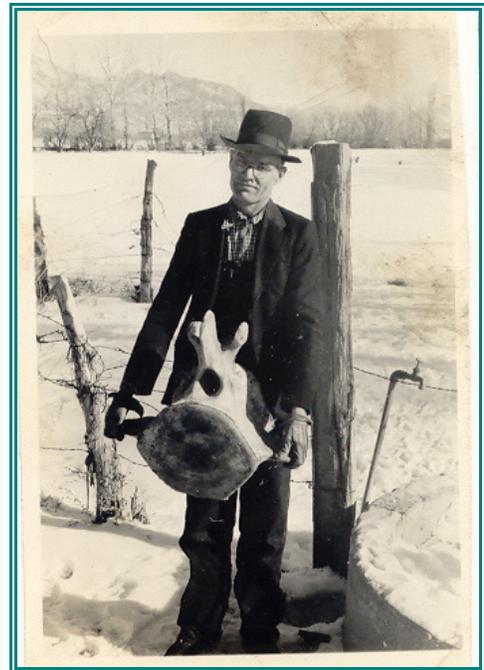


Figure 18
Whale Vertebrae

a conference. During this conference, the bully's dad stoutly defended his son against the troublesome Alvin. In response, Samuel did nothing. He seems to have allowed as how Alvin probably could be more tolerant or some such thing.

While Sam was being a good citizen, he disappointed his son, undercut him, and undermined his respect for authority. Dad never got over it. He was bitter about that - and probably a whole set of similar situations. This is one of the reasons I told you kids -at least Nancy and Julie- that you better not start any fights, but if a fight was started, you were welcome to dive in and defend yourselves. I would defend them in any setting - as long as they didn't start it. So Julie attacked the boy who made fun of the "main-streamed" handicapped boy because he couldn't defend himself. If the principal had called me in to discuss it, I would have cheered for Julie. As it was the principal basically congratulated Julie for having the courage to take such action.

Sam would loan tools and equipment to neighbors. When they were returned, they were sometimes broken. The neighbors usually did not offer to mend, or pay for mending. Other times, people complained that a device they borrowed, like the large tank sprayer for spraying fruit trees, didn't work well. So Sam would fix the problem. That was the way Sam was. He sounded like my mom's mother who was as self-effacing.

Grandpa wore long sleeved shirts. He kept his collar buttons buttoned. His face was solemn. He did smile, but he was generally quiet and never boisterous. His voice was soft. He worked as postmaster of Leamington for many years. His books were among the best in the state. Meticulous details were cared for without ever a mistake. Money was always honorably accounted for.

This picture seems to have been taken when I was around three, judging from the size of the baby, so we were living in Naples, probably before dad took off and left us for 3 years. This is a unique photo because it shows all



Figure 19 Three Generations

of the surviving males in the first three generations of this Jensen line. Great grandpa Jensen was the sole male representative of his family to come to the US, Samuel was an only surviving son as was Alvin, who had two sons. Four of the five are in this photo.

Grandpa went to Scandinavia on a genealogical mission. He spent three years there. His time was spent in Sweden, Denmark and Norway. While he was there, he was able to follow one of his own lines back to the 1000's in Denmark because they merged with some royal lines for which there were detailed genealogies - though between you and me I bet they are specious in some details. I've seen several of the letter that he sent home to Dorothy. They were as quiet as the man.

Dorothy Hansene Hansen

Down there in the desert Dorothy could scald a cat with her words. But my dad never in my hearing spoke derogatorily or critically of his mom. I had no idea she was caustic. The only story he told, several times, was about her hair. She had hair that hung below her hips. He'd describe how she brushed it each night, one arm extended miming with the other a brush passing along the hank of hair at which point she'd have to extend her grip out to the next length of hair where she'd complete the brushing. Dramatic image. Dark hair. She had visitations or visions and foresaw sorrow for certain of her children and was right. Fire in her eyes.

Dorothy was born on October 1, 1890 in Salt Lake City to Hans Christian Nielsen Hansen and Hansena Jorgensen. She and Sam were married in the Salt Lake city LDS Temple on July 1, 1914. She died on July 30, 1939 when dad was 21 years old. Dad said he was logging at the time of her death in the mountains above Heber. He knew she had passed on because she stopped to visit him for a period of time, as he was resting in a grove of trees, even though he didn't know her death was imminent.

Sam and Dorothy produced James Alvin and always called him Alvin. Dad's aunt Lottie, the daughter of another of Samuel's father's three wives, still referred to him as Alvin when I visited her at her home in "The Avenues" in the mid 1960's in Salt Lake City, wearing an enormous wig that she thought no one could tell was a wig. Struck me as so funny. My 6 foot 3 inch dad called "Alvin". That was the name of the chipmunk.

A cousin told colorful stories about Dorothy that I liked. She was fiery. She lived a life her own, telling any one and every one, apparently, about whatever was on her mind. I didn't learn that from dad. It was while I was standing by his pine casket in a receiving line that Cousin Connie Vogel went on about how fiery grandma Jensen was. I didn't have a clue. I had never heard such a story. I did have the sense that she was a strong personality and that she had become enthralled with "The One and Only" who appeared in the Utah desert while dad was a kid. Dad had told me about



Figure 20 Dorothy hansene Hansen

that personality while we were on Dry Mesa in 1972.

But I didn't understand what Connie explained about grandma. She apparently abdicated her faith to some extent in her determination to follow this new prophet. Dad had told me that story years before so it wasn't a shock. He, too, used the term "The One and Only" as he described how this man identified himself, and how he became a source of contention in the home. He described how his dad attempted to counter the influence of this man. At a meeting in the house, grandpa asked what is the fundamental prefatory question to ask any preacher: "Where did you get your authority?" A simple, elegant, devastating question from a quiet retiring man who understood what he did. But it didn't work. Dorothy actually moved away from original beliefs, at least for a while. That may have resulted from being ostracized by the community for her outspoken harshness. My own mother told me several times in the last years that she finally stopped going to Leamington with dad because all she heard from the local people she didn't even know was how nasty his mother had been. Since church and mainstream community were probably about the same back then, ostracization by one was equivalent to rejection by both so there would be no reason for her to not embark on a separate path.

You can really see the fire in Dorothy's eyes sitting in this photo with her siblings. She was a beautiful woman - and had no fear. She was too much for gentle Sam.



James Alvin Jensen

Samuel Peter had a tough row to hoe and managed to sire a small tribe, typical for agrarian families of the time. James Alvin was born in Leamington, Millard County, Utah on August 02, 1918. He spent the first 18 or so years on the farm, being moved out of the family home with all of his "stuff" and into a brooder house when he was about 14. He struggled in Delta High School taking 5 years to nearly finish a four year curriculum. He said he had failed the first year so had to stay an extra year to make up for it but in the end when the time came to prepare for graduation, it turned out that he still didn't have enough credits.

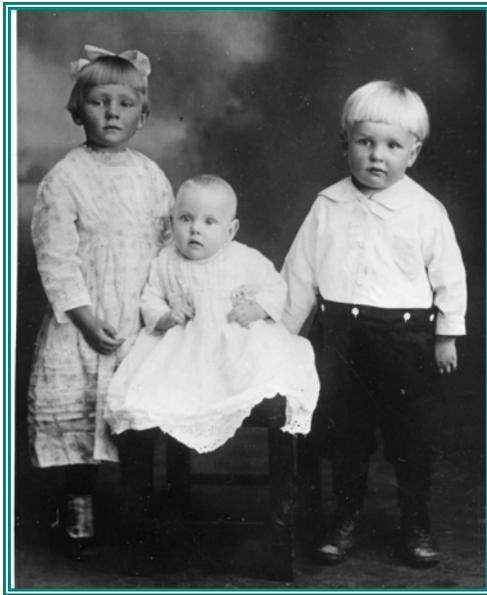
Samuel owned a quarter section of land but it was sandy and had insufficient water so he wasn't able to make a living from the land. He was forced to take employment for wages so worked for the railroad and as postmaster. Dad was the only surviving son so the majority of the burden for chores around the farm fell on his shoulders. It's odd to realize that at this instant because he never said that. He never complained, but you will see that it's true when you read his stories below. He was the one that did the bulk of the work around the place. He started as a young child to help his dad take in hay, and eventually did most of the work himself. He had to haul all of the water for the cattle and household, he had to go out in the desert every year and bring in all the winter fire wood, he had to take out the orchard, etc. He worked hard. I imagine that his sisters helped but his stories suggest that the heavy work was his to do and he had no brother to help. He came to intensely dislike working on a farm. I understand now why we had no livestock on our farm in Vernal.



Figure 22 Original house

Alvin and His Sisters

Sam and Dorothy had seven children. Virginia died at age two and Ivan died at age five. So dad had four sisters and no brothers: Viola, Wanda, Doris and Ruth who persecuted him as much as he persecuted them. This first photo shows Viola with dad when he must have been around 6 months old.



This second photo shows Viola, Alvin (right) and Wanda.

around age 6-7 years.



The third photo shows dad

While he was trying to finish high school, the coach, Pete Carlson, took an interest in him. He took dad aside and talked to him about making something out of himself. Then he fixed dad up to work on the grounds at the University of Utah to pay for tuition so he could study geology. In those days one could register for college classes without having a high school diploma.

The following page is a family group sheet with Samuel Peter as father. Dad is a child.

Dad's description of his parents (Alvin)

[This section is from the "First Version of a transcript of tapes for elder Dunn Project." There is a note on the envelope that says, "Save for Ron. He asked for this stuff. Dad." This transcript was obviously typed by a marginally literate person (a work-study student no doubt) - demonstrated by his/her spelling of "Yukon" as "U-kon". This transcript was condensed into a chapter in Paul H. Dunn's book "Win if you Will" but that chapter contains perhaps 20% of what's in this transcript. It's a fine story even though Dunn got himself discredited for lying about things like his alleged enlistment in the army.

What I'm inserting here are extracts from the transcript that talks about dad and his relationship with his dad, things I never heard him tell me about. Remember that he was dictating this wandering narrative with an object in mind because some of the things he says don't make sense otherwise.]

"The harp music gives moral support. If this mike looked more like the human ear than an accusing finger you will be here to face a long recording session* There were two great heroes in my life, my grandfathers. Father was sort of an ideal, if you could separate ideal from hero. He appealed to me in a different way, but my grandfathers were really my heroes, I guess. Grandfather Jensen, (Ed: Jens Jensen) was the first man called by the Church on a genealogical mission. He was a native of Denmark and I suppose for this reason he was suited to this job. Now whether this is true or not, I believed that it was true when I was a young boy, and I suppose it is. He spent quite a number of years in the Scandinavian countries getting genealogy for the Church, It was the beginning of our far-reaching genealogical activities today. It was before tape recorders and microfilm and so forth and everything had to be taken down in longhand. But this distinction that he had gave you a certain kind of feeling toward him that can only be described as that of hero-worship.

Father was called to be his assistant and therefore, I suppose he became the second genealogist to be called by the Church. This was, of course, before Father was married. He spent five or seven years in Scandinavia himself on a mission.

Grandfather Hansen has a skill of a different kind. He was a craftsman. He was a master cabinet maker from Denmark and supposedly built the circular stairs in the Manti and Logan Temples. Now exactly what his involvement was I don't know, I am sure he must have been at least a workman, but I am told he built them and this is what counts because as a small boy I used to ponder that marvelous grandfather of mine who had such

great skill and achievement and had such a wonderful opportunity.

So my two grandfathers were my heroes. My father was my ideal. If I could pattern myself more after him, I would be much easier to get along with. Father was kind. He was a retiring person, but he was a scholar, naturalist, handyman. He was a clerk; he was a ward clerk for many many years. He was clerk of the Leamington National Farm Loan Association and the Federal Land Bank of Berkeley and other things concerned with financing the farmer in the days right after the depression hit. Father was honest, he was loyal, he was thorough, he was sincere. He was meek and modest, but I think most important of all he was a spiritual man.

He taught me things by being involved in them with me. One of these is prayer. I don't know if they still teach the inspiring stories about Joseph Smith as a boy as they did when I was a lad. On the east end of our property was a thick grove of trees and when you entered it after crossing the bright green field of alfalfa it seemed to have a quality that must have been something like the Sacred Grove. Now this may have been pointed out to me by father in this way. When we went by the grove one day he paused and said, "Let's kneel down and pray." Now we usually think that prayers are offered when we need something or offered as routine before we go to bed or before eating or funerals or some big conference of the church. But father seemed to regard prayer as a special kind of thing to be enjoyed. I knelt by him. I don't know how old I was; I felt very small by his side, but he prayed, I don't remember the words he said, but I remember kneeling by him in this our own little private sacred grove. It's always been that to me. In later years in part of the turmoil and strife in growing up, in becoming aware of the world which was sometimes hard on my heels I more than once as I passed in this area stopped and kneeled in the sacred grove and prayed. I don't know what I prayed for but it was this pact, this reverence for prayer that father taught me that was so valuable, such a wonderful thing.

At other times we did the same thing. It seemed that father was so moved by the glory of god as he saw it in the created world about him that he felt like giving thanks. Father used to take me to the mountains to camp out in the summertime. This happened a number of times in the summer. We would hook up our team of horses, throw in some supplies and bedding in the wagon and leave the hot, windy, dusty valley floor around the little town of Leamington in central Utah and slowly wonder (sic - intentional?) our way into the mountains Fool Creek Canyon. It was a delightful spot for a small boy from the dusty plains below.

These trips were undertaken by father, first I suppose as a father , second because he wanted to go, and third because he was a naturalist. He knew a great deal about nature, about geology, about botany, entomology, astronomy, and he taught, me these things. It's because of this kind of environment he provided for me that I'm in the field I am today. This may

not be the sort of thing that I ought to be putting on a tape but I never really paid a tribute to father and that special quality that he had of teaching by doing things with me.

More than once in the mountains in a cool retreat below the tall douglas firs we could hear the call of the blue gulls drifting over the canyon walls above us. Father would say, and he was a man of few words, he was a man who did things without show. I don't remember how he said it, but we stopped in some quiet solitude and prayed. It was this respect, this feeling toward nature, toward the creation, this feeling of thankfulness, this feeling towards prayer father had that has always remained with me. I could elaborate at some length telling about the experiences we had in the mountains, but I really hadn't ought to spend that time from this project.

I would like to say, however, that the highlight of this trip into Fool Creek Canyon was kind of an annual climb to the top of the peak. Fool Creek Peak stands out on the north end of the house range in Millard county as being a rather prominent peak of more than 10,000 feet elevation. From the top of it you can see in all directions. I was an idealistic young boy I suppose because the great men of the scriptures climbed to the tops of mountains. Moses got the Ten Commandments on the top of a mountain. Other great men climbed to the top of mountains. The savior was on top of a mountain. Others were on the tops of mountains. And it seemed like when father and I would climb to the top of this mountain we would see great things, not visions, but real things and we did.

We saw the desert stretching out to the west. We saw snow-covered Mt. Nebo to the northeast. It's feet had bustling villages nestled about them. Our little valley was comparatively quiet. There were areas I could see that I knew nothing about but wanted to know.

It was then that I felt the first stir within me that became a desire to see things and find what the world was all about. But the significant thing, most of all to me, was that as a small boy my father was taking me up to the top of a mountain to see. I idealized him. Later on when I was in high school in a system there was no counseling. The teachers in those days were not instructed to be able to find out what was wrong with a student. I was failing in all my classes. The only reason I went to night school was because father wanted me to go. So our trips to the mountains were very special things, something given to me that no one can take from me and that will always be with me, something that has helped me all my life.

Father took the time to do things with me and teach me by example. I suppose I could write a book about father, and I ought to. He was a scholar, interested in different languages. He translated stories, folklore stories from Scandinavian books into English for no other reason that he was compelled to so as a scholar. He translated Mexican history works into English. The other farmers in our little town had no comprehension of his interests or how deep

his mind was but I'll leave this and go on.

My heroes are my grandfathers and my ideal was my father and still is. I only wish my sons could have known their grandfather...

Thinking about father, he taught me in many ways. He had a great deal of difficulty with his health in his life. He had very serious problems of health to bear. He was physically disabled long before his useful years had reached their peak. He had very great things to endure in this life.

I place my mother with my grandfathers and father as an ideal. She taught by example also, she cared for some of the sick and infirm in our area, not as part of a prescribed job, with which she got credit, but without any attention, without desiring any attention, she went about making their lives a little more bearable. She was a person without false pride. She could

hook a team of horses to the wagon and go to town when other people rode in automobiles, I couldn't go with her. I'm sorry, but I couldn't, I had too much false pride and mother didn't have. Both father and mother enjoyed the pleasure of doing



skilled things with their hands. Mother enjoyed art work. She was a golden gleaner leader and inspired the young women in our town to greater achievement in that area, especially in the keeping of records and preparing te exercises in some kind of a book they kept in those days, which was decorated in different ways, in artistic ways. Mother found this an outlet for her artistic expression.

Father built things with his hands. He understood mechanical things. Father gave in to many of my whims as a boy. I read ads in the magazines. I read one particular one which told a glowing story of the excitement of the craft of taxidermy, so father enrolled me in a correspondence course in taxidermy. Together with me, we learned the elements of taxidermy. We caught pigeons from an ample supply in a nearby farmyard and we mounted these pigeons. Here again father was doing it with me. Because he encouraged me in this way, and even in the hard times we had in those days, he managed to get the \$10 to enroll somehow. This to me, is really a

testimony to his desire to be a good father, although I don't think he felt it in that way. I think he was just doing it without thinking.

I wasn't a very good helper on the farm in those days. I was kind of a dreamer as a boy. Father worked on the section on the railroad because our farm was small and not too productive. It wasn't able to support our family so father worked on the railroad, and in the summer time, I was given tasks of shoveling ditches, digging up old apple trees, and other such tasks in which I had little interest. More than once, father would come home through the fields, thinking of dropping by to check on the work, only to find me asleep in the ditch underneath a big tree. He never reprehended me for these things, and his discipline wasn't the rod or the strap because all he had to do is to talk to me, and he was still a man of few words. He used to say a word to the wise is sufficient. This is an old saying, but in father's mouth it had great meaning.

In going to church and home, in days when we had a poor car or none at all, we used to cut across the field. In the winter time, father walked this route on his way to work and back. I used to go home from school across the snow-covered fields stepping in father's footsteps and I thought as I walked along that I was following in father's foot steps. Here again, I was kind of idealistic. I rather believe that all young men are, but I thought as I walked along, stretching my legs to fit the stride, I'm walking in his footsteps. I'm sorry to say that I haven't been able to do this always, because father was rather my superior in many ways, although he could have been greater in some had he been more aggressive. Nevertheless, his more Christ-like characteristics were much greater than mine.

Our home was not very large. I had four sisters. I suppose that because father understood my quiet nature at that time, he knew I needed some privacy so he fixed up a small, one-room building once used to brook chickens. He put a floor in it, a window in it and put a little pot-belly stove in it, lined it, and this was my castle. I put a very large padlock on the door so that none of my sisters could snoop, nor could anyone else for that matter. In this little castle I had all my treasures, tinkered with mechanical things, with electrical things. I built a simple electric motor. I was fascinated by this power. You could see the evidence of electricity but itself you could not see. I had in my collection birds' eggs, collections of fossils, I had collections of other things. This was a wonderful little place, and I lived here during most of my teenage years. That is to say, I slept there and spent a good deal of time there. One summer I earned enough money to spend for a guitar. I retired to my castle, locked the door, and by instruction book learned how to tune it and practice until I began to play and sing cowboy songs. This was of great pleasure in my life for many years. I took lessons on the violin when I was in the sixth grade. People were so poor in those days, music lessons were luxuries so mine had to be discontinued. In fact,

the music teacher had to leave town because nobody could pay him.

A Tribute to Samuel Peter Jensen

-who would be 100 years old in 1989

{Dad apparently wrote this to commemorate his dad's hundredth birthday in 1989. I'd never heard of it and don't know if it was prepared for his sisters or cousins. I put it in because it reveals more about his dad than any other single writing he did. Overlook repetitions of stories that appear elsewhere in this book. Later: I saw comparable productions of his sisters in about the same era so they all wrote something to commemorate Samuel.}

As seen by others, he was a:

Hard, hard, worker on his little farm and on the railroad;

His later-in-life physical disability was due in part-to his constant overwork during hot summers on the railroad section-crew to make up for lazy partners. Each pair of workers was expected to do a certain amount.

Ward Clerk, many years, for different bishops;

Clerk, Federal Land Bank of Berkeley--during many years of hardship for local farmers heavily mortgaged for canal systems. He never betrayed confidential information.

Clerk, Leamington National Farm Loan Association—during many years of hardship for mortgaged farmers in the Great Depression, people knew their troubles never left Sam's records. They trusted him.

Postmaster, Leamington, many years. Postal auditors said his were the only records in which they never found a mistake The last few years his records were never audited--a degree of trust by a government



department which surely must be the first to occur since the Colonists landed;

Four-H Forestry Club Leader;

Sam knew the scientific names of all native trees, shrubs, plants, and insects that preyed on them.

Examiner for many different Scout Merit Badge subjects;

Sam was well versed in star constellations and kept track of cyclic convergences, some once in a lifetime. He was involved with Frank. Beckwith on fossil coral identification, and guided various field trips for him.

As seen by his Family:

Above all else, Sam was a quiet man, a pacifist; one of those conscientious souls, rarely issued by Heaven, who made sure throughout his life that he never wronged a single one of God's children. When he died the greatest honor that can be given a man was bestowed on him at his funeral when it was said that in his entire life, he never made an enemy. Few people can understand what such a life would be like, let alone attain a rank so near the Savior's Love, for to do so would require them to forgive trespasses against their "rights".

One trespass revealing his forgiving nature was when the big trees were cut. Along the farm's north fence stood a row of silver maple trees planted by Sam's father, Jens Jensen. In time, and according to the ways of nature, the trees grew to great spreading giants; casting shadows across the neighbor's alfalfa field. This naturally irked the neighbor for many years as the shade stunted the growth of his alfalfa. The neighbor's ire and the trees grew together until they both cast dark shadows across his end of the rainbow of neighborly love. This was unfortunate; the neighbor was a good, quiet, sincere man, very much like Sam, but enough is enough.

One day the neighbor's ire split along the seam and his face got red. With his two big sons he climbed over the fence and they chopped, hacked and sawed two of the offending giants down--causing them to fall on their side of the fence. They then proceeded to cut the trees up and haul them off

to their wood yard, infuriating Sam's hostile, early teen-aged kid. The kid went down to where they were working and kicked loose pieces of bark around, and frowned a lot, and refused to answer when the neighbor's big sons kidded him. He was full of righteous indignation, and wanted to fight them all for stealing his grandfather trees; now his dad's, and perhaps someday, his trees. Cutting them down was one thing; taking them was stealing.

When Sam came home from a weary days work on the railroad, an agitated kid confronted him with the trespass and Sam's answer stunned the kid like a faceful of cold swamp-water full of green stringy moss; Sam sighed wearily, and calmly said, "Well-I-I, he probably had a fight with his wife, and had to get it out of his system". The kid couldn't believe anyone could even be calm, let alone so forgiving. He got more steamed up; "That's all? That's it? Were not going to burn down their barn, trash their chickens, or poison their milk cows?" Sam just sighed and said, "we better get rid of the rest of those trees. Your job now, this summer, will be to girdle all the trees | along that entire fence", ("girdle" means cut the bark off in a wide strip around the trunk so the tree will die).

The kid couldn't believe it; the neighbors steal grandpa's trees, so then he must kill all the rest of such a glorious heritage?? Eventually the kid became an adult, but was never able to even begin to live up to that lesson in forgiveness. An extreme case of consideration for the wishes of others was the Appointment to Postmaster Event:

Two people took the Civil Service Examination: Sam and Violet Nielson. Sam won by a good margin. Violet went to him and pleaded her case to have the postoffice in her store. Sam had no way of making a living with two young daughters to provide for, yet he felt sorry for Violet and wanted to give the appointment to her. The Civil Service Board said, "NO. You won it; you take it."

Sam felt guilty, knowing how much Violet wanted the postoffice, and may never have forgiven himself the rest of his life for taking it. He was soft-hearted and always put others ahead of himself. His tender-heartedness was evident in his Harmonica playing.

His youngest son Ivan, was in poor health and loved to hear his dad play the harmonica. Sam would oblige him at the slightest hint, playing many of Ivan's favorite tunes. Ivan's death, when he was five years old, left Sam so grief stricken he never played the harmonica again.

When Sam's oldest son (same as the "kid" in above episodes) was about 6 years old his curiosity caused him to impolitely jerk a handful of stubble out of the mouth of old Dobbin, one of Sam's two horses. Old Dobbin, having his rights violated, naturally bit the kid a mighty bite, causing screams and loud yelling. Sam sold old Dobbin to a gypsy horse trader, leaving the farm with only half of a team. Dobbin and his sister Gen were

matched roans. Two horses were needed to plow the fields, mow and haul the hay.

