

Personal History
Memories and Life of Clarence Everett White
April 15, 1903 – December 15, 1982
(As I recall the past years – Told to Myron White February 1978)

My Grandfather, Thomas Phillip White and Grandmother Alice Potts on my fathers side and Great Grandmother were converts to the Mormon Church in England, and immigrated to Boston, Mass and on to Illinois to join the Mormon Colonies, then on West. They came across the plains with the second handcart company, pushing their belongings in a hand cart and leading a Jersey cow to have milk on the way. Many of the party died during the cold winter on their way across Nebraska and Wyoming. Grandpa and Grandma White and Great Grandma finally arrived in the Salt Lake Valley and joined Brigham Young who had come earlier, July 22, 1847. They settled in Cottonwood creek in the Holliday area where Grandpa White farmed and raised his family, helping in the church, building meetinghouses and canals for irrigation for the Salt Lake valley.

My Father, Ethelbert White was born on the family farm and raised there. He worked long and hard to help the families survive during very lean and difficult times with never enough to eat. When my Father reached 10 years old, he was driving a team of oxen hauling blocks of granite from Big Cottonwood canyon for the Salt Lake Temple. Grandpa, my father, my Uncle Adolphus, Uncle John Henry and Uncle George all spent many years hauling granite for the temple and stones and ore from the canyons to help build many of the stone buildings in the Salt Lake valley. They made many adobe homes, including the large adobe home which Grandpa White raised his family in, now called Walker lane running east of Highland drive.

Walker Lane was named for the Walker family who were neighbors to the White family. It was he who established one of the early department stores in Salt Lake and then the Walker Brothers Bank. One of the Walker girls married a man named Cheeseman, who built a large home joining the Walker and White property on Walker Lane. The Walker family and the Cheeseman were close friends and neighbors to the White's. My Dad worked for both of them for several years. My Father left home at an early age to make it on his own. He did some mining, then got a job with a stagecoach line, Wells Cargo, hauling freight and driving stage coaches out of San Francisco. Then to the Seventy One Ranch in Ruby valley as foreman, which was several miles south of Wells, Nevada. Wells was then a small railroad supply depot with a boarding house for railroad workers and travelers. My Grandmother Sepulveda operated the boarding house at Wells, at that time with her two daughters as waitresses. One was named Anne, the other Perintha Pearl.

My Father hauled supplies to the Seventy-One ranch from the Wells station and stuck up a few flirtations with the girls. He talked Perintha into marriage. She was 15 and he was 35. They moved to Salt Lake and he went to work for the Cheeseman's and built a 3 room home on the Cheeseman farm where I was born on Arbor Day; Sunday April 15, 1903 weighing in at 10 lbs.

Shortly thereafter, Grandfather White (Thomas Phillip) decided to divide up the property they had acquired and been assigned by Brigham Young. The boys had all grown up and left, except Uncle George who stayed with Grandpa and Grandma and enlarged the original adobe home and raised his family there.

Grandpa gave each of the other boys 10 acres off the north corner. Uncle Dolph 10 acres on the East side and Ethelbert 10 acres on the South side across the road which was called Walker Lane. This piece joined the Walker and Cheeseman property to the East. Uncle John, Uncle Dolph, Ethelbert (my Father) all built homes on their pieces. My Dad built a wood frame home, painted it yellow and a high barn for the horse's, cows and farm equipment and painted it red, it is still standing to this date. Dad moved into the new house in 1904, he planted some fruit trees on the place the day I was born, as it was Arbor Day.

Uncle Dolph sold his ten acres and home. He moved to Woodland and built a nice home there on a few acres where most of his family was born. My Dad had a ranch and cabin farther up the Provo river called Pine Valley, which latter became part of the Stewarts ranch and later the Hewlett's ranch.

Many of the men of those early days were filled with the spirit of adventure and challenge with new frontiers to conquer. In August 1905 some of the Indian land in the Uintah forest was opened for homesteading. There was a big rush for this new opportunity for a free 160 acre homestead. To qualify you had to do so much improvement each year and build on it each year. My Dad and Uncle Dolph could hardly wait for this new opportunity. In late July 1905 my Dad hooked a team of horses up to his Studebaker wagon, filled it with hay and a few pots and pans, quilts, an axe, shovel, saw, grubbing hoe and hammer. He took me (I was just past 2 years old) and picked up Uncle Dolph in Woodland and went to Vernal. It took several days and there were very few established roads at that time.

On August 5, 1905 my Father and Uncle Dolph attended the meeting at the small courthouse in Vernal, UT where the drawing for numbers for allotments for homesteads took place. The drawing by number was on a lottery basis. My Dad drew #13. Survey maps were furnished at the drawing so homesteaders could find section corners and locate their allotments. Dad and Uncle Dolph headed

back across the basin and up the Duchesne river and located their new homesteads, which were some two miles apart. Neither allotment having any spring or source of natural water, only the river in the center of the Valley. Ditches and canals would have to be built before any irrigation and the land cleared of sage brush and grease wood and fences made with a home to live in as part of the Homestead Act. Dad and Uncle Dolph each pitched a tent on their allotments, hauled water from the river in a barrel for cooking and drinking. Then led the teams to the river and hobbled them to graze along the river banks. They spent the next few months digging post holes with pick and shovel, cutting cedar post in adjacent hills, setting the posts on the boundaries of their new farms. The barbed wire was to be nailed on the cedar posts the next summer after they returned with wire, nails and supplies in the spring.

They stayed on their allotments clearing brush from the land, setting posts ECT. Until late in the fall of 1905, until winter started to set in November. Then they hitched up teams and headed back over Wolf Creek pass, left Uncle Dolph at Woodland. Dad and I continued on to Cottonwood where we spent the winter of 1905. In late March of 1906 Dad loaded the wagon again with tools and supplies with a good team of horses. Met Uncle Dolph with his team and wagon loaded with supplies at the Provo river, north of Heber, now known as Jordanell. Crossed the Provo and on up Daniels Canyon and into Strawberry Valley. They encountered many high snow drifts and did much digging and shoveling of snow, often doubling up their teams on one wagon to break thru the drifts, then returning to get the other wagon. They crossed thru Strawberry, down Deep Creek and on across Currant creek. It took another day to cross the flats and down the Golden Stairs which was very difficult with loaded wagons, as there were many drifts. We were the only people in the valley at that time. There were many Indians who camped in the valley during the summer to hunt and fish, dry their jerky for winter, but they all broke camp and moved to White Rocks and Ouray, where there was much less snow in the winter months. I was with Dad on this trip and on my 3rd birthday April 15, 1906 in the tent which was our new home.

Dad and Uncle Dolph cut logs on Tabby Mountain, to build log cabins on their new homesteads. They helped each other build a one room cabin with one small window on the east end of each and one window on the south side, with a door on the south side also. The door was made from 1 x 2 pine boards, the floor 1 x 12, and the roofs were 1 x 12 put on a double to cover the cracks and very little slope, covered with about a foot of dirt. The cracks between the logs were plastered with wet mud to keep out the wind and cold. They hauled the boards that were used for the floor and the roof from a small steam powered saw-mill in a canyon called Mill-Hallow, several miles above Woodland on the Wolf Creek Pass road. This mill supplied lumber for the buildings in Woodland and Kamas areas and was run by a man by the name of John Jones, later called "Sawmill Jones". As the timber ran out

in a few years, he moved from there to Wolf Creek, Soapstone and Rhoades canyons and several other areas supplying lumber for much of the building in the now fast growing Tabby, Hanna and Stockmore valleys.

The summer of 1906 brought many homesteaders to the Valley, all doing the required improvements and preparing to move their families in the next spring in 1907. I was the first and only white child to live in the valley after the opening of homesteading from August, September and November of 1905 and in March 1906. Dad finished the cabin the summer of 1906 and built a bowery, Indian style over and around the tent for shade.

They got a surveyor to plot some ditches for irrigation of their new land from the Duchesne river. The first ditch was a small one starting where the upper end of the Robert Maxwell place is and took a six % grade across the upper North East corner of the later town of Tabby. Then on East to the Bert White hill, then within a few feet below the cabin that Dad built and on around the hills to Dolph Whites place and ending at the natural wash on the East side of Dolph White's place, thus covering most of the land that was suitable for farming. The three homesteads that it covered, the Bert White homestead, next the adjoining William Russell homestead (later know as the Abe Gines place) and the Dolph White place then to the end of the ditch. This ditch was made with a team and horses pulling hand held plows to loosen the dirt and single horses pulling two hand slips to move the dirt thus forming ditch and bank. The first ditch was started in the fall of 1906 and completed and used in the fall of 1907 to water the three farms.

Dad and I, now 4 years old, loaded the wagon with hand plow, harrow and other farm implements and left the Cottonwood home in late April for the new homestead, broke some ground and planted some alfalfa mixed with oats for the first year crop of hay, also planted wheat and potatoes and a garden in May 1907 and finished the ditch. We returned to Cottonwood the first of June 1907. Dad sold the 10 acres with home, barn and orchard in Cottonwood for \$2,500.00 cash. Loaded the family belongings, traded one of the Jersey cows we had to his brother George for a model 94 long barreled 30-30 Winchester rifle and a 100 rounds of ammo, loaded by Mother and sister Eva Norine, who was born 8/12/1904 in the home at Cottonwood and the twin sisters Ruth Mabel and Ruby May into the wagon. The only help Mother had during the birth of the 3 girls was my half sister Ethel, who was the same age as Mother, a daughter of Dad's first marriage. Also had a daughter named Margarite and their mother was called Aunt Mertle. We all stayed good friends through out life.

Dad loaded some hay in back and bottom of the wagon, tied the good jersey cow to the back of the wagon and headed for the homestead, taking 4 long days for the trip. We arrived ok and moved into the log cabin and had water in the ditch in front and close to the cabin. There was lots of good pinion pine close by for heat and cooking in the cook stove. Dad brought enough flour, germ and potatoes to last until fall and the harvest of the first crops. Dad soon had crops and the garden watered and growing well, a shelter for the horses and jersey cow, which gave us plenty of milk and cream for butter and clabber milk for cottage cheese and feed for a couple of young pigs to fatten for fall and winter eating.

Mother brought her start of yeast from Cottonwood and always made plenty of good home made bread. Late summer of 1907 Dad made a trip back to Cottonwood leaving mother and the 4 little kids alone with Indians and what few white settlers there were scattered in the valley. She being the only white woman. He was back in a week with a new mowing machine, rake and other tools. We harvested a good stack of hay and grain. He made another trip in the middle of September and brought back a load of peaches, pears, plums, tomatoes, apples and flour for a year.

