

LIFE HISTORY OF JOSEPH BROOKSBY FREDONIA ARIZONA

A SHORT SKETCH OF THE HIGHLIGHTS OF JOSEPH BROOKSBY'S LIFE

I, Joseph Brooksby was born in Salt Lakes, Douglas Post Office, Victoria, Australia, April 5, 1884. I was the 5th child of William James and Emma Hobbs Brooksby. My brothers and sisters were: Isabella, William, Emily, Eliza, Joseph, Amy, Alfred, John, Albin, Wilford and Olive. They were all born in Australia, but Olive, and she was born in Richfield, on our way to America. My Father was born in England and my Mother in Adelaide, Australia. I married Hermoine Pratt, December 6, 1910. We were married in Fredonia by William Segmiller, Stake President, and then we went to St., George Temple a few days later and were married in the temple and sealed for time and all eternity, and went from there on our honeymoon and were gone for about 2 months.

Our first child, Arland, was born in a little old log cabin on Earl Jackson's now owned lot, on Oct. 12, 1911. I purchase this lot we now live on from Rex Brown and we built this home on it where all the rest of our children were born. Eldon, born Dec. 12, 1914; Hermoine born Oct. 10, 1916; Virginia, born Nov. 26, 1919; Lenora, born Aug. 31 1923; Bernice, born Nov. 30, 1927; Merrill, born Dec. 15, 1930; Lyle, born Sept. 11, 1935.

I was chosen as first counselor in the Bishopric to William Judd acting in this capacity till 1920. I was then chosen again as first counselor in the Bishopric to K.K. Judd. I acted in this position till 1929, and was released. I was set apart as a high counselor in Jan. 1, 1929, and served in this capacity for 21 years.

I was also set apart as Superintendent of the Fredonia Sunday school in 1927, and served in this capacity for 14 years. I was released for the High Council in 1950.

I, Joseph Brooksby was set apart as an Elder, Dec. 11, 1911, by A.W. Brown, High Priest. I was set apart as High Priest Nov. 15, 1914, by W.W. Segmiller High Priest. A.W. Brown was set apart as and Elder by Joseph Young Sr. President Dec. 6, 1869, and set apart as High Priest Sept. 3, 1894 by Francis M. Lyman.

I Joseph Brooksby was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ Sept. 28, 1910, by William James Brooksby (father) in the sluice gate above Fredonia, and was confirmed by Asa W. Judd, High Priest at the waters edge after baptism.

I also acted on the Fredonia Public School Board from 1922 to 1933, shortly after the old School House burned down, when I resigned I also was Justice of the peace in Fredonia from 1938 to 1958, twenty years. While acting as Justice of the Peace, I was appointed deputy clerk of the Superior Court to allow me to perform marriage ceremonies, and I performed the marriage for over 1000 couples while in office.

I also acted as Judge of the Superior Court for the Indian Tribal Council, on the Indian Reservation, just west of Fredonia, for about 10 years.

I helped to build our home in Fredonia which was my first carpenter job. I hired Heber Cram to build our home and I helped him. I worked for him for \$1.25 a day as helper and I paid him \$600.00 to do all the carpenter work and he hired his brother John to help him as they lived in Kanab. This was my first carpenter job. Since then I have built and help to build nearly all the homes in Fredonia.

I have been in the seep business for over 50 years, and the last few years I changed to cattle.

JOSEPH BROOKSBY'S LIFE HISTORY - BORN APRIL 5, 1884 IN VICTORIA AUSTRALIA, SALT LAKES, DOUGLAS POSTOFFICE

I, Joseph Brooksby, was born in Salt Lakes, Douglan Post office April 5, 1884. My Father was born in Rothwell England, Oct. 11, 1850 My Mother was born in Adelaide, Victoria, Australia, April 30, 1854.

My Father came to Australia with his Fathers family. They were sent out from England, to help settle Australia. My Father was only a small boy when they landed in Australia. His Father was a blacksmith by trade, and they were allowed a section of land by the English government, to cultivate and farm. He did this along with his blacksmith work. My Father when he was only a small boy worked for a butcher until he was old enough to take up an homestead of his own. This he started to cultivate and farm. He built a 2 room adobe house on it, to live in. He also

started to fence it. They had no money to buy wire so he had to cut down trees, split it into posts and rails. They were split into rails about 6 inches thick, pointed on the ends, and the posts were mortised in the ground and the rails were set in the posts. The rails were about 16 ft. long, and this made a sheet tight fence. For most farmers had a small bunch of sheep. Australia is a great place for grass, and in the winter when the grass became dry, grass fires could be seen nearly every night. Grass fires started in the winter and in the wind will travel as fast as a man can run, and thousands of acres are burned every year. The only protection the farmer has is to plow 5 or 6 furrows of land all around his homestead.

My Father and Mother were married in May, 1876, at Salt Lakes My Fathers Father, and my Mothers Father each had a large family, and they all immigrated from England at the same time, and had taken up homesteads joining each other.

The reason the place was called Salt Lakes, was because there were a lot of salt lakes around there. These lakes would fill up in the winter and dry up in the summer, leaving a layer of fine table salt about 4 or 5 inches thick all over the lake, on top of about a foot of black mud. The salt was scraped up in heaps around the edge of the lakes, and pulled to shore in sleds with a box on it and piled up on the shore in large heaps, then it was shoveled into burlap bags about 200 pounds each, then loaded in large wagons, and hauled away by ox team, about 20 oxen to the team. The driver would walk all day along side of them with a long cowhide whip in his hand, without any lines to guide them, and would holler "gee" and "aw" and the leader knew what he meant, and which way to turn. The oxen were hooked side by side 2 and 2 together with a heavy piece of wood called a yoke thrown over their necks, and a heavy chain was fastened to the wagon passed up between the pair and fastened solid to the yoke and then on to the next couple, to about 10 couples, to the leaders. Many a load I have seen hauled away when a small boy. The never fed hay to the oxen as most of the country was open and plenty of grass, so they turned the oxen out at night to graze. There was a lot of "she oaks" along the road, and the oxen really liked the leaves, so the freighter would cut down a tree and let them feed on the tree till morning which kept them close around till morning. The "she oak" has a long needle like leaf, something like a long leaf pine. It has a sweet juicy taste. We used to like to chew the leaves, and the burrs. The burrs looked like the pinion pine burr.

When my father and mother were first married they lived in a small three room adobe house, with a thatched roof, until my brother John was born. Us children used to sleep 3 at the head and 2 at the foot of the bed, 5 children in the one bed. Mother used to fill a tick mattress with chaff, that father used to cut with a chaff cutter, run by 4 horses, walking around and around in a circle. I can remember sitting in the middle with a long whip to keep the horses going, for hours at a time. Some of this chaff mother used to put in the ticks for us kids to sleep on. We lived in the old home until John was born, then we moved into a large rock home with 6 room, where we lived till we left Australia.

There were no doctors where we lived, all there was, was a midwife by the name of Mrs. Roe. She lived around the lakes about a mile from our place, a widow. I remember when one of our children was born, Mother sent Amy and I over to tell her to come, that mother was sick and needed her. We had to walk and so did Mrs. Roe. I suppose we were the only ones home that could go for her.

The new house that father built had a metal roof made for the purpose of catching water to drink and use in the house. It had eve troughs all around it and a downspout that emptied into a large round tank at the side of the house. And this was where we got our drinking water. There were no springs around where we could get our drinking water. It seemed to rain nearly every day, and the wildflowers seemed to grow every where, and water ponds in every hollow, and plenty of ducks. How well I remember one day it must have been while father was in America, Mother let me take the old muzzle loader shot gun, I wandered up to a lake about 2 miles above our place, there was a large bunch of ducks on the lake, and I crawled up a wash till I got within shotgun reach of the ducks, and lay there waiting for them to get in a large bunch so I could get 4 or 5 in one shot. I lay there for a great while, till they finally saw me and flew away, leaving me to walk home greatly disappointed, and no ducks. Too greedy, another good lesson for a boy!

I well remember the names of the horses that father had to farm and fret with. There names were: Katie, Blossom, Dolley, Prince and Duke. Duke was the one that got caught in the wire fence and died after Father joined the church.

Father used to say to us children when we were young, that if we did not mind when he told us to do something, that he would lay his strap about our backs. We knew what that meant, for we knew that he would not lay it on very light either, and it would leave its marks, so we always took him at his word, and we knew he meant what he said.

There was a little lake about 1/2 mile south of our place, and there was a large tree just north of the lake, and the tree had a large hole in it about 6 inches in diameter. It looked like someone had shot a hole in it with a cannon. They used to tell us that it was hit with a thunderbolt. I have often wondered if there was such a thing as a thunderbolt that strikes like lightening, but I know that something did it.

Even in our new home the only means of cooking was in an oven, built in the fireplace, as there was no stoves then. But it served the purpose real well. And Mother really knew how to cook in the oven, especially the good old plum puddings, and meat puddings. Makes my mouth water now. How well I remember when Christmas came, the night before we used to all go out in the field and gather boughs form the gun trees, and bring them home to decorate the house, and hang up our stockings all in front of the fireplace, for Santa to fill. It all seemed real to us children, patiently awaiting in the morning for a small one-blade pocket knife, or a lead pencil and the girls a rag doll. And we all got a few pieces of candy and nuts. Some difference to now. Now a large Christmas tree in the house, and so many presents that you cannot get to the tree, only to see how quick they can destroy them. Times have sure changed. Mother used to cook a large English plum pudding, and put a finger ring in it, and the one who got the piece in it was to be married first. A three penny piece which was the one who would be the richest, a button, the one who would be the old bachelor, and a thimble the one who would be the old maid. Of course no one wanted to get the button or the thimble.

How well I remember on day when my mother sent me over to my Grandfather Hobbs place. Grandmother gave me a concertina, and old one that belonged to Uncle Herb. How proud I was of it, while I was going home I think I stopped about every 20 yards to play it, I just had to stop and finger the keys. I guess mother wondered why I was so long coming home, but she soon found

out, for I don't think that music got much rest for the next few days, or any of the family. I must have taken it to bed with me. Fir I played the old tune the cat died on hour after hour. If ever a music got a playing that one sure did. And for a long time afterwards. I sure did prize that instrument. I was sure a musician although no one knew the tunes I was playing but me. Another little incident that happened about that time. I was playing in a stripper, a machine something like a combine, only smaller, it was pulled by horses over the grain that was ready to cut, and it stripped all the heads off the grain, and knocked them back into a large box on the back. I crawled into that box to play, which was empty, all but a few empty sacks and a little grain scattered around on the bottom of the box. And I discovered there was a lot ov mice making their nests in the bottom under the sacks, so I killed all that could not get away then I got out. After a while I went and got in a boat that was in a pond close by and rowed out from the shore, and while setting in the boat, I felt something crawling around in the center of my back, so I reached around and grabbed it, and gave it an awful squeeze, only to find out it was a mouse that had crawled up my leg while I was in the stripper about and hour before.

I remember once when Will wanted to go fishing, so he coaxed Mother to take all the family to go and stay overnight. so they hooked the horses to the buggy and we all piled in with the exception of father, as he was away, and away we went to the Harrow river, about 14 miles away, to stay all day and night. Well, we got there about noon, pitched our camp and all were as happy as larks. Will went off fishing, and Mother proceeded to make the beds, and get ready for night, and us kids began to find out that we were a long ways from home, all hugging close to the fire and it kept getting darker and darker, till some of us began to get scared, and began to set up a howl, which seemed to frighten the rest of us, so we all began to holler. So mother and Will said the

only thing to do was to hook up the horses, pile us all back in the buggy, and drive back home, arriving there about 12 o'clock that night. Some fishermen!

We used to like to hunt possums in Australia. We would wait till the moon was about in its full and quite high in the air on a night, take the old shotgun, and go out in the fields and go around to the large gum trees and get under the tree, and look up at the moon through the boughs of the tree. If Mr. possum was up on the leaves you would see him sitting there. Then we would point the gun at the moon and fire, and usually, the old possum would come tumbling down. But if he was not quite dead he would rap his tail around the limb, and there he would hang. His tail was so stiff and curly, that he could sometimes hang there after he was dead. Some nights when we went hunting, you would hear shooting all around you. The opossum is about the size of a house cat, and its' fur is short and very thick, and when tanned, will make a very nice rug and coats, but they are not good to eat.

Just think! Father told me that when they first went to Salt Lakes, the only way they had to get lumber was to saw the logs by hand into lumber. They would dig a deep hole, and roll the log across the hole, and one man get down in the hole and the other on top of the log with a long cross-cut saw and pull it up and down along the log from one end to the other, and rip it into board. It sure must have been a tedious job. If we had to do that now, I am afraid we would not build many lumber houses. Of course all the houses then were log or mud houses.

We seemed to like to go fishing in Australia. I remember Will found out that it was good fishing in a reservoir about 6 miles away, so we decided to ride the old pony over to it and fish. So Will saddled up the old pony, jumped in the saddle and I piled on behind him and off we went. We arrived there and Will caught a lot of fish, and rode home that night, but by the time we arrived home, my hind end had the hide worn off nearly all over and also the inside of my legs. They were terribly sore, and I had to eat my meals off the mantle for about a week. This was one of those fishing trips that I have never forgotten! and never wanted again!

Australia is the only place in the world that has the black swan. They seem to like to swim around in those salt lakes. They seem to go in bunches like geese. They are very pretty. Their feathers are a deep black, and they have a bright red bill, and they have a long red neck, and while swimming in the water, they keep it curved, which makes them look quite graceful. Will discovered where they were flying over, coming into the lake, so he took his shotgun and went and hid in the bushes, and when they flew over he would let one down. But they soon discovered what was up, so they changed their course, and that ended his fun.

We seemed to go fishing quite often. We used to catch little black fish, 6 or 8 inches long. There were also eels in the river. They look like a snake, and are about 3 feet long. They certainly are hard to pull out of the water. It usually took 2 or 3 boys to pull one out. They don't fish them with a pole. They have a good stout line, bait the hook and throw it out in the river, and let it lay. We would also fish for crayfish. We would tie a piece of meat, a dead rabbit if possible, on the end of a short line, tie it to a stiff pole and drop it in the river, and let it lay for a while, then we would lift it up gently out of the water, and if they were on it, they would usually hang on to the meat till you could drop them on the bank. Sometimes, there would be two or three hanging to the meat. Their meat is very sweet, and they look something like a crab.

Before we left Australia, Will decided he would make him a bicycle to ride. It was on the order of a tricycle. He nailed boards together cross-ways for the front wheel. Sawed it out round about 4 feet in diameter for the front wheel. Then cut a square hole in the center for the pedals, and frame to fasten to. Then he made an iron frame and handlebars and a seat that sat over the big front wheel. Then on down to a small wheel on the back. The little wheel was about a foot in diameter. It was quite a novelty, and after a while, he succeeded in riding it around. It only went about as fast as a boy could run, but he sure had a lot of fun with it. It was sold at the auction when we left. Someone bought it for a souvenir.

It seemed like Will and Father never got along together very well. Father seemed to give him a whipping quite often with his belt. So Will left home and went to work for someone else. I remember he got a job for cutting mallee for a farmer to clear the underbrush off the land. It is a low underbrush that grows thick over the land and has to be cut before the land can be plowed.

It is cut by hand with a curved knife about a foot long and fastened to a handle about 3 feet long. The farmers around Salt Lakes all had a small bunch of sheep to run on the farm to keep the grass fed off, and they used to take them all to one shearing corral to shear them. Our Uncle George Hobbs had a corral. There were about 200 in a bunch. They sheared them with the blades. The wool was long and clean, as the sheep always fed in pastures. It was sacked in square bags about 4 feet square, and about 8 feet long. The sacks were fastened in a square box that stood on the ground in a frame to hold it up, and the wool was put in layers and pressed down with a long leaver. When full it was sewed over the top with a square patch, and the box was made to open on the sides and let the bag fall out. The wool was then hauled to the ocean depot at Belmorral. Before it was loaded, the bags were pressed two together in a steam press, and bound with two steel bands to hold them together and loaded on the ship.

I remember going with Father once to see it done. How well I remember the first night out from home when we camped for the night, and it began to get dark and cold and father made the fire to cook supper. I began to think of mother at home so far away, and I just could not keep the tears back, so I began to cry for ma. Father tried to comfort me the best he could and fed me some supper as quick as he could, and put me into bed. I soon fell off to sleep and knew no more till morning, and the sun came up bright and all looked rosy to me then, as the old black dark was gone. From then on I was all right, and had a good time all the way.

I remember going into Harrow one Sunday with Father and Mother to the Church of England Minister to have Wilford christened and named when he was about 8 days old. The minister dipped his finger in a glass of water and sprinkled it on Wilford's head and dammed him. I do not remember the words he said. That was called baptism according to their belief.

Australia has a wonderful climate. In all my life I only saw it snow: once when we got up in the morning there was about 2 inches of snow on the ground and when the sun came up it was soon gone. In the middle of winter, sometimes in the early morning you would see needle like pieces of ice on the water, for it seldom froze over there.

Around where we lived, the hills were low rolling hills, and in the hollow places there was mostly swamps of water. No high mountains.

There were a lot of scrub forests where the kangaroo liked to hide. They jump along on their two large hind legs, and balance themselves with their large heavy tail. As we had no rifles, we had to hunt them with kangaroo dogs. The dogs had to be very careful or they would rip a dog wide open with their hind foot, with a large heavy toe-nail. I have seen many a hound cut awfully bad with a kangaroo. All we had in those days was a muzzle loading shotgun, and it was almost impossible to get close enough to shoot them, so the hound had to do all the catching.

Australia is a great place for ducks and geese, and other water fowl. That is where I got the liking for hunting, although I never hunted much in Australia, as I was too young. I always liked to go with my brother Will. I went along to carry the ducks. I got as much pleasure carrying the ducks, as I would have if I were shooting them.

When I was old enough I went to a one-room school house, which was about 1/4 mile from our house. One teacher for all the grades, I remember well that old fireplace, for it seemed to always smoke. It would fill the room full of smoke, which seemed to be one of its' habits! At times I think you could have cut the smoke with a knife it got so thick. Or that was the way it seemed, for hours with all the windows and doors closed. I would sit there with tears running down my cheeks, afraid to say anything. Well If the good Lord will forgive me for what I thought of that teacher, and that smoky room, it may be the only chance I have of getting into Heaven! But when I took by examination before I left, I got a certificate of graduation from that school.

How well I remember when I was just a small boy going to school. One night, just as the school let out, 2 Indian peddlers came to the school house, peddling jewelry and clothing. I for one was awfully afraid of them, and just as soon as I could slip away I made a bee line for home, not even waiting for the rest of my sisters and brothers. I went on the run for home which was about 1/2 mile away, and just as I got in sight of the house, to my great surprise, I saw two more Indians walking around our home. Well there I was as it were, between two fires as it seemed. I did some fast thinking. I suppose that I came to a dead stop in a hurry. I don't know all the thoughts

that went through my head. I suppose that I just knew that I was a goner. I was afraid that Mother was not home, but I decided that I just had to get into the house somehow if possible, without those Indians seeing me, or me falling into the hands of those powerful Indians, and as I was about to give up to despair, I looked around and there came the rest of my brothers and sisters, and they took me home safe. Well, that scared 6 months growth out of me!

