

Interview of LaDrue Dorton

August 2005

Interviewer: Susan Whittaker

Born: July, 1915

Susan: Tell us about your great Grandfather.

LaDrue: He had a station on the overland trail over on seven mile pass between Lehi and Fairfield. Most of the stuff I have is because I read it because he died long before I was born. I don't want to spend a lot of time on that although I have quite a bit of material here including some stuff I downloaded from a website of the Pony Express. He also had a Pony Express station that was called "Joe's Dugout." There's quite a bit of this in the history in the Lehi History book that Mr. VanWagoner put together. I have a copy of it here and some of it I got out of a historical sketch compiled by Andrew Fielle, if you know who he was.

Susan: Did you have any stories that were passed down in your family?

Susan: Well, my Grandfather used to tell me scary stories about the Indians.

Susan: Can you give us a few of those and what he told you?

LaDrue: This is an account of an incident that happened after they were established at the post out there. It says, "One night", speaking about my great Grandfather, "One night after he had gone to bed, he was aroused by a knock on the door. He inquired who was there. And a voice answered "Me, your friend." Dorton opened the door and in came Chief Blackhawk doubled up with pain. He said, "Show me, heap sick." He had been wounded by a bullet which grazed his abdomen letting out some of his entrails. Dorton examined the wound and then with a common needle and thread sewed up the dusty chieftain's belly and told to go into the dugout for the night. In the morning he was gone, but some months later he returned fully recovered. He brought

with him a very large lake trout which he gave to his benefactor. He always referred to "Cho", as he called him, saved his life.

He said, "One of the serious handicaps of the location was the problem of procuring water for man and beast. During the entire stay, the water that was used for all purposes was hauled from the Jordan River in common wooden barrels and part of the time with an ox team. Dorton decided to attempt getting water by digging a well. He hired Isaac Shelton and James Powell who dug a hole to the depth of 354 feet, but found no water. This hole is all that is left to mark the site of the dugout location. And it does it most definitely.

And it goes on to say, that the completion of the overland...pacific telegraph line to Salt Lake City in October of 1861 and a few days later in San Francisco, meant the end of Pony Express. And on that day the telegraph lines went into operation. The Pony riders made their last ride. During the 18 months that the Express was in operation, it added romance and adventure to the history of the Great West. The riders traveled more than 650,000 miles with adventures with hostile Indians, road agents and blizzards. Some lost their lives in the discharge of their duty.

Susan: How did your family end up out there?

LaDrue: Well, my great Grandfather had been sent to Lehi by Brigham Young to be the town butcher. And they had a wall built around the city...what they called a Fort Wall. You maybe familiar with some of this history, I guess. He wasn't too happy living in there and so he found out that the Overland Stage was going to move west from Salt Lake and establish some posts. He went to Salt Lake and got a contract to establish a station on the Overland Stage route, which is why he moved out there. He was quite friendly with

the Indians for some reason, which is not apparent to me, but got along with them good and he moved out there and established this station.

He went against the advice of Bishop Evans. He told him that it was too dangerous out there with Indians and outlaws and all that stuff. Grandfather went anyway.

Susan: Did he have to pay to become a post for the Overland Stage?

LaDrue: He signed a contract and I don't know the details of it. I got most of this information by reading the accounts in the books which is quite an extensive account of his doings. In this Lehi Book it included one of which I was surprised when I went to the index and I found out that when you looked under a section called Dorton's Well, I found out quite a bit about it. And then another section in the Doctor's that there was an account of him sewing up the Indian chief. So he was considered, I guess, as one of the early doctors. That all I can tell you about my great Grandfather. Most of it is already in writing.

I have something here that may be more of interest to you than talking about my great Grandfather because the things that I could tell you are first or second or third hand. I lived with my grandparents. They raised me. My Mother died when I was three years old and my paternal grandparents raised me.

Susan: And where did they raise you?

LaDrue: I lived in Lehi. The house still stands on first west and it's the second house north of Main Street. The first house north of Main Street was the house that I bought from them. There was an adobe house built when they were first married and I bought it from them and lived there. I made an addition to the house during the early part of World War II. My family lived there. In fact, my oldest daughter was born in that house. And that was 33 North 100 West. The house that I lived in as a child was 47 North 100 West and it is still standing. I went by and looked at it when I went down to Lehi to do some business with the city. I wanted to make sure that I understood what the situation was with my cemetery lot. The lot originally belonged to my great, great Grandfather, I guess, because he and his wife are buried there. The lot kind of got abandoned over the years when his children started dying

off and no body took care of it. So when my first wife died, I asked my father about some space in the cemetery and he told me about this lot. He thought there were some spaces in it. So to make a long story short, I made arrangements to pay for the perpetual maintenance on it, so they deeded the lot to me. I own it.

Susan: At one time, didn't families take care of their own lot?

LaDrue: Yes.

Susan: Do you know when that changed?

LaDrue: Not exactly. When I was a child we always used to go on what was then called Decoration Day. They didn't call it Memorial Day, they called it Decoration Day. And we would go up and clean the cheat grass off the lot and police up the grave a little bit. And break up a mound over it because they kind of deteriorated over one season to the next. And then we would take fresh cut flowers up there and decorate my Mother's grave which was the only one that was up there that I knew anything about. I didn't know anything about my great Grandfather's grave until I made arrangements to have my wife buried on the lot.

Susan: So is there a tombstone there in the cemetery?

LaDrue: Yes. There is a tombstone there...there is a flat one because they won't let you put up tall ones anymore. My grandparents that I lived with are buried on the same lot as my father and my Mother, and my father's second wife. You might remember my father. He was a school teacher. Basil Dorton was his name.

Susan: I've heard several people in town talk about him.

Can you tell me a little bit about teaching school?

LaDrue: I will tell you that what I can remember that you might be more interested in are accounts of things that are already in print.

Susan: We would love to hear your memories.

LaDrue: I have a little booklet here called "Childhood Memories". It's a series of stories that I started by recording it on a cassette when I lived in Florida. I'd send it to my son who lived in Provo and he would transcribe it on his

computer and then send me a hard copy of it. We would go back and forth for a while and we finally got it down to where we liked it. I started to do it chronologically, but I couldn't do it that way so I broke it down to descriptions of events or sections. And maybe I can start reading a little bit of this for you.

Susan: That would be great.

LaDrue:

LADRUE BASIL DORTON—CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

Perhaps I should begin with those things I cannot remember. In December of 1918 our family, consisting of my father, Basil J. Dorton, my Mother, Reta Evans Dorton, my baby sister Glenda, and I were living in Garfield, Utah. The entire family contracted the Spanish flu and we were all hospitalized. My Mother did not survive. When my father was released from the hospital he lived with his parents during his convalescence and later moved to Ferron, Utah, to teach school. When Glenda and I were released from the hospital, we were placed under the care of my Mother's parents and sisters. Glenda was taken by Aunt Juliet Goates, (I don't know if you ever remember her...she used to do hemstitching for a living and eventually married a man named Taylor) but who was nursing a baby girl, and I lived for a short time with my maternal grandparents, William S. Evans, his wife Geneva, and my Aunt Pearl Watson. At a later date Glenda was taken by my father's sister, Edna Taylor with her husband, Herbert, to raise as their own. I went to live with my paternal grandparents, Joseph E. Dorton and his wife Martha Ann. These events were related to me by members of my father's and mother's families over the years.

I started to do it chronologically, but I didn't get too far with that.

My earliest memory is my Grandmother Dorton standing me on the edge of the bed and telling me to 'pee' in the 'potty' she was holding. I said I did not have to 'pee' and just wanted to go back to sleep. She replied, "You are going to stand here until you 'pee' if it takes all night". I think I was about four years old at that time and was probably a 'bed wetter'. At that time I was

sleeping in the east bedroom on the second floor of my Grandfather's house. It must have been summer; since in the winter I slept in the south bedroom because it was warmer.

And I describe the house and then I have a section on the house. And I also have a section on the gardens.

Susan: Talk a little bit about the gardens.

LaDrue:

THE GARDENS

Grandfather introduced me to gardening when I was about six years old. When I was able to tell the difference between the vegetables and the weeds, I was given the responsibility of the weeding and later on, the irrigation. Grandfather prepared the garden plot and did the planting. Grandmother and I did most of the harvesting. The first garden that I remember was only about eight or ten rows wide and was located adjacent to the three row raspberry patch and extended from about the middle of the 'home lot,' (which is where I was raised...I called the home lot) onto the middle of the 'old lot.' (which was the lot next door, adjacent to the old adobe house that I bought after I got married.) Since the garden was small, we did not have enough room for cucumbers, squash, or melons and usually only had one row of new potatoes and sweet corn. The rest of the rows were planted in radishes, carrots, lettuce, turnips, sweet peas, green beans and a few tomato plants. The irrigation water for this garden was from a two inch artesian well, (a well made by boring into the earth until water is reached, which from internal pressure flows up like a fountain), (a lot of people don't know what an artesian well is. I wrote this for my descendants to read).

Susan: If your garden was small, where did you get most of your food?

