

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF KENION TAYLOR BUTLER

My earliest memory of this life was at the age of three, tied on top of a pack mule with my father leading the pack string up the steep mountain trail to the Butler-Beck Mine. I remember of being afraid as I looked off the trail into the canyon. I must have got over my fear of high places because throughout my life I've enjoyed the high peaks and mountain passes. I remember the summer at the mine, playing in the dirt and digging into the hill. There was a big swing that hung from a tree and we all enjoyed swinging over the canyon. I remember Olive who was our baby sitter and took care of her younger brothers and sisters, namely Jane, Eva, Lee and myself. We played school and Olive was our teacher and she really taught us many things.

During the school year we lived in Richfield, often playing in the red hills. Our play things were horny toads and lizards hitched to our spool wagons. Surprise ...I hate to disillusion you who adore your Aunt Jane, but she was a great little teamster on the dug ways. She helped to claw out the red dirt to make roads and farms for our horny toads and lizards. It was hungry and dirty kids that went home to mother for supper of lumpy dick. Mother had a way of making it go down easier. I think we did bath in the spring ditch before we went home.

We were very little kids when our father took sick. In his last days his feet and legs were filling up with water caused by the failing of his kidneys. I can remember him sitting in his big arm chair with his Joseph Smith cloak over his shoulders. This cloak had been given him by his father, John Lowe Butler the 1st. The cloak had been put on him by Joseph Smith when he went into hiding after the mob fight at the voting polls when they were trying to keep the Mormons from voting. Our sick father found comfort from having the Joseph Smith cock around his shoulders.

Horace was my ideal and I was always at his heels when I could. One time in the mountains when we needed fresh meat, Father went up one side of the creek and Horace and I went the other side. Horace saw deer come over the brink of a hill, he shot at it, then another came over the hill and he shot at it, not knowing he had hit any of them. We walked on and soon we saw fresh blood and found all three of those deer lying dead. Soon Papa came and he was unhappy we had so much venison on hand. There were three point deer. The rest of the day we spent our time skinning these deer and cutting them up and delivering the meat to neighbors because father would not let any of it go to waste.

The good times I remember as the most fun was playing run sheep run in the evenings in the streets of Richfield. Sometime we had a bonfire, all the neighborhood kids would come...boys and girls would be there...we would roast potatoes and have a picnic. Olive was the fastest runner in the games.

These were very tough times. It was the McKinley depression. Mother was too proud to ask anyone for help. One time I remember a box of groceries from the Bishop. Jane and I dug to the bottom of the box looking for some sweets but were disappointed. I guess we were thankful for the flour and the beans though. These were almost starvation times. I was always glad to escape and go to the mountains for the summer months. Dad and his boys were very good shots and we always had fresh meat. Olive Jane and I would get fish from the stream and there was honey and berry patches. We kept a bunch of cows, so we had cream and cheese and milk.

I don't know how we got through those years. John Christensen was very good to us. Zettie had a baby Erma in 1899 and Omer John followed. I sure liked to go to Zetties, she always had cookies and homemade root beer on hand. One time when Erma was maybe four years old, her mother had her all cleaned up and Erma decided her pants were too tight so she decided to go to grandmas to tell her troubles too. She forgot where to bend and wandered around quite awhile and finally got back home. She thought she had been gone a very long time and was glad to find they still had the same old cat.

We had some beautiful home evenings...most all our evening were Home Evenings. I have a mental picture of Eva and Jane brushing and braiding their shining long hair...and laughing at Tom Lee Fat sitting in front of the fireplace. Sometimes I would let him play with my prized wooden horse that Papa had carved for me. Mothers hands were always busy, usually knitting long black stockings and sometimes reading to us as she knit. Jane had a sweet voice and would sing as Eva would play on a make believe piano, then I would sing, "For I Am A Mormon Boy". Horace, a teenager at this time, didn't get off work jobs very often, for he was pretty much the bread earner for the family. I too, had a part time jobs. I was a good grain shocker and a cow herder. Most every family had a cow or two. My job was to gather the caws and take them to the hills and herd them for the day and bring them back in the evening. I could keep the cows in line with my sling shot.

During the waning days of our father, John Lowe Butler 11, a man now broken in spirit and in health. About Christmas time he called his eldest son to his bedside. The year was 1897. John was a young man expecting his mission call. His father said something to this effect, "John, my oldest son, you have been good and faithful servant to your Heavenly Father and have done a wonderful job of taking of the responsibility of supporting your Mother and your younger brothers and sisters. Son, there is nothing left here for this family. I admonish you to go where there is new land opening up, with new opportunities for bigger and better farms. Go and seek out a place that would be fruitful, a place where our family can work in harmony. John, my life is short and I will be gone before you return from your mission. I do love and appreciate you and know that you will carry out my wishes." Laying his hand on his fathers head, John kissed him and promised to fulfill his request.

