

The Andrus Recorder

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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Dear Family

May I take this opportunity to once again greet you my brothers and sisters of Milo Andrus. I'm looking forward to meeting each of you at the Milo Andrus reunion on the 22nd and 23rd of June. Please look for the details in this recorder.

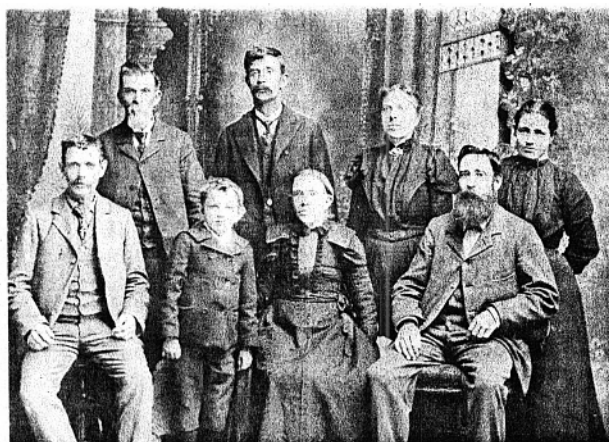
I've recently been reading some biographies of great people--Heber C. Kimball and B. . Roberts to mention two. I marvel at their seemingly destined missions here on earth--their unending search for truth; their constant service to others and their



L to R: Andrew Sproul, Randolph Andrus, and Adaline Alexander Andrus Sproul



Elder Randolph Andrus, Eastern States Mission 1900



Front, L to R: Lewis Andrus, Cleveland Jones (son of Henrietta), Adaline, Laron Andrus; Back, L to R: Andrew Sproul, Randolph Andrus, Rosannah (Laron's wife), Henrietta Andrus Jones. (Picture taken 1899).



Randolf & Matilda Andrus, & Randolph Jr. (Dolph)



Randolph Andrus Home, Washington, Utah

was gladly granted, so when Great Grandfather Randolph Alexander was ready to move from Winter Quarters he had only one mule and a milk cow to pull his belongings. His father was large and many of them had to walk most of the way to Salt Lake Valley. During the journey across the plains the one old cow, besides helping to pull the load, supplied them with milk. Then one morning, to the surprise of everyone, she presented them with a new calf. She continued to give milk, which did much toward sustaining the lives of this pioneer family. They arrived in Salt Lake Valley on Sept. 28, 1847 with the second company. They settled in Parley's Canyon, then later moved to Cottonwood. They finally settled in Echo Ward.

My Grandmother had played her part well as a pioneer girl, walking when necessary on the journey and doing the hard work the women were called upon to do. She was only fifteen years old when she married Milo Andrus on March 27, 1852, in the Endowment House. He was twenty-one years older than she was and already had other wives and children. She went into this marriage without love and against her wishes, but in obedience to her Father who thought it was right. By this marriage she had five children. She was not happy and lived a lonely life, as her husband visited around with his church work and his other wives.

During her married life to Milo she lived in a little house in Bingham Canyon. He called as suited him. One such call was made shortly before her fifth child, Randolph, was born. He did not stay, but went on to attend to some business he thought was important. The baby was born. Grandma hemorrhaged and had a terrible time. When the baby was two days old a neighbor who lived three miles away came to see Grandma, for she said she had had a worried fear about her since she had watched and saw that there was no smoke coming from the chimney. She walked through the snow to the little house and found Grandma in need of help. The neighbor bathed the baby and cared for Grandma.

The burdens of life were heavy and she felt that she could not stand the hardships any longer. She had to work hard to make her own living. She did sewing and washing to bring in a little money to care for her family. She milked the one cow she had and churned and sold some butter to help along. She felt that had she had more love and companionship from her husband, these hardships would not have been so unbearable.

After the birth of her fifth baby, she went to Brigham Young and told him of her hardships and her bitterness. He gave her separation papers, and she got

a civil divorce, June 6, 1864. The children by this marriage were: Laron Andrus, Lewis Alexander Andrus, Henrietta Andrus, Liona Andrus, and Randolph Andrus.

After her separation from Milo Andrus, Adaline moved to Washington, Washington County, Utah where her parents were living. They had a farm, and one of the farm workers was a faithful young man who had joined the church in Scotland. His name was Andrew Sproul. He and Grandma were married on April 1, 1868 and were sealed in the Endowment House, August 29, 1868, by Pres. Daniel H. Wells. This was a marriage of love, and together they made a happy home. They lived on a farm out from Washington when they were first

married. This was called the Muddie Valley. This farm home was about six miles from Washington. The house was of red sand rock and had three rooms. A big apple tree on the north side of the house served as a shelter from the hot southern sun for the children while they played.

(The following is a copy of a letter written to my mother, Annie Sproul Jolley, from her oldest brother, Andrew Sproul. His reference to "Mother" is my grandma, whose history I am writing.)

"Mother related to me an incident that occurred some time after the family moved to Muddie Valley, 1869 ro 1870.

My Father raised tobacco and cured it in twists. The Indians often came to him for tobacco, and he would always give them some. One day when father was away from home a few Indians came and asked for tobacco. Mother gave them some, what she thought was right, and they were not satisfied and wanted more. She told them that what she had given them was all she could spare, but their leader was angry and demanded more. She refused and resisted their efforts to obtain more, and the Indian struck her with a strap that had a buckle on the end. She grabbed a hammer and struck the Indian with it. While this was going on Ret (our oldest sister) jumped out of a window and ran to a neighbor for help. When the Indians saw that help was coming, they left with what she had given them.

After moving away from the Muddie Valley we lived at Mackson Springs, but they had to leave there on account of the Indians. Father bought a small farm on the Virgin River about five miles above Washington and there we were washed out of house and home. We had to make a shelter as best we could, so we used one side of a huge rock for one wall and built on to it until we could get time and means to build.

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During this times of trouble, a

couple of tramps come to our place and asked for food and shelter. Father provided for their wants and when they left they stole our team, that were loose on the range, and left us without that necessity.

These are some of the trials that our parents had to endure in the early days of Dixie, and Mother had to share them all.

The names of the two men referred to by Uncle Andrew, who stole the horses, were Bacon and Warner. The horses were Button and Kate.

There were six children born to this couple: Andrew, born Jan. 1, 1869 and married Evaline Chidester; Mary, born Dec. 25, 1870, married Wm. LaFayette Jolley; Adaline, born Dec. 25, 1872, married Henry J. Schlappy; Isabel, born April 9, 1875, and died on April 10, 1875; Angus, born March 14, 1876, married Julia Van Arden; Annie, my mother, was born on March 25, 1878, married Bryant Heber Jolley Jr.; and Myrza, born June 17, 1880 and married James Wilkins. All the children were born while they were living on the farm.

In the fall of 1883 they moved into the town of Washington. That first winter they lived in a two-story rock house. When spring came they bought the home at the north east end of town. It was the last house on the street. This home was of red sandstone, having six rooms and a large front porch; also a porch on the south side. This was the home which to all of us grandchildren became a fairyland of flowers and fun and good things to eat.

Back of this cozy home was a small farm. I remember so well the grape arbor at the back of the house where large, purple, delicious Isabel grapes hung clustered overhead, and plenty of them were low enough for us to reach and enjoy. The little orchard of seedless grapes was at the back of the house. The crooked limbs were loaded with the clusters of golden green grapes. Then in winter those same grapes were moist, delicious dried raisins which we feasted on when we visited Grandma and Grandpa. There were Almond trees, too, and, in memory, I still see the sacks of clean Almonds which stood in the pantry ready always to serve as a treat for us grandchildren.

The grainery, just a short distance from the house, served as a storage place for more good things. From here Grandma would bring a pitcher of molasses, and before long it would be converted into a golden rope-sized string of stretching molasses candy. From the grainery, too, came the popcorn which under her expert handling soon filled a pan with fluffy white buttered

goodness.

I remember, too, the pantry where set the pans of milk, each topped with thick delicious cream. Children have missed some precious experiences since separators and canneries and other modern machines have taken over our home work.

The back porch faced west, and I still see in memory the rows of shining tin milk pans which were out there "to sun" as Grandma said. After they were washed, scalded, and dried they were put there where the sun sent its disinfecting rays against them. We children liked to walk past and see our faces reflected in those glistening pans.

Then, farther back was the garden. Every member of the vegetable family was represented there in crisp or juicy goodness--whichever became its particular character. I remember one time of going out into the garden quite late in the fall. The harvest was over but a few turnips still were nestled in the ground. I pulled one and stripped the slightly purpled skin back. Years have passed, but I still remember the sweet juiciness of that turnip from Grandpa's and Grandma's garden.

Memory takes me back to the many times I went to my Grandmother's. I would walk up the red sandy walk and listen to and watch the gaily rippling little stream of water by the sandstone fence along Grandpa's property. Long before I would get to Grandma's, I'd catch the delicate perfume of her lavender lilacs. The perfume of the lilacs, the musical ripple of the water, the strength of the sandstone fence, and the anticipated welcome from Grandma and Grandpa all joined to fill me with joy and love and security.

There was one part of the welcome which I dreaded. Grandpa would always hug me and kiss me and call me his little hollyhock. I didn't mind at all being a hollyhock, for Grandma's were tall and beautiful; but the kiss, accompanied by the tickling scratch of his mustache, was not to my liking.