LaDrue: My Grandfather bought the lot north of the "old lot" which was a vacant building lot. And he used that lot for a garden plot later on, which I will get into a little later.

...or flowing well as we called it, that was located about half way between the house and the granary. The rate of flow was about two gallons

per minute and it provided enough water for the raspberry patch and the garden.

When I was seven or eight years old, Grandfather purchased the unimproved lot north of the 'home lot,' and we used the front two thirds for our garden. The back one third had several fruit trees, a small raspberry patch and a few currant bushes.

For the first year or two, Grandfather did the planting and the irrigation and I was in charge of the weeds. I believe that Grandmother was in charge of what was planted, because what was planted depended somewhat on what we had left from the previous year.

The garden, together with the fruit trees and berry bushes, provided most of the food we needed except for staples, such as flour, sugar, vinegar, spices and condiments. We had an abundance of fruit and vegetables and as they became excess to our every day needs, we would preserve the excess for later use. Grandmother 'canned,' or 'put up,' the produce that would not keep well, such as peas, string beans, tomatoes, red beets, berries, plums, peaches, apricots, and cherries. (I do not know why they referred to this process as "canning," because we used mason jars as containers most of the time.) The root vegetables were placed in pits in the garden and covered with straw for winter storage. We also dried some of the sweet corn, apricots and apples using drying racks set up in the west bedroom, which was fly proof and very hot in the summer months.

Grandfather owned three shares of water in the Lehi Irrigation Company and we were notified of our watering turn in writing by their 'Water Master.' The watering turns usually came every seven to ten days during the growing season and varied in frequency and duration based on the amount of water available. When I was about ten years old, my apprenticeship in the art of irrigation ended and I was given the task of 'watering the garden.' This entailed going to the head-gate, which was about a city block away, and diverting our share of the water into the lateral that served our property at the time given in the 'water notice.' Occasionally there would be no water at the head-gate. When this happened, I would go up the main ditch until I found the problem. Usually, it was someone watering 'out of turn,' and I would just pull their head-gate. When the

water arrived at the ditch that ran along the top of the garden, I would regulate the flow into the small furrows that ran along side the vegetables rows. This was the most difficult part and I was closely supervised by my Grandfather until I got the hang of it.

Grandfather had a lot of patience with me and took the time to make sure I was given the chance to demonstrate that I knew what I was doing before I was given the responsibility for any chores that were assigned to me, not just the care of the garden. I am thankful that my grandparents had the patience and took the time to teach me that it takes some hard work, and some discipline to enjoy a good life. Even though I may have felt a little 'picked on,' I am sure that I felt some pride in contributing to our families' well being. I do not want to give the impression that the gardening experience was an unpleasant time of my childhood. While it is true that it took a great part of my spare time, as I look back from the perspective of nearly eighty years, I realize the garden experience taught me a lot about priorities, budgeting time, spare and otherwise, and discipline.

In thinking about my memories of the garden, I can also remember how good the tomatoes tasted when picked early in the morning when the dew was still on them. I used to keep a salt shaker hidden for use when I would help myself to fresh produce.

Now that's the garden.

Susan: We didn't talk too much about the house, but do you know where the adobe came from that the houses were made from that were built in Lehi?

LaDrue: No, but I am sure, but somewhere in this red book, it tells you.

Susan: You personally, don't know?

LaDrue: No, I don't know. That was long before my time. That old house was built in the 1860's and it's still standing there. I put an addition on the back end of it sometime in the early 40's and it has been remodeled a time or two since then, I think. It was just an adobe house when I bought it and I had it stuccoed on the outside and last time I went by I believe that someone had put some vinyl siding or something to cover it up.

Susan: Were the walls real thick?

LaDrue: Yes, they were thick. About this thick. The adobe bricks were about eight by sixteen inches thick. So most of the walls were about sixteen inches thick.

Susan: So was that house originally in the fort?

LaDrue: No, it was built long after the fort was gone.

I have a little section here called "The Horse" that you may find interesting.

THE HORSE

Grandfather's horse was a light in color gray mustang gelding. He stood about five feet high at the withers (I'm sure that horsemen could tell how many hands he was but I don't know about that) and weighed about eight or nine hundred pounds. His name was Danny, although my Grandmother always called him Dicky, but I don't know why. She had a canary named Dicky.

Grandfather told me that he had purchased Danny from a horse trapper named Nels Otterson, who had captured Danny in Rush Valley, which was two valleys west of Utah Valley where we lived, a distance of about thirty miles. At the time of his capture, Danny was a Stallion and the leader of a band of wild horses.

Mr. Otterson had made several attempts to capture Danny and was finally able to do so by shooting him through the neck, a common practice called "roaching." After Mr. Otterson had converted him to a gelding and broken him to ride and to tolerate a bridle and harness, he was sold to my Grandfather who used him to pull a delivery wagon. He would deliver meat to a meat market on the weekend. He was about ten years old and very gentle when I first met him.

I think I was four or five years old when I had my first ride on Danny. It was in the spring of the year and Grandfather was using Danny to plow the garden. I was following along and I suppose that I was somewhat in the way when they would reach the end of the furrow and needed to turn around, because Grandfather, after telling me to stand clear several times, picked me up and put me on Danny's back. I guess I was frightened and afraid I would fall off, but Grandfather told

me to hang onto the hames, (two curved projections which are attached to the collar of a draft horse and to which the traces are fastened), and I would be alright. And if I did fall off it would be on soft ground and would be less painful than being stepped on by the horse. My early associations with Danny were when I would accompany my Grandfather as we made trips to the farm in the wagon. My Grandfather owned a farm up at the corner of 5th West and 9th North. My father eventually built a house on the north west corner of it with the rest of it being used as a pasture and a farm down below the irrigation canal. The land now is a housing development. I used to grow cucumbers there when I was in high school and I remember the 4H club...things change.

Sometimes I would be allowed to hold the reins and make believe that I was a teamster. When I was about seven or eight years old, I was allowed to ride him in the barnyard and we became very good friends, mostly because it was one of my jobs to fill his nose bag with oats.

When I was nine or ten years old I was allowed to drive the wagon to the farm when he was needed by the hired man for some reason. Up at the farm my Grandfather had a lot of chicken coops...four or five. He had a couple of thousand laying hens there and he hired a man, with the last name of Darling. I don't know what his first name was, but they called him Bouts. That's all I ever knew him by. He lived up there in a room at the end of the granary that had been converted into a living space...kind of a lean to I guess, at the side of the granary. So that's who the hired man was. I was also allowed to ride him to the farm when we did not need him at home as there was a pasture there and he was able to feed on grass. When this happened I would walk home, a distance of about one mile. And when he was needed at home I would walk to the farm and ride him home. When I walked, my usual route to and from the farm was to go north on Second West Street to Sixth North Street and then go west until I came to the irrigation canal that ran through the farm and take a 'short cut,' up the canal bank until I came to the pasture, thus saving a distance of about three city blocks. When I was riding or driving Danny, I had to take a longer route using the city streets.

In the fall of the year, after the crops grown on the cultivated part of the farm had been har-

vested, Danny was pastured there to allow him to glean whatever was left over. Some times it was sugar beet tops and some times it was barley or oats along the fence lines and ditch banks, but whatever it was, Danny seemed to like the change of diet. He usually stayed in this field for a month or two, depending on when the severe weather arrived, but spent the winter under cover at the home lot.

When Danny was in the grass pasture he could see me coming up the canal bank and he would usually come to meet me at the corner nearest the canal. I suppose that it was because he knew that we would be going home where he could expect a nose bag of oats, which he dearly loved. When he was in the cultivated field, it was—dare I say it!!!—a horse of a different color. When he saw me coming he would do one of two things. If he wanted to go home he would meet me at the corner of the field nearest the canal. If he didn't want to go home he would go the center of the field and dare me to catch him. Since I rode him bare back and only used the halter rope to guide him, I didn't have much to help me catch him. When I would approach him to try to get the rope around his neck, he would turn his hind quarters toward me and if I tried to get close to his neck, he would turn again to keep me away. If I tried to dart around him, he would trot off a short distance and wait for me to try again. After a few minutes of this drill, I would usually become frustrated and whack him on the hind quarters with the halter rope and he would trot off thirty or forty feet and turn and look at me and paw the ground with a front foot. Some times I would get so frustrated that I would just sit down on the ground and cry and try to think of some way to get the rope on him. I tried to get him to run by throwing clods of earth at him, but he would only turn his hind quarters toward me and move out of my range. If I ran toward him, he would run. When I stopped, he would stop. I believe he thought we were playing some kind of game. I think this was when I first realized, that he was probably smarter than I was. When he was tired of the game, some times after an hour or so, he would go stand by the gate and I would get the rope on him and we would go home.

Danny had four speeds, or gaits, as I think they were called when referring to horses. They were: walk, trot, gallop and run. When he was hitched

to the wagon or buggy, he used the first two and when I was riding him, he would use the first three, although it took a little urging to get him to gallop. Since I rode him "bare-back," it was mostly walk and gallop because trotting was very uncomfortable. I only saw him run on two occasions and both times I was riding him, although I had been told he once ran away with the buggy when my Grandmother was driving to Cedar Fort when she was visiting as the Lehi Stake Primary Superintendent.

