

The Life Story of Edmund Reed Crittenden

Known to most as "Ted"

Started at age 60, Jan. 1988

I was born March 24, 1927, in my grandfather's house, located on the west side of Hoytsville, Utah. Having no hospitals, I was born in my grandparents' house. In those days, the doctor would come to the home and deliver the baby. Then the people would usually have a midwife stay on for a few days. They were like a nurse and did a good job, sometimes even delivering babies. Doctor French was our doctor. My grandfather, Chauncey Herbert Crittenden owned a large ranch and bred and raised Jersey milk cows. My father, Chauncey Arland Crittenden, born Aug. 17, 1898, at Hoytsville, Summit County, operated and oversaw the ranch for my grandfather. The Crittenden ancestors came early to America from England and landed in Boston. Some went down south to Kentucky and others ended up in Utah. My parents said that they were never quite sure which day I was born because a large litter of pigs was born one day and me the other and they weren't sure which was born first.

I was named Edmund after my grandfather Edmund Rees. I was called "Ted" or "Teddy Boy" (Teddy Boy only by Grandma Crittenden). I never knew my name was Edmund till I was about 10 years old. They sometimes called me "Critt" at school. Sometimes I got "Teddy Bear" or "Theodore". The first pet I can remember was a part collie dog, named Ted the same as me. I think old Ted was older than I was. He was quite a fine dog. My brother Kay said I packed around a teddy bear till I was eight and sucked a bottle shaped like a fish till I was five. Probably an exaggeration. I don't remember.

My mother was Nellie Leon Rees Crittenden, born Jan 18, 1901 at Coalville, Summit County and I was the youngest of four children, being Fern, born Aug. 26, 1921, Chauncey Kay, born Feb. 13, 1923, Lloyd Rees, born Nov. 25, 1924, and Edmund Reed, born Mar. 24, 1927. My sister, Fern, died June 25, 1933, at an early age of heart trouble, caused by Scarlet Fever. She was about 11 years old and I was about five. In those days most diseases were much more serious because of not having the antibiotics and medicines we have now. When a family member contacted a bad, contagious disease, the whole family was quarantined. Which meant that no one could leave the house and no one could come in until the disease could no longer be spread to other people. They put a quarantined sign on the door to warn other people away. It was done to prevent the spread of the disease.

My mother gave us cod liver oil in the winter to help keep colds away, nasty stuff! In school we used to get iodine pills to help prevent goiter. We also got Vicks or Mentholatum and hot rags on our neck and chest when we had a cold.

My grandparents lived in the ranch house and our family lived on the ranch in a small three roomed house with no indoor plumbing. Our water was obtained from a hydrant just outside our front door. The water was carried inside and heated on the kitchen stove for washing and etc. Near the stove was a small wooden stand that had a bucket of water on top, plus a wash basin. The process to wash was to pour some hot water from the tea kettle on the stove in the wash basin and then add enough cold water to the desired temperature. When the washing was completed, you took the basin to the door and outside and threw it on the lawn.

Saturday night was bath night, whether you needed it or not. For this, mother heated a large pan of water and poured it in a big galvanized tub which she had put on the floor close by the stove. All the children were bathed in the same water. Mother would add some hot when the bath water cooled off some. The toilet, or as called in those days, "an out house," was located about 75 yards north of the house. We were privileged to have a two holer. We did not have toilet paper and used old Montgomery catalogs or for a special treat at Christmas, we used the soft paper the oranges came wrapped in. Christmas was about the only time we had oranges. We would crumple the catalogue pages in our hands to make them softer and always avoided the slick pages.

The house was heated by two wood and coal burning stoves. One was the kitchen range that also served as Mother's place to cook and bake. The other was a tall, square stove with quite a large fire box, called a Heatarola. Mother did most of the fire building and sometimes at night if the fires weren't banked properly they would go out. Sometimes the water in the teakettle on the stove would be frozen in the morning. Needless to say it got mighty cold by morning. When I was about 10 years old, Dad moved an old railroad boxcar to our house and added it to the side with the wheels off. This was us kids' bed rooms. I can remember how cold it was in the winter. We would heat pillows or get a hot water bottle to help warm up the bed at first. The covers were so heavy we could hardly turn over. Later Dad added another boxcar for Uncle Joe and his wife. One of their kids was born there.

Mother was kept busy with house and ranch chores and cooking for the help. She was active in the church and helped a lot in Relief Society and other callings. She was once Relief Society Pres. and used to take wood and coal over to the Relief Society building to build the fire to warm the building for their meetings. She was always out and about helping people, sick people, widows, mothers with new babies. You name it, she was there helping. The bishop said when she died that he would have to get about a half dozen or so people to take her place.

Mother was the disciplinarian in our family. When she punished us (which was seldom,) she did it with a limber willow branch or fly swatter. Once she hit at me with a mop handle and she broke it. When I laughed at that she got

madder, but then started to laugh. Dad wasn't around much when we needed thumped, but if he told you something, you'd best listen. Dad kicked my butt only once I can remember. Our usual punishment was to stay home from some place you wanted to go. Ranch life and chores and things kept us out of most trouble.

One of my worst capers was to get on top of the chicken coop down over the hill and break out the windows along the front with rocks. I was surely caught, but can not remember punishment. I was really young. Probably got a switch put to me.

I remember what was one of my first fish stories. We lived close to a big irrigation ditch. Some fish would come out of the river and be in it. I once went to the house and said I saw a big bunch of fish in the ditch. Mother and others ran out to see and none were to be seen. I said "Well, they must of swam off down the ditch." I really did see one.

In the fall of the year, Dad and the hired help would go up the canyons and cut and bring home long, dead, quaken aspen logs to cut in foot long lengths for fire wood. When they had enough, they'd take a day and cut all the logs up. It was one of my early jobs to wheelbarrow all the wood to a shed and neatly stack it. Then in the winter, it was my job to get coal and wood to the house for the day's burning needs.

Dad always had one or two hired men and Mother always fed them. The pay in those days was a dollar a day plus room and board. The dairy cows were milked by hand, about 40. Horses and horse drawn machinery were used to do all the farm work, such as plowing, harrowing, cutting hay, and putting it up. Hay was then either put up in stacks or loose in a barn. There were no hay bailers. In the winter the stock was all fed hay out in the fields by horse drawn sleighs or wagons. I enjoyed going with the men to feed the cattle and sheep, to ride on the sleigh or wagon and help throw off the hay. Dad also kept about 200 sheep.

My dad was a hard worker and things he did he wanted done well. He also had a good mind about figuring ways of building things. He was quite good at figuring out mechanical things. He always told me to make my word good. If you told someone you'd do something, live up to it. If you do a job for someone, do it good, even if it takes longer than you figured.

My time to come on earth was right after World War I. In the 1930's, times were really hard for people. It was called "The Great Depression". A lot of people were out of work and prices on farm products were very low. In general conditions were very bad for most. Our family was as poor as most, but we didn't realize it as kids because most everyone around was in the same shape. Farmers were maybe better off than a lot of people. A lot of the food

we had was produced on the farm. We had meat, eggs, milk, butter and Mother bottled and stored a lot of things grown in the garden. Mother always had a good garden and lots of flowers until the day she died. She always put vegetables in the fair and helped judge stuff. Our meals were pretty standard and you about ate what was there. People used to eat a lot of meat and taters and homemade gravy. I liked that, roast, mashed potatoes and gravy and carrots or peas, easpecially new potatoes and peas fresh out of the garden. My favorite snack was fresh baked bread still warm, butter and some kind of home made jam or jelly. Mom made severel kinds, current, choke cherry, apple, or apple butter. We had a lot of bread and milk for supper with just a little sugar added. Sometimes when we went to pick currents and choke cherries, Mom would put up a picnic. Also when we'd go over to the dry farm in Lewis's to work with Dad, we'd all go and have a picnic. Once in awhile, Mom would have me kill an old hen that wasn't laying and she would make chicken dumplings. I've never had any so good since. Also when they'd kill a pig we'd have fresh side pork and roasts that were awfully tasty.