About that same time the Leamington Talbot family gave Sam a horse named Dan. The Talbot's had to get rid of old Dan but they loved him and didn't want him abused so they knew if they gave him to Sam he would never be abused. Old Dan was from racehorse stock but was heavy enough to make up the farm team, and so he went to work with the ornery little mare. Gen (Sam's kid hated her).

Old Dan and Sam were very much alike; kind and gentle, letting other people shove them around, never finding fault with anyone; always passing up great opportunities for backbiting, complaining, speaking evil of others, etc.

Then there was the Fruit Sprayer Trial.. Sam bought a hand pumped fog sprayer, in 1917, to spray fruit trees. It was the only adequate fruit tree sprayer in Leamington valley, where there were about fifty family orchards. In those days powdered arsenate of lead was dumped into the big wooden barrel full of water. The heavy lead was continually agitated by wooden paddles when the handle was vigorously pumped up and down; and people stood around in the orchard under a 20 foot long pipe fogging the bugs with "arsenate of lead". The fog settled on their faces, arms, shoulders and dogs, and of course all living things. Apparently, dying of lead poisoning hadn't yet been invented.

People would call Sam up to see who had "the sprayer", as if it was community property, so they could use it. It would wander around the valley according to the most urgent need at the time. More than once someone called Sam up on the telephone to tell him they couldn't spray because someone had broken the outfit. Sam would patiently go get the sprayer—as if it was his responsibility—have the break welded, something bolted down, or whatever it needed, and return it to the waiting orchard—all without any thought of charging for time and parts.

On one occasion his vigilant kid, always alert for trespasses, boiled over and said, "They all take advantage of you. (he was older now and could talk adult) Why do you let them do it??" Sam replied in his calm, matter of fact voice; "Well, they all depend on it. Without it most of them would get little fruit from their trees". What could the kid say? It was another impossible example for him to live up to (and he never did).

Sam's Secret Work

In addition to all the above, Sam was a compulsive scholar. Being a scholar in a social environment that dictated noone "act like he was better than others" was awkward and lonesome. Sam scrupulously kept his scholarly yearnings and activities secret.

Noone outside Sam's home knew of the many hours he studied good literature, different areas of science, and translated things that interested him. His library was ten times larger than that of the average Leamington home .

He taught himself to read and write Spanish. Sugar beets brought an annual influx of Mexicans to the valley giving him a chance to develop spoken Spanish. Census takers always asked him to record the temporary Mexicans. People were half afraid to venture into the Mexicans' camp because of gossip about knife fights. The Mexicans loved him because of his gentle nature. He translated a 15th Century History of Mexico, written by the Padres in Spanish, into English. He was also versed in other languages.

He was called on a Scandinavian Mission in 1909 to gather genealogy for the LDS Church. His father Jens was the first person called on a genealogical mission for the church and Sam the second, was called to assist his father. Sam served 3 years.

He became proficient in the Danish, Swedish and Norwegian written language, necessary for the work. Sam brought many Scandinavian books home with him and later translated various Danish folk tales into English. He enjoyed classic Russian literature and learned to understand written Russian but never had an opportunity to learn more, Leamington being without a Russian colony. He was thus comfortable with six written languages, speaking five of them. He could also understand a good deal of German, a language akin to Danish; and much written French, because of its Latin, and similarities to Spanish.

Sam was truly a scholarly, self-educated man but late in his life this made him sad and disappointed. He once told his son how unhappy he was with his life because none of the things he enjoyed doing brought money in to provide his family with all the good things of life. His son earnestly assured him that the things he gave his family: values of honesty, hard work, kindness and sincerity, plus a love of all the beautiful and fascinating things of nature and a desire to learn about everything around us in our lives—were all everlasting treasures which would always belong to his children to enjoy forever. They were possessions noone could take from them, and which they would all take with them when they left mortality. But in his self effacing manner, and after living many lonesome years alone, he had sunk so deep in his gloom he could not comprehend the depths of his son's assurance.

SAM, DAD, GRANDPA, GREATGRANDPA, ETC. THANKS FOR YOUR
EXAMPLES OF GREAT CHARACTER AND COMPASSION;

*** WE LOVE YOU! HAPPY BIRTHDAY***

Dad's First Life Sketch

[The following section is an autobiographical sketch that Dad started on December 1, 1959 while we lived in Boston. It appears he was taking a genealogy class with mom. I was half way through my senior year of high school at Belmont High School at that moment, anxious to get out and on with my own life. This personal history, the first one I am aware of that made, was probably a class assignment. I say that because both he and mom wrote their brief histories on the same small, spiral notebook pages. In typical Alvin fashion, he starts the history one week on the spiral bound pages, then when he ran out of those pages, he switched to yellow pages, and then back to the spiral sheets. This is a helter-skelter collection of some memories:]

"Born Aug. 2, 1918. Blessed Oct. 1918. Baptized Aug. 2, 1926 by Samuel P. Jensen. The information from then until mid teen-age is found in my book of Remembrance.

I went to high school five years thus using up the year I gained when my teacher, Arvilla Bennett, skipped me from the third to the fourth grade in one year. This native intellectual ability was no matched by social maturity so I was a misfit in school from the fourth grade until about my third year of high school. I then was inspired by the coach that there was a reason for trying in life. Apparently my father and mother in their problems of health and general relationship with each other were not aware of my need. My mother would not reconcile herself to her life and father could not find the key to happiness and success in hard work on our small farm and the railroad "section gang". He was a very conscientious worker and as a result worked far beyond his physical ability thereby bringing about a break-down in his health which further complicated his relationship with mother.

She at one time avowed their marriage had been a mistake. This gave me a most peculiar and rebellious feeling of insecurity. I became quite independent of my parents in my late teens and came and went in many travels and experiences which I did not consult with them in the least about. I worked for farmers in my vicinity until about the age of 19. I then obtained a job on a railroad "tie gang" by falsifying my age a



being 21. My social security number was obtained under these pretenses so I suppose it is all fouled up now.

December 1, 1959.

Father was a naturalist and provided me with many opportunities to develop a lasting interest in the world about me. He was a scholar by nature and was continually pursuing many different details of nature. We made several annual trips into the highest mountains near Leamington for the main purpose of climbing the loftiest peak in the region, Fool Creek Peak. It's access was up Fool Creek Canyon. I have vivid memories of every detail which was part of these exciting adventures. Usually the trip and climb was completed in one day. However, we camped in Fool creek Canyon on several occasions.

Climbing out of the small Sevier River valley, we crossed fool Creek Flats before entering the mouth of the canyon. We lived in an arid world where most plant life was sustained by irrigation. Dry winds and dust storms were frequent in the summer. As a farm boy I worked in the hot dusty alfalfa fields. How delicious were the thoughts of a cool mountain atmosphere laden with evergreen fragrance and pierced by the calls of mountain birds and the rustle of crystal spring water over moss-covered rocks.

There were pine hens to shoot and wild raspberries to pick in the thickets near a spring. If our trip was made by horse and wagon, there was time to observe plants and animals along the way as well as giving father the time to recount his earlier experiences as a boy and later a young man. On one occasion he recalled a trip into Fool Creek Canyon with two other boys and a dog. The three of them were to camp in the canyon several days. The camp site was chosen near a spring which arose from beneath a massive rock cliff. This cliff formed one side of the "narrows" and it was said to be a favorite haunt of the cougar after sunset. The three had active imaginations of young boys which increased in direct proportion to the growing darkness. Wood had been gathered and a fire was built. The three huddled in its reassuring glow and fanned their anxieties with stories retold of cougar and Indian adventures. As the fire finally flickered down to a pile of bright embers one of the horses snorted in alarm. Instantly the small dog dashed off in the direction of the wagon barking furiously. In the darkness the sounds of the agitated horses and barking dog terrified the three boys. One of them managed to gather up a handful of dry twigs and throw it on the coals. The dog's challenge suddenly changed to sounds of an encounter and after a few moments ended with a sharp yelp. The fire blazed up with reassuring light to reveal the horses straining excitedly at their ropes but gave no sign of the dog. The terror stricken boy huddled almost in the fire.

They continued to keep the fire burning brightly all through the night. When day break finally arrived, they looked about for the dog but nothing was ever found of him. Some large strange tracks were discovered in the soft ground near the creek banks where the horses were tied.

I had some interesting lessons on life while with the "tie gang". It was largely composed of Mexican nationals for whom the food was particularly designed. It was much too hot with peppers for me, much to their delight, as was the sun. We were working on a section of the rail road which traversed some of the arid and desolate regions of central, western Utah within 15 miles of my home in Leamington.

I quit the tie-gang venture after several weeks and later joined Darryl Moulton in a contract venture. Darryl furnished the team and wagon and we cut cedar posts at 10 cents apiece for Fred Nielson. Later, we dug post holes for 10 cents apiece in the hard, rock ground for the same man. The venture was reasonably successful considering everything of the period.

In 19___, the year mother died, Darryl invited me, and I joined him, in a mine-timber cutting contract. We cut on top of "Tabby Mountain." It rises _____ to Tabiona, Utah and is a plateau of small area and about 9,500 foot elevation. Of all the work I have done, I consider this experience one of the most interesting and pleasant. We spent the spring and summer camping and working by ourselves on top of Tabby. We were both vigorous and constantly in a pitch of competition on opposite ends of a 2-man, cross-cut saw as we felled the lodge pole pine trees. The trees were then "limbed" and the bark peeled off. We were paid 1.5 cents a running foot.

One raining morning, Darryl slipped on a fresh peeled log and slashed his knee with a very sharp ax. I got him back to camp and fixed him up. Remembering how grandfather sewed up father's cheek when he fell on a walnut shell and cut it, I decided I could successfully sew up the knee instead of attempting the long journey down off the mountain by motor cycle for medical aid.

I boiled a needle and thread and sterilized the cut with rubbing alcohol. This was very painful for Darryl. I don't remember "scrubbing" as a surgeon should but do remember how tough the skin on his knee was. I took about ten stitches then bandaged his knee stiffly so as to keep it straight. About a week later, I cut the cotton thread and pulled out the stitches. It appeared to be a very successful operation and later healed beautifully.

Later in the summer, Mother passed away and it seemed as her spirit left this earth it lingered a short time near me on Tabby Mountain. I had an old motorcycle which I used to make occasional trips to the nearest village, Hermon, to get a few supplies. The dirt road dropped down about 4,000 feet from the top of Tabby to _____ at its foot. This road was so steep that sometimes the brake drums on the motorcycle would get almost red-hot and so lose their braking efficiency making it necessary for me to carry a pail

of water along to cool them off. On my return up this steep road to camp, I stopped at regular intervals to let the motor cool off.

I had just reached a pass separating Tabby Plateau from the main range of the Unita Mountains and was resting the motorcycle when I had this experience that later seemed to Mother's death. Mother had always been a person who was very much aware of the reality of the spiritual world. She also put a lot of value on dreams, at least certain ones. In recent years I read some of her recorded dreams and was much impressed to find in some a prophetic fore-sight regarding the future trials and dangers of some of we children.

This day...."

[That's how he ends the story. For me, the most revealing part of this history is dad's description of the relationship difficulties that existed between his parents. I don't remember ever hearing him say that out loud so this is a revelation. Based on his statement that he became rebellious and insecure as a result in his late teenage years suggests that his mother's avowal that the marriage had been a mistake must have been made around the time he was kicked out of the house with his things to live in the brooder house. Given the customs of the times and the religion community the family lived in, the relationship must have been a difficult one. All of the children were affected in various ways.]

Mother

As a girl, mother was obliged to do a man's work on a farm with her sisters, her father having been disabled by a blow to the head in a farm accident. The time was before mechanization when everything was done by hand with horses. She was a small person and it must have been incredibly difficult for her to harness a horse. The harness is not placed on a horse, it is THROWN on. Having harnessed many horses, I have no idea how she managed. There were many chores to do twice a day such as feeding a variety of animals, milking cows and tending to chickens. In maturity she maintained very strong hands and was known by our neighbors for her ability to handle horses. Joe Nielson once said if she ever got hold of a horse it never got away from her. Many times she managed a flighty horse on a buggy in a time when horses were panicked by the sight and sound of a steam locomotive. She could rein in a runaway horse and force it to obey her will. Once when I had the team run away with the mower and end up in a fence, Mother came to the rescue.

Mother was an energetic, intelligent woman who loved art and had a chance to express herself as the Golden Gleaner leader in our ward. She

also loved good music and before the days of radio the collection of phonograph records in our home covered a wide variety of music including Enrico Caruso, the Mormon Tabernacle Choir under Evan Stephens and any semi-classical and operatic pieces. She taught herself to play the organ (harmonium) and before radio the family often gathered around the organ on Sunday evenings and sang hymns. She enrolled me for violin lessons when I was in the fourth grade. The instructor was a Mr. Hilgendorf. I learned "Parade of the Wooden Soldiers".

When radio pushed the hand-wound phonograph into oblivion she listened intently to the Philadelphia Philharmonic Orchestra's hour long program every Sunday afternoon. She also loved poetry and was a regular listener to a program of poetry and music by Ted Malone; a man with a velvet voice and engaging manner.

In the years before her debilitating poor health, many people were afraid of her. Her black eyes and hair accented her rather stern personality. She was very frank in interpersonal relations, not given to meaningless flattery she called "soft soap" and woe to the oily mouthed individual who tried to soft soap her. Yet she loved to josh with people who were open and up front with her and she had a great capacity for compassion. I saw it expressed in her work with a long time shut-in, Tilly Sorenson.

Tilly bore eleven still born children and slowly lapsed into a vegetable-like coma. Hyrum, her husband, had to wait on her every need in addition to running the farm. One day mother decided to take a hand. Hitching our team to the wagon, she drove over a mile to work with Tilly every week. She cleaned Tilly up, fixed her hair, fed her and straightened up her place.

Tilly hadn't spoken a word for a long time so one of her objectives was to get Tilly to talk. As she worked with Tilly, she talked to her. I don't know what she said but her purpose was to draw Tilly out of her shell. She played little games with her and after several weeks Tilly began to mumble, and then in time formed a few short words. This delighted mother and eventually she could carry on a simple conversation with Tilly and encouraged her to sit up with her legs off the bed. Eventually she got Tilly up on wavering legs and with regular exercises Tilly could totter across the room. Mother gave progress reports to our family each week, but not to anyone else.

Imagine the feelings of that poor husband who had been deprived of his mate for years when he finally saw his wife up on her feet again, but it was no big deal with mother. She told no one of her work. It wasn't done for recognition. A different kind of expression occurred in my early teen years.

One day when Aunt Leola and Aunt Lottie were visiting mother a man knocked on the screen door. Mother went to the door and seeing who it was (John Fullmer) pushed the door open, stepped out and hauled off and

slapped him on the side of his head. That sort of welcome was totally unexpected by the poor man who stammered, "What was that for?" "That's for all the times you were so mean to us when we were girls. Now come in and let's talk. Lottie is here." The three of them had a great reunion. One always knew where they stood with Mother. They never had to guess. She was never accused of being wishy-washy. In the years before her and Dad's poor health, and difficult financial times, they displayed a warm open affection for each other. I doubt that the younger girls saw much of this. Her suffering in her latter years would at times incapacitate her keeping her in bed for many days at a time, but through it all she took a special interest in my being her only son.

She had grieved deeply over the loss of her second son, Ivan, who looked like her with black eyes and hair but died when he was six years old. I didn't look like her but she gave me great encouragement to succeed. I was a big kid and often twisted the handle on her bread dough mixer and churned the butter for her. Those were teaching times.

She told me many things that helped guide me in later life. She described the kind of girl I should look for in choosing a wife and that is exactly what I found. She said choose a girl from a large family; she will know how to cook, keep house, and get along with people. The one I chose is an excellent cook, keeps a spotless house, gets along famously with every one and is from a family of twelve!

One great thing mother did was instill a shivering fear of hellfire in my bones about the crime of adultery and fornication, convincing me it was as bad as murder. That conviction never left me and kept me within the straight and narrow during my wandering years

I remember her preparing me for my first trip to the big city of Salt Lake. Dad and I were to go together. I guess I was seven or eight years old. We were to stay in a real hotel and eat in restaurants, neither of which I had ever seen. One day I took her an old rusty pair of pliers I found in the sand. We sat on a log forming the edge of the cellar roof and as she worked the handles free with oil and her strong hands she talked describing some of the many new things I would see, hear and smell. And I did enjoy it all but one day in the city. Dad got out of patience with me because instead of looking at all the sights as we walked along I was making my stride equal two steps to each joint in the sidewalk. I had never seen a sidewalk before. Mother made a batch of fudge for our trip. It was hard and grainy and today is still my favorite candy.

Mother's punishment was strict and sure. When I needed punishment (probably for teasing my sisters) I was instructed to go out and get a tamarack switch. I always got a long very slender one. It stung my bare legs but didn't really hurt. The switching ended when I entered puberty, not that I didn't still need chastisement, but it was now verbal and her hard farm

life as a girl had taught her some hard language. I much preferred the switching.

One of the sad things in her life that she refused to back down on, even though it later added to contention between her and my dad, was that she hated Leamington with a passion. I never found out why. She always wanted to live in Provo and never gave that dream up. I never heard Dad express his feelings on the matter. He was just a simple country boy, un-aggressive and without specialized work skills. Our farm was too small to support a family so he worked many years on the railroad. He lost the use of half of one lung in the mines as a young man and the hard work of a section crew finally broke his health permanently. I was then in my mid-teen years. At that time mother's health was very poor and with Dad's poor health it was not a good situation. It was during the great depression and they quarreled though I don't remember anything that was said. Dad felt guilty because he couldn't earn a proper living due to his health. His brooding or course made his mental health worse. But I like to look back before those unhappy years to a time when mother was active, full of energy and love.

In my mind's eye I can see her doing many everyday things: in the spring when I was 4 or 5 years old -killing bedbugs in metal bedsprings with squirts of gasoline from a small can; singeing the hairs off a chicken over burning paper on top of the stove; dipping water out of the reservoir on the old kitchen stove; sewing on her Singer and treadling it with her feet; squeezing pork head-cheese (a Danish delight) between her fingers at hog killing time; slapping the bread dough around when she was making loaves in a wide pan; skimming the lye from a tub of hard well water when she was preparing to do the washing; shooing chickens out of her flowers with her apron, and tucking me in my little bed at night, all are wonderful memories. Once when I was sixteen I came home from hunting fossils in the mountains near our home. She had just baked a batch of cookies and handed me one. I automatically looked carefully at the specks on its surface before taking my first bite. She saw my act and said, "Aha, I saw you looking for fossils in my cookies". We had a good laugh.

I left home when I finished high school and one day came back to overhaul the engine on an old motorcycle. I set up shop under a big locust tree in front of our house and worked on the motor for several days. I put in several new parts and reassembled it but it would not start. Mother was bedfast, lying on a cot in the northwest room with her face to the wall. I can't begin to imagine her suffering but when I came in disappointed she offered words of encouragement.

The next day I took the motor apart again and soon learned the trouble. Once it was fixed and reassembled it started off with an extremely satisfying clatter. When I was in the house later to see mother she said how happy she was; she had prayed that I would be able to fix it.

One thing that doesn't seem to fit in anywhere but which I feel should be said is that mother never cut her hair in her entire life (as far as I know). It hung down to her waist. I can see her now combing it by taking more than one handful to comb it out to the end.

My last memory of mother is an ethereal one. I was working with Darryl Moulton on a 9,000 foot mountain in the eastern part of the state cutting timber for mine props. One day I went off the mountain on my motorcycle to get the mail and groceries in a small town in the valley. The road was very steep and rough. Halfway back up I stopped in a small clearing to rest. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when I suddenly felt Mother's presence. I sat on a log and thought deeply about her for sometime. I knew she was saying good by and at ten o'clock that night a man came up from the valley to tell me Mother had passed away at two pm that afternoon. When I heard his news I went deep into the woods and built a little fire and sat there for several hours thinking about her. Goodby, beloved Mother, I love you. I hope to see you again.

Grandma Hansen

The only grandma I knew was Maren, the sister of my mother's mother, Hansene. Maren and Hansene married the same man who was a polygamist and married four sisters. Hansene died at the age of 37 leaving my mother to be raised by her sister.

Maren was a feisty little grandma with white hair and black eyes who spoke with a Danish accent. She lived in a nice little house about a quarter of a mile down the road from ours. She once lived in a log cabin built by Pete Okerman. Later the family built a modern (by standards of those days, no bathroom, etc.) house for her. The



cabin still stands. In the early thirties her son Hans, mother's half brother, modernized the interior of the cabin and lived in it with his family when he worked in the railroad shops in Lynndyl. After grandma died, they moved into her house.

Grandma Hansen kept a cookie jar full of cookies with a white powder on them. When I teased my sisters in her presence she admonished me sternly, in her Danish accent, "Be good to your sisters or suffer the consequences". What they were I never found out.

Leamington farmers raised sugar beets in the early thirties. Mexican labor was hired by some farmers to top the beets by hand and load them out of the field. A group of Mexicans stayed in the Okerman cabin one year. I remember hearing their loud parties in the evening and now wonder if they were on marijuana which was common in Mexico in those days. When I was about six or seven grandma died. It was a sad day for me. I loved her. I'll never forget her burial. I don't remember her funeral but I stood beside her grave after her casket had been lowered into its wooden shipping box and watched someone on their knees screw the lid on. Concrete vaults were not used then so it was a common practice to put the caskets shipping box in the open grave before the funeral, then later lower the casket into it and fasten the lid on.

My strongest memory of that experience was the next event; shoveling in the dirt to cover the box. I can still hear the loud thumps as the first big clods fell onto the box. Several men with shovels filled in the hole so it didn't take long for the box to disappear. I knew she was buried in the ground because I stood there and watched it all happen.

Today, the casket is placed on a blanket of artificial grass which supposedly is above the hole. The hole is never seen in modern burials. The grave is dedicated and those present are told they may linger for a few moments and then leave but they can come back later in the day and meditate. Meditate? Ha! How do we know the dear departed was really buried? We never saw them lower the casket into the grave and shovel the big clods in on top of it. I know Grandma Hansen was really buried in the ground because I saw and heard it all.

When the hole was nearly full the men mixed up a batch of concrete and finished filling it up. In fact they had enough concrete to make a low mound above the ground. This concrete mound is the bane of my existence now when I try to poke some artificial flowers into the inch of dirt covering the concrete. But the concrete is there and is an assurance that Grandma Hansen is really still there in the ground.

For many years the grave had no marker. I finally convinced Woodruff Stout she was his grandma and he better get a headstone for the grave or meet her in the hereafter and try and explain why he didn't care enough

about her to give her a headstone. The grave now has a small granite headstone and Woodruff is now in the hereafter and no doubt has met grandma and talked with her there. (A comforting thought).

[Ed. His Table of Contents included reference to Uncle Hank and Aunt Leola but they must be hiding out somewhere else.]

Black ants and bee boxes

Most of my life has been spent discovering. When I was five years old I discovered a little hole among a milling mass of tiny creatures. The hole was near the bottom of a white box in our orchard and led me into a very painful experiment. It was spring, I was inexperienced and unafraid. My two sisters (4 and 6) and I were out to explore the world.

The sweet scent of apple blossoms saturated the warm air. A fluffy meadow lark warbled from a tall post in the bull fence. Big black ants climbed up and down, intent on following an ant highway on the same post. I watched them carefully. They were divided up with as many ants going up as were going down. I brushed a section of the procession away with a leafy twig but the interference had little effect on their purpose. After some confusion the stream of traffic reconnected and flowed up and down as before.

My sisters and I were soon attracted to two mysterious white boxes which drew us into the orchard under a vast canopy of pink and white blossoms. We had never seen a beehive before and were fascinated by the sight of so many little creatures hustling around and climbing impolitely all over each other. It appeared to me that all the bees on the outside of the white box wanted to get in, while those on the inside were trying to get out. Compelled by curiosity and risky compassion I decided to help them.

While my sisters watched with innocent fascination, I carefully inserted the tip of a long willow wand into the little hole and thrashed it about vigorously. The result was terrifying. All the bees were instantly reduced to one objective, an angry black cloud assaulted us. We tried to escape but all we did was flounder madly over each other in the tall grass.

A quarter of a mile away mother bit down hard on a mouthful of wooden clothes pins as a piercing chorus of frantic screams rent the soft spring air. Instinctively stripping a wet sheet from the clothesline she flew into the face of peril, as mothers have always done, to save her offspring.

I don't know how she managed to beat two hives of angry bees away from three panic stricken kids convulsed with pain, but we all survived. It's odd that I don't remember the pain of the event as much as I do the fascination of the experiment. I probably would do the same thing again.

The Viking Ship

Adventure and discovery are the same to children. An experiment can begin as one and quickly turn into the other. One day I was threading my body through the intricate spaces in the old bull fence when I discovered an unusual, angular piece of wood. A section of a black willow limb, it had an interesting angular bend in it which reminded me of the prow of a Viking ship. (I once saw a picture of a grand Viking ship in one of my dad's books.)

I found a hammer and some rusty nails in the wash house and gathered up a few pieces of scrap lumber. In a short time a Viking ship began to take shape in the tall purple stinkweeds down behind the pigpen. I thought we had a rather tidy pig, and the stinkweed jungle behind its pen was a secluded place, so it was a perfect spot for a secret adventure.