Another thing: the teacher always had a cane. It was about 2 feet long, and about the size of a lead pencil, and when we did something we should not have done, it was "hold out your hand" and Whack! went the stick across our hand. How well I remember two boys about my age that went to school with me. They were Dick Scott and Sam Hobbs. When Dick Scott did something that he had to get a licking for, and the teacher told him to hold out his hand, he never would make a sound when Whack! went the stick across his hand. It seemed no matter how many licks he got, he never made a whimper. But the moment that Sam Hobbs felt the stick strike his hand, he let out a terrific scream, and you would think he was being killed, and he kept is up just as long as the stick kept coming!

I remember two of my teachers names: Miss Spinner, and Miss Haselett. I think Miss Spinner was the one who used the cane the most.

We used to play cricket a lot at school. It took 4 boys to play; 2 at each end about 25 yards apart. One a pitcher and one a batter. The batter would stand in front of the wicket, a board about 10 inches wide and 16 inches high propped up on the ground, the long way up. The pitcher would roll the ball along the ground straight for the wicket at the other end, and try to knock it over, and the batter at the other end would endeavor to strike the ball and stop it from knocking the wicket over. The one who got his wicket over so many times was out, and another took his bat. It seemed to be quite a game over there.

They also played football quit a lot, but not like it is here now. They were not allowed to run with the ball unless they bounced it on the ground all the way, and then drop it and kick it towards their goal. They never were allowed to run with it through the goal. It was to be kicked through the goal. You just were not allowed to run with the ball, unless you bounced it all the way.

We also used to play hopscotch, Daredevil, leapfrog, and Here-we-go-'round the mulberry bush, and many others. I guess I was like most other boys, for once during recess I got to taking the girls hats and running off with them, and they went and told the teacher on me, and he came out and gave me a licking and made me go in the school house and stay the rest of recess.

School children seemed to carry the habit of nick-naming one another. I remember they named me Oopley, which I hated, but I carried it for years.

And they named my brother Will, "Billie kick-a-shins", for he was always a little hot headed, and when he got angry at any of the other kids, he would run up to them and kick them on the front of their legs, just above the ankle, which would sometimes leave a black mark.

Perhaps no one around here has ever seen the real native of India. They are real tall and straight, and a dark color. In Australia, they would travel in twos. They would carry a bucket on their heads, about 18 inches wide, and 2 ft. long, filled with all kinds of small trinkets. Pocket knives, pencils, combs, watches, rings, brushes, etc. To make the basket stay on their heads, they would wrap about 30 yards of factory around their head until it was about 18 inches across the top, and flat. And there they would set the basket. They used to carry a cane in their hand and that they used to steady the basket and keep it from falling off. They also carried and bundle of all sorts of clothing on their back. It seemed to be about 3 feet in diameter. The women mostly wore dresses, aprons, stockings, underwear, handkerchiefs, etc. and they would walk from

house to house all day long. Sometimes, they would stay at our place fro the night, and would sleep in the barn. I remember one night while they were staying there, Father was going to kill a sheep for mutton, and they wanted a piece of mutton, but before they would eat any of the meat, they had to kill it. So Father gave them the knife, and as the Indian stuck the knife in the sheep's throat, while it was dying, he was uttering a prayer. After it was completely dead, he handed the knife back to Father, and he finished dressing it out, and then they were willing to eat the meat. While my father lived in Australia, he raised oats for hay. He would let the oats get nearly ripe

then he would cut it with the binder and stack it close to the barn, and when it got dry he would run it through the chaff cutter, and cut it in pieces about 1/2 inch long, then store it in the barn for feed, for the horses and milk cows. He also used to sack it in sacks and take it with him to feed on the road to his horses when he went freighting. (He soon sold his oxen and bought horses as the oxen were too slow to plow and farm with.)

Australia is a wonderful place for pretty birds. I think no place in the world has any prettier birds. The black cockatoo is a deep black with bright red and yellow on its' wings, and the white cockatoo is snow white with a bright yellow topknot on its' head. The parrots are all colors. the wild pigeon, the curlew a grayish color, the laughing jackass a grayish color, the eagle and the black swan, the old black crow, the hawk, the magpie, long legged crane, the snipe and all kinds of ducks. There are wild turkey and the emu, a bird nearly as large as an ostrich, and cannot fly, just runs on its long legs. My Brother Will caught a young emu, and we kept it until it was grown up, as a pet. It would eat food out of your hands. It had a habit of picking us kids on the heels, if we happened to have our shoes off. He was sold in the auction when we left.

Australia around where we lived seemed to have very few springs so everybody around had a metal roof on their house to catch rain water, for drinking. They would build a large iron tank at the side of their house and catch the rain water, as it seemed to rain every day.

Now for the reason I am in America... My Father seemed to be a religious man. He was always reading the Bible, and singing hymns, and Mother always sang religious hymns too. We always had to go to Sunday School, and we used to get a ticket for every verse we learned, and one for being there, and at the end of the year, we turned them in to the teacher, and got a book. I have one or two of the books that I got. My Father seemed to be looking for religion. He joined the Church of England, the Wessleyans, the Presbyterians, the Methodist Church. Father seemed perfectly happy. Father had just built a large rock home, and was doing good on the farm. He also had about 200 head of sheep to shear and lamb every year, and they were doing just fine. But one day while father was freighting on the road, (he had taken a load of salt to the railroad and was coming home from Noradjuham, an town about 30 miles away) he was about half way home and had just stopped for dinner, and was getting ready to eat, when two young men came walking down where he was. He said "Good day". Since they were holding some books in their hands, he said to them, "are you book agents, and are you peddling books?" and they told him "no". He said , "Will you come and have some tea with me", and one of them spoke up and said "we do not drink tea." Which he thought very funny for nearly every man in Australia has to have his tea. "Probably we had better tell you who we are and what we are doing", one said, "I am Elder Godhead," and the other said "I am Elder Stewart, we are Latter-day Saints - missionaries" and then went on to say that they were teaching the same gospel as Christ and his apostles taught when they were on the earth. "Well," he said, "that's funny, what is the matter with our ministers? They claim they are right."

They went on to explain the vision of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and the origination of the Church. Finally, he said to them, "How am I to know if what you say is true, when our ministers claim they are right?" Then one of them spoke up and said, "If you are willing to go down into the waters and be baptized, by one of us who holds the priesthood, you shall know for yourself which church is right, and you will not have to ask anyone else, and you will know for sure."

Father had read the Bible about baptism, and so it seemed to strike him funny. So he said, "Well, a ducking in the water will not hurt anyone." and said that he was willing to try. Then they ate dinner with him but did not drink his tea, or use coffee or tobacco, or strong drinks. They explained the Word of Wisdom to him, which seemed funny to him, because he knew other ministers did smoke and drink some.

They rode along with him all afternoon, to our home, where they stayed that night. Mother did not seem too pleased with their company, and I suppose Father told her what they were.

The next morning, they got to telling us boys about wild horses in America, and how the cow punchers lassoed them on the range Dave Stewart said to Will to get on his pony, and get him a long rope, and he would show him how it was done. So Will got on his pony, and Dave took the rope and made a loop in one end of the rope and told Will to ride past him on the lope. Dave

threw the rope, and caught the pony around the front foot. We boys were so excited, for we just could not see how a thing like that could be done. The missionaries stayed around for a while, and then left on foot for a small town called Harrow, about 14 miles away, telling Father to come to Harrow the next Sunday and they would baptize him. He did this and this seemed to be the turning point in our happy home.

Funny as it may seem, Father had joined so many churches in the past, and all went along just fine. But the moment he joined the Mormon Church, and Mother found it out, all hell broke loose as it seemed. I don't think any other family went through any more quarrelling than did Dad and Mother. For Mother and Dad jangled and quarreled continually. Mother burned every piece of Mormon literature she could get her hands on. She even had us boys hunt down along the fences trying to find Fathers' books. Father used to go into Harrow every Sunday to see the Elders, which made Mother awful mad. So one night Will and Mother decided to go and meet Father on his way home. They took out on foot, and had gone 4 or 5 miles when they met Father coming home. They began picking up stones to stop Father and take the buggy away from Father and let him walk home as they had planned, but when Father saw what they intended to do, he just whipped up the horses and dashed past them leaving them to walk back home in the dark. I think that Father should never have done such a thing, but I suppose that it was about the only thing he could have done under such circumstances. Mother would sometime lock the door to keep Father out. Father said all he had to do was to go and get the axe, knock the door down, and in the morning go to the store and buy a new one.

After the people found out that Father had joined the Mormon church, and that we were going to America, they told us that the American people ate frogs. We certainly did not want to eat such food. They also said that the Mormons had horns, and that their missionaries had buttons in their mouths to deceive the people, and that the Mormon Elders were just out to get young girls to take back to America to Utah for old Joe Smith and Brigham Young for wives. We kids always tried to see the buttons in the Elders' mouth, but were never able to do so. Another story they told us, was that Brigham Young got on his horse one morning, and rounded up 3 or 4 thousand Mormon men, women, and children, and drove them like a bunch of cattle, away off through the hills and mountains and down into a deep valley where there was no food and water, then galloped off on his horse and left them there to starve to death. I suppose that was when the Mormons entered the Salt Lake Valley. When they were driven from their homes in Nauvoo by the angry mobs who burned their homes, and they had to cross the river in the dead of winter. And getting no protection from the Government, had to travel by handcarts and wagons for thousands of miles till they entered the Salt Lake Valley.

Another little incident I would like to relate, which stands out in my memory is as Father tells. The people around were anxious to convince my Father that the Mormon church was all of the devil, so they invited my Father to meet with the Church of England Minister at the home of Uncle George, as my Uncle George Hobbs was the leading minister around there, and the reverend would soon set my Father right. They invited him over one evening, and my Father was glad to accept. There was just the three men: my Father, Uncle George, and the Minister from the Church of England.

My Fathers testament as to the meeting: The Reverend proceeded by asking Father if he believed in the Bible, and Father said he did. He then stated that the Bible was all that we needed, and that there was no need of any other book, referring to the book of Mormon, and stating that it was false. He then quoted from the Bible, that if "any man shall add to this book, or take away. If any man shall add to these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book, and if any man shall take away from the words of this book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part, out of the book of life, and out of the Holy City, and From these things that are written in this book." (Revelations Chapter 22:18-19)

Then he asked Father if he believed in God, and he said sure, "Any one that believed in the Bible certainly believed in a God." Then my Father said, "do you mind if I ask you a few questions?" and the Reverend said he could.

Father said, "What kind of a being is God?" and the Reverend said that God is a being without

body, parts, or passions, who sits on the top of a topless throne, so large that he can fill the whole universe, and so small that he can dwell in your own heart. Everywhere present, and nowhere in particular. Father then pulled out his pocket bible, and read from Genesis 3:8-10 "And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day: and Adam and his wife hid Themselves from the presence of the Lord God amongst the trees of the Garden. And the Lord God called unto Adam, and said Unto him, Where art thou? And he said, I heard thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid, because I was naked; and I hid myself."

Then Father read from Genesis 1:27-27: "And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominionSo God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them. And God blessed them, and God said unto them, be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth."

Father quoted first one passage of scripture from the Bible and then another, until the Reverend seemed powerless to answer, or say a word. Finally the Reverend said, "A Bishop should be blameless, the husband of one wife," Father spoke up quickly and said, "show me a Bishop with more than one wife." Well, that was impossible right then.

Father put one question to the Reverend for about an hour, and he fussed and squirmed and was unable to answer, and seemed awfully glad when Father said "It is getting late, and I had better be going." and he said "Good Night."

Now, to verify this statement, I happened to be playing a day or two later with two of my cousins, all about the same age, when all at once out of the clear blue sky, one of the boys said to me. "Your Father met with the Reverend the other night, and your Father wound him around and around until the minister was sure glad when your Father left." Those few words I will never forget. How True!

Another little incident that happened in Australia before we left. My oldest sister Isabell was going with a boy by the name of Charley Bird, and he used to ride over on a nice little pony to see her. Well, I was curious to see if he would let me ride it. He said I could as it was gentle, and was a good jumper. Well, I got on and went for a ride. I guess it was about the first time I had been on a pony. I went on a little ride, then started back home. While I was returning home I decided to see how well it could jump, so I went trotting up to a log that was lying on the ground and just as it got to the log it decided to stop, but I gave it a lick with the quirt and over the log it went, and to my surprise, over the pony's head I went! I hit the ground not much hurt, but awfully scared. A good lesson well learned. Experience is a dear school, but fools will learn no other. (Of course I never told anyone)

It seemed that after Father joined the Church, that everything went against him. He lost one of his biggest and best horses. It got caught in a wire fence by the hind foot, and died before we found it out. And Mother continually burning his books. There was no more peace for him. So Father decided that he could not stand it any longer, so early one morning he told Mother that he had to go to the town called Noradjuha on business. He harnessed up the horses to the buggy, and got Alf and I to drive him about half way there. And then he got out and told us to drive back home before dark. I wonder what thoughts went through his mind, when he was leaving a wife with 10 little kids to make her way alone without a husband, probably never to see them again. I don't think there is any religion that could take me away from my family. I just could not do it. He must have had the faith that it would be the means of bringing salvation to most of his family. that certainly took some faith in the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

We never heard from Father for about two weeks, and one day we got a letter from him saying that he was on the steamer and was bound for America, good-bye, That was all it said.

He had borrowed 500 pounds from the bank on the place, which was about \$2,000. Mother never expected to see him again. Will was just getting old enough to help some, so he had to take over. He had a good four-horse team to plow and run the farm with, and to freight with. How well I remember our first experience trying to freight. I went along to keep Will company. Father used to load 4 or 5 tons of salt on the wagon, and haul it to the railroad without any trouble, but it did not seem to work that way with Will and me. We loaded on about 2 tons of salt and started out. First Will braided a long cowhide whip and put it on the end of a long whip

handle; the one thing he never should have done, I found out later, for the faithful old horses were not used to the whip. All went fine until we got to a heavy piece of sand, and the horses stopped for a rest. Then Will handed me the lines and he got down on the ground along side the horses with that big whip, and told me to drive, and to just keep the horses in the track, figuring that if they stopped again, they would not be able to start it rolling again. I had never driven before and was hardly big enough to hold the lines for a four-horse team. But with all his instructions, I took over. All went well until the team decided to stop again for another rest. A Terrific blow with will's ship on the back of one of the horses seemed to change the picture. The rest of the horses had stopped, but the one that got the whip made a lunge to one side which started the rest of the team. I was looking over the edge of the wagon, watching the front wheel, to see that it was in the tract, but I was looking one way and the horses were going another, and before I could pull the right line, they were out of the track, and the wagon was cutting into the deep sand. As the horses were endeavoring to keep out of the way of Will's long whip, Will commence to holler: "It's cutting, it's cutting!!" and not in a very pleasant tone either. Well, I just couldn't help it as I did not know how to drive anyhow. Then Will proceeded to strike another one of the horses and smash went one of the tugs.

After wiring it back together again, and Will hollering and slashing, we finally got out of the sand. If Will had thrown the whip away, and took the lines in his hands, after letting them rest for a few minutes, and then spoken to them again, they could have easily pulled the load. But we soon found out that we could not freight, especially when Will was along side hitting and slashing at the horses with his long whip; first one lunging forward and then the other, and me holding the lines looking over the edge of the wagon watching the front wheels. And the horses going one direction,

and me looking the other. I was a real teamster. If you never have tried freighting, try it the way we did!

When Father left us and went to America, Mother began to wonder how she could take care of ten children. Will tried to take care of the farm, and people around there tried to help her. They hired me to go with them to gather salt off the lake. They had me lead the horse out in the lake, to pull the salt off the lake. The would set up a post about 50 yards out in the lake; tie a puppy to the post; tie a wire to a salt box; take the wire out through the pulley and back to the horse and fasten it to the single tree. And I would lead the horse straight out from the lake, and he would pull the box out in the lake, then they would will the box and I would unhook the horse and hook him to another wire that was fastened to the box and pull the box of salt in to the edge of the lake. And there would be another man there to unload the box. We would keep that up all day long. The salt was piled in large heaps on the bank and put in large burlap bags and loaded on ox teams. Then hauled to the railroad. I remember one night when we were coming home from work, in the old tripdray a one horse affair, there were 4 or 5 of us in the cart, and we had to stop and open a gate to get into a lane. One of the men got out to open the gate, and just as he was getting into the cart, something frightened the old horse and he made a bound and off we went at full gallop down the road. The old cart had no tailgate, and we kept slipping out the back onto the ground one by one until the cart was empty, and the old horse still galloping down the road at full speed. He dept getting a little closer and closer to one of the land fences, till the cart wheel hit the fence and over went the cart and over went the old horse, flat on the ground. There he lay unable to get up until we got there and got him out and straightened up the cart. After fixing it up a little, we all piled back in again - no one hurt = and we arrived home safe once more.

When Father first landed in America, he landed at Vancouver, then down to Seattle, Washington. Then he took the train to Salt Lake City, Utah. He stayed with Brother Godhead, the missionary that helped convert him. He stayed with him for a while, then he decided he would look for a home in Utah, so he started south. I do no know how he traveled, but I know he did keep going South, looking for a place like Australia. If you had ever lived in Australia, where we lived, and seen all the green grass and wild flowers growing all over the hills, and it seeming to rain nearly every day, you would have easily known when he kept on going! All he could see mostly was sagebrush and cactus, and hardly any grass. Just a brown desert country. Hoping to find a

place like he wanted, and failing to do so till he reached Fredonia, he just had to stay there. He could go no further, as the deep gorge of the Colorado River was just ahead, and it was impossible for him to cross. Fredonia was where the missionary that converted him, Dave Stewart, lived. While in Fredonia, he purchased a house and lot for \$200.00, with 2 shares of water. The old home now stands just east of the Post Office, but it has been remodeled some since then, as there were only 3 rooms. The house is now owned by my sister, Olive Judd. After staying there for about 6 months, he decided to go back to Salt Lake and see what the Church president, Wilford Woodruff, thought about his going back to Australia to get his family. President Woodruff told Father to go, and they gave him a Patriarchal Blessing, telling him that his family would come back with him, and that he would have a safe journey over and back. His blessing promise him that his sons would never have to take arms against their neighbor, which certainly proved true.

Father told him that his wife was very bitter, and that he thought that she would never come, but they told him to go, So, to our great surprise, he came back to us.

We were surely glad to see our daddy again, but he told us that he was going to sell everything and go to America.

Even Mother seemed glad to see her husband again, for when he pulled out and left her for good (she thought), he went to another Country thousands of miles away. Just think, Mother being left alone with eleven children when the oldest girl was only 16 years, and the youngest boy about 2 years old. All to provide for, and he oldest boy about 17 to take a Fathers place. Just picture it in your own mind. What would you do? I think you would do exactly what Mother did: Be willing to overlook a lot of the past. I suppose this was why she decided to get baptized, and join the Church.

Father notified the Elders, and told them that they would be into Harrow the next Sunday to baptize some of the family. When Sunday came, Father hooked up the horses to the buggy, and they all piled into the buggy, with the exception of my sister Isabel, Will and I. We three stayed home.

Father then advertised all his property for sale, by auction on a certain day. My sister Isabel was going with a boy named Charley Bird, so they arranged to get married before we left, and soon were.

I can remember the day of the auction. People began to come from all over the country, and the old auctioneer stood up there and sold first one thing and then another, until everything was gone. Even the house was empty. No beds, tables, chairs, dishes, mats, rugs, clocks, lamps, and even the pictures on the walls. The house seemed so empty that night.