CHILDHOOD

Kids in my early years made their own entertainment, having no TV. I was maybe 6 or 7 before we had a radio. At night or late afternoon we used to listen to the radio to serials and programs like people watch TV now. Some programs I remember were; Jack Armstrong, Little Orphan Annie, Amos and Andy, Renfrew of the Mounted, Gang Busters, and others.

The only show house was in Coalville and it once was an opera and dance hall. The movies were all in black and white and not too great at that. The first movie I remember was about snow and igloos and wolves. I can't remember the name or actors. Seems like the name was "lego of the North" or something. They later had a show house on the main street in Coalville, a better deal. I liked western movies, Tom Mix, Roy Rogers and others. My earliest heroes were the Western movie stars: Roy Rogers, Tom Mix, Joel McCray, Randolf Scott, John Wayne, Jimmy Stewart, etc. The shows then always had a cartoon and the news first and then the show. Sometimes they would have a serial like a soap opera that would play once on every Sat. When we got a TV my favorite shows were Gun Smoke and Ponderosa, two cowboy shows. They would have a three act play once or twice a year. The whole town would come to the old hall and watch the performance. They'd have puff rice balls and stuff to eat. They used to do a lot more community things in those days. My favorite books were, White Fang, and Call of the Wild.

There was only one store in Hoytsville, owned by a man named A.J. Farrell. He had a fancy doll in a glass case. I don't know why I liked to look at that doll. I asked Mr. Farrell once how much it cost. He told me, "More than you have." Candy bars were only a nickle.

When I was young, we were on about an eight party telephone line. To phone you picked up the ear piece and turned a handle to call. Each number had so many turns of the handle. For other numbers, you got the operator and she plugged you in on a big switchboard. All the old snoops listened in on the other people's party line, because when you picked up the phone and someone else was on you could hear every word they said. You could even talk to them.

When I think about Christmas, my first thoughts are about when I was very young at the end of the depression and we weren't blessed with great monetary wealth. I remember the excitement of Christmas. We had a tree and it was decorated sparsely. We had paper chains, made by pasting strips of paper in rings together to make a chain, little glass birds with horse hair tails that clipped on the tree, also candles that clipped on the tree, some tinsel and a few lights. We dared not leave the lights on too long because they got hot and might catch the tree on fire. For gifts, we would get a couple of toys, a toy truck and etc. One year we got an erector set for all of us three boys. What a great thing that was. I got a big farm type wagon one year, and boy was that great. For a sock to hang, we wore big long brown socks. They went from the foot to your hip almost. This is what we would hang for a sock. In it we would get an orange, a few peanuts, and maybe some hard tack and a couple of gumdrops. To get an orange was a real treat. An orange was usually a once a year thing,

Christmases were great then. It was hard to get to sleep the night before for excitement. Then you would wake up early and keep asking if you could get up to see what you had received. Dad or Mother would get up first and build up the fire in the front room stove, because the fire would die down before morning and the house would get very cold. After we would see what we got, we would play in front of the big wood stove in the front room where it was warm. One Christmas I woke up and heard the old boy in our front room. Our house being small, the bedroom was close to the front room. I peeked out and saw the folks putting out stuff. The Santa deal was over. Later on as I got older the folks had a little more money to do with but I don't think the Christmases were as special as when I was young.

As for toys, I used to think it would be great to fly a plane and had some toy planes. I also liked to play cowboys and had a pair of toy matched six shooter cap guns and holsters. I had a cork gun and a farm type wagon with stake sides and duel back wheels. At night, us and the neighbors, who didn't live very close, would get together and play No Bears Are Out Tonight, Kick the Can, Run Sheepy Run, hide and seek and several other games.

As early as I can remember, I have been interested in wildlife and being outdoors. I used to trap gophers, squirrels, ground hogs, rabbits, and in the winter, muskrats for their pelts. I used to trap gophers for Grandpa as soon as

the snow was gone and the ground thawed and he started paying me 10 cents a gopher, but soon cut it to 5 cents because I was getting too rich. I seemed to always have a pet animal around someplace. I once had a small pygmy owl that I got out of a nest and had it for a pet all summer. I let it go in the late summer and afterward it stayed around the ranch for awhile, it eventually flew away. I also would catch gophers, chipmunks, and ground squirrels, we called them pot guts, and put them in a big metal barrell with some dirt in the bottom and keep them for awhile I also caught a skunk once. One Sunday we were all ready for Sunday School and had a little time, so Lloyd and I went up the canyon about 15 min. from the house to check some traps we had set for some rock chucks. We had a skunk, and needless to say we came home smelly. Mother was about to bury me.

I started hunting when I was quite young because I was bigger than most boys my age. I hunted squirrels, rock chucks, rabbits and some things I shouldn't have, like birds. I became quite accurate with a sling shot. I often brought rabbits home for Mother to cook. In the winter Dad and my brothers and sometimes an uncle or two would hunt cottontail rabbits. Mother thought they were the greatest eating, as we all did. I learned to read the tracks of most animals.

I also started fishing at a young age. There was a big, deep, hole in a stream that ran into the main Weber river. We called it the chub hole. We used to catch the chubs out of it by the bucketful. We also used to do what we called "snickling suckers" in the main river. We did this in the summer when the river was low and clear some summers. This was long before they built the Rockport dam. Snickling was done by tying a copper wire on a long willow pole and making a noose in it. The loop was pushed back over the sucker's head past his gills and then jerked. The loop tightened and out the fish came to the bank. We used to sell the suckers to mink ranchers for 3 cents a pound. In those days of early mink farming, the owners of mink had to hunt up their own feed.

Aunt Ruth Miller, my mother's sister, gave me a fly tying kit for my birthday at about age ten. I started to tie my own flies and soon caught trout with them. I had two uncles that took me fishing a lot. They were Dad's brothers, Uncle Joe and Uncle Orlo. I guess this started me on a love to fish that has lasted all my life. Fishing was a lot better in those days. There was not the pressure there is now and you could go anywhere. We were not bothered by locked gates, no trespassing, and over crowded and fished out areas.

Dad had a work shop that had all kinds of tools, hammers, a forge and anvil. We kids used to go in the shop and build things. Pound with the hammer and stuff. Since I was interested in airplanes, I would sometimes build little wooden airplanes. A finger got the results of a misplaced blow several

times. We used to build go carts out of old wagon wheels and such. All the boys carried a pocket knife. It was a fact of life, a necessity. I have scars today from some of those knives out of control on a finger. In the spring we'd use our pocket knives to make willow whistles out of willow limbs. You had to do it when the sap was coming up so the bark would slip,

The first bike we ever had came about because the county had a bounty on squirrel tails. They paid a penny a tail, one year they gave 2 pennies per tail, but most of the time it was a penny per tail. Some years the squirrels were real thick and they ate into the edges of the grain fields, there were so many. Grandpa would buy 20 lb. sacks of poison oats. We'd put a teaspoon amount all around the grain field in their holes. Then in awhile, the squirrels would be dead (by the time we got all around the field, the first ones would be dead) and we would cut off their tails. Then we would take them to the county courthouse to collect the bounty. We earned \$30 during the summer, me and my brothers. That's 3,000 squirrel tails. That's a lot of squirrel tails.

Dad took the money and went to Salt Lake and bought us a real good second hand "Elgin" bike. We took turns using it. But soon the older brothers got to drive the family car so I had it all to myself. I used to ride over to the east side of the valley to see my friends or to Coalville to the show occasionally. There were a few things that would break on it and we learned to take it apart and fix whatever was wrong.

Montgomery Ward had a little siren that bolted to the frame of the bike, and when you pulled a little chain, a little round stem on the siren would go against the bike wheel, when it was turning and make the siren go. One day my brothers took it off and I put it back on and got it on wrong. I went to pull on the chain and the siren went into the spokes and took about half the spokes out of the wheel. It would really make a noise. The faster you went, the louder it was.