It was in this home that I was born, and I know now the hours of toil and patience that my kind Grandmother put forth in my behalf. I remember, too, the winter we visited them, when I was ten years old. It was near Christmas time. I came unexpectedly into the living room one day--to see my mother and Grandmother busily dressing China dolls. Hurriedly I pretended not to see and left the room. (One must be polite enough not to spoil Christmas.)

I see my Grandmother yet with her grey hair parted in the middle, rolled

on each side then pulled back to make a neat bob on the back of her head. I loved her then, but I love her more now because I understand. I understand now why her face was wrinkled and lined with the care and burdens she had carried, why her hands were brown with age and the fingers somewhat gnarled with long service to others. But her eyes were still clear and blue, and firm as she looked forward always.

Grandpa was Bishop of the Washington Ward for twenty years, and she was the loyal one to stand by him or behind him, whatever was necessary to his well being and the success of his work. They did a great deal of work in the St. George Temple. They would ride over to St. George in the buggy with Grandpa gently urging the horses along so they would be on time.

From the diary Grandpa kept in 1880 and 1881, I see how hard Grandma worked to make their home so happy and comfortable for their family. Here are a few quotes from Grandpa's diary:

Sunday, April 11 - Abscess on my arm broke today.

Wed., Aril 14 - Windy today. I am getting better. Adaline is out in the garden setting out cabbage plants. Andrew went to Mangums and got a gallon molasses.

Sat., April 17 - Adaline planted peas today. I a m getting better each day but can't do much. Have been all day writing a letter to my father.

June 17 - Picked a load of vegetables for the Reef (A town to which he and his boys trucked vegetables.) Adaline took sick about noon. Myrza was born at 7 P.M.

Sept. 30 - Bird Allen is hauling brush to boil molasses. Everybody sick but Bird, Adaline and myself, and Adaline and I are nearly wore out.

Friday, Dec. 10 - Bird and Andrew went to the Cedars for wood. I helped Adaline take up the carpet.

Friday, Dec. 24 - Adaline and I are fixing for Christmas.

Sat., Dec. 25 - Christmas Day, and the children are jubilant over a visit from Santa Claus, and he was very liberal with his gifts. Joe Crawford and Tilly came up and brought some Christmas gifts that Randolph got for them' at Neilsons.

Aug 28, 1881 - My birthday today. Wash Washington) and Ema and Beef Jolley came up. Stayed all night.

Aug. 29, 1881 - Jolleys went home today. Randolph plowed some ground for onions and furrowed out the corn. I watered. Adaline and the squaws dried peaches. (These friendly Indians helped and got food and clothes for pay.)

Oct. 21, 1881 - Sam Alger stayed here last night. Helped me today to gather cabbage for Krout. Adaline has one barrell full put up and another part full.

Grandpa records in his diary that on May 22, 1882 he voted for the Constitution for Utah.

From these quotes it is easy to see what a busy life Grandma led. Hers was indeed a life of service, richly rewarded with the love of all.

Life Sketch of Steen Sandberg

By Dolph Andrus

Steen Sandberg was born and trained as a blacksmith in Sweden. I remember him as I saw him working in the blacksmith shop at the Washington Factory. He was cutting inch-long bits off red-hot horse shoes. The hot chunks soon turned blue on the dirt floor, but were not cold as a man in tight-fitting boots found out. He had unknowingly stood to long on one of them. The hot iron ate its way into the heel of his boot. When it reached the nails they passed the heat on to his heel. He did a beautiful dance, the original "hot-foot," trying to get the boot off, with Granpa trying to get him to plunge his foot into the sawed-off barrel of water he used to temper steel in. But the man continued to dance until the boot came off. Then he hit another bit of iron with his stocking foot. The action was quick this time and no dance with it.

I remember his shop under the shade of a mulberry tree where a small boy was welcome to use any of the tools as long as he used them according to instructions. Most of his hand tools he had made himself. All of his drills for boring holes in iron were hand-made. In the earlier years the blast of air required by his forge was supplied by a bellows which was worked by a long wooden lever. I was allowed to work this lever for him, much to my delight. Another job that I could help with was the piling of small bits of wood all the way around a metal wagon tire. The fire was lit all around and the tire was heated, causing it to expand so that it would go on the wooden wheel. Then water was poured on it and would cool and shrink tight onto the wheel. They called this setting a tire.

The Swedish accent of Steen Sandberg was very slight, because he insisted on the family stopping all conversation in Swedish as soon as they arrived in America.

He was the only blacksmith in town for a long time. There was not too much busines, but enough for him to make a fair living. Then two young fellows came in and set up a shop. When asked how he like having two rival blacksmiths in town he replied, "Look, de are not Smiths I suppose dey could do a little cold bending if they did not have to

make two pieces alike."

Grandpa Sandberg was a very mild-mannered man and was very calm about most things, but he had times when his anger caused him to do things that were all out of reason. An example is what he did to his bees. He had several stands of bees that he was very proud of. He had made the hives himself. He had served an apprenticeship as a carpenter in Sweden as well as that of a blacksmith, so he was well qualified to do that kind of work. While working in his shop under the tree a bee without any reason came by and stung him. He laid down his tools, went to the store, bought enough sulphur to kill every hive.

Memories of Ben to Kronvall By Dolph Andrus

Steen Sandberg married Bengta Kronvall in Sweden, thus making her the Grandma Sandberg of my youth and boyhood days. Like my other grandparents, my many fine contacts with her remain to be told where they fit into my own story. I remember her best for her weaving. It seems to me that she was always pounding away at her carpet loom, taking out a carpet or putting new warp into the loom. This threading of the many colored strings through the little wires that would cause the strings through the little wires that would cause the strings to cross each other at each movement of the foot pedal always fascinated me, and I was allowed to help with the part of it that I could be trusted with. I was always rewarded with some bits of string for my pocket.

Grandma was President of the Washington Relief Society for a number of years. It was my delight as a small boy to play marbles on the sidewalk under the windows of the Relief Society Hall which were open during the summer months. The buzz of conversation that came through the windows during a work meeting was not always understood, but parts of it were entertaining to small boys.

As I grew older, I went out of town seeking employment. Each return was more difficult for me. Not that I was unhappy about coming back, but the problem of kissing all my relatives grew as I grew older. I continued to do it because I thought it was expected of me. I even kissed my Grandfather. Once on returning from work at a mining camp, I came toward my Grandmother Sandberg to greet her as before. She met me with a shocker, "Here comes Dolph, he is the kissing one!" Very few of my relatives got kissed after that. I would turn them a cheek if they looked like they expected it, but I would always reduce the greeting to a handclasp whenever I could. I was determined not to go down

in history as "the kissing one."

As a small boy, I remember it was always fun to be allowed to visit Grandma, but fuss at being told I must go back home was always made. I remember of being dragged squalling home many times. There was nothing wrong with my home, and I cannot put my finger on any special attraction for wanting to be at Grandma's place. The only thing that was different at her place was the food and Grandpa's blacksmith shop. Grandma made a very dark heavy bread that did taste good with honey or molasses and a glass of milk. Then there was the Swedish rice--large flaky grains of rice held together with something, I do not know what, that allowed it to be removed from the pan in which it was cooked, in large slices like cake.

Autobiography of Randolph Andrus

I was born July 19, 1862 in a tent at a sheep camp in Bingham Canyon. It was three days before I was dressed, as my mother was alone with four small children. At three months I was blessed by my Grandfather Randolph Alexander. Mother worked out in different places in Salt Lake and Cottonwood, until the fall of 1865 when she came to Washington, bringing me and my two sisters Ret and Leona. My brothers Laron and Lewis stayed with Father.

A man by the name of Billy Matthews brought us to Dixie. He had an old wagon and four mules. In front with him he had a box filled with rocks to throw at the mules to make them pull. One lead mule was name Luse. He would throw a rock at him and holler, "Ya Luse!" He had three little pigs in a box in the back. One got out and I run trying to help catch it. A woman gave me a big red apple and another boy took it from me and bit into it, and how I did cry. That's about all I remember about the trip.

We stayed with Grandma Alexander until we found a one-room house and moved to ourselves. The girls kept house and mother worked in the factory. In 1867 we went back to Salt Lake City and mother married Andrew Sproul. Stayed all summer and came back to Dixie in the fall.

In the spring of 1868 we went to the Muddy. There I rode the plow beam day after day until the crops were all in. Then I herded the cows. The Indians were hostile and we had many a scare. The Muddy Mission was finished in 1869, and we came back to Washington for one week. Then we moved to Moccasin, Arizona. I drove a bunch of "dogey" calves out there, riding my horse bareback.

In September, I drove a team and brought Mother and Aunt Martha in to do some shopping and purchasing of supplies. Going back out, when we arrived at Short Creek, a man told us that the Navajo Indians were on the war path. We drove out into the cedars (junipers) tied the horses to the wagon and sat up all night. Didn't dare to build a fire. The next morning we started out and met another man who said we had been misinformed--the Indians were only on a trading trip and were very peaceable and friendly. When we arrived at Pipe Springs we found about 300 of them there. Uncle Wood Alexander was there to meet us, also Rile Allen. The Indians followed us over to Moccasin and they stayed around about a week trading blankets and other things.

In 1870 we came back to Washington to stay. In the Spring of 1871 we bought the farm up the river. In the Spring of 1873 a big flood came and took the house, corrals, and granary filled with corn, in fact, everything we owned, slick and clean. We lived among the rocks while we built a log house. We used cottonwood logs.

