Dad's description of his parents (Alvin)

[This section is from the "First Version of a transcript of tapes for elder Dunn Project." There is a note on the envelope that says, "Save for Ron. He asked for this stuff. Dad." This transcript was obviously typed by a marginally literate person (a work-study student no doubt) - demonstrated by his/her spelling of "Yukon" as "U-kon". This transcript was condensed into a chapter in Paul H. Dunn's book "Win if you Will" but that chapter contains perhaps 20% of what's in this transcript. It's a fine story even though Dunn got himself discredited for lying about things like his alleged enlistment in the army.

What I'm inserting here are extracts from the transcript that talks about dad and his relationship with his dad, things I never heard him tell me about. Remember that he was dictating this wandering narrative with an object in mind because some of the things he says don't make sense otherwise.]

"The harp music gives moral support. If this mike looked more like the human ear than an accusing finger you will be here to face a long recording session* There were two great heroes in my life, my grandfathers. Father was sort of an ideal, if you could separate ideal from hero. He appealed to me in a different way, but my grandfathers were really my heroes, I guess. Grandfather Jensen, (Ed: Jens Jensen) was the first man called by the Church on a genealogical mission. He was a native of Denmark and I suppose for this reason he was suited to this job. Now whether this is true or not, I believed that it was true when I was a young boy, and I suppose it is. He spent quite a number of years in the Scandinavian countries getting genealogy for the Church, It was the beginning of our far-reaching genealogical activities today. It was before tape recorders and microfilm and so forth and everything had to be taken down in longhand. But this distinction that he had gave you a certain kind of feeling toward him that can only be described as that of hero-worship.

Father was called to be his assistant and therefore, I suppose he became the second genealogist to be called by the Church. This was, of course, before Father was married. He spent five or seven years in Scandinavia himself on a mission.

Grandfather Hansen has a skill of a different kind. He was a craftsman. He was a master cabinet maker from Denmark and supposedly built the circular stairs in the Manti and Logan Temples. Now exactly what his involvement was I don't

know, I am sure he must have been at least a workman, but I am told he built them and this is what counts because as a small boy I used to ponder that marvelous grandfather of mine who had such great skill and achievement and had such a wonderful opportunity.

So my two grandfathers were my heroes. My father was my ideal. If I could pattern myself more after him, I would be much easier to get along with. Father was kind. He was a retiring person, but he was a scholar, naturalist, handyman. He was a clerk; he was a ward clerk for many many years. He was clerk of the Leamington National Farm Loan Association and the Federal Land Bank of Berkeley and other things concerned with financing the farmer in the days right after the depression hit. Father was honest, he was loyal, he was thorough, he was sincere. He was meek and modest, but I think most important of all he was a spiritual man.

He taught me things by being involved in them with me. One of these is prayer. I don't know if they still teach the inspiring stories about Joseph Smith as a boy as they did when I was a lad. On the east end of our property was a thick grove of trees and when you entered it after crossing the bright green field of alfalfa it seemed to have a quality that must have been something like the Sacred Grove. Now this may have been pointed out to me by father in this way. When we went by the grove one day he paused and said, "Let's kneel down and pray." Now we usually think that prayers are offered when we need something or offered as routine before we go to bed or before eating or funerals or some big conference of the church. But father seemed to regard prayer as a special kind of thing to be enjoyed. I knelt by him. I don't know how old I was; I felt very small by his side, but he prayed, I don't remember the words he said, but I remember kneeling by him in this our own little private sacred grove. It's always been that to me. In later years in part of the turmoil and strife in growing up, in becoming aware of the world which was sometimes hard on my heels I more than once as I passed in this area stopped and kneeled in the sacred grove and prayed. I don't know what I prayed for but it was this pact, this reverence for prayer that father taught me that was so valuable, such a wonderful thing.

At other times we did the same thing. It seemed that father was so moved by the glory of god as he saw it in the created world about him that he felt like giving thanks. Father used to take me to the mountains to camp out in the summertime. This happened a number of times in the summer. We would hook up our team of horses, throw in some supplies and bedding in the wagon and leave the hot, windy, dusty valley floor around the little town of Leamington in central Utah

and slowly wonder (sic - intentional?) our way into the mountains Fool Creek Canyon. It was a delightful spot for a small boy from the dusty plains below.

These trips were undertaken by father, first I suppose as a father , second because he wanted to go, and third because he was a naturalist. He knew a great deal about nature, about geology, about botany, entomology, astronomy, and he taught, me these things. It's because of this kind of environment he provided for me that I'm in the field I am today. This may not be the sort of thing that I ought to be putting on a tape but I never really paid a tribute to father and that special quality that he had of teaching by doing things with me.

More than once in the mountains in a cool retreat below the tall douglas firs we could hear the call of the blue gulls drifting over the canyon walls above us. Father would say, and he was a man of few words, he was a man who did things without show. I don't remember how he said it, but we stopped in some quiet solitude and prayed. It was this respect, this feeling toward nature, toward the creation, this feeling of thankfulness, this feeling towards prayer father had that has always remained with me. I could elaborate at some length telling about the experiences we had in the mountains, but I really hadn't ought to spend that time from this project.

I would like to say, however, that the highlight of this trip into Fool Creek Canyon was kind of an annual climb to the top of the peak. Fool Creek Peak stands out on the north end of the house range in Millard county as being a rather prominent peak of more than 10,000 feet elevation. From the top of it you can see in all directions. I was an idealistic young boy I suppose because the great men of the scriptures climbed to the tops of mountains. Moses got the Ten Commandments on the top of a mountain. Other great men climbed to the top of mountains. The savior was on top of a mountain. Others were on the tops of mountains. And it seemed like when father and I would climb to the top of this mountain we would see great things, not visions, but real things and we did.

We saw the desert stretching out to the west. We saw snow- covered Mt. Nebo to the northeast. It's feet had bustling villages nestled about them. Our little valley was comparatively quiet. There were areas I could see that I knew nothing about but wanted to know.

It was then that I felt the first stir within me that became a desire to see things and find what the world was all about. But the significant thing, most of all to me, was that as a small boy my father was taking me up to the top of a mountain to see. I idealized him. Later on when I was in high school in a system there was no counseling. The teachers in those days were not instructed to be able to find

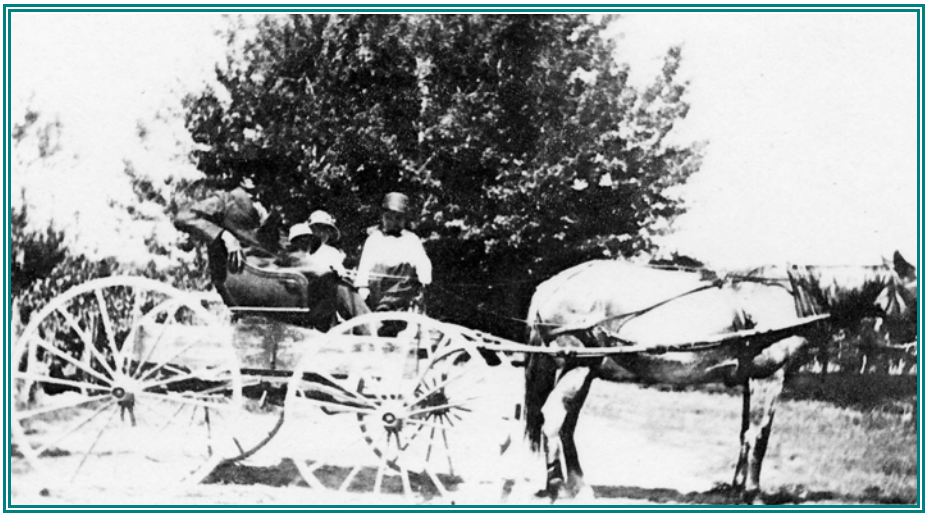
out what was wrong with a student. I was failing in all my classes. The only reason I went to night school was because father wanted me to go. So our trips to the mountains were very special things, something given to me that no one can take from me and that will always be with me, something that has helped me all my life.

Father took the time to do things with me and teach me by example. I suppose I could write a book about father, and I ought to. He was a scholar, interested in different languages. He translated stories, folklore stories from Scandinavian books into English for no other reason that he was compelled to so as a scholar. He translated Mexican history works into English. The other farmers in our little town had no comprehension of his interests or how deep his mind was but I'll leave this and go on.

My heroes are my grandfathers and my ideal was my father and still is. I only wish my sons could have known their grandfather...

Thinking about father, he taught me in many ways. He had a great deal of difficulty with his health in his life. He had very serious problems of health to bear. He was physically disabled long before his useful years had reached their peak. He had very great things to endure in this life.

I place my mother with my grandfathers and father as an ideal. She taught by example also, she cared for some of the sick and infirm in our area, not as part of a prescribed job, with which she got credit, but without any attention, without desiring any attention, she went about making their lives a little more bearable. She was a person without false pride. She could hook a team of horses to the wagon and go to town when other people rode in automobiles, I couldn't go with her. I'm sorry, but I couldn't, I had too much false pride and mother didn't have.



Both father and mother enjoyed the pleasure of doing skilled

things with their hands. Mother enjoyed art work. She was a golden gleaner leader and inspired the young women in our town to greater achievement in that area, especially in the keeping of records and preparing te exercises in some kind of a book they kept in those days, which was decorated in different ways, in artistic ways. Mother found this an outlet for her artistic expression.

Father built things with his hands. He understood mechanical things. Father gave in to many of my whims as a boy. I read ads in the magazines. I read one particular one which told a glowing story of the excitement of the craft of taxidermy, so father enrolled me in a correspondence course in taxidermy. Together with me, we learned the elements of taxidermy. We caught pigeons from an ample supply in a nearby farmyard and we mounted these pigeons. Here again father was doing it with me. Because he encouraged me in this way, and even in the hard times we had in those days, he managed to get the $10 to enroll somehow. This to me, is really a testimony to his desire to be a good father, although I don't think he felt it in that way. I think he was just doing it without thinking.