Early in the year 1898, John received his mission call and left without purse or script. Horace gave him all the cash on hand at that time and if I remember right it was \$25. Father passed away Dec. 39,1898. Horace was the sole support of the family at this time, a boy of 15 years. John never came home until March after Father died.

I remember John coming home in his swallow-tail coat, duffy hat and black mustache. He wasn't home long when he took ill with typhoid fever and before he was entirely well he went to Bingham to work. This was during the Cleveland depression and jobs were hard to get. I remember John telling how he waited in line day after day wishing he would be picked from the many men for the job. Finally, from a long line of men the boss came and chose John for a job, the only man hired that day.

John and Bertha had been writing letters while he was on his mission. After he came home they were engaged. That fall John came back to Kimberly and he and Jim Gilbert took a contract to run a tunnel on Beaver Creek west of Kimberly. They packed in their supplies for the winter and built a cabin. John said to Jim, "Help me build a cabin and I will get married and we will have a cook." It was agreed. So John went to Kimberly to post a letter to Bertha to tell her his plans. Without waiting for an answer he went back to Beaver Creek where they built the cabin. When the cabin was finished he walked to Kimberly where he hired a livery team and went to be married. They were married in the Manti Temple Nov. 15, 1899. Horace took them back to Beaver Creek with pack horses. I remember Bertha telling about unpacking the supplies they had taken in and among them she found a chamber pot, a gift from her husband. They stayed there all winter, snowbound from the outside world. They did not see another person but themselves and Jim Gilbert, or get any mail until spring. During this winter Bertha helped with the sharpening of the steel by blowing the bellows and tempering the steel. She became very expert at this job which was a real achievement. They were full of dreams and plans for the future and they talked of getting a farm where they could have eggs and milk.

In the spring of 1900, John and Bertha went to Kimberly where John went to work at the Anna Laura Mine and was soon boss timberman. Bertha went to Richfield the next winter to

stay with her mother as she was expecting a baby. The baby was born Jan. 7. They lost him as an infant in Richfield.

By the summer of 1902 John had become engaged in the butcher business and I spent that summer helping him. They had their beef running on the mountains. My job was to help look for cattle. We ran in two critters every other day and butchered one every day. The cattle was wild and the timber was thick and it was a difficult job. Occasionally we butchered a hog which was skinned and sold for fresh meat. J. Grant was born Sept. 2 1902.

During these years Horace had also been working at the mine and Olive was there some. She cooked for Horace and his friends that had formed a club there. She also taught school part time.

John and Bertha were still dreaming of getting a farm and in the fall of 1902 John went to Cardson, Canada, after selling the butcher shop. There he bought a piece of land on a contract and put a down payment on it. That winter he again worked for Anna Laura Mine with intention of moving to Canada in the spring. That winter his down payment and contract was return to him. Still having the land fever the next spring John bought a wagon and a team and made preparations go to Idaho. The plan included the whole family. Horace was to stay with his job to support the family while John found land enough for all.

I'll never forget how pride I was of that team. The plan was that I would go to Idaho with John so I quit school before it was out. Using the beautiful brown ball-faced legged team, I hauled wood from the west hills and chopped it for Mother, enough to last her for the summer. Prince and Bally were the horses names.

On Friday, March 27, 1903 John and I bid farewell to friends and loved ones and started to Idaho. I was very happy John had picked me to join him in this adventure. I loved to whistle and I learned to mimic the birds. I became very good at mimicking canaries. At times there was no highway leading from Utah into Idaho and we followed the streams where there was plenty of grass for the horses. Part of the way we were hub deep in mud. When we pulled into Salt Lake City this was my first glimpse of the city. While there we saw the first automobile owned in S L C. It pulled up to a curb and caused a traffic jam of horse drawn drays and vehicles.

Somewhere along the way one of the horses developed a sweenty. John had been taught a great deal about horse ailments and how to care for them. He had a way of fixing this by placing a silver quarter under the skin. Soon after this he got a chance to tradeoff the sweenied horse for a very good work horse. It was not a match for the ball face.

When leaving the city we met other travelers. Lee and Ralph Fairbanks, and the Nebeker boys and a man named Peterson and his sons. They joined our party and from the time they joined us we didn't have a dull moment for they were the life of the trip.

John was very happy always whistling, but seemed to be driven with great anticipation knowing that many lives depended on him. I am sure he was lonesome for his young wife Bertha, whom he had left in Richfield with their little Grant.