Although Danny only ran away with me twice, he unloaded me on several occasions when he became startled by something he didn't expect. The first time he ran away with me was on a duck hunting trip to the Jordan River, which was about three or four miles west of Lehi.

Elmo Hardy, a neighborhood friend, who was about a year older than me, I think he was twelve years old, had received a twelve gauge shotgun for Christmas and he had been coaxing me to go hunting with him. I told him that we didn't have a gun, except for a single shot twenty-two caliber rifle that Grandfather used to shoot rats when he would see them around the granary, and that it was too far to walk to the river. He suggested that maybe Grandfather would let us ride Danny. I finally told him that I would ask, thinking that would be an easy way out; since I didn't want him to think I was afraid of guns. Much to my surprise, Grandfather said yes, but he reminded us that Danny was very upset when he heard loud noises, such as firecrackers or gun shots and that was why he always took him to the farm over the Fourth and Twenty-fourth of July holidays. He said that if we didn't tie Danny to a stout tree before the shooting started, we would be walking home.

After waiting a day or two for the weather to moderate, we mounted up on Danny early in the afternoon and departed for the river. Danny seemed a little nervous and it took a little coaxing to get him to go. I didn't know if it was the guns or because we were riding double. After we got out on the road to the river, the trip was uneventful until we got close to the river where we could see a few flights of ducks. At about this time, Elmo started opening and closing the breech of his shotgun and Danny started to become a little skittish. I told Elmo not to load the gun until we got Danny tied up. He said that he had not

loaded the gun, a statement that turned out to be false. As we neared the river, I spotted a tree that looked stout enough to hold Danny if he should bolt when we fired the guns. As we neared the tree, a flight of ducks flew over and Elmo fired at them. Needless to say, Danny departed the scene as Elmo and I picked ourselves up off the ground. Danny started running toward the river, but when he came to the steel bridge, he turned around and ran back toward home. I made a feeble effort to stop him as he ran past us, but I guess he had 'had' it with us.

After he had run two or three hundred yards down the road toward home, he fell. I think he must have stepped on the halter rope and tripped himself. After a few minutes, it seemed like an eternity to me as I was praying that he hadn't broken a leg, he struggled to his feet and continued down the road toward home. He was trotting as he disappeared from sight. I guess he had learned about running with a rope dragging on the ground. After Elmo and I dusted ourselves off and located our guns, he wanted to continue the duck hunt. I asked him if he knew the way home. He said that he did and I told him "to have fun," and I started the long walk home, as I wanted to get home before dark. Elmo caught up with me shortly before I got home. He did not have any ducks.

Danny was in the shed where he was quartered when I arrived. He was quietly munching hay and I could not see any apparent damage, so I got the curry comb and spent a little time grooming him. I also told him that I was sorry and hoped that we could still be friends. When I went into the house, and Grandfather asked me if we had any luck with the ducks.

I replied, "Not much," and he smiled knowingly at me. I am sure he knew what had happened, but at least, he didn't say, "I told you so."

The second time Danny ran away with me was on a trip to Saratoga Springs Resort, which was about seven miles southwest of Lehi, and was located on the western shore of Utah Lake. Saratoga Springs was primarily a swimming resort, but also had a baseball field, boating docks, a large covered pavilion, or bowery, with picnic tables and a large grass area leading down to the lake shore. There were two large pools, one indoor and one outdoor, filled by water from hot

springs. The resort usually opened for business a week or two before Memorial Day, or Decoration Day, as it was known as in those days, and closed soon after school began in September.

One warm sunny day in late April or early May, my best friend, Dave Curtis, and I were suffering from the effects of spring fever and we thought how nice it would be to go swimming. It was a little too chilly for our usual swimming hole and we decided to go to Saratoga and take a dip in the warm water. We knew that the resort wasn't open, but we also knew that some of our friends had been "sneaking in," from time to time. Being about twelve years old we didn't think much about the consequences if we were caught, and anyway, it would give us something to brag about.

I asked Grandfather if we could borrow Danny for a ride down to the river. He gave us permission and suggested that we use a bridle and borrow a saddle from my Uncle Abe Anderson, since we would be riding double, and it would be more comfortable for all concerned.

It took us about an hour and a half to reach the resort. The gate at the entrance was locked so we tied Danny to a tree and climbed over the gate and walked to the out-door pool and went for our swim. When we were finished we walked back to where we had left Danny and started for home. Danny was always glad to be going toward home and he walked briskly and trotted some until I would rein him in. The trotting didn't bother me, since I could stand up in the stirrups, but it was hard for Dave to hang on so we mostly walked or galloped.

There was a wooden bridge across the Jordan River, about a mile from the resort entrance, near the pumping plant that moved water from Utah Lake down the river to be used for irrigation. When we had crossed this bridge on our way to the resort, Danny didn't seem to be bothered by sound made by his hoofs. Maybe because he was walking, or by the barking dog that was near a house at the pumping plant, so we had no idea that it would any different on the way home. As we neared the bridge, Danny began to trot, and when we started to cross, his hoof-beats made kind of a hollow sound and he got a little nervous and started to trot faster and jump around a bit, even though I tried to rein him in. As we

got to the far end of the bridge, the dog that we had seen earlier jumped out of some vegetation, started barking, and bit Danny on the ankle. Danny kicked at the dog, the dog let out a yelp so I guess he got him, and bolted for home. Dave fell off on the first jump but I managed to stay aboard, I suppose because I was in the saddle. Danny ran as fast as he could for a few hundred yards, perhaps a quarter of a mile, before I could get him under control. When I finally got him stopped, we turned around and started back to pick up Dave. It took some urging, as Danny didn't want to go any direction away from home. I was worried that Dave may have been injured when he fell from the horse, but when we got within a couple of hundred yards of the bridge, we met him walking rapidly toward us. When I asked him if was okay, he replied, "I was frightened more than hurt because when I fell, I landed on the dog and it broke my fall." He wasn't sure who was more frightened, he or the dog, because when they got untangled, the dog yelped and took off for the house with his tail between his legs. After Dave got mounted up, the remainder of our trip home was uneventful, since Danny was headed for home and didn't need much urging. As an afterthought, it seems to me that wherever we went, Danny always knew the way home. He knew the way home from the farm and would always turn and go up the alley that ran between the buildings on Main Street and the "old lot," and stop at the gate to the barnyard.

Susan: So was Danny the only horse?

LaDrue: Yes.

Susan: Was he originally bought to harness to a wagon and be used for meat deliveries? So how often was the meat delivered?

LaDrue: I don't know. It was long before my time. That was when my father was a young man when he used to drive the delivery wagon.

THE LONG WINTERS

My first impression of how long the snowy and cold weather would last was before I started to school. I suppose it was because I didn't go outside unless I had to. I was too young to help with the outside chores, so generally, the only times I went out was to visit the outside toilet and to

church on Sundays, both of which I hated. I still remember how cold the toilet seat was and how long the church services seemed when I didn't understand what they were talking about. I can also remember how cold the bedding felt when I first got in bed, although sometimes Grandmother would warm it up with a hot water bottle when it was bitterly cold and the windows frosted over.

After I started to attend school I was bothered more by the snow than by the cold weather. When there was a fresh snowfall a man with a horse pulling a V-shaped device would plow the sidewalks. We lived only a city block and a half from the school if I cut through the school yard, but it was about three blocks if I followed the sidewalk, so I would generally cut through. If there had been a blizzard and the snow drifts were deep, it was pretty hard going for us little kids. Sometimes the bigger kids would break trail, so to speak, but usually if there more than one, the others would step in the leader's footprints so it didn't help us little kids much because we couldn't match their strides.

We children did have some enjoyment from the snowfall, making snowmen and snow forts stocked with snow balls when the temperature was right. (If it got too cold the snow was too dry to pack). I also had some fun coasting down hills on my sled and being a spectator when someone was dared to put his tongue on a sleigh runner.

When I got older and bigger, I was able to cope with winter season a little better. The snow didn't seem so deep or the cold so intense, but the winters still seemed just as long.

Now, I will read you some more about Saratoga.

On the 26th of July, 1920, my Grandfather William S. Evans came to our house in his Model T. Ford Sedan. I was very excited because we didn't have many visitors with automobiles. I was even more excited when he told me to get in. As he drove away I asked him where we were going. He replied, "To a birthday party." I asked, "Where is the party?" He said, "At Saratoga Springs Resort." Well, I didn't know where Saratoga Springs was, but I didn't want to appear too stupid, so I didn't ask any more questions and just enjoyed the ride through the countryside.

When we arrived at the Resort, I was amazed to see such a large group of people, most of whom I didn't know. We went to an area in the pavilion where several of my aunts and uncles were seated at picnic tables, together with their families, some of whom I did not know.

Grandfather Evans introduced me to the ones I couldn't remember and I thanked them all for coming to my birthday party. Some of them looked a little puzzled, but Grandfather quickly said that they were all glad to be there and I am sure he gave them a big wink so they would go along with the gag.