Just imagine if you can, after living in a nice home for years, and learning to love every nook and corner, and then in just one day, only a bare, empty house to sleep in that night. We even had to eat our supper on the floor, and mother had to make all our beds down on the floor. It sure left and empty, desolate feeling in all of us. Knowing that in the morning we would have to go and leave that dear home, never more to see it again.

How well I remember that night after the auction, all of us kids were setting around on the floor in one of the empty bedrooms, when our sister Isabel came into the room, with tears running down her cheeks, and kissing us all one by one and said that last good-bye, never more to see us again. Though I was so small, I will never forget that night.

Now after 70 years, my how I would like to just go back and roam around that dear old home again, once again, just to bring back some of those old sweet memories. But I suppose that will never be.

The next morning we were all up, ate our breakfast on the floor, rolled up our beds, loaded everything in the wagon and pulled away, never more to see the old home again. I don't know who took us to the railroad station, but it took us all one day to get there. WE then loaded all our belongings on the train and the train pulled out for Melbourne, where we were to take the steamer for America. We then sailed up the coast for Sidney, then straight out into the ocean for the Hawaiian Islands, where we stayed for about a day. We all went ashore on the Island. It is surely a pretty place. Everything so green and nice. When we got to the shore of the island, the

native came swimming along the side of the ship, and kept calling for us to throw out nickels into the water, and a lot of the passengers on board the ship threw out money, and they would all dive down for the money, and always one would come up with the money in his hand. Then they would put it in their mouth, and call for more. It was surely fun to see them dive down to get the money. It seemed that they could swim like a fish. They seemed to swim sitting up in the water. We had a lovely voyage on the ocean. The sea was as level as a board most all the time. You could see water just as far as the eye could see day after day, and we were on the ocean for about 30 days. We got a lot of fun while on the water, with the exceptions of the first morning. We got on the ship just before dark while the ship was loading its' cargo, and we were all in bed sound asleep when it left the harbor in the middle of the night. Well, the next morning, they rang the breakfast bell. They had a long table that seemed to hold 100 people. Bur for some reason, only empty plates and cups were at the places. The reason we soon found out! a put-up job! No use wasting food. For it was only a few minutes sitting there by that long table rolling and heaving on the ocean, until there was only 4 or 5 left to eat breakfast. I suppose that old cook had to cook breakfast for only a few! It was probably like the Savior, when he fed the multitude on five loaves and fishes, for they surely fed a multitude that morning on a few loaves and fishes. But sea sickness soon passed from us(except mother, and she was sick nearly all the way over.) We had a lovely voyage, and the sea was level all the way. Day after day, and no land in sight, just water on all sides as far as the eye could see. It was a lot of water to travel on for thirty days. I don't know how fast the steamer went, but, it surely plowed through the water. The porpoise seemed to like to follow the steamer. They would swim along just in front of the ship. They keep jumping out of the water. They are quite large - seemed to be about 6 to 8 feet long, and about a foot through; just the shape of a large fish. They would follow the ship for hours at a time. We also saw the flying fish. They are a small fish, about 6 inches long, and have small web-like wings on their sides. They go in bunches of a hundred or more, and will fly up out of the water, and fly about 100 feet and then back into the water. They look like a bunch of sparrows flying over the water. We only saw one whale, and it was lying dead in the ocean about a half mile off.

The engines broke down while we were out in the middle of the ocean, and we had to stop for 2 days to get it fixed before we set of again.

One funny thing: We had to have two Sundays on the ship, (they said it was to make the time come out even when we landed in America), but us kids were glad, for they always had plum pudding for Sunday dinner, and we liked the pudding.

It seems funny to sit up on the top deck and see the ship plowing through the water hour after hour, day after day, and week after week, with nothing but water on all sides, just as far as the eye can see. Most all of the passengers got sea sick for the first day, but is soon went over and you feel fine just as long as it keeps going. but when it lands on some Island and stops for a while, then starts going again it makes you a little sick for a while.

We stopped at the Hawaiian Islands for about a day, and we went ashore to walk around on the Island. It is surely a pretty place. You just cannot see the ground for all the kinds of vegetation. I remember one night just about dark, someone called "man overboard!" and in just a few minutes, the ship came to a stop they dropped anchor, and let down the life boats to search the water for about half an hour, but could find no one. My sister, Emily, said that she saw someone hanging on to the anchor chain, but that was all. They called the roll, and no one was missing, so they pulled in the lifeboats and took off again.

We landed in Vancouver: the ship only stayed there a little while and then sailed up the Columbia river, to Seattle, Washington.. Along the banks of the river, the timber seemed just as thick as it could grow. When we got off the steamer onto the land, and tried to walk, it seemed as though the ground was rolling around under our feet. It was hard to balance ourselves after being on the rolling ocean for thirty days.

We took the train from Seattle, bound for Salt Lake City, Utah. That was when they put the train on a flatboat and ferried it across the Columbia river.

We stayed in Salt Lake about 3 months. Things surely seemed different to us. When we were

playing with the kids around there, they would say, when we asked them something, "ah ah, and uh huh" for yes or no, and it was all Latin to us. We did not know which they meant, but we finally learned their language.

I had gathered up a lot of very pretty marbles, so when my boy playmate saw what I had, he said to me one day: "Let's play keeps." Well, I did not know what he meant, so we started to play the game, and he kept telling me to put in all the pretty marbles. As he was a better shot than I, he kept knocking them out and putting them in his pocket, and I suppose when he had all of my marbles, he was ready to quit, which he did. And when I asked him for my marbles he refused to give them up, and said that he had won them from me. Well, I soon changed the picture for him, for I pounced on him, and down we went. As I was a little stronger than he was, I fleeced his pockets and got back most all my marbles. Well, fair or not, it seemed fair to me. He did not seem to think so, but that ended the game. I got just another good lesson from a Yankee.

We rented a house up east of the temple by the old Deseret News printing press. That was where we saw our first ice-cream. The peddlers used to sell it from a little handcart. We wondered what it was, but we just had to look and watch someone else eat it, as we had no nickels.

Finally Father decided he had better move on to Fredonia, so he purchased a large sorrel mare, which proved to be a very faithful animal, and a bay horse, (not so good,) and a covered wagon. One day, Father loaded all his belongings and the family into the wagon, hooked up the horses and started right down main street in Salt Lake City. All of a sudden, the old bay horse refused to go. Of course there soon was plenty of men around with suggestions. One said, "tie his tail to the double-trees", but no go. Another said "fill his ear with wet mud". Still no go. Finally, I suppose the old horse thought he had caused enough trouble that day, but the next morning the same old story. "Just wait till I get ready," seemed to be the old horses' motto.

While in Salt Lake City, Will purchased a 45 70 marlin rifle. And he decided to keep the family in meat while traveling. This was the first good rifle he had ever owned, and he took delight in making the rabbits scarce, and as we did not know the difference between a cottontail and a jack rabbit, they were all the same to us. Will had always used the shotgun in Australia, so it did not take him long to know how to use the rifle, and he could soon put the bead on a rabbit. The only trouble was that the rifle had a buckhorn sight, and someone had raised the sight into the top notch, and Will could see no way to get it down, so he had to use it that way till he got to Richfield.

Some of the neighbor boys then showed him how to lower the sight, and then he had no more trouble. It was the same rifle that we used to hunt deer on the Buckskin Mountain for years afterwards. I think that was the only gun he ever hunted with, and he killed many a deer. For I know he went hunting on the mountain with Jim Heart, and they got 15 deer. They sent word in from Ryan for me to come out with another team to help pull them home. I rode out there and met them, and the next morning, they wanted to leave early to hunt some more, so they got up sometime in the night, hooked up the horses, and it was just getting morning when we reached town.

While we were in Richfield, my Father and I went with another man to get a load of wood. We had to go up that high mountain west of Richfield to get the wood. They both had wagons to load, so we pulled down the cedar trees and loaded them on the wagons. When we started back down the steep hill, we had to tie a big chain over the load across the hind wheels, and wrap the chain around both hind wheels, so they could not turn and leave it there all the way down the hill. We made it down the hill all right, however. We had never seen such mountains in Australia, and it was quite an experience for us.

Another little experience while we were in Richfield. It seemed in those days, whenever a strange boy came to town, they always wanted to know who could lick him or get licked. So it stood with us in hand to be ready for a fight. Well, one night Will and I went down town to look around, and see the town, and we saw a bunch gathered around so we went over to see what was going on. We moved up into the crowd to try and see what was going on, and while standing there, there was a boy standing up on a ladder right close to Will and he commenced to make believe that he was spitting on Will. He would fill his mouth with spittle and then suck it in

right fast, making a spitting noise. Will was just hot headed enough not to take that from any one, so he moved over in the dark within good reaching distance of that boys nose, and before that boy knew it, Will let fly just as hard as he could with his fist right square on that boys nose. And he came down like a beefox, blood pouring from his nose. The other boys all gathered around him to see what was the matter, and Will and I made our escape for home while going was good, like to scared coyotes! Lucky we did. But that one blow ended our troubles in that town, and we made friends in a hurry, for no other boy wanted to stick his nose out again. While we were in Australia, we children always went to Sunday School so while we were in Richfield, Mother made us go to Sunday School. To our surprise, everybody seemed to talk all at once. I seemed to us that it was a playhouse instead of a Sunday School. No reverence at all, especially in a Mormon Sunday School.

In Australia, they used to give us a ticket for every verse in the bible that we learned. I learned many a verse, and a ticket for being present. At the end of the year, we turned them in and got a book. I have one or two books that I got. In Australia in Sunday School we were to sit very quiet and listen to the teacher give the lessons. We sure noticed the difference.

Another thing while in Richfield: On a Sunday morning in a Mormon community, you could look out and see a man hooking up his horses to get a load of wood, or hooking up his horses to a mower going to cut hay, or to plow in the field. We just could not see why the Mormon people did such things on a Sunday. Here we heard men and sometimes women profane, just in common talk. Something we had never heard before in our lives, especially from women. Why they did it, I will never know.

We stayed in Richfield for about 30 days, and that was where my youngest sister was born. Olive, Oct. 2, 1897.

While in Richfield, Father purchased another team and wagon. Two grey horses: Their names were Mose and Nell, which he kept until they died. They were a pretty good little team. He also bought a sulky plow and a set of harrows. I think the reason why Father bought the other team, was because he intended to farm, and he knew he needed four horses to plow with, and he had been used to a four horse team in Australia.

When we left Richfield early in the morning to go to Fredonia, we had to go up over the mountain to Marysville, as there was no road down Marysville canyon then. It took us all day long. It was an awfully cold day, and Olive was only a month old. Mother was trying to keep her warm as best she could, but the wind was blowing so cold all day, and it was about to be dark when we reached Marysville. Mother was real cold and so was the baby. but as soon as we stopped the good friends where we camped soon hurried Mother and the baby into their home, and by a warm fire. After getting some warm milk down the baby, and getting her warm, she began to revive, and by the baby staying in their warm house all night, she seemed all right the next morning. I thank the good friends that took Mother and the baby into their home that night, for Mother nearly lost her baby. The next morning, the wind had stopped blowing, and the sun came out bright and warm and we had good weather the rest of the way to the little town of Fredonia. The road seemed long and sandy, especially over the Mc Donald's hill and down the Kanab Canyon. But by doubling up the teams and taking one wagon at a time, we finally got to the ridge above town, where we could look down to a little bunch of trees which was that little town of Fredonia.

We never could have made it with one team, so it was lucky our Father had enough foresight to plan ahead. When we reached the ridge above Fredonia to look away down in the desert and see a bunch of green trees marking the end of our journey was a sight long to remember, which

for me has remained the same to this day. (But I cannot say that a low of water has gone under the bridge since then, for that is one thing which Fredonia is not blessed with!)

Before I forget, let me relate a little incident that happened while were traveling from Salt Lake to Richfield. We stopped at Payson one night, and the next morning before we were ready to leave, a boy where we were staying wanted me to ride with him to take his cows to pasture. Mother said I could go so I went. I suppose were were gone a little longer that we expected and when

we got back, lo and behold, they were gone. Father and Mother had forgotten me. I was afraid and did not know what to do. The boy said we would ride after them and try to overtake them. So we took off. After they had been traveling for about 2 hours, Mother looked all around and said "Where is Joe?" and after looking all around, she soon discovered that I was left behind. So Father unhooked the old sorrel mare, and was just getting ready to go after me, when we came riding up. I surely heaved a sigh of relief to think I was with Mother and Dad again!

I was only 13 years old when we landed in Fredonia, Arizona. Will stopped at the McDonalds ranch to work on the sawmill. He worked there long enough to get lumber to fix our home up. He got rustic to put on the outside, and tongue and groove lumber for the inside. McDonalds Mill sawed the lumber, then he took it over to the Roundies plainer to have it planed, which was just across the canyon.

The First winter in Fredonia seemed to be an awful cold winter, as we had just come from a country where it seldom froze. Leaving a nice rock home and coming to an old lumber shack of a house. It did happen to have a fireplace. It seemed like the wind blew through the walls from all sides. We surely had a hard time keeping warm. I suppose we only had on a pair of overalls and a

shirt. Probably no underwear. It must have been pretty cold, for Father dug a cellar at the west side of the house, and the sand on top was frozen down about a foot deep. This was something we had never seen before. We just could not keep warm in bed at nights. We had to go to bed with our pants on to keep warm all through the winter. We simply could not get acclimated. We came to Fredonia about Nov. 1897, as Olive was born in Richfield on our way down Oct. 2, 1897.

I started to school that winter, and Asa Judd was my first teacher. It was a one room School House, and only one teacher for all the grades. Then the next year, I think it was P.M. Condit. He was a very big tall man, and we soon knew he meant what he said, for he could have picked us up in one hand, shook us till our teeth rattled, and set us down again!. One day, Orson Pratt and I were whispering down in our seats, when all of a sudden he said to us, "You two boys can take your books and go home if you cannot quit talking." And he looked straight at us. We sat there looking at him, and he said, "Aren't you boys going?" So we took him at his word and left the room. We stayed around outdoors till recess. Neither one of us dared to go home and tell mother, for we both knew that it would do us no good. So we decided we would go back in and ask him to let us come back. He told us that if we thought we could behave ourselves, that we could. To which we both promised, and I am sure that we kept that promise!

Orson and I used to always like to go hunting down in the fields together. One day we had been hunting down in the fields with our bow and arrows, and were just coming home and were walking up the street towards Pratt's house on the corner when Lorum and someone else came riding up to us on their horses, We, like two little fools, raised our bow and arrows and pointed it at them and said "throw up your hands!" To my great surprise, my arrow slipped and away it went, striking Lorum right in the center of the neck, and he had to take both his hand to pull it out. The trouble was, we had horseshoe nails in the ends to kill rabbits with, and it sure stuck in the full length of the nail, but lucky for me it soon healed up without any trouble. How thankful I was that it was not a 22 rifle or it would have killed him. That was a wonderful lesson to me never to point a gun at anything you don't want to kill, and since then, I have always watched the muzzle of my gun, and made sure that it was never allowed to point at any one, especially while hunting with anyone else, as they will go off when least expected. I was lucky that the bow had a very light pull, for it could have been a very serious accident.

My Father always let us know that he meant what he said. Once I had some pet rabbits and a nice large white one with pink eyes. Mother used to raise a garden, and one morning when father got up, my white rabbit was out in the garden, so father called to me and said, "Joe, if you don't keep that rabbit shut up, I will chop it's head off." Well, I put the rabbit back in the pen thinking to keep it locked up, but not many mornings after, the old white rabbit found its way out again, and was out when father got up. So he just caught the rabbit, went to the woodpile, got the axe and off went my rabbits head. He threw it by the pen and when I got up and went to feed

my rabbits, it was too late. I felt heartbroken, but that did not help. There were no more rabbits. Let's always remember that parents should always mean just what they say, which settles arguments quickly once and for all. My father certainly knew the idea, and I learned it very quickly from him, if I was but a small boy. I think my Father always liked me, but not that much. Before Father bought the sheep, he decided to go out with Dade Stewart on the Buckskin Mountain and find a place to raise potatoes. So Father hooked up his horses to the wagon, put in a plow and a camp outfit and went and got Dade and off they went. They went clear out to V T Park, but Father could not decide where to start fencing, so after he got home, he decided to go back out to Jacob Canyon and fence in a piece. So he loaded on his camp outfit and a cross-cut saw and an axe and we went out and camped. Then we started to cut down trees for logs to make a fence. We worked for about 2 days and went back for more supplies and went back again. We got quite a lot of fence put up, and by the end of the next week we were running low on eats, and we did not have too much left to finish, so when Sunday morning came, Father said, "I think we will have to work today," (A thing that I had never seen him do before in his life.) "if we are to get this done before we run out of chuck." So we worked all day Sunday. Well, when Monday morning came and he went to work, he looked the fence over and he finally said, "I think I will move the fence in a little, as I don't think I need to fence in quite so big a piece." So he went to work and pulled down all the fence which he had built the day before, and a lot more. So we soon finished the fence, and went home. Well, I think that one Sunday's work taught both Father and I a very good lesson, one which I have never forgotten.

I was always quite a small boy for my age, and when Father fenced in his farm south east of Fredonia, I had to do a lot of the watering in the field, as he had planted a lot of alfalfa. He still owned the field when he bought the sheep, so it fell to me to water the field, as he was doing the herding pretty close around town. I also had to move his camp about one time a week. I remember one day while I was watering in the field, I looked out on the hill about 1/4 mile away, and saw a coyote walking around. I knew it was the first coyote that I had ever seen, so I decided I would run home and get the old shotgun and try and get him. Well, I hurried as fast as I could, and when I got back, he was still there. He was wanting a drink of water, but was a little afraid of me. I laid down behind the fence and behind some brush just as still as I could. Finally the old coyote decided he would come in and get a drink. I got ready, and he kept coming closer and closer till he was about 30 yards from me when I took aim and fired. Down went Mr. Coyote, and he commenced kicking around. Well, I did not know how badly he was hurt, or if he might put up a fight. I was not long in making up my mind. Up I jumped with the gun in my hand, and up the post of the fence I went for safety. Just as soon as I could get my balance on the top of the post, I leveled down in on the old coyote and fired. That stopped his kicking, and I crawled down, feeling quite relieved. I went over to him and took him by the hind leg and dragged him home, as proud as a peacock. I just had to show mother and the rest of the kids what I had killed. I was tickled as it was my first coyote.

Another little experience I had a short time after we arrived in Fredonia which I have never forgotten: Will found out that there was fish in that reservoir on the east side of this end of the Kanab lane. So Will and I decided to go and catch some fine fish one day. We went up and started to fish. I think that Will was doing most of the fishing as to what happened to me. There was a bunch of boys who came around to where we were fishing, and stood and watched us for a while, and then they walked over to me and said, "I can lick you," and I piped up and said, "You can't," and then another stepped up along side of him and said, "both of us can lick you." And again I said, "you can't." Then they said, "Just hit one of us and see." Well, I can assure you that I never realized what I was starting, or I never would have made that lick, especially the way I did, for I hauled off and tapped one on the chest, which he hardly felt I suppose, then I soon found out that those two kids knew how to fight, and before I really knew what was happening, we were on the ground. I had one under me and the other one was on top of me just clawing at my face with both hands, and was making an awfully good job of it, for he soon had the blood coming. I should have done the same thing to the one under me, but I was afraid I might hurt him, and I didn't want to hurt him. Will saw what was happening, and he dropped his fishing pole

and grabbed that boy and pulled him off of me, and gave him a swift kick in the seat. Will then pushed me away, and gave the other boy another kick which soon ended the fight. Well, my face looked like the cats had been at me, and my face was a solid mass of scabs for a week or two. I never did learn who those two boys were. Now I would like to thank them for the wonderful lesson they taught me that day, in just a few minutes. For that ended my fighting once and for all. You know, kids learn very fast sometimes!