The pig questioned my activity with an occasional grunt of curiosity but otherwise allowed me privacy as the Viking ship materialized, and an exciting dream grew. I fantasized I could drag the ship a half mile down to the Sevier River and sail it off to the ocean, and from there, who knows where I might go. (I was unaware of the fact that the Sevier River was landlocked and died in the desolation of a Great Basin salt flat.) I carefully carved the prow smooth while sailing a thousand imaginary miles into a youthful dream of adventure.

The pollen dust from the stinkweeds was a fair substitute for salt spray in my face, and a distant freight train laboring up a long grade sounded like the muffled roar of surf. My stomach fairly quivered with the excitement of expectation, for I somehow knew then that I would go on many adventures in life.

I didn't have enough boards to cover the ship's hull so one night I checked the Sears' catalog to see how much it would cost to cover it with canvas. Canvas was available in different weights--which made it necessary to decide which one would be best. Having to make this decision allowed me to defer the matter of ordering, and how I would pay for it, until I could decide on the best weight.

The canvas was never ordered. In a week the project drifted away into memory, for it is the birth of a concept that produces the excitement of life in the adventurous mind of a child, not the utility of anything made. Did anyone actually live in their treehouse, or use the fort once it was built? Few



Figure 31

<http://www.mnzoo.com/global/Media/releases/Images/pig.jpg>

adults may remember it as so, but those incomplete projects represent successful, exciting adventures in imagination, not failures. The pig was my audience.

It occasionally peeked through cracks between the poles of its pen and no doubt wondered about the curious contraption left there by the fuzzy headed kid. The kid never came back. Eventually we ate the pig, so all knowledge of the secret was literally kept within our family--after the ship was destroyed.

One late fall day a grass fire came by, gulped up the withered stinkweed jungle, and leaped onto the pigpen with great delight. The Viking ship quickly went off to join its glorious ancestors as a raging tempest of flame and smoke swept it up into the sky. The pigpen tried to go too, but Dad drenched it with water from the garden hose and kept it on earth to accommodate the next pig. He later looked at charred remnants of wood behind the pen and wondered what they were. I went off to feed my rabbits.

The 200 giant silver maple trees my grandfather planted along the irrigation canal; the rolling sandhills adjacent to delicious green fields; the river snaking through cool, mysterious willow thickets in the lower valley--all promised endless discoveries to be made. I was never disappointed. One wonderful discovery happened before the dawn.

This special discovery was in my eighth year when I first heard the haunting song of Kingbirds at four o'clock in the morning. At that hour they congratulate themselves on escaping the terrors of night. I didn't know such a haunting sound existed until my mother tenderly separated me from my bed at that hour and though I was capable of dressing myself, she helped me into some unfriendly new clothes and prepared me for the first long solo trip of my life. A bus was to take a group of children on a day-long journey to participate in a special church service in a temple.

The King birds dedicated a chamber of memory to that experience, and I always step into it for a moment when I hear their farewell-to-night song. This bewitching melody saturates a half visible world with a predawn glow of mystery the sun world never knows, for the same song is never sung in the daytime.

Many small mysteries unknown to the adult world fascinated me. I wondered why dry sand pours like water when it isn't wet. I was captivated by sand-buttons formed when a few large drops of rain fell on fine sand. I found I could arch a bare foot, keeping my heel on the ground, and by pushing down on the edge of a sand-button, could make it turn over. It was slightly dished on top and round on the bottom. I always wondered how a drop of rain could stick loose sand together.

One day I looked across the fields and rode my horse into the foothills of the nearby mountains and discovered the outside world. With excitement I climbed to the top of the highest peak and looked down on the world, which disappeared in all directions. That discovery had a profound effect on my entire life. I still want to see what is on the other side of every mountain and have fulfilled that desire by having been all over the United States, a good part of Canada, including Nova Scotia, in all South American countries (except the Guianas) on two expeditions. I have explored in Tasmania, and in New Zealand twice. I have worked in the Australian Out Back, and wandered its tropical rain forest, have been skin diving on the Great Barrier Reef, and on the reefs of Hawaii and Tahiti. And have been in American Samoa. I lived in Alaska twice and took my family 650 miles down the Yukon River in a 17 foot canoe. I have been on an expedition to Antarctica where I found the first positive proof of Continental Drift. I have lectured in Taiwan, Japan, and the Philippines. I still want to go to many places.

One late winter day, a few years after climbing that first mountain peak, I climbed it again and to my utter astonishment was greeted by a



million brightly colored ladybugs. They were scattered in all of the crevices on all sides of a rock cairn. This monument was over three feet tall and located on the highest point of the peak.

I scooped into this living marvel with cupped hands and let a golden-red stream of living color whisper through my fingers. They were still in a dormant state, due to the cold and did not move about. What mysterious signal gathered them there, and for what purpose? Were they compelled, like me, to be there because it was the highest place on earth?

I have made many discoveries in far away places since that marvelous revelation, but they were all anticipated in some way. I planned and worked for them. But the ladybugs were a special gift that day from the Creator of all living things. They were to sustain my curiosity about the unknown, through a lifetime of struggle and sweat on many far away expeditions.

The Buggy

One of my earliest recollections is of going to Sunday School in the back of a one horse buggy. My older sister and I were tucked into a box behind the seat. The iron-tired wheels made a grinding, crunching noise as they rolled over small rocks on the surface of hard packed gravel roads.

By leaning the back of my head against the back of the wooden seat the grinding noise was telegraphed into my head. It made my head feel hollow. Move my head away from the seat and the grinding noise almost stopped; back against the seat my head picked up the noise loud and clear. It was my first scientific discovery and it fascinated me. It was 1923. I was five years old.

When we arrived at the meeting house there were cars in front of the building and about the same number of horse-drawn vehicles lined up along a hitching rail out back. Many of the wagons carried hay and their horses were unhooked from the tongue and tied alongside the wagon to feed during the long meetings of the time. Our mare simply stood tied to the rail with no reward for her services.

The buggy box was the site of several firsts for me. One day the roan mare was pulling us up Johnson's hill and mother passed two soft cylindrical sections of something back to Viola and me. I took one, Viola the other. They were rather slick and we wondered what they were. They appeared to be edible so I took a small taste.

It was a mild new taste sensation, not like an apple or a pear but similar to a ripe pear in texture. Both ends of mine had small dark specks in them. Viola tasted hers and we soon decided they were edible and had our first taste of banana.

On another occasion our family went to the town of Lynndyl, about five

miles and an hour from home where a drug store sold Keetly's Ice Cream. We never asked for things we saw in stores so we got nothing and were eventually tucked in the box and the buggy headed for home. A half-mile out of town again something we had never seen before was passed back to us; two round, short, cold, paper cartons about the diameter of a pint jar. Each carton had a short piece of wood on top of it. No information accompanied the gift. so we were again left to our own devices.

I noticed a paper tab that seemed to be made for pulling so I pulled on it and a lid came off. The surprise inside was pink strawberry ice cream. The only ice cream we had seen before was the white, homemade variety, no strawberries. The flat wooden object proved to be a suitable spoon so I ate my first store-bought ice cream. It was delicious. I will never forget the suction of that wooden spoon on my tongue when I took the first bite, and the strange, almost annoying, feeling of my teeth as they dragged along the wood when I pulled the spoon out of my mouth.

The buggy served on all errands to town, a mile and a half away. Eventually dad bought a Model T Ford and the buggy was retired to sit forlornly under a big silver maple tree for many years. One day when I was about sixteen years old I came by and took one of its wheels off, leaving it in a very undignified, lurching position. When I left home for good it was still there.

The Orchard

Located five miles west of Leamington, Lynndyl was a booming railroad town early in the twentieth century. Grandfather Jens Jensen planted a big orchard to supply them with fruit. He and Olson, across the road, were the last homesteaders to arrive in Leamington valley. They found little land to file on below the irrigation canal so both of them made the best possible use of their small farms by planting large orchards.

People kidded Jens about planting his orchard in the sand hills but he was equal to the challenge and would occasionally announce at the town store that it was time he raised his apple trees again. He told people he had planted the trees in barrels so when the sand drifted up around them he could dig them up and raise them. I don't know how many varieties of fruit he planted but he seemed to love planting trees of all kinds.

The Sprayer

The apple trees had to be sprayed for coddling moths so grandfather

bought a compound pump for that purpose. When mounted on a sixty gallon wooden barrel and pumped up it produced a fine mist from the far end of a twenty foot quarter inch pipe. This pipe was thrust up among the tree tops where the mist, drifting down, saturated everything with arsenate of lead (horrors!!), including the operator, who wore no goggles or other protective gear. In time this sprayer was used by everyone in the valley. Apparently lead poisoning had not been invented at that time.

People would call dad and demand to know where "the" sprayer was, as the petals on their apple blossoms were beginning to fall and the trees must be sprayed immediately. He might tell them to call Axel Johnson who borrowed it last. A call to Axel might send them to one or two other farmers before the pump was located. Twice frantic calls announced the pump was broke, whereupon Dad went out, removed the broken part and had a friend, Theron Nielson, working in the Lynndyl railroad shops, weld it. No one ever offered to pay or help in any way in the solution of the problem. They just expected Dad to take care of them. And he did but one day Dad and I had an exciting time.

We went to Lyman Overson's in our wagon to get the pump for use in our orchard. Lyman lived next to the Sevier River so before Dad loaded the pump he decided it would be an opportune time to soak up the wooden wagon wheels.

He drove down to the river's edge with me sitting on the back of the wagon. At the water's edge I stood up and one look at that vast, swirling, evil looking demon was too much for me. I chickened out and hopped off. The horses and wagon went into the river, deeper and deeper. The water was higher than Dad expected and soon the wagon was completely afloat and the team was swimming for their lives.

Dad looked back expecting to see me on the back of the wagon but I was gone. He panicked but could do little more than yell at the horses. When their feet finally grounded he whipped them out of the water and up onto the bank. Then looking back he saw me on the other side. I guess he was so glad I was safe (his first daughter Virginia drowned in the canal) that he wasn't angry at me for pulling such a scary trick. He went upstream to a better ford and carne back across.

A Landmark

Grandfather had planted several hundred silver maple trees along the full length of the ditch bank where the canal passed through his property. These trees are very large now and still standing after a hundred years are a valley landmark. A hundred yard lane between the road and the house was lined with trees on both sides making a leafy tunnel which some townspeople

called "lovers lane".

One summer, with this image in mind, I hewed one side from a large log, dragged it out in the lane with our team and installed it as a bench for lovers. I located it on the south side near the road where lovers would not be too timid to use it without our permission. In later years I learned it had been used.

Jens also planted some curious trees called "Balm of Gilead". Ugly brushy trees they provided an excellent habitat for magpie nests. These nests, about three feet high, were a dense latticework of small sticks which completely enclosed the nesting area leaving a small opening for entry. Several years after magpies abandoned one large, nest great horned-owls nested on top of it. A small kid climbing laboriously up through a thicket of small limbs, for a first look at fluffy half grown owlets, was scared nearly out of his wits by their hissing threat-stance and great staring eyes. And but for the dense willows supporting him would have pitched over backward to his doom, or at least a bruised head.

Grandfather also planted trees along most of the farms northern border. These included many silver maples, black willows and some Lombardy poplars as well. The irrigated land formed a long triangle with the highway running north and south across its base. Black Locust trees were planted around the home and down along the highway. These provided stout wood for reaches and tongues in wagons and other farm machines.

One unusual structure, which I suppose Grandfather had a hand in building, and which lasted for many years, was a Bull Fence between his farm and Lou Nielson's holdings on the north. This fence was built without wire or nails. A trench was first dug along the fence line and cedar (juniper) posts of various sizes were set in to build a formidable barrier to all stock.

It is difficult to describe this marvelous structure but its main feature was large posts set on a forty five degree angle along the fence line with smaller crotch posts set in at a right angle to stabilize the large posts. Birds planted native currant bushes in several places along this "fence". Once I picked ripe currants and over a fire in the orchard boiled up a batch of currant jam in an old tin can (without sugar, ugh).

When I came along as a teenager the Lynndyl market for fruit had waned and many of the apple trees had been taken out, as noted above, but those remaining included Jonathans, Shacklefords, Red Astrakhan, and Black Twigs. One Black Twig tree, left standing alone, grew to a tremendous size. One year we picked 60 bushels of apples from it without getting them all. I was so tall we couldn't reach the top with a thirty foot ladder. Dad let me shake the top apples down to make cider. I borrowed the community cider mill and crushed and pressed a small keg full. I sold cider but had little luck until word got around that Jensen had hard cider for sale. Some town

toughs, including Dean Harder, came down and bought two gallons for a dollar and a half. Big money for me!

Black Twig apples were large and very hard. You couldn't bite into one until it had been stored in the cellar for at least two months. Uncle Walt said, in those days of unsophisticated storage, the only reason anyone would eat a black twig apple was it lasted so long after all other apples were gone that people forgot how an apple was supposed to taste.

Grandfather built a cellar that held 3,000 bushels of apples. I saw it full once and what a marvelous aroma blew through your ringlets when you opened the door! The cellar had a sand floor. Apples were dumped directly on the sand where its natural humidity delayed the process of shriveling up as they aged. We once had an apple robbery which I'll tell about later.

The apples from one tree, the Red Astrakhan, were never put in the cellar. They were eaten by children as soon as they were nearly ripe. The tree was easy to climb so I maintained a checkup schedule after the first of July. I knew where the ripest apple was and always expected to pick it on the fourth of July. The Red Astrakhan is an early fruit and has a special flavor never equaled by any other apple. My salivary glands cramp a little now as I think of that delicious tarty treat. The aroma of its skin even announced its marvelous interior flavor.

The inevitable fate awaiting the orchard was that as it aged and modern varieties of fruit, refrigerated transport, and cold storage made its apples obsolete, it would be destroyed. I continued the process which began about the time I entered first grade. As a teenager I was assigned the task of taking out most of the remaining trees.

I would dig around the base of a tree, cut its major roots, drag a heavy chain up as high as I could secure it in the branches and hook the other end to our team of horses. The chain was a little short so as the team pulled the tree over I had to whip them up to keep the top of the tree from landing on them. It delighted me that I never had a string-out, or runaway, with the



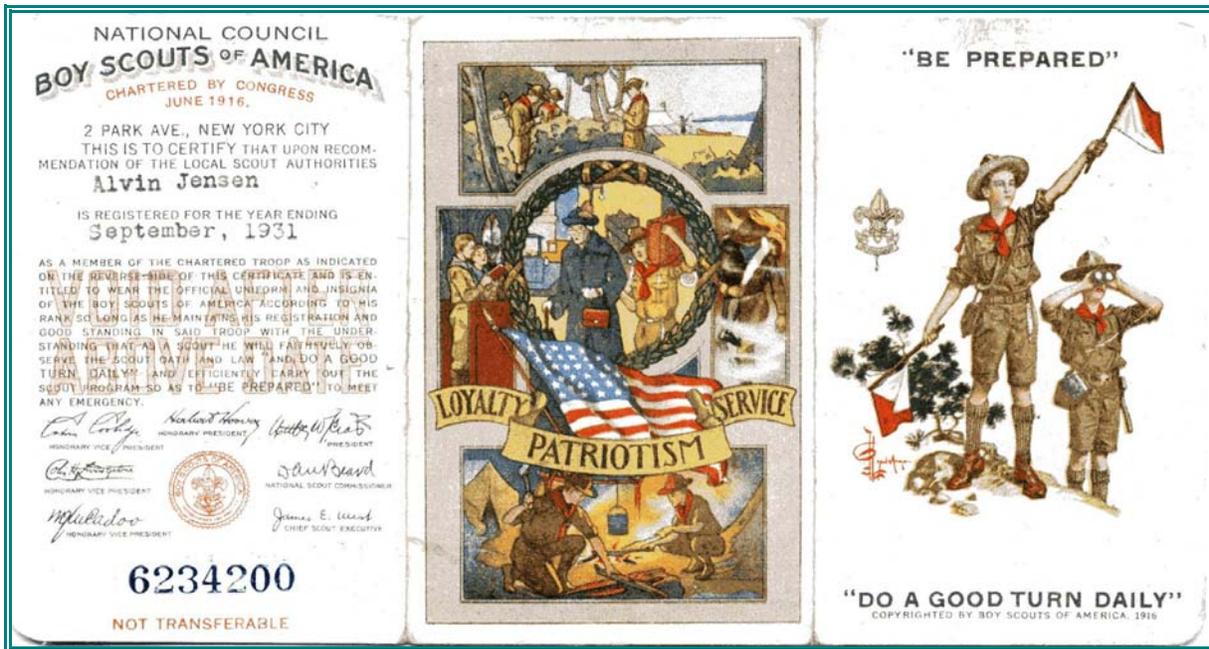
Figure 33 Black Twig Apple
<http://www.applekrisp.com/blacktwigindex.htm>



Figure 34 Red Astrakhan
<http://www.applekrisp.com/redastrakhanindex.htm>

horses securely attached to a big apple tree. We burned apple wood for several seasons. I chopped most of it.

Dad the Boy Scout (Rondo)



I never knew dad was a boy scout until I turned over his scout registration card in Feb. 2003 while I was ransacking the drawers and files in his side of the 2821 N. Studio. This card is dated September, 1931. Ol' dad never admitted to me that he'd done a tour of duty with this bunch back then. It makes not surprising, however. The LDS church became an ardent supporter of Lord Baden Powell's outfit shortly after he organized it around 1912. The motto "Do A Good Deed Daily" appears on this card with the copyright date of 1916. It still makes me laugh to see his name written as "Alvin", about like it makes me start when I'm addressed as "Ron" or "Rondo". I don't know whether it bothered him like it bothers me, but, of course, he probably had no more control over what his aunts called him than I do over what my dear ol' mom calls me. To the world at large, I am "Jim", but she has never even acknowledged that I bear that name." I think it is a sacred name for her -really- and that applying it to me would be an act of heresy.

I love the images on the card. They reflect the era perfectly and illuminate the spirit of scouting as envisioned by Baden-Powell, a lovely way to train young me. The back side

<p>THE SCOUT OATH</p> <p>ON MY HONOR I WILL DO MY BEST:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> TO DO MY DUTY TO GOD AND MY COUNTRY, AND TO OBEY THE SCOUT LAW. TO HELP OTHER PEOPLE AT ALL TIMES. TO KEEP MYSELF PHYSICALLY STRONG, MENTALLY AWAKE, AND MORALLY STRAIGHT. <p>THE SCOUT LAW</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> A SCOUT IS TRUSTWORTHY A SCOUT'S HONOR IS TO BE TRUSTED. IF HE WERE TO VIOLATE HIS HONOR BY TELLING A LIE, OR BY CHEATING, OR BY NOT DOING EXACTLY A GIVEN TASK, WHEN TRUSTED ON HIS HONOR, HE MAY BE EXPECTED TO HAND OVER HIS SCOUT SASH. A SCOUT IS LOYAL HE IS LOYAL TO ALL TO WHOM LOYALTY IS DUE: HIS SCOUT LEADER, HIS HOME, AND PARENTS AND COUNTRY. A SCOUT IS HELPFUL HE MUST BE PREPARED AT ANY TIME TO SAVE LIFE, HELP INJURED PERSONS, AND SHARE THE HOME DUTY. HE MUST DO AT LEAST ONE GOOD TURN TO SOMEBODY EVERY DAY. A SCOUT IS FRIENDLY HE IS A FRIEND TO ALL AND A BROTHER TO EVERY OTHER SCOUT. A SCOUT IS COURTEOUS HE IS POLITE TO ALL, ESPECIALLY TO WOMEN, CHILDREN, OLD PEOPLE, AND THE WEAK AND HELPLESS. HE MUST NOT TAKE PAY FOR BEING HELPFUL OR COURTEOUS. A SCOUT IS KIND HE IS A FRIEND TO ANIMALS. HE WILL NOT KILL NOR HURT ANY LIVING CREATURE NEEDLESSLY, BUT WILL STRIVE TO SAVE AND PROTECT ALL HARMLESS LIFE. A SCOUT IS OBEDIENT HE OBEYS HIS PARENTS, SCOUTMASTER, PATROL LEADER, AND ALL OTHER DULY CONSTITUTED AUTHORITIES. A SCOUT IS CHEERFUL HE SMILES WHENEVER HE CAN. HIS OBEEDIENCE TO ORDERS IS PROMPT AND CHEERFUL. HE NEVER GRIBES NOR GRUMBLES AT HARDSHIPS. A SCOUT IS THRIFTY HE DOES NOT WASTEFULLY DESTROY PROPERTY. HE WORKS FAITHFULLY, WASTES NOTHING, AND MAKES THE BEST USE OF HIS OPPORTUNITIES. HE SAVES HIS MONEY SO THAT HE MAY PAY HIS DEBTS, BE GENEROUS TO THOSE IN NEED, AND HELPFUL TO WORTHY OBJECTS. HE MAY WORK FOR PAY, BUT MUST NOT RECEIVE TIPS FOR COURTESIES OR GOOD TURNS. A SCOUT IS BRAVE HE HAS THE COURAGE TO FACE DANGER IN SPITE OF FEAR AND TO STAND UP FOR THE RIGHT AGAINST THE GROWINGS OF FRIENDS OR THE JEERS OR THREATS OF ENEMIES, AND DEFEAT DOES NOT DOWN HIM. A SCOUT IS CLEAN HE KEEPS CLEAN IN BODY AND THOUGHTS; STANDS FOR CLEAN SPEECH, CLEAN SPORT, CLEAN HABITS, AND TRAVELS WITH A CLEAN CROWD. A SCOUT IS REVERENT HE IS REVERENT TOWARD GOD. HE IS FAITHFUL IN HIS RELIGIOUS DUTIES, AND RESPECTS THE CONVICTIONS OF OTHERS IN MATTERS OF CUSTOM AND RELIGION. 	<p>SCOUT HISTORY</p> <p>QUALIFIED AS TENDERFOOT.....19... CABIN BOY.....19... SECOND CLASS SCOUT.....19... FIRST CLASS SCOUT.....19... SEA SCOUT.....19... ASST. PATROL LEADER.....19... PATROL LEADER.....19... SENIOR PATROL LEADER.....19... SCRIBE.....19... VETERAN SCOUT - 5 YEARS.....19... TRANSFERRED TO.....19...</p> <p>QUALIFIED FOR MERIT BADGES</p> <p>SUBJECT DATE</p> <p>FIRST AID..... PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT..... ATHLETICS..... PERSONAL HEALTH..... PUBLIC HEALTH..... LIFE SAVING..... PIONEERING.....</p> <p>STAR SCOUT.....LIFE SCOUT..... EAGLE SCOUT..... AWARDED HONOR MEDAL..... CERTIFICATE OF HEROISM.....</p> <p>RECEIPT FOR TROOP DUES PAID</p> <table border="1"> <tr> <td>JAN.</td> <td>FEB.</td> <td>MCH.</td> <td>APR.</td> <td>MAY</td> <td>JUNE</td> </tr> <tr> <td>JULY</td> <td>AUG.</td> <td>SEPT.</td> <td>OCT.</td> <td>NOV.</td> <td>DEC.</td> </tr> </table>	JAN.	FEB.	MCH.	APR.	MAY	JUNE	JULY	AUG.	SEPT.	OCT.	NOV.	DEC.	<p>THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT THE SCOUT NAMED ON THE FRONT OF THIS CERTIFICATE IS A MEMBER IN GOOD STANDING OF THE</p> <p>.....PATROL, TROOP NO. <u>112</u></p> <p>CITY OF <u>Leamington</u></p> <p>STATE OF <u>Utah</u></p> <p>HE IS ENTITLED TO PURCHASE THE OFFICIAL UNIFORM AND TO WEAR IT AND THE OFFICIAL INSIGNIA OF HIS RANK DURING THE PERIOD COVERED BY THIS CERTIFICATE.</p> <p>THIS CERTIFICATE IS SUBJECT TO CANCELLATION OR RECALL FOR CAUSE BY THE LOCAL SCOUT AUTHORITIES.</p> <p>HIS AGE <u>12</u> HEIGHT.....WEIGHT..... GIVEN ON THIS.....DAY OF..... 19<u>30</u></p> <p><u>Heber E. Sorenson</u> SCOUTMASTER</p> <p><u>A.A. Anderson</u> SCOUT EXECUTIVE</p> <p>I HEREBY ACCEPT THIS CERTIFICATE WITH ALL THE CONDITIONS STATED HEREON FOR ITS USE</p> <p>..... SCOUT'S SIGNATURE</p> <p>NOTICE THE SCOUT SHOULD CARRY THIS CERTIFICATE WITH HIM AT ALL TIMES. HE SHOULD SHOW IT TO THE OFFICIAL OUTFITTER WHEN PURCHASING HIS UNIFORM. HE SHOULD BE PREPARED TO SHOW IT WHENEVER CALLED UPON.</p>
JAN.	FEB.	MCH.	APR.	MAY	JUNE									
JULY	AUG.	SEPT.	OCT.	NOV.	DEC.									

has a few signatures. Heber E. Sorenson was the Scoutmaster of Leamington Troop 112. Mr. Sorenson signed this card when dad turned 12. His signature was counter-signed by A.A. Anderson who was the Scout Executive Commissioner, though we can't tell if he was a local or not. Oddly enough, Alvin never got around to affixing his signature, nor did he complete a single item on the list of requirements or advancements. That doubtless reflects his opinion of the bunch and perhaps that of his buddies. The fact is that their daily lives were filled with the types of activities that were preached and practiced by Baden-Powell so these farm kids apparently didn't get too excited about tying knots again, or doing something with a compass or horses. Whatever, I'm glad to see that dad was at least inducted. No dues were ever paid.