We built a cellar in the nearby hillside to hold potatoes, carrots and vegetables from winter freezing and a chicken coop for chickens and eggs. We were now close to the point of self-sufficiency with plenty of pinion logs for heat and cooking. A cellar full of canned fruit and vegetables and plenty of hay and grain for the cow, horses, chickens and pigs. A couple of 50 gallon pickle barrels to haul water in from the river during the winter time for drinking and cooking. We also had some kerosene for lights. During the winter of 1907 several of the homesteaders built cabins and stayed in the valley, cutting posts, building fences, clearing brush etc. Including Uncle Dolph and his oldest son Frank, who batched and built a log cabin on his homestead, fenced and built a ditch for irrigation.

My Dad and Mother, I and sister Norine (now 3 years old) and the twins Ruth and Ruby to be one year old Dec 6 1907 lived in a new one room log cabin and were quite comfortable for a small pioneer family just starting out. That was until Ruby caught a bad cold on her first birthday and developed Pneumonia which was quite fatal in those days. Mother and Dad were unable to save her.

She, my little sister Ruby died Dec 10 1907 in the cabin. With no place out there to bury her, Mother and Dad decided to take her body back to Cottonwood for burial. Dad quickly made a small wooden box, put it in the wagon, got Uncle Dolph to go with him. He took hay and grain for the horses and hooked two span of horses (4) to the wagon and headed over Wolf Creek pass to Salt Lake. The snow was deep on the mountain, it took three days to reach Uncle Dolph's place in Woodland where Uncle Dolph stayed with his team of horses until Dad got back. Dad spent the

next 2 days trying to get to Cottonwood and his Father and Mothers place. The next day Dad bought a plot in the Holliday Cemetery which was new and all sagebrush with cobble stones. He dug the small grave, buried the baby and dedicated the grave. Dad later paid for the perpetual care of the 12 grave plots and bought the adjoining plot to the West. Dad later buried in this plot his Mothers brother – George Potts, his Father, Mother and daughter Norine who died July 19 1936 in Cedar City, UT. Dad gave me the deed to these plots in 1937 when he moved to Rocklin, CA. I have since buried my dear wife and mother of my lovely children, Sarah. I also have a space for me beside Sarah on one side and her dear sister Alice on the other, and Ruth beside her twin sister Ruby. This leaves one space in the original twelve lots, the adjoining five spaces as my sister Alameda Rose buried in one space, and two spaces belong to my daughter Luella and her husband J. Leslie Courtland Jr. The other two spaces belong to my son Vernon and his wife Janett. This small cemetery has had perpetual care for many years and is a lovely well kept cemetery in a beautiful setting.

After burying Ruby and loading a few supplies with new hay and grain for the horses, Dad headed back to Woodland, stayed overnight at Uncle Dolph's place, hooked up the 4 horses on the wagon and made it back to the homestead in two day where mother and the kids were ok. Dad's terrible and grievous trip was over. Spring time came and several families moved into their new cabins. Land breaking, farming and ditches were built on both sides of the river. Among the first few to bring their families to their new homesteads in 1907 and 1908 were the Arthur Maxwell family from Peoa, who homesteaded on the West side of the river, next the Crandle Brothers, now the Elvin Lewis place. East side of the river known as Little Valley was the Samuel and Lorena Powell family, later the Wilford Jones family. Up the center of the valley were Ken and Robert Jensen's, now Ralph Gines place, next East was the Hyrum Jones family from Carbon county which is now the June Roberts place. Farther up was then known as Stockmore, several families settled there, the Rhoads and the Wilkins families. It is now known as Hanna, named after the Hanna family.

By 1909 there were many families up and down the valley with school age children and no school. To start school, Hiram Jones had a large family and a fairly large room in his log house which was used as the first one room school in the fall of 1909 with my sister Ethel as the teacher. Kids were coming from both directions by horseback, buggy and bob sled in the winter. For school there was considerable rivalry and heated discussion where a school and town site should be located. The people at the upper part of the valley wanted it up their way and the lower valley wanted it more central. While they were arguing my Dad and Uncle Dolph headed for the hills for some logs and got enough to build a combination school house and Church. It was built o the part of the Arthur Maxwell homestead that was on the east side of the river, later known as the Bob Maxwell farm. This

first school house was finished in the fall of 1910. While it was being finished school was opened in a large tent close by with 2 x 12 pine planks as seats and benches and one teacher for all the kids. By the middle of October the log school and the church house were ready with a wood heater to keep warm. More families were moving to the valley, large and better buildings were needed. Considerable discussion was going on as to where to locate a town site for more development. My Dad and Uncle Dolph made a few trips to Vernal and negotiated a deal with the government officials who were in charge of homesteading of the Indian lands on the Ute Reservation. The homesteading act provided for condemnation of plots for the town site. The town was to be divided into one acre plots and sold to individual owners, this was done and the new town was named "Tabby" after the Indian chief "Tabby" who lived at the base of the mountain which also was named after the popular chief. A few years later the town name was changed to Tabiona, to include "Ona" the Indian chiefs beautiful daughter. The town is one of the 4 incorporated towns in the Duchesne County. The town of Tabiona was first sold in nine four acre plots with streets taking the other four acres and later into one acre lots and still later into building lots.

The first need for the new town was a larger schoolhouse and church, a one acre lot was chosen in the center of town and soon large schoolhouse (log and frame building) was built on the West side of the one acre lot with large folding partitions to divide the building into four rooms for school, and by folding the partitions back and stacking the school desks church and social events and dances were held.

A government canal was built to water the Indian land East of the river in the valley. Joining the homesteads in checkerboard fashion and leased to the white settlers three year leases to the highest bidder and till is. Ditches were made to furnish water to the town of Tabby from the government canal to water many gardens and does.

In 1907 my Dad was anxious to get a mail route started in the new valley. To do this he made a trip down the Duchesne river by horse back with no saddle, just a sheep-hide to ride on and a flour sack over his shoulders to carry mail in. Forging the Duchesne river 3 times each way to get to Duchesne where the only post-office was. The mail came by stage coach and freight wagon from Price down Indian Canyon, for there were no bridges crossing the Duchesne river at that time. Dad established the mail route to the new valley by carrying it free of charge for 6 months on his bareback horse making the trips to Duchesne and back once a week. A temporary Post-office was set up in a log cabin on the Wilson homestead, the last one on the old wagon road and around the corner from the canyon to the golden stairs and adjoining the old Ephraim place. The Wilson brothers did some small farming and mostly raised honey bees and sold honey and had the first Post-office.

The same year two new narrow single span steel bridges were made across the Duchesne river, one between the old Alma Wagstaff homestead and the Brown homestead. The other at Utahn, making it possible to travel between Duchesne and Stockmore at all times of the year without fording the river. The mail route was then established and the low bidder for the route was George Robbins (Arnold Robbins dad. He carried the mail by team and wagon (buggy) for several years. When the town of Tabby was established, a combination store and post office was made and operated by Bruce Maxell in the center of Tabby town. Bruce Maxwell was the first man to have an automobile in Tabby, had brought a Dodge pickup through Strawberry Valley and down the golden stairs which at that time was almost impossible, past the Wilson place and the John Barberry place and forded the Duchesne river at the old Curshaw crossing on a riffle. This was the old crossing that most everyone used as it was wide and quite shallow on the riffles. This place is straight south of the Walter LeFever home. Bruce Maxwell operated the store and post office for several years then passed the post office to his brother Lawrence and his wife Jessie Nye Maxwell. Jessie was the post mistress for many years, then Thelma Nye. Wilson's wife was a sister to Jessie, so the post-office in Tabby has been with the Maxwell and Nye family for over seventy years. A wooden bridge was built at the corner of Tabby town, so the Crandall's, Maxwell's and Wadley families and those traveling to and from the golden stairs could cross the river without fording.

A ditch company was formed to make a ditch which would supply water to cover all the new homesteads on the east side of the river from the Joe Rhoades place to the Dolph White place. It had two sections the A and B section. Everybody it covered was assessed according to the acreage covered. Section A ended in Little Valley on the John Jones property. Section B was much higher up and covered more land than the original Bert White Ditch. It covered all the William Gines, William Jolly, Jess LeFever places, all the Bert White, William Russell (Abe Gines) and the Dolph White places, with the surplus going into the wash and back into the river again. Section B was built and maintained by those it covered. Several other ditches were built in the valley, above and below on both sides of the river to cover all the land.

John Jones had moved his sawmill into Rhodes canyon and the homesteaders were all busy logging and building new homes. By this time the log cabin was too small for the growing family. Dad and Uncle Dolph cut logs and Dad had his cut into 4 x 12 pieces and built a large room for living and cooking and dining and a three bedroom log structure adjoining on the west end. This served the family well for several years. As I grew a few years older, I took over the original log cabin for my room and used it as such until I finished the 9th grade in Tabiona and left for Salt Lake to high school in the fall of 1919. My boyhood days were spent doing farm chores, milking and tending the milk cows

and helping plant, water and harvest the crops. Tending sheep and goats, pig, calves and horses. I had a pony of my own to ride and at the age of 14 had two trap lines to go around on Saturdays, trapping coyotes and bobcats and one for muskrats in the slews along the river. One trap line took me through the hills and up Kicken Hollow and Wagstaff hollow, the other trap line was up the golden stairs and onto blacktail. I did good trapping and had many clothes and things I could not of had otherwise. This took quite a burden off from Dad and made it so the girls could have more. I shipped all my furs by mail to Funsten Brothers Fur Company in St Louis, Missouri and they mailed me a check. I had more money than any kid in the valley. Fishing was good in the river and we ate lots of trout.

In 1912 some land fraud developers printed some color brochures of beautiful land growing all kinds of fruit and vegetables and canals being built and of the new opportunities in this new area and called it the land of fruit. They distributed these brochures in the state of Nebraska and agreed to furnish maps and deeds to this beautiful new land to those who sent their money first would get their choice of land. A group of Nebraska farmers got together and sold their places in Nebraska and sent their money to these land promoters in Utah and they formed up a wagon train and headed for the land of fruit. Upon their arrival they found they had been swindled and the land they had bought had no water only sagebrush, ledges, cedar and pinion pine trees, it is called Fruitland. A few of them settled along Red creek and cleared brush and built small ditches and survived for a few years. A couple of families settled on flat top of the golden stairs, Thomas Hardin and his wife built a log cabin in the cedars just west of the road on top of the stairs and tried to dry farm and hauled water for drinking from the Duchesne river and on up the stairs in wooden barrels. I remember the first phonograph I ever saw or heard was at Tom Hardin's log cabin. It was an Edison phonograph with the big cone shaped horn on a cylinder about six inches long and two inches in diameter with a hand wound spring to turn the black cylinder record which played "Pretty Red Bird". Other families settled on the east side of the golden stairs road about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile south of the top. They had several kids and built a large frame house, tried dry farming, also hauling water from the river for drinking and watering of their cows, pigs, chickens and a pair of yellow colored mules that they had driven from Nebraska. Their name was Lawton and they moved down each fall to the Bert White ranch so the kids could attend school. Mrs. Lawton died from child birth and mother took the baby girl and nursed and raised her for over a year, then the family moved to Heber City where some of them still live, including the baby girl mother raised, her name is Olive. A boy name Lloyd is in Heber, the oldest boy named Rollo dies in Heber in 1965. I went to the funeral. He and his wife were married in Duchesne and spent their wedding night at the Bert White ranch sleeping on the floor next to my cat in the living room and I did not get much sleep either due to their activities.