It was hard for us kids to get a haircut when we first came here, so once when my hair got long and I just could not find anyone to cut it, I coaxed my sister Eliza to cut it. She told me that she did not know how to cut hair, but I told her she had to so she started to whack away. Well, she hacked away for quite a while, and finally she said to me that she just could not finish it. Just about that time I looked out on the sidewalk and saw Will Jones coming, and I knew that he cut hair. I hollered to him to come in, which he did, and I told him to finish cutting my hair as Eliza said that she could not finish it. He walked around a time or two and looked me all over and said "Joe if you want me to finish it, you will have to wait till you get more hair, for Eliza has cut it all off!" then he walked off, and we were all satisfied. You just can't imagine how a good haircut makes a boy feel.

After we settled in Fredonia, Father fenced in a piece of ground south east of Fredonia, and bought 15 shares of water at \$15.00 a share, and started to plow and plant alfalfa. But he soon found out that farming in Fredonia was not like Farming in Australia, and the farm did not seem to bring in any money, and what little money he had left was gradually slipping away. So he decided to quit the farm and take what money he had left, and buy some sheep. So he bought 500 head of sound mouth ewes from Ben Hamblin for \$1.25 a head, and 200 head of lambs from Joe Hamblin at 75 (cents) a head. We took them over at the eight mile gap, east of Fredonia. That afternoon Alf and I got our first experience herding sheep. We played around all afternoon. We both had 22 rifles, and the rabbits were plenty thick, and we were about a mile from camp when we discovered that it was dark, so we started to push them to camp. Then we found that they would not push, and we were about an hour after dark before we reached camp. But Father was there with the supper cooked and waiting for us. Our first good lesson in sheep herding.

I was only in the 7th grade when Father purchased the sheep. Father went to herding so it fell to me to do the camp rustling. That ended my school days. My brother Will had left home and was working for someone else, and that is why it fell to me. I was only 15 years old and small for my age. Father was herding out around the 8 mile gap, and I went out one day to move camp, and he had been cutting fence posts while herding. So he loaded on about 20 posts and I started for home. It was warm and then I began to get drowsy, and I was driving along about half asleep when I let one of the lines slip out of my hand, and it fell on the ground between the horses. Well, I knew that I just had to have that line. I was driving the faithful old mare and a high spirited horse named Ned. I finally decided to get down on the wagon tongue and get the line that was dragging on the ground. But in so doing, I accidentally put my hand on the high spirited horse, and he made a bound which also frightened the old mare, and away they went at full gallop down the road with me holding on the harness as best I could and endeavoring to keep my feet on the wagon tongue. By gripping the harness just as tight as I could, I was able to crawl in the back of the sorrel mare and straddle her back while they were running at full speed. I can assure you I heaved a sigh of relief when I got fast upon the back of the sorrel mare. I soon gathered up the lines, which was then easy to do, and brought them to a stop in a hurry. Should I have lost my footing and fallen under the wagon, I might not have been here to tell this story. But as luck would have it, the good Lord had something more for me to do, and I arrived home safe and sound. But I never told mother what had happened, or she may have worried over me every time I went to move camp.

I still moved camp for Father and we kept the sheep pretty close around town. I think our first shearing was at the 8 mile gap, and after hauling the wool to Marysville, we only got 1-1/2 (cents) a pound, a yearling withers sold for 75 (cents) each. But we struggled along and the sheep gradually increased.

About that time Father's Father died in Australia, and Father had to go back to Australia to get his

share of the estate. He hired Ben Wilkerson to herd for us that winter while he was away. It was the next spring that we took our sheep to the Divide to lamb. He told us it was a good place, and he told us right where to go. That was close to where they lived then, and when they moved away, I bought their upper homestead, from Lem Wilkerson for \$500.00, which I still own.

One of the Wilkerson boys by the name of Walter helped us lamb. He herded the lambing ewes along with Father and Alf. I herded the little bunch of dries. We were camped in Ikes Valley. Wal was quite a guy, and he was always loading us up with a lot of wildcat stories, at night while in camp, trying to scare the sock off us kids. He would generally tell them around the camp on a night when Father was not there. Alf and I had our bed in the covered wagon, and he slept outside. So one night just after supper, when the sheep were bedded around camp, all of a sudden, he jumped up, grabbed his rifle, and said "There's a bear!" and he started off. At that, Alf made a bound for the wagon and I was close to his heels. As Alf landed in the wagon, he discovered that his gun was out by the fire, so he hollered to me, "Hand me my gun, Hand me my gun." Well, old Wal wandered off around the sheep in the dark, leaving both of us boys to fight it out alone with the old bear. After he had been gone for a while, he fired a shot to make us boys think the bear was still there, then he came back saying that he had missed the bear as it was too dark. I am sure that he never did see any bear - he just did it to scare us boys. He also told us that probably the bear would come back the next night. Well, the next night, Wal never showed up at camp, and he stayed away for three nights, and when he came back, he pretended that he had been sick and had to lay out. But I noticed that he ate his supper all right that night. All that had happened, was that he had visited another sheep camp. He seemed to delight in teasing us kids. We used to like to go down on Swains Creek and fish while heading the dries close by the river. He used to tell us that we would have to look out for the officers, or they would catch us for fishing and have us locked up, and we believed him, so we were very careful. We used to set our fish lines along the river on a night while we were herding, and come back the next day to see if we had caught anything. So once when we went back lo and behold, there was a tent right close to where we had set one of our lines in the river. The moment we saw the tent we ducked back and sneaked away thinking the officers were waiting for us. But in a day or two we found out that it was only another sheep camp. And that it was Jim Heart and that he was herding for Finley. He told us that it was all hooey and that there was no officers around. Old Wal was only trying to frighten us kids!

When we first started to lamb our sheep on the Divide, you could leave the sheep for 3 or 4 days and they would only go about 1/4 mile. About all we had to do, was to keep the coyotes out of them. For the first few years we kept our sheep close around Fredonia in the winter time, out around 6 mile gap, down on the bench above town and out on the run. Finally we went out around the foot of the Buckskin Mountain. One winter, we ran in Houserock Valley, but we soon discovered that the feed was much better out towards Mt. Trumbell, so we moved out to Sunshine, and then Further out until we finally covered all of the country this side of Trumbel Mt. When we first went out around the Finley Knowles, the feed was wonderful. The grass was as thick as it could grow, and was a foot high all over the range. The white sage was up to your knees all over, and it looked like a wheat field. But all the other sheep men discovered the same, for you could just peep out of your sheep wagon in the morning and you could see a sheep wagon on every knoll. That was what caused the downfall in the sheep business and in the range. It was just too bad it had to happen. If only the Taylor Grazing had been in effect then, instead of waiting until everything was gone. We may had still had a beautiful range - that time will never come again.

Very few men know the country of Northern Arizona, and Southern Utah from the Grand Canyon to the Trumbell Mt. on the South and up to Panguitch on the North, to the Hurricane Valley on the West, and the Buckskin Mt. on the East, better than I. For I have walked nearly every foot of that country - nearly always with a gun in my hand, following a bunch of sheep. They will take you to nearly every nook and corner. We trailed our sheep to Modena twice to shear; a lot of times to Gools Shearing Pen; once to Panguitch, and a number of times to the Ranch to shear; also to Sunshine for a few years. Our first shearing was at the 8 mile Gap.

Right here, I would like to relate a funny experience I had while coming from Gools after shearing. We had quite a large heard of sheep. Alf and John were herding, and I was moving camp. On our way back from Gools, we camped at the Yellowstone Ridge, West of Pipe Springs. While we were eating our dinner a nice shower of rain came. We were a little short of drinking water, and after dinner Alf and John went on with the herd and I stayed to move camp, when I decided I would take a dipper and a bucket and try to dip some water off the flat rock close by. I had only gone about 200 yards from camp when I saw a large bobcat trying to kill a buck sheep, which had dropped out of some other herd. He would approach the sheep from one side and then the other, but the old buck always seemed to manage to keep his big horns in the way of the big cat. I set my bucket on the ground and made my way back to camp for my rifle, trying to keep out of sight as much as possible of the big cat. When I got back to where I had left my bucket, I could see the buck feeding around contented but could see nothing of the cat, which was about 400 yards away. I decided to crawl on my hands and knees up to a big bush straight toward the buck. I finally reached the bush. I was then about 200 yards form the buck, and I knew then I was in good range of the big cat. I lay there for nearly ten minutes but could see nothing more of the big cat. I finally decided that he had seen me and run off, so I raised up gently on my hands and knees, and looked directly over the bush in front of me, when to my surprise, just on the opposite side of the bush not more that 6 or 7 feet away, there stood that large bobcat all ready to spring on me. He seemed to crouch a little as I raised up, and so did I, but in so doing, I turned the muzzle of my gun in his direction, not even raising it to my shoulder. I pulled the trigger and the bullet went straight to it's mark, and the big cat lay lifeless on the ground, no more than 6 or 7 feet away. How he got there I will never, know, but I do know that he was much better in concealing himself than I was! I have often wondered what would have happened, should that large cat have made a spring over that bush and landed right on top of me with all fours. I guess if I had been able to get away, I would still be running - if he had left me able to run! But, luck was with me for once.

I have spent many a lonesome hour at the sheep camp, and many a pleasant one. But for about 35 years or more, I never knew a minute of that time when I was not responsible for the welfare of a bunch of sheep. One thing it did for me when out on the hills all alone, no one within 50 mile of me, then is the time if you have any religion at all, it will put you on your knees, if anything will, to ask God to help you and your loved ones at home,

One thing: I always tried to read good books. I never found pleasure in reading dime novels, and I found later that it paid good dividends. It pays to read something worth while, especially when alone.

I have lived to see the sheep business bloom - where about 100,000 head of sheep and about that many cattle grazed on the hills of Northern Arizona and Sourthern Utah, 60 years ago. But now that same range will only feed about 1,100 sheep and about 10,000 cattle. What a vast difference in 60 years time. At that time, good sound mouth ewes sold for \$1.50 per head, and yearling withers sold for .75 (cents) per head, and a good cow sold for \$15.00. Calves sold for \$5.00 each. Now cows sell for about \$150.00 each and calves for \$100.00 each. Sixty years ago, it took us 2 days to get to our ranch in a wagon, about our only transportation. Today it takes about one hour by car, and 15 minutes by plane to get to our Ranch.

Sheep herders wages 60 years ago were \$30.00 a month, or \$1.00 per day, and that was the highest paid job in the country. Money was so scarce that on most any other job, a workman was paid in sotre pay - pasteboard coupons. Now a workman gets from \$15.00 to \$30.00 a day. Then a pair of shoes cost about \$1.00 - a pair of overalls 75 (cents) Now shoes cost \$15.00 or \$20.00 and overalls about \$4.00 I am wondering if we are getting richer or poorer?

When I built my home in Fredonia, it cost me about \$2,500.00 to complete it. Plastered and papered and painted on the inside and on the outside. Now I have been looking over some of the F.H.A. homes about the size of mine, and they are listed at about \$15,000.00 to \$16,000.00 completed, and not any better than my home. Some difference!

I have herded sheep all over the place where Alton now stands. It was then know as Oak Flat. I remember when Johathan Heaton bought the land, and they surveyed it off into city lots, and the

ranch people bought their lots. I saw the town of Alton when it was in full bloom, for it was a lively little town, especially on the 4th and 24th of July! We surely had some wonderful times there.

I had been with the sheep most all the time since Father first bought them, and about 2 years before we were married, I decided to take a vacation for about a month. So I had Alf take me out of the Colorado River on Buckskin. We took 2 saddle horses and a pack horse and rode out. It took us 2 days to get to the river, and we met Dave Rust down in the canyon. He went with us on down to the river and the next morning he rowed me across the river. I had to walk up the other side to the Indian Gardens, as there was the hills to climb on foot. It took me till noon to get to the Indian Gardens, and most of the afternoon to walk from there out on top to the South Rim Lodge and railroad station, where I took the train for Flagstaff that evening. I was soon into Flagstaff where I met my sister Amy and Bert Hutchins, as they were married then. Bert was running a rock quarry. He sawed the sand rock out into square blocks and sold them for building. I stayed with them for about a week, then I took the train for Los Angeles, where my sister Emily Watson, lived. I stayed with her for a little over a week, and took in all the scenery. I had the pleasure of seeing the Ringling Brothers Circus while there, and it was wonderful.. Then one morning I took the train back towards Cedar City, but on the way back I got off the train and took the stage out to the Patoskie Mines, which were in full swing then. My brother Will was married and working out there then. So I stayed with them for about a week, and then took the stage back about 20 miles to the railroad station and boarded it for home. I got off at Lund and again I took the stagecoach for St. George. Then took the mail cart back to Fredonia. Home again.

Another bear story: Probably very few people have heard of bears on the divide. One morning, I went out early around the sheep pens. To my surprise, there lay scattered over the bed ground, about 20 head of dead sheep that had been bitten on the back of the head, and only their milk bags eaten out by a big bear. I tried to track him but could not track him far. The next morning, he had come back again, but only had killed about 3 more. I was determined to try and track him down, so I followed him all morning, until the middle of the afternoon. Then I finally lost his trail. I had a good dog with me, and just before I lost his track, the old dog made a dash out through the trees. I stood there trembling with my gun all ready for action, but after waiting for sometime the dog came back, and I was unable to follow the tracks any further that day. I went back, but the next day I went back and took up the old bear tracks again. I had only gone a short distance when I saw where the old bear had been laying down the day before and had humped up, and run for about a mile, jumped over a big pine log and lay down close up to the log on the opposite side of the log, and had lain there for a long time. Probably that was when the dog caught scent of the bear and dashed off through the trees, but failed to see the bear. Or he saw the bear, but was afraid of him and had left him alone. I have often wondered what might have happened, if I had tracked that old bear right up to that big log, and stepped up on the log, not knowing that he was on the other side, just under me - a big old grizzly bear. I know not. I had a good rifle all ready, but whether I could have made a fatal shot in a hurry or not. According to it's track, it was an awful large grizzly bear, and sometimes it takes more than one shot to stop a bear like that. But I would have been willing to try, for I was pretty quick on the trigger. I guess luck was with me, and I got home safe, and the old grizzly got away.

Another time when Alf was herding sheep up by the big knoll by Harris Flat, early in the morning, just about daybreak, he was awakened by a noise just out in front of the sheep wagon. He opened the wagon door and just out in front of the wagon was a large black bear. It started to run, and he grabbed for his gun just a quick as he could, and stepped to the door and fired. But he failed to make a fatal shot and the bear ran away bleeding pretty badly. Alf did not care to follow a wounded bear alone, so he came and got me and we took out on his tracks. He was not bleeding very fast, but kept laying down quite often. First I would track a while and Alf would watch for him, and then Alf would track for a while and I would keep a good lookout for him. While I was tracking him through a very thick patch of oak, I heard the old bear make a bound just ahead of me, but the brush was too thick for me to see him, so I hollered to Alf, who was up on the side hill, and he saw him come out in an opening in the thick brush. He took a quick shot

but failed to hit the mark, and the bear got away. We trailed him for about 3 hours more, but he kept going, and it came up a heavy thunder storm, and we lost his tracks. We had to give him up so he got away, and that ended our bear hunt. It seemed like in those days a bear usually came past our Ranch nearly every spring on their way from North Fork to East Fork.

To let you know how you I was when I first started to herd sheep and help Father: Father left me to herd the sheep at the mouth of Jacob Canyon while he went to town for a few days. About the second night, I was awakened in the night by a "hoo hoo hoo" close to the wagon. My first thought was that it was a mountain lion. I got terribly frightened, and began to tremble all over. I certainly was scared. Finally the noise stopped, and I fell off to sleep, only to discover later that it was only an old hoot owl. But a hoot owl can frighten a small boy nearly out of his wits sometimes. Especially when he is all alone out in the dark and 50 miles from home.

Here is another bear story, just to let you know that something else can scare the wits out of small boys. One evening, Alf and I were fishing down on Asa Creek by the blue hole. We had lain our rifles, which we always carried, down on the bank, and were fishing down the stream below. It was about sundown, when we heard an awful noise coming just above us in the thick willows, which were between us and our guns. It came closer and closer, and the closer it got, the more scared we became. By the noise it was making, we were sure that it was an awfully big bear. We could see no way we could reach our guns, and the noise seemed to be getting more deadly every second. There were no trees to climb - nothing to do but try and lick that old bear - bare handed. No place to run, so it was up to us to fight. He just came closer and closer. I don't know who was the whitest or shaking the most, when all of a sudden out just in front of us, waddled from the willows a large porcupine! Well, if there is another animal in all the world that can make more noise than a porcupine, I just don't know what it can be. A good wind could have blown us both over, we were so scared. I think that is why I never grew very big. It scared the growth out of me! That old porcupine crawled into the willows just in front of us to her little baby porcupine and nestled up to it. Thank goodness it wasn't a bear, for a kitten could have licked us both!

Well, that wasn't the only time an old porcupine scared us. Alf and I had been fishing down on Asa Creek on afternoon, and were coming home, and it was dark. We were both hiking along up the old road up Ikes Valley. It was quite dark, and as we were walking up the road, we noticed a black object, which looked like a black stump along side the road. As we got closer and closer to it, I think we both were a little suspicious as to what it was, but neither of us said anything. We had to pass within a few feet of the stump, and just as we got even with it, it took off on the high lope as fast as it could waddle. I was the closest to it, and I made a bound and let out a holler, and Alf seemed to be watching the old stump, for he moved about the same time. We both thought the devil had us. I suppose the old porky did not feel too comfortable either, so he decided to go about the same time as we did. So we both cleared the road. I don't know which one of us jumped the furthest, or which one yelled the loudest, but I think I was the scariest!! While we were herding our sheep around the mouth of Jacob Canyon, when we first got them, Father cut wood for the smelter at Ryon. The smelter built two large coal kills and filled them full of green pine wood and set them on fire to make coal for the mill. So Father cut the wood and sold it to them to burn in the kills. He corded it up in piles and measured it in the pile.

The first deer I killed was up in Ikes Valley on the divide. Before I was married, I went hunting one morning down in Ides Valley in the hills. I came up on a little ridge, and looked off down in the hollow, and there stood a deer off about 150 yards. So I raised my gun and fired, and down came the deer. I ran down to where it was, thinking I had a big deer, but to my surprise, it was only a fawn with spots on it. But I cleaned it out, threw it over my shoulder and carried it to camp. I was pleased with my first kill. There were no game laws in those days, and for a long time after.

After rambling around over the hills for a long time, I decided to get married and settle down. An on Dec. 6, 1910, I married one of the most lovely girls in Fredonia, Miss Hermoine Pratt. I purchase a lot with a one room log cabin on it from my Brother-in-law, William Judd, for \$150.00 and I built a small kitchen on the back, just big enough to hold a home comfort range stove,

about 8 x 10 feet, and that was our first home, on the lot now owned by Earl Jackson. This was where our first child, Arland, was born. We did not like the lot for when it rained, it was really a mud hole. For drinking water, we had to dip the water from the irrigation ditch. It was so cowie, that it was hard to down. And when we ran out of water, before our water turn got around again, we had to haul the water form the creek on a sled in a 50 gallon barrel. Sometimes the barrel would roll over before I got home, and I would have to go back and fill it again. Probably another time when the Good Lord will have to forgive me for what I said, or what went through my mind, and I made up my mind that just as soon as I could get a place further up in town I sure would do so. So I kept my eyes open.