Other things we did as kids were: go horse riding, hiking, swimming in the river in the summer "nude", and riding calves. A lot of kids from both sides of the river used to meet to swim in the Weber River in the summer in the late afternoon. That's where I learned to swim. We just went down there and learned. We always swam in the buff. Dad took us a few times to Heber to swim in Lukes Hot Pots, and once or twice we went to Morgan to a place they called, Como. We went barefoot most of the time in the summers. I stepped on a few nails sticking up out of boards. One came right up through my foot, out by my toes. I had to sit down and have some one pull it out of my foot. I used to like to step in fresh cow pies in the summer. They were so nice and warm on your feet.

We also had one pair of roller skates for us kids. They weren't shoe skates. You put your shoe on them and a key would turn a clamp that clamped

onto your sole and a strap went around your heel and ankle. They came off a lot. I used to skate in the cow barn. It was the only cement around. Later we went to Como, a resort in Morgan. They had a regular rink there and you could rent skates. We had some ice skates too, and had some great times ice skating. There were some ponds down in the field and sometimes even the river would freeze. We also went down on the Echo Reservoir. It would freeze over and before it snowed, you could skate all over. Several of us and neighbors would play hockey.

Once Lloyd and I and some cousins dug a fair sized cave to play in. We also made hide outs in the loose hay in the hay barn. We had many fun filled days and enjoyed life. It wasn't all fun and games however. Most people then lived on farms and had cows, chickens, sheep and work and riding horses. Kids, as soon as old enough, had to help with farm chores. I used to feed the chickens, gather eggs, feed the pigs, feed the bulls, and milk a couple of cows and feed the milk to the calves, and teach the new born ones to drink from a bucket. Some were really dumb and sorry to say now, but I worked a few over till they learned. At fair time, Grandpa used to put show cows and calves in the fair. The ranch had one of the best Jersey cow herds around and Grandpa was very proud of them. It was my and my brothers' job to help get them ready. We taught them to lead, curried and brushed, trimmed and polished them. It was not our favorite thing to do. Grandpa at times was a little hard to be around also. He had a bad temper and we used to set him off quite regular. When we got the cows in to milk, which was our job, if he caught us sigging the dog on them, which we sometimes did, he'd get bent out of shape. He did well at the fairs, however.

One time Grandpa bought some hair clippers to trim the cows for the fair. They had a flex cord and shaft and were made to work by turning a handle round and around. My, it was tiresome. My brothers and I were, at different times, rounded up to do the turning. Once, after a while of this, and Grandpa not around, brother Kay took the machine apart and took out a part and put it together again. It never worked again, nor did Grandpa get it fixed.

In the summer it was also one of my jobs, along with my brothers', to herd the cows out of the alfalfa and grain. Some of the hay was cut first and the cows were put on it till the rest was cut. Because there was no dividing fence, they had to be kept out of the uncut areas. We would take a horse and a lunch and stay all day till it was time to bring the cows in to milk. We'd leave home about 8:00 and come home at about 4:30. Most often I was alone. Some days seemed really long, but most of the time we kept busy whittling, hunting squirrels and just day dreaming. For the most part I enjoyed it. The cows always seemed to want to be where they shouldn't be. So we had to keep a close eye on them.

I remember one close call while working on Grandpa's ranch. My cousin

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and I were riding Dad's leveler, that leveled the plowed fields. My cousin was dragged under and buried in the dirt. My legs got caught but I pulled myself out. My cousin turned out okay, but his eyes, mouth and all were filled with dirt.

Grandpa and Grandma had a very fine Holy hock garden and they used to show it to people. One day, for what reason I don't remember, I was crawling around among the plants. I found out I should have been doing something else.

I also remember them playing harmonicas together. They were really good. They even played for social events. I have one of their harmonicas given to me by my father. They sang pretty together too.

Grandma Crittenden read a lot, did endless crossword puzzles, was a poor cook and house keeper, but was very nice and pleasant to be around. She liked, when the cousins came, to have us back to back to see who was the biggest. I didn't like that much.

Grandpa was a very faithful church member and always contributed to any fund drive, scouts, or whatever. Dad told me of him serving a mission in England and leaving Grandma and a family to do it. Dad helped run the ranch while he was gone.

He liked baseball and from Dad's stories, he and his brother were good players when they were young. He always went to all of the games played close by.

He did a bit of fishing and each spring he would buy a really long bamboo pole and by fall leave it out someplace and it would be ruined by spring. I can still vision him coming up from the river riding an old black horse we called Dyna Mite, holding a fish that seemed a yard long. He also did most of the irrigating on the ranch and rode old Dyna to do it. He put boots on in the spring and took them off in the fall, it seemed.

Each summer about the 24th of July, he and Grandmother would go to Ogden for a few days to see their children and to see the 24th parade and rodeo. Some years I went with them to stay with my cousins. It was a big deal. We went to the parade and rodeo and stayed a week with cousin Ray and Leon Worrall. Then they would come up to the ranch for a week. But when I got older I didn't go. Those later years, when they left, a bunch of us cousins and etc. would round up a herd of the young cattle and have our own rodeo. I don't think Grandpa ever knew. And we were lucky he didn't.

Grandpa had quite a quick temper and when he got angry real quick over something, like maybe someone putting the dogs on the cows, he would tear off his hat and jump on it. I saw him once jump clean off ole Dyna on it. He bought a new straw hat one spring and on one of his angry spells went to

take off his hat in such haste that he tore off the brim. I had to hide to keep from laughing. I knew that wouldn't go over very well at the moment.

Also, one summer or maybe more, I went around the ranch with him planting black willow trees. We would take a heavy crow bar and branches of trees. We would punch a hole about two feet into the ground and push in the branch. Many of them grew and I believe some are still on the ranch, large trees now.

I never saw Grandpa sick or ever complain. The worst I can remember was once when a small moth crawled in his ear and they put oil and stuff in to kill it and it finally floated out.

I remember a few things about my Grandmother Rees. You never went there but what she wanted you to have a piece of home made bread and jam. I was quick to have a piece. It was so---ooo good. She also made butter and sold it about town. In those days, a lot of bums or hoboes, as we called them, traveled about the country, hooking rides on train boxcars and begging food when they could. Grandma figured her house was marked somehow by them. They knew she was good for some food. They would stop for a handout, but she always made them do some work first, like chopping some wood or something else. She believed that a person should someday earn their food.

I don't remember too much about my Grandpa Rees, only that he couldn't see or hear too well. They gave him a white cane with a red bottom so he could cross the street safely. He and Grandma lived in the north end of Coalville.

Once when Ray and Leon, my Aunt Anna's kids from Ogden, came up, the ladies were curling their hair with curling irons they heated in the stove. Ray got one iron and was going to curl my hair. The curling iron burned the back of my neck. I still have the scar.

I had my tonsils out when I was about 7 or 8. Dr. Trowbridge, a relation, took them out in his office in Bountiful. I'll never forget that deal, the ether and all. They put the ether in a mask or cloth and put it over your nose and mouth and started to count. The next thing I remember was being packed out of there.

I ran away a couple of times I guess. Maybe more. I used to go down by the river. It only lasted a couple of hours. Nobody looked for me, I don't think. I usually wasn't gone that long.

I was not afraid of much as a youngster except going by the creamery shed at night. It used to be a building where they made cheese and butter. It was a spooky old place. We thought it was haunted. We had to go past it when going home from the east side of the valley. It was okay in the day but

at night I'd go by on my bike as fast as I could go. I also didn't like to go get the sheep in after dark when I'd forgotten to get them in earlier. One night they were way up over the hill. It took awhile to find them. I heard these funny noises and was real scared, but didn't get eaten up by cougars or bears. For a while when I was quite young I was afraid of the section workers on the railroad.