When the house was finished I went to work for Bill Harris at Leeds, milking cows, doing chores and riding after the cows, bareback. My pay was \$10.00 per month and board. When the Silver Reef started I went home, and we raised garden stuff and made molasses to peddle at the mining camp. This was in the summer. In the winter I chopped and hauled wood to sell at the Silver Reef.

Another flood came and took most of the land. We then moved to town and bought the place on the hill in Washington. I freighted and farmed, and in 1885 I began breaking broncos and riding the range. I worked for the Mohave Cattle Company. About 1887, the dam went out of the river and they decided to put in a pile dam. I worked on it and often dove into the river to recover tools that were dropped.

In 1889, February 27th, I married Matilda Sandberg.

Biographical Sketch of the Randolph Andrus Family

By Dolph Andrus

My mother, Matilda Sandberg, was born in Matra, Sweden, September 25, 1870, eight years after my father. On June 20, 1878, she left Sweden with her father, mother, sister Emma, and a brother Olaf, a baby, on the ship Nevada for America.

They arrived in Washington, Utah, on August 14, 1878. They moved at once into a small one-room house with a big fireplace at one end. Cooking was done

over the open fire. The kids had to stand up to eat, and they slept on straw ticks on the floor.

After two years of this they moved to their own home across the creek from the grist mill. This is the house they were living in when I first remember of going to Grandma's house. It was one big adobe room with an upstairs and a cellar.

At 12 years of age, Mother started to work in the Washington Factory. I quote now from Mother's own story:

September 14, 1884, I was 14 years old. My playmates, boys & girls came in the evening. We had a little party. Riner Hannig gave me a motto: WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A BABY? I was quite hurt but we had a good time. Now I began going to dances. A boy friend now and then came and asked me to go to a dance. I said, "Yes, if you don't get drunk." He promised. I said, "If you get drunk I will come home without you." But he broke his promise. I left for home without him. He followed and tried to explain. Nothing doing. I told him he could not come to the gate, and he didn't. So the story got around. If you take Till you can't drink. If you do she will leave you.

At 17 I began going with Bub Sproul, but I found out later that his real name was Randolph Andrus. The boys told him he was wasting time because Till had said that she would not have a man with red hair. His hair was not exactly red but more yellow-like, very pretty and wavy. Dark red mustache. He began to look pretty good to Till. Always so nice and clean. Didn't smoke or drink. Had a good team and wagon.... So in 1888 I promised to be his. . .

My parents were married in the St. George Temple. Mother's wedding dress was "rose-pink." There was a family dinner at Grandma's home. Not at my mother house, but at Grandma Sproul's house. Only a few close friends were present other than the family. A big dance was given in the public hall. This was for everybody in town. They stayed with his folks for two weeks and then moved to a two-room house in the north part of Washington. It was their intention to buy this place, but when mother's Uncle Niels moved to St. George he offered them his home to rent. That is how I came to be born. My mother said they were going to name me Milo Steen, for my two grandfathers. Grandma Sproul did not like the idea, so they did not do it. I have often wished that I could have known Grandpa Andrus. I am told he was a wonderful man, and a great expounder of the Gospel.

At this time the railroad came only to Milford, and all the merchandise sold

in the stores was hauled on wagons from there. Trips to Milford were known as "going for a load of freight." Father and Mother made one of these trips and peddled apricots on the way up. It was my mother's first trip "north."

Shortly after I was born they invested in a home. It had one room upstairs and one downstairs. The price was something to remember: A horse, hay, grain, flour, some cows, and \$60.00 in cash. Father added a frame kitchen and a cellar. Mother has this to exclaim: "Our own little home! How I did love it and still do. Only two blocks from my old home!" I remember passing it many times on my way to and from Grandma Sandberg's and wishing that we still owned it. It would have been so nice to live two blocks away. It would have been better for my parent, too. They would not then have to drag a reluctant boy all the way across town, who was loath to leave Grandma's house.

In the town of Washington, Utah where my parents lived at the time of their marriage, there was little or no opportunity to work for cash. So when Mr. B. F. Saunders wanted some men to help with his cattle, my father and Lafe Jolley, his brother-in-law, went to work for him. The name for the type of work is "punching cows," or "riding the range." They left early in April of 1891 and returned late in July. They each came back with a fine crop of whiskers. I do not know whether Uncle Lafe had his "crop" photographed or not. I think that I know how Papa came to have his put on record.

The back of the card on which the photo is mounted bears this inscription, "J. CHESSELLE, Photography, Toquerville, Utah." This was the man that traveled from town to town taking pictures. He stayed in each town as long as enough folk wanted work done to make the stay profitable. He would then move on. May be that he was camped on the lot that my father was living on at the time.' So it was convenient and to J. Chesselle an interesting subject.

I have the story of his quite frightening beard so drilled into-me by frequent telling that I can almost remember him and how I cried for fear of the strange man that came to live with us. I was not about to allow him in the same room with Mama and me. But when he would climb in bed with us, that was too much, and I set up a real howl. He always did have a way with children. He made no advances and waited patiently. Soon I was laughing with glee as he allowed me to tug at his whiskers with my busy little fingers. Then when he shaved it off I let out another howl. Just can't please some babies.

My father had a half-brother James

who lived in St. George, the son of Milo Andrus' first wife; and James was in his store when my father and mother came in to do some purchasing of supplies and equipment. St. George was five miles from Washington, my birthplace. It was quite an effort to drive that distance in a wagon over a dusty road that had too many black lava rocks and "chuckholes." I supposed they called them "chuckholes" because the wagon would do some chucking when a wheel ran into one of them.

The trip to St. George was a big event; it did not come very often. The only thing they bought that day that lasted long was a brass kettle--a very important item in our family for many years. I grew up with it.

But they did something in that store that had a profound influence on my life. They took a job that Uncle Jim offered them. He was the owner of a 'ranch in Kane County, Utah. If you look on a map about 20 miles east of Glendale, and 14 miles north of Johnson, you should find the word Scumpah. We always called it Scootum. This was his ranch, and he hired us to live on it and take care of it. Late in August of 1891 we were on our way.

Uncle Jim owned another ranch and we had to stop there, and father helped with checking the brands on the cattle and other work. Checking the brands was quite exciting at times. The calves are branded with a hot iron when they are quite young, as they grow older and in the fall when the hair is long, the initials of the owner of his symbol are a problem to read. Many times it is necessary to lay the animal on its side. There were many arguments, as other cattlemen were there to see that no mistakes were made in reading the brands. Uncle Jim was not the only cattle owner in that area.

Our stay here delayed us, and we did not reach Scootum until late September. We found it a delightful place, set in the timber by a big lovely spot in the timber near a large meadow. The house was dirty, and 12 men that worked there had to be fed (they were not there at all times). They came and went as they worked with the cattle. They were good to help Mother; they cut the meat and churned the butter. They did the "babysitting" for her when I needed it.

They taught me to walk and I soon regarded them as my property. Most of them were young men, and very fun-loving fellows when not at work. They loved to chase each other with their ropes but always stopped short of hurting the man caught in the noose.

I remember many years later that my

Uncle, Will Sandberg, played this game and got jerked from his horse, the rope slid around his neck burning a brown blister half an inch wide clear around his neck.

One of the men was not so young and had never married. He took a liking to me and wanted to buy me. He may have been only joking. He told them he was very lonely at home and missed me very much. When his horse was saddled and he was ready to ride away to work he would often give me a ride in front of him near the saddle horn, as far as the big gate. Then I would walk back to the house, sit on the porch and watch him ride away.

On my second birthday the in en presented me with a bow-gun that they had made with their pocket knives. To "load" it was necessary to pull the bow string back to the notch. Then the "arrow" was put in the groove in front of the string. To "fire" the "trigger" was pulled and it lifted the string out of the notch. I mastered everything but "loading."

This inability to "load" brought me in contact with a young cow-hand by the name of Dan. This young man did not wear the fancy trappings that you see would-be-cowboys put on today. His outfit consisted of plain "Levi Strauss" blue denim overalls, a short "jumper" to match, leather belt, and the ever present boots. When riding the range, he wore leather pants, or "chaps" to protect his legs from the brush and the heels of his boots sported a pair of spurs. His hat was on the floor and never on his head in the house.

I never learned to say his name. It always came out "Dam." The men would gather around in a circle and tease me. No matter who I asked to "load" for me the reply I got was always, "Go ask Dan." I would go up to Dan and say, "Dam you load my gun!" This was repeated over and over and I never seemed to find out what all the fun was about. Such is the innocence of childhood.

At the head of the big meadow, where they sometimes pastured bulls and other cattle, was a deep spring. The water flow was small and it was easy to cross below the deep hole where the water came out of the ground. I had done this many times drawing my little wagon behind me. I was allowed to do this when the bulls were not in the meadow. I had been given a big dog called Bob.

Late in the afternoon of August 15, 1892, near sundown, I headed for the spring as fast as I could go, pulling my little wagon. Bob followed along behind me until I arrived at the spring, and

then he put himself between me and the deep hole of water. The more I tried to get closer to the hole the more things he would do to keep me away. I tried to push him out of the way, but he, being big and heavy, was solid for me. I tried to go over him. He would make himself tall and keep me from doing it. I tried to crawl under him and he would lay down on me.