It's curious to see that Herbert Hoover was the Honorary President of the national organization and that Calvin Coolidge was the Honorary Vice-President. In this day and age, a public official who held office in the BSA would be roundly castigated. We have made such progress in this country that the BSA has become about as popular as the KKK, a sorry state of affairs. Recently, an eagle scout sued the BSA because it threw him out for not believing in god. What a moron.

Dad the Musician

Dad was a talented musician and played a surprising array of instruments: accordion, violin, guitar, banjo and harmonica. He's a little bit out of focus here but he'd probably admit to seeing the world that way most of his life. If you want to see a movie version of his life that is remarkably close to true, watch the biography of Woody Guthrie, "Bound for Glory." There are painfully true scenes in that movie. The most painful was the scene where the mother and her two children who have been abandoned, again, confronted Woody who had just returned from another trip. She lambasted him for deserting her and told him how it felt before she returned to Pampas, Texas. Mom returned to Naples, Utah, with her two children.

Dad also had a beautiful Tenor voice and sang in the Tabernacle Choir while he and mom lived in SLC. He was "Tenor 47" or some such number. His seat, as you face the organ, was at the base of the giant bass pipes on the left side of the choir. He'll tell you in a while where he got his love of music.

In the end, dad gave up on Utah for a couple of years and rode the rails as a hobo. By the time he was 20 years old, he had visited more than 30 states. After he had his fill of that life, he returned to Utah to work and that is when he met mom in Mercur while he was working in the Anaconda Smelter in Tooele.

Uncle Henry and the Sure-fire Bug Killer

Uncle Henry was Grandpa Jensen's brother and was a traveler of the world with a sense of humor. Dad told this story several times. Somewhere during his life as a kid, Uncle Henry told him about the sure-fire bug killer that he ordered through the U.S. mail. He had running battles with bugs and was willing to try new remedies to keep them out of his grub. One day as he was reading a newspaper he saw an ad for a new insect killer he'd never heard of. It said that for one dollar, which even included the postage, you



Figure 37 Alvin and Accordion

could get a device for killing bugs that was guaranteed to be 100% successful. Just send in your money and by return mail this bug killing device would be mailed out.

So Uncle Henry, who must have been in great need, sent in his dollar bill, not an insubstantial sum back in the 1920's even before the Depression. He anxiously waited, checking with the mail man every day to see if this miraculous device had come yet. Finally it arrived.

He anxiously took the small package home and opened it. Inside was a pair of 2-inch wide, circular blocks of wood, with one instruction: "Place bug on bottom block and smack with the other." 100% success. If you could get the bug on the block

The Marvelous Model T (Alvin)

My first car wreck was in a Model T long before driver's licenses were invented. When a kid was big enough to see over the dashboard by peeking through the steering wheel, and his legs were long enough to reach the pedals, he was old enough to drive. Privilege, therefore, was based on size. I was a good sized kid and so drove our Model T a year before the neighbor kid graduated from his bicycle.

Few Model T's were involved in fatal smashups because they never traveled at break-neck speeds. At first, I drove our Ford with the same casual attention I used when riding a horse. In my second year of driving I learned that a car when left on its own, unlike a horse, will not dodge a telephone pole. This lesson came into my life with a considerable shock.

In those days the road wasn't jammed with traffic so the few vehicles one had to pass were easily avoided. In doing this two vehicles moving in opposite directions simply managed to miss each other. In a collision of two Model T's their combined speeds probably added up to no more than 35 or 40 mph.

Tires, springs, and seats, in a T were hard, but it was so great to be sailing along faster than a horse and wagon that no one minded. As for safety, "Seat belts" were still nearly a half century away.



Figure 38 <http://www.ridgeroute.com/images/model-T.jpg>

The Model T was activated with a hand crank. The motor's willingness to begin firing was encouraged by manipulating two levers. These protruded, one on each side, from the steering column up next to the steering wheel. Modern cars have similar appearing levers today but they control lights, windshield wiper, and turn signals. In the Model T the right lever controlled the gas (the throttle) and the left controlled the spark.

The spark lever controlled the time a spark from the magneto hit a spark plug. If this lever was set too far ahead the spark would reach a sparkplug too soon; before the piston reached its full up-stroke in the cylinder, firing that cylinder prematurely. When this happened the crank, attached by a mechanical device called a "human arm", would instantly reverse its circular motion and kick the piston violently back down the cylinder. This foul turn of events sometimes resulted in a broken arm. It always resulted in extremely bad language. That is how I first learned that strong language consisted of more than just "heck", "shucks", and "darn".

If the spark lever was set too low it would fire after the piston had reached the apex of its stroke and was on its way back down the cylinder. Nothing violent happened, but the cranker might yell, if someone was behind the wheel, "Giv'er a little more spark".

He then paid particular attention to the crank. Pushing it slowly around until it came up against a load of compressed gas and air in a cylinder. When the crank handle was about at two o'clock he stepped carefully up on the crank with one foot, and with one hand on the radiator to steady him, he pulled all of his body above the crank, gritted his teeth and like a mule viciously kicked the crank down. The engine usually started. It was a satisfying thing to do. Having first been kicked by the wretched thing, I always felt good after starting a Ford this way. It was safe too. Noone ever broke his arm using his foot.

The Model T transmission was an ingenious mechanical affair, dreamed up by Henry Ford. It used no gears. When he was designing it engineers stoutly maintained it wouldn't, it couldn't work. But it did, and was more economical to build than a transmission full of gears. Three drums, with arresting bands, were contained in a cast iron housing; three pedals presented themselves above the floorboards.

The left pedal--low range; middle pedal--reverse, and right pedal--brake. When the left pedal was depressed, a band grabbed a drum stopping it, and the car began to move forward. The gas lever was then advanced and the car accelerated. When the accompanying noise reached a certain pitch (learned by experience) a lever beside the drivers left leg would be released and thrown forward, the left foot was taken off the pedal, and the vehicle was in "high".

When the driver wished to stop, the gas lever was retarded (pushed

up), the "high" lever was pulled back and foot pressure applied to the right foot pedal, the brake. A second band then grabbed its drum and the entire pile of wood and metal came to a stop. It was a gentle process. Noone was ever thrown smashing through the non-safety glass windshield by too quick of a stop. However, constant pressure was necessary on the brake pedal to eventually bring the contraption to a complete halt. That tall lever left of the first pedal, pulled severely back, was the "emergency brake" and was always set when parking.

The middle pedal was reverse. It grabbed the middle drum in the transmission causing the vehicle to travel backward. Because no gears were involved, this pedal could be used as a brake if the brake band was too loose.

The reverse pedal was used sometimes to go UP a hill. The gas tank was under the front seat. To measure how much gas you had, the car was parked on the level; the front seat moved, the gas cap unscrewed, and after wiping it clean, a wooden gage (like part of a yardstick) was dipped in the gas. Pulling the gage out you looked for the series of marks made for a Model T and it would tell you how many gallons you had. You could always tell exactly how much was there; none of this guessing how many miles you could go when the needle began to lean on the empty peg.

Gas found its way to the carburetor by gravity. If gas in the tank was low, and a hill was too steep for gas to run from tank to carburetor, the car was turned around and backed up the hill. This switch made the tank higher than the carburetor. Also, if the forward, or "low" drum was worn and didn't have enough power to pull the car up a hill, the reverse drum, having a higher engine-to-drum ratio, did. The car was again turned around and backed up the hill.

But I was young and I drove, blissfully unaware of the Model T's marvelous mechanical complexity. I was also heavy enough to stand on the crank handle and kick it down, to avoid having my arm broken. But one day something else was broken.

Coming home from the postoffice, one warm day in June, my attention was caught by some very strange haystacks. I had never seen such shapes in North America. A farmer had piled hay around several posts. They looked like hay stacks I saw in geography somewhere Switzerland.

In our valley, farmers always piled hay in huge bread-loaf shaped stacks. Always fascinated by unusual things, I kept my eyes glued to the spindly stacks until, crash, I found myself and the car wrapped around a telephone pole.

Telephone poles along that road, I hasten to say, were at the very edge of the gravel, not set back a prudent space to allow people to gawk around on their trip. I surveyed the damage:

The windshield was broken (no safety glass in those days); the radius

rod was badly bent, the right fender, though made out of plate steel was bent, and, this is the part I liked--the telephone pole was sheared off near the ground. Serves the phone company right. Still, I'll tell you, I was plenty mad at the phone company putting their pole in my way. However, all I could do after looking under the wreck, was kick a tire or two and head out over the sand hills for home. Once over the first hill memory of the wreck seeped completely out of my mind. At home I applied myself to hobbies, none of which were on Dad's To Do list for the day. He worked on the railroad section gang and learned about the mishap in the worst possible way.

It was a small town and everyone put forth a special effort to tell everyone they saw all about everyone else's business. That day the gossips had a field day. At 5 o'clock the section gang quit and Dad had scarcely made it down off the engine ramp before people were lined up to ask him about how many people were killed in the wreck. "What wreck?" he said. "Well," they said, "Your car is all smashed up around a telephone pole down by Spence Nielson's, glass all over the road." The blood had no doubt all dried up or soaked into the gravel so it couldn't be seen. "Egad", dad said, "The kid!".

Well, Dad took off on a run and long before he reached the car he could see it with the rear end all skewed out, crooked like, into the road. Rightly, he guessed I had been driving and as he only had one boy he was greatly concerned about my welfare. He cut across the fields and sand hills, vaulting over fences, jumping ditches, reaching home all out of breath. He found me asleep in a deep irrigation ditch I was supposed to be shoveling the grass out of. He didn't wake me and he didn't say anything about the wreck later on. I think he was too easy on me. He should at least have knocked me around a bit.

I don't remember how he got the Ford home but I remember it being driven for a number of years after that with the right fender roughly banged out to imitate its original shape, and the windshield patched up to hold back most of the wind.

Eventually Uncle Chris, mother's brother, died and willed his Model A Ford to her. It was still being driven when I left home at 17 to see the world. I never went back.

The Town Marshal's Chevy or The One Ton Black Bat Affair

One evening, early in the spring, Lee Williams and I decided to go to Lynndyl, five miles away, to play some pool in Curley Mittan's pool hall. We went in Lee's dad's (the town Marshall) old Chevrolet coupe, a one seater.

The top was folded down so it was thrilling to split the breeze at 30 mph with the wind ripping at our hair and faces (we would later regret this break-neck speed.) It was long before state auto inspections. If it would move it was driven with, or without, any of the auxiliary systems. This chevy had headlights stabbing the inky blackness of a moonless night with all of 12 candlepower. Spiders had been living in the brake drums for years, being the quiet places they were. The only thing that happened inside the drums was that the turning wheels wound the cobwebs up tighter, making better bug traps.

I had never played pool before so I looked forward to this new adventure with such great excitement that my toenails got hot. At first I thought the manifold was leaking heat back through the firewall, but upon feeling my shoes I found the front end warm and shoe polish came off on my fingers.

We were sailing along, as I said, at break-neck speed. At one point in the route the gravel grade went down a little hill, and crossed an old meander of the Sevier river, still filled with swamp water. At the bottom of the hill, disaster struck in the form of five big cows lying in the middle of the road. A supine cow does not spring into action like a frog so undesirable events quickly developed.

Our 12 watt headlights were so dim we didn't see those enormous piles of hamburger-in-bed until we were about fifteen feet from them. Lee stomped on the useless foot brake twice before we smashed into the first big pile of unground meat. It was just beginning to get up onto its running gear so the car didn't run over it, the car ran INTO IT. It was actually a rather soft impact as live meat has no metal in it and the chevy was traveling at considerably less than a Mach I speed. Still, as I said, serious consequences did occur.

I don't remember the accompanying noise as the critter came up over the radiator--flattening it back over the top of the motor, mashing down every spark plug --and then on back to flatten the windshield and shower glass over us. We were instantly showered with it as broken glass slashed the meat bag open to soak us with what seemed like ten gallons of pulsating life-blood.

By then the car was hanging over the edge of the grade. It had tipped precariously to the right, threatening to dump us over into the slime infested

horrors of the swamp. The night was black; the meat bag had wiped out our pitiful headlights, so it was as though we had been pitched into a bottomless chasm. With out a single bellow of bovine distress, or other formalities our supercargo slid off the right side. The impact had apparently accomplished a merciful, instant kill.

I was covered with blood, on my face, chest, arms, hands and in my hair. Lee moaned, apparently suffering some kind of post-collision shock.

"I've got blood all over me", he gasped.

I even had blood on my lips and automatically licked it off. It wasn't your garden variety of smooth blood. It had little woody things in it, like ground up stems. I chewed some of these bits with my incisors, or tried to. They were very tough.

"What's the blood on you like?"

"It's kinda funny", Lee replied, "Not sticky like."

As my wits slowly kicked in, I smelled my hands and tasted a finger. "Know what?" These critturs have been feeding on juicy Russian thistle".

Lee answered, "Gack, choke, some of it. I think I swallowed some of it. If it wasn't so dark I'll bet it would be green."

We finally managed to wiggle and squeeze out of the seat. Finding a big rag under the seat, we wiped the "blood" off as best we could. Since we were headed for Curley's pool hall we naturally started off again on foot in that direction. We had stumbled along in the stygian blackness for about half a mile when a car came along headed in our direction. They naturally stopped, suffering from unquenchable human curiosity.

"That your wreck back there?" and then someone called with classical human stupidity~ "What happened?"

This is a favorite phrase humans use when they come across an obvious disaster. They saw cows, maybe a dead one, and the smashed up car, and were unable to figure out that the car had run into the cow. I said:

"Ya know, s'funny. We were traveling along when this big thing, looking like a one-ton bat, fell out of the sky on top of us, wrecking the car". Dead silence for awhile, then, "Git in." We got in, hoping they wouldn't see the green blood. They dropped us off at Curley's pool hall in Lynndyl.

True to form, the next car along was going toward Leamington. Now this was a quiet rural area so anything out of the ordinary excites great interest. People in that car had stopped and looking at our car said, "That's the marshal's car", and of course, "I wonder what happened?" Then they hurried on to Leamington, grabbing the first phone they could find to call the Marshal, hoping they would be the first to break the bad news to him.

"Enybody killed in the wreck? Looked re-e-l bad."

"What wreck", the Marshal gasped.

In the next half-hour he received three more call, which naturally built

his interest up to a wild frenzy. He organized a group of citizens and they sallied forth with ropes and pitchforks to drag the swamp for our pitiful, smashed up bodies.

After a bit of preliminary raking and poking around in the edge of the swamp by dim flashlight, most of which had nearly-run down batteries, someone had a bright idea: "How about I go to Lynndyl to see if the kids are there". And so it ended. Everyone piled into their cars and headed for Lynndyl.

Lee and I were calmly shooting pool in Curley's pool hall when an agitated group of citizens, headed by the Marshall, burst through the pool hall's screen door. They looked at us: we looked at them: thus ending the one ton black bat affair.

I don't remember how I got back to Leamington, but I do remember the old chevy, with its radiator smashed back over the broken spark plugs, setting beside an old shed at the Marshal's place for many years. Ah, those wonderful boyhood memories. For all I know, it may still be there.

Jim and Lee chicken boil - Leamington Crime in the Depression

This title shows up in dad's table of contents as having been written but I couldn't find it. The meaning is clear however. Lee and dad obviously helped them selves to someone else's chicken. The item also refers to "Meacham's bees" so there is probably more to the story than one deceased chicken. He and Lee seemed to have participated in a variety of on-the-edge schemes.

Horses

I felt like I had eaten part of someone after a recent encounter with a horse steak in the lunch room at the Harvard Faculty Club. This left me with a guilt complex that demanded some soul-searching. The event began as a dare. Horse steak? Sure!

While waiting for our order in the Club my friends and I chatted in a pseudo-casual manner creating the illusion that horse steak was as common to us as sauerkraut and wieners. Within our minds we were as apprehensive as anyone ever was when approaching a new experiment in food. So well did I effect the casual air that I even surprised myself by suddenly yawning. Underneath it all, however, I had the strange feeling that I was about to do something wrong, but in spite of this feeling everything went well. The steak tasted great.

I thanked my host and bent myself homeward but couldn't get over a vague feeling of guilt. As I walked a realization slowly emerged? I had eaten part of someone. Yes, that was it. Perhaps I had. Eaten part of someone's mother, or worse still, their sweetheart. I began to sweep things out of the shadows of memory into the middle of my conscious mind and found horses,- horses, and more horses. My mind focused on one compelling reality. When I was a boy horses dominated my life. Not the fillies at the race track, circus horses, nor romantic cow-ponies, but just plain, plodding work horses, all lacking the social graces. There were dullards, faithful hard workers, an occasional rogue, and some rather intelligent actors. Whatever my birthplace in the small Utah village of Leamington lacked in diversionary activities was somehow compensated for by the presence of horses. In those days, before tractors were the source of power on small farms, horses were afflicted on all small boys. Horses meant work, and sometimes injury and pain.

I was a World War I baby, born on the last fringe of a supposedly romantic era when man earned his bread by sweat, muscle, and blood—his and that of horses. The term "power brake" didn't exist but a wide range of swear words did, and were used in connection with horses. In that part of the west we knew nothing about mules and the alleged mule-skinners language—we didn't need to. Work horse cussin' was a highly developed verbal art. It was every boys fundamental course in bad language which emphasized invectives. We learned it from our Dads, brothers and neighbors, and even exercised considerable freedom in developing exclamations of our own when the inability of a work horse to read our minds ripped down the thin veil of patience.

I can think of almost no stressful experience in my formative years that did not have at least one horse in the middle of it. I was bitten, stomped on,

kicked, and strung out in runaways—all inflicted on me by horses. They provided me with a chance to witness, as well as experience, all the emotions of suffering and joy that boil over in the human soul. Success, defeat, happiness, fear, pain, anger, disgust and even pity, were all the result of encounters with horses.

Dobbin and Me in the Manger

One of my first recollections of horses was an experience of pain. But pain wasn't all I felt. I learned a lesson in manners as well, but I knew fear and revenge with an intensity I've never forgotten.

Father owned a pair of medium sized Roans which were able to do all the work on our small farm. From Hambiltonian stock, they were brother and sister, "Dobbin", and "Gen" respectively. I was too young to remember their mother "Doll", but according to father and neighbors she was the smartest horse known thereabouts. Her daughter, Gen, inherited a good deal of this intelligence, as we shall see a bit later on. My first experience was with Dobbin.

The winter's supply of alfalfa hay was stacked in a "stackyard" with corrals for hay-eating animals built around it. Mangers for feeding the hay were part of corrals along two sides of the stackyard. Horses, cows, and calves each had their own manger.

When the horses were not working during the winter they were put on standby rations consisting of coarse alfalfa stalks and stems which the cows wouldn't eat. The cows were fed fresh fragrant hay twice a day. Before each feeding several forkfulls of leafless stems and stalks were tossed over in front of the horses.

The cows, stupid, gentle creatures that they were, didn't realize we ran the hay through them just to make milk, which they faithfully did. As a kid I wondered if, due to some form of cow vanity, they nursed the idea that we were pleased with them because of their grace and beauty, and that this illusion made them fussy eaters. They continually tossed the hay over and over with their broad muzzles to get at the most tender morsels leaving a coarse remainder, saturated with juicy bovine belches, for the horses. I watched the horses behavior and always felt they were no less than insulted by this arrangement. They would sniff disdainfully at the first forkful of barren stalks to arrive, testing it gingerly with upswept nudges of their muscular upper lips. Then while staring imploringly at the feeder, a coaxing nicker would rumble deep within their chests, as if to say: "Please, don't expect us to eat this junk? Remember how hard we worked for you in the hot sun last summer? Remember our noble heritage? We deserve better

treatment. We'll throw up if you feed us cow belches". But all they got was an offering of coarse stalks flavored with bovine drool.

They would first nibble dejectedly around the outer margins of the pile, searching for less contaminated morsels. Eventually after a careful process of picking, nuzzling, and nibbling, the rearranged stalks and stems resembled a large pile of jack straws. The coarseness and amount of this remainder was in direct proportion to the amount of time they were forced to spend sorting it over before they received the next unwelcome offering. In spite of their apparent humility when being fed I believe their pleading-display was underlain by a deep seated hostility toward humans for such shabby treatment. And I had the bad luck to find this out.

When I was six years old I was given the job of opening the corral gate each forenoon so the cows could get out to drink from the irrigation canal. The horses could go anytime they wished. One morning, which has remained bright in my mind for over a half century, I ran afoul of Old Dobbin's hostility.

The cow's apartment was a horrible, stinky mess that even chickens wouldn't cross, so to get to the cow corral gate I chose to reach it through the horse manger. Old Dobbin was shouldered up to the end of his manger nearest the cows. This was his by right of size, disposition and seniority. Apparently it seemed to be the best place. It was as near as he could get to the fresh hay thrown to the cows.

Carefree and happy, one day I slid confidently over the smooth pole along the top edge of the manger and down into its highly polished depths. I expected Old Dobbin to retreat from my presence. After all I was a human and he was only a horse. About a foot from his lowered head I clucked a couple of times and waited expectantly. He merely tossed his head defiantly, and with a surly look proceeded to chew on a mouthful of stiff alfalfa stalks.

I was well aware that his look of defiant contempt and slightly back-cast ears warned me to be careful. Alas, the sight of a handful of long wiggling stems slowly disappearing between his thick rubbery lips, like they were being drawn in by a machine, fascinated me. I reacted as any small, red-blooded boy would have done. I impulsively reached up, grabbed a handful of stems and gave them a vigorous yank. He must have anticipated my action because he clamped down on the straws with his big incisor teeth and nothing moved.

Instantly I realized I was in big trouble for his eyes gleamed with satanic delight as his ears laid back out of sight along his neck and his mouth dropped the sticks and reached for me.

Terrified I turned, reaching desperately for the upper edge of the manger. It was impossible to get a toehold on the highly polished manger

wood. I knew my doom was sealed. In serious combat a horse can inflict deep wounds on an adversary with his sharp incisor teeth. Dobbin used his.

Grabbing a mouthful of shirt, hide, meat, and bones on my right shoulder he lifted me off the manger floor, dangled me a moment then dropped me onto the pile of stiff straws. I reacted again as any small boy would, just having been bitten by a mean horse. I screamed with all my might. I thought he was going to eat me. Dobbin was probably surprised that a little nip could release such a terrible racket. My prolonged outcry of great intensity brought mother flying out to my rescue. I'll carry the shoulder scar to my grave.

That night as I lay on my good shoulder in bed I could hear the subdued conversation of my parents in the next room. The discussion finally climaxed with a resolute affirmation by father: "...It's the only thing we can do". I knew they were talking about Old Dobbin and me. It sounded like they were going to shoot one of us, and because Dobbin was a very necessary power source on the farm, I wasn't sure which one of us it would be. But things worked out to my advantage.

A week later an itinerant horse trader came by and Old Dobbin went off down the lane among a dusty band horses with scarcely a backward glance. I have always thought biting me relieved a bitter resentment he felt because the cows got the best hay. I also realized that showing a little courtesy and respect for his rights would have spared me some pain.

Gen the Busybody in the Stackyard

From this time on horses dominated my life. Gen, the mare, was with us for many years. I learned many things because of her but she learned little useful from me. When I rode her without a saddle she made my ride as miserable and uncomfortable as she possibly could.

She had a terribly awkward, jolting gait, designed I'm sure, to shake my kidneys down into my back pockets. She had a large round belly and banged along on stiff legs in the most ungraceful, disjuncting gallop imaginable. I don't know how she managed to bound along in such a misaligned, half sideways manner. Her front and rear feet seemed to run on different tracks instead of the rear following the front. I always felt she did this sideways trick to infuriate me, and it did. I would whip her with the reins and kick her in the belly but this instantly turned her legs into rigid shafts, making her jumps even more jolting and maddening. I could feel my guts being slammed around inside me. How I hated her for this, but she had other tricks contrived to harass me, and sometimes even endanger my life.

One speciality was the sudden side-jump while going at a full gallop. A jackrabbit exploding from a trail side bush was good for at least a four foot offset, with her head thrown up so high I knocked my chin on the crown of her head. It was many years before my chipped incisor teeth wore smooth. She worked at maintaining her half of a hostile relationship, with an automatic response to even the slightest threat of violence from me. Justified violence, of course, made necessary by her ornery ways. One of these automatic responses was a furious display I'll call the "rip-plunge-and-tear", during which she rolled her eyes and seemed to go a little mad.