I wasn't a very good helper on the farm in those days. I was kind of a dreamer as a boy. Father worked on the section on the railroad because our farm was small and not too productive. It wasn't able to support our family so father worked on the railroad, and in the summer time, I was given tasks of shoveling ditches, digging up old apple trees, and other such tasks in which I had little interest. More than once, father would come home through the fields, thinking of dropping by to check on the work, only to find me asleep in the ditch underneath a big tree. He never reprehended me for these things, and his discipline wasn't the rod or the strap because all he had to do is to talk to me, and he was still a man of few words. He used to say a word to the wise is sufficient. This is an old saying, but in father's mouth it had great meaning.

In going to church and home, in days when we had a poor car or none at all, we used to cut across the field. In the winter time, father walked this route on his way to work and back. I used to go home from school across the snow-covered fields stepping in father's footsteps and I thought as I walked along that I was following in father's foot steps. Here again, I was kind of idealistic. I rather believe that all young men are, but I thought as I walked along, stretching my legs to fit the stride, I'm walking in his footsteps. I'm sorry to say that I haven't been able to do this always, because father was rather my superior in many ways, although he could have been greater in some had he been more aggressive. Nevertheless, his more Christ-like characteristics were much greater than mine.

Our home was not very large. I had four sisters. I suppose that because

father understood my quiet nature at that time, he knew I needed some privacy so he fixed up a small, one-room building once used to brook chickens. He put a floor in it, a window in it and put a little pot-belly stove in it, lined it, and this was my castle. I pit a very large padlock on the door so that none of ray sisters could snoop, nor could anyone else for that matter. In this little castle I had all my treasures, tinkered with mechanical things, with electrical things. I built a simple electric motor. I was fascinated by this power. You could see the evidence of electricity but itself you could not see. I had in my collection birds' eggs, collections of fossils, I had collections of other things. This was a wonderful little place, and I lived here during most of ay teenage years. That is to say, I slept there and spent a good deal of time there. One summer I earned enough money to spend for a guitar. I retired to my castle, locked the door, and by instruction book learned how to tune it and practice until I began to play and sing cowboy songs. This was of great pleasure in my life for many years. I took lessons on the violin when I was in the sixth grade. People were so poor in those days, music lessons were luxuries so mine had to be discontinued. In fact, the music teacher had to leave town because nobody could pay him.

A Tribute to Samuel Peter Jensen
-who would be 100 years old in 1989

{Dad apparently wrote this to commemorate his dad's hundredth birthday in 1989. I'd never heard of it and don't know if it was prepared for his sisters or cousins. I put it in because it reveals more about his dad than any other single writing he did. Overlook repetitions of stories that appear elsewhere in this book. Later: I saw comparable productions of his sisters in about the same era so they all wrote something to commemorate Samuel.]

As seen by others, he was a:

Hard, hard, worker on his little farm and on the railroad;
His later-in-life physical disability was due in part-to his constant overwork during hot summers on the railroad section-crew to make up for lazy partners. Each pair of workers was expected to do a certain amount.
Ward Clerk, many years, for different bishops;

Clerk, Federal Land Bank of Berkeley--during many years of hardship for local farmers heavily mortgaged for canal systems. He never betrayed confidential information.

Clerk, Leamington National Farm Loan Association—during many years of hardship for mortgaged farmers in the Great Depression, people knew their troubles never left Sam's records. They trusted him.

Postmaster, Leamington, many years. Postal auditors said his were the only records in which they never found a mistake The last few years his records were never audited--a degree of trust by a government department which surely must be the first to occur since the Colonists landed;

Four-H Forestry Club Leader;

Sam knew the scientific names of all native trees, shrubs, plants, and insects that preyed on them.

Examiner for many different Scout Merit Badge subjects;

Sam was well versed in star constellations and kept track of cyclic convergences, some once in a lifetime. He was involved with Frank. Beckwith on fossil coral identification, and guided various field trips for him.

As seen by his Family:

Above all else, Sam was a quiet man, a pacifist; one of those conscientious souls, rarely issued by Heaven, who made sure throughout his life that he never wronged a single one of God's children. When he died the greatest honor that can be given a man was bestowed on him at his funeral when it was said that in his entire life, he never made an enemy. Few people can understand what such a life would be like, let alone attain a rank so near the Savior's Love, for to do so would require them to forgive trespasses against their "rights".

One trespass revealing his forgiving nature was when the big trees were cut. Along the farm's north fence stood a row of silver maple trees planted by Sam's father, Jens Jensen. In time, and according to the ways of nature, the trees grew to great spreading giants; casting shadows across the neighbor's alfalfa field. This naturally irked the neighbor for many years as the shade stunted the growth of his alfalfa. The neighbor's ire and the trees grew together until they both cast dark shadows across his end of the rainbow of neighborly love. This was unfortunate; the neighbor was a good, quiet, sincere man, very much like Sam, but enough is enough.

One day the neighbor's ire split along the seam and his face got red. With his two big sons he climbed over the fence and they chopped, hacked and sawed two of the offending giants down--causing them to fall on their side of the fence. They then proceeded to cut the trees up and haul them off to their wood yard, infuriating Sam's hostile, early teen-aged kid.
The kid went down to where they were working and kicked loose pieces of bark around, and frowned a lot, and refused to answer when the neighbor's big sons kidded him. He was full of righteous indignation, and wanted to fight them all for stealing his grandfather trees; now his dad's, and perhaps someday, his trees. Cutting them down was one thing; taking them was stealing.

When Sam came home from a weary days work on the railroad, an agitated kid confronted him with the trespass and Sam's answer stunned the kid like a faceful of cold swamp-water full of green stringy moss; Sam sighed wearily, and calmly said, "Well-l-l, he probably had a fight with his wife, and had to get it out of his system". The kid couldn't believe anyone could even be calm, let alone so forgiving. He got more steamed up; "That's all? That's it? Were not going to burn down their barn, trash their chickens, or poison their milk cows?" Sam just sighed and said, "we better get rid of the rest of those trees. Your job now, this summer, will be to girdle all the trees | along that entire fence", ("girdle" means cut the bark off in a wide strip around the trunk so the tree will die).

The kid couldn't believe it; the neighbors steal grandpa's trees, so then he must kill all the rest of such a glorious heritage?? Eventually the kid became an adult, but was never able to even begin to live up to that lesson in forgiveness. An extreme case of consideration for the wishes of others was the Appointment to Postmaster Event:

Two people took the Civil Service Examination: Sam and Violet Nielson. Sam won by a good margin. Violet went to him and pleaded her case to have the postoffice in her store. Sam had no way of making a living with two young daughters to provide for, yet he felt sorry for Violet and wanted to give the appointment to her. The Civil Service Board said, "NO. You won it; you take it."

Sam felt guilty, knowing how much Violet wanted the postoffice, and may never have forgiven himself the rest of his life for taking it. He was soft-hearted and always put others ahead of himself. His tender-heartedness was evident in his Harmonica playing.

His youngest son Ivan, was in poor health and loved to hear his dad play the harmonica. Sam would oblige him at the slightest hint, playing many of Ivan's favorite tunes. Ivan's death, when he was five years old, left Sam so grief stricken he never played the harmonica again.

When Sam's oldest son (same as the "kid" in above episodes) was about 6 years old his curiosity caused him to impolitely jerk a handful of stubble out of the mouth of old Dobbin, one of Sam's two horses. Old Dobbin, having his rights violated, naturally bit the kid a mighty bite, causing screams and loud yelling. Sam sold old Dobbin to a gypsy horse trader, leaving the farm with only half of a team. Dobbin and his sister Gen were matched roans. Two horses were needed to plow the fields, mow and haul the hay.

About that same time the Leamington Talbot family gave Sam a horse named Dan. The Talbot's had to get rid of old Dan but they loved him and didn't want him abused so they knew if they gave him to Sam he would never be abused. Old Dan was from racehorse stock but was heavy enough to make up the farm team, and so he went to work with the ornery little mare. Gen (Sam's kid hated her).

Old Dan and Sam were very much alike; kind and gentle, letting other people shove them around, never finding fault with anyone; always passing up great opportunities for backbiting, complaining, speaking evil of others, etc.

Then there was the Fruit Sprayer Trial.. Sam bought a hand pumped fog sprayer, in 1917, to spray fruit trees. It was the only adequate fruit tree sprayer in Leamington valley, where there were about fifty family orchards. In those days powdered arsenate of lead was dumped into the big wooden barrel full of water.

The heavy lead was continually agitated by wooden paddles when the handle was vigorously pumped up and down; and people stood around in the orchard under a 20 foot long pipe fogging the bugs with "arsenate of lead". The fog settled on their faces, arms, shoulders and dogs, and of course all living things. Apparently, dying of lead poisoning hadn't yet been invented.

People would call Sam up to see who had "the sprayer", as if it was community property, so they could use it. It would wander around the valley according to the most urgent need at the time. More than once someone called Sam up on the telephone to tell him they couldn't spray because someone had broken the outfit. Sam would patiently go get the sprayer—as if it was his responsibility- have the break welded, something bolted down, or whatever it needed, and return it to the waiting orchard—all without any thought of charging for time and parts.

On one occasion his vigilant kid, always alert for trespasses, boiled over and said, "They all take advantage of you. (he was older now and could talk adult) Why do you let them do it??" Sam replied in his calm, matter of fact voice; "Well, they all depend on it. Without it most of them would get little fruit from their trees". What could the kid say? It was another impossible example for him to live up to (and he never did).

Sam's Secret Work

In addition to all the above, Sam was a compulsive scholar. Being a scholar in a social environment that dictated noone "act like he was better than others" was awkward and lonesome. Sam scrupulously kept his scholarly yearnings and activities secret.