William Clark was my great-grandfather on my Mother's side of the family and his birthday was also on the 26th of July and his descendants honored his memory by holding a reunion on his birthday. They referred to the reunion as, "The Birthday Party," and since it was held on my birthday, I thought it was my party, but the so called 'Birthday Party' was really the William Clark Family Reunion. Grandfather Evans came by and took me to the Birthday Party (reunion) on my next three birthdays, but I was older and wiser by then and knew what the occasion represented. The last time I attended the reunion was on my eighth birthday, but it was a very exciting outing.

Saratoga had a baseball field, but it was just four bases and a backstop. There were no outfield fences or grass and it was located in one corner of a large open field. On this day it was being used as landing strip for an airplane that was taking people for rides for a fee. It was single engine bi-plane with two open cockpits, one for the pilot and one for a passenger. After the pilot had made several flights, he taxied over to the edge of the field to ask if there were any more people who wanted to fly. He didn't get any response, so he started to dismount. Grandfather Evans took me by the hand and led me over to the airplane and asked the pilot if it was half fare for children. The pilot replied, "How many?" Grandfather said, "Just one." The pilot said, "I guess I have time and gas enough for one more flight." With that, Grandfather lifted me up and put me in the passenger seat and fastened the safety belt. It all happened so fast that I didn't have time to protest. I think if I had been asked, I would have declined. I was pretty scared when we taxied to take off and the wind from the prop-blast made

it hard to see, since I didn't have any goggles. Once we were airborne it wasn't so bad and I kind of enjoyed looking down at the people and the landscape. We didn't stay up very long, only two or three passes over the Resort. I guess, one only got half a ride for half fare. I don't know what the fare was, but I know that I was the center of attraction and object of envy with my cousins.

So that's about all I can tell you about Saratoga Resort.

Susan: Tell us about outhouses.

LaDrue: Ours was between the porch and the granary—where the chicken coops were. And it was probably about four feet square and it was a one holer. What would happen was that they would just dig a pit in the ground and then erect a structure over. They usually had a door that you could latch and keep people from intruding on you. I can remember Montgomery Ward catalogues were a great thing and what we used for toilet paper. Well, that's about all I can remember about that one. The next outhouse that I remember was at my house that I had bought from my Grandfather. And I bought it as a WPA project. And it was a little more sophisticated. It had a cement floor and the wood was smoother and probably planed and sanded down.

Susan: Was the first one with smooth wood?

LaDrue: No, it was just the rough lumber.

Susan: So when did indoor plumbing come about?

LaDrue: Well, I can tell you in a minute.

Grandfather Dorton's house was a red brick dwelling with four rooms on the ground floor: a kitchen, living room, bedroom, and parlor. There was also a front porch under the roof and a screened porch attached to the rear of the house. There were three bedrooms on the second floor. We referred to them as the east, west, and south bedrooms. I suppose because the windows faced in that direction. Access to the upstairs was an enclosed stairway entered from the living room. The house had no inside plumbing when I first lived there, except for a cold water tap and sink in the kitchen. When I was about nine or ten, (which would make it about 1925 and I was about 10 years old) the house was plumbed to

install a bathroom in one corner of the first floor bedroom, which was a large room where my grandparents slept. The hot water was provided by a water jacket in the firebox of the kitchen range. The water jacket was connected to an upright storage tank with a capacity of about thirty gallons, which stood at the end of the kitchen range. A hot water tap was also installed at the kitchen sink, which made my dish washing chores much easier. The house was heated by two coal burning space heaters, in addition to the kitchen range. That's when we got plumbing...about 1925 or thereabouts.

Susan: You also made reference to this car. Tell us about cars back then.

LaDrue: Well, the only cars that I can remember when I was a child were model T Fords. There were probably some other brands roaming around, but I never did have any occasion with them. I think probably when I was a child that the only time that I ever rode in a car was when my Grandfather Evans took me to Saratoga. We did most of our transportation when we hooked up Danny to the buggy. We also had a little one horse wagon that my Grandfather used when he delivered things.

Susan: Why did you start raising chickens?

LaDrue: Grandfather started raising chickens before the Depression because I remember the chickens when I was a little kid.

THE GRANARY AND CHICKEN COOPS

Since some of the persons that read this have never seen a granary or chicken coop of the kind that I remember, I will describe them in some detail. The poultry farms of today are for the most part automated and resemble an assembly line, so please bear with me.

The buildings that housed the granary and chicken coops were constructed of wood and had concrete floors. They were about twelve feet high in the front and about six feet high in the back, and the roof was covered with 'tar paper,' a composition roofing material. They were about twenty feet deep from front to rear, abutted the north property line of the home lot and ran from about thirty feet from the back of the house to the west property line, a distance of about ninety

feet, and continued south into the north half of the old lot.

The granary was located in the first twelve feet of the east end of the building and was separated from the coops by a wooden partition. This room was where the food, or 'mash,' for the chickens was prepared and the ingredients were stored—mostly rolled barley, cracked corn and wheat, although sometimes there was a commercial feed and supplements as well.

The mash was mixed in a trough similar to one used by masons to mix their mortar for laying bricks. The trough was about three feet wide and five feet long and the sides were about one foot high and it was constructed from two-by-twelve inch lumber. There were two bins, with an aisle of about four feet between them, located in the rear one third of the room for storing bulk grain. There also a small, flat top coal stove that was used to cook some of the things added to the mash, such as fish and vegetables when they were available.

The remainder of the building contained three coops, separated by two wooden partitions. Each of the coops had enough space for about five hundred laying hens. The roosts were made of two by two wooden strips covered with chicken wire and were located about four feet from the rear wall. They were four feet deep and ran the length of each coop, except for a passageway at each end. The roosts were about four feet above the floor and there was a wooden floor about one foot below the roost to catch the droppings. The area below the dropping boards was open so the entire floor space was available for the chickens. The nests were located under the rear of the dropping boards with access from the passageway behind the roosts. Ventilation was provided by a four-foot opening in the front wall of the buildings. This opening began four feet above the floor, was four feet high and was covered with chicken wire. The opening could be closed in inclement weather by lowering canvas curtains that were mounted on a roller at the top of the opening.

Each coop had several V-shaped feeding troughs where the prepared food was placed, and there was also a trough on the front wall that provided fresh running water. The chickens were fed the prepared mash morning and evening and a

wheat and cracked corn mixture at mid-morning and mid-afternoon. The wheat and corn mixture was called 'scratch,' and was thrown by hand into the straw litter on the floor to cause the chickens to get more exercise when scratching in the litter to find the food. The straw litter on the floor was one or two inches thick and was changed when necessary, usually every two or three weeks. The dropping boards under the roosts were cleaned weekly.

The east one half of the coop next to the granary was sometimes used as a brooder house. The years when we replenished our laying hen stock by raising baby chicks, we used two or three small coal stoves that had a six foot diameter canopy or hood, made from galvanized sheet metal, over them to keep the chicks warm since we usually got them in February.

The granary and coops had electric lights. The meter that served the lines to the granary and coops was located on the screened porch at the rear of the house. During late fall, winter and early spring the lights to the coops were turned on at four or five o'clock in the morning. The theory was that if the chickens had a longer day to eat and be active, they would lay more eggs.

Grandfather had rigged up a 'Rube Goldberg,' contraption that consisted of a gate switch, a rat trap, an alarm clock and two pieces of stout cord to turn the lights on at the selected time. One end of the first piece of cord was fastened to the alarm clock's winding key and the other end was fastened to the triggering device on the rat trap. One end of the second piece of cord was fastened to the spring-loaded trapping arm of the trap and the other end was fastened to the handle of the gate switch. When the alarm went off, the alarm clock's winding key would rotate and put tension on the cord attached to the trap trigger which would release the trapping arm which would close the switch and the lights in the coops would go on.

*When one of my granddaughters read this she said, "What's a Rube Goldberg contraption?" I said, "Rube Goldberg, (1883-1970), was a Pulitzer Prize winning cartoonist, sculptor, and author. Goldberg's drawings of absurdly-connected machines accomplishing by extremely complex, roundabout means what seemingly could be done simply has meant that his name

RUBE Goldberg has become associated with any convoluted solution to perform a simple task.

THE CHICKENS

The chickens were White Leghorns. This breed was the best for egg production and was the breed that was most common among poultry farmers. The laying hens weighed from three to four pounds at maturity. They started to lay eggs when they were about six months old and were usually productive for an additional three years. When their egg production fell off they were sold to a packing house for food. Since they were old and tough, I suppose they ended up as chicken soup.

Grandfather rotated his laying hens by replacing one-third of his flock each year with day-old chicks. When the older hens were sold, usually in January, we would prepare the coop nearest the granary for brooding the new cycle of chickens. The day-old chicks were shipped by train from a hatchery in Petaluma, California, usually early in February. The hatchery would notify Grandfather of the arrival time and we would we would hitch "Old Danny," the horse, to the wagon and meet the train at the Lehi depot. Prior to leaving for the depot we would fire up the heaters in the brooder coop so it would be warm by the time we returned with the chicks.