For this performance she perfected a frustrating trick of rearing back against a tie rope when I approached her in an agitated manner or shouted at her (stupid kid). On these occasions, correctly perceiving the possibility of a swift kick in the gut, she lunged backward into a wild escape procedure. And once she began rearing back she would continue to jerk her head around in a frantic manner, while throwing her body weight back against the rope until it broke or the hitching post was ripped from the ground. I'm sure I taught her this behavior. Sometimes this happened when I had her tied up in some remote mountain location where I had gone to hunt fossils. She would break loose and head for home leaving me to walk many weary miles, heaping a thousand curses on her miserable head every step of the way.

As an alternate to tearing loose in my presence, she would use her incisor teeth to untie the rope and head for home. More than once I returned from a long weary climb to find stink-bugs making tracks in the sand where she was supposed to be standing. Again there was the heaping of curses on her head as I stumbled home. I became so exhausted from walking and devising tortures to be inflicted on her wretched hide that when I got home long after dark she was forgotten. As time went on her cleverness knew no bounds as she began to exhibit some of her illustrious mother's tricks.

When she needed to relieve herself she would go to the corner of the corral where we piled the manure, turn around, back up to the pile, and leave her offering. One of her more clever acts was triggered when she suspected she was about to be roped and put to work. At such a time she staged a circus act.

When she saw Dad or I stop at the harness shed for a rope she would feign a bad limp and hobble pathetically across the horse yard, over the canal bridge, and struggle up a short hill to the far corner of the enclosure. There she would wait in a very alert stance, and I approached her in an equally alert manner. She would make several short jumps, one way then the other, each time being headed off with a matching jump by me as I closed in.

She submitted to the rope, but it seemed to me that she did so with condescension, while studying the event, trying to figure out a better way to

elude me next time. This trick never kept her from being caught and used, but she never stopped trying with the same old pathetic act. She had other tricks, some of which occasionally paid her great rewards.

A restless busybody, she maintained a 24 hour schedule of patrolling every gate around her corralled area. She carefully checked each gate to see if it had been left without double security. She seemed obsessed with a desire to outwit us. If a gate wasn't double secured she opened it.

Wire gates look like a piece of wire fence, free on one end. This loose end is fastened in place by two systems, each with a snubbing post at the free end. One system simply used two wire loops, one fixed around the gate post near the ground, and the other around the gatepost a little less than the height of the snubbing post. To close this type of gate the lower end of the snubbing post is first dropped in the lower loop, then the snubbing post is pulled parallel to the gate post and the top loop dropped over the upper end of the snubbing post. This pulls the wires tight and makes a good gate.

The second system uses the fixed bottom loop, but at the top a two foot long stick is fastened by one end to the gate post with a piece of wire about a foot long. The loose end of this anchored stick is passed around the upper end of the snubbing post and drawn back to the gate post and secured by a small wire loop. The stick acts as an effective lever, drawing the wires very tight.

On the first system Gen used her chin to alternately pull in at the snubbing post, then push up on the wire loop with her nose. With endless patience she could worry such a gate open and head for forbidden pastures. To double secure this type of gate we tied down the top loop with a separate piece of wire.

On the second system she probably smelled where we always placed our hands and turned her attention to the lever stick. Using her muscular upper lip she would alternately nudge the lever stick in, then push on the wire loop holding the stick in place. Occasionally she could open one of these gates if we failed to double secure it. A third type of gate baffled her for a long time. This was the board gate with a sliding wooden bar.

The harness shed had one of these wooden gates. To lock this gate we had to reach over the gate and slide the wooden bar into a hole in the gate-post, but opening it was tricky. It was necessary to LIFT the wooden bar first before it would slide out of the gate-post hole.

Dad thought it unnecessary to double secure this gate because it appeared too complex for a horse with only one nose. But a special treat waited for Gen if she solved the puzzle.

One end of the harness shed opened to the north side of the haystack which could provide her with an endless feast of hay, unblemished by bovine breath, if she could open the gate. One night she succeeded and after

opening it and going through the shed, she turned around and closed the gate with her chin keeping her companion out while she feasted. She did this for several nights—going out through the harness shed and closing the gate behind her when morning came.

Since we hadn't used the shed during that time her clever trick wasn't discovered. But during one night of gluttony she forgot herself and left a conspicuous pile of evidence. That morning when Dad went out to feed the cows he noticed some fresh green areas along the weathered side of the stack, which had faded to a light tan color. It looked like an animal had been feeding there. Then he saw a group of happy sparrows busy on a fresh pile of damning evidence.

He tried the harness shed gate and found it closed but unlatched. He then recalled that on the previous three mornings Gen wasn't the least bit interested in the cow's leftovers but stood some distance away from the manger looking off into space while Dobbin was in his usual place eagerly begging for something better than the wretched, contaminated stubbles. I didn't dislike Dobbin. I wasn't old enough to ride him before he bit me.

We didn't own a saddle so all my riding as a small boy was done bareback. This provided me with a number of unwanted thrills and spills not available to those having something to hold on to.

I don't believe Gen was really skittish. I think she played the part as an excuse to dump me at the slightest excuse. When my legs grew longer I could partially clamp them around her fat belly by pushing my toes into the indentations behind her front legs. I was clamped onto her like a pair of calipers and rode this way in rough country.

Our farm included a rambling set of sand hills that topped out onto uninteresting clay flats. The miserable Russian Thistle had not yet spread its thorny plague across the country so barefoot rabbit hunting among the sand hills was a delightful pastime. Also there were things to investigate.

The Utah Juniper, locally called a "Cedar" tree, dotted the sagebrush covered hills and harbored many a surprise thrill. My range included about a half dozen large thorny-stick nests in these trees. The nests served the needs of several species of large birds. More than once I was startled when a Great Horned Owl suddenly, silently, slid out of the depths of an old cedar's thick, dark green foliage. Very visible was the vigilant hawk, clipped to the highest twig on another tree critically monitoring the hot summer landscape with its incredible eyesight.

Old Dan Arrives

Soon after the departure of Dobbin with the horse trader, we acquired

old Dan. His former owners, the Talbots, wanted him to be owned by someone who would treat him kindly. Father was a gentle man so the Talbots gave the horse to him.

Dan was old and came from some unknown, choice lineage. He was long-legged and built more like a race horse than the standard, broad rumped work variety. In spite of his age he shared the farm work with Gen and was a submissive creature, never provoked to rash acts. He had a noble quality about him that I greatly admired. Gen immediately asserted herself as the boss and took the best of everything. She now stood at the end of the manger nearest the cows. If it ever appeared to her that Dan had been given the best of the stubble she would lay back her ears, swing her head toward Dan in a threatening manner and he always obliged by patiently moving out of her way. She delighted in bossing him as much as she detested being ruled by Dobbin.

Dan had one remarkable ability: when matched with another horse he could instantly start off on a dead run as if he was shot out of a gun. He understood the racing start so well I was sure he had been at the post. He couldn't run any great distance because of his age but he could outstart every horse in the neighborhood. I was justly proud of him.

He had a long stride and smooth gallop so infinitely superior to Gen's that it always infuriated me to get back on her and have her bound along in her stiff-legged, spine shattering lope. I would roughly jerk her to a stop, cussing her out roundly and start her over again. This was the worst possible thing I could do for then she knew I was at her mercy and took fiendish delight in actually jumping along in a much stiffer gait than before—adding more side-drift from the stern. I was too exasperated to do anything to improve her in anyway way. (It never occurred to me that I may have been a poor teacher)

Leamington is distributed along a small valley at the mouth of a canyon. The Sevier River and the Union Pacific Railroad emerge from the canyon and in a general way follow each other out across the great Pahvant Valley of middle Utah. Since it was about a half hour, by horseback, to the mountains I rode into them frequently looking for fossils. I usually rode Gen because she was younger and stronger than Dan. Gen was never unwilling to go but I knew she felt doing so was a gross imposition on her busy schedule. If I was not very careful in tying her rope when I left her to climb a mountain she would promptly untie it and head back home, with a big grin on her face, I'm sure.

For years during my teens, in good weather, I spent at least part of each weekend collecting fossils in the mountains. Father was an amateur naturalist and provided me many chances to develop my interests in natural history. I had four sisters and no brothers. Our house was small so father

gave me a one room building a short distance from the house where I slept, invented things, studied guitar, did taxidermy, and kept all my collections. These collections included bird eggs and some nests, various stringed instruments, many invertebrate fossils, many Indian relics collected by me, my stuffed birds, a few animal skins, my experiments with dry cell electricity, my art work, and a vast number of miscellaneous treasures. But I did do some things with a friend just for fun.

The Wild Stallion

Darryl Moulton and I made occasional trips into the mountains to hunt wild horses. These trips were exciting adventures and though we always returned empty handed we were always well paid by the thrills of the chase. Wild horses in that area were smaller than domestic ones but were well proportioned and excellent travelers in rough country. When caught and "broke" they made excellent mounts for mountain travel. They were said to be descendants of ancient Spanish stock that spread over the country after Columbus. I doubt this, but they fascinated us.

I remember one magnificent, comparatively large, sorrel stallion. He was in charge, and the protector of, a small band of mares and colts, but occasionally we did sight him alone. His bright coat made him conspicuous among the dark green cedars or out in the dusty-green sagebrush flats. He was wise and aggressive making him a clever opponent in our game of chase so it was him we always sought. We did encounter him at close range a few times but usually saw him on a ridge above us, silhouetted against the sky, or in a saddle between two peaks waiting and watching. When he did run it was with his neck arched and his long mane and tail flowing out behind. He was a thrilling sight.

In a few strategic locations near the mountains stockmen had built blind trap-corrals in the dense cedars. These were used to catch wary range animals, horses and cows. Drift fences ran for some distance out in the dense cedars from either side of the trap gate. Riders could crowd animals against one of these fences and press them hard until they suddenly found themselves in a circular corral with excited pursuers eagerly shoving home poles closing the opening. The surrounding fence was usually more than six feet high.

Once we came upon the sorrel stallion in just the right location as he was coming up from the river. By riding hard onto him we shoved him into one of these hidden traps. What happened next, I shall never forget. It was one of those rare moments of life-in-the-wild when a human is allowed to witness the thunder gods scream down from on high to invigorate a

freedom loving animal with the energy of an exploding bomb.

Never in my life have I seen such agitated fury. We feverishly jammed the poles across the entrance, shutting off his retreat and even reinforced the poles with two large cedar posts. The stallion was like a wild-cat in a pen full of dogs. So intense was his love of freedom and so boundless was his determination to regain it that he dashed around the corral like an insane demon.

Our lathered mounts panted wearily, showing no sign of triumph over their wild brother, as he was dashing madly around in circles developing an ever increasing hysteria. So sublime was his passion to escape and so awesome and spectacular was his muscular display that a cold wave of doubt and regret swept over me. What could we possibly do with such an untamable fury? And why did we presume to tangle with wild lightning?

My doubts and regrets were soon dispelled. With one demoniacal scream of rage he flew directly across the corral and in one supreme effort cast himself high upon the six foot fence. It held, but with legs a thrash he literally clawed himself up and over the crest pole to land outside on his right shoulder. My partner gave a loud gasp. In a moment the stallion sprang to his feet, defiantly shook his head, and after swinging around in a semicircle with mane and arched tail flowing in the wind, bounded off into the dense cedars and freedom.

What a marvelous, fantastic creature! We both heaved a great sigh of relief and admiration. It was such an emotional moment we didn't know whether to laugh or cry. It was truly one of the most dramatic events I ever witnessed. Since then, during more than a half century of experience on four continents, I have never seen anything to equal it.

The Shepherd and the Wildcat

On one of our trips into the mountains Darryl and I ran into a large herd of sheep. We found the sheep herders camp-wagon situated on high ground for the best view of the grazing herd. We decided to visit him in hopes of being fed some mutton stew. It was late in the day and at our age we were always hungry.

The shepherd was at his camp and gave us a hearty welcome, saying we were just in time as he was about to set down to supper. What good luck! He dug around in a bin full of miscellaneous objects and came up with two tin plates. Wiping the dust off with his sleeve he set them out for us. Swallowing hard we crowded up around his tiny, knee-high table and fell to.

The stew was delicious and we each had two helpings, and while we ate

we couldn't help but notice that the sheepherder had three parallel scars down the left side of his face. It looked like he had been run past the tie cutter on a threshing machine.

Noticing our curiosity he said he'd been clawed by a wild cat and this was his story: His two dogs were creating a terrible racket one evening after cornering a wild animal in a clump of sagebrush nearby. Going out to investigate he saw them jumping at something in the sagebrush but couldn't tell what kind of critter it was. Moving in closer he saw it was a big wildcat. At the same time the wildcat saw him and decided he was a better tree than the sagebrush. It leaped out of the brush and onto him. It climbed up his body, knocking his hat off to perch on top of his head.

Then the dogs, having "treed" the cat, set up a great howl and began jumping up and clawing him to get at the cat. He said he turned around a time or two to get shed of the cat but it was well dug in and hung fast. Then he lost his balance and fell over backward, with the two dogs and the wildcat fighting on top of him. Fortunately the wildcat soon left for higher ground with the dogs in full pursuit. We then noticed a slit in the top of his right ear and some light scars on his right temple.

We finished the stew and thanked him. He got up, and gathering up the three plates stepped outside and set them up in a row, leaning against the front end of the wagon tongue like in a shooting gallery. The dogs came running and quickly licked the plates clean. "Beats washin' 'em", the sheepherder said with a wink. Darryl and I looked at each other and gulped, but managed to keep a tight cork on our stomachs. We talked about it on the way home and wondered if we would break out in some dog disease.

Gen the Runaway Mare

I was an unwilling victim in several "runaways" conducted by Gen. When she was hitched to any piece of farm machinery, and something unusual happened, such as a loud noise, or a sudden movement near by, her standing rule was to run, run as fast as she could, run through the tomatoes and rutabagas, run through weed patches and piles of old tree limbs, run, run, run through barbed wire fences, run through netwire fences, run through pole fences, run, run until she, and everything connected with her, smashed into a 100 foot high wall, or its equivalent. Dan was a follower, and since she had the personality of a shrew he had to run with her to please her. Together they stampeded me through some wild smashups.

In those days, and in that region, a "runaway" was also called a "string-out", and meant just that. Pieces of farm equipment, kids, dogs, wagon wheels, water barrels, chickens, ducks, geese, straw stacks, and

maybe a pigpen, would be strung out the full length of the homestead. With everyone present running after the departing circus, yelling, stumbling, cursing, praying, hoping that at least the kid wouldn't be torn limb from limb. On our farm it was always Gen that started such events.

Gen had one infuriating habit which launched more than one runaway. She persisted in practicing this trick at regular intervals every time she was hooked to a wagon. She would duck her head below the neck yoke and pull her head back up, rubbing the crown of her bridle up against the yoke in a manner designed to pull the bridle off. She occasionally succeeded when the throat latch wasn't fastened or was too loose.

One grand runaway developed when this happened in our east field one day, higher than the middle field, where Dad and I were loading up the haywagon. Dad pitched the hay up, while I tromped it down and drove the team. I moved them forward as needed, progressing from one pile of hay to the next. Everything went well except that Gen was unusually impatient. Every ten or fifteen minutes she would jerk the neck yoke up with her head, and then it happened.

She ducked her head, raking the top of it up against the neck yoke as it came back up, and off came her bridle. This made it impossible to control her. When I saw her bridle drop off I yelled "Whoa!" in the terrified screech of a nine year old. This activated both animals like a starting gun. Gen leaned into her collar, Dan joined her and down we came off the high field. I was yelling, "Whoa! Whoa!", with the team responding as if hit with a bullwhip. The wagon was only a quarter full providing little drag to their acceleration as they put forth a tremendous effort. I guess old Dan fantasized he was once again on the racetrack.

Down we swept across the head of the garden, through the top of the melon patch. Smashed up chunks of half ripe melons exploded in all directions. Dad in frantic pursuit ran through a soggy hail of pink pulp, while on went the melon express. It lunged up a short pitch, wheeling precariously into a sharp left turn through a gate, which it barely missed - hen with the wheels flinging dry clods like a slingshot, smashing glass in the washhouse window, and splattering the surface of water in the trough, we headed for the stackyard where we always stopped to unload. We didn't stop this time but roared on by, out across the canal bridge and up the short hill, following our usual turnaround pattern.

The outside wheels slashed deep furrows in the sand as we careened around the circle and headed back down towards the bridge. The team had walked the route many times and so automatically followed the tracks. As we neared the bridge we made a sharp right turn with gouging outside wheels spraying an elegant sand-fan across purple stinkweeds. Bounding over the bridge we headed back in the opposite direction from which we

came. It looked like we would pass the hay pole and watering trough, go down the steep pitch and back up to the east field where we would turn around and come back down the slope, across the end of the garden, forever making a big circle. But something intervened to change our course: one determined Dad.

He was hidden in the harness shed and when we came even with it he made a flying tackle against Gen's head with such force that she and Dan were thrown around at right angles to our course, heading us up toward some giant silver maple trees planted by grandfather Jensen fifty years earlier. (Oh, thank you grandpa!)

Dad had a positive stopping place in mind as he stubbornly hung on Gen's collar, pounding the side of her neck with the flat of his hand, forcing her head in toward Dan, which steered them on a course straddling a huge tree. The end of the wagon tongue crashed into the tree and both horses were slammed around so their heads banged against the tree, one on each side, partially stunning them in an instant stop. I was up against the front end of the hay rack, between the hay and the "ladder", a wooden upright used to fasten the lines to the team. When the tongue rammed the tree with zero compression my chest was jammed up against the ladder with such force as to knock the wind out of me.

Dad panted, "Are you hurt? Are you hurt?" All I could do was groan and gasp. We had just executed the quickest stop ever made by a team, wagon, and kid. This escapade wasn't the worst of Gen's evil tricks. She was yet to inflict painful, bloody wounds on her running mate in another wild string out. One which had to do with cut up cats.

WARNING!!

(delicate city dudes skip this gory event. It's only for farm kids who are used to seeing blood and animals killed, as we did pigs, chickens, and other food animals for eating).

The String-out

I was mowing hay in the east field one warm day in June, and had a wild string-out that ended up with blood at each end. This affair was triggered by cats, not Gen, but she deserves blame for a long disastrous run.

Dad was trying to raise 500 young chickens but was losing many of them to abandoned cats. We lived at the edge of town where irresponsible townspeople chucked their cats. Surplus felines were hauled to the top of the hill south of our place and dumped.

This turned out to be great for the cats, but not so great for Dads

economic future. His investment was disappearing into cats at an alarming rate. The cats enjoyed a luxurious life, feasting on the young chickens and then retiring to the dense growth of an alfalfa field to hide out during the day. But their luxury and security were doomed to end as the summer advanced. The alfalfa matured and had to be cut for hay. And so there I was up in the east field, one warm day in June, cutting the hay with Gen and Dan.

In a hayfield the mower starts around the outside edge of the field, going around and around the patch in ever decreasing circles. The uncut alfalfa diminishes in area with each circle. Free-loading cats hiding in the field move toward the center of the circle as the mower goes 'round and 'round. Finally the cats crouch in one narrow strip of alfalfa, to be cut in the last pass. I was making this last pass when the mower cut some legs off a cat. It began springing up and down like a jumping jack. I immediately stopped the horses and got off the mower to put it out of its misery with the butt end of my whip.

Forgetting the horses I concentrated on sending the cat to its ancestors and in doing so created somewhat of a disturbance. This was Gen's cue to act. She triggered Dan to move and off they went on a dead run. They were headed east but made a wide half-circle and headed back toward the garden and chicken coops with me in hot pursuit. The cutter blade shrieked in a high pitched clatter as the mower traveled several times beyond its normal operating speed, which I couldn't match.

Two locust trees stood on each side of the road between the garden and chicken coop. The cutter bar on the mower had to be raised to pass between these trees. I puffed along in sweaty fear, wondering what would happen when horses and mower hit that narrow opening. The cutter bar whacked a full swath across the top of the garden with a fresh vegetable salad boiling up from the singing blades. And then it happened? in several disastrous seconds it was all over. The cutter bar hit the right locust tree, snapping off the tongue, then the mower swung around to pass through the opening half sideways. This threw it off to the left where the left wheel ripped a huge chunk out of the corner of the chicken coop.

As the mower followed the horses off in a cloud of splintered wood and tar paper a flood of chickens blew out of the hole, flapping, squawking, scattering in all directions. This tumbling tide of white feathers and red heads spread out and subsided by the time I came gasping along. The mower continued to follow the horses across the next field, even though I could see something was wrong in the way that it swung wildly to the left and then to the right.

The tongue was broken but the double trees were still attached to the mower frame. Each time the mower swung to the right the cutter bar, with

the blade reciprocating madly, swooped in and chopped old Dan's heels. For some reason Gen ignored the regular route past the chicken coop and up the short hill into the corrals, instead she steered the chicken harvester a bit to the right and headed across the west field which ended at a high netwire fence. This fence ran north and south along the main graveled road.

By now my lungs burned and my lower teeth felt like they were rotting out from intense over-exertion. With tears thickened by chicken dust streaming back across my cheeks and into my ears I saw the team hit the fence.

Strangely, the netwire fence held. Bulging away out toward the highway it stopped the wild stampede of destruction. Mother heard the racket made by the wildly clattering cutter of the coop chopper and acting from experience came to the rescue.

Being raised on a farm where she and her two sisters had to do the work of two men, nothing could happen around horses that she hadn't already experienced. When she saw the team heading for the fence she grabbed a bucket. Dipping it deep into the flour bin she kicked the screen door open and sailed across the stubble field on a dead run. Flour dust flowed out behind her like smoke from a small, calico-colored steam engine. I had barely reached the sweating, panting horses and their infernal machine when she puffed up behind me.

She quickly surveyed the wreck for damaged horseflesh, which is usually present when a horse ends up in a fence. The front end was dry but in the rear Dan was losing a lot of blood from his chopped up heels. Mother kneeled down close to them and began throwing handfuls of flour on the spurting blood. I didn't know what she was trying to do but in a few moments I saw. The flour soon congealed into a thick, tough crust, stopping the bleeding.

I was about ten years old and short on emergency experience so I stood by dumbly as mother unhooked the team from the mower and moved them back out of the fence. Then she unfastened their neck yoke straps and, getting between them, led them back across the field toward the corrals. I followed carrying the bucket of flour. She knew she had to get Dan back to where he could be taken care of before he collapsed from shock, which he did soon after I helped her unharness him.

With a great sigh he came down on his right side under a big tree across from the harness shed. Mother made sure his heels were not bleeding by throwing on some more flour and we left him there. She said? "there isn't anything we could do now but leave it up to him." I didn't know what that meant but in later years came to understand that she meant it was up to his will to survive. I didn't think he was hurt as bad as he imagined. He acted like he was going to die.

He lay under the big tree for four days occasionally rubbing his head on the ground, in a nodding manner, and groaning a bit. Chickens wandered by, scratched their way around him and left. On the third day a magpie flew down to roost on the end of an old wagon box nearby. It watched Dan for awhile wondering if he was a dead carcass but when Dan moved his head the magpie flew off in disgust. In the forenoon of the fourth day I was perched on the old wagon box wondering how long old Dan would lay there, when he raised his head and looked around. He saw he was still on earth and not in horse heaven so he decided to get up.

Horses raise the front end first, cows the back end. Dan awkwardly got his front legs under him and hesitated for awhile, wondering if he could make it. I wanted to help him but sat and watched. Finally he heaved his body forward onto his front legs and pulled his right leg around under his belly and up he came. For a moment I thought he was going to fall back down but he steadied himself. I ran over to him to see if his heels would start bleeding again. They didn't. All I saw was thick, broken flour crusts, stained dark with dried blood. After awhile he hobbled slowly down to the water trough and took long, slow drinks of water. Then he just stood there for a long time with his head hanging down so low his nose almost touched the water. I'll never forget what a pitiful sight he was, but he lived for many years after that.

Mother the Horse-Handler

Mother was a most remarkable woman. She was small but more than made up for it by her grit and determination. After I reached my full height I could hold an arm straight out and she could walk under it. How she ever threw a harness on a horse when she was a girl, I'll never know. When I was very small she would hook Gen's mother, Doll, up to the one-horse buggy and go to town. Doll was cranky and flighty, and hard to control when frightened, as by a passing steam locomotive and train. A neighbor told me years later, with admiration, that when mother got her hands on the lines of any horse, balky or wild, the horse always had to yield to her will. But she also had a gentle touch with horses, particularly with Dan. Sometimes Dad had to call on her when we were unloading hay.

Hoisting the hay up from the wagon onto the haystack was done with a cable strung up through the free-swinging arm on our haypole. It was powered by one horse. We used Dan because he was heavier than Gen. He was unhooked from the wagonload of hay and hooked to the end of the haypole cable, which ran along the ground away from the haypole. When he pulled, the four tined Jackson fork went up, when he backed it came down.

A Jackson fork has a triangular oak framework with four (or more) curved tines fixed along the base of the triangle. A bail is hinged to this base and so proportioned that it would lay against the two short legs of the triangle to be secured there with a catch. The trip-rope was attached to this catch.