Noone outside Sam's home knew of the many hours he studied good literature, different areas of science, and translated things that interested him. His library was ten times larger than that of the average Leamington home .

He taught himself to read and write Spanish. Sugar beets brought an annual influx of Mexicans to the valley giving him a chance to develop spoken Spanish. Census takers always asked him to record the temporary Mexicans. People were half afraid to venture into the Mexicans' camp because of gossip about knife fights. The Mexicans loved him because of his gentle nature. He translated a 15th Century History of Mexico, written by the Padres in Spanish, into English. He was also versed in other languages.

He was called on a Scandinavian Mission in 1909 to gather genealogy for the LDS Church. His father Jens was the first person called on a genealogical mission

for the church and Sam the second, was called to assist his father. Sam served 3 years.

He became proficient in the Danish, Swedish and Norwegian written language, necessary for the work. Sam brought many Scandinavian books home with him and later translated various Danish folk tales into English. He enjoyed classic Russian literature and learned to understand written Russian but never had an opportunity to learn more, Leamington being without a Russian colony. He was thus comfortable with six written languages, speaking five of them. He could also understand a good deal of German, a language akin to Danish; and much written French, because of its Latin, and similarities to Spanish.

Sam was truly a scholarly, self-educated man but late in his life this made him sad and disappointed. He once told his son how unhappy he was with his life because none of the things he enjoyed doing brought money in to provide his family with all the good things of life. His son earnestly assured him that the things he gave his family: values of honesty, hard work, kindness and sincerity, plus a love of all the beautiful and fascinating things of nature and a desire to learn about everything around us in our lives—were all everlasting treasures which would always belong to his children to enjoy forever. They were possessions noone could take from them, and which they would all take with them when they left mortality. But in his self effacing manner, and after living many lonesome years alone, he had sunk so deep in his gloom he could not comprehend the depths of his son's assurance.

SAM, DAD, GRANDPA, GREATGRANDPA, ETC. THANKS FOR YOUR EXAMPLES OF GREAT CHARACTER AND COMPASSION;

*** WE LOVE YOU! HAPPY BIRTHDAY***

Dad's First Life Sketch

[The following section is an autobiographical sketch that Dad started on December 1, 1959 while we lived in Boston. Ir appears he was taking a genealogy class with mom. I was half way through my senior year of high school at Belmont High School at that moment, anxious to get out and on with my own life. This personal history, the first one I am aware of that made, was probably a class assignment. I say that because both he and mom wrote their brief histories on the same small, spiral notebook pages. In typical Alvin fashion, he starts the history

one week on the spiral bound pages, then when he ran out of those pages, he switched to yellow pages, and then back to the spiral sheets. This is a helter-skelter collection of some memories:]

"Born Aug. 2, 1918. Blessed Oct. 1918. Baptized Aug. 2, 1926 by Samuel P. Jensen. The information from then until mid teen-age is found in my book of Remembrance.

I went to high school five years thus using up the year I gained when my teacher, Arvilla Bennett, skipped me from the third to the fourth grade in one year. This native intellectual ability was no matched by social maturity so I was a misfit in school from the fourth grade until about my third year of high school. I then was inspired by the coach that there was a reason for trying in life. Apparently my father and mother in their problems of health and general relationship with each other were not aware of my need. My mother would not reconcile herself to her life and father could not find the key to happiness and success in hard work on our small farm and the railroad "section gang". He was a very conscientious worked and as a result worked far beyond his physical ability thereby bringing about a break-down in his health which further complicated his relationship with mother.

She at one time avowed their marriage had been a mistake. This gave me a most peculiar and rebellious feeling of insecurity. I became quite independent of my parents in my late teens and came and went in many travels and experiences which I did not consult with them in the least about. I worked for farmers in my vicinity until about the age of 19. I then obtained a job on a railroad "tie gang" by falsifying my age a being 21. My social security number was obtained under these pretenses so I suppose it is all fouled up now.

December 1, 1959.

Father was a naturalist and provided me with many opportunities to develop a lasting interest in the world about me. He was a scholar

by nature and was continually pursuing many different details of nature. We made several annual trips into the highest mountains near Leamington for the main purpose of climbing the loftiest peak in the region, Fool Creek Peak. It's access was up Fool Creek Canyon. I have vivid memories of every detail which was part of these exciting adventures. Usually the trip and climb was completed in one day. However, we camped in Fool creek Canyon on several occasions.

Climbing out of the small Sevier River valley, we crossed fool Creek Flats before entering the mouth of the canyon. We lived in an arid world where most plant life was sustained by irrigation. Dry winds and dust storms were frequent in the summer. As a farm boy I worked in the hot dusty alfalfa fields. How delicious were the thoughts of a cool mountain atmosphere laden with evergreen fragrance and pierced by the calls of mountain birds and the rustle of crystal spring water over moss-covered rocks.

There were pine hens to shoot and wild raspberries to pick in the thickets near a spring. If our trip was made by horse and wagon, there was time to observe plants and animals along the way as well as giving father the time to recount his earlier experiences as a boy and later a young man. On one occasion he recalled a trip into Fool Creek Canyon with two other boys and a dog. The three of them were to camp in the canyon several days. The camp site was chosen hear a spring which arose from beneath a massive rock cliff. This cliff formed one side of the "narrows" and it was said to be a favorite haunt of the cougar after sunset. The three had active imaginations of young boys which increased in direct proportion to the growing darkness. Wood had been gathered and a fire was built. The three huddled in its reassuring glow and fanned their anxieties with stories retold of cougar and Indian adventures. As the fire finally flickered down to a pile of bright embers one of the horses snorted in alarm. Instantly the small dog dashed off in the direction of the wagon barking furiously. In the darkness the sounds of the agitated horses and barking dog terrified the three boys. One of them managed to gather up a handful of dry twigs and throw it on the coals. The dog's challenge suddenly changed to sounds of an encounter and after a few moments ended with a sharp yelp. The fire blazed up with reassuring light to reveal the horses straining excitedly at their ropes but gave no sign of the dog. The terror stricken boy huddled almost in the fire. They continued to keep the fire burning brightly all through the night When day break finally arrived, they looked about for the dog but nothing was ever found of him. Some large strange tracks were discovered in the soft ground near the creek banks where the horses were tied.

I had some interesting lessons on life while with the "tie gang". It was

largely composed of Mexican nationals for whom the food was particularly designed. It was much too hor with peppers for me, much to their delight, as was the sun. We were working on a section of the rail road which traversed some of the arid and desolate regions of central, western Utah within 15 miles of my home in Leamington.

I quit the tie-gang venture after several weeks and later joined Darryl Moulton in a contract venture. Darryl furnished the team and wagon and we cut cedar posts at 10 cents apiece for Fred Nielson. Later, we dug post holes for 10 cents apiece in the hard, rock ground for the same man. The venture was reasonable successful considering everything of the period.

In 19__, the year mother died, Darryl invited me, and I joint him, in a mine-timber cutting contract. We cut on top of "Tabby Mountain." It rises ____ to Tabiona, Utah and is a plateau of small area and about 9,500 foot elevation. Of all the work I have don, I consider this experience one of the most interesting and pleasant. We spent the spring and summer camping and working by ourselves on top of Tabby. We were both vigorous and constantly in a pitch of competition on opposite ends of a 2-man, cross-cut saw as we felled the lodge pole pine trees. The trees were then "limbed" and the bark peeled off. We were paid 1.5 cents a running foot.

One raining morning, Darryl slipped on a fresh peeled log and slashed his knee with a very sharp ax. I got him back to camp and fixed him up. Remembering how grandfather sewed up father's cheek when he fell on a walnut shell and cut it, I decided I could successfully sew up the knee instead of attempting the long journey down off the mountain by motor cycle for medical aid.

I boiled a needle and thread and sterilized the cut with rubbing alcohol. This was very painful for Darryl. I don't remembering "scrubbing" as a surgeon should but do remember how tough the skin on his knee was. I took about ten stitches then bandaged his knee stiffly so as to keep it straight. About a week later, I cut the cotton thread and pulled out the stitches. It appeared to be a very successful operation and later healed beautifully.

Later in the summer, Mother passed away and it seemed as her spirit left this earth it lingered a short time near me on Tabby Mountain. I had an old motorcycle which I used to make occasional trips to the nearest village, Hermon, to get a few supplies. The dirt road dropped down about 4,0000 feet from the top of Tabby to _____ at its foot. This road was so steep that sometimes the brake drums on the motorcycle would get almost red-hot and so lose their braking efficiency making it necessary for me to carry a pail of water along to cool them

off. On my return up this steep road to camp, I stopped at regular intervals to let the motor cool off.

I had just reached a pass separating Tabby Plateau from the main range of the Unita Mountains and was resting the motorcycle when I had this experience that later seemed to Mother's death. Mother had always been a person who was very much aware of the reality of the spiritual world. She also put a lot of value on dreams, at least certain ones. In recent years I read some of her recorded dreams and was much impressed to find in some a prophetic fore-sight regarding the future trials and dangers of some of we children.

This day...."

[That's how he ends the story. For me, the most revealing part of this history is dad's description of the relationship difficulties that existed between his parents. I don't remember ever hearing him say that out loud so this is a revelation. Based on his statement that he became rebellious and insecure as a result in his late teenage years suggests that his mother's avowal that the marriage had been a mistake must have been made around the time he was kicked out of the house with his things to live in the brooder house. Given the customs of the times and the religion community the family lived in, the relationship must have been a difficult one. All of the children were affected in various ways.]

Mother

As a girl, mother was obliged to do a man's work on a farm with her sisters, her father having been disabled by a blow to the head in a farm accident. The time was before mechanization when everything was done by hand with horses. She was a small person and it must have been incredibly difficult for her to harness a horse. The harness in not placed on a horse, it is THROWN on. Having harnessed many horses, I have no idea how she managed. There were many chores to do twice a day such as feeding a variety of animals, milking cows and tending to chickens. In maturity she maintained very strong hands and was was known by our neighbors for her ability to handle horses. Joe Nielson once said if she ever got hold of a horse it never got away from her. Many times she managed a flighty horse on a buggy in a time when horses were panicked by the sight and sound of a steam locomotive. She could rein in a runaway horse and force it to obey her will. Once when I had the team run away with the mower and end up in a fence, Mother

came to the rescue.