Some of the boys we played with were the Sargents and McQueens, a mile or so south of us on our side of the river, also, the Boyers, Brookes, and Sargents on the east side of the river. One of my best friends was Ralph Sargent, who lived a couple of miles south. In those days we always walked or later rode our bikes where ever we went. We also, at times, rode the ranch's saddle horses if they weren't being used.

One summer for his hired hands, Dad hired his brother, Uncle Orlo, and a man named Mont Winters. Sometimes they would party at night and if the chance came, they'd sneak off to the loft above the cow barn and have a nap. In the summer we had some beds in the loft and would sometimes sleep up there at night. My brothers and I liked to go up there if it was raining or if we had a little free time. If my brother, Lloyd, and I knew they were up there we'd bounce rocks off the board roof with our flippers and wake them up. A rock bouncing down the roof made a lot of noise. One day, Uncle Orlo snuck out and caught my brother Lloyd, and was in the process of kicking his behind. About that time I let a rock fly from my flipper and it hit Uncle in the back. The kicking ended with a scream and he headed for me. Mother entered the scene about then and they went about their work and me and brother were spared.

When about 15 and on up, my friends and I would hike up in the hills to some lakes and stay two or three days. We would fish and sleep out under the stars. We would take some eggs and a gallon bucket, boil the eggs, roast potatoes in the hot coals of our bonfires, have some home made bread and get a bottle of home bottled peaches, and try to cook wild game. We finally learned how pretty good. We cooked rabbit, doves, quail, etc. Those were the days. Dad used to take the family on a camp out about once a year, either up on the Bear River, up Chalk Creek, or a few times to Trial Lake up in the Uinta Mountains. We'd stay a couple of days, camping out and mostly fishing. Once I was fishing up in the high lakes and came across a badger. He took off running, so I chased him. He came to some rocks that cornered him, so he turned and came after me. I had picked up a pine club, so I put a stop to his charge. It was a little scary. One day my brothers and I decided to ride the horses up to Lewis's Peak, the highest hill in the area. It was an all day deal. I had to walk the last mile or two from home because of my sore behind. That was one trip I will always remember.

Once we were up in the high Uintas fishing and an electrical storm came through. You could feel your hair stand up and smell the ozone in the air. It hit

on a ridge just above us and we could see a big blue ball of flame roll across the ridge and sparks fly. We soon got down to lower country.

I used to get zapped about every summer by what we called yellow jacket wasps, mean little buggers. I used to swell up bad and was allergic to them. I carried an anti-bee-sting kit around and still have one in the truck. I haven't been stung for a long time, and the last time I did, I had no reaction.

My father managed my grandfather's ranch for the first little while of my life and then gradually bought equipment -- a cat D-4, D-6 and etc. and did custom work for farmers, ranchers, and sheep men all over the north end of Utah. He did work such as: ground leveling, fence line, roads, ditches, flood control of rivers, stock ponds, etc. Kay, Lloyd and I all helped and learned to run the bulldozers too. Kay and Lloyd both went into that line of work. Once Dad got a contract to build a dam on Blue Lake up Chalk Creek. He stayed up there except to come down for supplies, gas and diesel. We all went up there with Mom once or twice during the summer to stay for a couple of days. It was about a 3 hour ride over bumpy dirt roads and way up in the pines. It was a beautiful place and was really fun.

When I was 14, Dad bought a home and about 12 acres on the east side of Hoytsville. He was away working and Mother and us kids loaded up all our earthly belongings and moved over.

SCHOOL

We went to grade school in Hoytsville. The school was in Hoytsville, just north of the house I later owned there. Siddoways, Boyers, and Vernons, bought the property where the school used to be. The school district sold it to the church and later the church sold it to these three individuals. In my time, there was a grade school in each town; Henefer, Echo, Coalville, Hoytsville, Wanship and Rockport. The high school was in Coalville. After I was out of the sixth grade, all of the schools were consolidated and sent to Coalville for grade school and high school. The Hoytsville school was three large rooms divided by two halls. On the east end there were rest rooms and on the front south side, a small room served as an office and sick room.

There was one room for two grades and a teacher for the two grades, so you stayed with the same teacher for two years. My first and second grade teacher was Helen Hobson. The third and fourth grade was Ed Jensen and the fifth and sixth grade was Irene Redden, she also served as principal.

The school was a ways off the road and had a long cement walk to it. To enter you went up about 10 steps to the door. The steps were about 10 ft. wide. The school yard wasn't much, being mostly weeds and gravel. There

were a couple of grass areas where we played baseball. There were about four swings, two teeter totters, horizontal bars, and what we called the giant stride. It was a tall steel post with chains hanging down with handles on the ends. There were about 10 chains. The object was to get a kid on each chain and run and swing in a circle around the center post. The top, where the chains were hooked, turned as you went around, swinging out and flying around.

The games we played at recess were; softball, marbles, steal the flag, bummies, mumble peg, with our pocket knives, and others. In the winter we had snow ball fights, made forts and played dog and deer. I was about the largest boy for my age in grade school and I guess I let the other kids know it. I had to maintain my position as the one to be feared

The school grounds were surrounded by box elder trees. The girls used to bust off the suckers that grew in the summer and make houses out of them and play house. It was a favorite past time of us boys to raid the houses and tear things up. We didn't get a lot of praise for this, but it was fun for us at least.

I guess I liked history and vocational ag. best at school. I always liked to work with animals and plants and such. I one time thought about becoming a vet. Too late now but sometimes I wished I'd of pursued that field. I did poorest in math and I guess I didn't like it too much. I learned to add and subtract in my head when on the milk route. It did more for me than math in school. I was in the band and played the saxophone some.

We had to bring our lunch to school and ride the bus. In the summer, a lot of us from the west side used to walk home from school about 2 miles. We would go down the creamery lane, as it was called. It runs west of the now present Hoytsville church. After we crossed the Weber River, we would cut across the fields to home. We wore bib overalls in elementary school but levis in high school.

Sometimes in the winter the roads across the river would drift in so deep that the bus couldn't get up. The drifts were sometimes 6 to 10 ft. deep. The fathers would then take turns picking up the school kids in a horse pulled sleigh. The sleigh had a big box full of meadow hay with a canvas top. This only happened a few times in my memory. I can also remember going to church in a sleigh and the snow so deep you could see no fence posts. During this period of time, the equipment to clear the roads wasn't the best. All roads off the main road were dirt and gravel, and in the spring when the ground thawed out and with the wet from snow melting, etc. the roads became very muddy and full of deep ruts. Sometimes the old cars would get stuck in the mud and had to be pulled out by horse teams. Also, in the winter if the roads got drifted full, often times the school bus would get stuck and have to be pulled out by the horse teams. The main road on the east side of the valley was a main east

and west road and was then called the old Lincoln Highway. It was oiled and for the most part kept clean of drift. Instead of salt, they used coal slack to put on the slick places, mostly on hills and bends. A man in the back of the truck would throw out slack with a big scoop shovel.

Most families had a sleigh about 4 or 5 feet long, called a Flexible Flyer. We used to go down the hills on the roads. The cars would pack the snow and make it hard and slick. We could get a run holding the sleigh, then do a belly flop on it and down the hill we'd go, sometimes quite a ways. There were not enough cars to worry about. Sometimes two would go down sitting up. The back one would push to get a good start. Dad had a toboggan. It held about 6 people, but it was used mostly by the older people.

I always liked spring best. Winter was over, it got warmer, but not hot. The leaves were coming out and all was greening up and smelled so good. Young animals were being born, lambs, calves and etc. We did a lot of fun things, like go hiking, when the snow was gone and before summer bore down on us. I used to hike up to a place that had a special little yellow flower. They'd come up right under a snow bank. Mom used to love a big bunch of them to put in a vase. My mother loved wild flowers. At Easter we used to boil and dye some eggs. It was a tradition for some of us boys to take a lunch and hike up the canyon and stay up there most all day. Some years the weather wasn't too good, but we'd go anyway. One favorite place was up under the ledges south of Coalville. We'd roll rocks and stuff. Sometimes we spent time down along the river bottom doing things.