One night we camped in a log camp house between Tremonton and Snowville. There was a well there where we could water our horses for 25 cents a team. We drew the water by hand from the 125 foot well. We paid 10\$ each for the privilege of staying in the log cabin. The Fairbanks boys though we had been held up so to even the score the next morning Lee said he was going fishing. We all laughed for the only water was the deep well. Lee got out his fishing rod and for bait he used bread crumbs. He cast out in the yard where there were some big fat hens looking for something to eat. One especially fat one soon found the crumb on the fish hook and Lee came hauling her right into the cabin where he made record time getting her into a dutch oven with her feathers in the fireplace.

On the 7th of April we crossed into Idaho. On this day Carrie Erin were married. I was very elated to think I was in Idaho. The next night we camped at Albion. We turned our horses lose in the corral at the livery barn and the next morning there was an argument over the charges.

So Lee F. went for his boxing gloves. He gave one pair to the livery man and put on the other pair himself and the argument was settled our way.

Albion was a rather thriving town. There at the Land Office John obtained information about available land around a town called Heyburn. The next night we camped at the mouth of Goose Creek across the river from Heyburn on what is now the tawniest of Burley. I remember John looked at the beautiful land there at Goose Creek with sage brush almost as high as our covered wagon and saying if he thought water could ever be obtained for that land that is where he would stay and make his home.

The next day we went down the river to attend the opening of the Millner Dam Project. We arrived just as dusk in a terrible rain storm. The only protection from the weather other than tents and covered wagons was a temporary tar paper shack that turned out to be a bar. We spent a miserable night there trying to keep warm. We worked there freighting between Kimima and Millner for a short time. While there Jim Gilbert, who had preceded John to Idaho, wrote him a letter from where he had settled in Bruneau Valley. I can see John reading the letter laughing at the way the letter was worded. It said, "There are plenty of water there and plenty of land."

We went on down to what is now Twin Falls. The town was then being surveyed. We saw the Twin Falls and Shoshone Falls and marveled at the immense amount of water. We also saw Blue Lakes. The new orchard was just in bloom, it was late spring. We saw lots of dead sheep on the desert that had died because of the heavy winter and late spring.

We ferried across the river just above Shoshone Falls. My hat blew off and went over the Falls. It was a thrill to cross the river on a ferry, especially just above the Falls. We went on down the river to Hagerman. Spending our first day at Sand Springs Ranch and rested up our horses. While at Hagerman I saw my first Sturgeonn in the Snake River. We saw them building the syphen that takes the water across Snake River to irrigate the King Hill project. John and some other men looked over the King Hill country. Here we parted with some fellow travelers. The Fairbank and the Nebeker Boys had stayed at Millner. We went on down the North side of the river to Glens Ferry. At a bend in the river a short distance from Glens Ferry we saw some cowboys driving 1500 head of cattle across the river. They were on their way to Camas Prairie. The cows would get their calves on the down side of the river so they could break the the current for them. It was a marvelous sight to see them swim the river.

We crossed the Snake River on a ferry boat and went on to a little town of Bruneau. Just before we got there we saw a tornado hit the town, up rooting trees and blowing over houses. On our way to Bruneau we camped on the desert and turned our horses out to graze with hobbles. The horses decided to leave. I took out after them with a bridle and had a terrible time catching up with them. It was dark by the time I got a bridle on old Prince. I got on Prince but had no idea which way it was back to camp. I rode a long time and decided camp was lost. I got up on a high hill so I could look around. From the top of the hill I could see a light and rode in the direction of it. After a long tiresome ride I made it back to camp. I don't know who was the most relieved, John or myself. When he decided I was lost he had built an immense brush fire to guide me back to camp.

The next morning another home seeker who had seen our fire and came into camp. He was a sorry sight, chattering with fright and with a dog torn to ribbons by a cougar. He told us the story of how this cougar had come into his camp and attacked his dog. He had tried to beat it off with his shot gun but had not dared to shoot for fear of killing his dog. He was so excited he let the cougar get away.

We found Jim Gilbert a few miles up the river from Bruneau building his homestead shack by a spring. We stayed there a few days looking over the land and the prospect of diverting water to irrigate the land. John decided he didn't have enough money to do the job. While there I and another boy were sent to Molly Wilsons ranch to get a cow to break for milking. Molly Wilson had inherited the ranch along with horses and cattle by the thousands

from her father. She ran the ranch herself and was a famous exhibition rider. She was called the Horse Queen of Idaho or Buck Skin Molly.