The chicks were shipped in corrugated cardboard boxes, one hundred to a box. The boxes were partitioned to make four compartments with twenty-five chicks in each. When we arrived home with the chicks, each was given a drink from a portable drinking fountain that contained an antiseptic solution that was made by dissolving some lavender colored tablets in water. This first drink served two purposes. It let the chick know where it could get a drink and protected them from coccidiosis, a common chicken disease. The chick was then placed in an enclosure, made of chicken wire about one foot high, under the parameter of the hood over the heater. This enclosure kept the chicks from wandering off to the colder parts of the building until they became familiar with their surroundings.

Grandfather usually ordered eleven or twelve boxes although he only needed five hundred pullets, (a hen less than a year old), to maintain the

size of the flock. This was because about half the chicks would grow up to be pullets and the other half would grow to be roosters and a few would die. When the roosters were about twelve weeks old and had grown to about a pound and a half they were sold to a packing house as "Spring Fryers," thus freeing up some much needed space for the pullets.

So that's the chickens.

Susan: That was very informative. Do you know anything about the people co-op? Did you do any business there?

LaDrue: No, the people co-op was about out of business by the time I can remember. Part of the warehouse was on the east end of the co-op building...it had a loading platform. We used to take our cucumbers up there and get them weighed and deliver them there when I was in the cucumber business which was when I was going to high school. I had a about a half-acre lot down on the farm.

Susan: What do you remember about going to school?

LaDrue: I can remember my first grade teacher's name...Vivian Taylor. I can remember my 4th grade teacher's name which was Lyde Phillips. Everybody in the 3rd grade dreaded going to the 4th grade because Lyde Phillips was a pretty strict disciplinarian. That's about the first time I found out about discipline in a school was because of Lyde Phillips.

Susan: What did they do for discipline in the schools?

LaDrue: Sometimes they would crack you on the knuckles with a ruler. Sometimes they would put you in the back of the room and go on their business without you. Sometimes they would write a note to your parents.

Susan: What else do you remember about recess?

LaDrue: Well we had some exercise equipment out there on the school grounds. We had a thing that was made of metal that stood up and pipes that went out this way and rungs in between them. And we would use that to exercise. We would go like this with our hands...I don't remember what they called it. I think we called it

the monkey bars or something like that. And they had a see saw out there.

Susan: What was your favorite subject in school?

LaDrue: Well I was always interested in mathematics. I think that was my favorite subject which was a little unusual. I was intrigued by the decimal and fraction system and whatnot.

Susan: Please choose one more area that you would like to share with us.

THE LAMBS

When I was a child, the wool industry contributed a great deal to the local economy. There were several sheep ranchers in our end of the county, including three or four in our town. The ranchers would keep the herds out on the desert west of Cedar Valley for their winter range and move them to the mountains east of Utah Valley for their summer range. Each spring and fall they passed through our town. In the spring, usually in late April or early May, they would hold the herd at an area west of the steel bridge at the Jordan River, (which is now a housing development) where the ewes would deliver their lambs and the herd would be sheared of their wool while the lambs got strong enough to travel.

This area had several low sheds that were used when the weather was inclement. There were also several small pens that were used by the men who sheared the sheep. This area was known locally as the lambing grounds or shearing pens. It wasn't unusual for a few of the ewes to die during the birthing process and when this happened, the result was orphan lambs that would also die if they were not cared for, because a ewe would not let a stray lamb nurse, even if she had lost her lamb. These orphans were available for adoption by people who had the means to care for them.

My first experience with the lambs began shortly after we got the cow. One day when I came home from school, Grandfather told me he had a surprise for me. "Some pets," he said. He led me out to the garden lot and there under the fruit trees, in a small pen made with wire fencing, stood three lambs. They were only a day or two old and they looked quite forlorn, and I suppose they were very hungry. When we ap-

proached the pen, they started to bleat. I guess they thought we were their mothers. When I expressed concern about their hunger, Grandfather told me we would soon remedy that. We went to the screened porch and picked up three bottles of skimmed milk that Grandmother had prepared. The bottles had a capacity of about a pint and a half and had nipples on them. Grandfather took two bottles and gave the other one to me and we went to feed the lambs.

Although newborns are supposed to know how to suck instinctively, these did not seem to know what the nipples were for. Grandmother, who had come along to witness, suggested that I put some milk on my finger and then put it into the lamb's mouth to give it a taste of the milk. I did this and the lamb sucked on my finger, but it would not suck on the nipple. She then told me to squirt some milk into its mouth, which I did, but no avail. The lamb licked the milk off its lips but would not take the nipple. I decided to try to trick the lamb into sucking on the nipple, so I squirted some milk on my finger and stuck it in the lamb's mouth and when it started to suck, I pushed the nipple in alongside my finger and the lamb started to get some milk. After a minute or two, I withdrew my finger and the lamb spit out the nipple and tried to suck my finger. I again inserted my finger and the nipple into its mouth to get some milk. After a moment or two I slowly removed my finger and this time the lamb continued to suck.

Meanwhile, Grandfather was not having any better luck with his two lambs. I asked Grandmother to hold the bottle that I had, and I took one of the bottles from Grandfather and repeated the process with the second lamb. When it had retained the nipple, and started to get some milk, I handed the bottle to Grandfather and repeated the drill with the third lamb. I think the lambs learned rather quickly where their food came from, as we had no problems with the nipples on subsequent feedings. I asked Grandfather where they would spend the night, and he said, "In the pen." I felt sorry for them because it was still quite chilly at night, and I was worried about dogs.

When we had finished our evening chores and were eating our supper, I told Grandfather that I was worried about the lambs, and reminded him that there were loose dogs in the neighborhood

that could easily jump into the lambs' pen and perhaps kill them. Grandmother agreed with my concern. Grandfather said he would put them in the granary for the night, where they would be safe, and in the morning he would fix a small pen for them in the shed where the cow and Danny were stabled.

Next morning, I finished milking and brought the milk to the house. Grandmother had the three bottles filled and was waiting for me to feed the lambs. Grandfather had put the lambs back into their day time pen and I think they were glad to see me, and the milk bottles, because they came over to the side of the pen where I was standing. At this time a little problem arose. The problem was—there were three lambs, three bottles of milk, and only two hands. I began by setting one bottle on the ground and held the other two over the side of the pen, thinking I could feed two and the other one would wait its turn. That didn't turn out to be correct, because all three were fighting to get a nipple and as a result, none could get much milk. I then put the bottles on the ground and lifted one of the lambs out of the pen and held the bottle until the lamb emptied it at which time I put it back in the pen. I used the same method to feed the others.

When I carried the empty bottles back to the house I felt quite proud of myself, but Grandmother pointed out another problem. I had spent over a half an hour feeding the lambs and I was about to be late for school. She said we would talk about the problem when I came home for lunch. She gave me a piece of toast to eat on my way to school. When I came home for lunch she had the bottles ready for the lambs and a sandwich ready for me. I told her that I didn't know they had to be fed at noon, and if I had to feed them I would not have time for lunch. She said that was why she had made me a sandwich, and that I could use one hand to feed the lambs and the other to hold the sandwich. She also said that the lambs were babies and needed to be fed often until they were old enough to start eating grass and I would have to find the extra time to attend to this chore.

Finding the time for the morning feeding was easy. I just got up a half hour earlier. Time was no problem at the evening feeding, but the mid-day feeding was a problem. I saved a little time by lifting one lamb out of the pen and feeding the

other two in the pen at the same time and then feeding the one out of the pen, and putting it back, but it wasn't enough time to sit down for lunch. I soon got tired of getting just a sandwich for lunch, so I decided that I would have to find a way to feed all the lambs at the same time.

After thinking about what I could do, I had an idea that if I could build some kind of a rack to hold the bottles, I would be able to feed them all at the same time. We had a small supply of used lumber, and I asked Grandfather if I could use some to try out an idea I had about feeding the lambs. He gave me permission and I selected two pieces about four feet long. One was a one by six and the other a one by eight. I nailed them together to form a 'V' shaped trough and cut three slots in the narrow side to let the necks of the milk bottles come through. At the next feeding, I inserted the necks of the bottles into the slots and carried the rack to the lambs' pen and held it over the side. After a little jostling, each lamb found a nipple and all were sucking at the same time.

After a few minutes of holding the feeding rack over the side of the pen, my arms were getting tired and I had to get in the pen so I could brace the rack against my knee, but I was elated that my idea had worked to save some time. I had another idea. I asked Grandfather if I could use some lumber to build a stand to hold the rack. He replied, "Why don't you just fasten the rack to the apple tree that shades the milk house and that will save you some foot steps as well as some time?" I took his advice and the time saving project worked out very well. Grandmother congratulated me, and said, "I knew you could figure out how to save some time if your lunch was at risk." She then assigned me the task of filling the bottles for the morning and evening feedings.