One morning, Rex Brown, who then owned the lot I now live on, came to me and said that he would sell me his place, as he was moving to White Sage Flat, at the foot of the Buckskin Mountain. I asked him his price, and he said he would let me know in the morning. Sure enough, the next morning, he was back with a paper with a long list of things on it. The lot so much, the fence so much, so many fruit trees so much each, shade trees so much, the house so much, 2 shares of water so much. I just don't remember all the items he had listed on that sheet of paper, I only wished I had kept it for a souvenir. It made a total of \$600.00. All I looked at was the \$600.00 and right then I told him it was a deal. I have him a check for the place and I got the deeds for it. I am sure if he had said \$1,000.00, he would have received it, for I was tired of the mud hole we were in. The house was no good, but the location was what I wanted. We purchase the place in the fall, and I commenced hauling the rock for the foundation for our new home. When I got through hauling the rock, the people around town wanted to know if I was going to build a rock house. Frank Rider laid the foundation, and I helped him cut the rock. He taught me how to cut rock. I hauled the lumber from John Brown's sawmill in the LaFever canyon on the Buckskin Mountain. I had a team and my Father had a team and he helped me haul the lumber from the sawmill. We would leave home in the morning, drive out to Jacob Canyon and camp. The next day we would drive up to the mill, load up and drive back to camp at the mouth of Jacob. Stay there again that night and then home the next day, taking 3 days to make the trip, with about 1,000 feet of lumber on each load. The lumber then cost \$10.00 a thousand for rough lumber, and \$15.00 a thousand for finish and rustic. I said to John "some of this lumber is pretty knotty", when he said to me "If you don't like the knots, just knock them out. We don't charge any more for the knots." Just joking!

Heber Cram in Kanab, seemed to be a good carpenter, so I hired him to do the carpenter work on the house for \$600.00, and he was to hire me for a helper for \$1.25 a day, which he did. That is where I learned the building trade. He had his brother John help him. So we started work in the fall and in the spring, it was completed all but the plastering, and the painting. I then hired Frank Rider to do the plastering. He just dug a hole out in front of the house in the ground, mixed a little sand with the clay, poured in the water and some plastering hair, and mixed it pu with a hoe. Then he pu it on the wall, and ceiling and that was that. He seemed to know just how to mix plaster, for it set like a rock. It has been on now for 50 years, and the walls are just as good as the day they were put on. I think that old mud plaster is better than the plaster they use now. The only difference, is that the walls are dark and have to be papered.

We moved to the Ranch for the summer, and I hired the Millen Brothers from St. George to do the painting and papering for \$150.00 and furnish all material, and when we returned in the fall we had a new home all finished and ready to move into. Completely finished and a brand new home all our own. No mortgage and all paid for. How wonderful!

I had just sold all of our sheep, which I had worked for years to get. Fifteen hundred sheep, for \$1.70 a head. I put all the money into our new home. This was when Father sold his and retired.

My brother Will had come back home and decided to go into the sheep business about 2 years before. He bought 250 sheep from Father, and was working with us. He built a 2 room lumber house at the Gravel Spring and he lived there one summer with his family, but he also sold out then and never went back in the sheep business again. He invested his money in the Soren C. Jensen Store - his father-in-law.

After I sold out and we got our new home built, I rented 1,000 sheep from Bob Jackson's sister, Fannie Prior, and we left them in with Bob's herd that winter and we ran them together till lambing time. I did the herding and Bob and Elmer moved the camp. I took them out and ran them on our range on the divide that summer and in the fall I had about 250 head of lambs of my own for my trouble.

Alf was off his mission, and Albin was out of school, and they wanted to get into the sheep business. Father agreed to loan us boys the money. So Father, Alf and I went over to Cedar and Parowan to try and purchase some more sheep. When we got there, we inquired around to see who had the best sheep, and they told us that Culver and Carlson had the best. So we looked them up that night, and we told them what we wanted. They invited us in to stay for the night, which we did. They said they would show us theirs. So the next morning he hooked his horses to an old buckboard, and off we went. It was a pretty steep and rough country and it took us till nearly noon to get there. We looked them over, and Father knew good sheep when he saw them. When we got back that night, no more was said about the sheep. We stayed with him again that night, and after breakfast the next morning when we were about to leave, Father said "will you sell us 1,000 head" and he said yes. Then he said, "You don't want my sheep for you can go out here most anywhere and buy sheep for \$1.00 less than I want for mine." An Father said "what do you want for yours" and he said that he wanted \$2.75 straight through, and that he only had 75% lambs in the herd. We knew that our entire stock had been sold for \$1.75 per head, delivered in Richfield. But Father said "we will take your offer." To his great surprise and we set a date to get them in 2 weeks time. So we paid him some in advance and went home, and made arrangements to get them. So we went back to get them in 2 weeks, and he had the sheep close to the corral when we got there, so we corralled them and counted off 1,000 head. Then we counted the lambs, and there were about 75 head too many, so we decided Carlson would catch and I would catch to make it about even. Well, we started catching. Father would look through the herd, and it was easy to see a nice large sheep for me to catch but it was harder to see a small one for him to show Carlson to catch. Culver did not seem to like it too much, as I think it was hardly fair, but he had made the bargain, and he was willing to stay with his word. When we were through, and our bunch was in the corral and his in the other, he turned to Father and said, "if you will take the other bunch, you can have them for \$1.00 less per head." But Father said he was willing to pay the \$1.00 more and take the ones we had. So we paid him for them and started for home. And that is where all of us 4 boys got our start in the sheep business. The sheep we sold would only shear about 6 pound each head a year. The ones we bought shore over 10 pounds of wool per head the next spring, and for a good many years afterwards, so we soon found out that we made a very good buy. Alf, John, Albin and I all went in equal on the buy. We also bought Father's ranch land from him, which Alf, John and I still own. It is known as the gravel Ranch. I had already purchased a homestead government ground around it for \$1.25 per acre, which I still own. This is where I built my Ranch house. The old house and garage is still standing.

Some of the people in Fredonia seemed to think that I was silly to build such a nice home in such a little old place as this, but I told them that I intended to live here all my life, why not build to enjoy it. When it was completed and we moved into it in the fall of 1912, it was far the best home in Fredonia. The next best was the Martin Cutler home on the South East corner of the same lot. The old Relief Society Building now standing.

I have never been sorry for building a nice home, for we surely have enjoyed it. Although, I had to spend most of my time at the sheep herd, except the summer time when we moved to the Ranch, on the divide. The sole care of raising our family seemed to fall on to my wife. She proved to be a wonderful mother. She always kept the children clean, and so was the home. Not only that, but there were the outside chores to do. Feed the pigs and chickens, milk and feed the cows, water the field, and the garden, besides doing all the house work. This all fell on her shoulders, for it seemed that I was always away at the herd. I just don't see no how she handled it all so well. Washing on that old scrubbing board, ironing with that old flat iron, that was heated on a wood stove, and doing all the cooking on a wood stove. Every place you went you had to

walk, for there were no autos in those days to jump in and go places.

Well, if a young married girl had to do that now, no grocery stores to run to for bread, butter milk and eggs, with no husband to help for weeks at a time, I am afraid it just could not be done. Now with all our modern equipment, a woman just cannot take care of a houseful of kids. Yes, and not only that, a poor man just cannot provide for a wife and family without the wife having to hire out for work to support the home with all its' luxuries. Are we improving or not? Well, my wife did it all. I just don't know how it was all done, but it was, and the kids and the home was always clean.

Of course we always moved up to the Ranch for the summer. The first year or two, we lived up Seaman Canyon where Mother and father lived for a while, about a mile off the highway, in a little old shack of 2 rooms. My wife and I sawed down a large pine tree close by, sawed it into 16 ft. lengths, then I borrowed a log wagon from the McDonalds Sawmill and we proceeded to load that big heavy log. I wish I had a picture of us two trying to load that big log. We would pull it up skids with the horses, and before we could stop it, it would roll off on the other, but we finally managed to sop it on the wagon. Well, when we got it on the wagon, it was a monster of a log. It was about 3 ft. through, and I was almost afraid to move the wagon, but I knew I had to get it to the mill. So we started out the next morning for the mill, driving just as careful as I could, we managed to get it there all right. I rolled the log off the wagon, and the two young McDonald boys who were trying to run their father's mill, as their father had died a while before, commenced to saw it into lumber. The log was just too big for those boys to know how to handle the saw, and the saw would get hot, and they would have to back it up and throw cold water on it to cool it down, and then try again. They finally got it sawed up in a sort of a way. Some of the lumber was 2 inches on one end and one inch on the other. We loaded it on the wagon and hauled it back to where we were going to build. And we started to build our ranch house just East of the highway across the field. It was a 4 room house lined with plaster board on the inside and upright boards on the outside with batons over the cracks. The old home is still standing. We certainly did enjoy the summers as we could all be together, and it did not take me long to build it with the help of my wife.

I could herd the sheep close around in the day, and could be home at night. We used to plant a small garden every summer. Radish, Lettuce, peas, onion, and potatoes which came in handy with plenty of mutton and good homemade bread. It just seemed that my wife was a natural born cook, and believe me, we seemed to be a bunch of natural born eaters. But I guess she was compelled to work, with no choice. Especially when there is a bunch of kids to cook and sew for, and a husband with an appetite like a horse. Who wouldn't have a big appetite with a good cook that could make anyone's mouth water, especially when we happened to have a mess of trout for dinner. For we would often all pile into the wagon early in the morning, drive over to Swains Creek, fish all day and drive back home again that night all tired and hungry. No game wardens to fear, just catch all you can. They were good old days. That was about the time the town of Alton was built. We used to drive over there to Sunday School and meeting, and always on the 4th of July for the celebrations. A wonderful little town, full of life. John Heaton was bishop. How well I remember the first automobile that came into Kanab. We were at the Ranch, and we knew the day there were due in Alton. There were 4 autos in the bunch, and we went over to see them arrive in Alton. Uncle D. Wooley was directing the party. They got to Alton about noon and stayed for a short time and then they took out for Kanab. We all thought how foolish they were to try to drive to Kanab in Half a day. And, as we expected, they got stuck in the sand and never reached Kanab till about 10 o'clock the next day. Some fast time. It was not so much the autos fault as it was the sandy roads.

I remember the first time we rode in an auto from Fredonia to Kanab. It was with Mr. Brandon, in an open top model T Ford. I took my wife and her mother and Mrs. Smith to Kanab to the show. There was about 3 inches of snow on the ground and about 6 inches of mud underneath. I think we had to push the thing about half way home, but we thought it fun. We were out in the brush about half the time. Just did not know whether it was better in the road or out in the brush. I think we could have walked home faster.

Also the first time I tried to drive a car: My brother Alf had bought an old Model T Ford, and he took his wife, Vida, and father and my wife and me over to meeting one Sunday. When we started home Alf said, "Joe, you take the wheel and drive home." I wobbled from one side of the road to the other. It just seemed the thing went too fast for the crooked road. And when we got to the top of the Alton hill, Father said to me, "Joe, I think if you will sopped the car, I will walk home." But I persuaded him to stay in as I was not going fast enough to tip it over. I finally landed the thing home safely, to all our surprise. Some chauffeur!!

We always moved to the ranch in the summer. We would load what things we thought we needed on the freight wagon, leave as early as possible in the morning, drive to Joel Johnsons and camp that night. We used to make our beds on the ground, cook supper by the camp fire, get up the next morning, and drive to the Ranch that day. It always took 2 days to make the trip. We generally had 2 or 3 cows to drive along. The boys helped drive them when they got old enough. Clean up the house, and pile our things inside and settle down for the summer. It always seemed good to breathe that mountain air, under the good old pine trees where we could all be together. Just think - my wife even rode with me to Marysvale from the Ranch on a load of wool. The funny part was when we got to the Sevier River this side of Hatch Town. We got stuck out in the middle of the river, and the old man Christenson, who was hauling some of our wool, had to unhook his lead team, and ride out in the river and I had to get out on the wagon tongue, and hook his horses to the end of the tongue and he had to help pull us out. Some experience for a wife. But that wasn't the only time I was glad she was along, for once when we were coming down from the Ranch, and we were loaded, and had to cross the old Johnson Run wash in Johnson, I knew that I would have to chock the wheels if the horses stopped while going up the other side. I handed her the lines, and she got down on the ground along side of the horses. Just about the time they got to the top, she slipped and fell down while the horses were going, and they partly dragged her up the rest of the way out of the wash, but she made it. That happened about 2 months before Eldon was born. What won't a good woman do for her husband?

Once we got up early one morning and we decided we would all go fishing over by the big blue hole on Asa Creek. So we all piled into the wagon and took off. Mother had just the day before baked a big dripper of bread, but in our hurry we went off and left it on the table. We failed to discover it till nearly night. So I told them that I would go down the river to a ranch house and get some flour. Well, I went down and told the lady that came to the door the predicament we were in, and asked if she would sell me a little flour. She gave me some flour and when I got back with the flour, my wife said, "did you get any baking powder?", and I told her "no". She said, "what's the good of the four. We never can eat it without baking powder in it?" But I told her not to worry, that I would take care of that. So I put a large bake oven full of meat and potatoes on the fire, mixed up a pan full of dough, and about the time they were done, I spread a layer of dough over them, put the lid back on and finished cooking them. Lifted off the lid and called supper. No one seemed to know whether the bread had baking powder in it or not. We all devoured it. Especially when it was piping hot with good old butter on it. My wife often tells me how wonderful that bread tasted that night. If you never have tried it, try it sometime. I had often tried it before that night. It will surprise you.

We used to go over to swains creek quite often. The road was so bad, that we had to ride on the side of the wagon to stop it from tipping over. I remember once I hauled a load of bucks over to Strawberry Creek, and on the way over, I had to go up the steep hill out of Swains Creek, and I got stuck with the load. In trying to get out, the horses let the wagon roll back, and it rolled over and down the hill, then tipped all the rams out. So I had to get on the horse and drive them on over to Strawberry, and ride back home. Then come back over the next day and get the wagon out and take it home.

For a while, Mother went to the Ranch with Father to stay through the Summer months. She took all the small children with her. She camped in a tent. She told him if he wanted her to go to the Ranch every summer, he would have to build her a house to live in. so he started to build her a log cabin in Ikes Valley He got all the logs up and ready for the roof that fall. Before the next

spring, the Government put all the land into Forest Reserve, and he only owned a 40 acre piece over there, so we had to move off and leave it. the next spring he took up a homestead in Seamon Canyon, and built a 2 room lumber shack to live in and mother lived there for a few years. Father planted about 40 acres of grain that fall, and then next summer it grew very thick, and as high as a mans head, but it failed to ripen before fall so he cut it for hay. He only planted it one year, as the sheep took most of his time. Mother had some pretty rough going. The Brooksbys weren't as rich as most people thought they were. I can assure you, for we all had to work hard for what we got. We always had plenty to eat and wear, but none to throw away. Father taught me while a mere boy in Australia. The only real licking he ever gave me was when Mother had made some real nice pies for supper, and I threw my pie crusts under the table, while I was eating my supper. Early the next morning I got out of my bed and went running to get into bed along side of Mother, when to my great supprise, Father got out of bed and took me by the arm, pulled me out of bed, and with his leather belt in one hand, he commenced laying that strap across my bottom in pretty severe licks. He kept saying, "Will you throw your pie crusts under the table again?" Of course, I kept saying "No! No!" and I for one, certainly never did. An from then on I really did like pie crusts.

Mother did no go to the Ranch many summers, as we boys soon were all old enough to herd sheep. But she was always willing to go with father when she thought it was better for us children. We boys seemed to like to be with the sheep. We always had 22 rifles, and plenty of bullets to shoot at rabbits, ducks, sage hens and deer once in a while. Father and Mother seemed to realize that it was cheaper to furnish us with cartridges than it would be to waste our money on tobacco and whiskey, which they always warned us against in our childhood. How well I remember when I was beginning to go out with the girls a little. One night when I had taken a girl to the dance, and Willie Judd was taking my sister Eliza, Willie got me to go with him up to Lee Browns saloon and get 3 or 4 bottles of laager beer and bring back to drink with the girls. I did not know that laager beer would make you drunk, so when we got back to the girls, Willie said "where shall we go to drink it?" and I said lets go over to Mothers, which we did. When we got through, we went back to the dance, leaving the empty bottles on the table. I was innocent as to what harm we had done, and it was really the best lesson I ever got along that line from my mother, for I just would not do anything to hurt my mother if I only knew. Well, the next morning, Eliza was up before me, and I could hear Mother scolding Eliza foe what she had done, so I knew what was coming. I soon began to know that I had hurt my mother, so I piled out of bed and went down stairs to where mother was. She was ready for me, and I knew it. She lit in on my, and I don't know all she said, but I knew she was hurt. She told me plenty, and it was what I needed for not knowing better. Some of the words I will never forget - that if I wanted to bring grey hairs of sorrow to the grave, just keep that up, and I certainly would do it. Those words went home to me, and I can assure you that it never happened again. If a few more mothers would take that stand now, probably they would save themselves may a heartache.

I know that I have made some blunders in this life, but they have been stepping stones for me. After we were married, Hermoine's brother, Glen, used to like to go hunting with me, so one night, after school, he coaxed me to go hunting. I took the shot gun, and we hit out for the reservoir below town. It was about empty, and just as we were going along under the dam, up flew 8 geese. I watched them take off, and they circled around and started towards Fredonia. They flew about half way up and lit in a lucerne field, so we went right after them. When we began to think we were getting close to them, I crawled up on a high post and saw them feeding quite close to the water ditch up in the field. So we crawled up in the ditch, which happened to be dry, until we were about 40 yards from them. They were all sitting in a huddle, as it was cold and windy. there we were out of the wind. I had a good Remington 12 gauge pump gun fully loaded, so I leveled down and fired. I stopped 2 the first shot, and in a second or two I was ready again just as they were taking off, and I fired. Down came another. I jerked the pump lever, and fired again, and down came another. As the wind was in my favor, I loaded again and fired. Down came one more. I began to think I had enough, so I lowered my gun and quit firing. I do believe that if I had fired again, I could have had another bird, although they were getting a long way off.

But I did get 5 lovely geese, which was about a load for both of us to carry home. We were surely thrilled, and so were the folks.

My Mother always tried to set us kids a good example and tried to warn us against the dangers in life. She always warned us against playing cards. That is, the Ace, King, Queen, and Jack cards. She also warned us against drinking. She said that cards was a devils game, and lot of men, when they got to playing cards and gambling and drinking, and lost a lot of money they would get mad at each other and then get to shooting. They said many a man had been shot in a card game, and for us boys to leave it alone. I for one never wanted to play cards. I knew my mother knew best, and I am proud to think we never had them in our home. It had paid us well for leaving them alone, for I have learned later that mother was right when she said that they were the devils workshop.