Mother was an energetic, intelligent woman who loved art and had a chance to express herself as the Golden Gleaner leader in our ward. She also loved good music and before the days of radio the collection of phonograph records in our home covered a wide variety of music including Enrico Caruso, the Mormon Tabernacle Choir under Evan Stephens and any semi-classical and operatic pieces. She taught herself to play the organ (harmonium) and before radio the family often gathered around the organ on Sunday evenings and sang hymns. She enrolled me for violin lessons when I was in the fourth grade. The instructor was a Mr. Hilgendorf. I learned "Parade of the Wooden Soldiers".

When radio pushed the hand-wound phonograph into oblivion she listened intently to the Philadelphia Philharmonic Orchestra's hour long program every Sunday afternoon. She also loved poetry and was a regular listener to a program of poetry and music by Ted Malone; a man with a velvet voice and engaging manner.

In the years before her debilitating poor health, many people were afraid of her. Her black eyes and hair accented her rather stern personality. She was very frank in interpersonal relations, not given to meaningless flattery she called "soft soap" and woe to the oily mouthed individual who tried to soft soap her. Yet she loved to josh with people who were open and up front with her and she had a great capacity for compassion. I saw it expressed in her work with a long time shut-in, Tilly Sorenson.

Tilly bore eleven still born children and slowly lapsed into a vegetable-like coma. Hyrum, her husband, had to wait on her every need in addition to running the farm. One day mother decided to take a hand. Hitching our team to the wagon, she drove over a mile to work with Tilly every week. She cleaned Tilly up, fixed her hair, fed her and straightened up her place.

Tilly hadn't spoken a word for a long time so one of her objectives was to get Tilly to talk. As she worked with Tilly, she talked to her. I don't know what she said but her purpose was to draw Tilly out of her shell. She played little games with her and after several weeks Tilly began to mumble, and then in time formed a few short words. This delighted mother and eventually she could carry on a simple conversation with Tilly and encouraged her to sit up with her legs off the bed. Eventually she got Tilly up on wavering legs and with regular exercises Tilly could totter across the room. Mother gave progress reports to our family each week, but not to anyone else.

Imagine the feelings of that poor husband who had been deprived of his mate for years when he finally saw his wife up on her feet again, but it was no big

deal with mother. She told no one of her work. It wasn't done for recognition. A different kind of expression occurred in my early teen years.

One day when Aunt Leola and Aunt Lottie were visiting mother a man knocked on the screen door. Mother went to the door and seeing who it was (John Fullmer) pushed the door open, stepped out and hauled off and slapped him on the side of his head. That sort of welcome was totally unexpected by the poor man who stammered, "What was that for?" "That's for all the times you were so mean to us when we were girls. Now come in and let's talk. Lottie is here." The three of them had a great reunion. One always knew where they stood with Mother. They never had to guess. She was never accused of being wishy-washy. In the years before her and Dad's poor health, and difficult financial times, they displayed a warm open affection for each other. I doubt that the younger girls saw much of this. Her suffering in her latter years would at times incapacitate her keeping her in bed for many days at a time, but through it all she took a special interest in my being her only son.

She had grieved deeply over the loss of her second son, Ivan, who looked like her with black eyes and hair but died when he was six years old. I didn't look like her but she gave me great encouragement to succeed. I was a big kid and often twisted the handle on her bread dough mixer and churned the butter for her. Those were teaching times.

She told me many things that helped guide me in later life. She described the kind of girl I should look for in choosing a wife and that is exactly what I found. She said choose a girl
from a large family; she will know how to cook, keep house, and get along with people. The one I chose is an excellent cook, keeps a spotless house, gets along famously with every one and is from a family of twelve!

One great thing mother did was instill a shivering fear of hellfire in my bones about the crime of adultery and fornication, convincing me it was as bad as murder. That conviction never left me and kept me within the straight and narrow during my wandering years

I remember her preparing me for my first trip to the big city of Salt Lake. Dad and I were to go together. I guess I was seven or eight years old. We were to stay in a real hotel and eat in restaurants, neither of which I had ever seen. One day I took her an old rusty pair of pliers I found in the sand. We sat on a log forming the edge of the cellar roof and as she worked the handles free with oil and her strong hands she talked describing some of the many new things I would see, hear and smell. And I did enjoy it all but one day in the city. Dad got out of

patience with me because instead of looking at all the sights as we walked along I was making my stride equal two steps to each joint in the sidewalk. I had never seen a sidewalk before. Mother made a batch of fudge for our trip. It was hard and grainy and today is still my favorite candy.

Mother's punishment was strict and sure. When I needed punishment (probably for teasing my sisters) I was instructed to go out and get a tamarack switch. I always got a long very slender one. It stung my bare legs but didn't really hurt. The switching ended when I entered puberty, not that I didn't still need chastisement, but it was now verbal and her hard farm life as a girl had taught her some hard language. I much preferred the switching.

One of the sad things in her life that she refused to back down on, even though it later added to contention between her and my dad, was that she hated Leamington with a passion. I never found out why. She always wanted to live in Provo and never gave that dream up. I never heard Dad express his feelings on the matter. He was just a simple country boy, un-aggressive and without specialized work skills. Our farm was too small to support a family so he worked many years on the railroad. He lost the use of half of one lung in the mines as a young man and the hard work of a section crew finally broke his health permanently. I was then in my mid-teen years. At that time mother's health was very poor and with Dad's poor health it was not a good situation. It was during the great depression and they quarreled though I don't remember anything that was said. Dad felt guilty because he couldn't earn a proper living due to his health. His brooding or course made his mental health worse. But I like to look back before those unhappy years to a time when mother was active, full of energy and love.

In my mind's eye I can see her doing many everyday things: in the spring when I was 4 or 5 years old -killing bedbugs in metal bedsprings with squirts of gasoline from a small can; singeing the hairs off a chicken over burning paper on top of the stove; dipping water out of the reservoir on the old kitchen stove; sewing on her Singer and treadling it with her feet;
squeezing pork head-cheese (a Danish delight) between her fingers at hog killing time; slapping the bread dough around when she was making loaves in a wide pan; skimming the lye from a tub of hard well water when she was preparing to do the washing; shooing chickens out of her flowers with her apron, and tucking me in my little bed at night, all are wonderful memories. Once when I was sixteen I came home from hunting fossils in the mountains near our home. She had just baked a batch of cookies and handed me one. I automatically looked carefully at the specks on its surface before taking my first bite. She saw my act and said, "Aha, I saw

you looking for fossils in my cookies". We had a good laugh.

I left home when I finished high school and one day came back to overhaul the engine on an old motorcycle. I set up shop under a big locust tree in front of our house and worked on the motor for several days. I put in several new parts and reassembled it but it would not start. Mother was bedfast, lying on a cot in the northwest room with her face to the wall. I can't begin to imagine her suffering but when I came in disappointed she offered words of encouragement.

The next day I took the motor apart again and soon learned the trouble. Once it was fixed and reassembled it started off with an extremely satisfying clatter. When I was in the house later to see mother she said how happy she was; she had prayed that I would be able to fix it.

One thing that doesn't seem to fit in anywhere but which I feel should be said is that mother never cut her hair in her entire life (as far as I know). It hung down to her waist. I can see her now combing it by taking more than one handful to comb it out to the end.

My last memory of mother is an ethereal one. I was working with Darryl Moulton on a 9,000 foot mountain in the eastern part of the state cutting timber for mine props. One day I went off the mountain on my motorcycle to get the mail and groceries in a small town in the valley. The road was very steep and rough. Halfway back up I stopped in a small clearing to rest. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when I suddenly felt Mother's presence. I sat on a log and thought deeply about her for sometime. I knew she was saying good by and at ten o'clock that night a man came up from the valley to tell me Mother had passed away at two pm that afternoon. When I heard his news I went deep into the woods and built a little fire and sat there for several hours thinking about her. Goodby, beloved Mother, I love you. I hope to see you again.

Grandma Hansen

The only grandma I knew was Maren, the sister of my mother's mother, Hansene. Maren and Hansene married the same man who was a polygamist and married four sisters. Hansene died at the age of 37 leaving my mother to be raised by her sister.

Maren was a feisty little grandma with white hair and black eyes who spoke with a Danish accent. She lived in a nice little house about a quarter of a mile down the road from ours. She once lived in a log cabin built by Pete Okerman. Later the family built a modern (by standards of those days, no bathroom, etc.) house for her. The

cabin still stands. In the early thirties her son Hans, mother's half brother, modernized the interior of the cabin and lived in it with his family when he worked in the railroad shops in Lynndyl. After grandma died, they moved into her house.

Grandma Hansen kept a cookie jar full of cookies with a white powder on them. When I teased my sisters in her presence she admonished me sternly, in her Danish accent, "Be good to your sisters or suffer the consequences". What they were I never found out.

Leamington farmers raised sugar beets in the early thirties. Mexican labor was hired by some farmers to top the beets by hand and load them out of the field. A group of Mexicans stayed in the Okerman cabin one year. I remember hearing their loud parties in the evening and now wonder if they were on marijuana which was common in Mexico in those days. When I was about six or seven grandma died. It was a sad day for me. I loved her. I'll never forget her burial. I don't remember her funeral but I stood beside her grave after her casket had been lowered into its wooden shipping box and watched someone on their knees screw the lid on. Concrete vaults were not used then so it was a common practice to put the caskets shipping box in the open grave before the funeral, then later lower the casket into it and fasten the lid on.