We went to the sixth grade at Hoytsville, and I have many memories of school there. Some of the parents were against consolidating all the grade schools to Coalville, but it came and all the little town grade schools were closed and over the years removed or torn down. I only know of one that remains, and it's in Wanship and was bought and remodeled into a house.

High school as it was called, having at that time no middle school, was all in one building on a hill east of Main Street in Coalville. It has been torn down now and a middle school built in its place. Now in close proximity are all three schools: grade, middle, and high school. Grades 7 to 12 were all in the same building. The total high school enrollment was only about 200 Kids. All the school children except for the ones in the Coalville area rode school buses. There were no kids taking cars to school as they do now. I only drove a pickup truck, cause that's all we had, to school a few times when I was a senior on a few special occasions. Our school was the North Summit Braves with gold and purple as our school colors. The school had good support to their football and basketball games because that was the local entertainment. They also had track, but no wrestling, soccer, volleyball or any of that stuff. Again all the kids, except Coalville, rode the school buses to, and home from, all of the after school activities. In the winter they always had a dance on home

games after the basketball game. They also always had live orchestra music. They were real fun times and most everyone danced, and only once with the same girl except maybe twice with your date if you had one. They had dance cards and about 12 or so numbers on them. The orchestra would put the number of the dance on the big card on the piano. You'd fill your card up with the young ladies you liked to dance with at the start of the dance and when the number came up you danced with that girl. The girls did the same. Nobody got mad at each other or anything. It was the way it was done and everyone had a good time and didn't have to get stuck dancing with the same girl all night. It was hold the girl in your arms, but not too close, dancing also. Not this remote - anywhere in the building your partner can be stuff they do nowadays.

Two of my first paying jobs were working for Parley Brown and also riding Vernon Judd's grain combine for hours. I was paid the great sum of 25 cent an hour. I mostly hired on summers for farm work. I made some money in the winters trapping muskrats and mink and selling the hides.

There was a cafe at the bottom of the school house hill where my friends and I hung out. It was called the A & W Root Beer stand and was run by an old duffer called Vern Gunn. Hambergers were 10 cents and a big mug of root beer was 5 cents. We also used to go to the old Kozy Cafe. It was different then than now.

In high school the lovers would walk arm in arm around the school at noon or recess. We'd drop water filled balloons out of the auditorium window on them. It was quite a splash. As a lot of kids will do, some of us country boys tried to smoke what we called cedar bark. You'd get bark off of a cedar post, rub it in your hands till it was soft, then roll it up in some old catalog paper and light er up. It was terrible. Also we tried a weed called Indian tobacco. It didn't take much of this for you to stop. Later in high school I tried cigarets a couple of times, but never got much out of it. After my mouth tasted like birds had roosted there all night, I decided that was enough of that.

I played on the football team my Sop. , Jr., and Sr., years on the main team. I played guard. We were playing during the early war years, starting 1941, so the school didn't furnish buses because gas was rationed, as were tires. So we used to get gas ration stamps from our folks and give them to some of the teachers to take their cars to take us to the games. For uniforms we had kind of soft helmets with no nose guards. We pretty much had all the padding. We didn't do too well. There were only two divisions in the state, 1A and 2A. So we played some big teams.

With gas rationing, you were given a book of stamps each month if you had a car. Farmers had more stamps if they had a tractor. "A" stamps were worth 5 gallons of gas and "T" stamps were worth 10 gal. I contributed quite a

few T stamps to the football transportation because Dad had a tractor and didn't use it much. You still had to pay for the gas. The stamps just gave you permission to buy it. Sugar, rubber tires, soap, paper and other things were rationed too. Liquor was rationed too. People had to cut way back on driving.

THE NAVY

This part of my life deals with World War II, which started when Japan bombed Pearl Harbor, December 7th, 1941. I was 14 years old at that time. When I heard of the bombing and war starting, I was at a neighbor friend of mine's place. It was on a Sunday. I guess at that time I really didn't get the full impact of what was going on. I guess I figured that it wouldn't last very long and I would not be involved.

In a while I soon realized it was much more than I had first assumed. Germany allied with Japan and a full fledged world war was on. Young men not much older than myself were going off to war. Soon we were hearing of boys I knew personally being killed. One day in school, a good friend of mine came down the hall towards his locker crying. He had just got word that his brother had been killed. Several older men I knew were killed. My two older brothers were in the service. Kay signed up for the Merchant Marines. Lloyd joined the navy in what was called the Seabees. As the war progressed, the government started to ration things. For that reason, football and basketball trips away from school were stopped for lack of buses. If we played other schools, we had to take our own cars. For our Junior Prom, we couldn't get paper, so we did not decorate much. We hung a big model airplane down on a string at the middle of the gym, also a few paper strings here and there.

By the time I was a senior, most all of the older boys were gone to war. A lot of the boys in my class decided we would enlist at the end of our senior year or before we turned 18, so that we would have a choice of which branch of the service we wanted. We talked to our principal and teachers and those of us who had enough credits, they said they would graduate. I turned 18 March 24, 1945. A friend of mine, Herald Durrant, who later married my wife's younger sister, and I tried first to get into the Merchant Marines. We couldn't get in soon enough, so on March 6, 1945 we enlisted in the Navy until we were 21. Our dads had to sign for us. There were about a dozen of us from Salt Lake, Nevada and Idaho that were sworn in together. We were loaded on a train, and a day later ended up in San Diego, California for boot camp.

Boot camp was a different experience to say the least. I'll not go into all of it. The first day there, we were issued navy clothes, got a scalp haircut and our first vaccinations. From then on it was up early, out on the grounds to march, to chow, to training sessions. It was all hurry up and wait. Make your beds, fold and wash your clothes, clean the barracks. Everything had to be neat

and clean and in place. When we were there for four weeks, we got to go on weekend passes and some one-night passes. There wasn't much to do in San Diego. It was block for block of sailors, marines and a few soldiers. I went on one weekend leave to Los Angeles to visit my uncle Ivan Crittenden and family, he having a boy my age, Hunter. While we were in boot camp, the war in Germany ended. It was a great day. Hitler, who was Germany's leader, killed himself in the last few hours before Germany was defeated. Japan was still going strong, and now the U.S. and her allies could turn the attention on them.

While I was in boots in San Diego, a neighbor of mine, and a very good friend, was wounded in the battle of the island of Iwo Jima. They had a naval hospital in San Diego and he was brought there. I got to see him there once. His name was Edwin Boyer.

The first part of June, we finished boot camp and got to come home on a 7 day leave. We tried to get home for our high school graduation, but couldn't. It was fun to come home and I took out an old girlfriend. She got married before I got out and I was happy about that. On the way home on the bus I met another girl from Salt Lake that meant a lot in my life. We have been friends, and our families have since then. Her name was Dawn Glade.

After our leave, we went back to San Diego, and soon after arriving, were loaded on a train and ended up in camp Shoemaker, a short ways from San Jose, California. We were there about two weeks, long enough to get our over-seas shots. Then about 1800, we were loaded on a troop ship in the San Francisco harbor and soon were sailing out past the isle of Alcatraz, and under the Golden Gate Bridge and out to sea. It's always a little rough just off the coast, and lots of us being first time at sea, became seasick. Anyway it was soon from bow to stern, sick sailors. The first meal served was greasy pork chops, which didn't help matters.

Eighteen days later, we arrived at an island in the Pacific called Guam. On the way we had a few sub and air attack threats, but nothing happened.

Guam was to be my home for the next nearly 18 months. The combined military forces were stock piling Guam with all kinds of supplies and man power to man the ships and etc. for the invasion of the mainland of Japan. Lucky for me, the war ended before that, because of the atom bomb. The bomb was brought to Guam and assembled and then sent to Siapan, an island not far from Guam, and from there to two hits on Japan, at Nagasaki and Hiroshima . This happened in Sept. 1945 and the war was soon over. This was a great day.