I sat down and cried for a while and then I took my wagon and went over the hill, out of sight from the house. This was a very bad thing to do. My parents missed me. They started hunting for me and saw the wagon tracks and my footsteps leading toward the meadow, but I was no where in sight. Mother was sure that I had fallen into the spring and was drowned. Father pointed to the tracks leading over the hill. He called for Bob who promptly came to the top of the hill. There they found me contentedly playing in the sand with my little shovel and can. It did not seem bad to me, but Mother was quite upset and Father said nothing. Neither did I.

It was a great day for us when Uncle Jim Andrus visited his ranch. He always arrived in time for supper. One of the men asked Father if he knew how he could arrive that early as it was a long drive. "Well," said Father, "He has a good team but more than that it's the way he drives. In the morning he talks to the team, 'gotta get goin and get warmed up,' and all day he says, 'we can't let you cool off or you will get the distemper,' and that's the way he does it."

Supper over, one cow-hand clowned at clearing the table (they were all good at helping, but most of them made it a game) with a board he made like a waiter in reverse. Uncle Jim was looking at me. He had a little bottle on the table near him with some yellow stuff in it. I was over behind a small rough table that Father had made. I was very much interested in him, but I was also afraid. He was dressed so different than the other men and then I had been told to stay away from the table while the men were eating. They were through now, and were at ease. Some were sitting straddle of the benches. I guess that is because they are on a horse so much that they don't feel right any other way. Dan had his back to me and I was wondering if I should get my bow-gun and have him load it, when Uncle Jim called to me to come over to him.

He took hold of my hand and pulled me close to him. I expected him to take me on his lap, but he didn't. He took a knife he had been eating with and stuck it in the bottle of yellow stuff. it came out with a big daub of the stuff on the end of it. He pushed it toward my

face, I opened my mouth, and he shoved the knife in. I closed my lips and he withdrew the knife, and it came out clean. I felt the top of my head lift, and then I let out a howl. It was mustard! The hottest kind that was made.

Mother grabbed me and took me into the kitchen to wash my mouth out.

I did not see what happened in the other room, but I heard one of the men tell Mother that he had never seen my father so mad and not say anything. Mother put me to bed, and I did cry myself to a sleep filled with dreams. Uncle Jim seemed to be in all of them. Sometimes he was a bull and I chased him all over the meadow with Bob nipping at his heels. Sometimes he was a big black bear and I tried to shoot him with my bow-gun, but I could not get loaded. Dan appeared and loaded it, but it would not go off.

At the ranch we made our own candles. Mother, with a great amount of painstaking work, had fitted the wicks in the candle moulds, filled them with melted beef tallow, and set them on the porch to cool. They were in neat rows which made it easy for me.

I crawled toward the moulds and tipped them over one by one. It was fun to watch the melted grease run across the porch floor and "freeze" into little rivers of hard white tallow. Thus did I do my first mischief at Scootum (Scumpah) Ranch circa 1892.

Near the end of our stay at the ranch I suffered my first great grief. Bob was nowhere in sight, so I decided to make a try for the spring. I found Bob already there, lying on his side and very still. I took his head in my lap and called to him to wake up. My father found us and explained that Bob was poisoned and was dead.

Then he tried to explain what death meant. When he was buried and I was told that I would never see him again-sorrow I knew, but still did not know what death meant. I was told the sheepmen had done it. Now I knew about hate.

I had been blessed (christened) Randolph Andrus, Jr. They started calling me "Little Randolph," and "Ranny." Something had to be done about it. So I made or found a new word. I like the idea of being called "Dolph," but I could not say the word. The nearest I could come to it was "Doffy." It was a very poor attempt and one that was to cause me much trouble later on. However, it worked for the time we stayed at the ranch, and for too "doggoned" long thereafter. When anyone called me "Ranny" or "Little Randolph,"

I promptly told them, "No, me name Doffy."

Winter at the ranch was a scarce season for people. The ranch hands all went home and left us there alone. Mother has made an entry in her story that reads:

"They have all gone and left us alone, just the three of us. Some Indians camped for the winter across the meadow. We visited them and they visited us. Dolph played with the little papooses. He got lousy and that ended the fun.... Indians gone. We are alone for sure now."

"Along towards Spring a family came along. They had a little girl. Dolph looked at her hands and then at his own. Then he looked at her feet and compared them with his. The family stayed for a few days and the children had a great time playing together."

I had learned that people were important. The child experts say people are important to the three-year old. As one three-year old to the rest of the world I can say that little girls are most important, and it only took one short lesson of only a few days to teach it to me. I am now quite sure that they have entered my life to stay. I am sure that I will never be happy unless one or more are around.

No story of ranch life in the early nineties would be complete without an Indian scare. Well, we did not have a bad scare. I do not know the date. I remember hearing it told so many times that it seems that I can remember it. So I will tell it in the first person like I would if I really could remember it.

As far as Mother and I knew we were alone at the ranch house. Even Father was away. He had gone down to Johnsons to get the mail and some supplies. As far as the Indians encamped across the meadow knew, we were alone.

Suddenly they all started coming across the meadow toward the house. When they reached the front porch, they all seated themselves around the edge of it, except a tall male with a feather in his hat. He came into the living-dining room without knocking and seated himself at the table, and announced, "White squaw make breakfast for Indian Chief. When chief eats no more. Squaw make breakfast for Indians."

Mother was scared, but when she looked out of the window a change came over her. She was no longer frightened. The Indian was quick to note the change and put down his knife, picked up his blanket and made for the kitchen.

Mother had seen, as she looked out of the window, one of the cow-hands riding toward the house. The Indian was quick to guess what she had seen and knew that the rider would come in at the front door. He had no desire to meet him. That is why he made for the kitchen rather than go out the way he had come in.

The rider came in at the front gate and made short work of clearing the front porch. Soon the whole tribe was streaming across the meadow on their way back to camp, like ants going to a picnic. But their chief was just getting ready to leave the kitchen with the help of my mother. It was like magic, the courage that came from the welcome sight of the horseman. When the Indian made for the kitchen, Mother thought of her small supply of food and suspected the Chief would grab all he could on his way out the back door.

She followed in hot chase and picked up the rolling pin, the first weapon that came in sight.

"Drop it," she shouted.

The Chief, with his blanket wrapped around him held his arms high to show that he had not hidden anything under it, or perhaps he wished to protect his head in case she decided to let go with the rolling pin. He beat a hasty retreat out the back door, and when last we saw him he was gaining on his retreating band streaming across the meadow.

Mother's health was not so good after the Indian episode. She always maintained that the affair had nothing to do with it. She said the climate was too high. She had what she called, "sinking spells." A visit to an elderly lady in Glendale, whom we called Grandma Hyatt, a sort of a "consulting doctor," ended in Mother and I returning home to Washington. Only we did not have a home. The first little one had been sold. We moved in with Grandma Sandberg, but they had a large family and it was too crowded, so we moved to a little red rock house of two rooms that belonged to Uncle Laif Jolley.

I remember the house very well in later years but I do not remember us living there. Father stayed on as a cow-hand on Uncle Jim's ranch. When he came home my parents were faced with the decision of selecting a home. Mother wanted to buy in St. George, but Father's mother insisted that her son remain in Washington.

Bishop Freeman had built a four room house about two blocks from Grandma Sproul's own home. She (Father's mother) suggested that we buy it. - An old man by the name of Nelson, in St.

George, owned it. So we went over to St. George to buy a home in Washington. Some people were living in it, so we could not move in until Fall. Father got his team and farming tools together again. We owned 12 1/2 acres of land in Washington Field, some cows and calves, and one extra horse. They were building a dam to end all dams in the Virgin River. Father worked on the dam and the canal.

March of 1895 brought a letter from Father's brother Lewis, in Draper, Utah that was to set us on an adventure quite different from the one at the ranch. The letter from Uncle Lewis stated that his wife had died, leaving five small children and a baby thirteen months old. Grandpa Sproul was going to Salt Lake City for Conference and to buy a new buggy. My parents decided to go up and see what they could do to help our Uncle and his family.

So we left our house and land in the field and took off in a covered wagon with Grandpa and Grandma Sproul as passengers. We were twelve days going up. Much mud and one balky horse. It rained and rained. I remember one time it seemed to rain frogs. Little tiny ones. The ground was covered with them. I never did find out where they all came from.

We got to Salt Lake, went to conference, and Grandpa bought the buggy. We tied it behind our wagon and drove to Draper where Uncle Lewis lived. We found that he had rigged up his covered wagon and was ready to return to Washington with us. I think it was his decision. It certainly was not mine. I did not like my mother having so many kids to look after. I, who had been raised with so much attention, would now have to share and share a great deal, and I did not like it at all. But that is the way it was. And no way out of it.

The highlight of the trip was that I learned to count. At every mile along the road "mile posts" were placed to indicate the number of miles to the next town. Grandpa Sproul used these to teach me how counting was done. The markers were not "posts" but slabs of sandstone with the numerals and town painted on with black paint.

When a marker came slowly along the side of the dusty wagon, Grandpa would say to me, "What number will be on the next milestone?" I had a long time to think about it for they came pretty seldom. At the beginning when I did not know, he would draw the figure "7" on some paper and have me say the word "seven." I learned as fast as the old stones would let me. The old markers have long since vanished.

The low-light of the trip was the wearing of the nightgown and the night cap. We camped in camp houses with dirt floors and Mother was afraid that I would get ticks in my ears.