My strongest memory of that experience was the next event; shoveling in the dirt to cover the box. I can still hear the loud thumps as the first big clods fell onto the box. Several men with shovels filled in the hole so it didn't take long for the box to disappear. I knew she was buried in the ground because I stood there and watched it all happen.

Today, the casket is placed on a blanket of artificial grass which supposedly is above the hole. The hole is never seen in modern burials. The grave is dedicated and those present are told they may linger for a few moments and then leave but they can come back later in the day and meditate. Meditate? Ha! How do we know the dear departed was really buried? We never saw them lower the casket into the grave and shovel the big clods in on top of it. I know Grandma Hansen was really buried in the ground because I saw and heard it all.

When the hole was nearly full the men mixed up a batch of concrete and finished filling it up. In fact they had enough concrete to make a low mound above the ground. This concrete mound is the bane of my existence now when I try to poke some artificial flowers into the inch of dirt covering the concrete. But the concrete is there and is an assurance that Grandma Hansen is really still there in the ground.

For many years the grave had no marker. I finally convinced Woodruff

Stout she was his grandma and he better get a headstone for the grave or meet her in the hereafter and try and explain why he didn't care enough about her to give her a headstone. The grave now has a small granite headstone and Woodruff is now in the hereafter and no doubt has met grandma and talked with her there. (A comforting thought).

[*Ed. His Table of Contents included reference to Uncle Hank and Aunt Leola but they must be hiding out somewhere else.]*

Black ants and bee boxes

Most of my life has been spent discovering. When I was five years old I discovered a little hole among a milling mass of tiny creatures. The hole was near the bottom of a white box in our orchard and led me into a very painful experiment. It was spring, I was inexperienced and unafraid. My two sisters (4 and 6) and I were out to explore the world.

The sweet scent of apple blossoms saturated the warm air. A fluffy meadow lark warbled from a tall post in the bull fence. Big black ants climbed up and down, intent on following an ant highway on the same post. I watched them carefully. They were divided up with as many ants going up as were going down. I brushed a section of the procession away with a leafy twig but the interference had little effect on their purpose. After some confusion the stream of traffic reconnected and flowed up and down as before.

My sisters and I were soon attracted to two mysterious white boxes which drew us into the orchard under a vast canopy of pink and white blossoms. We had never seen a beehive before and were fascinated by the sight of so many little creatures hustling around and climbing impolitely all over each other. It appeared to me that all the bees on the outside of the white box wanted to get in, while those on the inside were trying to get out. Compelled by curiosity and risky compassion I decided to help them.

While my sisters watched with innocent fascination, I carefully inserted the tip of a long willow wand into the little hole and thrashed it about vigorously. The result was terrifying. All the bees were instantly reduced to one objective, an angry black cloud assaulted us. We tried to escape but all we did was flounder madly over each other in the tall grass.

A quarter of a mile away mother bit down hard on a mouthful of wooden clothes pins as a piercing chorus of frantic screams rent the soft spring air.

Instinctively stripping a wet sheet from the clothesline she flew into the face of peril, as mothers have always done, to save her offspring.

I don't know how she managed to beat two hives of angry bees away from three panic stricken kids convulsed with pain, but we all survived. It's odd that I don't remember the pain of the event as much as I do the fascination of the experiment. I probably would do the same thing again.

The Viking Ship

Adventure and discovery are the same to children. An experiment can begin as one and quickly turn into the other. One day I was threading my body through the intricate spaces in the old bull fence when I discovered an unusual, angular piece of wood. A section of a black willow limb, it had an interesting angular bend in it which reminded me of the prow of a Viking ship. (I once saw a picture of a grand Viking ship in one of my dad's books.)

I found a hammer and some rusty nails in the wash house and gathered up a few pieces of scrap lumber. In a short time a Viking ship began to take shape in the tall purple stinkweeds down behind the pigpen. I thought we had a rather tidy pig, and the stinkweed jungle behind its pen was a secluded place, so it was a perfect spot for a secret adventure.

The pig questioned my activity with an occasional grunt of curiosity but otherwise allowed me privacy as the Viking ship materialized, and an exciting dream grew. I fantasized I could drag the ship a half mile down to the Sevier River and sail it off to the ocean, and from there, who knows where I might go. (I was unaware of the fact that the Sevier River was land-locked and died in the desolation of a Great Basin salt flat.) I carefully carved the prow smooth while sailing a thousand imaginary miles into a youthful dream of adventure.

Figure 5
http://www.mnzoo.com/global/Media/releases/Images/pig.jpg

The pollen dust from the stinkweeds was a fair substitute for salt spray in my face, and a distant freight train laboring up a long grade sounded like the muffled roar of surf.

My stomach fairly quivered with the excitement of expectation, for I somehow knew then that I would go on many adventures in life.

I didn't have enough boards to cover the ships hull so one night I checked the Sears' catalog to see how much it would cost to cover it with canvas. Canvas was available in different weights--which made it necessary to decide which one would be best. Having to make this decision allowed me to defer the matter of ordering, and how I would pay for it, until I could decide on the best weight.

The canvas was never ordered. In a week the project drifted away into memory, for it is the birth of a concept that produces the excitement of life in the adventurous mind of a child, not the utility of anything made. Did anyone actually live in their treehouse, or use the fort once it was built? Few adults may remember it as so, but those incomplete projects represent successful, exciting adventures in imagination, not failures. The pig was my audience.

It occasionally peeked through cracks between the poles of its pen and no doubt wondered about the curious contraption left there by the fuzzy headed kid. The kid never came back. Eventually we ate the pig, so all knowledge of the secret was literally kept within our family--after the ship was destroyed.

One late fall day a grass fire came by, gulped up the withered stinkweed jungle, and leaped onto the pigpen with great delight. The Viking ship quickly went off to join its glorious ancestors as a raging tempest of flame and smoke swept it up into the sky. The pigpen tried to go too, but Dad drenched it with water from the garden hose and kept it on earth to accommodate the next pig. He later looked at charred remnants of wood behind the pen and wondered what they were. I went off to feed my rabbits.

The 200 giant silver maple trees my grandfather planted along the irrigation canal; the rolling sandhills adjacent to delicious green fields; the river snaking through cool, mysterious willow thickets in the lower valley--all promised endless discoveries to be made. I was never disappointed. One wonderful discovery happened before the dawn.

This special discovery was in my eighth year when I first heard the haunting song of Kingbirds at four o'clock in the morning. At that hour they congratulate themselves on escaping the terrors of night. I didn't know such a haunting sound existed until my mother tenderly separated me from my bed at that hour and though I was capable of dressing myself, she helped me into some unfriendly new clothes and prepared me for the first long solo trip of my life. A bus was to take a group of children on a day-long journey to participate in a special church service in a temple.

The King birds dedicated a chamber of memory to that experience, and I always step into it for a moment when I hear their farewell-to-night song. This bewitching melody saturates a half visible world with a predawn glow of mystery the sun world never knows, for the same song is never sung in the daytime.

Many small mysteries unknown to the adult world fascinated me. I wondered why dry sand pours like water when it isn't wet. I was captivated by sand-buttons formed when a few large drops of rain fell on fine sand. I found I could arch a bare foot, keeping my heel on the ground, and by pushing down on the edge of a sand-button, could make it turn over. It was slightly dished on top and round on the bottom. I always wondered how a drop of rain could stick loose sand together.

One day I looked across the fields and rode my horse into the foothills of the nearby mountains and discovered the outside world. With excitement I climbed to the top of the highest peak and looked down on the world, which disappeared in all directions. That discovery had a profound effect on my entire life. I still want to see what is on the other side of every mountain and have fulfilled that desire by having been allover the United States, a good part of Canada, including Nova Scotia, in all South American countries (except the Guianas) on two expeditions. I have explored in Tasmania, and in New Zealand twice. I have worked in the Australian Out Back, and wandered its tropical rain forest, have been skin diving on the Great Barrier Reef, and on the reefs of Hawaii and Tahiti. And have been in American Samoa. I lived in Alaska twice and took my family 650 miles down the Yukon River in a 17 foot canoe. I have been on an expedition to Antarctica where I found the first positive proof of Continental Drift. I have lectured in Taipan, Japan, and the Phillippines. I still want to go to many places.

One late winter day, a few years after climbing that first mountain peak, I climbed it again and to my utter astonishment was greeted by a million brightly colored ladybugs. They were scattered in all of the crevices on all sides of a rock cairn. This monument was over three feet tall and located on the highest point of the peak.

I scooped into this living marvel with cupped hands and let a golden-red stream of living color whisper through my fingers. They were still in a dormant state, due to the cold and did not move about. What mysterious signal gathered them there, and for what purpose? Were they compelled, like me, to be there because it was the highest place on earth?

I have made many discoveries in far away places since that marvelous revelation, but they were all anticipated in some way. I planned and worked for them. But the ladybugs were a special gift that day from the Creator of all living things. They were to sustain my curiosity about the unknown, through a lifetime of struggle and sweat on many far away expeditions.

The Buggy

One of my earliest recollections is of going to Sunday School in the back of a one horse buggy. My older sister and I were tucked into a box behind the seat. The iron-tired wheels made a grinding, crunching noise as they rolled over small rocks on the surface of hard packed gravel roads.

By leaning the back of my head against the back of the wooden seat the grinding noise was telegraphed into my head. It made my head feel hollow. Move my head away from the seat and the grinding noise almost stopped; back against the seat my head picked up the noise loud and clear. It was my first scientific discovery and it fascinated me. It was 1923. I was five years old.

When we arrived at the meeting house there were cars in front of the building and about the same number of horse-drawn vehicles lined up along a hitching rail out back. Many of the wagons carried hay and their horses were unhooked from the tongue and tied alongside the wagon to feed during the long meetings of the time. Our mare simply stood tied to the rail with no reward for her services.

The buggy box was the site of several firsts for me. One day the roan mare was pulling us up Johnson's hill and mother passed two soft cylindrical sections of something back to Viola and me. I took one, Viola the other. They were rather

slick and we wondered what they were. They appeared to be edible so I took a small taste.