There were two families who homesteaded up the North fork of the Duchesne river, the Savage brothers, Frank (Toni) Savage and his wife Kate built a nice log house on the meadow near still waters west of Hades creek and lived there for several years in the summer months and went back to Salt Lake in the winter. Rance Savage and his family built a log house east of Hades creek and raised timothy hay in the summers and stayed at the Bert White ranch in the winters for several years, so as to have the kids in school at Tabby.

In late July 1916 after Dad had the first crop of hay put up and the grain watered. Dad and I hooked up the horses to a wagon and led my pony behind and headed for Rance Savages ranch. With Rance Savage and a friend of his from Salt Lake the 4 of us made a pack trip up Hades creek into the Granddaddy lakes to fish and explore the area. At that time there was no trail, only an occasional horse track from the forest ranger who had been there and told us about the lakes and how to get there. On the way up Hades creek the Quaking Aspen and timber was real thick and the canyon was real steep and we saw a small band of rocky mountain big horn sheep (Ovis Canadians) when we got half way up the canyon. We came to a very swampy area with heavy downfall timber and had a difficult time getting the horses through and around the area, later know as Splash Dam. In the late afternoon we made our way down through the rocks and ledges to the first of the largest lakes, later named Granddaddy Lake. We could see no sign of fish in this beautiful lake only salamanders (Waterdogs). Close by was another lake and a few fish were jumping, we continued on through the timber and meadows at the base of those towering mountains for a short distance and came upon another beautiful lake, the surface was literally boiling with fish jumping. We made camp and within 10 minutes I caught enough trout for the 4 of us for supper and breakfast. There were so many trout in this lake they were literally starving, they all had long heads and long slim bodies and would grab anything that hit the water. Several of them would try to get at our fly hooks at the same time, if we put three hooks on our line, we could catch 3 fish at a time. We decided to plant some of these fish in the first lake and the second lake that we had passed. The first lake had no fish in it and the second had some sign of a few fish. We had a couple of 14 quart milk buckets that we had brought along, my Dad elected me to carry the fish from the lake we were camped at to the other two nearby lakes. He would fill the bucket $\frac{3}{4}$ full of lake water and put 6 or 8 trout in and hand it to me on my pony, riding bareback I would lope the pony through the timber to the larger lakes and dump the fish then run back for another waiting bucket. I made a lot of trips for the next 2 days. The mosquitoes were so bad, we had to pack up and head back. The man that was with us from Salt Lake called them Mohawks, and from that time on, the lake where we camped was called Mohawk Lake. The trout that I had put into the larger lakes did real well and within 2 to 3 years had eaten all the waterdogs, grown fat and increased in numbers. Those lakes were later called Betsy and Granddaddy. The first trip to the lakes in 1916 took all day each way from the Savage ranch. A few years later the forest service built

a good horse and pack trail to the lakes up Hades canyon and Frank Savage operated a pack train service for fisherman for several years. Now the forest service road is built to within about 5 miles of Granddaddy lake and hundreds of people each year drive to the end of the road and hike into the lakes and fish and hike back the same day.

In 1918 the population of the valley had grown and the need for a larger school room. My dad headed a delegation to the school district and the Indian department to acquire ground for a new school. Indian land adjoining the Tabby town to the east was acquired for the site which was then covered with thick six foot tall greasewoods, this was cleared and burnt and a small brick yard set up on the Lorenzo Clark place, now the Burnell Turnbow place, clay was dug and formed into bricks and cobble rocks hauled from the river in the summer of 1918 and a new school house was built with Benjamin Clark supervising. He was a brick mason from Salt Lake who had moved into a place next to his brothers and built a log cabin for his family (now the Andrew Defa's place). The new school building was completed in the summer of 1918. I attended and graduated from the ninth grade with James Moore as principle and teacher. This building is still being used with several additions as the Tabiona elementary and high school.

In the summer of 1919 Dad made arrangements for me to live with his sister Alice Green, who had a large house with several rooms on the corner of 2nd E and 5th S in Salt Lake, to attend the LDS High School, then up near the temple. Aunt Alice had 4 or 5 other rooms and boarders, all relatives. In September 1919 it was time for me to register, so I got on my bicycle and peddled it up to Hanna and stayed overnight with Earl Atwood family. I left at the break of day the next morning, up over Wolf Creek pass to Park City and down Parleys Canyon. They were all dirt roads to Salt Lake. I got to Sugarhouse at sunset and to my Aunt Alice's place just at dark. Very few street lights at that time. One hundred miles on a dirt road for one day made a good days outing. Dad came in later and brought a fresh killed pig, flour & vegetables and took back fruit, clothes and shoes for the rest of the family.

I attended LDS High School where I played ball as center for Vadel Peterson the coach, we won the district that year. I was the number one in the 100 yard dash. Coach Peterson was really begging me to go out for football the next year, but I could not as I had a job by then to pay my way through school. Jim White, Uncle Dolph's son who had graduated from the first Roosevelt High School in 1917 came to Salt Lake to attend the University of Utah. While at the University he met one of the co-eds who's father owned one of the only two grocery and meat stores in downtown Salt Lake, the Hardy Grocery Vegetable and Meat Store on the corner of 2nd S and State Street. The only other grocery and meat store was the United Grocery Company on Main Street and 4th

South. Salt Lake streets were then paved with brick and had electric street cars. Throughout the first year at LDS high school, I played my trombone which Dad had bought me when I was in the 9th grade and was taught by James Moore. The high school had a large band and a good band teacher and leader, which I took lesson from twice a week. His studio was on South Temple street across from the beehive house. The LDS band gave a big band concert each spring in the then famous Salt Lake Theatre, which was then on 1st South and State Street where the Utah Power and Light Company now is. My mother and my girl friend sat together on the front row, the band was on the stage and me and the other trombones were on the front row. The concert lasted 2 ½ hours and lots of applause. My girl friend that I had met at school was a nice blond from Tooele, Daisy Gowans, she and a girl friend roomed together in an apartment on 2nd South between 2nd and 3rd East and went to LDS. They walked to and from school only 3 ½ Blocks. I was in a couple of classes with them, became engaged in time with Daisy and fooled around quite steady. A brother of Afton Hardy White, Jims wife also worked at the store and was my age and a good buddy Lowell Hardy. Lowell and I saw Daisy and her girl friend often and fed them lots of bologna stories. Daisy had a brother named Max Gowans who was starting to teach school and like country life. I told him about Tabiona and he went out there and taught school for several years and wound up marrying y sister Alameda and moved back to Tooele and was the principle of the school there for a number of years.

The day I met beautiful Sara Yancey, I and Lowell broke off seeing Daisy and her girl friend and I took to courting Sara and did not see Daisy for some time. By chance while taking Luella, a small baby then, for a Sunday ride on my bicycle down to Liberty park I saw her sitting on her grandmothers front porch on 8th South, next to the park. I stopped and showed her the baby and visited with her a few minutes, she cried and wished she were the mother. I never saw Daisy again, as she got married. She became ill and died from heart failure a short time later, still talking about me to her husband, mother and family as to why I was her only real love in her life. The Gowans family was real nice and good people. Mrs. Gowans and her daughters treated me like family, Max is now retired and still lives in Tooele.

There were more horses, wagons and buggies than cars in Salt Lake. Jim White had smooth talked his new girl friend Afton Hardy's father into hiring Him to keep the books for the store after school and nights. He majored in bookkeeping at the University as any hard work was against his religion, for Jim there had to be an easier way. Jim married Afton and took over the management and bookkeeping of the Hardy store and office which was upstairs at the rear of the store. Jim and his new bride had rented a house keeping apartment in a hotel a half block from the sore on the East side of State Street between 2nd and 3rd South.

Jim hired me to clerk in the grocery department from 4 in the afternoon to midnight seven days a week. At that time all customers lined up on opposite sides of the counter and the clerks filled their orders and made change. The clerks were on a dead run most of the time as the counter was long. On Friday afternoon and night I spent my time weighing up bulk lard from 50 gallon barrels into 1, 2 and 5 pound trays with wax paper on top and stacking them into piles at the end of the meat counter for Saturdays rush. The meat counter was a long L shaped counter with 7 butchers cutting meat and serving customers, the meat all went on paper trays to wrapping counter and cashier. On Saturdays I worked 12 hour shifts on the meat wrapping counter next to the cashier with no end in sight of meat trays on the conveyor. What a mad-house. All the folding doors were open in good weather, this was before the days of refrigeration and air conditioning, the store had several overhead 6 ft wood bladed fans to circulate the hot air in summer and steam radiators for heat in the winter. To keep the meat, 100 pound blocks of ice were laid end to end on the meat counter with trays of cut meat sitting on top. The large walk-in cooler was cooled with 100 lb blocks of ice delivered by Hygeia Ice Co., out of Sugarhouse by ice wagons pulled by horses and later by solid rubber tires on chain driven trucks. These ice wagons had 2 husky ice men with rubber pads on their shoulders and back and a pair of ice tongs to grab the ice and swing it on their backs and put it in place where it was needed.

I was now working a 12 hour shift 7 days a week, and had moved in with Jim and Afton in the hotel a half block from the store. Jim kept books in the office for his father-in-law and soon had the books doctored so he bought one half interest in the store. He and Afton took care of the office and banked the money each day at the Walker Bank, one block West. By 1921 Jim had enough money to buy his father-in-law out. He and Afton now owned the store and changed the name to "Whites Market". It was Sunday April 15 1923 while on shift at the store that my sister Norine walked in with a girl friend she had met while both were waiting for Sunday school that morning as they had both gone to church an hour early for their watches had both stopped, thus they met and got acquainted while waiting on the church steps. After Sunday school both decided to take the street car up town and go to a show, they got off the streetcar in front of "White's Market", walked a few steps into the store where my sister Norine introduced me to her new beautiful girlfriend Sara Yancey. They both went to the 10 cent show across the street and stopped by the store after the show. Norine was going to LDS high school and working part time to pay her way, Sara was going to LDS business college. She was from Blackfoot, Idaho and had been in Ricks College in Idaho for 3 years. I immediately fell madly I love with this newly met girl. I arranged with Jim to change my shift a couple of days a week to start earlier and get off at six. I hopped on my trusty bicycle and peddled down to Browning avenue and 9th East and started courting Sara a couple times a week till school was out the last of May 1923. I then made a date with her to see her the 4th of July for one whole day in

Blackfoot, Idaho at her folks home. I met her Mother and some members of her family. In June 1923 I bought my first car a Model T Ford Bug for \$325.00. The bug was a stripped down one seat Model T with windshield and no top, a real sport model. No cars at that time had self starters or batteries, they all had hand cranks and magnetos or coils and hand operated windshield wipers on the drivers side, head lights operated from a magneto, as the RPM's on the motor went down so did the brightness of the head lights, as you revved the motor up the lights got brighter.