After two or three days of being fed at the rack fastened to the tree, caring for the lambs was just a routine chore. Before I went to milk the cow in the morning, I would fill the bottles and place them in the feeding rack. When I arrived at the shed where the lambs were stabled, I would let them out of their pen and they would follow me to the feeding rack, and I would return to the cow shed. By the time I had finished milking, they would be finished eating, and I would lead them to the pen in the orchard. After a couple of days, they would lead me to the feeding rack,

so when I would let them out and they would, "high tail" it to the rack. Grandmother would fill the bottles and place them in the rack for the noon feeding, and when I arrived for lunch I would let them out of the orchard pen and they would go to the rack to eat, and by the time I had finished lunch, they had finished and I would put them back in their pen. The evening feeding was about the same as the morning one. I would fill the bottles, place them in the rack and let them out of the orchard pen and they would go the feeding rack, and by the time I had finished milking, they were usually at the cow shed waiting for me to put them into their pen.

When the lambs were a few weeks old they started to nibble on the vegetation, mostly grass and weeds, growing inside their orchard pen. Shortly thereafter, the ground was bare and Grandfather moved the pen to a new patch of vegetation. When they had eaten most of the plants in that area, Grandfather would move the pen again. By moving the pen, and changing its configuration, we were able to provide food for the lambs as well as control the weeds. We even used them to mow the grass on the front lawns. They really thrived on their diet of milk and vegetation and after they were old enough to be weaned, their diet was augmented with alfalfa hay and rolled barley.

By the end of the summer they were almost full grown. I think they weighed about forty pounds and were, as Grandfather would say, "Fat and sassy." In the early fall, I think about the middle of September, I heard Grandmother ask Grandfather, "When are we going to have a leg of lamb to roast for Sunday dinner?" He replied, "When it gets cold enough at night for the meat to keep." Although I had known from the time we got the lambs that they would be used for meat, this was the first time I realized what was in store for my 'pets,' as Grandfather called them. I had never considered them to be pets, even though they followed me everywhere I went when they had the opportunity, probably because of the extra chores they brought to me. But I now realized that I had developed some affection for them and was saddened by the thoughts of coming events. I was sure I would not be able to eat any of the roast leg of lamb. But that feeling, as well as the feeling of sadness, eventually passed.

When the first frost came, Grandfather, who had been a butcher and had owned a meat market in his earlier days, slaughtered the largest lamb. After skinning it to remove the pelt, which would be sold to a furrier, he quartered the carcass and hung it in the screened porch to cool. The next morning, while the meat was still cold, he wrapped it in a heavy denim quilt and took it to the granary and buried it in the wheat bin. This kept the meat cool during the day, as the wheat was cool all the time after the nights got down to freezing, and in the evening he would remove the quilt from the wheat bin and hang the meat in the screened porch for the night. This procedure was repeated until the meat was consumed, which wasn't long because we had company for almost every Sunday dinner. When we got low on meat Grandfather would repeat the process on the next lamb.

I am surprised that I can remember my experiences with the lambs in such clarity, but I guess first impressions are the lasting ones. We raised lambs in subsequent years when we had a cow to get them started, usually two or three. One year we had five, but Grandfather sold two as soon as they were weaned. I don't remember as much about the later years, but I am sure the drill was the same.

Susan: How old were you at that time?

LaDrue: I was probably was about nine or ten.

Additional information given in written form to be used as part of the project.

THE HOUSE

What I remember about the house is how large it seemed to me when I was a child. Now when I see it, it seems quite a bit smaller. It always seemed to be cold on the floor in the winter; I suppose that was because the ceilings were so high, eleven feet, I believe, and our heating stoves did not circulate the air much even though they were called 'circulating heaters'. While it was comfortable to sit, it was very warm when one stood and very hot at the ceiling. One of the benefits to me in the winter was that the living room had transoms over three of the four doors in the room. And the one over the door to the stairs leading to my bedroom would be opened about ten minutes before my bedtime and the

heat trapped at the ceiling would rush to the second floor. We kept the doors to the unused rooms closed to conserve the heat. Although it wasn't very warm in my bedroom, at least the chill was off. In the warmer time of the year, the transoms provided some cross ventilation.

We spent most of the time between supper-time and bedtime in the dining living room. Grandmother always referred to this room as the 'dining room,' although the only time we had a meal there was when we had company, usually on Sunday or holidays. Grandmother and I spent much of the evening reading or doing things that needed to be done, like mending, darning socks, or, in my case, sorting buttons. Grandfather usually sat in his favorite rocking chair and read the newspaper until he dozed off. After a time or two he would say it was past his bedtime, and he would be off to bed. He was an early riser, as most chicken farmers were.

Grandmother read to me every day until I learned to read. Before I was old enough to go to school, she would work with me on my 'ABCs' and my 'numbers' and before I entered first grade I knew them quite well.

We did not have kindergarten in our school. I was six years old when I entered first grade and it was the beginning of my formal education. I was very fortunate that my grandparents had the patience, understanding and love to give me a head start.

THE BARNYARD

The barnyard was the area between the chicken coops on the north, the fence on the south side of the 'old lot,' the chicken coops on the west and the raspberry patch on the east.

This area was used primarily as a temporary depository for the litter and droppings that were removed from the chicken coops and the livestock sheds on a timely basis. This refuse was transported to the farm by a horse drawn wagon to be used for fertilizer. These trips were made frequently when the weather was good, and we usually did not have much of an accumulation. In the winter, when we had a lot of snow, it was a different story. Some years we had a very large pile when springtime arrived.

We also used this area for storage of our 'one-horse' wagon, and early on, a light buggy. I also used this area to trap sparrows. Grandfather showed me how to make a sparrow trap using five bricks, a crotched stick and two short straight sticks. He paid me a penny a piece for all I could catch. I don't remember getting rich, but I did catch a few from time to time.

THE COW

The thing I remember most about the cow was my Grandmother saying, "Joe, we need a cow," and Grandfather would reply, "I know." This exchange went on, for what seemed to me, a long time, but one day Grandmother asked, "When are we going to get a cow?", and Grandfather replied, "When the boy gets old enough to milk her." I felt quite important at that time. Little did I know!!

In the early spring of the year when I turned ten years old, I think it was March, Grandfather bought a cow. She was called a "milking short-horn," although she didn't have any horns. She was red in color, about four years old, and was considered to be a dual purpose breed. Milk or meat. Grandmother called her, "Bossy." Grandfather called her, "The Cow." I called her whatever came to mind at the time I was dealing with her.

About two weeks after she arrived, she gave birth to a male calf, and that was when the milking began. When the calf was about a week old, Grandfather began teaching me about milking a cow. He showed me how to sit on the milking stool, where to sit to best be able to reach the teats, and how to squeeze the teats to direct the stream of milk into the milk pail. He also showed me how to put the hobbles on her so she wouldn't kick me or upset the pail. After two or three days of patient instruction, Grandfather deemed me qualified and gave me the job of the care and feeding of the cow and her calf. At first we only took about a quart of milk, morning and evening, and let the calf have the remainder. When the calf was seven or eight weeks old, Grandfather sold him to a cattle buyer. I was saddened to see him go. First, because I knew what would happen to him, and second, because I would have to keep squeezing until all the milk was in the pail. After the departure of the calf,

we would get four or five quarts at each milking, which was far in excess of our culinary needs.

Since the only refrigeration we had was a small ice box, Grandfather built a small structure adjacent to our artesian well, commonly known as a "flowing well." It was really an outdoor cooler, but Grandfather always referred to it as the "milk house." This structure was about five feet long, three feet wide, and four feet high and had a gabled roof. It was constructed of tongue and groove lumber to make it fly proof and had a two by three foot door on the side nearest the back porch. The base of the structure was a concrete basin about ten inches deep, which was filled with water from the artesian well. There was an outlet pipe eight inches up from the floor of the basin, on the opposite end from where the water entered. The running water kept the contents of the basin at a constant temperature of near fifty degrees, which kept the milk from souring or freezing, depending on the weather. Grandfather put a few bricks in the basin, which allowed us to keep shallow vessels at the proper height.

When I finished milking and brought the milk to the house, Grandmother would strain it and pour what she thought we would need, until the next milking, into a pitcher or a fruit jar. She would then pour the rest into some shallow pans and then we would place the containers in the 'milk house.' When the cream had risen to the top of the shallow pans, she would skim the cream and place it in an earthenware crock and when there was enough, we would churn it to make butter. The 'skim milk,' was used for whatever was appropriate at the time. The barnyard cats got some, but most of the time the excess ended up in the pigs' swill barrel.

The cow didn't bring any happiness into my life at that time, but as I look back from the perspective of seventy five years, I realize that the cow benefited us greatly from an economic standpoint. Having a cow enhanced our diet in many ways. Not only did we have more milk to drink, more butter, custard and rice puddings to eat, we had enough left over to enable us to raise pigs and lambs, which further enhanced our diet at almost no extra expense. I can now appreciate the benefit of Grandmother nagging Grandfather about getting a cow.

THE PIGS

The first thing I can remember about the pigs was Grandfather warning me to stay away from the pig pen. Our brood sow had given birth to a litter and I had climbed the side of the sty get a better look at the piglets. I did not sense any danger because the old sow had always seemed friendly enough when I accompanied Grandfather at feeding time. I was not old enough to know that most animal's dispositions change when they give birth, and become very protective of their young. Motherly instinct, I suppose.