When Bud first started to take Hermoine out, and he was to our house on night, we were sitting around the table after dinner, wanting something to pass the time with. Bud reached in his pocket and pulled out a deck of cards, little realizing that there was any harm. Just as soon as I discovered what he had laid on the table, I just got up from my chair, walked over to the table, picked up the cards handed them to Bud, and politely said to him, "We never allow anyone to play those kind of cards in this house." Everyone was silent, and Bud took it like a gentleman, which I was thankful for. He never had been taught the danger in card playing, as I was. Since, he has always admired me in the stand I took that night, and I am thankful that I had the manhood enough to stand up for that which I knew to be right.

Looking back over the pages of history, I am glad that my Father had a testimony of the Gospel of Jesus Christ strong enough to push on and on, and was willing to sacrifice; leaving a good home and farm. I know that mother had to put up with a lot of real heartaches: leaving her daughter behind, probably never to see her again, and a lovely home of comfort to come and live in a little old lumber shack of a house, with just 2 rooms, never to have a nice home again. She did not even have a knowledge of the truthfulness of the Gospel. Often, I have shed tears for the sorrow and heartaches she had to endure. I know now that she had passed on the other side, and that there is a rich reward for her. A joy that cannot be surpassed. She made the sacrifice for her family. She was baptized in Australia with some of her family, Emily and Eliza. The others were too young. Isabell, Will and I were not baptized in Australia either. I don't know why Mother was baptized then, for Father and Mother quarreled continually over religion, but when Father died, Mother went to the St. George temple and was sealed to Father for time and all eternity with some of the children. I acted as proxy for Father.

When we first got our sheep and took them to the Ranch, Mother went up there for the summer and lived in a tent in Roundy Canyon along side of highway 89 and the old Cutler fields. Mother used to send us boys over to Castle Canyon to get a 10 or 15 pound cheese from Sister Hoits. The next year Father decided to build a place in Ides Valley where there was a spring of water. He decided to build a log house. He cut the logs and built it up to the square, but did not get to finish it, as the Government decided to put all the range into Forest Reserve. But just before it went into reserve, A.D. Finley went to Salt Lake City, and bought nearly all the land on the Divide in Taylor, Roundy Canyon, in Birch and on the Trough Spring Bench, and some in the head of Seamon Canyon, which cut us out of Ikes Valley. Then Father went to Salt Lake and bought all that was left in Seamon Canyon in Birch and around Gravel Ranch, then he bought the Gravel Ranch from Oscar Levanger. I purchased a homestead from Lem Wilkerson for \$500.00. The place where our old Rand house now stands.

While Father was cutting the logs for the log house in Ikes Valley, he was very nearly killed while falling a tree. Just as the tree started to fall, he stepped back, thinking the tree was falling away from him. But when he looked up, the tree was coming straight for him. He jumped just in time for the tree to miss him. If he had failed to look up just then, the tree would have crushed him underneath it.

Father then decided to build a house in Seamon Canyon. He got some lumber from the mill, cut 3 logs for the foundation, and built a rock fireplace on the South end to keep us warm. But he was no carpenter, and all he had was a saw and hammer. The funny thing was, that when he got

it built, and hung the front door in the inside, and tried to open it, the building was out of square. The door would not open, so he had to saw off about 6 inch off the door on side to get it to open. It always stayed that way.

He also built a log stable to keep his horses in. He put some logs over the ceiling with some lumber to hold the hay and then some more logs on the outside for a barn to hold the hay. Then he put a lumber roof on top. In the Fall, he plowed up about 40 acres of land and planted it into wheat. The next spring he built a log fence around it to keep out the sheep and cattle. The next year the grain grew so high it failed to ripen, so he cut it for hay, and stacked most of it in the barn. He only framed it one year, as the sheep took too much of his time. Mother only lived there a few summers.

Not long after we went to the Ranch, and we began to know the country around there, Father decided he had better buy up some of the springs around there. So he hired Alvin Porter to survey the forties that had the springs on them. One down on Swains Creek, one on the Roundy Canyon spring; one in Ikes Valley spring and one in Seamon Canyon. But when A.D. Finley purchased the land around there, he found out that Porter had missed all the springs with his survey, so the land did not do us any good. He was awfully disappointed.

The land that we bought from the state did help out. It cost \$2.50 an acre. We had to pay 25 (cents) down, and 25 cents and year til paid for, so that was an awfully good buy!

I also purchase about 12 hundred acres around my homestead at the same price. It was too bad we did not buy a lot more, buy money was pretty scarce in those days, so we had to go pretty careful.

MY COURTSHIP AND AFTER MY MARRIAGE

I had chased around with most of the young girls in Fredonia in my young days until I was about 24 years old, when I decided it was time for me to start looking for a companion. I had my eye on a young girl, Hermoine Pratt, for a long time, and I had decided to take her the first tie I got a good chance. I was up to a party to Ella Brown's one night, and I expected to take her home, but Tom Lamb beat me to her, and I got disappointed. The next time, I was in town they were having a party down to Rebecca Chrch's. Again, I had my mind on taking her home, but just before the party broke up, her mother came for her, so I did not dare to try that night. Scared of Mother I suppose!

I had been out of town for about 3 months, and had 3 months growth of long red whiskers. I was just coming from the herd and was driving in the gate when I looked across the street and on the relief Society steps, there she was with Minnie Lamb. My heart went in my mouth. I drove in and put the team up, went in and had supper, and dolled all up. I heard some girls over on the Relief Society steps laughing and talking, so I went over and joined the crowd. Hermoine was there, so we fooled around for an hour or two til it was time to go home. Minnie Lamb and Hermoine started off together, and I immediately stepped up between them and took hold of Hermoines arm and asked her if I could walk home with her, and she said yes. Then Tom Lamb spoke up and said, "Hi Joe, I was just going to take her" I said, "It's just too bad for you." Then George Cutler stepped up and took hold of Minnie Lamb's arm and took her home. I walked home with her and took her to the door and we stood there for a few minutes chatting, then I said "Good night." This was the starting of our 2 year courtship which lead up to our marriage December 6, 1910.

She told me later that when she saw me drive in our lot, she said to Minnie, "Let's catch us a beau tonight." Minie said, "who shall we catch." and she said, "You catch George Cutler, you have been wanting to go with him for a long time, and I will catch Joe Brooksby," and they both went laughing down the street. They did not know it would happen just that way. I guess she fell for my long red whiskers.

Well, I took her steady after that every time I came to town, in all our 2 years, we had only 2 little Play-outs.

Once I sent word in my Tom Lamb that I would be in that night from the Buckskin Mountain, as we had a bunch of lambing ewes out there. I would be in to take her to the dance that night. I was late in getting in, and when I did not get there by the time the dance started, her Father

made her go to the dance without me. He told her that if a fellow did not think enough of a girl to come on time, he was not worth waiting for, so he made her go. When I called for her and she was gone, I supposed she had left on purpose so as to get away from me. I jumped at the conclusion too soon. I went to the dance, and she was there dancing, so I went and got another partner and went on dancing. I danced with all the other girls and she danced with the other boys. Neither one went to the other to see what was the matter 'til they started to play the home sweet home waltz, and I saw that she had no other partner, so I walked over to her and took her by the arm and asked if I could have the dance. We danced the dance and I took her home, then I found out why she did not wait for me before the dance. I was very sorry it had happened.

The only other time we had a little split was one night when I went down to see her. I suppose Orin Judd decided to see if he could split us up, so he went down to her place before I got there, and he was there fooling around with her when I arrived. We went out on the hammock under the tree in the corner of the lot, and we sat there talking for quite a while. When all of a sudden, Orin came up missing. When he did not come back, she commenced saying "I wonder where Orin went". It seemed to me that she was more interested in Orin than she was of me, so I took the hint, as I guessed, and got up and said "good night." I told her that I would see her in Kanab tomorrow night. I went home feeling awfully sad, thinking that it would be all over between us. Another time I guess I got jealous, and jumped at conclusions. She said she had a good cry after I left, and just could not see why I had left her, and I am sure that my pillow wasn't very dry that night. The next afternoon, a bunch of us boys saddled up our horses, and rode up to the dance in Kanab that night. Orin was in the bunch. He said to me that I had better go back and get my girl, and I told him probably he had better go himself. So he rode on and went to the dance, but Hermoine did not show up at the dance. I did not take her for about a week or more or neither did Orin. She told me later that she would have gone with anyone that had asked her that night to go to that dance she was so angry with me, and I could not have blamed her.

Shortly after, it was Stake conference in Kanab, so Father hooked up the team to the wagon, and we all piled in and we all went to meeting. On our way back in the afternoon, as we were driving down the Kanab lane, we caught up with 2 Kanab girls walking down the lane, and they said that they were going to Fredonia, so Father told them to get in, and he would take them down. It was Hat Ford and Hat Riggs. They were both smitten with Hade Church. They went straight to Hermoines home, as they were sued to going to Brother Pratt's place every time they went to Fredonia. I took them down there in the wagon, and told them that I would find them a way to get back. I hunted up Hade, and we went and hooked up Father's horses to the buggy, and we drove down to Pratt's where they were. The tow girls came out along with Hermoine to the buggy and the two girls piled in along side of Hade, and I jumped out and Hade drove off, leaving Hermoine and I standing there. I turned and started talking to her, and we both walked over to the hammock together and sat down. I think we were both glad we were together again. I know that I certainly was. That was our last split-up.

Only two in two years and that was plenty for me. I knew that I had the best girl in the world, and I certainly played my cards pretty careful form then on. I never again jumped to conclusions any more. We had some good times together after that, for those two split ups seemed to bring us closer together.

Not long after that, I asked her if she would go with me over to Panguitch Lake to the 24th of July celebration, and she said that she would. We arranged to go, and Mildred wanted to go with us. She arranged with Raymond Hodges, a boy from Beaver whom she had been going with, to meet us in Panguitch, and we would all go up to the lake together. Then after the celebration, we would go on over to Beaver together where Raymond lived.

Just before the 24th, I went down from the Ranch and got the team and buggy, then went down and got Hermoine and Mildred, and we drove to the Ranch the first day. We went past Orderville and up Glendale Canyon and got to the Ranch just before night. When they saw Father's Ranch house they could not believe it was really our house, for looked to them that it was more like a chicken coop than a house. Hermoine was really disappointed. It's a wonder that she did not say "Joe take me back home, I have had enough." But she did not. I will admit, it did look more

like a chicken coop than a home, but it was just a summer camp. Everybody thought the Brooksby's were rich, so it must have been a disappointment to her. We stayed there that night and Mother fixed a nice supper for us, and a good bed. The next morning, we were all happy to be up in the good old fresh mountain air. It would really make anyone feel good, after coming away from the hot sun in Fredonia. The next morning, we hit out for Panguitch and arrived there a while before night. Raymond was there to meet us, which thrilled Mildred. We stayed in Panguitch that night, and hit out for Panguitch Lake the next morning. We arrived there early in the afternoon, and as there was no place to stay, we had to pitch our tent and made our beds to sleep in. We took in the celebration the next day. While there, we hired a boat to go out on the lake. While on the lake, Raymond and I began to rock the boat quite hard to scare the girls. Which afterwards, I realized was a very foolish thing to do, as the lake was very deep and neither of the girls could swim at all, and I could swim but very little. We could have all been drowned if the boat had tipped over. We did not realize the danger we were taking.

The next morning Raymond and I got up early and went out on the lake to fish, while the girls were in bed. We wanted to get some fish for breakfast. We fished for a while, but could not catch anything, so we rowed over to where we could see a man catching fish, and we asked him if he would sell us a few fish, and he said that he could, so we bought them and went back to shore. We told the girls that we had caught them, and we had them for breakfast. They were surely good, and the girls never knew any difference for a long time.

We went back to Panguitch and stayed that night, and the next day we drove over to Ramonds home in Beaver.

We stayed there a few days, then Mildred, Hermoine and I drove back to Panguitch and stayed that night. Early the next morning Raymond called Mildred on the phone and coaxed her to come back, so we took her back to Ortons about 6 miles north of Panguitch, and she caught the mail and went back. We turned around and rode back to the Ranch that night. We did not leave the Ranch the next morning very early for home, as I had expected to stay in Orderville that night, and drive home the next day, but when we got to Orderville, Hermoine wanted to drive on home. I told her it would be pretty late when we got there, but she still wanted to go, so we went on. But by the time we got on the Mount Carmel sand, it got dark, and stormy and it was so dark I just could not see the road at all, so I told her that we would just have to stop on the sand till morning. I pulled to the side of the road, and unhooked the horses and fed them a little hay, and we huddled up in the buggy till daybreak. Then I hooked up the horses and we drove on home. The next day I had to go back to the Ranch and take care of the sheep, but we kept the letters going pretty fast from then on. Also, I used to ride down quite often to see her.

On the 18 of September 1910, we went to Kanab to a dance in the white top buggy, and coming home from the dance that night we were sitting close together and I had the lines tied to the brake lever, and the horses were driving themselves taking all the time they wanted. I said to her that I wanted to ask her a question, which aroused her curiosity, and she insisted on knowing what it was. I think she had a hunch what it was, for I think she could have asked it for me, but she just wanted me to say the word. So I said "Will you be my Bride," to which she answered "Yes" and that was it. The die was cast, which has now stuck for 50 years. I then took her in my arms and kissed her for the first time in all our courtship.

The next day I ordered the engagement and wedding ring and told her to set the date for the wedding. She then wanted to know when I thought I could get away from the herd, and I told her about the first of December. So when I went to see her the next time, she said we would get married the 6th of December, 1910, so we arranged for that date.

We went to Kanab with her mother to get our marriage license from the County Clerk, Fuller Broadbent, for \$2.00. Her Mother made her wedding dress, as she was a real good dress maker. It was a white satin with a bridal veil, and we bought the orange blossoms.

We were married in the front room of her Father's home (Lorum Pratt) at 3 'o'clock in the afternoon, by William Segmiller, Stake President. Lunch was served after the wedding at her home. We had the dance in the old School House. Willard Ford played the fiddle and Johnnie Brown played the banjo, and a Kanab girl played the organ, I don't know her name.

We slipped away from the dance a while after midnight when no one was looking, so we would not get chivereed. We ran over to mothers, then on down through the lot to her mothers. We had to crawl through the barbed wire fence, and she had to be very careful not to get torn on the barbs, but we made it all right. We went in to her mothers and go her night clothes, then on to the little old log cabin that I had purchased from Willie Judd just a little while before. We had fixed it up the week before all nice and comfortable, and had it all ready for the newly weds. We hurried and got into bed just as quick as we could for we knew that they would be after us just as soon as they missed us at the dance. We soon heard a bunch of boys coming singing down our way, but it was all dark, and they did not think we were there, so they went past singing the little old log cabin in the lane. We lay there just scared that they would come, buy they passed on by. Her brother, Lorum, was in the bunch, and the next morning, Lorum said to his mother, "Where did Joe and Herma stay last night," and she said "down to their place." He was surely surprised, and he said "Lucky for them that we didn't know!"

We were married on Tuesday, and when we got ready to go to the St. George Temple the next Monday, we arranged with Willie Judd to take us down, as he and Eliza wanted to go down and go through the Temple. So Monday morning, early, we left in the white top buggy. We went out past Pipe Spring, out over the Cedar Ridge, and down to Antelope for the night. We stayed there that night, and had to sleep on the ground that night, but the weather was good, and the next morning, we went down the Hurricane Hill, through the devils cut on the hill. We had our picture taken going down the hill. Then down the Fort Pierce wash and on into St. George that night. We were up early the next morning, and went through the temple that day, and were sealed and married for time and all eternity. And so were my sister Eliza and Willie Judd, and they were married and sealed for time and all eternity, and they had their children sealed to them the same day. It was a wonderful sight to kneel before the alter, to be married and sealed together.

The next morning, Willie and Eliza left for home, and we took the Stage Coach at 4 o'clock in the morning for Modena, to the Railroad Station where we were to take the train for Los Angeles, to where my sister Emily Watson lived.

It was a bitter cold day. The frost hung on the bushes all day long, and it was cold and windy. There were 4 other men on the stage with us. We had a blanket over our laps, and I was afraid my wife would freeze, but she seemed to stand the cold better than us men did.

We got to Modena, about sundown, and were surely glad to get inside and to get a good hot supper and crawl into bed.

We were out early the next morning, and got our breakfast then took the train for Los Angeles. I had phoned Emily to meet us at the depot when the train arrived. She was there to meet us, and we took the street car for her home, where we stayed for 2 or 3 weeks taking in the sights.

My wife really seemed to enjoy the big city of Los Angeles, and the ocean beach.

My sister Emily, my wife and I went down to the beach on day, and we walked out on one of the piers. I got interested in watching a fisherman catch some fish, and Emily coaxed my wife to slip away down pier and hide in a small shack, as she was quite a tease. When I discovered they were gone, I took off down the pier. I suppose that I was doing some pretty tall old thinking, but I knew Emily pretty well, so I kept my eyes peeled on the lookout. When I got to the little cabin on the pier, the both stepped out, laughing at me.

We also went to the roller skating rink one night, and we all put on skates. It was the first time for my wife and me. Emily knew how to skate, but it was all new to us, and we certainly cut some didoes, and took some awful falls. My wife slipped and fell under the inside railing. There was a man right behind her who was a good skater, and he stopped to help her up. I was quite a way behind her, and when I came past and I saw him helping her up, I skated right past them and did not stop. My wife said that I sure got jealous. She said the least I could have done was to stop and help her. Well, I had all I could do to help myself and stay on my own feet! I just could not help anyone, even if it was my own newly wed! But she never seemed to forget it, and neither did I.

We took the sightseeing car around Los Angeles one day. We had the front seat along with the driver, so we got to see it all. It was one of the first auto cars in L.A. It carried about 12

passengers. There were no autos then, it was all street car travel. It was also about the first time they were trying out airplanes. And we went out to the airfield close by, and watched the airplanes fly around. It was the day before Hoxie crashed, and was killed. If we had been a day later we may have seen him crash. He was considered one of their best fliers. We took some pictures of them in the air. They were all one-passenger planes. There were no movies to go to, but we took in some very good theaters, which was then all the go for evening entertainment. My brother John was there staying with Emily, going to school, but he could only go with us on Saturday.

We stayed there until we thought we had seen nearly all the main sights, and then I went down to the steamboat depot, and purchased 2 tickets to San Francisco, on the steam boat, where my sister Amy Hutchins lived. She lived in Richmond just across the bay from San Francisco. I wanted to let my wife have an ocean ride while on our honeymoon. I was not acquainted in buying tickets, in the difference between an ocean liner, and a freight vessel that also took passengers I got stuck with a ticket on a freighter which took twice as long to make the trip, and was twice as rough. Well, we took the ship about sundown, stood around on the deck chatting with the passengers on board while the ship was pulling out of the harbor, little realizing what we were soon to experience.

There was an old lady on board that said she would not get sick as she had been on board and had never been sea sick. So the sailors bet her a dime that she would. All went fine while the ship was pulling out of the break waters, 'til it hit the open sea, and then the picture soon changed, for the old ship was only half loaded, and it bounced around on the water like a cork. If it had been a regular ocean liner, it would have cut through the water a lot nicer and would have been better and traveled faster. I think I lasted about 2 minutes, and then made a dash for the railing to get rid of my dinner. If it had stopped with my dinner I may have been all right, but no. I got rid of all I had eaten for a month, or it seemed like I did.