Uncle Lewis and his family stayed with us that summer and in the Fall he talked Father into selling out and going back to his home in Draper. Father sold everything except the home on the corner. So we found ourselves in Draper for the winter of 1895 and 1896.

It was a tough winter with lots of snow. Father went up to Coalville with Uncle Lewis to work and got his feet frozen, and then he came down with diphtheria. While he was recovering, he taught me the alphabet.

I must write about an event that happened January 8, 1896. I was looking through a book that had a lot of pictures in it of people that I did not know. I found one that seemed to strike me as something very special. It was a picture of a man with a big white beard like Santa Claus. I shouted at my mama who was just coming into the room, "Who is this man?"

"What man?" she asked.

I said, "The man with the big white whiskers."

Mama looked at Papa and Papa looked at Mama, and Uncle Lewis glared at them both, one at a time and then shouted, "Hasn't this boy been told who his real Grandfather is?"

Without waiting for an answer, he came over to me and said, "That is your Grandpa Andrus, and it sure is a pity that you have not been told before!"

I shall not attempt to give you my impression of Uncle Lewis for it would be colored by the fact he was opposed to my father spending much time with my learning the alphabet. I will say this much--he was always kind and gentle with Mama and at times very sharp with Papa. I do not remember any quarrel or sudden break in our relation with Uncle Lewis. I only remember we were on our way to Uncle Milo's by March or April. From there we went to a road camp in the Tintic mining district near Eureka, Utah.

Now begins a whole new adventure for me. A Mr. Cunningham desired to build a railroad from his mine in Upper Mammoth to the mill in Eureka. Uncle Milo had the contract to make the grade, out of rocks and dirt, to lay the ties and rails on. He gave my father a job with his team, and my mother had a job cooking for a portion of the crew. Sarah and Elizabeth, daughters of Uncle Milo, cooked for the remainder.

Upper Mammoth was built up in the valley just about as high as they could get. You could not see much of it from our camp. The valley was a bit steep and widened out as it went down to Lower Mammoth. Our camp was between Upper and Lower Mammoth. You could see Lower Mammoth from our camp because we were higher.

Uncle Milo's crew members were cutting a gash in the hillside above camp. They blasted rocks with powder. Rocks feel too near camp to suit Mama, but for me everyday was just like the Fourth of July.

Our tents were pitched on a brush covered flat between the two small mining towns of Upper and Lower Mammoth. Just enough brush had been removed to make room for the tents and a place where the horses were tied and fed. Upper Mammoth was above us; all you can see of it from our camp was the "white scar" on the mountainside. Lower Mammoth was below us and we could see it from our camp because we were higher.

This was the way it was at first. There was no water for us or the horses. It all had to be hauled. Then a high board fence was erected just this side of the tents. A pipe was put through the fence and it had a faucet (tap) on it. A large wooden trough was placed under the faucet. This was for the horses to drink from.

One of the first jobs Papa had was to haul water for the camp. It was fun for me to ride with him, especially before he loaded the barrels in the wagonbox. Then I stood behind the seat, and I felt more important. When the barrels were loaded I had to ride in the spring seat beside Papa. It could sure pinch your fingers real bad.

It was not much fun to ride up to where the men and horses were, sweating in the hot sun and dust. I did not go up there often while they were making the grade. That is what they called the path of rocks and dirt they cut in the mountainside. When it was finished, they would lay tracks, and trains would run over it. Then I might be more interested.

One of my favorite things to do at Draper had been to sit on the slab fence when the sun was warm and watch the train come around the "point of the mountain." At times we would ride through the valley and we would see other trains. Some had smoke pipes and others had fancy wide ones. I am wondering what kind they will run on the new tracks that Uncle Milo is building.

Well I thought I was going to lose out on watching the trains, but there

were rails at the lower end of the valley and trains ran over them at quite frequent intervals. I found a rock from which I could watch them and there I sat day after day. Mama even noted it in her diary: "There sits Dolph on the rock watching the trains as usual."

My first chore was to fill the syrup pitchers with GOLDEN EAGLE DRIP. That was the name of the syrup. My second chore was to carry water to the Cook Tent. One day I looked up at the dump. Men were coming out of the mine and going back. I saw clouds of dust. Must be something doing up there. I filled the buckets and carried the water to the cook tent, stopping many times to look up at the dump. Men were busy as ants going and coming in and out of the mine. I was sure glad that I had been given permission to go up there today.

I ran across the flat as fast as I could through the sagebrush and headed for the mountain. It seemed like such a small mountain for such a big boy. I had only gone far enough to be short of breath and stop for a rest. It was a good thing I stopped, for there behind the next rock that I would have stepped over, was a big rattlesnake. The snake went BZZ-BZZ, and I went the other way, each foot chasing the other. I was no longer short of breath.

Next I came upon a big old hairy spider. I was going to step on it but it looked like such a big spider for such a small foot. I didn't do it. He seemed to be headed for a pile of junk that had been dumped there. It was in a sort of wash or gully or whatever you call it. Anyway, there was a bank of earth and rock nearby. I decided to climb up on this bank and see what the spider was up to (I was to learn later that he was a "tryantler" or tarantula and that his bite was poison but not fatal). He moved very slowly, investigating every object that he came to on his way to the pile of cans and broken fruit jars. Finally he entered a broken jar.

I had a plan to bring him home with me alive. I got down from the bank and unscrewed the lid from another jar and placed its mouth against the mouth of the broken jar. His only way out now was back into the jar I had placed, unless he could dig out through the rocks and sand at the bottom of the broken jar. He did not seem to want to do either one, but just stayed in the broken jar, resting I guess. So I dug the sand away from the broken end and scart him into the good jar with a stick. Then I screwed on the lid, and he was mine.

I climbed and climbed and then sat down to rest. When I started it seemed like such a small mountain for such a

big boy. Now it seemed like such a big mountain for such a small boy. But I finally made it up to the dump. I and my spider sat down on a pile of square logs where we could watch from a safe distance the men coming out of the mine with the little cars. But you do not learn much from a safe distance. So we moved close to the dump.

I set the jar with the spider down at a safe distance and then I moved up close to see how dumps were made. That fact learned, I now turned my attention to the large building that the men were coming out of. I picked up my travelling companion and made for it. The side that I came to first had a pipe sticking out of the wall. Something like thick smoke or thick hot air was coming out of it in little puffs; and the noise was "put-put-put," sometimes fast and sometimes not so fast. The smell was awful. I had never smelled anything like that before. I cannot describe it. How was I to know that in a few short years I would smell plenty of it, for it was the exhaust fumes from an internal combustion gasoline engine.

My first information point was just around the corner, but I was not aware of it until I heard the tapping of a drum as though it was trying to keep time with the put-put of the pipe. I turned the corner to investigate. On a bench, far enough away from the building for me to come between it and the building, sat a man beating a drum with two little sticks. I leaned my arms on the back of the bench and he looked up at me. He had a very long neck and a funny little beard and mustache. He saw my bottle and asked, "What ye got in the bottle, son?"

Then without waiting for me to answer, he told me all about tarantulas. It was like that about everything; he seemed to know all there was to know. I asked about the pipe and the putting. I got a lecture about engines of all kinds, far more than my small head could use. For him there was only one kind of engine that would endure, and that was the steam engine.

I asked him if I could go inside and see the gas engine, and he said, "Sorry but they will not allow it. It is not worth seeing, son. It is just no good. It has no rhythm. I have tried to work up a song about it like I did for the steam engine, but it has no rhythm."

Then he beat out the sound of the steam engine, but I can't do it. I have no rhythm either. Then he told me that he was going to run the steam engine that would haul the rails and ties for the new railroad. The grade from Eureka to Lower Mammoth was completed and the engine would arrive anyday, and he would

go down to run it. He said that when they got up near our camp I could come and ride with him in the cab, as he had no fireman; and I could sit in the fireman's seat. I was to call him Uncle Jack and come and see him often, and he would teach me how to play the drum.

I was all puffed up. I arrived home at the tent to find Papa slumped on a couple of boxes for a seat. His right arm lay limp and useless on his right leg. He seemed to be in great pain. Mama was crying and the man who had just brought him in was saying, "I am sure his collar bone is broken, Ma'am. I think that you had better send for the doctor. I will ride down to town and send one up if you wish."

This was quite a let down from my wonderful day, but it led to further adventure as you will see if you stay with me as I relate.

There was a gray mare and her colt from Lower Mammoth that began to visit us. She would rip open the grain tent, tear the sacks and scatter the oats around. The first doctor which had attended Papa had strapped him so tightly to a chair that he turned purple from lack of blood circulation. We called another doctor and he lost no time in cutting the bands. He said the bone had been improperly set and that there was no need to be bound to a chair. He put Papa's arm in a sling and allowed him to walk around. In a way, this was unfortunate as we shall see.

I observed that the mare and her colt were waiting for another chance to rip open the grain tent. Papa said to let her go and he told me to find some wire and a tin can. This I did; and by the time the mare was at the tent, Papa and I tried to catch her, but she shied away. The colt was friendly and curious. I walked up to it. It allowed me to pet its nose while Papa, with his one free hand, managed to wire the can to its tail. The colt took off like a streak and, with its mother, in a cloud of dust, went down the road to Lower Mammoth.