It was a mild new taste sensation, not like an apple or a pear but similar to a ripe pear in texture. Both ends of mine had small dark specks in them. Viola tasted hers and we soon
decided they were edible and had our first taste of banana.

On another occasion our family went to the town of Lynndyl, about five miles and an hour from home where a drug store sold Keetly's Ice Cream. We never asked for things we saw in stores so we got nothing and were eventually tucked in the box and the buggy headed for home. A half-mile out of town again something we had never seen before was passed back to us; two round, short, cold, paper cartons about the diameter of a pint jar. Each carton had a short piece of wood on top of it. No information accompanied the gift. so we were again left to our own devices.

I noticed a paper tab that seemed to be made for pulling so I pulled on it and a lid came off. The surprise inside was pink strawberry ice cream. The only ice cream we had seen before was the white, homemade variety, no strawberries. The flat wooden object proved to be a suitable spoon so I ate my first store-bought ice cream. It was delicious. I will never forget the suction of that wooden spoon on my tongue when I took the first bite, and the strange, almost annoying, feeling of my teeth as they dragged along the wood when I pulled the spoon out of my mouth.

The buggy served on all errands to town, a mile and a half away. Eventually dad bought a Model T Ford and the buggy was retired to sit forlornly under a big silver maple tree for many years. One day when I was about sixteen years old I came by and took one of its wheels off, leaving it in a very undignified, lurching position. When I left home for good it was still there.

The Orchard

Located five miles west of Leamington, Lynndyl was a booming railroad town early in the twentieth century. Grandfather Jens Jensen planted a big orchard to supply them with fruit. He and Olson, across the road, were the last homesteaders to arrive in Leamington valley. They found little land to file on below the irrigation canal so both of them made the best possible use of their small farms by planting large orchards.

People kidded Jens about planting his orchard in the sand hills but he was equal to the challenge and would occasionally announce at the town store that it was time he raised his apple trees again. He told people he had planted the trees in barrels so when the sand drifted up around them he could dig them up and raise them. I don't know how many varieties of fruit he planted but he seemed to love planting trees of all kinds.

The Sprayer

The apple trees had to be sprayed for coddling moths so grandfather bought a compound pump for that purpose. When mounted on a sixty gallon wooden barrel and pumped up it produced a fine mist from the far end of a twenty foot quarter inch pipe. This pipe was thrust up among the tree tops where the mist, drifting down, saturated everything with arsenate of lead (horrors!!), including the operator, who wore no goggles or other protective gear. In time this sprayer was used by everyone in the valley. Apparently lead poisoning had not been invented at that time.

People would call dad and demand to know where "the" sprayer was, as the petals on their apple blossoms were beginning to fall and the trees must be sprayed immediately. He might tell them to call Axel Johnson who borrowed it last. A call to Axel might send them to one or two other farmers before the pump was located. Twice frantic calls announced the pump was broke, whereupon Dad went out, removed the broken part and had a friend, Theron Nielson, working in the Lynndyl railroad shops, weld it. No one ever offered to pay or help in any way in the solution of the problem. They just expected Dad to take care of them. And he did but one day Dad and I had an exciting time.

We went to Lyman Overson's in our wagon to get the pump for use in our orchard. Lyman lived next to the Sevier River so before Dad loaded the pump he decided it would be an opportune time to soak up the wooden wagon wheels.

He drove down to the river's edge with me sitting on the back of the wagon. At the water's edge I stood up and one look at that vast, swirling, evil looking demon was too much for me. I chickened out and hopped off. The horses and wagon went into the river, deeper and deeper. The water was higher than Dad expected and soon the wagon was completely afloat and the team was swimming for their lives.

Dad looked back expecting to see me on the back of the wagon but I was

gone. He panicked but could do little more than yell at the horses. When their feet finally grounded he whipped them out of the water and up onto the bank. Then looking back he saw me on the other side. I guess he was so glad I was safe (his first daughter Virginia drowned in the canal) that he wasn't angry at me for pulling such a scary trick. He went upstream to a better ford and carne back across.

A Landmark

Grandfather had planted several hundred silver maple trees along the full length of the ditch bank where the canal passed through his property. These trees are very large now and still standing after a hundred years are a valley landmark. A hundred yard lane between the road and the house was lined with trees on both sides making a leafy tunnel which some townspeople called "lovers lane".

One summer, with this image in mind, I hewed one side from a large log, dragged it out in the lane with our team and installed it as a bench for lovers. I located it on the south side near the road where lovers would not be too timid to use it without our permission. In later years I learned it had been used.

Jens also planted some curious trees called "Balm of Gilead". Ugly brushy trees they provided an excellent habitat for magpie nests. These nests, about three feet high, were a dense latticework of small sticks which completely enclosed the nesting area leaving a small opening for entry. Several years after magpies abandoned one large, nest great horned-owls nested on top of it. A small kid climbing laboriously up through a thicket of small limbs, for a first look at fluffy half grown owlets, was scared nearly out of his wits by their hissing threat-stance and great staring eyes. And but for the dense willows supporting him would have pitched over backward to his doom, or at least a bruised head.

Grandfather also planted trees along most of the farms northern border. These included many silver maples, black willows and some Lombardy poplars as well. The irrigated land formed a long triangle with the highway running north and south across its base. Black Locust trees were planted around the home and down along the highway. These provided stout wood for reaches and tongues in wagons and other farm machines.

One unusual structure, which I suppose Grandfather had a hand in building, and which lasted for many years, was a Bull Fence between his farm and Lou Nielson's holdings on the north. This fence was built without wire or nails. A

trench was first dug along the fence line and cedar (juniper) posts of various sizes were set in to build a formidable barrier to all stock.

It is difficult to describe this marvelous structure but its main feature was large posts set on a forty five degree angle along the fence line with smaller crotch posts set in at a right angle to stabilize the large posts. Birds planted native currant bushes in several places along this "fence". Once I picked ripe currants and over a fire in the orchard boiled up a batch of currant jam in an old tin can (without sugar, ugh).

When I came along as a teenager the Lynndyl market for fruit had waned and many of the apple trees had been taken out, as noted above, but those remaining included Jonathans, Shaklefords, Red Astrakhan, and Black Twigs. One Black Twig tree, left standing alone, grew to a tremendous size. One year we picked 60 bushels of apples from it without getting them all. I was so tall we couldn't reach the top with a thirty foot ladder. Dad let me shake the top apples down to make cider. I borrowed the community cider mill and crushed and pressed a small keg full. I sold cider but had little luck until word got around that Jensen had hard cider for sale. Some town toughs, including Dean Harder, came down and bought two gallons for a dollar and a half. Big money for me!

Black Twig apples were large and very hard. You couldn't bite into one until it had been stored in the cellar for at least two months. Uncle Walt said, in those days of unsophisticated storage, the only reason anyone would eat a black twig apple was it lasted so long after all other apples were gone that people forgot how an apple was supposed to taste.

Figure 7 Black Twig Apple

Grandfather built a cellar that held 3,000 bushels of apples. I saw it full once and what a marvelous aroma blew through your ringlets when you opened the door! The cellar had a sand floor. Apples were dumped directly on the sand where its natural humidity delayed the process of shriveling up as they aged. We once had an apple robbery which I'll tell about later.

The apples from one tree, the Red Astrakhan, were never put in the cellar. They were eaten by children as soon as they were nearly ripe. The tree was easy to climb so I

Figure 8 Red Astrachan
http://www.applekrisp.com/redastrachanindex.htm

maintained a checkup schedule after the first of July. I knew where the ripest apple was and always expected to pick it on the fourth of July. The Red Astrakhan is an early fruit and has a special flavor never equaled by any other apple. My salivary glands cramp a little now as I think of that delicious tarty treat. The aroma of its skin even announced its marvelous interior flavor.

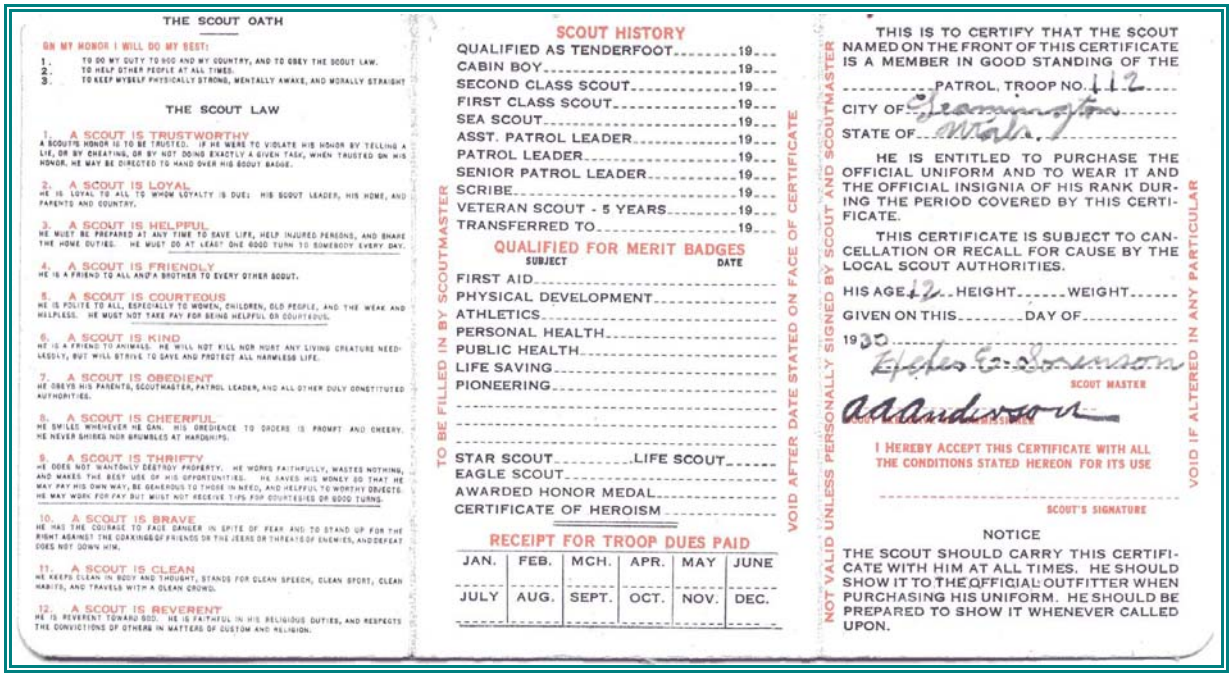
The inevitable fate awaiting the orchard was that as it aged and modern varieties of fruit, refrigerated transport, and cold storage made its apples obsolete, it would be destroyed. I continued the process which began about the time I entered first grade. As a teenager I was assigned the task of taking out most of the remaining trees.