July 4th 1923. I left Salt Lake after work the evening of July 3rd and headed for Blackfoot, ID. The roads were all dirt then and 25 - 30 miles per hour was great. I arrived early in the morning and got some breakfast and instructions to get to Groveland and the Yancey home 5 miles west. I arrived at the Yancey home at 7 am, Sara was watching for me and met me at the front gate, I spent a lovely day with Sara and her girl friends and family and left that evening for Salt Lake and some sleep, for I had to be back to work at noon on July 5th. I got the 24th of July off and did the same thing, up to Groveland and back and made a crying proposal for marriage, we decided on December 10, 1923 as the date. I went back on cloud nine, the wheels of the little bug never touching the ground all the way to Salt Lake. I got 2 days off in August, the 22nd and 23rd and went to Groveland to see her and stayed over night, chased around with Sara and tow other girlfriends. Sara decided to ride back to Pocatello with me and visit her sister Sylvia Anderson, whose husband owned and operated the Anderson Coal and Lumber Company in Pocatello. On the way back to Pocatello, I sweet talked Sara into going by the courthouse and getting married. This we did, got the license on one side of the hall and on the other side was a judge and two of Sara's girlfriends who were clerks of the judge, they were our witnesses. Then we went to her sisters place and had a nice dinner and visited a few hours. I kissed my new beautiful bride adieu and said we'd keep the marriage to ourselves and I would head back to Salt Lake and get an apartment and be back up to get her soon as possible. It was a month later in September that I got a couple of days off. Jim knew that I had gotten married as the marriage certificate had come with the mail to me from the clerks office in Pocatello. I rented a housekeeping apartment on 4th South between 2nd and 3rd East on the 2nd floor and wrote Sara a letter as to what date I would be up to get her and tell her Mother we were married. Her brother and neighbors planned a party for that night, they loaded us in the back of an old farm truck and took us for a ride through all the country roads which were all dirt at that time, clouds of dust. In a couple of hours we were so dirty and covered with dust, that it was hard to recognize one another. We cleaned up and they gave us a real nice bridal shower with all the necessary goodies to start housekeeping. The next morning we loaded the Ford Bug with all the presents and headed for Salt Lake. It rained all the way from Pocatello to Brigham City and with no top on the bug we were soaked and cold when we arrived at the apartment in the afternoon. We moved the gifts in and each took a hot bath and changed to dry clothes. In a few days Sara had a job teaching shorthand and typing at the Salt

Lake Business college on 2nd South between Main and State street. It was only ½ a block from the store where I worked and 3 blocks to walk to work for both of us. In a few months Sara caught her heel on her shoe on one of the steps, came tumbling down the stairs at the apartment and had a bad fall, landing on her crooper bone and breaking a vertebrae. This fall gave her problems and gave her much hurt for many years. Thereafter we moved to a house at 361 Denver street where our first baby was born November 5th 1924 at 8am. Our Doctor was an old family friend of Dad and Mother, Dr T. F. Morton, he had his office at the top of Main Street West of the capital building.

The morning of November 5, 1924 as I got up to go to work Sara was having some labor pains, I called Dr. Morton and told him to come quick, he said this would go on for a few hours with the 1st baby and would be there in an hour or so. Within the next 15 minutes I had delivered the baby myself, bathed and dressed the baby and took care of Sara and had everything in good order. About an hour later the doctor came and was flabbergasted to find a baby girl had arrived and was sleeping in her crib and Sara was normal and fine. He complimented me on doing a good job and said my mother had taught me well, as she had been a midwife in Tabiona for many years and had delivered many babies in Hanna and Tabiona. Sara and I named the baby after one of her girlfriends Cleo Luella.

In the spring of 1924 Jim and Afton traded the store for a \$150,000.00 hay and cattle ranch in western Utah, west of Rosetter, Utah about 30 miles north west of Lucern. There were 3 large ranches on what was known as Chicken Creek not far from the Nevada border. The man that Jim traded with had a big chain drive solid rubber tired truck. He and Jim hired me to drive the truck and take household goods from Salt Lake to the ranch and haul all personal belongings of the new store owner back to Salt Lake. This trip took 10 days, the roads were soft and muddy most of the way, and we got stuck in mud holes several times. The only road went thru Tremonton, Corrin, Snowville and Rosette to the ranch. What a trip. The new owner was a framer-john and knew very little about running the business. He put his kids running the grocery part and had Jim keep his books for awhile. I got a job at the Utah Fire Clay Company, making fire brick and drain tile. I also worked a few months at the Garfield Smelter. Jim leased his new ranch to Uncle John White and his wife Ruby. They operated the ranch for a couple of years then Jim traded the ranch for another store in Susanville, CA. the man that traded with Jim for the Salt Lake store soon found out that he was not a store man and Jim was taking him as bookkeeper, so he sold the store for cash to a business man named Cutler who in turn sold the meat department to Farrer Brothers and their father who had been the butcher at the store for several years. Cutler sold the produce dept to Chris Greenhagen whose wife was the cashier for the meat department. It wasn't long before Greenhagen also bought the grocery department and got me to come back and run that department for him..

In a few months I got a couple of letters from my sister in Maywood, CA, she told me life was better in California and for me to come there. Sara's sister Alice was also in Los Angeles & had urged us to come. Sara also had two brothers in California, so the first part of December 1925 I bought a new model T Ford touring car and traded the T-bug in on it. The new price of the model T touring car with a two speed ruxel axle was \$575.00 less the trade in. I got permission from ITT finance company in Salt Lake to transfer to California. My sister Norine was then married to Gordon Anderson of Swedetown on North Beck St. Gordon and I loaded our clothes in the back seat of the new model T Ford, told Sara & Norine we would head for Maywood & get a job and living quarters then send for them as soon as we located. We arrived in Maywood at my sister Ethel's place on Christmas day 1925. The next day a telegram came to Ethel's that Sara, the baby and Norine were taking the train the next day for Los Angeles and for us to meet them. We had been there only one day and not ready for them to come so soon. I immediately went thru the newspaper help wanted ads, cranked up the ford and headed for the employment office in Los Angeles, arriving about 10am. In the employment office blackboard was an ad that wanted a man experienced in the grocery business, that could qualify within a 6 week period to manage a new grocery store with a fast growing chain. This was right down my alley, I talked to the lady in charge of the office, she said that I was the 55th person to apply for this job and none has so far got the job. I hung in there and sweet talked her to send me out and let me try, she gave me a tip, as to where the others had not impressed the old man & owner of the grocery chain. They had all gone to the headquarters office in the middle of the day or afternoon & not been neatly dressed or groomed. She suggested that I go to the head office early and be waiting for the boss when he arrived, she said that the janitor unlocked the doors at 7am and the old man always arrived at 7:15am. The next morning I was at the door at 7am all groomed my best when the janitor unlocked the door. I showed him the slip from the employment office and he led me to the bosses office. I was standing, not sitting, in his office when he came, he was quite startled. I gave him a pleasant "Good morning", showed him the slip & asked him where he wanted me to start work. He asked me to sit down and talk, I told him I was not in the habit of sitting down during working hours & would like to stand while we talked, that impressed him very much. I told him of my experiences in Utah in the grocery business and of my sister & brother-in-law in Maywood, for they were well know in the real estate in Hollywood and Los Angeles and he knew of them. I told him of my wife arriving the next day. We talked for a few minutes & he asked me when could I start to work, I told him I was ready to start now. He picked up the phone & called the manager of a new store in Huntington Park only 3 miles away from where I was staying and told him I was coming out there to help stock the new store which was to open in 2 weeks. We had a big grand opening and I worked there for the next 6 weeks learning the system, then the supervisor of the company dropped by & told me I was to go with him to stock another new store which was to open in 2 more weeks in Walnut Park, only 2 miles south east of Huntington Park. They transferred 3 clerks from other stores to help me stock and operate the new

store. This was a fast growing chain-store which had 25 stores in the Hollywood, Beverly Hills suburbs, specializing in the needs and tastes of the people in the area. The warehouse and main office was in Los Angeles where I got the job from the principle owner who was E.A. Morrison. We had a big opening at the Walnut Park store with flags and search lights.

After my first day on the job at Huntington Park, I met Sara and Norine at Grand Central Station train depot and took them to Ethel's place in Maywood. We all stayed overnight and the next morning I went to work at the store, while Sara, Ethel, Norine and Gordon went hunting for a house. They found a nice duplex at 6010 Helitrope Street in Maywood. Gordon and Norine moved into one side and Sara and I moved into the other. On March 25, 1926 our first son Myron was born at this address with the help of a lady doctor who was a friend of Ethel's, Dr. Eiler. I managed the store at Walnut Park for a year and told the supervisor I wanted to get a job that paid more money. Some of their promises of commissions for managers had not been forthcoming. Each store with the help of supervisors had to take an inventory once a month, this took all night. The managers commissions depended upon the inventory of that store, if the sales and new stock come out less than \$3.00 from the previous month, the manager would get 1% as a commission from the sales for the month. This was almost impossible with 4 or 5 clerks working with the breakage of items by both clerks and customers and there was always some shoplifting losses. I only received a commission one month and did not know of any other manager ever doing any better. Because we had to take the managements figures on the inventory. I gave the supervisor 2 weeks notice and quit.