Soon after that a lot of men were going home. I had enlisted in the regular navy, so was not one of them. I was in Guam from July 1945 to December 1946. Most of the time I was there, I was in a motor pool. First I

drove trucks and jeeps around and later became a dispatcher, and before I came home was a gate guard. When aboard ship, my duty, when on duty, or watch, was at certain times I would use a boatswain's pipe, a kind of whistle, to signal different things--chow, turn to, taps, reveille and to pipe officers off or on the ship. I kept one pipe and still have it. I got to see most of the island. Some of it was out of bounds, being native villages. I became friends to many of the natives, as some worked for the navy. I was invited to some of their homes. I also went diving for sea shells, made things out of them, went swimming, and for a few P.T. boat rides and etc. I didn't see a white woman for about a year and then only a few red cross ladies, and after, a few civil service people. When I arrived back in the States, the people sure looked white. Two typhoons came through while I was in Guam. They blew down buildings and all sorts of things. At the airport, planes were blown over and hangers blown down.

While I was on Guam, quite a few Japanese army men surrendered who were hiding in the jungles, and when the war was over, they came in to the military and surrendered. They were put in stockades and were worked on roads & etc. during the day and were guarded by marines. I talked to one man who understood English and for a couple of packs of cigarettes he would paint a scene on one of our white navy handkerchiefs. I gave him the hanky and cigarettes and the next day he brought me the finished hanky with a painting on it. I still have it.

All this while, I didn't have too much contact with the church. There were a few Mormons on Guam. I met a fellow from American Fork who was. We were good friends and have been since. His name was Don Healey. I did a few things that were not too good, but for the most part kept pretty straight.

About a week before Christmas, I got to go home. I had a 30 day leave. We went on ship from Guam to San Francisco. Then on Greyhound bus to Salt Lake. I arrived home on Christmas Eve. It was good to be home and see my family. Both of my older brothers had been in the service. While home, I took the girl I met from Salt Lake out and some others. I hunted rabbits and tried to do everything, but time flew and I was soon back to San Francisco. I was stationed on Yreba Bueno Island. It was located under the Oakland Bay Bridge. It was once a place where they held a world's fair. I was never so home sick as at this time. I soon got over it, however.

Soon I was aboard a destroyer and went to San Diego. There I was assigned to a destroyer, the U.S.S. Allen M Sumner DD692. This ship was to be my home until I was discharged on Jan. 16, 1948. From San Diego, our ship, which was in convey with other ships, went to Pearl Harbor. From there we went to Australia. Our fleet stopped there for about 10 days. I thought it was a wonderful place. We then went to many islands. They were Truk, Guam, Iwo Jima, Guadal Canal, and others. We only stopped at a few. All of these places

were prominent in the war, being taken over by the Japanese and then retaken by the U.S. and allies.

When our ship was going up through some of the Pacific Islands war zones, we stopped at Truck Island. When it was taken back from the Japanese, a lot of their 31 caliber rifles were taken from them. Anyone on our ship could get one if we wanted. I got one and still have it. The Japanese were crafty little fellows. Our 30 caliber cartrlge would fit in their 31 cal., but their 31 cal. would not fit in our 30 cal.

We stopped at Guam for repairs on the ship. We went into dry dock and got a new paint job etc. From Guam, we went to Manila, in the Phillipeans, then to Yokusuka, Japan, and to Sing Tao, China. We stayed at each port a few days. I was able to go ashore at each place. Manila was still pretty torn up because of the war. Seeing those places and the way people had to live, made me feel real proud and glad to be an American and to be born and live where I did. I saw little kids beg, poverty, dirt poor young women in prostitution, trying to support themselves and maybe families. Some things I saw I don't care to write about. I would be glad to forget.

From China we went back to Pearl Harbor and then to San Diego. Our trip lasted from about March 1947 to Oct. of that year, and covered many miles. After arriving in San Diego, I got a 15 day leave. I came back to the ship there and except for a two day cruise, our ship never left the docks until I was discharged Jan. 16, 1948.

On the ship, when it was out to sea for awhile, the potatoes were stored out on the main deck in big bins and after awhile in the warm weather, they would start to rot. The cooks would clean some of it off but they didn't get it all. Needless to say, our mashed potatoes weren't very tasty. After awhile, little black weavel got in the flour and they wouldn't clean them out and they would bake them in the bread. We would hold the slices of bread up to the light and pick out what we could and eat the rest. For the most part, the navy food was pretty good. We got fed a lot of beans and spam. When it was the worst was when we were out to sea for awhile.

While on Guam, I made 3rd class petty officer, or 3rd class boatswain mate, or at that time the rank was called coxswain. It was equal to a buck Sargent in the army. While on the ship, I was in charge of a group of men. We painted the ship, made repairs, or stood watch. In port, I was the driver of the captain's gig or in civilian terms, boat. I also stood gang way watch and other things. If it had not have been for the military routine of everything, I would have really enjoyed the sea. The ocean was beautiful. A sunset on the ocean was something to see. Also the moon coming up out of the water was something else. I loved the roll of the ship while I was in my bunk. I would have liked to make something to imitate that on my home bed. We hit some

real bad weather and things got pretty rough. One time we lost three men overboard and only recovered one. The other two were never seen again. I never got sea sick once, but saw many who did and from that was glad I didn't.

For the most part, I enjoyed my hitch in the navy. There were only two others on the ship who were Mormons. One was a Dr. Hale from Provo. We got together when we could, but for the most part my contact with the church suffered some in this period of my life. In all, I did stay in touch and after getting out, got active again.

So Jan. 16, 1948, I got honorably discharged from the navy in San Diego and came back home to Hoytsville, Utah.

AS AN ADULT

I never had very fancy hair and lost what I had early in life. It started to go when I was in the navy and was soon gone to bald color.

I worked for Parley Brown when I was about 15 or 16 years old doing farm work, but I didn't know Pauline separate from the other kids then. But when I came home from the navy, the MIA had a play. We were both involved in it and I got to know Pauline. Consequently I took her out. I was just home in Jan., so this was in the winter. I started taking her out and decided she was it. We were married Dec. 2, 1948 in the Salt Lake City temple by a later church pres., President Spencer W. Kimball. Pauline was a senior at the time and didn't finish school because we got married.

We dated quite a bit with a group of other guys and their girlfriends. We went to Salt Lake City a couple of times, but mostly just around town. We dated about a year.

I was going with a girl up Upton when I first got home but when I started going with Pauline, I quit going with anyone else. She just seemed to fit. There was something about her smile that I liked.

Pauline was a very good housekeeper and took care of her younger brothers and sisters and kept house and did the cooking while her mother helped her husband on the farm. Parley had bought the farm from Don Birtch, and people said he wouldn't make it. But the war made milk and farm prices go up, and I think that kind of helped him make it. The mother and kids helped a lot outside caring the milk and riding the horse to dump the stacker.

Pauline was a really good organizer in her church jobs etc. She had everything organized right down. She was no doubt one of the reasons I stayed strong in the church. She had a strong testimony, as did her parents,

Parley and Vera. They taught all their children about the gospel and all the boys but one went on missions, five out of six.

Pauline was a real good cook and housekeeper and having tended and cared for the younger family members was well trained in being a good wife. I guess I wasn't meant to make a lot of money in my life, but always had a job. Pauline seemed to manage what money we had to provide for us. In our early years of marriage, I worked for her dad. I'm not sure of the sequence of jobs, but while working for Parley, we lived in his mothers old house. It had not been lived in for several years, and I spent the first week of our marriage fixing the house up to a livable shape. The plumbing was bad. The floor needed fixing and etc. Our heat source was a wood and coal range and a bigger coal and wood stove in the front room. The kitchen stove also heated the water for bathing and etc. by a water jacket inside the stove and a 40 gallon storage tank on the back. One room was closed off because of a big crack in the outside wall. The winters were real cold and sometimes there would be frost on the inside doors. We survived and had three children while there. I leased about 100 acres from Parley's family while there, as well as working for Parley. In the meantime, I bought six Jersey cows and sent the milk to Oakley to make cheese. I also grew hay and grain. At that time, I wanted to be a farmer, but later changed my mind.