None of us thought the angry owner would be back so soon. He arrived just as the men were coming in for supper. He shouted that he was going to lick the whole camp. Uncle Milo assured him that we would be fair and allow him to lick us one at a time. He offered to let him start on Uncle Oscar, our smallest man (unknown to the man, he was also our very best boxer). A ring was formed and they went at it. He was licked in short order. As he mounted his mare, Uncle Milo called to him, "If you do not want to fight the rest of the men, we will let you try the women, or perhaps the boy here."

I was so proud that he pointed to me. He came back next day with the sheriff, and when that officer heard the story he advised the man to stay away from the camp and keep his mare at home. Never heard of him again.

Owing to Papa's accident, it was some time before I went up to the scar on the mountainside. When I did, they said that the man with the drum, or Uncle Jack as I called him, had gone down to Eureka to run the track-laying engine. It seemed ages before the track was near our camp, but it did come and Uncle Jack gave me a royal welcome. He took me into the cab with him and sat me on a small iron lid. Said I had to pass a test before I could sit in the fireman's seat like he had promised. I sat down and he turned a little wheel, and the lid I sat on jumped up and down and steam came out all around the edges of the iron lid. I was sure scared, but I stuck with it. Uncle Jack laughed and said I would do and could now take my palce on the fireman's seat.

Then came the sad day for me when the track was all put down. Then came the final ride clear down to Eureka with Mr. Cunningham riding on the front of the engine his beard streaming behind him in the breeze. Uncle Jack insisted that I must go along and sit in my old place on the fireman's seat. Well, he did not insist to me; that was not needed. He did have to insist to my mother, but she let me go.

By the end of August we were back in Holladay at Uncle Milo's. Here we rested up and I remember playing with my cousins: Lena, 7 years, and Leone was about 4 years old. There was the baby, Willard Oscar; another girl, Ann, about 13 and the boys: Joseph, 11 and Gerge 15, who was out to the camp with us when we went pinenut hunting. Besides the two girls that were out to camp, there was Mary who was 18; I guess I did most of my playing with Lena and Leone.

Rested up and well fed by Aunt Elizabeth, we took off for Oxford, Idaho to visit Uncle Laron Andrus. I have no recollection of the cousins there as we did not stay very long. I remember going berry picking and of watching Uncle Laron feed a big red threshing machine. There seemed to be fields of wheat all over the place up and down the hills and in all the hollow places.

We returned to Salt Lake and bought a mowing machine, a plow, a clock, a bedstead, and a cupboard, etc. and were again in a covered wagon on our way to Washington, Utah.

We found that our home in Washington was in bad shape. The orchard was gone from lack of water and goats nibbling away the bark. The horse

and cow sheds had been used for firewood. We had no cow, we had no land; but we brought with us new farming tools. We had horses and they must have a shed before winter. We went on the mountain and cut cedar (juniper) posts to put in the ground because they did not rot, and down on the river bottom for cottonwood poles to use above ground. We brought the limbs and all home. The horses had a lot of fun peeling the bark. I guess they got some food value out of them, too. Now we needed a THATCH to cover the limbs to keep out the rain. This is unusually done with the straw from the grain harvest, but we had no harvest.

Here is where the new mowing machine came in handy. Down on the river bottom grew plenty of grass and small canes. We loaded the mower into the wagon and hit for the river bottom. I say we because I was always with Papa in whatever he did, especially if he was working with a machine of any kind. He allowed me to ride on the mower with him. It was a scanty "perch," but it was fun to watch the busy knife slide through the grass and to watch the tall canes fall.

By the time the shed was finished the Washington Public (District) Schools looked for me to come, so I went. It was the fall of 1896.

When we left Scootum Ranch and came to Washington, all of these Uncles and Aunts must have been at Grandma Sandberg's house, but I didn't remember them then. But I remember them very well when we returned from Idaho. I had been forced to leave my engine and Uncle Jack, but here was a whole new set of people to get acquainted with. Aunt Emily was about my age, just a little older. Uncle Elmer and Aunt Bertha were a bit more older, but not too much to play with. Aunt Bertha liked to tease me about our neighbor's girl, Martha. She made up some kind of a jingle about "Doffy and Mofy" that made me so mad that I struck at her with my fists. I shall never forget what Grandpa gave me for that.

Uncle Elmer and Uncle Willie were a lot of fun. They were wagonmakers. The chassis of the wagon was called the "running gear" because that is what it was called on the big wagons that horses pulled and often came to Grandpa's shop for repairs. On to the "running gear" various boxes and racks were fitted for hauling wood. Sometimes I was allowed to go with Elmer and Willie after wood.

When I grew older, Uncle Willie helped me make a wagon of my own. I remember him best for the threshing machine that he built and fitted to a set of "running gear." He also built a "horse-power." When you turned a crank

on the horse-power a belt would turn wheels on the thresher and other wheels would shake a screen and you could separate sticks and pebble from the sand which was sacked in tobacco sacks and looked like real bags of wheat. It was quite a job to collect these sacks as none of our folks used tobacco. Hours would be spent at this.

Another favorite game was building ponds on the street that sloped down to the creek from Grandma's house. The top man would fill his pond with water from the nearby ditch. Then he would break it and try to overflow the pond of the one below him. It required some skill and judgment to know how big to build your pond to hold the water or flood turned on from your neighbor above.

Uncle Niels was too old to play with, but he had a horse called by the name of "Button." He gave me many rides behind him. When I got old enough to ride him, I would often borrow him to bring home a sack of flour or bran from the mill. Which reminds me of my Uncle Olaf who worked in the mill. He put the horse "Button" to another use. He hitched him to a cart and did his courting that way, as his girl lived in St. George five miles away. He met her when she was teaching school in Washington and kept up his courtship with "Button" and the cart, when she was teaching no more in Washington. He later married her.

The wedding feasts of Uncle James Wilkins and his wife, Aunt Merzy Sproul, and Uncle Olaf Sandberg and his wife, Anna Bryner, were held quite close together one at a time, but close enough together that a joint dance was held for both. Mama had considerable to do with the preparation of both feasts, so I did considerable hanging around--before the feast a pot and spoon licker, during the feast a well-stuffed boy, and after a nibbler of leavings. The Wilkins' dinner was held in Washington up at Grandma Sproul's. The Sandberg's was held at the Casper Bryner home in St. George. It was quite a thrill to spend so much time in St. George and not have to go to Conference and sit quiet through a lot of preaching.

An incident happened at the dance that I remember very well. Some of the boys and men in the town felt cheated because they only got one free dance out of two weddings. This was unfair, so, under the influence of an extra "swig" of Dixie wine, they demanded that the dance continue until daylight, or else. Uncle Jim and Uncle Olaf agreed to go until 2 A.M. but no longer. Just before the Home Sweet Home Waltz, word was brought to them that a crowd was gathering at the main exit to block them from leaving the hall. Uncle Jim was a big man, tall and strong. He slipped

out of the side door and came back with a large rock in each hand. He walked down the center of the hall toward the exit. When he got outdoors he found no one there. The wine that was in their heads must have went to their heels. The dance was closed without further trouble.

Uncle Jim and Aunt Merzy moved to a little house cat-cornered from our house and I did my first babysitting for them. It was called staying with the children. My pay was enough pink sateen cloth for a shirt. My mother made it with white buttons, and I was so proud and felt so grand but it made no impression on any of the girls I wanted to "see home."

One warm day in June a gang of us boys were swimming in the ditch below the pond as it was nearly empty. There was a deep place in the ditch up to a small boy's neck that made a fair substitute for the pond. As we swam a man came crashing through the tall arrow weeds. He was the Bishop's Counselor. He told two of the boys who were brothers to get out and put their clothes on. They demanded to know why. He said, "I am going to baptize you." They wanted it done as is in the raw. But he insisted. We looked on quite shocked as he pushed them under the water. It was against our rules to duck a kid with his clothes on.

Next month, on Papa's birthday, the 19th of July, when I had promised if I was a good boy I would be baptized in the great white temple in St. George. I must tell you how I fell into sin and came near losing that big privilege. Papa had rented a farm and I was with him all during the week. But on Saturday I was allowed to go down to Grandma Sandberg's place and play, provided I would come to Primary when the bell rang on top of the old rock school house. Aunt Emily and I were cooking a play dinner on an old stove that Uncle Elmer had fixed up under the big mulberry tree. The menu consisted of boiled beans, fried potatoes, and a stewed sparrow that I had shot with my sling shot. Beans and sparrow were boiling in tin cans and the potato slices cut thin were browning in direct contact with the hot stove (the original potato chip). The bell rang and I shouted, "Beans red-hot, bell's a ringin'. I gotta run." I did not leave at once. I complained about the injustice of Primary all the way up and came in late. They were singing, "Never Be Late." The lesson was about how the angels are writing down a faithful record of all that we think, do, or say. I guess they had already a slatefull about me and my hatred for Primary. Then they closed by singing, "Don't Shoot the Little Birds That Sing On Bush and Tree." I brought home a load of sin

and hoped that Mama would not tell Papa. I did not think the angels would show him their slates. I had little fear of that. They would keep them until I died and went to heaven, and that was a long way off.

I had boasted to the gang about going to the temple and promised to tell of what I saw. Sunday morning came and we were getting fixed up for Sunday School. Uncle Henry had come over to use Papa's razor and was shaving. He was saying, between scrapes, something about reading the bible and I blurted out that Papa could not read very well. I glanced at Papa and knew he was hurt. Mama looked sharp at me and a full knowledge of all my guilt burst upon me, including yesterday's sins and I went out behind the house and cried. Papa came out and said he did not mind what I had said and told me to stop crying; and then I told him all. He assured me that until I was eight and baptized all my sins were his and Mama's and that I could still go to the temple if I would be careful of what I did from now on. He said he had a few sins of his own to carry and did not want me to load him down with too many of mine.