Sara's sister Alice was then working and living in Los Angeles, she had a friend who was a book-keeper for a small concrete pipe company in east LA at City Terrace. Alice talked to her friend and he got me on at the pipe company. They made all sizes of concrete pipe for sewer and storm drains and were really busy. I worked there 6 days a week, 10 hours a day for 50¢ per hour, \$5.00 a day. Within a year the pipe company merged with another larger concrete pipe company & bought a track of land in then new Southgate on Firestone Blvd and named the company American Concrete Pipe Company. They moved equipment from City Terrace to Southgate and installed a lot of new machinery and buildings, bought several big trucks & cranes to handle the heavy concrete pipe. I had gotten real friendly with the track-boss and we had formed a dance band, we named it the "Westerners", it was a seventeen piece band, I played trombone. The track-boss & manager of the band was Floyd Grant, his wife was also Sara. We played altogether and the band played every Saturday night at a ballroom. Floyd Grant took me out of the yard work and gave me a truck to drive and care for. The trucks at that time all had solid rubber tires and mechanical brakes only on the rear wheels with a 4 speed transmission and 2 speed Brownlite overdrive. Top speed was 55. the first pneumatic tires and tubes were just being developed. Most of the trucks were the bull dog Mac with

chair drive, none of them had any doors on the cabs, and just an open cab & hand operated windshield wipers, a hand crank to start the motor. All the truck drivers got 50¢ an hour and 10¢ per ton on what they hauled, the truck pulled trailers and the tonnage was high. The company had jobs and contracts all over the state and in Arizona to dig trenches & lay pipe for sewer systems and storm drains, so we hauled the pipe and I was away from home quite a bit. The company paid the drivers from the time they got to work on the time clock to the time they punched back out from a trip, meals & motel rent if they had to stay overnight. We got lots of hours each month and plenty of tonnage. Derrald was born in Maywood on August 21, 1928 at a little house that we had moved to from the Helitrope street one.

In 1929 we moved to a new pink stucco house in Southgate not far from work & bought some new furniture and a new super Hetrodine Console Spartan Radio and enjoyed listening to the news & music from all over the United States, as many powerful new stations were being installed in all major cities since 1920. I designed and built my own antenna to pick up these distant stations.

Sara's adopted sister Ruth lived with us a couple of years and attended school. Sara's mother also spent a couple winters with us and enjoyed the warmer climate of California. Gas was cheap at the time with local gas-wars going on between stations. It got to 5¢ a gallon one winter from the normal 10¢ a gallon. I could fill the model T up for 50¢ and load Sara and the 3 kids, Sara's mother or sister Alice with the picnic basket and head for the ocean beach twenty miles away or to the mountains and parks 40 or 50 miles away to the north. We did this every Sunday for several years and saw a lot of southern California. We could tour all day for 50¢ worth of gas and everyone enjoyed it. Sara's mother told me I had taken her more places and seen more things than she had seen before in her whole life.

Dad's first wife Mertle with Ethel & Margarite, the two daughters all lived in Maywood. We visited them often and Mertle helped take care of Sara when Myron and Derrald were born. Ethel and Fred sold their home in Maywood in 1929 moved to Hollywood and operated their real estate business there. We visited Ethel at her large home in Hollywood and met several movie stars which she knew. One of them was Janette McDonald. We also attended several big movie star parties, including some put on by the Sepulveda boys which were my mothers brothers and consequently my uncles. They were all playing in western movies and living high. We were at Leo Sepulveda's home and parties several times, He was killed there one night in a gun fight, He was a split second slow on the draw & came out second best. (Amen) Uncle Carl Sepulveda was there in Hollywood acting in movies and stacking up the wives also.

1929 brought on the big depression and within 2 years everything got tough; all the plants were cutting back and closing or laying off their employees in mass. The plant I was working at was about shut down with no new orders for pipe or new construction in the foreseeable future & chances for new jobs coming in were very slim. We decided rather than tough it out there, to sell most of our furniture and build a 2 wheel trailer to haul most needed things and hitch it behind the model T Ford and head back to the ranch in Utah till conditions got better. I built a trailer & loaded all our clothes and Sara's Singer sewing machine & easy washer; pots, pans & dishes and sold all the other furniture to my boss at the pipe plant, bid everyone adieu. It was now June 30, 1931 and a real hot and washboard gravel road all the way to Salt Lake City. I loaded Sara and the three young kids in the T with side curtains on, to keep out hot air and left Southgate in late afternoon to drive all night across the hot desert to Las Vegas. By 9am we were in Baker, California which is below sea level. It was 119° at 9 o'clock in the morning. I gassed up and refilled my 2 five gallon milk cans with water for the radiator, as it boiled a lot at the high temperatures. I made it up the grade out of Baker and arrived in Old Las Vegas (now North Vegas) in the late afternoon and decided to stay a few hours and rest. I got a room at a roadside motel. It was really hot inside and out, there was no such thing as air conditioners at that time. I decided to try for a cold shower to cool off, I turned on the cold tap and got half scalded, the pipes were all on the outside and exposed to the sun. The room was so hot and stuffy the kids were all crying and burned from the hot air, Sara rubbed them down with cold crème. I filled the water cans and within 2 hours was headed for Utah & drove all night again. St George was real hot, so we kept going. It was cooler at Cedar City, so we got a room & showered and slept the rest of the day. At evening we left and drove all night arriving in Salt Lake Valley July 3, 1931 and stayed overnight with Norine and Gordon Anderson in Swedetown. The next morning we took off up Parleys canyon over Wolf Creek pass to the Bert White ranch, arriving the 4th of July 1931. Sara cried and was really depressed for leaving all the nice things we had in California and coming to a place where there was no electricity or running water or inside toilets or place to live. What a shock. She quickly perked up and buckled into our new life. Rudy and Adelaide were on the ranch with Edward, Helen, Mother and Dad. We bunked best we could & I soon had lumber, door, windows ect and built a two room addition to the ranch house with a screened porch, this made it more private for us.

I traded Sara's console cabinet sewing machine and electric motor in Salt Lake for a cabinet and treadle sewing machine, got a Briggs & Stratton gas motor for washing machine and a gas light for home. I helped on the farm with the hay & garden. Dad had some milk cows and pigs, so we had vegetables and milk. Sara made bread & I killed a big hare rabbit everyday that winter so we had rabbit everyway possible, I have not eaten a rabbit since, for I had enough that winter to last a lifetime. We all hauled water in barrels from the river to cook, drink and bathe in, in the #3 washtub on

Saturdays. There was no job or work anywhere, everybody was struggling to just exist. Most of the farmers were milking a few cows and separating the cream and putting cream in 5 gallon cans and sending it to Provo once a week with one of the Michie boys at Farm Creek who had a truck with a rack on it. The first part of February 1932 he told the farmers he was quitting the cream route, the ranchers held a meeting to get someone else to take over, no one else had a truck so they sent Frank Clark to talk to me and see if I would use the two wheel trailer I had made in California and the old model T and take the cream route temporarily. I told him that I did not have enough money to buy gas to do it, he loaned me \$5.00 for gas. I gathered the cream cans with his help & he made the trip with me on Feb 11, 1932. I paid him back the \$5.00 & made the same trip every week on schedule for the next several years. I made a deal with the farmers to cash their cream checks and bring them the stubs and any merchandise they needed for their families on a small commission basis. So each week I had a shopping list from each one. By April of 1932 the load of cream cans increased and the 40 hp 4 cylinder T ford had trouble getting up the golden stairs and other hills and canyons. The splash system for lubrication of the motor was not enough to keep from burning out the Babbitt bearings in the connecting rods which happened several times. One time going up Daniels canyon as I reached the top a bearing went out. I pulled over by the old Bethers gas station which was there then and blocked up the front of the T Ford, got out my leather boot and wrapped it around the crank shaft & put the bottom of the rod back into place, tightened the 4 bold, cleaned out pieces of Babbitt, put the pan back on & 4 quarts of new oil, which I always carried along. I cranked the motor up and headed for home with only one hour delay time. The next day at the ranch I pulled the pan off again and removed the piston from the bottom, heated up my gas burner and melted new Babbitt & made new top & bottom bearings and scraped it to fit the bearings. By the summer of 1932 I had to get a bigger car to do the job. I traded the T Ford in for a used Oakland 6 cylinder touring car, this had more power and a self starter. The radiator was pretty plugged up and would boil on long pulls, it had wooden spokes in the wheels which would shrink in dry weather & I had to put metal shims on the end of the spokes. I got by ok the rest of 1932 and by the spring of 1933 the cream can load had grown and I had a car full of people every week who wanted to ride to Salt Lake & back, I charged them \$1.00 each way. I had now changed from taking the cream to Provo and made a deal with Nelson Ricks Creamery to take it to Salt Lake, this was better for everyone and increased my load. However I needed a larger car & trailer for I was having trouble with the trailer axle and bearing on a trip home out in Strawberry valley. I broke an axle on one side of the trailer letting one wheel off, I got out my axe and cut a quaking aspen from the hillside nearby and jacked up one side of the trailer and chained one end for the quake-pole to top and front of the trailer & let the broken axle slide down on the pole and took the trailer, Indian fashion with one side riding on the pole, there was snow and ice on the road so we got home with little trouble, only had to go a little slower. I went back to Salt Lake the next day and traded for a big 9 passenger Cadillac Limousine which was owned by Walter Driful the

owner of Auerback Company, it was his chauffer driven limo and in real good shape, like new. He wanted a new one and knew my Dad & Mother well as they worked for him before they went to the reservation, when they lived in Walker Lane. So he gave me a special deal & took some of it out in Christmas trees. This car was ideal as I could haul 8 or 9 passengers and pull a big load as it had extra large tires & springs, a big V8 motor, big battery, electric wipers & deluxe everything. I traded the Oakland car to Consolidated Wagon & Machine for a new four wheel farm wagon with heavy duty rubber tires and just the running gears. I built a wooden box on it to hold freight & lots of cream can & a good heavy duty trailer hitch. Thus I used this four wheel trailer to haul cream to Salt Lake and freight supplies back & forth and had a full load of passengers every week as few people in Tabiona and Hanna had cars at that time, and could ride to Salt Lake and back with me cheaper than they could drive anyway. I made this trip every Tuesday and came back on Wednesdays for several years.

In the spring of 1934 I took Sara, Mother, Dad, Edward & Helen in the Cadillac on a trip to California, to Los Angeles & visited in Whittier with Dad's sister, who he had not seen in many years & also visited Margarite, Ethel & Fred in Hollywood, then up the coast to Sacramento and over Donner summit and on to Reno and Wells, visited Mothers brothers in Elko, then back to Salt Lake and Tabiona. Mother & Dad were so impressed with California and the climate picking oranges in March instead of snowballs in Tabiona.