Before we got the cow, we always kept a brood sow. When she would have her litter, Grandfather would keep two to raise for meat and sell the remainder as 'weaner' pigs. They were usually were old enough to be weaned when they were eight or nine weeks old. After we got the cow, the situation changed. Grandfather sold the brood sow and would buy two piglets, or weaners, each spring to raise for meat, since we had plenty of skimmed milk to give them a good start.

The two pigs we raised for meat would keep us in pork products, fresh and cured, for most of the year. The first one would be slaughtered when the night time temperature fell below freezing, usually between Thanksgiving and Christmas. We needed the cold weather to keep the meat from spoiling until we could preserve it. We cured the bacon and ham using a product called Morton's Sugar Cure. The remainder was cut into chops, roasts, ground for sausage, or rendered for lard. The second was slaughtered before it got too warm, usually in late February. If spring came early, we would cure the bacon and hams from this pig and sell most of the fresh pork

THE FRUIT TREES

We had a variety of fruit trees on the three lots and I will describe the ones on each lot as best I can, not knowing the 'brand' names of the different species.

The old lot had three apple trees. Two of them were in the front yard and were known as June or summer apples. When ripe, their pulp was soft and bland and would only keep for about one week so the pigs got most of them. I liked them better when they were green, or just slightly ripe. The other one was in the back yard and the fruit

was very tart when ripe and was referred to as a cooking apple. I don't know if they kept well or not because they were all used for pies, apple sauce, dried, or used to make jelly.

The home lot had five fruit trees. Two apples, an apricot, a cherry, and a plum. The apple trees were in the backyard. One was a cooking apple, and the other was a winter apple, green in color, that kept well if stored in a cool and dry place. The apricot tree was located on the south side of the house near the back porch. Its fruit was quite small, but very delicious, and the tree was usually loaded. Although we ate some fresh, most of it was preserved as jam or marmalade, sold or given away. The cherry tree was located on the south side of the house near the front porch. These cherries ripened early in the summer, were yellow and pink in color, sweet tasting but did not keep well, so we, and the birds, usually finished off the small yield before it spoiled. The plum tree was located on the south half of the front lawn. Its fruit was purple, egg shaped, sweet when very ripe and good for eating. Grandmother called it an Italian Plum and when dried became a prune. We did not dry any and most was preserved as jam.

The garden lot had seven fruit trees. Two apple, two cherry, two peach, and a pear. Both apple trees produced dark red fruit and were known as winter or eating apples, and kept well when stored in a cool dry place. The fruit from one of the cherry trees was red and very tart. It was too sour to eat from the tree, but when baked in a pie it was very good eating. Maybe that's why they were called "pie cherries." The other cherry trees' fruit was very dark red, sweet, and very good for eating straight from the tree. The fruit from both was preserved in mason jars. Both peach trees were of the same variety and the fruit that wasn't eaten fresh or made into cobblers or pies was preserved in mason jars. The fruit from the pear tree, a Bartlett I believe, was eaten fresh, preserved or stored. It kept quite well when properly stored in a cool dry place.

THE LILAC BUSH

We had several lilac bushes on the old lot and one on the home lot. The ones on the old lot had been planted rather close together along the south property line and extended from

the front of the lot to the rear of the old house and grew to a height of ten to twelve feet. The benefit from the bushes was twofold: first, they screened the view of the rear of the businesses that were across an alley from the old lot, as well as the dust and noise that arose from the traffic; secondly, they bloomed in the middle to the later part of May, and in addition to giving off a fragrant aroma, they provided us with some additional flowers for Memorial Day.

The one on the home lot was strategically located just across the walk from the steps up to the back porch. I don't know who else may have benefited from this bush, but I am sure it contributed greatly to my understanding of character and discipline. This bush was cut back often which not only kept it small, it always had some new shoots two or three feet long in length and about the diameter of a lead pencil. When I misbehaved, Grandmother would escort me to this lilac bush, break off a shoot and give me a switching, usually on the legs although she may have been aiming a little higher. When this occurred while I was wearing my every day clothes, usually denim overalls or cotton pants, the switching wasn't too bad as the loose clothing softened the blows. When I was wearing my dress up clothing, short pants and long black stockings which I wore until I was about seven years old, the switching was very painful.

I yelled as loud and cried as much when invited to visit the lilac bush while wearing my every day clothes as I did when wearing my, "Sunday-go-to-meeting," and "Company," clothes. I wanted Grandmother to think that the pain from the switching was equal regardless of clothing I was wearing. I also tried to negotiate a delay on the visit to the bush if my misbehavior happened while I was dressed up. I was usually unsuccessful unless our "Company," was not related to us.

Grandmothers' definition of misbehaving was: telling lies, disobedience, and breaking a promise. I was a mischievous child and had a great curiosity about how things worked. I got into hot water a few times because I couldn't put something together again when I had taken it apart, but Grandmother didn't consider this misbehaving. As I think back to that period, I believe most of my misbehavior was associated with our piano, and my instruction in its use.

THE PIANO

My battle with the piano began when I was about five years old. Grandmother's oldest daughter, my Aunt Lula Anderson taught piano and I suppose her instruction was 'pro bono.' The first thing I learned was the location of middle 'C' key and the names (or letters) of the other six white keys and that the black keys were half tones. Next came the 'scales.' Right hand one octave scales, left hand one octave scales, both hands one octave scales. Then came right, left and both-hands two octave scales with the difference in fingering one or two octaves. Then chromatic scales.

About the time I started to school I was introduced to written music, with all its signs, symbols and strange new words; such as staff, clef, treble, measure, notes, terms and abbreviations for volume, expression and tempo. I progressed more rapidly in learning to read music than in learning to play it. In spite of many hours of practice I could never acquire the dexterity to enable my fingers to catch up to my brain. Despite my lack of aptitude, I was able to play hymns and a few simple pieces by the time I reached sixth grade in school, due mostly to Grandmother's perseverance and Aunt Lula's patience. Although I was not able to achieve what Grandmother hoped for, I am very grateful that I was exposed to music as a child because it laid a foundation for my appreciation of classical music. I was amazed, and still am, at the skill and technique of professional musicians.

I do not want to give the impression that my Grandparents ever abused me in any way whatsoever. They loved me very much and the advice, instructions, admonishments and punishments that I received were intended to help me understand the moral and ethical values that they lived by. They believed in adages that had, no doubt, been passed down to them from their parents. Such as: "Spare the rod and spoil the child", "As the twig is bent, so grows the tree." etc.

THE FRONT YARD

The front yard grass was bisected by a concrete walk that ran from the sidewalk at the front to the steps leading up to the front porch, con-

tinuing in front of the porch, turning right and continuing along the south side of the house to the rear porch.

There were three trees in the front yard. An Italian Plum stood about ten feet from the front of the south lawn. On the north lawn, a large ornamental shade tree stood about five feet from the front and a tall, slim juniper tree stood in the center. What I remember about these trees, is picking and eating the plums, Grandfather cutting off the top of the juniper tree to be used as a Christmas tree one year, and picking up fallen pods from the ornamental tree. I do not know the name of the shade tree and I do not think it was native to Utah, or possibly to North America. This tree had small, white blossoms in the spring and then grew a long, green fruit that resembled a string bean, except that it was twelve to fifteen inches in length and about one half inch in diameter. When the fruit, beans, or whatever, matured, the pod would turn brown and fall to the ground and had to be removed before we could cut the grass (unless the lambs were doing the mowing), because the pods would clog the mower. We had a reel type lawn mower that one had to push to mow the grass. Early on, I would pick up the beans and Grandfather would push the mower. When I got strong enough to push the mower, nine or ten years old I guess, I would pick and mow.

There were three rose gardens, one along the front of the house, one between the front porch and the walk, and one along the walk that ran to the rear porch. These gardens were considered to be Grandmother's domain and I didn't get involved with them. The only thing Grandfather did was to fertilize and cut back when necessary, usually in the spring of the year.

Grandmother also had some other flower beds that were used as borders for the rose bushes or located along the fence lines. These beds contained mostly annuals such as petunias, marigolds, or snapdragons, etc, for summer flowers, but she also had some daffodils and tulips for spring and asters and mums for the fall. She had a few perennials; irises and peonies mostly, that were located south of the house.

THE FARM

My earliest memory of the farm was thinning sugar beets. Grandfather rotated crops and usually planted wheat, barley or oats for two years and sugar beets on the third. The year that I was five going on six was a beet year, and Grandfather decided that he and I would thin the beets. When the beet seeds sprouted, the plants were very close together, and in order to give them room to grow, they were thinned. This thinning was accomplished by the use of a hoe, with a sharp narrow blade about six inches long, to block out, or remove some of the plants in the row, leaving clumps of several plants about eight inches apart and then selecting the largest plant and removing the remainder.