While riding after this cow, she dove into the river and was swimming easy-like. I thought she was wading and spurred my horse in after her, only to find the cow was swimming. Not knowing enough to give my horse his head I turned him over in the water a time or two and got an awful ducking. This was my first experience of swimming a river with a horse. Here again I lost my hat and it was some time before I got another.

While we had been in Hagerman we heard of Camas Prairie and what fine cattle country it was. We also heard there were a few Mormons settling there. The man mentioned the Dixon family. John decided we had better take a look at Camas Prairie before we decided where we would homestead. We went to the Prairie by way of Mountain Home. After we left Mountain Home we camped on a little creek near a camp of cowboys who were tailing several thousand head of cattle to Camas Prairie. The next morning a mouthy cowboy was trying to mount a green horse. He hollered out, "There is going to be a hot time in camp this morning." He no sooner gotten on his horse that it started bucking and that mouthy cowboy came rolling right through our camp fire upsetting frying pans and pots. John remarked dryly "Sure did have a hot time this morning alright."

We got our first glimpse of Camas Prairie on the 13th of May 1903. It was a wonderful sight; grass a foot high, flowers in bloom and cattle grazing by the thousands. The next day we started for Fir Grove Flat to look up the Dixon family we had heard about. However a blizzard overtook us and we headed back for Old Soldier. We saw thousands of head of cattle drifting with the storm John's enthusiasm was gone for homesteading here so when we got to Old Soldier, John inquired the shortest way out of the Prairie. They told us Hailey was the shortest way out so we headed for Hailey, leaving the Prairie covered with a foot of fresh snow over the beautiful flowers. John asked a cowboy we met on the way. Earl Pierson, how long winter lasted in this country and the young fellow said, "I don't know----I've only been here 13 months."

At Bellvue we went to work clearing land for a man named Cambell. While working for Cambell we cooked on a camp fire and slept in the covered wagon. John was homesick for his wife and baby. I remember in the evenings he would sit by the fire and watch the dying embers, whistling "The Last Rose of Summer." It was a lark for me as the hunting and fishing was very good and my whistling had a different rhythm. Here we learned the storm had been quite general and neighboring states had lost a lot of stock too. So we decided to go back to Camas Prairie and look up the Dixon family at Fir Grove. On this return to the Prairie we found it even more beautiful than before. By this time it was June and the Indians had moved back to the Prairie for their summer of hunting and fishing. This was their favorite summer hunting ground. Deer and antelope were plentiful, sage hens by the thousands, willow grouse or pin tails were there and the streams full of trout. There was camas roots and yampas roots and wild berries the Indians enjoyed. They would gather the roots of the camas and the yampas, dry them, and hammer them into flour. Sometimes they would make a mixture of dried venison, service berries, mixed with flour and called pumas. Their tents dotted the prairie.

We found there was four other Mormon families who lived near Old Soldier, their names were Jenkins, Adams, Stotts and Labrums, and a bachelor named Jim Stewart. They talked of forming a company for the purpose of building a reservoir on Lake Creek. John was elated, this fulfilled all their dreams that he and Bertha and his family and friends would want. This would fulfill his Father's wishes. They could have their own community, town, church and school. There was plenty of land for all and lots of water. All they had to do was to plow, no brush to clear, no rocks to pick. There was plenty of lush pasture close by. He just knew they would prosper in this land.

We got acquainted with these families and looked over the land under the project. John entered into a partnership with these men, buying out Alec Syphers who owned a beautiful ranch

between two lakes right where we wanted to build the reservoir. Alec was an old government scout. He had been with a surveying party that had been the first to survey the Base Line which went through Camas at Soldier. We put up hay on this Twin Lake Ranch. After the hay was up. Henry Jenkins was sent to Boise to get a surveyor so we could start the job on the Twin Lake Reservoir. The man he brought back with him had been with the first surveying party in Idaho. He and Alex were so happy to see each other. I used to stay up and listen to them talking far into the night about their experiences before Idaho was made a state.

I remember Alex telling about his first trip to Camas Prairie. Alex was a man well into his 70's at this time. When he was a young man scouting the northwest, his party followed an Indian trail from where the town of Bliss is now. This trail lead them to the top of Fir Grove Mt. A more beautiful picture he claimed he had never seen. The Indian villages dotted the prairie and the wild life abounded. It was the perfect hunting ground. He vowed right then that some time he would come back to this place and make a cattle ranch. Which he did, at Twin Lakes. When Alex and his friends were first viewing Camas Prairie, two of them wanted to cross the prairie and see the mountain on the other side but Alex and one other wanted to turn back as the Indians were too numerous there. They disagreed so they divide their supplies and Alex and his partner turned back. When they reached the Snake River they followed it west. (I don't know how far). In the fall they returned to Camas P. in hopes of finding some of their companions. They never found them until they reached Fort Hall. These two scouts had some harrowing experiences to tell of how they had been held captive by the Indians and had finally escaped and made their way to Fort Hall with nothing but a pocked knife for hunting food.