I would dig around the base of a tree, cut its major roots, drag a heavy chain up as high as I could secure it in the branches and hook the other end to our team of horses. The chain was a little short so as the team pulled the tree over I had to whip them up to keep the top of the tree from landing on them. It delighted me that I never had a string-out, or runaway, with the horses securely attached to a big apple tree. We burned apple wood for several seasons. I chopped most of it.

Dad the Boy Scout (Rondo)

I never knew dad was a boy scout until I turned over his scout registration card in Feb. 2003 while I was ransacking the drawers and files in his side of the 2821 N. Studio. This care is dated September, 1931. Ol' dad never admitted to me that he'd done a tour of duty with this bunch back then. It makes not surprising, however. The LDS church became an ardent supported of Lord Baden Powell's outfit shortly after he organized it around 1912. The motto "Do A Good Deed Daily" appears on this card with the copyright date of 1916. It still makes me laugh to see his name written as "Alvin", about like it makes me start when I'm addressed as "Ron" or "Rondo". I don't know whether it bothered him like it bothers me, but, of course, he probably had no more control over what his aunts called him than I do over what my dear ol mom calls me. To the world at large, I am "Jim", but she has never even acknowledged that I bear that name." I think it is a sacred name for her -really- and that applying it to me would be an act of heresy.

I love the images on the card. They reflect the era perfectly and illuminate the spirit of scouting as envisioned by Baden-Powell, a lovely way to train young me. The back side



THE SCOUT OATH

ON MY HONOR I WILL DO MY BEST:

1. TO DO MY DUTY TO GOD AND MY COUNTRY, AND TO OBEY THE SCOUT LAW.
2. TO HELP OTHER PEOPLE AT ALL TIMES.
3. TO KEEP MYSELF PHYSICALLY STRONG, MENTALLY AWAKE, AND MORALLY STRAIGHT

THE SCOUT LAW

1. A SCOUT IS TRUSTWORTHY
A SCOUT'S HONOR IS TO BE TRUSTED. IF HE WERE TO VIOLATE HIS HONOR BY TELLING A LIE, OR BY CHEATING, OR BY NOT DOING EXACTLY A GIVEN TASK, WHEN TRUSTED ON HIS HONOR, HE MAY BE DIRECTED TO HAND OVER HIS SCOUT BADGE.

2. A SCOUT IS LOYAL
HE IS LOYAL TO ALL TO WHOM LOYALTY IS DUE: HIS SCOUT LEADER, HIS HOME, AND PARENTS AND COUNTRY.

3. A SCOUT IS HELPFUL
HE MUST BE PREPARED AT ANY TIME TO SAVE LIFE, HELP INJURED PERSONS, AND SHARE THE HOME DUTIES. HE MUST DO AT LEAST ONE GOOD TURN TO SOMEBODY EVERY DAY.

4. A SCOUT IS FRIENDLY
HE IS A FRIEND TO ALL AND A BROTHER TO EVERY OTHER SCOUT.

5. A SCOUT IS COURTEOUS
HE IS POLITE TO ALL, ESPECIALLY TO WOMEN, CHILDREN, OLD PEOPLE, AND THE WEAK AND HELPLESS. HE MUST NOT TAKE PAY FOR BEING HELPFUL OR COURTEOUS.

6. A SCOUT IS KIND
HE IS A FRIEND TO ANIMALS. HE WILL NOT KILL NOR HURT ANY LIVING CREATURE NEEDLESSLY, BUT WILL STRIVE TO SAVE AND PROTECT ALL HARMLESS LIFE.

7. A SCOUT IS OBEDIENT
HE OBEYS HIS PARENTS, SCOUTMASTER, PATROL LEADER, AND ALL OTHER DULY CONSTITUTED AUTHORITIES.

8. A SCOUT IS CHEERFUL
HE SMILES WHENEVER HE CAN. HIS OBEDIENCE TO ORDERS IS PROMPT AND CHEERY. HE NEVER SHIRKS NOR GRUMBLES AT HARDSHIPS.

9. A SCOUT IS THRIFTY
HE DOES NOT WANTONLY DESTROY PROPERTY. HE WORKS FAITHFULLY, WASTES NOTHING, AND MAKES THE BEST USE OF HIS OPPORTUNITIES. HE SAVES HIS MONEY SO THAT HE MAY PAY HIS OWN WAY, BE GENEROUS TO THOSE IN NEED, AND HELPFUL TO WORTHY OBJECTS. HE MAY WORK FOR PAY BUT MUST NOT RECEIVE TIPS FOR COURTESIES OR GOOD TURNS.

10. A SCOUT IS BRAVE
HE HAS THE COURAGE TO FACE DANGER IN SPITE OF FEAR AND TO STAND UP FOR THE RIGHT AGAINST THE JEERINGS OF FRIENDS OR THE JEERS OR THREATS OF ENEMIES, AND DEFEAT DOES NOT DOWN HIM.

11. A SCOUT IS CLEAN
HE KEEPS CLEAN IN BODY AND THOUGHT, STANDS FOR CLEAN SPEECH, CLEAN SPORT, CLEAN HABITS, AND TRAVELS WITH A CLEAN CROWD.

12. A SCOUT IS REVERENT
HE IS REVERENT TOWARD GOD. HE IS FAITHFUL IN HIS RELIGIOUS DUTIES, AND RESPECTS THE CONVICTIONS OF OTHERS IN MATTERS OF CUSTOM AND RELIGION.

TO BE FILLED IN BY SCOUTMASTER

SCOUT HISTORY

QUALIFIED AS TENDERFOOT.....19...
CABIN BOY.....19...
SECOND CLASS SCOUT.....19...
FIRST CLASS SCOUT.....19...
SEA SCOUT.....19...
ASST. PATROL LEADER.....19...
PATROL LEADER.....19...
SENIOR PATROL LEADER.....19...
SCRIBE.....19...
VETERAN SCOUT - 5 YEARS.....19...
TRANSFERRED TO.....19...

QUALIFIED FOR MERIT BADGES

SUBJECT	DATE
FIRST AID	
PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT	
ATHLETICS	
PERSONAL HEALTH	
PUBLIC HEALTH	
LIFE SAVING	
PIONEERING	

STAR SCOUT.....LIFE SCOUT.....
EAGLE SCOUT.....
AWARDED HONOR MEDAL.....
CERTIFICATE OF HEROISM.....

RECEIPT FOR TROOP DUES PAID

JAN.	FEB.	MCH.	APR.	MAY	JUNE
JULY	AUG.	SEPT.	OCT.	NOV.	DEC.

VOID AFTER DATE STATED ON FACE OF CERTIFICATE

NOT VALID UNLESS PERSONALLY SIGNED BY SCOUT AND SCOUTMASTER

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT THE SCOUT NAMED ON THE FRONT OF THIS CERTIFICATE IS A MEMBER IN GOOD STANDING OF THE

.....PATROL, TROOP NO. 112.....
CITY OF Leamington.....
STATE OF Utah.....

HE IS ENTITLED TO PURCHASE THE OFFICIAL UNIFORM AND TO WEAR IT AND THE OFFICIAL INSIGNIA OF HIS RANK DURING THE PERIOD COVERED BY THIS CERTIFICATE.

THIS CERTIFICATE IS SUBJECT TO CANCELLATION OR RECALL FOR CAUSE BY THE LOCAL SCOUT AUTHORITIES.

HIS AGE 12 ..HEIGHT.....WEIGHT.....
GIVEN ON THIS.....DAY OF.....
1930.....

Heber E. Sorenson
SCOUT MASTER
A A Anderson

I HEREBY ACCEPT THIS CERTIFICATE WITH ALL THE CONDITIONS STATED HEREON FOR ITS USE

SCOUT'S SIGNATURE

NOTICE

THE SCOUT SHOULD CARRY THIS CERTIFICATE WITH HIM AT ALL TIMES. HE SHOULD SHOW IT TO THE OFFICIAL OUTFITTER WHEN PURCHASING HIS UNIFORM. HE SHOULD BE PREPARED TO SHOW IT WHENEVER CALLED UPON.

VOID IF ALTERED IN ANY PARTICULAR

has a few signatures. Heber E. Sorenson was the Scoutmaster of Leamington Troop 112. Mr. Sorenson signed this card when dad turned 12. His signature was

counter-signed by A.A. Anderson who was the Scout Executive Commissioner, though we can't tell if he was a local or not. Oddly enough, Alvin never got around to affixing his signature, nor did he complete a single item on the list of requirements or advancements. That doubtless reflects his opinion of the bunch and perhaps that of his buddies. The fact is that their daily lives were filled with the types of activities that were preached and practiced by Baden-Powell so these farm kids apparently didn't get too excited about tying knots again, or doing something with a compass or horses. Whatever, I'm glad to see that dad was at least inducted. No dues were ever paid.