In 1935 the Distafano's had a small store on main street in Tabiona and hauled their supplies with a small truck. Their business got real slow as I was supplying most of the peoples need with the cream route. In 1935 Ralph Maxwell rented the Johnny Johnson building on main street 1/2 a clock west of the Distafano's store which was operated as a store for a short time by Charley Bartello and Johnny Johnson, neither of which could make a go of it in the store business. I made a deal with Ralph Maxwell to haul his freight back from Salt Lake on my regular trip each week and keep his books for him & haul no more groceries or dry goods for anyone else. Ralph had a wife and 3 small kids when he opened the new grocery store, living in the rooms adjoining the store. He had one old timer hand gasoline pump, with a 500 gallon storage tank under the ground. I hauled his gasoline each week in 50 gallon steel drums & siphoned the gas into the storage tank. This made me all the load that I could haul in the new four wheel trailer and pull with the Cadillac and cut my pickup stops to the wholesale grocery and notions and hardware at the ZCM on 2nd west between 1st & 2nd south and the Covey gas company on North 2nd West. With me doing the buying and the coaching Ralph on how to operate we soon had the Distafano's store out of business within a year. I could plainly see that Ralph wasn't going to make it much longer either, as his wife was real extravagant and wasteful & they were to easy with charge accounts. They got real low on operating capital and I saw an

opportunity to get into it. I talked to Dad & Mother and got their interest and backing, then went to Johnny Johnson and talked to him about leasing his building with options to buy as Ralph was in a big bind to come up with another years lease. Johnny looked the situation over and decided to make me a good offer for a cash sale, this would get him off the hook with Ralph. Johnny would take \$1,500 cash for the one acre lot and store building and living rooms.

In 1935 Dad and I went to Moses Taylor at Kamas Bank which he had personally known for many years and borrowed the money for one year, to buy the property and had enough in the checking account at the bank to buy the opening stock for the store, Mother would operate the store, I would haul the freight, keep the books, keep things in order and in line with good business practices. Johnny notified Ralph that we had bought the property and were going to open the store. The Distafano's store had closed so Ralph contacted his brother who put some more money with Ralph and they moved to the Distafano's building and were dead set to eliminate the White's from the store business. Ralph's brother Les had a store in Altonah and was doing ok, he thought that putting some more money in with Ralph and coaching him along, they could have it all in Tabiona in a short time. Les with he truck bought and hauled Ralph's freight with his own freight for the Altonah store. The went all out real liberal with their charge accounts in Tabby and Hanna. Mother and I sold for a little less and got mostly cash, as I had most of the peoples cash income, as I had the cream checks and could control the charge account of the few and best account we had, I was loaded both ways to Salt Lake and back with cream, groceries and gasoline, plus the passengers all the time.

By the end of the first year of Mother's and I operating the store, mothers feet and legs were hurting her a lot from being on them so much and so long, so I made a deal with her and paid the \$1,500. off at the bank and got a deed to the lot and the store and paid her off in monthly payments for the stock in the store. Sara and I and the 3 kids were living at the ranch in the rooms when our son Vernon was born on June 10 1936 with Mrs. Wagstaff attending as mid-wife, everyone got along just fine. On July 19 1936 my sister Norine died in Cedar City hospital, Dad, Rudy and Adelaide were there when she died. Gordon & Norine were in Carmal Junction working on construction of a new highway through Zion's Park when she took ill and he rushed her to the hospital and notified us. We drove to Cedar City in Rudy's new Ford and she died that evening. I moved Mother from the store back to the ranch in the fall of 1936 & Sara and the kids to living quarters adjoining the store. I bought a new big coal and wood range for cooking and heating in the kitchen and an oil heater for the store and carbide light for the sore also. I went to Vernal and bought a big kerosene burning refrigeration to keep the perishables in at the store along with the ice cooler, which was cooled with blocks of ice, which Dad and I cut and hauled each January from the river and stacked in a large ice pile one for the

store and one for the ranch, we covered the ice and on top with 2 feet of sawdust and had plenty of ice all summer each year.

In the spring of 1935 I had heard of a new distributor for Easy Washing Machines with gas powered motors and Zenith radios with 6 volt DC battery, they were looking for dealers in rural areas. I went to see them, they were in a small building on 2nd South and about 4th East, it was called Flint Distributing Company, with Leland Flint as head and Ernest Capel, the secretary and credit manager, Melvin Blood as the bookkeeper and one man to handle and load the appliances. Up to then the only ones making radios to operate on batteries in rural areas were the Sears Roebuck & Company and Montgomery Ward mail order houses. I had the first and only radio in Tabiona in 1931. I bought it from Sears soon after arriving from California. Sears had a store on State street and 3rd south where the Capital theatre now is. This was a table model radio with one large A battery and 3 B batteries, all dry cells. By playing the radio 2 or 3 hours each evening the batteries would last about 3 months, then had to be replaced. The Zenith Radio Company of Chicago saw the huge rural market which needed more powerful and economical radio for all the people who did not have electricity, so they made a nice cabinet radio with large spinner dials and only had one 6 volt rechargeable car battery to operate it, they then teamed up with Windcharger company of Chicago to build a windmill that could easily attach to a 6 bolt generator with metal frame work to the tail and a metal frame with 4 legs for a tripod for the stand to bolt to the roof of a building and a governor to control the speed and generator. This was called the Windcharger, it was a singled blade 5 ft long with two terminals to attach heavy wires too, which run to the batteries to keep it charged, this was a terrific new idea for the people in the country, so they could have electricity of a sort which could operate radios and two or three 25 watt six volt bulbs for lights in the homes.

I signed an agreement to be the exclusive and only dealer for the new Zenith radio and Windcharger in all the Uintah Basin from the Strawberry valley to the Colorado border. I built a pyramid shaped building a few feet west of our living quarters at the ranch about 20 ft tall and installed a Windcharger on top with wires running to a heavy duty 6 volt battery on the shelf at the bottom and then a pair of #6 wires from the battery to the inside of our living quarters and some 25 watt globes for lights. By 1936 I had become the largest Zenith-Windcharger dealer west of the Mississippi river for 2 or 3 years. I was used by the Zenith and Windcharger companies as a reference and they had several pictures and articles written on me at the time. I also sold many easy washers with the wringers and the Briggs & Stratton Motors. This kept me real busy selling and installing all over the basin, with Sara tending the store.

In 1935 the big Depression was still on in full blast and President Roosevelt had started a public works program to put people to work at \$40 a month with some drought relief programs to help people and communities develop public water systems as a drought was also on. John Jones was then president of the Tabiona town council and I was a member of that council. We applied for some of that drought relief money to put a water system into the town of Tabiona, we got a federal grant of \$4,500.00 to buy pipe and build a headhouse and with the APQA project for the town to dig the trenches and lay the pipe. I talked to Elvin W Lewis and he made a deal with me to sell one of the springs on his place to the town for \$5,000.00 cash, including one acre of land for the head house and the right of way for the pipeline. We called a hookup fee from the town people and paid Elvin the money and got the deed to the spring & one acre of land with the right-of way signed by Elvin and his wife Angie Lewis. In the meantime Johnny Jones, Johnny Johnson & I scouted around and found some used steel boiler tubing at WS Steel in Provo, UT, this was the best we could do for the grant we had. This tubing was in 10 ft lengths and had to be welded together with acetylene torch. We knew this would only last a few years and would have to be replaced with larger cast iron pipe; but it would establish the water system for Tabby - town and make a payroll for some of the local people. The trenches for the pipe were all dug by hand with pick and shovel from the Lewis spring to town and up and down each street & a 10 x 10 x 6 foot deep headhouse of concrete feed the 1,300 foot pipe line into town, there was a screen to cover the spring to keep it clean. Johnny & I took my car and trailer to Provo several times and hauled the tubing back to Tabby. I hauled it free of charge in order to get the water system established. The people were all happy and delighted when it was finished and did not have to haul water from the river anymore. We set up a fee of \$1.00 per month per hookup for maintenance.

In 1937 my needs for a bigger outfit to haul freight and the needs of the community had come, so I traded with Streater Chevrolet Company for a new ton and a half six cylinder take rack Chevrolet truck. This filled my needs real good then. I spent some time in digging the dirt out from the unfinished basement by pick and shovel with a wheelbarrow and wheeling out to the back lot & built forms completely around the inside of the store foundation and screened and hauled sand and gravel from the sand bar in the rivers, mixed concrete with a gas powered mixer and poured 8 in walls all around the basement and a 4 in cement floor throughout; extended the back of the store to cover the new foundation about 15 ft. This made us more room for the store and I divided the basement into some bedrooms for the kids and a fruit room with a small workshop. The ceiling part I finished into 2 extra room with stairs to them from the outside up the back, the kids now had more privacy with their own rooms.

In June 1937 I loaded the personal belongings and some furniture of Mother and Dad. Dad & I along with Reggie Stirk moved Mother & Dad to Rocklin, CA on highway 40, a small village 3 miles from Roseville, where Dad had bought an acre or so with a small house on it and moved in, they were tired of the cold and snow and wanted to spend the rest of their lives in a warmer climate and raise a garden the year around. Dad gave me the deed to the cemetery lot at Holliday which he bought in 1909, when baby sister Ruby died and he planned to be buried there with Mother, his Mother and father, but decided he wanted to stay and be buried in sunny California, which he did. He and mother are buried in a lovely cemetery in Fair Oaks, California a few miles from Rocklin.

Rudy and Adelaide built a nice house on the Rocklin property and several of their kids were born there and all are still in the area. In 1938 the economy of the country improved from the big depression and the government had many programs going to help all rural areas, that the existing power companies could not do. Rural Electric Association (REA) agents came into Tabiona, Hanna and Utahn areas & all other parts of the Uintah Basin except Duchesne, Roosevelt and Vernal who already had power from Utah Power & Light, talked to the people and got enough of them to sign up for power and to be members of the co-op and put up a \$50.00 fee for a hook-up, this was done. By the fall of 1939 the lines were completed to the north side of Tabiona, including a line 1 mile to the Bert White ranch, which I had signed up for as the first 2 members in Tabiona. I had already wired the store and living quarters and was ready for the meter and the line from the transformer when it got there and was first in Tabby to have bright and shining new lights and power. We were all happy as we could now modernize everything and I was swamped to my limit for the next several years helping wire houses and selling all kinds of electric appliances, washers, refrigerators, radios, toasters, irons and ect. Along with plumbing supplies for bath rooms and septic tanks, kitchen sinks and cabinets. I still had the exclusive franchise from Flint Distributing, so I sold Kelvinator Refrigerators, Zenith radios, Easy Washers and Bendix automatic washers and dryers. These were considered the best by most people. The Flint Distributors had grown fast with this line and had moved to a new larger warehouse and office on 2nd South between 2nd & 3rd West.

In 1940 the neon lights and signs were the new thing and several manufactures were opening up in Salt Lake. I knew one man who had his shop open about a year on State Street, his name was Bill Monay of the Monay Neon Sign Company, and I went in and talked to him about a sign for the store in Tabby. The following Sunday he and his wife came to Tabiona, Sara fixed them a nice chicken dinner and Mr. Monay designed us a fine flashing pink and green sign, "Whites". In about 2 weeks he came back out with 2 helpers and installed it. This was the first neon sign east of Salt Lake, there was none in Park City, Heber City, Duchesne, Roosevelt or Vernal, and thus I had another first.