I never owned a car until after we were married for awhile. Dad gave me an old Chev pickup when we got married. Then we bought a used Ford truck and finally a new Ford car in about the 60's. I think it cost about \$1,500.

I raised and descented skunks to sell for a couple of years after I was married. DeAnn and Cindy used to dress the little ones up in doll clothes and push them around in a buggy. I once had my sweet young children pull a wagon with some pet skunks in a cage on it in a parade in Coalville. It was quite a deal. I also had hounds for hunting cougars and hunted many places in the state of Utah. I chased and caught bobcats and cougars. I also trapped animals at different times and caught many bobcats, a few coyotes, lots of muskrats, some skunks, badgers and squirrels. I did some taxidermy work on our kitchen table. I took a correspondence course to learn how and made some bobcat rugs and wall hangings among other things.

I once had an incubator and hatched duck, goose, chicken, quail, pheasant, peacock and Guinea eggs. I always had a few chickens around. The chickens ran loose in the summer and the hens would steal their nest away or hid them and in awhile would show up with a bunch of little chickens. I raised rabbits for many years. We ate some, sold some and gave some away. I've always had something going on and enjoyed doing it. I've been somewhat creative. What's been hard for me to understand about the younger generation is on a nice summer day, them in the house watching TV or saying there is nothing to do or I'm bored. Hard for me to understand. If farm work didn't keep

us busy, us kids would find plenty to do to keep busy. I think TV and other things have made kids now days without imagination and initiative to find ways to entertain themselves.

Sometime in the early 50's I went to work at Hewletts' ranch above Woodland on the Provo river. We were furnished a house, our milk, and grain to feed a pig, if you wanted one. Ted Hallam's and my job was to water the fields and cut and rake the hay and bail it. I started there in May and because the Hewletts sold the dairy herd of cows (about 100) in the fall, I lost the job in Nov. the same year. Herman Cooley was the foreman and I worked with Ted Hallam, Morlin VanTassell, George Hardman and some other part timers. It was a pretty good job and I enjoyed being there. I did some fishing, riding horses, deer hunting and had some picnics and fun times.

We came back to Hoytsville after that job and I'm not sure of the order, but I worked for my dad and learned to be a pretty good cat skinner. I worked at the old Crandall and Walker Ford dealership. They had leased it for awhile to a man named Clyde Miller. I worked at Devil Slide for about 3 months and the railroad for a couple of years. I then worked for the Mountain Fuel Supply Co. in Salt Lake City and drove in there with five other men for 10 years. I then bought out a feed route and bought a two ton Ford truck and hauled all kinds of animal feed from Draper to farmers and chicken ranches in the area. I hauled mostly bulk dairy feed. After doing that for awhile, Reed and Leonard Brown built a milk processing plant and processed their cows milk from about 200 cows. They came and asked me to deliver their products, as well as products from Cream "O" Weber Dairy in Ogden, on a home delivery route. I did that three days a week and hauled feed the other days, when needed. In about three years, I gave up the feed route because of the changing time schedule, and went five days a week for Browns. In about 7 years, I bought the route from Browns and was at the job for about 17 years. I covered from Devil Slide to Kamas. I went 2 days north and 2 days south, with Wednesday off. For quite awhile, I had to drive to Ogden to get the Cream O" Weber stuff I sold, along with Brown's. I sold both retail and wholesale to stores, cafes and etc. Later on, Cream O' Weber merged with Hiland, who was a competitor and called the corporation "Western General Dairy." They then delivered the products to a refer in Coalville for me. I covered lots of miles and sold a lot of milk and stuff and made a lot of friends.

Also there were some rough times, especially in the winter. I'd leave at 5 a.m., and milk would sometimes freeze right inside the truck. Sometimes there were blizzards, or I'd get stuck, or have a flat tire, and a few other wonderful things. Driving the route, I had no relief driver. To go to a ball game of my boys, I'd leave a note to customers and tell them that I'd deliver that day's milk the night before. Sometimes I would work straight through all day and again at night to go to a ball game that was played away from the valley. I still, 20 years later, have nightmares about the ole milk route.

In 1980, I sold the milk route and in November went to work for Summit County as their maintenance man on their grounds and buildings. I drove to Coalville and Park City from Kamas to work every week day. It was a pretty good job. After awhile I got paid vacations, health benefits and things I'd never had except at Mountain Fuel. The first two years I worked for the county, I was on contract and received no benefits. Then I was made a county employee and received benefits. I worked for the county until Jan. 1st, 1993 and then retired. Things sure changed after I left. The man taking my place got a truck to drive back and forth from Kamas, fewer things to do, got an office, phone, computer and other niceties. I was more than a little chapped at the program and told a couple of the commissioners about it. To no avail, however.

I probably quit the best job as far as pay and retirement when I quit the Mountain Fuel job. I didn't like the hour each way drive to Salt Lake, and surely did not want to move to Salt Lake. So I did other things as talked about. I guess I was not cut out to be rich but have always had enough to get by. Pauline was a real manager and somehow we got by. We were blessed with 5 healthy children, 3 boys and 2 girls, Ronald, Kendall, Norman, DeeAnn and Cindy. All of my boys and DeeAnn went on missions and all have done okay in their married lives. I was elected to the school board at one time.

I have only had a few injuries in my life. I broke a bone in my right hand in back of the knuckle on the pointer finger. At Mt. Fuel, a friend of mine and me were horsing around and I hit him on the shoulder and for some reason broke that bone. It was in a cast for 6 weeks. One time when working for Mt. Fuel, I received an electric shock from a hand drill I was using that shorted out. I spent one night in the Evanston hospital. I slipped on the ice on the milk route once and really hurt my knee bad. I was in a lot of pain for quite a while from that. I guess the worst was about 5 years ago in Francis when I was trimming trees with a chain saw for a friend for the wood. The limb came back at me and knocked me 20 feet out of the tree onto my back in a ditch. I was home for three weeks and could hardly move. My back still bothers me from that one.

I have had several special vacations. After we were married about two years, Pauline and I went to Yellowstone for a four day trip. Grandma Brown tended our kids. We later went to Yellowstone as a whole family in an old Buick car and went out on the Madison River by Quake Lake and around. I flew to Alaska once and drove home with Uncle Sherm, from Fairbanks down the Alaskan highway. It was the first time I had been on an airplane. It took about a week. I also flew up to Great Slave Lake in Canada for a week of fishing. I took a trip to the Black Hills and Custer's battlefield and Devil's Tower. I went on a cruise ship for a seven day trip along the inland passage to Alaska. I enjoy traveling and seeing new things.

I guess you would say that I was blessed with a bit of a gift of gab. I like to visit people. And I like to tell stories. I can usually find a story or joke or two, or several, for every occasion. You could also probably say that if I didn't average one or two days fishing a week you would know that I was sick. After I retired, I bought a motor boat. The biggest fish I ever caught was a 25 pound lake trout from Flaming Gorge. I always had a long list of people that I could share the fish I caught with, and gave most of my fish away.

PAULINE'S DEATH

I was married to Pauline from Dec. 1, 1948 to Feb. 18, 1983 when she passed away. She started to have problems about four years before she died. She had trouble with her balance and coordination. Later it was diagnosed as Parkinsons Disease. She also had a lung and breathing problem. In the four years she went from an active, healthy person to someone who had to have total care and help. She spent a couple of months in the hospital. A lot of that time was in intensive care. I was terribly hurt and felt some what rejected by the Lord to have her suffer as she did. I felt I was the one who should be in her shoes. To me, she was as close to the Lord as you can get. She never complained and could endure pain and etc. to a point it was hard to believe. She got out of the hospital just before Christmas and sure was glad to be home. She stayed home then till she passed away. Her sister Louise, her mother, Vera, Cindy, and my two brother's wives helped me take care of things for her as much as they could so she was able to be home most of the time.