Well I went to the temple on Papa's birthday and was baptized, but they took all the glamour out of it when they told me I was to tell no one of what I saw; and, furthermore, I was not to talk about it even at home with them. It was an idle boast that I had made to the gang.

In the spring of 1899, I was nine years old come July. Papa was called on a mission for The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He was to leave in October.. He would go to the Eastern States, they told him. He gave up the land he was renting. He sold all the land he owned, all the hay and grain, the team and wagon, the plow, and saddest of all the mowing machine. This was my joy for by now I had been allowed to drive and cut alfalfa all by myself. He sold everything he owned except the house on the corner. Quite a sacrifice for him and Mama. The loss of the mowing machine was a supreme sacrifice for me. I think I felt it more than they did. I suffered another loss. Papa took a job riding the range for Uncle Jim Andrus, and I was not allowed to go with him.

Henrietta Jones was Papa's only living full sister. She lived in Montana and came down to see him off. This was the fall of 1899. From then until sometime in 1901, I would be without a Papa and a mowing machine. I am sure that the sacrifice was not in vain. Many fine things came out of it. It gave me a great feeling. A sense of being important and I like that. Not all that happened to us while he was

away was pleasant. However, I promised myself when I started to write this biography called auto that I would try not to dwell too much on the unpleasant things but stick more to telling about the fine things that happened. I give here a few excerpts from Papa's missionary diary:

"Oct. 12, 1899 Left Salt Lake City for Brooklyn, N.Y.

Oct. 18, 19, 20 Went through the Capitol in Washington, D.C. and other places of interest.

Oct. 21 Took the train for Chesapeake Bay. Missed the boat for Does warf so hired a colored boy for \$1.50 to take me there where I met my companion.

Oct. 27, 1899 We walked 12 miles and spent the night with Jesse Buck. The next night with George F. Buck and the next day went to Emery Buck's. His wife invited us to stay all night with them. She started to get supper for us and she was taken sick. Her husband was not home so we stayed until he came. He said that he could not take care of us for the night so we started out at 9:00 P.M. to look for another place to stay. We walked 15 miles before we found another place.

December 3, 1899 I was not very well. Had a very bad cold. Stayed in the house all day. 4th Felt better but not enough to start walking. Stayed in until the 8th. Morning we started out and the night of the 10th we stayed with a negro family."

(The date is not clear about late November 1899) "We spent the night with J W Crawford who treated us very kindly, but the woman said if it had not been such a cold night, she would not have taken us in. The next morning we travelled 8 miles in the rain before we found a place to stay.

Sunday, Sept. 1, 1901 We walked out and took a view of the city (Not sure of the city, probably Baltimore Md.) Monday the 2nd Brother Owens did not feel like travelling so we stayed until the 3d. The morning of the 3rd we started east up the river. We visited 18 families, and stayed with E. H. Elliott. We went to see the Elder of the United Brethren Church to see if he would let us hold a meeting in their church. But he was not home so we went to see the trustees of the school board to see if we could get the school house, but we failed."

The following are some excerpts from Mama's diary while Papa was on a mission:

"May 1901 White-washing the house. Putting down the new rag carpet. Enough left of the flowered one for the bedroom. We are all cleaned up looking forward to Fall when Papa will be home from his mission. We gave a good

garden, a pig and chickens and putting up fruit. Still sewing. July 7th Got some cloth for a new dress. 8th Started to sew on it. It's voting for the school trustees today. Grandpa and Grandma Sproul came along and wanted me to go with them, so I put down my windows. Grandma says, "Don't believe you will need to. I left mine up."

I said, "Blowing a little. Might come up a dust storm. I want the house nice and clean. You know this Fall I expect Randolph."

So I went. While I was gone a whirl wind came up and took the roof off the house. What a mess. I thought I would die.

"Poor Dolph." He said. "Mama don't cry, the folks will help us put it on."

"Looked like a thunder shower. So neighbors and friends came to help with Grandma Sproul, Mother, and the boys. Olaf was working in the flour mill. He came in the evening with the cart and "Button," a horse, to take us home. I said, "Oh! Let me lie under the old mulberry tree. I just can't go through with this!"

By evening we had everything piled up under the tree and wagon covers over them. So in the cart we went. Oh, what a night I spent. Early the next morning I was up. Mother got up. She would not let me go without a cup of tea and something to eat. Dolph and the boys came up later.

Good old Brother Sorenson was down to see me as soon as I got there. He said, "Sister I'm going around to see what the brethren will do to help put this roof on."

By now Granpa Sproul was on the scene. I did not want a collection. Neither did Grandpa. There were so many missionary wives in the ward as well as widows; and all were quite poor. Water had been out of the field long enough to damage the crops. But Brother Sorenson said, "This has to come to try the people to see what they will do."

I said, "I wish the Lord hadn't picked on me to try them with."

But he went and got \$6.00 in cash. Had to get someone to oversee the putting of the roof on. Joe Cooper, a carpenter, said he would donate one day to do just that. Many promised to come and lay the shingles. So the roof was started that day.

A big thunder storm came to help things out. Talk about a mess. I decided that crying did not help matters. So one more night at Mother's.

Next morning wasn't so spry, so was glad for the cart and "Button."

This took place a few days before my 11th birthday. My head, which had got a hole in it from falling off Nellie (Lafe Baron's little pony) was well enough to go swimming. Lafe, Jake, and I went across the river and up to the canal, because the water was out of the mill pond and ditch. There was no other place to go.

When we returned late in the afternoon we found that a freak whirlwind had blown the roof off our house. The entire front half was over across the street and rested entirely out of place in what had been Brother Sorenson's prize patch of wheat. It was a good thing that it had been harvested. There was nothing but the stubble. Windows were broken and the back half of the roof still on the house was sagging in the middle. The ceiling joists stuck out bare like the ribs of a cow that had been a long time dead. I was more thrilled than I should have been. Well, heck, it was the first time I had ever seen the very insides of our house. The big mulberry tree was stripped of most of its leaves. Good thing we did not have the silk worms. The dip barrel was okay, even the tin dipper still hung from a nail driven into the trunk of the mulberry tree. I lost no time in climbing onto the roof to see what the ceiling looked like from the other side. The ceiling was made of cloth tacked onto the ceiling joist. I had often looked up at it and wondered what made it sag. The cloth had been white washed so many times you could not see through it. Now I would have a look and find out. I found the sagging was caused by sand that had blown in long before the roof was off.

But I found more than that. The owners of a yellow jacket's nest under the roof were more disturbed over the loss of their home than I was over the loss of our roof. They must have thought that I was the one that did it the way they came at me. I do not know how many stings they gave me before I could get down off the roof and run into the street. -

Papa came home the fall of 1901. He got a job out of the Grand Gulch mine on the Arizona Strip, about 90 miles south of Washington. We went out, too, and spent most of the winter of 1901-1902 out there. It was a fun place for a boy to be. A lot like the mine at Upper Mammoth, only different. But there was a dump and a gas engine. And boys were allowed in the mine and I did considerable exploring. Only I was told not to go below the 300 ft. level as they were blasting there.

Then we rented some land from Uncle

Henry Schlappy. Lafe went out to the Apex Mine with his folks and left me little Nellie. Now I had a horse all by myself. Such fun. Rode back and forth behind the wagon to and from the field. Wherever Papa went, Nellie and I went too--after wood on the river bottom and trips on the mountain after wood or posts.

In spite of the fact that I had missed a winter of school I took the County Examination in the Spring of 1903 (not quite 13 years old) and became the youngest graduate from the Eighth Grade in Washington County.

The fall of 1903 they made an attempt to maintain a Ninth Grade in the Washington District School. Lewis Bastian was the teacher. The Ninth Grade got bogged down in Algebra and was discontinued.

The Spring of 1904, not quite 14, Papa and I tried to dig a well. We had Brother Millet come over and tell us where to dig. He walked all over the lot with a forked willow held in his two hands. When we got over the spot where we wanted the well, the limb turned down and he said there we would find water. We were sure glad the willow did not turn down in the middle of the lot. Well we dug, but no well. The farther we went down, the dry ground became more dry. We quit at 20 feet and turned our efforts to building a cellar.

Uncle Henry was now running his own farm and he came over to grind his mowing machine knives on our grindstone. I turned the stone for him and he gave me 5 cents per knife. I guess he liked my labor for in September, he offered me a job on the Acoma Road where he and Uncle Sheridan Andrus had a contract to build a section of the road. The pay was one dollar per day and board. Pretty good, I thought, for a boy just turned 14.

My job was carrying steel to and from the blacksmith shop to the men using it on the road. Then I worked with pick and shovel in between the times. Uncle Niels Sandberg was also working there. I had not been there but a few weeks when he got a letter from his brother Olaf in Glendale offering him a job in the Grist Mill that he was running there. The letter said if he did not want the job to see if Dolph would like it. He did not want it; and Dolph, always nuts about machinery, would like it. Uncle Sheridan was going to town, so I rode in with him and Papa took me out to Glendale.

In the spring of 1905, I worked on the ditch-cleaning gang. The Washington crew started at the head of the ditch and the St. George crew would start at the other end. The pay was store pay.