December 1941 brought on the war with all its restrictions and regulations. Gas rationing and rationing of many items of metal and food. I was lucky to be in the general merchandise business in the country and having many good connections for many of these items. I needed to trade for a larger truck to haul cattle, sheep, lumber and whatever, so I traded the 1937 Chevy ton and a half in to Streater's on a new cab over heavy duty six cylinder two ton Chevy truck and bought 2 x 2 hardwood stake and 1 x 4 hardwood 14 ft long with bolts and built a high cattle rack for the truck. In 1941 I made a cover for the top of this truck rack and Dave Thomas of Duchesne and I went to Mona, UT and helped trap some elk at the mouth of the canyon, north and east of Mona; hauled two loads of young elk, (13 total) back to Tabiona, put ear tags in their ears and turned them loose at the mouth of Farmcreek on Indian land and established an elk herd that is now in that area. In 1940 I bought and installed a new Tokeheim Gasoline pump (now the boys wouldn't have to hand pump the gas) in front of the store, to replace the old gravity flow pump and sold regular gas. During the war years gasoline was rationed and everybody had to have ration stamps to buy gas. The ranchers were important as they were the ones who raised the livestock and produced grain and produce to feed the people. Their quotes for gas was good, I too had a good quota for gas stamps, as I hauled the food from Salt Lake and live stock to the Salt Lake market. I also hauled a lot of lumber from Johnson Saw Mill to the Jankeys Mill in Salt Lake who had a government contract to make shipping crates for the Army, so I got plenty gas stamps to do this. The ration board for Duchesne county was in Duchesne and 2 members of that board, Cliff Mickelson and Dean Powell, gave me a tough time with the ration stamps, so I went to the OPS headquarters at the state capital and talked to the head man for the state of Utah, a Mr. Clark and informed him of my situation, he made a few telephone calls to prominent businessmen and verified what I was telling him. He found out that I was a big game hunter as well and told me not to go to Duchesne anymore for stamps so I had priority to come to him for what I needed to operate with. Tires also were rationed and hard to get. I had my buddy George Allmark who was with Goodyear Tire and Rubber company, who could always supply me with tires and tubes if I had a priority. I would just go to the capital and get the priority and then right on down to see George and get the tires with no problem. I sold the ranchers the tires they needed and the extra gas for their pickups and the Duchesne ration board was going crazy reporting me to the state OPS office for helping the ranchers with some of their needs, which they could not get from the local board themselves.

In a couple years Dean Powell got real desperate for some tires of his own for his pickup which he was hauling mail daily to Hanna and back, and he was head of the OPS board in the county, but could not find any tires, so he came to me at the store on his way to Hanna and showed me his tires on his pickup truck, they were all bald and no spare, he was desperate. He asked me if I could help him in

any way. I told him sure, and to drop by in a couple days and I would have him 4 new tires and tubes at the regular list price. He could not believe it, but stopped by the store in a couple of days on his way to Tabby post office and just stood and stared at the new tires I had gotten for him, he could not believe his eyes. I then handed him a bunch of letters he had written to the state OPS complaining about me. I asked him if that was his signature on them, he went pale and speechless, I just calmly told him I always believed in living and let live and that I thought I had treated him more than fair and friendly than he had treated me as he had turned me down flat a couple years back when I went to Duchesne to get paper for a spare for my truck to haul lumber to Salt Lake.

Many items were rationed during the war such as soap and wholesale grocery allotments were small. The wholesalers had no way of distributing the few cases of some scarce items they got each month to the large stores without creating a fuss. So the Utah Wholesale Grocery, where I had bought for years, decided to divvy out their scarce items, that they got to 3 out of town customers, to avoid hassle. The 3 stores that were selected were "Whites in Tabiona", "Quality in Wells, Nevada" and "Oliver Ames Store in Afton, Wyoming. We all had our own trucks and hauled our own loads, so we 3 had more scarce items to sell and ration to our customers than the larger stores in Salt Lake did. The same was true with appliances, for I had an inside track with Flint Distributors. I sold them scarce items they needed, such as butter or sugar (by the 100 lbs) and they hid their radios, refrigerators and appliances for me and got them out of sight of the big dealers. The same was true with Burrell Bottling Company, they got me enough sugar, for they were in the soft drink business and could get plenty. I had a lot of good connections in Salt Lake for all kinds of items and spent 1/2 a day each week picking up goodies from one place and taking them to another and filling my load for Tabiona.

I was doing a lot of big game hunting at that time in several states and had several wild cat rifles and loaded all my own ammunition, components were really scarce. Jeno Orland, Ace Webb and I were hunting buddies and had done a lot of loading and shooting together. Jeno had a friend that was with the Illinois Power Company, a subsidiary of Winchester Western. I talked to him and he said he could get us rifle primers in lots of a million at a time, but it would take a double "A" priority. I headed for my good buddy at the capital OPS Chief Clark, we looked over the regulations and decided I could qualify, as I lived in the country with lots of livestock and was a hand-loader of ammunition and needed to make ammo & bullets to control predators and could ration primers/bullets to others who were hand-loaders in the Western states. I tip-toed out of the capital with a double "A" priority and ordered the shipment by railroad express of one million primers, they arrived in Salt Lake about 6 weeks later. We split them 3 ways between us and started to trade and distribute them to hand-loaders, , it was like a gold rush, and everybody was contacting us for primers in a few months. I got

another priority and we ordered a million and ½ more primers. According to the record, I was the only man in the US in World War Two that qualified for this type priority. I distributed primers and bullets all over the western states. Copper tubing took a high priority to get, I just happened to be in the refrigeration business under the title of "Whites Mercantile and Service Company" so I could buy copper tubing by the roll and trade to Fred Barnes the bullet maker, which he used to make the jackets for bullets, thus my steady source of all sizes of bullets which I loaded for the farmers and ranchers to control predators.

My son Myron enlisted in the Navy at the age of 18 and spent some harrowing experiences in the Island during the war. When he got out of the Navy and came home we soon sent him on a 2 year LDS mission to Hawaiian Islands.

In 1940 I took the kerosene refrigerator we had in the store back to the dealer in Vernal and traded it for a new Philco electric, we used it in the store to cool soda pop and beer, then sold it to Derrald & Maxine and they took it to Wyoming with them. They still have it in Bountiful and are still using it, making it over 38 years old, it is still going strong. (Note: this appliance ended up with Terri White Lloyd, Myron's daughter and is in Lake Point, UT - 47 years of service)

After the war I built a 30 x 42 foot 2 story cinder block building with a 6 foot breezeway between it on the store, with the ground level as a garage for the truck and car, having large overhead doors and oil heating furnace, a 50 gallon electric hot water heater and 2 rest rooms and showers, with a L shaped platform for appliances, storage and workshop. The top half I finished with knotty pine with hallway and 4 bedrooms, we rented these rooms with ones over the store and another outside one to the fisherman and hunters and the survey people. I built this building in 1 summer, hauled the blocks from Salt Lake, mixed the mortar and laid the blocks, put in the ceiling and roof and the Janky glazed windows and was ready 2 days before the deer season.

When Sara and I took over the store in 1936 there was no place in the area for anybody to get a cup of coffee or anything to eat, except in their own homes, so we soon decided to put in a butane grill and sell hamburgers and hot dogs. I got a couple of butane tanks and regulators, set them up under the stairs at the back of the store and ran gas lines through the wall to the grill at the rear of the old part of the store. We sold many hamburgers and lunches. When we remodeled the store we put a lunch counter and as time went on we put in booths in the rear of the store and installed an electric grill, deep fryer and double ovens in the kitchen and served chicken, steak and roast dinners along with the hamburgers and malts.

We rented the upstairs rooms to fisherman, hunters, oil and pipeline men and geologists and were full for several years as we offered rooms and board, gas, oil and other needs. We trucked cattle and sheep to market in the fall each year and hauled rock salt from Redman, Utah salt mines to the cattlemen each spring. I hauled coal from the mines in Castle Gate for the Duchesne County School District and the Tabiona school, also for our own stoker at the store. I later converted it to oil burning and installed a 1,500 gallon oil storage tank. I also put in a 2,000 gallon gas storage tank and used it for regular gas and the small 500 gallon tank that was always there for ethyl gasoline. We also had an air compressor with a hose at the corner of the store for everyone to use.

During the winter months for several years I and a few hunting buddies chased and captured mountain lions, mostly taking them alive. I had some good hound dogs, which we would turn loose on the lion tracks, the dog would tree the lions and soon we'd be at the tree, sometimes on horses and sometimes afoot on snowshoes, when the terrain was too bad to get into with horses. We did this all around Tabby, Hanna areas and in the Aventguin and Strawberry canyons. To take the lions alive, one of us would climb the tree with the lion and put a lasso rope around its neck with 1 man on the ground holding the other end of the rope. We would leash the hounds to a nearby tree, so they didn't get hurt or be in the way, when we would spook the lion to jump out of the tree with the rope around its neck. When he hit the ground one of us would grab the lion by the tail and hold on tight and stretch the cat out and hog tie him on his feet, put a stick in his mouth to hold his mouth open and tie the muzzle with strong cord or a piece of wire, to hold it that way, then get him to the nearest road and haul him in.

We then took the live mountain lions to Salt Lake, put them in crates and shipped them to Zoo's all over the US. Over a 20 year period I took over 300 lions both dead and alive out of Duchesne County. As I did this the deer herds increased in leaps and bounds, as an adult lion would kill and average one deer a week, if they had kittens, they kill two or three a week. This really made for fantastic deer hunting during the 1950's and 60's. I don't suppose it will ever return and be like that again as the winter deer range has many other uses and the hunters have increased many, many times over. Now there are more hunters than deer.

In 1946 I traded for a new 2 1/2 ton Diamond T truck with a sixteen foot van body and a hydraulic tailgate, as the war was over and a big demand for appliances was on and my setup with Flint Distributing was sound. I went all out to sell and install all those things people had been shot on during the war years. I kept an inventory of some of the most used appliances in the cinderblock building and could make quick delivery and I had a good finance plan for the customers thru Redisco the American Motors Company. I sold a lot of refrigerators and washers in the next 3 years and pretty well saturated the area and put a lot of miles on the Diamond T. The time had come where the

need for this larger truck had passed, so I again traded in for a smaller 1 ½ ton Diamond T with a 12 foot enclosed van and took delivery on it at the factory and hauled a new Buick back in it for Storm McDonald Chevrolet and Buick dealership in Heber City. Derrald went back to the factory with me and drove a new Diamond T pickup back for the Diamond T dealer, Wilkerson Motor Company in Salt Lake. I made enough by taking factory delivery, hauling the Buick back and Derrald driving the pickup for both of us to take the Vista Dome train to Chicago, sight-see for 2 days then hop the greyhound to Flint Michigan, picked up the outfits and drive back to Salt Lake. We did this in March 1979, we came back on highway 30 and in western Wyoming got in a real bad blizzard. Derrald was ahead of me and made it to Lyman and got into a motel and stayed the night and waited for me. I was a few miles back and visibility got down to zero and the snow was drifting deep. I came upon a snowplow stalled in the road, got out and talked to the driver. He was turning around to go back. He told me to pull off into the barrow pit and shut her down, to go with him back a few miles and stay at his place and we would dig out in the morning, he would follow me to Lyman after the winds and conditions had eased up. The next morning after a nice breakfast at his home, the died down some, he started the snowplow up and opened the road to my truck and we dug it out, he pulled me back onto the road and I followed him to Lyman where Derrald was anxiously waiting. We continued on to Salt Lake with the roads open and ok.