The cable, with Dan on the other end, was attached to a ring at the top of this bail. When the bail was latched the cable would lift the oak framework in a way that caused the tines to hook into the hay, picking up a load. When the trip-rope was jerked the latch released the bail, letting the tines drop and dump the hay.

When everything was ready to unload a full wagon, I would lead Dan forward a short distance. This raised the Jackson fork from the haystack, where we left it at the end of our last unload. Dad, standing on the load of hay, and holding the trip rope, would pull the Jackson fork from over the haystack around until it hung over the wagon. I would then back Dan up, lowering the Jackson fork, and as it came down Dad would guide its four tines into the hay. When they were set as deep as he wanted them, he would push the bail down with his feet until it snapped into place and then call, "Take 'er up".

As I led Dan forward the cable lifted the Jackson fork of hay up off the wagon, with Dad holding the trip rope. When the fork was high enough to swing over on the haystack I stopped Dan and when Dad calculated the fork had swung into a good position he would jerk the trip rope. This unlatched the bail, letting the tines drop down to dump the hay on the stack. This was a routine operation and generally went well.

Sometimes, however, Dad would set the tines too deep in hay that wasn't completely dry, making the load too heavy to lift. At least that's what Dan thought. He would lean against his collar, and when he had applied what he thought was sufficient force and the load hadn't come off the wagon, no amount of jerking on his bridle by me could convince him to try again, and strangely I never felt like hitting him, as I would have done Gen. I would have taken delight in beating her to a pulp.

When this occurred Dad would loudly call, "Dorothy!" a time or two and mother would come out to handle old Dan. He would be standing with his head hanging down in an attitude of defeat. Mother would walk up to him and begin talking to him in a sympathetic voice. "Good old Dan, good old boy. Load too heavy? they're working you too hard? You need some sympathy and encouragement?—all the while rubbing and patting his head and neck.

Old Dan, the big boob, would stand there and cry. I couldn't believe my eyes the first time he did this. Huge tear drops rolled down the full length of his long face to drop in the dust. It was incredible. Then mother

would gradually change her voice to a more assertive tone and give him a good pep-talk. When she felt his spirit was rejuvenated, because he was holding his head higher, she would say, "Now let's pull, you can do it, lean hard, dig in your feet, etc." and pull on his bridle and Dan would lean into his collar and dig in his feet and with a mighty heave the load pulled free from the wagon and went on up to the stack. To this day I can clearly see Dan's huge teardrops impacting the powdered earth, making little explosions of dust as they hit. Mother's powers of persuasion never failed to amaze me, be they used to subdue a flighty, balky horse, or to build up Dan's self confidence. I never saw her work with cows.

Fossil-Hauling Cart

I never had any bad experiences with Dan when he was not teamed up with Gen. I used him to haul fossil bearing limestone chunks down from the mountains. By the time I reached my teenage years we had Model T car and no longer used the buggy for general transportation. The buggy along with extra wheels, axles and other spare parts, rested under a huge silver maple tree at the end of the lane Grandfather Jensen planted many years before. It was a very interesting collection, one which sparked an idea.

Most of the fossils I found in the mountains could be carried home on the back of a horse but some of the specimens were in heavy chunks of rock. I decided to build a two wheeled cart in which to haul them down. I worked on this cart out behind the house. Why I used that location, I don't know, but I dragged two willow poles down from the east field for the shafts. Using odd pieces of lumber I fashioned a box anchored on the axle between the two shafts. I attached a buggy seat on top of this box making a functional cart which I used to haul several hundred pounds of limestone down from the mountains.

I had one specimen weighing about sixty pounds which proved to be more than I could carry down off the ridge. One Saturday Dad rode out with me and carried the block down to the cart. I used the cart for several years, wearing out one of the wheels.

One trip, when I was still a mile away from my mountain destination, the metal tire came off and the fellows collapsed on the right wheel. This left only the spokes to support the cart, which they did, leaving a line of puncture marks along the ground. Surprisingly I completed my collecting trip and the trip back home traveling only on the ends of the spokes. They sank a bit too deep into sandy ground and took a beating when I got back on hard gravel road, but they took me home. Dan and I were teamed up on a number of projects. One was hauling water.

Leamington School (Rondo)

When dad went to school in Leamington he attended an old building that was replaced sometime in the mid 1930's. This is what it looked like, a brown brick building with two stories.

He was skipped one grade about the third grade, a change that he says was not good for him. I don't know where that comment is but you'll find it as you read his writings in this volume.

After finishing all of the grades available in Leamington School he had to go to Delta High School, a sort of regional highschool for that part of the state.



Hauling Water and a Well (Alvin)

We lived at the end of the town pipeline which was badly in need of repairs. The tile and wood collection line up in Fool Creek Canyon was badly plugged with tree roots. The settling tank on top of the bluff above Leamington had remained nearly full of sediment for years. There were numerous leaks along the line, with one a half-mile from our tap creating a swamp a quarter of a mile long. The result was scarcely a dribble from our tap and from that of our neighbors, the Olsons.

Dad finally gave up trying to get the town to repair the line and built a low sled. Placing a large wooden barrel on the sled he had me use old Dan to haul water from Caleb Dutson's place a half-mile from home. The sled runners were shod with an old buggy tire to prevent wear when I had to cross the gravel road. The rest of the time I kept to the grassy barpit where the sled slid along with a minimum amount of friction. Even so I would have to stop every few hundred yards to let Dan rest. Because of age his chest muscles would shake and quiver from the exertion. I really felt sorry for him but he never failed to make the pull back home. A sixty five gallon barrel of water, plus the sled, weighed almost a half ton for him to drag along the ground.

After Dan and I dragged water with the sled for nearly a year Dad dug a well east of our house. He boxed in a six by six space on the ground, built a windlass and started down. He struck water twenty nine feet down and in

another three feet he hit a hardpan which represented the base of the water table. Water level stabilized at thirty feet.

A well pulley with a double length of three quarter inch rope and two buckets kept me busy for many hours a week. I drew water one bucketful at a time for all the animals, the weekly washing, and household use, including Saturday night baths for all. I developed great triceps, which I never found any use for the rest of my life. This particular muscle group in the upper arm functions when you extend your arm and push your hand down and should have been very helpful for doing pushups which noone ever forced me to do.

Lost in a Tumbleweed Trap

[Written to his cousin Naomi Stout, the one he wrote the Ole Cat story for.]

Dear Naomi:

When I was about 16, a group of us in Leamington got up a hill-billy band and played for dances here and there. I have in mind to tell you about being caught in a tumble-weed trap, in the middle of the night, in the middle of the winter, in the middle of the mountains east of Leamington.

One of our trips was up to play a little burg called Mills, in the middle of nowhere. There a wonderful bunch of people would come down out of the alkali hills to dance to the haunting music of Curley Mittan and his Bridge Mountain Ramblers, actually just a bunch of hick kids who banged, twitched and squoze noise out of a number of instruments including an accordion. What a wonderful bunch of unsophisticated people they were. They didn't even care if we could carry a tune, just make some rhythm for them to stomp around on their dusty old school house floor. There was no pavement outside so everyone came in with muddy feet. There was no use trying to get the floor slick with cornmeal, everyone just skated around on the dirt like they were on ball bearings.

In wintertime we sometimes had a tough time getting back over Leamington Pass because of the snow. I can never forget one wreck that, looking back, was pure comedy. We were in a borrowed old 1929 Chevy, with poor lights and no brakes. Brakes weren't crucial as the car would never go very fast, so we figured we could all pile out if we should happen to come upon a big cow. Well, this one night, we had a hard time getting out.

It was snowing pigs and sheep when we hit out from the school house in Mills and started the long climb up to Leamington Pass. The road went up and down a lot as we had to cross the main drainage, and this spelled our doom.

Going down one steep hill and then up another the engine died just before we reached the top. The falling snow was a white curtain; the manual windshield wiper was operated by someone who could barely keep one small arc open for the driver to peer through into the white blanket ahead. All the windows were plastered white with wet snow and when the engine conked out, without any brakes we simply rolled backward down the hill. The driver steered back and forth across the one lane grade and all seemed to be going well.

At the bottom of the hill was a bridge over a deep wash and then the road went back up the opposite hill. The driver, steering blindly backward, managed to keep two door Chewy pretty much on the narrow grade until it just about reached the bridge and then it began to angle off to our right and soon was tipping at a precarious angle as we reached the bridge and stopped. We all sat as still as death with the car tilted away over toward an unknown fate below. Then slowly but surely it began to tip over and landed almost upside down on the 'side of a little bit of grade that crossed the bridge. Window glass shattered. There was no safety glass in those days.

Deep snow cushioned the cars fall so it didn't roll on down into the deep wash, but just hung there sort of suspended by the snow. There was confusion inside, as you can imagine, as we struggled to get our bearings. The broken glass cut Dan Emmett's hand and then his blood added to the confusion as we all tried to find out if we were the one who was cut up. Someone yelled, "Who's bleedin?"

That model Chewy had two doors, each about as large and heavy as a box-car door. We finally got the upper (driver's side) door unlatched and five pairs of arms and legs managed to shove it directly up so it would swing forward and let us out. Dan Emmett was the first to crawl up out of what was quickly developing into a den of crazy snakes, all writhing and squirming around, and voices below were yelling for him to jump so he jumped off on the down side.

I still don't know why everyone jumped off on the down side, into the wash, instead of jumping off onto the bridge side, but they all jumped over into the wash-- with remarkable results. The second man up was Lee Williams, but instead of jumping he hesitated on the edge of the car for what seemed to us an awfully long time. We began yelling to him to get out of the way; jump; move it; etc. He finally disappeared over the side and the next man up was me.

As soon as I got my head up out of the snake pit, I looked over the edge frantically to see where the first two men were. The falling snow made visibility like trying to look through a popcorn waterfall. Where were Dan and Lee? They had completely disappeared into the white void below the wreck, which is the reason why the second man hesitated so long; he was trying to

see where the first man landed. I didn't want to jump until I could see where the first two bodies were, but I hesitated too long and the "snake pit" below me turned into a mass of writhing bodies which finally impatiently erupted shoving me off into white oblivion.

I soon learned the mystery of where the first two men were; I landed on them. The deep wash had blown full of tumble weeds, which were strong enough to hold up the snow but not strong enough! to support one, two, three, hurtling bodies; and in the next instant another body crashed down on top of the three of us.

As each man hit the snow covered tumble weeds he shot down through the snow and into the deep tumble weeds without leaving a hole behind. Now with four of us in a jumbled heap in the bottom of the wash, everything became so confused I cannot, to this day, remember how we thrashed, clawed, cussed, pulled and shoved each other up out of that tumbleweed trap.

We got out and hiked about a mile up to old man Sercy's place, who had a dry farm in the Pass, where we found warmth and help. Somehow we got back to Leamington late the next day. But that was only one of our winter escapades, but certainly one I'll never forget. I hope the memory goes with me when I die. Where ever I end up it will always be good for a laugh.

Hauling Wood

I worked our team of horses on many different projects. When I was a mid-teenager I would take the wagon into the sand hills on top of the clay flats south of our farm to haul in the winter's wood. In one area cedar trees thrived with some of them large enough to provide a complete winter's fuel. One of these great old trees loaded the wagon too heavy and had to be split before being hauled home. The trip was about five miles with a third of the distance being through soft sand. It took me all day to collect one of these cedars.

I first dug around the tree and cut the major support roots. A cedar tree's roots never go deep but spread out radially making it easy to unfasten the tree from the ground. I then climbed up in the tree, pulling a log chain with me and fastened it as high as its length would permit. Then hooking the team to the other end we toppled it. When the tree fell there was always a breathtaking, moment of uncertainty: would I be able to whip the team up fast enough to get them out beyond the reach of the treetop when it crashed. Gen could never pull a runaway when hooked to one of these trees, which weighed several tons.

After limbing the tree I would pull it to the top of a small rise. Then

after positioning the wagon by the hill, parallel to the tree, I laid two skid-poles, brought for that purpose, from the hill over to the wagon. The tree was far too heavy for me to roll across on the skids so I used the team to get it on the wagon. Laying the chain over the wagon I fastened one end to the log and hooked the other end to the team. I never failed to load a log with this system. Another project I worked the team on was leveling land.

Tongue Scraper and Leveling Land

Dad owned an uncultivated quarter section of land covered with low sand hills. He had me take the team and tongue scraper (which had no tongue) a half mile to this land and work at leveling the hills. It was slow work and required a certain agility on my part. When I had the team in position to make a cut I pulled the scraper by its two handles, back to a forty five degree angle, and then climbed up between the handles to stand on the scraper and make the blade dig in.

A couple of feet off the ground, I had to hope the blade wouldn't hit a hard spot or root and fling me like a catapult, up between the horses. If this were to happen Gen, of course, would take off on a dead run with me and the scraper being dragged along in a tangled mess through brush and weeds.

I had miscellaneous other bad experiences with our horses when I was young and when I began to hire out to the neighbors I was unhappily involved with their horses as well. But none were as tricky and obstinate as old Gen, cuss her ornery hide.

The Great Pigpen Standoff

Two old-country characters lived in Castle Gate, Utah (circa 1911), a rough coal mining town in eastern Utah. Emilio was an immigrant farmer from Italy; Nick "The Greek" worked in the mines as a trammer. He pulled loaded coal cars out of the mine with a mule, then returned the empties.

The layout of the town is of particular interest to this saga: homely company shacks crowded up near the mine portal. The location of these tarpaper homes looked like a fist full of match boxes crammed into the mouth of Price River Canyon. And while the canyon choked for many years on this unwelcome mouthful, the mine portal was an unobstructed hole in the side of the mountain. The pure coal seams inside were waste-free so no dirty waste dumps stretched away from the portal like rock fingers.

The community of Castle Gate was bulldozed away long ago to make way for progress, but not before our two characters had time to live out a long bitter dispute, pass away and begin to coalify in their graves.

Both men were hard working and honest but fate dumped a load of waste on their relations. They were remembered, not for their children or skills, but for "The Great Pigpen Standoff", an historical event now well accepted as pure unadulterated mule muffins, due to its being told thousands of times. However, I got the story directly from an old timer whose brother once stood alongside the famous pig pen, and even ran his hand along the top pole. Unfortunately, his thumb picked up a nasty sliver. It was loaded with tiny microbes which took charge of his body. Alas, he died of hogsfoot sclerosis. God rest his soul.

Now, the "standoff" was actually a hassle over a pig and a mule, both in the same pigpen, one dead, the other a psychotic wreck. The mule by some very unusual circumstances, and untouched by human hands, ended up dead as wet toast in its original owner's pig pen during an event which scared the stupid pig completely out of its wits, causing it to waste away, infuriating its owner no end.

There were no signs of foul play on the hapless mule; just the wretched thing lying there dead, its eyes all glassy-like with its ears, limp as wilted lettuce, draped over unsavory objects on the pigs floor. The mule's dilapidated condition appeared to have been the result of having come directly down through the roof of the pig's parlor, impacting the residue present therein with great force. The depth of the impact suggested the creature may have been the first orbiting mule, and one which ended its historic flash across the sky in Emilio's pig pen. Whatever the explanation, the mule was in a very second class condition, suitable only for coyote, or buzzard bait.

A secondary loss was the fact that the event so traumatized the silly

hog which, until the mule dropped in unannounced, was busy growing tissues along its underbelly to match a picture Emilio had tacked up over the trough for reference. The picture was cut from one of those packages of limpid, greasy, striped material called Bacon, which people buy, claw apart, burn a dark brown and crumble up with their eggs and toast.

This layered material normally develops down along a pig's underside, eventually being removed (after the pig's spirit is released) and traded on the New York and Chicago stock markets as "pork bellies". The buyer then smokes the repulsive slabs, slices them up and packages them in impervious plastic wraps with little windows in the back to make buyers think they are being given a choice.

Bacon can NOT be made from mule-bellies so pigs are important creatures in the scheme of life, and have been part of man's economy ever since someone discovered eggs under chickens. The critical factor here is that soon after the unsolicited crash of the orbiting mule down through the roof of the pigs domicile, that bacon factory shut down and gradually what was once a robust hog belly shriveled away to look like an old soggy potato sack—which naturally infuriated its Italian owner.

He dragged Nick into court on what became a controversial case, debated long and widely by the masses. There was no legal precedent for flying mules scaring h— out of bacon factories so the judge was left swimming in a tossing sea of pool-hall verdicts and union hall debates; a legal quagmire at best.

Emilio sued Nick for full payment on the mule; Nick defended himself by saying he had just happened to decide he didn't need the mule before it was sent home without Emilio's consent. He further argued, and this is a legal-sounding point which slowed down many a haircut, and stopped that final shot at the eight ball: Nick claimed that the mule's presence in, and departure from his mountainside stable, did it no bodily harm: IT WAS THE IMPACT OF EMILIO'S PIGPEN THAT TURNED IT INTO MULE BURGER. Emilio owned the destructive object in the form of a pig-pen and so he must take the blame for the mule's untimely demise and its thoroughly useless condition. Nick indignantly refused to pay.

Emilio claimed a "bargeen ees'a bargeen", and that, muleburger or not, Nick owed him for the full, original value and that if Nick hadn't taken the poor creature into the mine it would still be in its home stable making muffins out of weeds from his garden.

Judge: "Who has the mule?"
Nick: "Emilio, he's in hes peeg pen."
Judge: "That true?"
Emilio: "Yes'a, but hees'a not good. Hees'a smash."

Nick: "I can no use a smash a'mule."
Emilio: "But'a you must'a pay, hees'a your mule."
Nick: "Hee's a no my mule. I no work heem; mine send heem back."

Poor Emilio. He got the worst part of the deal, having lost both his mule and bacon maker, but, on the other hand, there was a strong ground swell of opinion washing out of barber shops, through pool halls, and out to the sunnin' benches, that Nick was blameless and shouldn't have to pay for something he never used since it was an act of God, and not of Nick, that the dust blew that ill-fated day.

It all began on spring day in May. The Great American Dream began to gnaw away at poor Nick's brain. Emigrants are supposed to succeed and roll in wealth. He had a contract to pull 40 loads of coal out to the tipple each day—which he could do in six hours with one mule. What could he do with two mules and one of his kids to lead the second mule? Get rich perhaps?

He went to see Emilio because he could see Emilio's blue mule each day when he looked out of the ventilation tunnel. The blue was never doing any work; just leaning up against the manger. A bargain was struck and Nick trudged back up to the mine followed by four mule feet. He wasn't obliged to make the first payment until the first of the next month--an arrangement which he felt freed him from any moral obligation, the way things turned out.

He led old Blue up to the mine portal and sat down to wait for night. The first time a mule is taken into a mine it must be done in the dark so the mule doesn't know he's going into a hole in the mountain. Thereafter the mule is blindfolded and will go out and back in with no protest. Mules are smart and far superior to horses in a mine. If a mule bumps its head it lowers it; if a horse bumps its head it's likely to rear about wildly, bashing its brains out. A mule's feet are also smaller and it will pick its way carefully along across unseen rails and ties in the dark. A horse is more apt to stumble on things it cannot see. We're taking about the days before electric lights in the mines.

Night came and Nick led old Blue deep into the mine and then at a fork in the tunnel, led him back out toward the outside of the mountain through a ventilation tunnel, or "airway". Nick, cleverly, had his mule stabled in the outlet of the ventilation tunnel. It was a healthy arrangement for his mule. Other trammers kept their mules in a stable deep in the mine where most of the mules worked out their entire lives in the many miles of tunnels, never seeing the light of day. On each trip out to the tipple they were blindfolded. They felt their way along entirely with their feet, clever creatures that they were.

Nick's old mule had it made. After plodding around in pitch darkness

most of the day, the old mules spirits were renewed each evening as it munched its hay while gazing out through the side of the mountain; out to sunshine, green trees, gardens, old sheds with chickens running around a pigpen--all located on the opposite side of the narrow canyon. He was looking at Emilio's "Great American Dream".

And turn-about, Emilio's vegetable garden, sheds, pigpen, chickens, and old Blue, could look up across the canyon to where, high above, a black hole stared back down at them. That black hole was Nick's mule stable in the beginning of the airway; a sinister black eye in the side of the mountain's soft tan sandstone. What possible harm could a black hole away up there do to Emilio's little empire? None. He never gave it a thought until one day catastrophe struck deep within the mine.

The time was long before the law required companies to cover all coal dust with rock dust to prevent explosions, and that day the coal dust blew KA-BLAMMO! A gigantic blast went off in a mighty explosion that rattled rocks all over the county; shook birds off their nests, knocked squirrels out of trees, rumbling deep through bedrock to be felt in other mines sixty miles away.

Kids stopped their play, housewives crossed themselves in terror, turning instinctively to the mountain. The mountain produced coal and wages, but took away forever, husbands, brothers and sons.

I have been unable to locate any official record marking the exact date of that terrible explosion in the mountains guts, but one spot lived long in the memories of many -Emilio's pigpen.

The blast, with the destructive pressure of a thousand mighty cannons, shot down the nine hundred foot length of the ventilation tunnel as if it was a cannon barrel. Air in the tunnel, traveling faster than sound, compressed against the wad of hay and old Blue at the opening of the airway. In one second Old Blue was in orbit. Nick, with his blindfolded mule was safely dumping coal cars on the tipple. He happened to look back toward the side of the mountain at the exact moment Old Blue, and the hay, like the wadding in a shot gun shell, were blasted out into the canyon. The hay, like all wadding, spent itself against the air and scattered to float down all over the side of the mountain. Old Blue continued on to his doom. Nick then felt the deep rumble and knowing what had happened, froze stiff as a mine timber as he watched his new set of mule teeth (owner and user attached) sail out in a lazy trajectory, arc over Emilio's house and disappear into the roof of that worthy's pig pen. The rest is history; I swear it.

"Ole Cat" in The White-Fur-Muff Affair

("Originally written as a letter to a lonesome country cousin, Naomi Stout, to

cheer her up. It is exactly half true.”)

I want to tell you about an unusual cat I had years ago and my great rassel with him. He was a huge Tomcat. I never knew what breed'a cat he was. He was all white with huge feet and could lick anything, man or beast, that set foot on our farm. Yet he was a peaceful cuss until he was riled up.

One day I realized I had begun to covet that ole cat's white hide. I had done some taxidermy and fancied a white fur muff for some as-yet-unknown damsel of my dreams. So I eyed that ole cat up and down and reckoned his hide'd make a real good muff; one big enough for my dream damsel to git both feet in alongside'er hands. I figgerd I could sew a row of black-bellied mouse skins around each end to give it real class.

A muff would be easy to make. All I'd have to do is cut off all the cat things that stuck out in different directions, leavin' a hollow tube-like piece of hide. He was a scrapper and so had a real tough hide, it having been clawed, slashed and punctured over many years in endless, backyard fights. The result was a hide made up mostly of tough scar tissue. But the thick white fur coverin' the scars was soft and glossy and would make up into a real good muff.

I need to digress at this point and prepare you for the way I tried to unwrap the hide offa the cat. This story ain't for just any ole body. It shore ain't for people which can't stand the sound of the word "guts". And there are bleedin' heart animal-protectin' people out there who would break out in a purple rage if I was to as much as knock an ant over the skull with a pipe wrench. Protectin' animal and bug rights is okay for city folks, but on the farm you have to kill things eatin' your spuds and barley, and also kill things for you to eat, like chickens and pigs.

I'm tellin' you this because you was once a farm kid and know that we make hamburgers out of a big thick thing called a "cow", with horns on one end and a tail on the other. A cow always comes wrapped up in a tough thing called a "cowhide", which is made into shoes after the cow is unwrapped.

Well, as they say, "there's more'n one way to skin a cat", but the "Handy Dandy Muff Maker's Manual", I got with my correspondence Taxidermy course, listed only one. I decided to check ole cat out and see how his hide was fastened on.

I made some excuse, like I was bein' friendly with him so I could see if he was a modern variety with a zipper up his belly.

Nope, he was the old fashioned model with his hide shrank on 'im in one piece. I pulled on his belly hide a bit. It was real tite.

Ole cat growled and rolled up one lip, sneery like, showin' his fangs, so I took the hint and leggo his hide. Little did he know what was goin' to

happen to him. But first, I had a problem.

I didn't want to make any unsightly holes in his hide, while sending his spirit off to his ancestors. A hole in the middle would ruin the hide for makin' a beautiful muff.

I thought it over carefully and decided that since I wasn't goin' to use the big knobby part that sticks out in front, the one with the eyes, ears, and whiskers. I could work on that end to put 'im to sleep and get his hide offa' him.

I knew it wouldn't be easy. Him being an independent type, he could get real upset when he found out he wasn't gettin' anything out of the deal. Cats are selfish that way. They've lived around humans for more'n 2,000 years and have picked up a few pointers from that tribe on ownership and cat-rights. Why do you think they always look at you so smug and satisfied?

He was one of the biggest cats I have ever seen, and I was proud to have my friends see him swagger around the place, scarin' their dogs and other things. It would have been nice to have kept him as a cat, instead of turnin' his hide into a muff, but romantic notions sometimes make us do things we soon wonder if we should have tackled. Lookin' back now, I can see that I was about ready to take down with a bad case of "stupid", but I was into it and was determined to go all the way.