KAMAS

Now for the final few pages of my life's story. i figure I've had a pretty good life and enjoyed most of the things I've done. I've had several phases of things I've done.

In February 1983, my first wife Pauline died after four or so years of progressively poorer health.

In a few months, on July 29, 1983, I remarried. She was JoAnn Goodworth Leithead, a widow, who lived in Kamas, Utah about 25 miles from Hoytsville where I lived. I did not want to live out the rest of my life alone. Getting married so soon after Pauline's death didn't mean my love for her was less or anything. I hope none of you have this decision in life, and as married couples can live long lives together. I found another wonderful woman, who had lost her husband and had seven children from ages 3 to 15. We dated for a short while and decided we'd get married. This has been a good thing for us. I feel to have lived with and known two special women has been good for me.

With my help, JoAnn and I have at the time of this writing about raised her seven children., who are Joel, Tracy, Jill, Lance, Lorin and Jay. We lost one of her boys, Nathan, who died at age 18. This was a hard thing for us, but life goes on and we've tried to make the best of it. So far the four married children were all married in the temple. All 5 of her boys were eagle scouts and except for Nathan all have gone on missions. I think it's wonderful to have helped raise two families.

Pauline and I raised 5 great kids. I guess because I was younger and times were different, I did more outdoor things with my first kids.. My boys and I went fishing up in the Uintas and other places. We went trapping and hunting deer and things. One thing we did on the Fourth of July was to go with another family up to Mirror Lake. We'd leave early, cook breakfast and find some snow and make home made ice cream.

JoAnn and I have done many fun things also with her kids. Some of us went to New York where they used to live. We went to California, and Oregon. Down to Fort Worth, Texas to see their grandparents. We visited many of the Southern Utah parks and went to Yellowstone, and Mesa Verdi, rode the narrow gauge railroad and rode in a hot air balloon in Colorado. We went to Disney Land and Sea World. We've done some camping and a lot of trips up Beaver Creek for a day on picnics. JoAnn and I have been to the Black Hills and on a cruise to Alaska.

When I married JoAnn it was better to move to her home in Kamas. While here we've done a lot of things on her property. We built a 24'x40' work shop where I can build craft things, all kinds of fun things. I have built tables, clocks, rocking chairs, etc. and done a small business in picture frames, mostly barn wood, but others too. I've enjoyed doing some photography. I also tie fishing flies. I bought a 16 foot boat which I store in the shed. It has given me many pleasant hours and days of fishing with family and friends. It's been a real good boat, not many problems and I still us it often. Lots of fish have come over its sides.

We in time, fenced in two acres of her property and have planted more than 100 trees, also flower beds. With help I built a swing and picnic bowery. I also have a garden space. I've always enjoyed flowers, trees and growing a garden. I have a wonderful raspberry and strawberry patch, and have recently been growing sunflowers. The place is looking great. The pine trees are getting big. The other trees also are doing real well. We think it's really beautiful and peaceful. Lots of trees and grass. Also lots of work, but worth it.

When I retired from the county in 1993, JoAnn took over as the worker. She teaches first grade. We have kind of switched roles. She works and I keep house and do the cooking. It's been for the most part real nice. I think it's special for her to do this and also she is mostly responsible for me writing my

life story. She kept after me and has spent many hours typing it up.

ADVICE

Final statement, to those who are married, and I haven't always done as I say, but it's a good idea. That is take your sweetheart on a date once a week if possible. A show, to dinner or something. Once a month do a special thing. Go on a short trip, stay over night or something. A surprise once in awhile of a bunch of flowers, they don't have to be store bought, or a box of chocolates does wonders.

To all who may read this: Respect your parents. Stay true to the teachings of the church. Get a good education. Work hard and play hard. Keep a balance in this area. Get married in the temple. Be of service to your fellow man and the Lord. Many of you don't remember your grandmother Pauline or father Glen, but be sure they loved you and want the best for you. They had and have a strong testimony of the gospel. I have hope and faith that they both have a chance to know what's going on in your lives. Make the best of what life deals to you. And always be honest and true to your word. I have had a special privilege of being married to two special people. I love them both.

I love you all and wish you the best. I'm always ready for a visit and gab session anytime.

Love, Dad, Grandad and Stepdad

MY TESTIMONY

I feel that I should add some about my feelings about the church. I was born under the covenant. My dad was active some I guess in his early life, but in my memory, never went to church. He and some of my uncles had Word of Wisdom problems. Dad never smoked, but drank, wine mostly, and at times to the excess. I could say more, but choose not to on this subject. Dad never did work on Sunday, but would go hunting or fishing. Sometimes we went with him. Mother was a very faithful church goer and took us kids. In those days, the church did not have the block system and Sunday School was held in the morning on Sunday. You'd then go home and Sacrament Meeting would be at night around 7 or 8 o'clock. This late hour was to help farmers get their farm chores done before church. Mutual, or M.I.A., was held Tuesday night, and Primary was after school on Wednesday. The women would hold Relief Society on Tues. or Wed. in the day.

I attended church with Mother and advanced in the priesthood. Before going into the service, I had my patriarchal blessing and was made an elder. While in the service, my church going suffered some but never got too far

astray. In my teenage years, and some in the navy, I did a few things that were not too good. I bent the Word of Wisdom some, but will say no more on that subject.

I'm sure that meeting and marrying Pauline was a great benefit to me. She, coming from a strong religious family, helped me very much to do what I should. She had a great influence on me and our children. We were married in the temple and held many church callings. I have been in the Sunday School Presidency, M.I.A. President, scout master, Varsity leader, Explorer leader, Bishopric, High Priest group leader, and taught in Sunday School and Primary. I now, at age 72, am an ordinance worker in the Salt Lake Temple. It's the best calling I have ever had. What a wonderful place to work. I have a strong testimony of temple work and what it means in our lives and what it can do for us. I love the gospel and our Savior. I testify that the Savior lives and loves us, that Joseph Smith, through our Savior, restored the only true church on the earth today. We have a prophet today, Pres. Gordon B. Hinkley, who leads the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Amen.

TED SAID IT

Some of Ted's regular sayings
compiled by Sandy Crittenden

Come again when you can't stay so long.
How in the seven deaf and dumb devils are you?
What do you want?--- "nothing" ---- Got a bag to put it in?
Ralph Pace don't care (when the kids were angry and yelling) \$1.380
"Well" -- That's a deep subject. Grandma's slow but she's over 80.
Harder than the back of your head.
More tickled than a hog in manure.
Slicker than snot on a door knob.
Slicker than chicken poop on a boot heel.
Finer than frogs hair.
Funnier than a chapped rear end.
Colder than a mother in law's kiss.
Darker than the inside of a horse.
Hotter than a gunfight at OK corral.
Slower than cold tar running up a snowbank in Jan.
An opinion is like a rear end, everyone has one.
We went to different schools together. Is it badder or worster?
Hey Hebe (all grandkids were Hebe when he couldn't remember their names)
It's raining like a cow peeing on a flat rock. Hokem Skokem
"Huh?"--Heck, you're old enough to say, "Sir".
"Huh?"--Kick a pig and it'd say more than that.

I don't know, you'll have to tell Mont.

Is it somepink or suthing? Did everything come out OK?

He's so tight he can't eat tomatoes. "Why?" He can't pass the seeds.

If I have to come downstairs, there'll be blood in my eye.

He wouldn't make a pimple on Gooseneck's butt.

When me and Grizzly Ike and Bill Shin and Aba Ulla used to.....

Looks like your toes are better, they're able to be out.

If I was any better I'd be twins. If I was any better I'd have a runaway.

Stick around, we'll plug a skunk and open a keg of nails.

Love to all

Edmund "Ted" R. Patterson