For the past several years I had been taking sixteen millimeter motion pictures of wild life and doing some conservation work and have about a 1,000 feet of exciting footage on the capturing of mountain lions and other films on live trapping of antelope in Daggett county then replanting them in Iron county. Another on wild mountain sheep in British Columbia, another on wild bird life. Sara and I took a boat trip to the Islands in the Great Salt Lake to the bird sanctuaries and got a lot of good color footage in 1949.

In 1949 I was elected at the Utah Wildlife annual convention to be the Vice President of the Utah Wildlife Federation under Newell B. Cook. Mr. Cook was for several years director of the Utah State Fish and Game Commission. In 1950 Mr. Cook had bad health and they appointed me as president and he resigned. In 1950 Ross Leonard was the director of the State Fish and Game Commission and was going into a federal job, so I called a meeting of the Utah Wild Life Federation at the New House Hotel with all interested people including the Governor, then J. Bracken Lee, to attend a 2 day meeting to decide on a new fish and game director, for the governor had said he would appoint whomever the Federation recommended. There were a lot of names submitted. The Weber county group recommended a man that was head of the Clearfield Army Distribution Center, we called him and had him come to Salt Lake that evening for an interview. I got the directors of the Salt Lake, Weber, Tooele and Carbon counties together that evening in a meeting and we interviewed J.

Perry Egan. We were all impressed with Mr. Egan and his credentials and we decided he was the man we wanted. The next day in open convention I called for a nomination and sponsors, there were several. Then I took the floor and introduced Mr. Perry Egan as the new director of the Utah State Fish and Game I called upon him to speak before the convention with Governor Lee in attendance. Nominations were closed and votes were called for. At that time there were 60 chapters of the wild Life Federation in Utah. In a few days Mr. Egan was appointed and was an outstanding director. He completely reorganized the entire operation of the Fish and Game Department and brought high respectability to that department. I and the Wildlife Federation worked very close together on many conservation projects. Perry and I traveled together all over Utah and he took me with him to Phoenix, Arizona to the 11 state Fish and Game Convention in May 1951.

IN September 1950 Utah had its first buffalo hunt for 10 mature bulls. The brood stock for these were transplanted from Yellowstone Park several years pervious and hauled in crates by team and wagon from the park to the Burr desert at the base of the Henry mountains near Hanksville. This was ideal range for them and they increased in numbers to where they needed to be controlled in numbers. This was a controlled hunt with a game department officer to select the animals to be harvested by the 10 lucky hunters. This was quite an event and I went to this hunt to make a motion picture of Utah's first legal buffalo hunt since the pioneer days. I went with Lyman Hansen in his truck, he was a well know Utah sportsman and Merrill Hand, the Chief of the Game wardens for Utah and several other Fish and Game personnel. We camped in tents on the Burr desert southeast of Hanksville with the hunters, horses and several local cowboys who knew the area and had some experience getting thru these sand hills, they rounded up some buffalo and hazed close enough to me and the game department officials and hunters who were hid out in the knolls on the desert. The animals to be harvested were selected and after several days of exciting chases and adventures 10 big bulls were dressed out and in camp. I made good pictures of the hunt and had quite a time and showed the film in many places for several years.

Six of us, my buddy Jenio Orlando and his friend from Salt Lake and my cousin Tallmadge White and 2 of his friends from Susanville, CA made a deal with a hunting guide in Stevensville, Montana to pack us into some back country out of Darby Montana to hunt Rocky Mountain goats, elk and bear. He met us in Darby with pack and riding horses. We all went up there in my Chevy cab over truck with all our gear and food for a ten day pack in. Our guide took us up the West fork of the Bitter-root for a few miles then we parked. We packed in for the next 10 miles up a beautiful breathtaking box canyon walled Boulder Creek with well used game trails all along and with Mountain goats peering at us along the way from high above on the sheer ledges. The serenity and abundance

of wild life was overwhelming. I have never seen the equal of it since. As we got up the canyon 8 or 9 miles it opened up wider with meadows and several small canyons leading off, we made camp on the edge of a beautiful meadow and close to some wonderful fishing holes on Balder Creek. Talmadge's buddy, the only one to bring a fishing pole, after camp was made, rigged up and stood in the doorway of the tent and caught enough native brook trout in an hour to feed the 6 of us for supper, it was just fantastic. Our guide left all the pack and saddle horses with use except one he was riding and left us alone and would be back in a few days, he cross hobbled the horses and tied a rope gate across the trail leading down the canyon and left the horses on a big grassy meadow near camp. There were so many bears in the canyon the horses were jumpy and snorting all night long and throughout the next day. The next morning we arose early, had breakfast and spread out to explore this beautiful canyon. I climbed and worked my way out of camp, near to the rim of the north side for about 2 hours then sat down with my 10 x 50 binoculars and glassed this part of the country for about 2 more hours, watching the many snow white mountain goats feed among the shelves of those sheer ledges and bears almost everywhere there was any berry patches. I watched several of them feeding in a large patch about a mile from me, not far from the bottom of the canyon and trail up the canyon which I had charted with landmarks from me to them and decided to go for a big bear. It took me over 3 hours thru this rough terrain, timber, brush, boulders and ledges to make it where I last saw the bears. I spooked bears, deer, goat and elk and knew not what I'd find when I got there. I located the big berry patch and stayed on the other edge of the thicket as the bears were making quite a commotion feeding. I decided to make my way up thru the near by ledges and get above the berry patch so I could look down at the feeding bears. As I was working my way up thru the ledges, I suddenly came face to face with a trophy size Mountain Billy goat within 15 feet on a narrow ledge shelf lying down chewing it cud and watching the bears below him. He probably had never seen a man before and just lay there eye balling me eye to eye. I put my safety on the 270 Winchester and opened up the movie camera for some close action. I was on my hands and knees crawling along on this 2 ft wide shelf with about 200 foot cliff below me, my camera in one hand and the 270 in the other. I crawled a few feet closer, suddenly the Billy-goat rose to his feet and charged with his head down and his 9 inch horns, coal black in color, sharp as needles ready to embowel and knock me off his ledge. I let loose of the camera and grabbed one of his horns with my left hand and with the 270 in my right hand I shoved it into his chest to try and hold him away and flip him over the ledge. He jerked his horn out of my hand and stabbed me in the center of my wrist with it in that split second. I was pushing him in the face and chest with the muzzle of my 270 and with my right hand got the safety off with my thumb and pulled the trigger with the muzzle pressed tight against his chest, he slowly sank and I broke away. As the shot rang out I counted 9 big bears in the berry patch below a high tailing it out of there. My left arm was bleeding badly and numb with pain where he had hooked me. I used my white handkerchief for a tourniquet and bandaged it and headed to the bottom of the canyon and the trail back to camp and

made it in about an hour. Everyone was back in camp cooking supper when I arrived. My arm was really hurting, but the bleeding had stopped. We had a good amount of medical supplies and first aid materials and soon my arm was washed, cleaned and bandaged and I had a good steak supper and some needed rest. Everyone agreed that I was really lucky to be alive after such a close encounter with such an animal in its own environment. Next morning Jenö and I hiked back to the dead goat and skinned him out after lowering him off the ledge and carried the head, horns and hide back to camp and salted it down. The next day Jenö got his goat and Jenö and I both got trophy Elk on the game trail at the bottom of the canyon near camp. In a few days all of us had our tags filled with elk, goat, bear and deer. The guide came back and loaded all the horses with meat and took it out to Stevensville cold storage and had it cut and wrapped and then came back, packed us out at the end of 10 days.

We followed him back to Stevensville, got out meat and headed back to Utah in the old Chevrolet truck, ending a most beautiful hunting experience. I made book ends from the goats horns and a rug from the hide and still wear the scars on my wrist as a winner of a fast encounter with the beautiful Rocky Mountain goat. Another secular sight in the Bitterroot mountains that was going on in September while we were there, was the annual migration of millions of tiny little red spiders who were riding from the canyons on a strand of silver web and rising with the warm thermal currents of air to high altitudes and then on their tiny webs floating in the air which made the sky sparkle like tinsel everyday. This was really an unusual sight. The canyon floors of the Bitterroot mountains are near sea level and rise in spectacular rugged and beautiful splendor to about 9,000 feet.

In the spring of 1950 I was elected President of the Utah Wildlife Federation for 2 more years, with Grover Austad as the Secretary. Grover and I promoted the idea and the Utah Legislature passed it, to have a visible hunting license. Grover had a patent made on this type of visible stamp. He agreed to donate it to the Utah Wildlife Federation and I agreed to donate to the federation all the proceeds from the 10¢ royalty that was due to Grover. This brought into the treasury about \$30,000.00 the first year (1951). Which was the first and last time, before or since, that the federation has had any real operating capital, except the meager donations that they struggle to get each year.

In 1952 the Federation with myself as President, sponsored legislation through the Utah State Legislature, for the revamping of the Utah State Fish and Game Laws, and gave Herbert Smart, then assistant Attorney General under Grover Giles, \$5,000.00 to work up the new fish and game code and get Elias Day to sponsor it in the state Senate and several Representatives to sponsor the bill in the house. This was the last time the code was changed. In the US Congress there was a very controversial bill regulating the vested right of livestock owners on forest service lands. With

Herb Smart, I flew to Washington DC and testified before the US Senate in favor of the forest service which won the case against the Livestock lobby.

In the spring of 1951, the University of Utah Agriculture College at Logan, Utah, after a vote of the sports writers, the Fish and Game Commission the Forest service ect., called me to be at a banquet and meeting in Logan where I was awarded the original and first "Jim Bridger award and trophy". This was for the one person who had done the most in the state of Utah for wild life and natural resources conservation.

Footnote: Clarence's beloved Sara Yancey White passed away Dec 31, 1966. He followed her in death Dec 15, 1982. They are buried side by side in the Holiday Memorial Gardens in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Truly a man of wit and adventure, a man born to the mountains of his time and place.

Clarence Myron White