One bright Wednesday morning my mind was made up. I knew exactly what I would do. I got a Hammer and cold chisel and laid them down on a slab of concrete in front of our old well. I knowed Ole Cat could be lured to the spot without suspectin' he was lookin' at a pile of Muff-Makers tools, and that he was about to supply the hide for said project.

I pulled my belt in a coupla notches and went after him. I could hear the pig grunting nervous-like and figgered Cat was around there somewhere. He always liked to sit on a certain pole above the pig trough and annoy the pig by watchin' it eat without washin' its face.

I "Kitty'kitty'kittyed" Ole Cat out of the pigpen and he let me pick him up—wondering if I could. He must have weighed a half ton. What a cat! I carried him around the end of the pigpen and over to the concrete slab by the well, where the muff-makin' tools were all laid out neat-like.

Now I was a big kid by then, and alongside me the cat was nothin' so I easily flopped him down on the slab, with his four legs all spread out like a flying cat, and sat down on top of him. He growled and squirmed a bit, but being all solid cat soon settled in to see what he was there for. It didn't lake long for him to find out and then the excitement began.

There were two ears on the big knob that stuck out in front and as I examined the space between the ears I found there was a little ridge in the middle. Underneath this ridge, I reckoned, was all the cat power that ran him. If I could just short it out, I would be in charge of the muff material

with no fuss from him wantin' to get something in return. It was goin' to be very simple, or so I thought. No big deal.

I made sure which end of the chisel was the sharp one and holdin' that edge on top of the narrow ridge, as steady as I could, I picked up the hammer and smacked the chisel a hard one.

ALL HELL BROKE LOOSE I Talk about a WILD cat, he was one! Ole Cat blasted up offa that slab like a Saturn Rocket takin' me with 'im, but I hung on for dear life as he took off. Such fury and power I had never seen on TV rasslin' matches, or read about in the space program.

Well, I rode Ole Cat up over the top of the pigpen, causin' a panic-struck hog to bolt smack dab out through the logs in the back of his pen and off across the field, truly a bacon dragster.

Next Ole Cat and me swooped down through the chicken coop where a bunch of stupid hens were mixin' up their daily batch of eggs. We ripped through them so fast the place looked like it had been pillow bombed. Rumples up chickens boiled up out of the ventilators, out both doors, and down through the clean-out holes under the roosts. By then I knew I had to get shed of that cat, real quick.

I cut loose by rollin' sideways into some spiny bluegrass and bouncin' up onto a big pile of dry chicken manure. The last I saw of Ole Cat was him toppin' out over the six foot bull-fence on the far side of the field. Over he went in one mighty leap, and was never seen around the farm again.

A neurotic hog cowered in the cane brake at the far corner of the west field, while I sat there on the pile of chicken manure watchin' a flurry of second hand feathers float lazily down to settle around me like the fake snow does in one of them glass balls when you shake it up. I was shaken up, but good, and never again tried to chisel a cat to death, or otherwise mess with the specie. Keep yer powder dry. Affectionately, Cusin Jim.

Ruth Notes

This is a chronological listing of Ruth's emails started around 2003 in response to my interrogation. You will note that the topics skip around, but that's how conversations grow. These emails -slightly redacted to take out irrelevant stuff like talk about my broken back- are in the order in which she sent them, a most remarkable collection of memories. They provide excellent information about Leamington, the family home, the family and the times.

I was particularly pleased to get details about the years I lived in SLC. I did not know that Wanda lived next to us, that Ruth lived with us, that mom's sister Mable provided articles of clothing, that mom sewed for Doris and Ruth, that mom and dad paid for Ruth's chiropractor. Ruth was indeed young when dad left home, but her memories about life alone with Doris and her dad enrich my understanding of Grandpa Sam and his life after Grandma Dorothy died.

May 5,. 2004

Dear Jim,

First, what are UBW and BTW? I'm sure that they are parts of your autobiography on your web site. By the way, is the web site address the same as your E-mail address? I gave up trying for it on our old computer, but now we have a brand new Dell, so I'll try again.

I'm glad to know that there are six grandchildren in the Provo area and that some of them keep in touch with your Mom. She may not remember but I'm sure the phone calls and visits have to be good for her. Also, those keeping in touch will benefit by knowing that they did.

So Mabel died a year after your dad. I was so happy to meet her at his funeral because of something that happened in 1942. I had had rheumatic fever that spring and chorea (St Vitus Dance), and Dad didn't think I was

getting better fast enough. He must have conferred with the family because your folks invited me to come to SLC and stay with them and take a course of 10 chiropractic treatments like Marie had been undergoing. I'm sure they paid for them. The Chiro noticed that my head leaned to one side. Anyway, after the treatments he didn't think I was straightened out enough so he gave 10 more free. Nice, huh?

As you may have suspected, you were just a sweet baby in a buggy at the time and I got to feed you once in awhile. Your folks lived in the New Sutton apartments on 3rd South and about second East--very close to downtown Salt Lake. The Chiro office was only two or three blocks away. I had to rest a lot on a single bed they had in an alcove. I would listen to the radio sometimes. two popular songs were, "The Jersey Bounce", and "One dozen Roses".

Okay, now for the Mabel thing...Marie could see that I didn't have enough nice clothes so she went to a closet and pulled out a box with several dresses in it. She said they were her sister, Mabel's. I tried them on and she made some adjustments and added a pretty belt to one of them, so I had three nice dresses to take home with me. (sigh)

She also got some little boxes, fabric and cotton stuffing and made some doll house furniture for me. She had fun making them. And that is why I was so happy to finally meet Mabel.

My Doctor in Delta said I wouldn't be ready to go back to school until after Christmas, but I went just before Halloween. Just before Christmas our whole class of five was sent to eighth grade at Delta High School. I participated in PE. and did fine from then on. I feel that all those treatments were extremely helpful to me.

In the next letter I'll talk about Dad caring for us after Mother died. And rentals.

Love, Auntie Ruth

May 28, 2004

Dear Jim.

Now for Alvin. I do have some photos around here in books about the family I'll see what I can rustle up for you and I'll write some of my memories of him

He was twelve years old when I was born, so by the time I was six and starting school he was nearly out of the nest--or out of his brooder coop. That is where he lived during High school since there wasn't a bedroom for him in the old homestead, and he had a bed-wetting problem up to the teen years. After he left Dad turned it into a granary, before we moved up behind Pete Nelson's house.

Alvin's House, as we all called it, was very interesting. A banjo, a guitar and a ukelele hung up on the walls and there may have been a horn, too, and other interesting items. Once, he paid me a nickel for a cigar box I had acquired from somewhere. He needed it to keep fossils in.

My first recollection of him, and I may already have told you this, was when I was about as tall as the mattress on the bed in the "Girls' Room". There were several of us going through this room and I was whining for bread (as usual), only, since I was probably about 2 or 3, I pronounced it, "bed". Alvin was very helpful, smiling and saying to me. "You want some bed? Here's some bed for you", and patting the end of the bed. I may have scowled at him, but I remember thinking--"Okay, so I don't know how to say bread yet"... and I realized it was funny.

One time he came home for a short visit when Doris and I were still in grade school and gave us each a beautiful bracelet with heart-shaped gems on it. He told us what each one was, ruby, emerald, aquamarine, golden topaz, diamond, and whatever. He said they were Genuine Simulated Jewels. They were beautiful. We wore them when we went down to Alpha's place. She thought they were pretty and asked where we got them. I told her Alvin had given them to us and that they were Genuine Simulated Jewels. She laughed her lovely, musical laugh and said, "Oh, that Alvin!" So I thought that simulated meant imitation but I didn't care that they weren't real. They were a beautiful gift from my loving--but funny--brother.

May 28, 2004

Dear Jim.

Thanks for writing. It's too bad that your mom's memory does not work

enough to hold memories that could possibly give her comfort and joy at this stage of her life. At least she does recognize those who come to visit--when they are there.

So the home will be sold eventually. It is a wonderful and interesting home and the grounds are lovely. Has anyone been taking care of them? I remember Marie working in the yard and having lots of beautiful potted plants. She told us that after retiring from work she had made that her "work" because she needed something fulfilling to do. I'm sure you'll get a very good price for it.

I feel bad for you being in pain so much and having to fly to Utah and sell the place. Will you be able to drive a rented car from SLC to Provo and back, etc., etc.? Does that make you cringe just thinking about it? That will be later so maybe things will be better for you by then. It must be dreadful for you, having your life changed so in a split second.

Doris' E-address is jadcom@uswest.net. She will be happy to hear from you. She has had three heart operations beginning with one back in the fifties or sixties, which really gave her new life for around thirty years then she had to have another one and a few years later, the third. She keeps plodding on and she and John take care of each other. She has been doing Genealogy since she married the first time and she and John have been Stake Family History Specialists for a long time. I saw her recently when were in Utah for a granddaughter's graduation from BYU. She had lost weight and was very thin. It gave me pause.

Raymond's E-mail address is raycmj@juno.com and at work: rvogel@nevpa.com. He works at Nevada Power Co since he retired from the military. He's a great guy. He looks a lot like Dad did, very slender, only more healthy. His brother, Rex looks like his dad, Conrad, but not so stout. We saw him recently at Joe Zezulka's daughter's wedding reception in Huntington Beach. Now that I'm tossing cousins at you, Doris' son Norman, the audiologist, now lives in Bountiful within walking distance of his folks. Our son, Mark lives in Bountiful also with his wife and seven children. Actually, the oldest is going to BYU Idaho.

Bye for now,

Love, Auntie Ruth

July 5, 2004 excerpt

I know about Viola's going to another (odd) church and rejecting ours but know nothing of Mother doing the same. Apparently your Dad knew, but never passed it on to me. I doubt Doris knows about it either. I do know that the women in Leamington didn't really care for Mother. Like me, she was outspoken, and not tactful. Wilford has smoothed my rough edges a lot (and very nicely) through the years. I didn't realize the extent of their dislike of Mother until a few years ago when two or three of our daughters went to Leamington on Memorial Day and reported back to me. They think it's a neat little town and like to see the cemetery and the old church, and other spots we have shown them.

Jim and Marie happened to be there at the same time and, of course, the menfolk took Jim off so they could visit with this famous and illustrious local personage. So Marie was left with her grandnieces, who thought it was so nice to be able to visit with her. One thing she told them was that she NEVER wanted to return to Leamington because, as it happened that day, each time the men would get Jim's entire attention.... and the women would tell Marie how Awful Mother was. Marie had never met Mother, since she and Jim were married two years after Mother died. Conrad was the only future son-in-law Mother had the privilege of meeting. Mother got along great with the lady schoolteachers who came to town, and they loved her (they didn't know she was Awful). Fortunately, the women in town were very nice to me as I grew up. Also, Doris and I did not become "Public Enemies No 1", as Alvin did riding his \$40.00 motorcycle through town. I'm sure you've read this one.

July 10. 2004

Fifty Years Ago was written in 1985--for the 50th High School reunion of when he should have graduated but didn't have all of his points (or whatever they are). In 1936 he would have graduated because he did much better and was vice president of the Photography Club, He had a small photo album that included himself with lots of girls as a wagon wheel and several others. He did not graduate, though because the principal did not like him--told him he could not graduate. I remember that day when he came home and told Dad and Mother. They were all upset about it, but did not go to Delta to hash it out with the principal. No car, and they felt it was final. I have to confess now, but Doris and I enjoyed that album so much and I ended up with it and eventually took all of the photos out and used it for something else. I know I did not throw out the photos because they meant so much to me, but I do not know where they are. Someday when I am gone, maybe there will be a

sifting of all my stuff and they will be found. I should have left them in the album.

July 16, 2004 except

(She promised to tell me about these topics:)

Scaring Mother.

Rebuilding the chicken coop when it was moved from the field by the apple cellar to behind our house, out by the corrals.

Singing in the Tabernacle Choir with cousins.

His dog, "Germ", and why he had to go.

Teaching Dad Slide rule when he was preparing for the Post Office civil exam.

July 30, 2004

Dear Jim,

It looks more like the New Sutton apartments where you lived. the Avalon was to the right, just out of sight in the photo and next to that and across an alley was a big Firestone station on the corner of 2nd East and 3rd South.

By the way, I distinctly remember his riding home on a motorcycle the year I was seven. He took Doris and me on separate rides behind him on the cycle. We went out of the lane and way down the road almost to the main street and back. Then he took the motorcycle over by a tree and began to take it apart, etc. I don't remember his becoming Public Enemy # 1 though. However, I do remember wondering why he was taking his cycle apart when it seemed to run just fine.

Wanda and Joe and boys lived in the Avalon. And divorced there in 1946. Wanda got custody of the two. The divorce stipulated that when the boys turned eight years old they could decide which parent to live with. When Joey turned eight, Joe came to visit them and took both boys to California to live with him and wife No. two. Wanda was terribly upset since she didn't know where they were. The boys wrote to her but the letters came from Fairfield, Montana, probably relatives of the second wife. Joey and Kenny were there for several years until Joe began to drink and be mean again. Wife #2 wouldn't stand for that. She took the boys back to Wanda and Wendell and went home to her folks. Joey and Kenny were there when

Wanda died at age 37 in 1957. They then went back to their dad, who had sobered up and had his wife back by then, so it all worked out well.

Write you later and when the TOC is finished I'll send the whole thing to you.

Love, Ruth

August 1, 2004

Dear Jim,

No, the New Sutton Apt.s have not been massively remodeled. (funny question) The folks lived in an apt at the back so visitors just went around to the left and back to get to their place, although it could be accessed through the front door, too.

After Wanda was divorced she moved to TOD Park by Tooele and settled into a wartime housing area. There she met Wendell Dangerfield and his son, Wendell, who was about Joey's age. In 1948 she wrote and asked me to come and see her and meet Wendell before they married. I had just graduated Delta High School and was ready for more work in SLC. I took a bus to Wanda's place and met Wendell. He looked me over and pronounced me a "buxom girl", which was because of all the eating I did the summer of 45. I liked him

Wendell had several different jobs but didn't seem to be able to keep a good one so they were rather poor most of the time. However, he was very good to Wanda and her boys. It was good for her to have him there since her health was not good. She had a bad heart from having had rheumatic fever about three times. She always looked pregnant because of water retention due to the heart problem. She had a good sense of humor though. Did you meet Wendell at your Dad's funeral? He lives in Mapleton. Doris and I were glad to see him again.

Aug. 3, 2004

No, the song wasn't Good Night Irene. That song was popular in 1950, the first time I got engaged, so I could sing you the whole thing. The song from the thirties is Tippy Tippy Tin. I just wanted the last part of the chorus,

which Alvin was singing at the time I was writing about. We acquired a radio about 1936. I remember the aerial being strung up in a tree in back of our old house on the farm. Wanda used to listen and write down the words of the songs from the radio. Sometimes she had to wait until it came on again to finish it. She loved to sing, too.

Aug. 5, 2004

Okay, I am keeping my promise. The following are A. Some incidents concerning Alvin that I witnessed, and B. Events that Alvin or Viola told to me,

He could carry a tune and had a nice tenor voice. In his last year at High School he was in the operetta that was put on every year. Another family thing. Wanda had the main part in "her" operetta in 1939. Mother drove her, Doris and me to Delta to see it in the Model A Ford sedan that Mother bought with the money from uncle Chris's death. (He was hit by a car while crossing the street in SLC and Mother was his only close relative). Doris had a good part in the operetta in her Junior year. I sang in the chorus in the one in my senior year.

Alvin told me that about the only thing he remembered about his operetta was running backstage behind the cyclorama and bumping heads with someone else. It knocked him out, but he did survive

After his disappointing exit from High School, he took the train to Salt Lake to live with Aunt Lottie (Charlotte) and uncle Lew Stout at 966 East 13th South. (The first three Jensens lived with them for some time. Doris married Alvin's best friend, James Louis Greenleaf after her Junior year, and they moved to Clearfield. (Another story in itself). When I finally got to Salt Lake and started to "live", it was with Viola and Conrad, Connie and Raymond.

Soon Alvin was singing in the Tabernacle Choir with four cousins. I'm guessing Woodruff, Inez, Naomi and Alta Stout. Or one could have been Moroni Alvey, aunt Mary and uncle John's oldest son. I don't know how long they sang with that illustrious group, but they were in it for awhile. In the mid-fifties a family moved into Barstow Ward and the dad was from Delta. When he found out I was Alvin's sister he told how amazed those in his class were to find out about Alvin being in the Choir.

More about his nice voice: Sometime in the early 90's Jim and Marie invited

Doris and me-and spouses- to their place for a small Jensen family reunion. Marie cooked a marvelous dinner (she was a super cook) and we all enjoyed eating and sharing old times, and just visiting with each other. After dinner Doris and I coaxed Jim to sing with us. I sang soprano, Doris, Alto and Jim, tenor. I wanted to sing on and on but it had to end sometime. I always loved to sing and have been able to sing in choirs and choruses throughout my life until a few years ago when congestion messed up my nice, choir voice.

One last item about his singing...When Dad could not farm or do RR Section hand work anymore due to poor health, he rented the ten acres of land to Caleb Dutson. Grandfather Jens Jensen had homesteaded 40 acres sight unseen. When he got to it most of it was hills, so he planted an apple orchard, which did well for a long time. Dad moved a chicken coop from below to up behind our house and also planted the vegetable garden in front of the coop, so Caleb could use all the space to farm.

Alvin came home to help with the chicken coop. I went out to see him and instead, heard him singing, so I stayed behind the railroad-tie coop and listened to him singing. "Tippy Tippy Tin, about a Latin lover, Manuelo and his object of affection, Rosita. The chorus went like this,

"One night when the moon was so mellow, Rosita met young Manuelo.
He held her like this-(thunk, thunk on a tie, with the hammer)
and gave a kiss" (thunk, thunk again)
He was a lucky fellow.

(Last phrase made up to rhyme) I got the biggest kick out of watching and listening to him that day. I suppose he may have sensed a presence, close-by which could have accounted for his goofy theatrics. Who knows?

About the time I started school-first grade-we had a dog named Germ. He was a nice pooch who slept in a dog house by the kitchen window and followed Doris and me around at times. I found out years later he was Alvin's dog. I have two pictures of him by members of the family, but they are old, xeroxed copies and aren't very good. Doris may have the originals.

One day Dad told us that Germ had begun chasing sheep....bad habit to start. Dad had to take him out far away and shoot him. We felt bad about this, but hadn't really been attached to him, so it was not as traumatic as it could have been.

Years later when I was a grownup I asked Alvin why he had named his dog "Germ". He told me it was because "Bacteria" was too long. Typical Alvin. Very subtle humor. Years later I saw him being interviewed on the David Letterman show, and he dropped some of his humor but Dave didn't catch it or ignored it. I don't remember what he said but I caught it.

One of the women in Jim's stake was a member of the Relief Society General Board who was on an official visit to our area with some other board members and we drove them to Las Vegas to catch their plane. One of them told about how Dinosaur Jim would tell people, "Now this particular bone is 70 million years old, give or take a week." Of course I had to tell her he was my brother.

One time when Alvin was visiting home we were outside with Mother and Dad and some others. Alvin reached in his shirt pocket and Mother said, "What have you got in your pocket?" He said, Snakes!"and threw out a handful of nails. Mother squealed, turned and ran. He knew she didn't like the critters, especially when a big one would be hanging on the screen door at the bottom of the cellar steps as she opened it to get a bottle of fruit.

Mother had a sense of humor too. I was told that once when a grown up Alvin was giving her a bad time, she said, "If I have to, I'll climb up on a ladder and box your ears! (Inasmuch as she was only five feet tall).

That's all for now. There are a few more that I'll write later. Hope you are gritting your teeth and suffering without too much moaning and groaning,

Aug. 28, 2004

TRIP TO VERNAL, ETC.

Also Mother's bedspread, Dad's Civil Service test, and Jen, the flighty horse.

In 1948 while I was living with Viola and Conrad, your folks invited me to visit them in Vernal. Jim was driving the Deseret News truck to deliver papers to Vernal. He suggested picking me up early one day and driving me to Vernal where I could spend two days.

He picked me up one morning and we rode out there. I enjoyed visiting with him. Every now and then he would throw a paper to some isolated home

along the way. I remember a two storey one with a door on the second floor, but no stairs or any way to get down. Jim said he was always afraid someone would come bounding out of that door just as he drove by. One of the small towns we passed was Fruitland. He said it was named that because the town wanted people to think there was fruit.

When we reached your home you and Dick were sitting at the kitchen table eating. I still recall both of you with spoons in your hands and Dick doing funny faces.

An electric train was set up on a table in the living room. I'm not sure who had more fun with it—you boys or your dad. I was allowed to run it a couple of times. However, it made me somewhat nervous, being afraid the train would wreck during my run. I don't remember anything else about the trip, except that I slept in the far corner of the living room on a single bed.

About 1938 when Mother was ill, she stayed in the cot that was set up in our living-dining room. Alvin had sent her a lovely bedspread. It was of pale orange, silky, woven rayon-like material. She had it on the bed, but as she moved around it would sometimes slither down by the wall. One day Alvin came home to visit and greeted her and she was embarrassed to see it there, but he said he was glad it was there. It showed that she was using it.

In 1943 Alvin came home when Dad was studying to take the Civil Service test for Postmaster. I remember him in the kitchen, showing Dad how to use a slide rule and brushing up on algebra. Dad passed the test with a score of 96! After Wilford and I moved to Barstow in 1953, I took a civil service test to get on at Camp Irwin, 40 miles away, and scored only 83 (but I did get to work there.) And here I had gone to U of Utah for a year, and Dad had gone only through eighth grade. I should have called Alvin for a quick infusion of algebra and slide rule.

Jen was a very flighty, strawberry roan horse who helped Alvin to detest farming. "Old Dan", the other one of the team, had been a racehorse who was through racing. His owner had given him to Dad because he knew Dad would take good care of him. Alvin was good at farm work, a big help to Dad. At that time-mid'thirties-a lot of cats were living on the farm, multiplying and replenishing the earth. Many spent time in the alfalfa field, so when Alvin came driving the hay mower, which had a long arm with sharp blades protruding for cutting the hay, some of the cats would jump up in front of the team. This did not bother Old Dan, but it did Jen. She would run like crazy, taking Dan with her and she couldn't be stopped until she ran into a fence or

a tree. When she was stopped by some impediment the mower arm would twist forward and cut her on the leg. (You'd think she would have learned the first time not to run, huh?). Alvin said that Mother would run down to the field with an enamel bowl of flour and throw it on the cut to stop the bleeding. Doris and I were not aware of the cat plague, but by the time we were nine and ten, the feline population had been eradicated. And Alvin had gone to partake of city life. I won't mention what happened to the cats that jumped up in front of the mower blades.

I keep remembering more little snippets of this time as I write. I'll write more later.

Love,

Aunt Ruth

Did I write about the pretty bracelets from Alvin and the time he stopped to see me at S.H Kress & Co. in SLC to let me know he and the family were going back to Alaska?

Also, I'll write about his best two friends in Leamington.

Sept. 16, 2004

Dear Jim,

Alvin's cousin, Woodruff Stout was born in Leamington and as he and Alvin grew they were good friends. When his folks, Lew and Lottie Stout moved to Oak City, Alvin felt lost. (I don't know how old they were).

There were other fellows in town around the same age but Alvin didn't care for them. They seemed to be a different species from "Woody".

Years later, a grandson of May Overson*, James Greenleaf, came to live with her and her son, Parley. Alvin was three or four years older. They liked to ride horses together. Doris may have sent you a photo of both of them on horseback in the front yard of our home, with her in the foreground as a kid wearing some grownup's boots.

James came to our place now and then. He played the accordion and would sometimes bring, and play it with Mother, who also had one. She could play

piano "by ear", so could also manage the accordion. He would sometimes play his for Wanda, out at the end of the lane, on a tree trunk bench. I saw them there one day as I came home from school.

James and Wanda liked each other and Doris and I thought they would probably marry someday. He and his brother, Harry, joined the Civilian Conservation Corps. (the CCC's) in the late thirties, and so dropped out of sight. Wanda did have a boy friend in High School, Grant Workman, from Delta. He came to our place at least one time. Mother didn't like him. He was a very good person, but did not have a sense of humor. Mother called him, "Pussy sour". Wanda left to work in Salt Lake in 1938, after High School. In 1941 she married Joe Zezulka, which is how Joe and Ken Zezulka came to be.

Interestingly, Viola, Alvin and Wanda all married in the first six months of 1941. Meanwhile, in The Philippines, soon after The Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, James and Harry were captured by the Japanese, along with the rest of the corps and marched to Baguio, close to Manila, where they were imprisoned until the war ended in August of 1945. Doris and I were excited to find out that James (and Harry) were coming home. Doris even got James' address from his Grandmother and wrote to him. He wrote back and they struck up a friendship. The former prisoners of war were given a gala homecoming for about a week or so. James' grandmother was flown back to participate in the celebration.