It's curious to see that Herbert Hoover was the Honorary President of the national organization and that Calvin Coolidge was the Honorary Vice-President. In this day and age, a public official who held office in the BSA would be roundly castigated. We have made such progress in this country that the BSA has become about as popular as the KKK, a sorry state of affairs. Recently, an eagle scout sued the BSA because it threw him out for not believing in god. What a moron.

Dad the Musician

Dad was a talented musician and played a surprising array of instruments: accordion, violin, guitar, banjo and harmonica. He's a little bit out of focus here but he'd probably admit to seeing the world that way most of his life. If you want to see a movie version of his life that is remarkably close to true, watch the biography of Woody Guthrie, "Bound for Glory." There are painfully true scenes in that movie. The most painful was the scene where the mother and her two children who have been abandoned, again, confronted Woody who had just returned from another trip. She lambasted him for deserting her and told him how it felt before she returned to Pampas,

Figure 11 Alvin and Accordion

Texas. Mom returned to Naples, Utah, with her two children.

Dad also had a beautiful Tenor voice and sang in the Tabernacle Choir while he and mom lived in SLC. He was "Tenor 47" or some such number. His seat, as you face the organ, was at the base of the giant bass pipes on the left side of the choir. He'll tell you in a while where he got his love of music.

In the end, dad gave up on Utah for a couple of years and rode the rails as a hobo. By the time he was 20 years old, he had visited more than 30 states. After he had his fill of that life, he returned to Utah to work and that is when he met mom in Mercur while he was working in the Anaconda Smelter in Tooele.

Uncle Henry and the Sure-fire Bug Killer

Uncle Henry was Grandpa Jensen's brother and was a traveler of the world with a sense of humor. Dad told this story several times. Somewhere during his life as a kid, Uncle Henry told him about the sure-fire bug killer that he ordered through the U.S. mail. He had running battles with bugs and was willing to try new remedies to keep them out of his grub. One day as he was reading a newspaper he saw an ad for a new insect killer he'd never heard of. It said that for one dollar, which even included the postage, you could get a device for killing bugs that was guaranteed to be 100% successful. Just send in your money and by return mail this bug killing device would be mailed out.

So Uncle Henry, who must have been in great need, sent in his dollar bill, not an insubstantial sum back in the 1920's even before the Depression. He anxiously waited, checking with the mail man every day to see if this miraculous device had come yet. Finally it arrived.

He anxiously took the small package home and opened it. Inside was a pair of 2-inch wide, circular blocks of wood, with one instruction: "Place bug on bottom block and smack with the other." 100% success. If you could get the bug on the block

The Marvelous Model T (Alvin)

My first car wreck was in a Model T long before driver's licenses were invented. When a kid was big enough to see over the dashboard by peeking through the steering wheel, and his legs were long enough to reach the pedals, he was old enough to drive. Privilege, therefore, was based on size. I was a good sized kid and so drove our Model T a year before the neighbor kid graduated from

his bicycle.

Few Model T's were involved in fatal smashups because they never traveled at break-neck speeds. At first, I drove our Ford with the same casual attention I used when riding a horse. In my second year of driving I learned that a car when left on its own, unlike a horse, will not dodge a telephone pole. This lesson came into my life with a considerable shock.

Figure 12 http://www.ridgeroute.com/images/model-T.jpg

In those days the road wasn't jammed with traffic so the few vehicles one had to pass were easily avoided. In doing this two vehicles moving in opposite directions simply managed to miss each other. In a collision of two Model T's their combined speeds probably added up to no more than 35 or 40 mph. Tires, springs, and seats, in a T were hard, but it was so great to be sailing along faster than a horse and wagon that no one minded. As for safety, "Seat belts" were still nearly a half century away.

The Model T was activated with a hand crank. The motor's willingness to begin firing was encouraged by manipulating two levers. These protruded, one on each side, from the steering column up next to the steering wheel. Modern cars have similar appearing levers today but they control lights, windshield wiper, and turn signals. In the Model T the right lever controlled the gas (the throttle) and the left controlled the spark.

The spark lever controlled the time a spark from the magneto hit a spark plug. If this lever was set too far ahead the spark would reach a sparkplug too soon; before the piston reached its full up-stroke in the cylinder, firing that cylinder prematurely. When this happened the crank, attached by a mechanical device called a "human arm", would instantly reverse its circular motion and kick the piston violently back down the cylinder. This foul turn of events sometimes resulted in a broken arm. It always resulted in extremely bad language. That is how I first learned that strong language consisted of more than just "heck", "shucks", and "darn".

If the spark lever was set too low it would fire after the piston had reached the apex of its stroke and was on its way back down the cylinder. Nothing violent happened, but the cranker might yell, if someone was behind the wheel, "Giv'er a little more spark".

He then paid particular attention to the crank. Pushing it slowly around until it came up against a load of compressed gas and air in a cylinder. When the crank handle was about at two o'clock he stepped carefully up on the crank with one foot, and with one hand on the radiator to steady him, he pulled all of his body above the crank, gritted his teeth and like a mule viciously kicked the crank down. The engine usually started. It was a satisfying thing to do. Having first been kicked by the wretched thing, I always felt good after starting a Ford this way. It was safe too. Noone ever broke his arm using his foot.

The Model T transmission was an ingenious mechanical affair, dreamed up by Henry Ford. It used no gears. When he was designing it engineers stoutly maintained it wouldn't, it couldn't work. But it did, and was more economical to build than a transmission full of gears. Three drums, with arresting bands, were contained in a cast iron housing; three pedals presented themselves above the floorboards.

The left pedal--low range; middle pedal--reverse, and right pedal--brake. When the left pedal was depressed, a band grabbed a drum stopping it, and the car began to move forward. The gas lever was then advanced and the car accelerated. When the accompanying noise reached a certain pitch (learned by experience) a lever beside the drivers left leg would be released and thrown forward, the left foot was taken off the pedal, and the vehicle was in "high".

When the driver wished to stop, the gas lever was retarded (pushed up), the "high" lever was pulled back and foot pressure applied to the right foot pedal, the brake. A second band then grabbed its drum and the entire pile of wood and metal came to a stop. It was a gentle process. Noone was ever thrown smashing through the non-safety glass windshield by too quick of a stop. However, constant pressure was necessary on the brake pedal to eventually bring the contraption to a complete halt. That tall lever left of the first pedal, pulled severely back, was the "emergency brake" and was always set when parking.

The middle pedal was reverse. It grabbed the middle drum in the transmission causing the vehicle to travel backward. Because no gears were involved, this pedal could be used as a brake if the brake band was too loose.

The reverse pedal was used sometimes to go UP a hill. The gas tank was under the front seat. To measure how much gas you had, the car was parked on

the level; the front seat moved, the gas cap unscrewed, and after wiping it clean, a wooden gage (like part of a yardstick) was dipped in the gas. Pulling the gage out you looked for the series of marks made for a Model T and it would tell you how many gallons you had. You could always tell exactly how much was there; none of this guessing how many miles you could go when the needle began to lean on the empty peg.

Gas found its way to the carburetor by gravity. If gas in the tank was low, and a hill was too steep for gas to run from tank to carburetor, the car was turned around and backed up the hill. This switch made the tank higher than the carburetor. Also, if the forward, or "low" drum was worn and didn't have enough power to pull the car up a hill, the reverse drum, having a higher engine-to-drum ratio, did. The car was again turned around and backed up the hill.

But I was young and I drove, blissfully unaware of the Model T's marvelous mechanical complexity. I was also heavy enough to stand on the crank handle and kick it down, to avoid having my arm broken. But one day something else was broken.

Coming home from the postoffice, one warm day in June, my attention was caught by some very strange haystacks. I had never seen such shapes in North America. A farmer had piled hay around several posts. They looked like hay stacks I saw in geography somewhere Switzerland.

In our valley, farmers always piled hay in huge bread-loaf shaped stacks. Always fascinated by unusual things, I kept my eyes glued to the spindly stacks until, crash, I found myself and the car wrapped around a telephone pole.

Telephone poles along that road, I hasten to say, were at the very edge of the gravel, not set back a prudent space to allow people to gawk around on their trip. I surveyed the damage:

The windshield was broken (no safety glass in those days); the radius rod was badly bent, the right fender, though made out of plate steel was bent, and, this is the part I liked--the telephone pole was sheared off near the ground. Serves the phone company right. Still, I'll tell you, I was plenty mad at the phone company putting their pole in my way. However, all I could do after looking under the wreck, was kick a tire or two and head out over the sand hills for home. Once over the first hill memory of the wreck seeped completely out of my mind. At home I applied myself to hobbies, none of which were on Dad's To Do list for the day. He worked on the railroad section gang and learned about the mishap in the worst possible way.

It was a small town and everyone put forth a special effort to tell everyone

they saw all about everyone else's business. That day the gossips had a field day. At 5 o'clock the section gang quit and Dad had scarcely made it down off the engine ramp before people were lined up to ask him about how many people were killed in the wreck. "What wreck?" he said. "Well," they said, "Your car is all smashed up around a telephone pole down by Spence Nielson's, glass all over the road." The blood had no doubt all dried up or soaked into the gravel so it couldn't be seen. "Egad", dad said, "The kid!".

Well, Dad took off on a run and long before he reached the car he could see it with the rear end all skewed out, crooked like, into the road. Rightly, he guessed I had been driving and as he only had one boy he was greatly concerned about my welfare. He cut across the fields and sand hills, vaulting over fences, jumping ditches, reaching home all out of breath. He found me asleep in a deep irrigation ditch I was supposed to be shoveling the grass out of. He didn't wake me and he didn't say anything about the wreck later on. I think he was too easy on me. He should at least have knocked me around a bit.

I don't remember how he got the Ford home but I remember it being driven for a number of years after that with the right fender roughly banged out to imitate its original shape, and the windshield patched up to hold back most of the wind.

Eventually Uncle Chris, mother's brother, died and willed his Model A Ford to her. It was still being driven when I left home at 17 to see the world. I never went back.