Since it was all new to me, Grandfather told me that he would block and I would thin. After he had blocked out several clumps, he showed me how to reduce the clump to one plant. He would put his finger on the best looking plant in the clump and then pull up the remainder. He told me that beginners often had problems with just leaving one plant, or sometimes none, so the best way for me was to hold down the one that I had selected to leave while removing the others. After he had watched me thin a few clumps, he went back to blocking. I was pretty slow at the beginning, but after I got the hang of it, I was able to make better time although I still couldn't keep up with Grandfather. When he got too far ahead he would drop the hoe and start thinning back toward me. When we met, we would go to where had left the hoe and begin the drill again.

Grandfather wasn't much for idle conversation, but he usually had patience with me when I would ask questions, unless it was something he didn't know or something he didn't want to discuss. I remember that one day while we were thinning beets I saw something unusual, at least for me, and I cried out, "Look, Grandfather. A double grasshopper!", and he replied, "Never mind the double grasshoppers. Thin beets." When I continued asking about the grasshoppers, he said, "If you can't talk and work at the same time, don't talk."

The years that the field was planted in grain I didn't get too involved because the hired man did the irrigating and Grandfather hired someone with a binder to harvest the grain. I helped

shock, (Shock: 1 - a pile of sheaves of grain set up in a field with the butt ends down. two - to collect into shocks), the bundles after the binder was finished. We shocked the grain to keep the kernels dry while waiting for the threshing crew. After threshing the grain was stored in our granaries and mostly used for chicken food. Grandfather traded some for flour at the local roller mill. The straw was used as litter in the chicken coops.

TONSILS/APPENDIXES REMOVAL

In late November or early December of 1924, I was admitted to the local hospital, owned and operated by Doctor Fred Worlton to have my appendix removed. I don't remember much about circumstances leading up to this event, but I suppose I had the usual symptoms. I remember being taken to the hospital (in our one horse buggy) and the suffocating sensation when I was put to sleep as I was lying on the operating table. Dr. Worlton performed the surgery, but the first time I remember seeing him was when he came into the ward where I was recovering and handed me a small covered jar with a colorless liquid in it. The jar also had an object in it that resembled a large grub or a piece of a large angleworm. He told me that it was my appendix preserved in alcohol and that I could keep it on the bedside table for my visitors, if I had any, to "Ooh and Ah" over.

The only visitors that I can remember were my grandparents. Grandfather came once but Grandmother visited me daily for the first few days. After a couple or three days I was getting bored, even though the nurses were making a big fuss over me. I had finished reading the children's books that Grandmother had brought along and I told Grandmother that I wanted to go home, but she said; "You must stay until they are sure your recovery is assured, about ten days."

The next visit she brought several pieces of cloth, (laundered flour and/or sugar sacks I believe), a set of embroidery hoops, a packet of needles, an assortment of embroidery yarn or thread, or whatever, and some patterns. She showed me how to use the hoops to hold the cloth tight and how to use the patterns and said, "We will have some very nice dish towels when you come home."

When my stay, or sentence as I considered it, of ten days was up, I was finally discharged. The nurse told me to take it easy and not to do any heavy lifting for a couple of weeks. I was a little unsteady on my feet and had to be helped into the buggy when my grandparents came to take me home, but I think it was because of my prolonged inactivity. Now-a-days they get you up, start you walking and send you on your way.

While writing the previous paragraph I remembered a previous visit to the local hospital. In the winter of 1919-1920 I had my tonsils removed. I know it was winter time because I remember I was bundled up in a blanket and riding in our one horse buggy. The only other thing I can remember about the event was that I got to eat a lot of soft boiled eggs and tapioca pudding for a few days. I don't know if this event qualified as an operation or not, because most children of my age had theirs removed, just as most were inoculated for thyroid fever and diphtheria and vaccinated for smallpox as a routine procedure.

VALENTINE PARTY

When I was in sixth grade I was invited to a Valentine Day Party at the home of Doctor Harold Christensen, the local dentist, by his daughter Rowena, a classmate of mine. I was somewhat surprised, because at that time of my life I thought girls were mostly for teasing. Rowena was a very pretty girl with blue eyes and blond hair which she kept in braids and was very popular. I suppose I had fantasies about going out with two or three girls in our class, but Rowena wasn't one of them. She was about four or five inches taller than I and much more mature physically. Nevertheless, I felt flattered and elated and wrote her a note accepting the invitation. I also felt some apprehension since this would be my first formal mixed company party.

After a couple of days of thinking about the party, I decided that I better talk to Grandmother and get her advice. I told her of the invitation and asked her what would be expected of me. She replied, "They will expect you to be nicely dressed with a coat and tie and shined shoes, to bring a small gift and be on time." I said, "Well, the coat and tie and shined shoes will be no problem, but the gift would be, since I have only fifteen cents left from my twenty-five-cent

monthly allowance. I spent ten cents on valentines." I also told her that I didn't have any suitable dress pants to go with the coat and tie and that perhaps I should decline the invitation. She said, "Don't give up so easily. Grandfather has a pair of light gray flannel trousers that he hasn't worn for years that I can cut down to fit you and maybe we can give you a small advance on your monthly allowance."

On the day of the party I was too excited to eat much supper and by 5:30 o'clock I was dressed and ready to be on time for the 7:00 o'clock expected arrival. Grandmother looked me over and said: "The gray trousers look good with that dark jacket." I said, "What about the gift?" She then gave me a silver dollar to buy the gift and I took off my coat, put on a sweater and left for the nearby confectionary store to shop for the gift. I bought a small box of chocolates for seventy five cents and started for home. That's when disaster struck. I started to run. I don't know why, perhaps from the cold or excitement or maybe a little of both. Just before I got home I slipped and fell on a frozen-over mud puddle. I landed on my rear end and broke through the ice. I wasn't hurt physically, but when I felt the cold water and saw the mud stains on my "new-second-hand" trousers and my "newly shined shoes", I was devastated.

When I entered the house, with tears in my eyes, no doubt, Grandmother took one look at me and said, "Go to the kitchen, put two "hand irons" on the stove and take off your shoes and trousers. You can work on your shoes, I will work on the trousers and you can thank the Lord that the stove is still hot enough to heat the irons." When I had removed the shoes and trousers, she took the trousers to the bath room and rinsed them until the stains disappeared, or blended into the gray. She then ironed them dry. Meanwhile, I had cleaned and shined my shoes and by six thirty o'clock the crisis was over and I had plenty of time to arrive at the Christensen's house at the expected time, since it was only a ten minute walk. As I was leaving, Grandmother said. "Don't run."

It seems strange that I can remember more about the events leading up to the "Valentine Day Party" than I can about the party itself. As I recall, we were served some light refreshments and played some party games such as "Spin the

bottle", "Old Maid" and "Charades." At about nine o'clock, Mrs. Christensen thanked us all for coming and the party was over. I can't recall who, or how many attended, but I think that besides Rowena and I there were four or five "giggly girls" and an equal number of "embarrassed boys." I don't remember if the boys walked the girls home or not, but I was relieved that my "girl friend" was already home.

Our "romance" was rather short lived since neither of us made any effort to continue it. Probably because of the teasing by our classmates about being a "twosome", and after a few days it just faded away.

As I look back at this episode, I realize that I learned a great deal from my first "one-on-one" encounter with a girl. First: that one's emotions can go from elation to devastation in the blink of an eye. Second: that the higher the expectations, the greater the disappointment. Third: how fortunate I was to have a Grandmother who was always "cool" in a crisis and a Grandfather who kind of "just stayed out of the way" when he wasn't needed.

BOY SCOUTS

On my twelfth birthday I joined the Boy Scouts of America, just in time to join our troop at a summer encampment scheduled for the first week in August at Aspen Grove Campground. Aspen Grove was located at, or near the summit of a road that ran between American Fork Canyon and Provo Canyon and was used by many organizations in and around Utah County. This road was known locally as the "loop road" and at that time was unpaved, and in many places, "one-way." We were transported to the campground by our troop leader in a flat-bed truck. The camp had several tents with wooden floors, canvas cots for sleeping and a large tent for cooking and serving meals.

I don't recall much of the day-to-day routine, but a couple of things come to mind. One was the hike up to the top of Mount Timpanogos and the slide down the glacier on our return. The second was our handicraft project. Each scout was expected to complete a project while at camp and I elected to make a bow and arrow set for mine. There was a small fee for the raw materials,

which consisted of a piece of hardwood, hickory I believe, about one inch square and about five feet long, a couple quarter-inch dowels and feathers for arrows and some flax fibers and bees' wax from which to make the bow string. I was glad that I had a little money left, from what I had earned picking strawberries, after paying my registration fee for the encampment. I still remember how cold it was at four o'clock in the morning when the truck picked us up to take us to the strawberry farm on Provo Bench, or Orem as it is now known as, about ten miles away. But I digress...after some hard work with a plane, a rasp, some sandpaper and some help from the troop leader, the project was completed.

When I arrived home, Grandfather said that the bow looked pretty good and suggested that I rub it down with boiled linseed oil and give it a coat or two of shellac. I took his advice and I still had the bow when we moved to Fort Sill, Oklahoma in 1946. Perhaps someone in the family has it or knows what became of it.