Wanda was divorced then and James visited her in the Avalon Apartments. They had a long talk and when they came out Wanda said it was over. Doris and I had gone to Salt Lake to see James. We went by train and coming home there were hordes of returning servicemen who made room for us. (Doris has lost a lot of her memory due to several operations and does not remember this incident at all).

So, Doris and James continued their courtship and married in June. She was seventeen. They moved to Clearfield, Utah so he would be close to Hill Air Force Base by Ogden, since he opted to stay in the service. After three years James died of bacterial problems, etc, from the prison camp. He was in and out of the hospital in the last year and was finally flown to Walter Reed Army Hospital in Washington, DC. Doris flew back there before he died.

BTW, Alvin told me in later years that since he had a lot of back problems, he didn't get in the service but since he was such a strong, healthy looking person, lots of people would ask him why he wasn't in the service. It made

him feel like a slacker, so he joined the Civil Service to help repair ships in Honolulu. I heard that Alvin, before he returned home, told his co workers he was going to hug his wife so hard he'd break every bone in her body. However, only seven ribs got cracked.

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*May Overson was such a kind, compassionate person and was one of the Midwives of the church who took care of the sick, and delivered lots of babies--like me. I decided to needed to get out before the Doctor came. She was there and did the honors. My birth certificate was filled out by Dad since no doctor was present, and May was the person who registered births.

James was also very kind compassionate and personable. His second son, Norman, is so much like him.

I think that is enough on that story for now. I apologize for sending it by e-mail. I meant to do it in WordPerfect but each time I came back to work on the story, I forgot that I was in Juno because it looked so good.

Love, Ruth

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Love, Ruth

Sept. 19, 2004

Dear Jim,

Thanks for your letter. I thought you would like to know why your dad ended up in Hawaii. It sounds as though he had become close-mouthed like his dad. He once told me that Dad never discussed things with him--just told him what to do, such as when the Bradfields "stole" one of Grandfather's trees. I had never heard about that incident until I read the story. As a sequel to that, all the trees along that field that Alvin had to "girdle" so they would die, were cut down and made into an extremely intricate, and strong fence. We could not climb over it to pick more wild currants off the bush that grew in the middle. Dad called it a "bull fence", even though I don't remember seeing any bulls in the fields on either side. when I was older I asked Dad why that bull fence was there and he told me it was made from the trees that

had been cut down, and explained that they shaded the field on the other side so the crops didn't grow well in that area. He did not tell about his furious kid demanding justice, and revenge, etc.

By the time I was the only one left with Dad, he talked to me a lot about incidents in his life and was very nurturing and caring. I never got angry with him, because there was no reason to. he handled me so well, never ordered me or Doris around. He never denied our feelings, as many parents seem to do naturally. As I was raising our children I would think back to how he treated me and treated them the same. We got along very well.

Doris and James... I did not know about their marriage problems. She kept them to herself all those years. I found out only when I read her book and I never discussed it with her since she had "told all" in the book. I felt bad for her and understood why she had their Temple sealing cancelled so she could be sealed to her second husband, John Mayfield. They are still married after fifty-five years.

Right after James' funeral Doris sold the house in Clearfield and bought another one in Salt Lake, out in the County, a few blocks from Viola and Conrad. By this time she had another baby, Norman, who was several months old.

Doris' second husband sort of came with the new house. He was learning to be a real estate salesman on the GI bill. Doris looked a lot like his mother and he took to her right away. He went over and mowed the lawn for her and found other things to do. Eventually they were married. Later they had a son, Robert. After his birth the doctor told her that she could have other children, or she could live to raise the ones she had, due to her heart condition. She took his second option.

Incidentally, Doris' second husband, John, spent his military time in the navy in the South Pacific while James was in the prison camp in the Philippines. After James died, Doris called James' father in Montana and told him. She also asked for financial help with the funeral. I think he paid for all of it. The casket was glassed-in, and extremely nice. I cried a lot at the funeral because I felt so sorry for Doris, and James was special to me.

When their first baby, David, was born in 1947 I had taken the train to Salt Lake and the Bamberger to Clearfield and helped her for a week or so. James was very kind and attentive. I was paid fifteen dollars for my help, and when I got back To Salt Lake I bought a new winter coat with it. While I was still

there his brother, Harry, came to visit. It was interesting to meet him but he was so different from James. For one thing, he insisted on sleeping on the sofa so I had to bed down on the pool table in the basement while he was there.

While James and Harry were prisoners, Harry made himself a rope, (I'm sure ropes are not issued to guests at these places), and he'd practice lassoing. One day a cow wandered by and He was able to lasso it and the camp had beef for awhile. Captain Eddie Rickenbacker told about this in his book about being a POW. He said the cow was lassoed by a fellow named Greenleaf from the cow country.

At the same time, James practiced acrobatics in the camp to keep in shape. He could walk on his hands, in or out of water, do back-flips, and several other routines. When he was back in Leamington he had his beautiful accordion and played such great music. In Sacrament Meeting he played two selections and also told about being a POW. To begin, he said he would tell some of his experiences there, and then he would never talk about it again.

Both Alvin and James did very fancy cursive writing, and could sing and play stringed instruments. While he was married, James even had a record made of himself playing his guitar, singing a song about an 'ol crawdad hole. He played it for us one time. I still remember it:

"You get a line and I'll get a pole, honey,
You get a line and I'll get a pole, babe.
You get a line and I'll get a pole and
we'll go down to that 'ol crawdad hole.
Honey, oh baby, mine".

That's all, folks !!

Love,

Auntie Ruth

Oct. 11, 2004

As I read through your lengthy "Angry Alvin" episode again, I wrote down several topics to write about and will probably find more as I proceed to write

about them.

One episode is "the cider press explained." Okay, when Doris and I were still quite young (before Mother died in 1939), I recall seeing this object parked out between the end of the horse corral and the pigpen on a sled-like platform. Doris was already out by it, and told me that it belonged to George Evans, who had made a barrel of cider. It smelled so good--whenever I encounter apple cider I think back about that but the present cider does not compare to the George Evans cider press "bouquet". since the cider soaked press hadn't had time to age, it hadn't become sour. I've always wondered what the rest of the story was, and now I know some of it, undoubtedly an earlier episode. Later, the press had been taken away. I never asked Dad about it, since it seemed such a sinister thing.

Another topic is why Alvin left Harvard. It was not anything that happened there. BYU had invited him to come and build a geology museum. Alvin had big plans for this, as I'm sure you know. A lot of it was to be a "Hands-on" type learning experience. BUT, when he met with some of the General Authorities to discuss the museum, President Ezra Taft Benson gave it a thumbs-down because it would have EVOLUTION in it....A dirty word to those who don't know the difference between Darwin's theory of organic evolution, and the natural evolution of the earth. So Alvin's efforts)were defeated. (President Kimball may have been still alive when Alvin was hired). Counselor Tanner was not against it. He even asked Alvin what to tell his grand children when they asked about why there were dinosaurs. His answer was that dinosaurs were on the earth when it was being prepared for man, which I'm sure you were told, too. Alvin felt that he could obtain outside funding for the project.

I also know something of his extreme problems at BYU. Marie told me a lot about them, and how she did all she could to help him.

I need to get into my day now, so I'll say adieu,

Love, Ruth

Oct. 13, 2004

Dear Jim,

I am so happy to be able to "visit" with you, give you my input and am delighted to hear that your pain seems to be easing. I do intend to write more as time permits. Also, know that you have not offended me in any way, and I accept everything you have told me because I know that is your reality. It isn't a matter of being right or wrong--you feel what you feel, period. When one can unload bad feelings the burden is lightened.

There are so many items in your long letter that I couldn't comment on them all, so I made a list of the topics so I can manage them and remember which ones I have written about. One of them is "the unspeakable" which I am not ready for yet, but I will be soon enough. in the Book Of Mormon, which I am teaching in Primary this year, when the Savior visits the people in the Americas, he gathers the children, blesses them and angels come down and minister to them in the midst of (holy) fire. and the people hear things that are "Unspeakable" and cannot be written down because they are so marvelous and holy. That is a good kind of unspeakable, and then there is the Bad kind, which we'll get to later.

Okay, now for your folks in the 40's. When I stayed with them in the New Sutton apartments after my illness in '42, they were very nice. Alvin was working at the Small Arms plant so he was gone most of the time. One day he came home with one hand all bandaged up. He had got bitten by a machine, but it healed up okay. Marie made wonderful meals and I enjoyed them thoroughly. They seemed to get along together nicely. She took very good care of little Jimmy and gave me advice now and then about caring for babies. Once or twice they went out to a movie or something else and I was the baby-sitter. All I had to do was sit, because you had been fed and slept very well.

I admired Marie, her energy, her clothes, and her business-like way of doing her work. When she decided that my wardrobe needed augmenting and pulled out the box of Mabel's clothes she seemed to have fun doing the remodeling. After they were all done she decided to make doll house furniture. She rustled up some boxes, Wheaties, or something like that, and found soft brown fabric and cotton, and when she was through, an upholstered sofa and chair were ready for me to take home.

Since I was there for chiropractic treatments at Marie's chiropractor, two or three blocks away. I walked there and back about three times a week. Dad sent me a partial book of stamps from County Welfare. each one was for 25 cents so I could stop at a store and buy goodies while I was out. While in the apartment I mostly just lay on the single bed in the alcove by the front door

and read. It seems like I read magazines. They were difficult to hold while lying down. The treatments and rest were good for me. I appreciated them doing that for me.

Wanda and Joe were living in the Avalon Apts. next to the New Sutton. I visited with her briefly at the beginning of my stay, but I don't remember her coming over to visit. She seemed to be intimidated by Marie, who had told Wanda that she had worn a girdle after you were born to get her muscles back into shape. I know Wanda was rather put off by that. (after having had babies, I think it's a good idea. I wish I had worn one after all of mine).

This isn't a lot about your folks in 1942, but I'll tell about the three of them visiting us on the farm later that year.

Love, Auntie Ruth

Oct. 15, 2004

Dear JJ,

Continuing with your life, later in your first year your folks brought you down to Leamington for a couple of days while we were still on the farm. The main thing I remember is that you were installed in a contraption that may have been called a "jumper". It was hung in the door jamb, you were put in it so your feet would touch the floor so you could push yourself and jump up and down. I would crouch in front of you and smile, then you would get to laughing, and I would laugh, too. This was a good experience for me since I was not used to babies and felt a bit strange around them--inadequate. Strange, considering that lots of children love babies from the first time they see them and don't have to get used to them. Doris said she felt the same way. It was good for me, and when Viola visited us in home #3 (two rooms), Raymond was about five months old. Viola laid him on the cot in the kitchen and he'd look up at me and smile so big. I decided then that I probably could handle being a mother eventually. Eventually I became a grandmother and learned to talk "Baby-talk" and get babies' attention so they would smile and laugh.

Another event: In 1943 or '44 we had moved to town, close to the church in Dad's cousin, Pete Nelson's two room railroad-tie house in back of his home. Your folks visited us again. They stayed at someone else's place and I don't remember you boys being there. Marie wanted to roast a chicken but we

didn't have a pan large enough. They hunted around the place and found a little galvanized tub that was the right size but needed a good cleaning, so they drove to Delta and bought a bottle of muriatic acid to clean it. The dinner was most delicious, We all enjoyed having someone come and cook a good dinner for us.

It was Friday and they had heard of a dance in Oak City that night and wanted all of us to go. So we went but first, Doris and Ruth needed nice, clean dresses to wear since Washday was on Saturday. Marie happened to be our size then, so she brought out two dresses we could wear. They fit well and we were so happy about them. We all went to the dance and had a good time. There was ballroom dancing and square dancing, and also a Quadrille, which Doris and I soon learned. Dad always danced with Doris and me a couple of times at all the dances we attended at home. Jim was able to see some of his High School friends there, introduce his wife and visit awhile.

I'm sure this was when Marie realized how few clothes we had and must have resolved to do something about it in the future. Hurrah for Marie! Early in 1945 she wrote and asked Doris and me to each buy a dress pattern in our size and send it to her, so we did. Later on she sent three dresses to each of us. I remember wearing them when I went to town, while working for the Bowens. Marie was the greatest sister-in-law we ever had. Like Mark's wife, Mary Anne, is the greatest daughter-in-law we ever had. Mark once said, "But Mom, she's the only one!" and I told him, "Yes, but she could have been the worst".

Oct. 19, 2004

Dear Jim,

Sorry, the blue and green sections were a good idea, but they didn't work on Juno. If they had been just e-mail it would have worked. I could have clicked Forward, and added where needed, but since it was an attachment, I'm not allowed to do anything with it, except Close or Print. So I printed, and will work from there. I may use the Drafts function and work that way.

BTW, you did mention "the unspeakable". You said that you cursed your mother when she told you. I don't remember any instance of him abusing small animals, unless the letter he wrote to cousin Naomi, "Ole Cat", was a true story.

Now for the New Sutton Apartments. You were just two or three months old when I was there, and I fed you only milk from a bottle. Also, I don't recall any time that you hid back under the bed and sulked.....

Rheumatic fever was my affliction at age 12 going on 13 in August. I also had Chorea, or St. Vitus dance, but I think that came a bit later because I remember lying on the lawn in front of our house (on the farm--Dad sold the farm and moved to town in August of 1943), and trying to keep MY arms and legs still, while waiting for Dad to get ready to take me to Delta to see Dr. Bird. I was wearing one of Mabel's dresses at the time. It had a crepe skirt in Navy blue, with a jersey top in paisley--you know, the design that looks like fancy, colorful paramecium. (I always thought that way after we learned about amoebas and other teeny tiny critters).

The Doctor looked at me and prescribed arsenic drops. I think I told about this earlier. I thought they were Wonderful! I felt normal, and could say my R's without turning them into L's. Dad told me what the drops were. He was good to give out information. He also told me he felt bad having to give "poison" to his little daughter. His little daughter felt like saying, "Bring on the poison! It works! I love it!!" don't remember how many months I took it, but it was so great to be in control of myself again. I've heard the Doctors don't prescribe that anymore.

When your folks offered to have me come to their place and pay for chiropractic treatments, Dad thought it was a good idea, and when the chiro saw me he noticed that my head tilted to one side, so he worked on that, and did other adjustments, etc. When the ten treatments were over, he wasn't satisfied so he did ten more free. I must have been "with you" for about a month or more. It seems like I had three treatments a week.

Yes, Mabel was in Alaska, and I assume she had grown out of the dresses. I was very thin at the time. One of them was the kind where the top right side crossed over the left in one half inch blue and white stripes. The third one was quite fancy--pale green, of fabric like a cross between organdy and batiste, with pieces like leaves overlapping with little holes in between. When Marie finished redoing it, she went out, bought some pink organdy and made a sash. It was delightful. Someone even took a picture of me wearing it, with my hair curled nicely (I don't know how that came about), and thin legs sticking out down below. I saw the picture years ago, but never got a copy of it.

During our High School years during the war, Marie sent Doris and me skirts made from pretty tablecloths. Fabric was a scarce item then. Early in 1946

she sent me a green dress with initials, RJ, in an artistic design on the left side, (silk screened) Then she sent me a dress for Christmas, a white wool fabric with nice long sleeves, and the next year it was another one of the dresses that she made and Alvin painted by silk screen method. It was light blue wool and had pretty fishes (I researched them as Mongol idols) around the skirt and two smaller ones on the top. I loved these dresses and appreciated them.

Oct. 21, 2004

Dear Sponge,

I assumed that your dad worked on machinery making things like guns, bullets and related items.

No, I didn't ever go to the Arms plant. I don't think Alvin thought of inviting me.

I don't remember him talking about his day, except for the accident day, and it seems like he rode with someone else.

What is a "Tool check"?

Meals...I don't remember anything Marie cooked, but I know there was meat now and then which we rarely had at home. I thought they were good, well balanced meals. The only item I remember is the canned fruit cocktail. I had never seen it before. It was such a great thing--lots of fruits together, including pineapple, grapes and maraschino-like cherries. We had lots of bottled fruit at home, but none of those. Sometimes, now, when I'm making ambrosia--fruit cocktail, bananas, mini marshmallows and whipped topping, yummy--I think of the fruit cocktail at the New Sutton Apartments.

I didn't do any shopping or cooking there, or at home, at that time. Doris and Dad did the cooking. The year before Mother died she taught Doris lots of helpful things, as if she felt she might not be with us much longer.

I doubt Marie shopped at ZCMI. There were stores much closer, right on 3rd South, like IGA and Crystal Palace.

I don't remember them expressing affection, or having disagreements while I

was there. However, a couple will usually be on their good behavior when someone stays with them. By the way, they asked Doris to come and help after you were born. I'm sure she did a good job.

Viola was undoubtedly in Paso Robles while Conrad was at Camp Roberts before he went overseas, to France and Germany. I didn't see her at all that summer.

I recall Alvin holding you sometimes when he got home from work, but not "taking care" of you. Guys did not do that then. Not until our children were married and had children. Then Daddies took care of their little babies. T'was a great thing to see.

You waved your arms and kicked your feet and cried occasionally. That was the extent of your repertoire. Now that I remember Doris being there for Marie, she was there when I came to stay, so you must have been about two weeks old or more. In those days new moms stayed in the hospital for ten days. By the time I began producing it was only three days.

Now, more about page three. I cannot remember what kind of sewing machine Marie used. It was probably electric. I'm sure I would have noticed if it were a treadle type, like our Singer at home.

I walked west on third South to the chiro's office. It was on the North side of the street, on one side or the other of Main Street. He was Marie's Dr. One time a different chiro did the adjusting on me and called me "Mrs. Jensen". I did not correct him, but thought it was silly to think I was married.

The welfare stamps were from Millard County. People on welfare got them. They bought food with them I bought candy with them. (Really nutritional candy). Ration stamps probably Candy bars were a nickel. All day suckers were one cent, butterscotch suckers were two for a penny. One could get regular candy bars in a smaller size for a penny. If I bought a candy bar I would get change as though I had handed over a quarter.

The magazines were some that Marie already had. They had stories in them. That's all I remember.

About Wanda being intimidated by Marie, It could have been the way Marie told about the girdle. She had an air of authority about her. Wanda was undoubtedly easily intimidated. Her husband, Joe, would sometimes beat her when he came home drunk and then try to make her think it was her fault.

It's almost midnight. I'd better stop before I turn into a pumpkin.

Love, Ruth

(I can't find where this came from but it refers to an important project that I remember taking place in Vernal. I didn't know it got into the paper or ZCMI:)

having such nice gifts from Jim and Marie. That was when they were in the "painted" dress business. The Deseret News had a big article about their business, and ZCMI had a display of some of the dresses.

Okay, that's all for now.

Love,
Auntie Ruth

Oct. 19, 2004

Dear Jim,

In the letter where I was telling about food stamps from welfare, I started to say that since the war was still new, Ration stamps may not have been distributed then. the thought was not finished. (I appreciate the "Sent Items" feature so I can go back and check things out).

When I lived with Viola & Conrad I still had my ration book. During the war a song had a line in it, "When a ration book is just a souvenir". That's when I decided to save mine. It was in my suitcase at Viola's with some other items, and after I had married she called and asked if I wanted any of the items in the suitcase. I said, No, Instead of finding out what was in it. So the book was thrown out. I'm so sorry I forgot about my souvenir of WWII.

Now about Mother. Grandmother Hansene Jorgensen had been taken advantage of by the Baron she worked for in Denmark, and had a baby, Hans Kristian Jorgensen. This was terribly distressing to her. Aunt Lottie said that her own mother, Hansena's sister, Maren told how upset Hansena was, all through her pregnancy. Of course she didn't want the baby, but

nevertheless, accepted and raised him. Mother knew all about this, and was told many times to avoid such situations. She passed this on to Alvin in no uncertain terms. He told Doris and me that he fearfully avoided them.

When Grandfather Hansen moved to Abraham, Utah to begin farming on raw land that President Wilford Woodruff had bought for the purpose of providing a place for this very purpose. He took Maren and Hansena and the children they had at that time and lived on the land in the wagon box until he could build a house. They had been living in Riverton, Ut. with his first wife and their nine children. I'm sure you have heard about your polygamous ancestry. It was a tough life. The girls had to help with the farm work, along with Kris, so they learned to be useful.

I remember uncle Kris coming to visit Mother when I was about seven. He was a short, quiet man and kept peanuts in his coat pocket and shared them with us. Mother was always nice to him but some of the family was not. He was her older, half brother and there was a younger brother, Hans C. N. Hansen, but he died when he was one year old. Hansene died at age 37, when Mother was three, and Maren raised Mother, along with her children, Martha, "Lottie", Maren and Hans.

Wilford sometimes complains that I go into detail too much, as you can see. I do have a lot of early memories, and Family History information that others have gathered. When I first married I did not go on and on and on. I had a tendency to abbreviate. However, the computer age has freed me from that. I like to see things I write, printed out nicely and neat.

Next time I'll write about my view of "The Depression".

Love, Auntie Ruth

Nov. 20, 2004

Dear convalescing JJ,

I called Dick the other day to find out how you were. It was nice talking with him. He remembered us dropping in on him, Janet, and family one day after we had been to Exposition 86 (or whatever it was called) in Vancouver, BC. We had a great visit and they gave us one of the family photo Christmas cards with all of the Jensen family in it and the message cut off. I had it enlarged to 5"X7", framed it, and still have it in our living room.

Dick told me you were home and had Thanksgiving dinner there instead of at his home. So I called Doris to let her know. She was grateful for the message since she had been worrying, too. We look forward to hearing of your recovery.

The Depression years...Since Dad farmed and was Secretary of the Federal Land bank in the Western states, we were not pinched then. It came after Dad couldn't work anymore, and Mother died. 1938-39. We didn't ever go hungry but growing girls need clothes now and then. A lot of our clothing came from aunt Lottie. Every once in awhile there would be a box of clothes from her. I don't know how they got there, and everything didn't fit us, but some of the clothes were very nice, as long as they lasted. If Mother had been alive and well she could have made dresses for us out of castoffs.

Even though there was very little money then, I don't remember any penny pinching sounds from Dad. He was thankful for County Relief checks. Those were the years that he sent to Sears for some games for the three of us to play. It was so cozy playing together in the living/dining room. Sometimes a friend would come and join us. They all liked Dad, and it was helpful that he couldn't work. He was there for us, and he was so kind and loving. He never said he loved us but there was no need to. He showed us all the time.

Viola sent us a jigsaw puzzle now and then and we learned how fun it was to put puzzles together. She also sent Dad an upholstered arm chair and ottoman. At night Dad would sit in it and Doris and I would sit on the arms, or the ottoman or in his lap, while we watched radio programs, and we would change around at times.

There were the Lux Radio Theater, The Little Theatre off Times Square, Bob Hope Show, Red Skelton, and others, also Your Hit Parade. It was so wonderful having that nice chair and ottoman at that time. It was like a gift of love for us. Otherwise we would have had to sit separately on the kitchen chairs (made by Dad).

Wanda had a good sense of humor and was very loving to the family. She sent me a humorous letter during her last years. Said she had taken a dressmaking course and was told to use anything to make an outfit, so she used flour sacks. She drew a picture of herself in the outfit, with the words on the flour sacks. I sent a copy to Joe, but he never did acknowledge it. Maybe it was too sad for him to remember.

I hope you somehow appreciate my rattling on about things. At least it's a

letter from your loving...

Auntie Ruth

Dec. 09, 2004.

Long Ago Christmases

Dear Jim,

First, I want you to give your "Queen" wife a big hug from me for taking such good care of you in your misery. I just reread your 12-1 post telling about your last stay in the hospital, checking yourself out of the hospital, and then the problems you had later and how she finally got your attention. Wow! What a gal!

Since this is the Christmas season I decided to tell about a Christmas time at home.

Dad usually went out and cut down a Juniper tree for Christmas. Then he would roll in the iron train wheel and set the tree in it. It was a great tree stand. After Mother died and Viola, Alvin and Wanda were living in Salt Lake, Dad brought out the box of Christmas decorations and handed them to Doris and me so we could decorate the tree. We had a wonderful time putting on the beautiful, shiny balls, and the two birds that had come from Denmark. The next day we took them off and did something different. The whole time Dad just watched us, enjoying our happiness, letting us do whatever suited our fancy, redecorating whenever we felt like it.

On Christmas eve we went to the Christmas program at the church and Doris and I wore new dresses that Viola had made for Christmas. Mine was a green jumper with two pockets and a green plaid blouse. I don't remember What Doris' looked like, (and neither does Doris). After the program Santa came and passed out bags of candy and nuts to all the children. Joy, Joy.

Then back home where Dad built up the fire in the potbellied stove that was in the living/dining room. I'm not sure, but we may have decorated the tree some more. Then to bed and in the morning we went out to see what Santa had brought. There were other presents, but I don't remember them. However, there was a grocery type box on the floor, away from the tree, and upon opening there were a lot of toys and a rubber doll that was sort of like

the one Santa had brought me the year before. None of them were new, but it was exciting to have them. Doris and I decided that the doll was hers, since I already had mine. Dad didn't tell us who had given the box of toys, but later on he told Doris. It was a former schoolteacher, Bertha Ballstaedt, who was really friendly with Mother.

On this merry note, I bid you adieu,

Auntie Ruth