Then I tried to heave up my toes. My wife did not seem to get sick, but she got awfully frightened. She was afraid the ship was going to sink, the way it went up and down on the water. Well I lost all track of her, and staggered back into the rear of the ship, and lay down in a bunch of coiled up ropes. I think I would have heaved a sigh of relief if it had gone to the bottom of the ocean, for I was deathly sick. A funny Honeymoon!

The sailors saw my wife all alone, and just a young girl, and knew she was in trouble, so they helped her down to her bunk downstairs. She told them to go and find her husband, and bring him down to her. They went up on deck and looked for me, and could not find me, so they went and told her and she was afraid, so she told them that they would just have to go and find me. They could see that they would just have to try and find me, so they went back and searched the deck, and finally found me lying among the ropes in the back of the deck. They told me that my wife was afraid, and that she wanted me. They told me where she was, and I told them to go and tell her that I was all right, and would be down in a little while, which they did. I lay there a little longer and I decided I would just have to go to her, so I jumped up, and made dash downstairs to my wife. She was in a top bunk, so I flopped over on the bottom bunk and there I lay flat on my back. I finally managed to get my shoes and tie off, and there I lay not daring to move till about 10 o'clock the next morning, then the ship pulled into Port Hartford, about halfway there where they were to load on more freight. So we both got off the ship, and I went into the office to see if I could catch a train the rest of the way. They told us that we would have to wait till noon the next day, and we would have to walk about 1/2 mile out to the depot. I got a room in the hotel, and we said good bye to that ship and the balance of our ticket. I had had plenty of that joyful ride, and I swore never again. I think my wife was ready to go along with me in my decision. I don't think it took much to feed me the rest of the day, for I laid on the bed all the afternoon and that night. The hotel was built right out on the edge of the ocean, and the bed seemed to be going round and round all night long. So was the ceiling. It did not seem to bother my wife as it did me.

In regards to the old lady that made the bet with the sailor; My wife said she stood there for about 15 minutes and then made a dash for the railing to feed the fish, so she lost her bet. She said

that she had made this same trip 15 times before and never was sick, so the sea must have been terribly rough that night. My wife did not get sea sick, but she got terribly frightened, and was afraid the ship would sink. And for a while, I was afraid it wouldn't!! Some experience never to be forgotten. The next day we walked out to the railroad station and took the train for San Francisco. I phoned my sister, Amy Hutchens, to meet us at the station that night instead of at the ocean harbor, which she did.

We will never forget, as the train was approaching San Francisco in the night, seeing the thousands of lights over the city. It looked like the stars in the sky. It was quite a sight for my wife who had never been out of Fredonia before. My sister Amy, lived in Richmond, so we had to cross the bay on the ferry boat over to Oakland, and then on the street car to Richmond to her home. It was about midnight when we arrived there. We stayed with them for about 2 weeks, and took in all the sights around there. It was right after the big San Francisco earthquake, and lots of the streets were torn up, and some of the sidewalks, and a lot of buildings. There were whole city blocks that all houses were level to the ground. The buildings were completely demolished. It was quite a sight.

I remember we went to a Vaudville one night with Amy and Bert, and in one of the acts they chopped off a man's head with an axe on a chopping block. It looks so real, that Amy jumped right up and squealed. So did a lot of others in the audience, when his head went rolling across the floor with the blood running out of it. It looked so real, that it would put the cold chills into most any one.

We took a good many rides on the Ferry boat while there. My sister's husband worked for the railroad. They had 3 children, quite small. After we had a good visit, we took the train back to L.A. and then on to Lund, Utah. Then the stage back to St. George, then hired a man with a light buggy to take us to Fredonia. Home Again!!

When my wife got in sight of Fredonia, she was surely thrilled to see the little old town again. It still looked good to her. But we did have a wonderful trip, something never to be forgotten. We arrived home the 12th of February, 1911. Well, we were married, have raised 8 children - 4 boys and 4 girls - raised them all to manhood and womanhood and lived Happily ever Afterwards.

THE END OF OUR HONEYMOON

After the honeymoon I was only in town a few days before I had to go to the herd again, and I did not get back in town for about 3 months. I suppose my wife thought she had lost me, but in those days when we went to the herd, we had to stay for there were no autos, and it took about 2 days to get home in the wagon. My wife knew the day I would be home, and she walked clear down on the Bench to meet me, and just got back home when I came riding up to the gate. If she had waited a little longer she would have met me. We were surely glad to see each other, thought I could not stay many days, as we were moving our sheep in to shear them before we went to the Ranch. WE moved the sheep up to the Ranch about May 1 every year to lamb.

I took my wife up to the Ranch every Summer, and we took Olva Segmiller up with us to stay with Hermoine while I was off with the sheep, as I did not like to leave her alone up to the old house in Seamon Canyon. WE lived in the old house up in Seamon Canyon, where Mother first stayed, as they did not stay there any more.

We surely did enjoy the summers together. We stayed there while we were building our Ranch house down by the highway.

It was quite unhandy for drinking water, for sometimes, the water never got down to the house, and we had to take the little red wagon, but a 5 gallon keg in it, and go up to the spring and drag it down by hand. My wife often had to go for it, which she has never forgotten.

When we were first married, there was no culinary water in Fredonia. We had to dip the water out of the irrigation ditch early in the morning before the range cattle came in above town to water. It tasted pretty cowie sometimes, but it was fattening I suppose. All the houses in Fredonia were made up of one-inch boards nailed up and down on the outside with four-inch battens nailed over the cracks to keep the wind and rain out. They were papered on the inside with newspapers. Most all of them had a fireplace, and a kitchen stove. They only had 2 or 3 rooms. The first house built in Fredonia with rustic siding on the outside was built by Martin

Cutler. I remember, they built it while I was going to school. It was the best house in town then. It is the old Relief Society Building now standing on the South East Corner of the church lot. It used to take us two days to move up to the Ranch for the Summer. We used to pile all our bedding, clothes, supplies and belongings into the covered wagon and early in the morning, off we would head for the Ranch for the summer. The first day we would reach Joel Johnsons, unhook the team, make a camp fire and cook supper. Then make our beds down on the ground and pile in for the night. Up early the next morning and head for the Ranch, which took all day. As we had a cook stove and beds, tables, and chairs, all we had to do was to sweep the house out, and make the beds down, cook a little supper and pile in for the night. The next day, it was quite a chore cleaning up the house and getting straightened around for a long summers nap up in the good old mountain air. We kept this up for about 20 years. We generally took our milk cows and chickens and sometimes pigs up with us, and we always planted a little garden which all came in handy, especially when we began to get a bunch of kids.

My counsel and advise to my children

I am wondering if a few words and counsel from your Father may be accepted in the spirit it is given. Not that any of you are drifting away, but in the mad rush for money and greed in the world today, one can easily fall.

When you were all young and your dear Mother and Father could tuck you down in bed, and heal your aches and pains through the day, you were pretty safe. Now, to our joy and satisfaction, you are all married, and gone from the guiding hand of Mother and Father. Our counsel and advise may be helpful. No Father or Mother could be more proud than we are to see you all grown to manhood and womanhood as clean as you all are. And we want you to still have the wisdom to remain the same. The good Lord has not blessed us with much money, and we have always had to earn it. But one thing I can say, is that all the wealth in the world could not buy any one of you. I have no special favorite, you are all the best. Now that you are away, and I only see you very seldom, just let me give still a voice of warning for your own joy and happiness if you will only follow it.

First and foremost is Prayer. How well can I remember the first morning after our marriage, when breakfast was all ready, your darling Mother looked at me and said, "are we going to have family prayer.?" Boys and girls, those few words have meant everything to me. Well, I had always prayed out on the hills, but never before in public. We knelt down, and I offered up a prayer to God, thanking Him for all and asking Him to protect us through the day, and help us to keep his commandments. From then on, we have all taken our turns, as you all know. And we have never let a day go by, without asking for His protection. Now I do hope that you are following in the footsteps and example we have set you.

Just take the time to gather the family around you once a day, in the morning if possible, kneel down, and in just a few short sincere humble words, from the very bottom of your soul, pour out your needs to God. He will surely hear you. Your thoughts will be lighter and your work brighter all day. It's no use to kneel down and rattle for a few words in a sing-song mood and expect God to answer. Those sing-song words will never leave the room. Also teach your children to pray, not just rattle a sing-song prayer. God hears the humblest child's prayer, when taught the sincerity of it. Many is the time when your Father all alone out on the hills, knowing that your Mother and you children at home alone at night may need a father, has knelt down along side hid bed and ask God to protect you all, and keep you safe, only to rise with tears running down his cheeks, knowing God would hear his humble petition. **DON'T BE AFRAID TO PRAY!**

Second: The Lord has given us the key to success in life, and that is the Ten Commandments, and the Word of Wisdom. They are worth their weight in gold to follow. But one of these commandments is the most widely broken in our mad rush for money. "Remember the Sabbath Day, and keep it Holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, but the seventh is the Sabbath, and thou shalt do no manner of work, neither thy son nor thy daughter..."

I do hope and pray that my boys and girls will do everything in their power to keep from working all day Sunday, or a part of it. I know you will not get rich, but if you keep His commandments your children will not drift away from you.

On the Sabbath, teach them the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Nothing is more pleasing in the home, than for Father on the Sabbath day to change his work clothes, gather Mother and the children together and say, "Come, let's go to Sunday School." Religion in a growing child's life goes a long way in keeping clean, virtuous, kind and honest. This is true religion. What Mother and Father is there, that doesn't want their child to grow up clean and well respected, instead of a low down thief, gambler and drunkard.

It is worth the price. It surely has paid good dividends in our home to remember the Sabbath. Dad does not get up Sunday morning, and say, "Well, boys, the hay is ready to cut. Get the mower ready." Or, "How about going fishing, hunting, or to a big ball game, or a horse race today." If you allow these things to enter your home, you are inviting unwanted mountains of trouble into the home. Be on your guard and don't do it. Your Dad and Mother have spent days and hours working in different organizations of the Church, that you would grow to womanhood and Manhood, trained in the Gospel of Jesus Christ, for which we feel well paid. It has been worth it all, and a thousand times over to look at you all. No Mother and Father ever born, is prouder than yours of their sons and daughters. The reason why I express this so earnestly is I know the joy it will bring you be keeping this commandment, and the untold sorrow it will bring by breaking it. And in the world it is so easily broken. One more and I am through.

That is the law of Tithing, instituted in the L.D.S. Church. You have all been taught to pay your tithing for the cradle up, but money is hard to part with especially now, when there is always a thousand ways to spend it. But the Lord in His wisdom has given us the key to success. He has given us the promise if we pay an honest tithing, that He will open the windows of Heaven and pour out His blessings upon you, til there will not be room enough to receive it. What greater promise could be given us. Another thing. He said the Lord is bound, just as long as you do his will, but when you do not you have no promise. Let's take Him as His word. I know he means exactly what he said. Do you know that your Father was once in debt to the State Bank of Sevier for \$4,000.00 and had contracted the debt for years, until it had amounted to this enormous amount. But in all my endeavors, I got deeper in debt. Finally, I promised the Good Lord that if with His help, I could get our of debt, I would endeavor to pay an honest tithing form then on. This I continued to do. I did not seem to notice the debt for a year or two, but gradually the money began to come in to meet the debt, and within 4 years, the whole debt was fully paid, with 8% interest. Now I just cannot explain or tell you where the money came from, all I do know is that the Good Lord kept his promise. There is a law irrevocably decreed in the Heavens before the foundation of the world on which all blessings are predicated. And when we receive a blessing from the Lord, it is by obedience to the law on which it is predicated. Now boys and girls. If you will follow Gods Commandments, your lives will be one of joy and happiness, which I know we are all looking for in this life. I hope you will think seriously of your dear Dad's counsel and advise, as I will not be here to counsel you much longer. The one thing that will bring you Dad sorrow, would be to know that his children were continually breaking God's Commandments, and drifting away from the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I want to bear you my testimony that I know the Gospel of Jesus Christ is true, and that Joseph Smith was a true prophet of God. And that he did translate the Book of Mormon by the power of God. I leave my testimony with you, together with my counsel and advice in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Joseph Brooksby

A COLLECTION OF POEMS BY JOSEPH BROOKSBY

LIFES PATHWAY LIGHT

We vowed when we started this life when we wed,
We would certainly not raise any children to tuck into bed.
Life would be one of comfort and ease
Just to go and to come whenever we pleased.
With no children to tease and to worry and fuss,
No kids to leave the house all in a muss,
No one to work for only just you and me,
So life rolled along with the greatest of ease.

Only soon to discover that we were both growing old,
and it wouldn't be long till we were out in the cold.
So we began to wonder if life's duty we missed,
The patter of little feet, and our little darling nights kiss.
So we looked at each other in a cowardly way,
For in shirking life's mission we had nothing to say.
Has it brought joy, or has it brought pain,
For we never shall travel life's journey again.
We sit here so lonely, we sit her so sad,
And long for the children we once should have had.
But longing and wishing only gives us a pain,
for we never can harvest that blessing again.
No one to care for us now we are old,
No one to guard us through the winter's so cold
No daughters to cherish like mother so fair,
No boys to admire like Father so rare.
Now as we stand at the close of life's day,
And gaze back over all along life's lonely way,
When we leave this dear earth and return home to God,
He may answer and say you have earned no reward.
You failed in life's mission I sent you to do.
There's a far-off lonely star, just for you two.
We reap what we sew just as sure as can be,
God placed us on earth to be fruitful like He.

GOD CALLED FOR ONE

Come, Dry your tears my darling, God would not have it so.
He took your choicest blessing, He had to have him though.
God sent him to you Mother, a mission to fulfill,
He never shirked his duty, he filled that mission well.
And from the very cradle, you learned to love him so
I know it brought deep sorrow, to have to have him go.
And as he grew to manhood, and you watched him come and go,
And if you ever were in trouble, he was the first to know.
You cannot help but miss him, he was ever in your care
And when trouble came upon him, you rushed with help to share.
So won't you Mother darling, now you know he had to go,
That he left you clean and perfect, find comfort just to know.
God overrules His children, He gave them to us here.
Let's be patient in His doing. He is watching everywhere
And when He takes them from us, to that mansion up above,
Let's be patient and forgiving. He'll fill our hearts with love.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT

I give to you this little gift, I would like to make it more
You have shone like the stars of Bethlehem, these forty years
or more
I love you, dear, with all my heart. No words can express
The joy of life you have brought to me, to comfort and caress
Don't put them high upon the shelf, that isn't what they're for
They're made to use from day to day, that's what I give them for
And as in use from day to day, you break them one by one
They're only but a bit of clay, they will bring you joy and fun.
And when but only two are left, in forty years of more,
Our life like these, is nearly run, the gold will shine as pure

So keep them down where you can see their brightness to adore,
It will made you happy as can be, and I'll love you more and more.

NO BABE IN THE CRADLE

Now who is the cause of this trouble. Gods rath hangs heavy today.
Loosing purity, virtue and honor, many a one going astray.
Husbands and wives, are you doing right be each other today?
Your future depends on this moment, the traces you leave on your way.
Now young wives, I pray you take warning, your husbands aren't
always to blame
You deprive him the joy he was longing, that sorrow cused
rath and complain.
Have you proved the wife that he longed for, could he trust you out
of his sight?
And because of no children to lead you, love dwindled and started
it's flight.
In that home there was something lacking, when your husband came
home tired at night
'Twas the patter of feet and the soft hand he longed to hear
night after night
No babe in the cradle to cherish, and his wife from her visit forgot
Loves greeting - a kiss and devotion, and his patience he would
loose on the spot.
That gift so precious from heaven, His wife was not willing to bear
It would deprive her of silks and of satins, and of riches and
vanity fair
But the heart of that husband was aching, when in the arms of
his wife he did see
A poodle dog she had been buying, a decoy for a baby to be.
Dogs are all right in their places, but not a babes place to compare
Their place is out in the kennel, in her arms let a baby rest there
Is this the commandment God gave you? Does He smile in the
Heavens above
God with his vengeance hangs o'er you, and will flash from the
sword like a dove.
From the earth and the green fields He'll gather, the wheat from
the midst of the tears
Young wives, I pray you take warning, young husbands, this
grief is sincere
For maybe this grief you did cause sir, your confidence she lost
left it's sear
When first wedded, you made many a promise, and those vows you
did not fulfill
Her life was soon broken and shattered, by a man's stubborn
will
You drank and you smoked and you gambled, you played cards all
through the night
You lost all your money and sense sir, then staggered back home
to her sight
That soft heart of your wife was rent sir, future happiness
vanished from sight
Pray, who do you think was to blame sir, for the fall of that
woman that night?
Man was placed here on earth as a ruler, she to him as a helpmate

through life.

That precious gift stolen and squandered, which ruined God's
chosen for life.

Remember God's angels are watching, the pathway of two now so
bright

If man now fails in his duty, God's judgments are sure to be
right

That gift you had longed for, she would have given, if the
burden you would have helped her to bear,

By your loving affection devotion. It would have given
courage, not despair.

LOVE'S MESSAGE

Those lips are just as sweet to me, those eyes are just as bright
As on the day you pledged to me, you would be mine all through life

That hand is just as dear to me, as on the day we clasped
Before the Alter of our God, a companion through life's blast.

My sorrows and my joys you have shared, my life you have made
complete.

Did you realize in the days to come, the troubles we would have
to meet?

Since then, the days have glided by, and the years have come
and gone.

It seems as but a week to me, since the bridal veil you wore.

And while I sit alone today and thinking of you dear,

Do I regret the years that past our wedding day so dear

Not for one moment do I regret, nor wish to be set free.

For the joys of life you have been to me, you are all the world
to me.

You have brought to me all happiness, and my troubles you have
shared.

What more could I but ask of you, of a wife so pure and fair.

I ask God's hand to guide you, as o'er these hills I roam,

A Father's pride of boys and girls, to cherish while alone.

I only hope the future brings, our path way just as bright

When God feels fit to claim his own, in Heaven you will be my
light.

THE SHEPHERDS CAMP

Last night, as I reached the shepherds camp, all alone on
the mountain side,

Where the air was fresh and the hills were green, and tall
pines reached into the sky,

'Twas there I spent many a night, in my boyhood days gone by

In a mountain home so dear to me, under the silvery sky.

Where the cry of the coyote was often heard, coming echoing
o're the hills,

And where the wild deer fearless roamed, and the eagles, their
nest did build

'twas then to me in my hour of bloom, I was as free as the air
I breathed

But soon my thought began to roam, if there was a mate for me

And I often wondered if I would find, a girl true as the stars
above.

Or would I be left to wander alone, over the hills that I loved.

But true there was one in the world that said, "Will share
in your mountain home
And we were wedded then for life, that together we might roam.
And although to-night we are parted by hills covered with pine
and spruce,
As I enter the tent in the grove of pines, my memory returns
to it's youth.
How I love those hills and the mountain home where in youth
I used to be,
But the dearest thing in the world I find, is the loved ones
waiting for me.

To Boy Scouts

I only hope that I can see, Tonight a boy that's slipping down,
and change his way before to late,
And change his life if I just can And make for him a better man.
Then I will be quite proud to know, He will not have wild oats to sew,
Then I today some good have done And changed the life of a mothers son.
Don't let me sit until to late, Till he has slipped into that fate,
And threes no chance to bring him back,
And save him from that awful track.
How proud I'll be to sit and know A mothers heart is full of glow
To see her son a man to be, A mothers heart is full of glee.