The Co-op Store issued small metal tokens in 50 cents and \$1 sizes, also nickles, dimes and quarters. These were good at the store for merchandise.

The whooping cough was in town. Mama said that I had never had it, and had better be careful. I was careful enough to get it, I think. It was never identified as such, but I had some terrific choking at times, and the noise I made I was told sounded like the whooping of kids with the disease. It was warm enough to sleep outside and I slept at the back of the house. The thing came on in the middle of the night, and I ran around the house until I passed out. When I came to, I was on the ground by the dip-barrel under the old mulberry tree with Papa bending over me.

The Winter of 1906, or rather '05' & '06, came to an end with the coming of spring. Now it was off to work again. This time, a group of us had our sights trained first on Modena where they were shearing sheep. If we did not get work there we would go on to Pioche, Nevada. Yes, that wicked city where it was said that they often had one murder per day.

Papa's brothers and some other older man said to him, "Surely you are not going to let that boy go out to Pioche, are you?" My Papa replied, "If I have not taught him to behave himself by now, he will never learn. I have enough confidence in him to feel that he will be alright wherever he goes."

I was so proud that he trusted me and I would not have let him down no matter what.

The farmers of Washington had a procedure that was hard to understand. The farms were all across the river from three to five miles from town. They would cut the wheat and bind it into bundles then haul it to town where it was stacked in large circular stacks. The wheat kernels were thrashed out and the straw piled in a stack. The straw was fed to the "dry" ! stock. What they did not eat they trampled under foot. Some of the straw was used as "bedding" under the horses feet. By early spring most of the straw mixed with dung was quite rotten. It was now called "manure" and was hauled back to the fields from whence it came. This went on for years until a few got smart and started making their home in the fields.

Here is where the BLUEJAY separator came in. It was called a separator I suppose because it separated the wheat from the straw and chaff. It was hard dirty work feeding the bundles into the separator. Two men would change often so as to make the work bearable. The bandcutter worked all the time. All he had to do was cut the string that held

the bundle together.

I suppose one of the reasons for doing the threshing in town for so many years was for the convenience of the women. Perhaps they demanded it. I cannot prove that, so do not quote me. Cooking for the threshers was a big event of the year. Lucky was the man who had a place in the required regular crew. He was surely well fed for the entire season. The farmer's wife was always on trial for her skill in cooking whenever the BLUEJAY perched in her husband's yard. Every meal was a wedding feast. The meals at each setting were compared with the last stop, or the feeling went around that the next place would put on a better meal. It took quantity as well as quality. The expression was quite common in any kitchen if a large batch was under preparation, "My goodness, you have cooked enough for the Threshers!" or its companion, "Expecting the Threshers?"

Some of the farmers started doing their threshing in the fields without moving out there to live. This put the housewife at a very great disadvantage. How can you compete with the "Joneses" if you have to serve your meals three miles across the river and your competitor can serve direct from her kitchen?

Many things happened at threshing time. There were fights and hot arguments. You could not very well have a cold argument in Washington during July and August. There were wrestling matches and pranks of all kinds. Some of them funny and some of them just a bit grim.

I remember Papa was in one fight. It really was not a fight just the start of one. I did not see it and Papa did not talk about it. I was told about it, and the person who told me did not know what started it. He thought it had something to do with a team that was on the Horsepower. Perhaps the owner, a big burly bully, had said something about Papa using the whip on his team. He saw Papa climb off the Horsepower and the other man climb off the wheatstack: They made for each other. Papa put up his arm to fend off the blow aimed at his head and then almost fainted. Men intervened and pulled off the bully. Father had a large boil on his arm. The blow landed on it. The pain must have been something to remember.

Then there was the time a man was kidded about being shot with 'a shotgun loaded with salt, when he was caught stealing melons one moonlight night. "Salt my eye," he said. "Come take a look at this." He pulled down his pants and exposed his bare bottom. "Does that look like salt?" he demanded of his

tormentors. His bottom was well peppered with small black stains that could have been made only with the standard lead pellets used in shotguns. "What did you do?" someone asked. "Do?" he shouted. "I cut a path four feet wide right through the middle of the owner's bean patch, poles and all!"

After making a trip into various parts of Utah in the summer of 1911, I returned to my parents' home in the Washington field. Uncle Jim Andrus who owned the farm they were taking care of asked me if I would take a bunch of cattle out to his ranch at Canaan or near there. He would furnish a boy to help me and we would not need to take bedding as we could come back to the ranch that same evening. It might be a little late, but we could make it if we started early. We started before daylight and drove those cattle as fast as they would go, but night came on and we were not more than halfway to Canaan. We slept in our saddle blankets and took turns at nightherding. It was midnight before we returned to the ranch. When I told Uncle Jim about it, he said, "You should have had better sense than to try it!"

I started to say, "But you said..." when he cut me off with, "Never mind what anybody says. Use your own judgment."

In September of this year, Grandma Sproul met a tragic death in St. George. It was a "horse and buggy" accident. It happened near the temple. She and her husband Andrew had been to the temple. She was sitting in the buggy while Andrew was on the ground at the hitching post untieing the horses. Just as he got them untied something frightened them and they ran away. He was dragged some distance but could not hold on to the lines. The runaway team ran one wheel of the buggy against a telephone pole and Adaline was killed instantly.

The last time that I saw her alive was just a few weeks before the accident. I was 21 years old at the time. My parents were living in the Washington Field. Between us and the town of Washington was the Virgin River. I had shot a nice bag of quail. - Mother made them into a pie. I took the team and wagon to bring my grandparents to dinner on the farm. Coming down, we crossed the river without incident as there was very little water. Going back, the river was at flood stage. I drove in and the water almost swam the horses and the wagon slid down the stream with the box almost floating off the running gears at times. Grandma sat with her hands folded and her mouth shut. Not a scream. Not even a murmur. She knew the danger we were in. She also knew-that screaming would

not help and would only serve to unnerve the driver.

She was not always silent. She knew how to scold Andrew. Many times on Sunday I remember her and Grandpa passing our house on the way to church. Grandpa would be walking with his hands behind his back several yards ahead of Grandma, who came trudging along and scolding every step of the way.

I remember her well-kept yard and beds of lovely flowers. Her bed of wall flowers was a sight to see and good to smell. She and Grandpa worked side by side every day in their well-ordered vegetable garden. They grew peas, beans, tomatoes and onions. The wonder and marvel of the town would be when a few small heads of cauliflower would be formed. These were much prized for pickles. Never boiled and eaten as we do now from the supermarket.

There are two hunting incidents that I have not related. The house was near the canal. Early one morning Laron came in all out of breath to say there was a duck on the water in the canal. I got out the shotgun and made for the canal, Laron at my heels. I approached an opening in the willows that line the banks of the canal and looked at the spot where Laron said the duck was sitting and there it was, but before I could get the gun to my shoulder, it took off flying, as I thought, in a straight line from me. It was an easy shot. Just the same as if it had been hung in the air. I fired and the duck fell at my feet. It had been flying toward me instead of away from me.

This was the first year that they were starting some form of control over hunting. They were very easy on farmers who hunted on their own land. Papa came in one morning from the field and reported a flock of ducks in the wheat stubble of what had been Uncle Jim's 10 acres of wheat. It was flooded with water and the ducks were feeding there. Laron and I went after them. There was a heavy row of willows between the ducks and a neighbor's field. We got real close before I started shooting. There were dead ducks all over the place. We were gathering them when a voice on the other side of the willows called out, "There are three over here."

"You can have them," I shouted. He said, "Thank you," and we went home with our hands full of ducks. Papa said the land on the other side of the willows belonged to the game warden. I was worried, but nothing happened. I never learned who the owner of the voice was. Might have been the game warden or another poacher. I never did find out.

Milo Andrus Reunion

Dear Family Members:

Once again it is time to unite our families together for the Milo Andrus Family Reunion. This year the reunion is being held in Salt Lake City. We hope you will take advantage of this opportunity to further your appreciation of our unique family heritage and to renew friendships and make new ones.

We have planned two days of activities. The activities include the following:

1. Friday Evening (5:00 P.M.)
Hot dogs, etc.
baseball/volleyball/sing-along
2. Saturday
Registration: 9:00-9:30 A
M
Business Meeting: 10:00 AM
Wife Line Meeting: 11:30 AM
Lunch: 12:00 PM
Program: 1:30 PM
Outing at Milo Andrus Home:
After program

DATE: Friday and Saturday, June
22-23, 1984

PLACE: Friday Evening, Church
Park
near Skyline High School
(see map)
Saturday, East Milcreek 8th
Ward Chapel 4176
Adonis
Drive (see map)
Outing at Milo Andrus
Home,
Pioneer Trail State Park
2602 Sunny Side Avenue
(due east of This is the

Place Monument)

COST: \$2.50 per person or \$10.00
per family (includes both
Friday evening and
Saturday meals)

TEMPLE SESSIONS: No organized
sessions (possible sessions on
Saturday morning: 5:45 and
6:30 AM at both Salt Lake and
Jordan Temples)

CONTACT FOR HOUSING: LaVerne
Diehl 277-1453 Salt Lake

ANY QUESTIONS: Dean Andrus,
277-9204 Salt Lake

Ed Andrus, 487-8033 Salt Lake

Don Andrus, 723-6746 Brigham
City

We are looking forward to seeing
you at the reunion.

Sincerely,
Dean W. Andrus and
Committee