A Token to Mother

The Lord has taken back his own, He could not claim no other,
She fill her mission that he gave, A perfect wife and mother,
She leaves on earth her vacant chair, And none can fill her place left there,
She left on earth proud children fare, and they are now but seven.
The other one is with her now, And they are now in heaven.
When God sees fit to call them home, They will never more be severed
God overrules His children here, If we will only let Him
Lets trust in Him our every care, And let us not forget Him.

A Token to my Wife

I love you darling the days seem so drear,
The nights seem so lonely, I wish you were here,
To nestle down by you, I'd have nothing to fear
I love you my darling, the days seem so long,
The nights seem so lonely without you along
I often wonder why I'm left here
With no one around the days seem so drear
The nights seem so long as I lay on my bed,
With only a pillow to lay on my head.
If I could only bring you back once again,
It would save me a lot of sorrow and pain.
But I know that it just cannot be,
Will the Lord in his mercy, just take care of me.
I'll try to be good and do what I'm told,
For now I realize, I am now growing old.
And it wont be long till i'm by her side
Please God take us to heaven
And there let us abide.

LIFE HISTORY OF HERMOINE PRATT BROOKSBY

Written in May, 1958

I, HERMOINE PRATT BROOKSBY, was born June 5, 1893, in Fredonia Arizona, to Lorum

Pratt Sr. and Frances Pratt (Theobald)

I was never a very strong child, and can remember of fainting away when mother would comb my hair, My hair when 8 years old was very long, coming below my waist. It seemed while a small child I received many serious bumps, One day, when mother was away, we children, Orson, Dora, Mildred and myself were playing in the dooryard, and Orson was showing us how fast he could whirl a large brass bucket, he whirled it so fast we could hardly see it. I happened to get too close and he hit me with the bucket, knocking me down, cutting a large gash in my forehead. I still have the scar. We were all very much frightened as I was carried into the house mother came home, and Orson got a scolding for whirling the bucket.

Another time, Father ask us to wet the wagon wheels as in those days all travel was by wagon and team, and we had to keep the wagon wheels and tires wet so the tires, or iron rims would stay on the wheels. We had a tall picket fence made of cedar posts. We children had to go between two posts to get out to the ditch of water running by our place. I was only about 7 or 8 years old, and my sister and I were going through the fence to get the water, when Will Brooksby came around the corner of the fence on a bicycle, and he hit me and knocked me down with the bicycle and him on it running over my legs and body, leaving a burned mark a half inch wide. I had the shovel blade up in my hands, this shovel blade cut a large gash under my chin. I still have that scar, and poor Will kept saying I wouldn't have done it for a dollar. Mother never forgot how scared Will was. He thought he had killed me. They all have said I got the Brooksby brand real young.

I was active in all the church organizations. I married Joseph Brooksby on December 6, 1910. We went to Los Angeles on our Honeymoon. We went through the St. George Temple De. 14, 1910, and were sealed for time and all eternity. Then we went to Modena by stage on the 15th of December, 1910. From there we took the train to Los Angeles. We were gone about 2 months visiting with 2 sisters, Emily and Amy.

We came back the middle of February 1911. We had our little home, our first a log cabin. We had bought it from Willie Judd a week before we were married so it was waiting for us. We lived through the winter, then moved to the ranch for the summer. In September, 1911, we bought our lot in the middle of town, where we still live.

We lived on the ranch during the summer months, We enjoyed climbing the hill and many an evening when our first 4 or 5 children were young, we enjoyed many a meat roast around the camp fire, here we and the children enjoyed each other, sometimes in games, songs and stories. Although I was never a real singer, our children used to say "Sing some more mamma", and of course we would, all joining in. Or they would sit and listen to Father and I sing. Our old time songs. WE lived this kind of life until our son Merrill was born, our 7th child. We all enjoyed it and sometimes we wish we could live it all over again. I don't think many couples have received as much out of life as we. Our hearts were united and our children seemed to enjoy being at home and with us, more than going away. It seemed very wrong to me, and I have been a long time feeling reconciled to My mothers passing away, just 2 years after Merrill was born. My brother Glendel died February 13, 1916, which was a hard blow. It was 1933 when mother passed on. I worshipped my mother. and She, or her spirit, has guided me in many things. Three weeks after Lyle, our youngest, was born, my Father passed on, Oct. 7, 1935. After mother passed on, Father was very hard to handle. He was always on the go, and he was never contented. It was so hard to me to see him left alone. My heart ached for him in his loss, for mother was so good, and kind and considerate of us all. Of course we were taught to mind when we were spoken to. And I know we have been guided aright by her.

On September 21, 1937, my brother Lorum passed away. He died of Cancer. I seemed to hear him calling day and night. ON night after he had been gone 3 months, he came to me in the night and said (Herma) my nick name, God is a merciful God and he has certainly been merciful unto me. "Tell Orson, 12 more and it's his turn". I woke up crying, and told my husband what had happened. He said, "Dear don't worry so, it was only a dream. But I felt better about Lorum and decided he couldn't rest while I was grieving for him so much. I told Olive about my dream, but it was more than a dream to me. I thought telling her about it would make her feel better and

would cheer her up. Well it all came true as I had dreamed it. Fifteen months after Lorum died, Orson was kicked with a horse. I'll never forget the feeling that I had. I knew then it was not just a dream.

It was all so true. Many other times I have been told things and guided through the spirit of my loved ones.

In July 1942, I became very sick, couldn't hardly sit or stand or lie; and my legs refused to act and I was in great pain. I went to Dr. Norris and was treated 4(1/2) months by him. I kept getting worse, and in November we started for Cedar hospital. We got as far as Sprindale Utah, and was told to go to Dr. Alpine McGrader. Joe was set on going to Cedar, but by some means we went to St. George. He said that the Lord had guided him that way.

The Dr. was very much concerned over my condition. I went back in another week and had a slight operation in the hospital. I was there one week and ask Dr. if I could go home. I was supposed to go back in another week. I went Home Saturday night, and Monday morning, Merrill became ill.

He had been very sick on and off for some time. He called me at 5 am Monday morning. His father took him to Kanab hospital, Nov. 16, and at 11:30 he was feeling pretty tough, and at 3 p.m. they operated for appendicitis. It was about to rupture. I couldn't go with him so my sister Estella went along with Merrill and his father. He recovered very nicely and seemed so much better. I returned after 10 days to the hospital, and the Dr. told me I would have to have an operation. I was very much excited over it although Joe said I was very calm. After making arrangements to go back to the Hospital, the following week, we came home, and on Dec. 9, 1942, I went back for the operation. On the night of Dec. 7, I cried, and cried and said I just couldn't go on with it. I dropped off to sleep after Joe had talked to me to calm my nerves. I had this dream I was standing on a high bridge, with a rolling swift stream below, the water seemed mad and muddy. I can't do it, I just cant. After standing looking down into the river below, I took several steps toward the edge of the bridge, then stopped. a voice someplace said, "Come-on Herma, come on. Don't give up, you can make it." I looked around and far across a wide green valley, I seemed to see Mother and Father standing on the farther bank watching me. "Yes you can make it and I said again "I just can't go on." "Yes you can, come on, don't' give up now" I could see them calling me to come so I made the plunge. I sank into the rolling boiling waters below into 9 or 10 feet deep. The water was very roily. I still cold hear mother calling "Come on Herma sure you can make it." She kept calling to me and I kept struggling on. At last I began to get out of the water and it began to look clear and warm. I started walking in water up to my ankles and all the time mother kept calling me "Come on don't give up." At last I walked out into an Alfalfa field and turned to see where Mother and Father were. They were way over the river on the opposite shore still in the green grass like a large meadow and as I turned to seem them again, I heard mother say, "Come on I know you can make it," I walked on out and I could still see them in the far distance. I shall never forget the peace that followed that dream, and on Dec. 10, 1942 I went under my first major operation and seemed calm through it all. I was sure glad to get Home. (Orson died January 9, 1939)

DEAR CHILDREN, The way seems long, and hard dome times, but our Dear Lord is over watching us. I know now my dear Ones on the other side were watching, guiding, and cheering me as well as my loved ones here. They were helping through this awful ordeal, and I thank my dear Lord, that he let my mother come to me to guide me through it all. My heart is full of his wonderful help, and blessings. And if we continue to place our trust in him, he will guide and bless us at all times. Today Joe had to go back to his work as Cedar (April 4, 2943). I felt so blue and lonely when he and Virginia (she came out to spend the day) left, and dove away. But the dear Lord will help me. I feel better tonight an hope we can all live worthy of our Lords blessings. (This was written April 4, 1943)

I have had 2 other operations since, and I feel the Lord guided me in both of them.

A FEW EXPERIENCES ON MY LIFE:

During my childhood we lived on Buckskin mountain, during the Summer, as Father was supervisor for 7 or 8 years, we kids loved to roam the mountains and enjoyed many a good time

running through the quaking aspen trees. We would gather wild strawberries, and mother would make hot cakes for us and cover them with the strawberries and a lot of nice thick cream. As we milked about 10 or 12 cows and I generally had to watch the calves, turn them out to the cows. (Mother and Orson were ready to milk) Father planted a large patch of potatoes at what we called Three Forks. We loved to go with him back to Three Forks to dig new potatoes. It was about 20 miles from Quaking Aspen there. Father built what we called the upper cabin, where we first lived. Then a few years later he built the lower cabin, where Mitze now has a dude resort.

After we were married, we moved on the ranch on the divide. We lived up Seamon canyon for two summers, then Joe and I sawed trees down, loaded them on a wagon and hauled them to McDonalds saw mill and had them sawed into lumber to make our House down the main canyon where it now stands. We made it ourselves. I would hand Joe the board and nails and he would place them and nail them solid. We enjoyed working together. Arland was only 9 or 10 months old.

Many a day I would take Arland in my arms, and walk down the canyon to help with the building. At that time we had a large pig, black as black. The minute I started out of the house and down the road, here would come the pig, Old Blacky. He was more gently than some dogs. He would always stay behind us, never run in front. He would always trot along clear to where we were working.

Many times we would walk over the hill east of our shanty to Gravel Springs, where Joes mother stayed. And always the pig followed. One day I slipped away from him and when we came back he had bunted the door open and tore a 50 pound sack of flour. It was scattered all over. Decided I would rather have him follow us than have him get in the house. I used to go with Joe down to McDonalds hill where he had to go move the sheep camp. Many a good meal he has cooked for us in the bake oven, consisting of mutton and sour dough bread and potatoes. We had oodles of fun going fishing over on Swains Creek, and we generally caught our dinner as soon as we could get out of the wagon. One time we went fishing over on Asa creek, when we wanted to eat we found I had left 7 large loaves of bread on the table, so we had to make what Joe called sinkers. We had Alice Seamon with us and she and Hermoine hunted some new potatoes out of a patch near by, and did they taste good! We will never forget the good times we had with our children fishing the streams. WE never had much garden stuff as it was hard to get. We generally planted peas, lettuce, onion sets, when we first got up there around the 15 or 20 of May, then we would have to go back to Fredonia around the 1st of Sept. so we didn't get much out of our gardens.

We had many a good horse-back ride over the hills.

A LIFE SKETCH OF WILLIAM JAMES BROOKSBY AND EMMA HOBBS BROOKSBY by Joseph Brooksby - June 1965

William James Brooksby was born in Northhamptonshire, England. He was sent by the English government to settle the then wild and desolate country of Australia, when he was just a young man. He worked for a butcher until he was old enough to take up a homestead for himself. He came with his parents, Joseph Brooksby and Elizabeth Powell Brooksby. The country was all uninhabited. There was no place nor was there money, to by wire to fence his land. He had to cut down trees and split the logs into posts and rails. The posts were set in the ground and mortised with four or five holes to put the rails in, to make a sheep tight fence. This took a lot of hard work fencing in a 640 acre homestead.

He built a two room "dobie" house to live in, before he married Emma Hobbs. She was born in Adelaid, Victoria, Australia.

Most of his children were born in the two room adobe house and his children had to sleep five in a bed, three at the head, and two at the foot, until he built our new large six room rock home which we only lived in a few years before he sold out and came to America.

He lived close to a big salt lake and used to scrape up the salt when the water dried up in the summer, drag it to the bank in a box, pile it up in large heaps, and come with ox teams to haul it to the railroad station. This was before father was married. He had an ox team of his own for

awhile. He would hook up the oxen, two oxen side by side with a yoke across the back of their necks to fasten them together side by side, with a long chain fastened back to the wagon, and would have from eight to twenty head of oxen to each wagon. The driver had to walk alongside the oxen with a long bullock whip all day to drive them and holler "gee" and "haw". The leaders knew which way to turn, but he soon found out that they were no good to plow land with so he sold them. Soon after he started to farm and bought five head of good heavy work horses, their names were Prince, Dolly, Katie, Blossom, and Duke.

He had two homesteads of land, one on each side of the long lake. He farmed and ran about 200 head of sheep on this land.

Australia is a wonderful place, with many pretty birds, colored parrots, black and white cockatoos, all kinds of wild ducks, and kangaroos.

My father was always a religious man and joined nearly every church that came along. All went fine at home until he joined the Mormon Church, over this mother and father quarreled continually.

His first contact with the Mormons came when he was hauling a load of salt to the railroad about thirty miles away. He was returning home one day and stopped by the roadway for lunch. Two young men came walking up the road where he was getting ready to eat and he said, "Good day",

which meant, "Hello". He noticed they had some books in their hands, so he said, "Are you book agents?" They told him they weren't. He then invited them to come and "have tea" with him. They told him they did not drink tea. This sounded strange to him because everyone in Australia drank tea. Then they said, "Probably we had better tell you who we are and why we are here before we eat. We are brother Dave Stewart and Brother Doling and we are preaching the same gospel that Christ and his apostles taught while upon the earth." Father answered and said, "That's funny, what is the matter with our ministers, they claim the same, and how am I to know who is right?"

One spoke and said, "If you are willing to go down into the water and be baptized by one holding the Priesthood, you shall know for yourself whether it is true or not. You won't have to ask any one else.

Father replied, "Well a ducking in the water won't hurt anyone. I am willing to try." They then ate dinner, and the elders rode home with him.

The ride took all the afternoon. When they arrived home, Mother did not seem too pleased with them, but took them in for the night. The next morning they began to tell us boys how they lassoed wild horses in America. They told Will to get a long rope and go on his pony and ride past. As he did, to our great surprise, Dave threw the rope and caught the pony around the front foot. This seemed impossible to us, for when Father had to catch a young cow for milking he had to wrap the rope around a long stick and slip it over her head.

Before the missionaries left they arranged with father to come to Harrow the next Sunday and be baptized. This was done, and thus ended our happy home. Following this, mother and father quarreled continually. Mother had us kids hunt the fences to find his books and every one we found she burned, until finally he decided to leave and go to America.

One Sunday morning he got up early, saying he had to go to Noradjuha, a town about 30 miles away. He wanted Alf and I to drive him part way and he would walk the rest. I remember well the day we took him. I wonder what thoughts went through his mind when he left our home, knowing he was bound for America and may never return.

About a week later, mother got a letter from him saying he was ship-bound for America.

"Goodbye", that's all it said. She was left with ten small children to provide for. Will was the oldest boy, about eighteen years of age. Imagine what feelings she must have had, not knowing if he would ever return. One's life companion gone forever, it must have seemed like a death.

Father came to Fredonia, Arizona, purchased a small lumber home stayed for a month or two, and then to the great surprise of all the family, he came walking into the house again. We were all thrilled to see him, Mormon or not.

He soon told us that he was going to sell everything he owned and go to America. Those who

wanted to go, could go. Those who wanted to stay, could stay. Mother had no choice, she had to go. So she got baptized, along with most of the family, except Isabel, Will and Joe.

Father advertised and auctions sale for all his property. People came from long distances for the sale. Everything was sold including all the furniture. That night after the sale, the house was empty, no chairs, beds, tables, and etc. I remember the empty feeling that night, knowing we would leave our dear home the next morning, probably never to see it again. We never did.

The next morning we were all up early. We loaded our belongings, and ourselves into a wagon, and left for Noradjuha, the railroad station. There we took the train for Melbourne, and then the ship for America. We were thirty days on the ship, the ocean was perfect most of the way. We landed in Vancouver, then took the train to Salt Lake

Father bought a covered wagon and two horses, one a large sorrel mare, the other a gray horse which had a habit of balking every morning until it got ready to go. We finally got to Richfield where Olive was born. We had to stay there a month before mother and Olive were able to travel.

While in Richfield father bought a wagon and team two gray horses not quite so large as the first team, but good. This really helped when we had to go down Kanab Canyon over the MacDonald hill to Fredonia.

It really seemed good when we got to the Ridge and looked down to a little bunch of green trees about four miles away knowing we would soon be to the end of our journey, of about eight or ten thousand miles.

Not long after we got to Fredonia, father decided to fence in a piece of land Southeast of Fredonia, (the field that Maurice and Mildred owned for a long time). He planted part of it into alfalfa and purchased fifteen shares of running water to irrigate it. He soon found that the field was not bringing him any money, and what little he had left would soon be gone, so he decided to buy sheep with the remainder. He purchased 500 head of sound mouth two year old ewes at \$1.25 per head. That was the beginning of his sheep business. He herded the sheep himself. My father and I moved his camp for the first year or two near Fredonia. As the herd increased, he finally moved them up on the Divide country to Roundy Canyon, Tyler, Ike's Valley and Seaman Canyon.

Mother went up in the summer for a few years and lived in a tent with the children. He later built a cabin in Seaman Canyon, and lived there a year or two. Soon his boys were able to take over and herd the sheep, the mother stayed home. When mother was at the ranch she used to send us boys over to Mrs. Hoyt's ranch at Castle Canyon to get a 15 or 20 pound cheese

Father decided that probably it would be a good idea to purchase some of the springs around the Divide so he hired Alvin Porter to survey the area for him. He surveyed the one in Roundy Canyon, one in Ide's valley at the spring, one on Swain's Creek, but when A.D. Finley bought all the land around them, he found that the surveyor had missed all the spring, so the land was no good to him.

Before he moved to the ranch he wanted a place to raise potatoes. Dade Stewart told him Buckskin Mountain was a good place so he took him out to Pleasant Valley, and then came back to Jacob Canyon. He decided to fence in a place there, so he got ready and loaded his bed and supplies to last awhile. He went and took me with him to lead the horse. He cut large logs about a foot through and about sixteen feet long, and made a zigzag fence around eight or ten acres in Jacob Canyon, (the first canyon south of the road before Jacob's Lake).

I don't think he ever planted it with potatoes. Probably some of the old fence is still there. When he did move up to the Gravel Ranch he did, however, fence in a small piece of land about 100 yards in diameter and planted potatoes in it for a few years. He soon gave up, and his boys used it for awhile.

Father seemed to think that it was better to keep us boys in 22 bullets to shoot rabbits and chipmunks, and powder and shot for the old muzzle loader shotgun, for ducks and rabbits, than for us to use our idle time on liquor and tobacco as some other boys did.

When he got too old to run sheep, he sold out to his boys, left the ranch, and lived at home with mother and Olive until his death. He used to sit around home with mother and sing the old

church hymns, and they enjoyed life together.

Mother used to say that if ever she got back to Australia she would never come back to America, but she did go back while Alf was there on his mission. She only stayed a short time and then came back to her family. Australia was never the same to her. Her sister, Annie Penney nearly came back with her when she came. Probably the only reason mother did not coax Annie Penny to come over with her was because father was in love with Annie before he and mother was married, and mother used to say father only married her for spite because he did not get Annie.