The Twin Lakes Ranch was a beautiful spot. Two lakes about one forth mile apart were fed by a large spring in each lake. These creeks ran together to form Lake Creek and are now buried in the reservoir. The ranch buildings were on the west shore of the south lake. A plank walk was fixed on the boulders that ran 40 or 50 feet out into the lake where we could dip up water fresh from the spring for home use. Sometime it looked like you might dip up a trout in the water pail. To the northeast and south of these lakes spread beautiful meadows of wild hay. The company bought the ranch for \$1500.00. The original six men who formed this company and filed on the reservoir site were John Butler, Jim Stewart, Lester Scott, Lewis Adams, George Labrum and Henry Jenkins.

We put up hay all that summer. The hay was pitched up onto wagons with nets by hand and unloaded on the stacks with derricks and sling nets. My job was to a hay rake or drive the wagons. Occasionally a young boy from a near by camp would come and ride with me. His name was Boil and I enjoyed having him with me. One day John and Charley Jenkins stopped the wagon and told us the boy should get down as both of the men had a strange feeling of impending danger to come to one of us. As we were about loaded and ready to start in with our load the Boil boy fell off the wagon onto the horses rumps then onto the ground in front of the wheel and startled the team. John reached for the boys foot to pull him out of danger but the loaded wagon rolled over the boys back. Mr. Jenkins screamed in horror as the wheel passed over the boy. To every ones astonishment the boy was alright except for a red mark across his back and he was crying because he had bumped his elbow on the trees.

It was about the time we had finished the haying that the engineer came and we started to survey the reservoir sight. John and I worked on the survey crew until it was completed. My job was to drive the stakes. John held the staff. There were three other men on the crew. We had a white topped hack that carried the supplies. It was quite an education for me. The engineer was very good to explain things to me, the method of surveying and the way the sections and townships were laid out. He took quite an interest in me. One day after we had killed an exceptionally large rattlesnake, Mr. Roach, the engineer, borrowed my prized pocket knife to skin the snake. I was reluctant about taking the knife back. It took a lot of scrubbing before I

could use it again and always after that when I would cut an apple with that knife, I would think of that snake it had skinned.

While we were surveying on the west side of the lakes, we encountered an angry bull. The men ran up on the rim rock for safety---all but myself. I stood my ground with a raised ax in my hand thinking to get him right between the eyes if he should charge me. The men were calling me names and shrieking for me to come while there was time. I had no intentions of running but when the bull started pawing and coming closer and closer and when he finally let out an unearthly bellowing screech and dived for me, I found myself scrambling for the rocks. I looked back and saw the bull standing where I had been and looking to see where I was. This took place on what is now called Squaw Flat.

The surveying was finished about the last of October and I went back to Richfield with my brother in law, Gomer Richards. John stayed on for a while before returning to Richfield to work that winter at the Anne Loura Mine. John had been recruiting family and friends to go to Idaho. I had gotten so homesick before I got back home to my mother and my little brother Lee Tom Fat, who had started school being six years old. By this time I had only three unmarried sisters left at home. Olive, Jane and Eva. Olive and Horace were away to Kimberly most of the time. Jane was going on sweet sixteen with a wonderful voice to sing and singing most of the time----"Bill Bailey, Wont You Come Home"... "My Sweetheart Is The Man In The Moon." and many others. Eva was a child of 11 with two long braids and very beautiful---always dreaming that some day she would be piano player.

My family and friends were all happy to see me. Chester Christenson ran to me calling out, "What did you see?" I had to tell my friends over and over about my experiences in Idaho and when I told them about the Sturgeon in Snake River being 6 or 8 feet long they knew I was telling fish stories and I've been telling them ever since.

Always when I was in Richfield I liked to go to my sister Zetties. She always had snacks and root beer at her home and I was always hungry. Of course, Jane and I came in pretty handy to tend the children.

I attended school that winter until sometime in February when John bought as team of horses, white top hack and took Mother, myself, Bertha and baby Grant and went on a trip to Parawan to see my grandparents, the McGregors. They still lived in the same house that had been my Grandfather Smiths house where my mother was born. It was a two story adobe house with a big fireplace. My Grandmother was a small woman with a sweet face. She would have weighed perhaps 125 pounds. I remember she always had dried apple pies and some good jam and pickled crab apples. Grandfather McGregor told me what a fine man my father had been and showed me the fences and things my father had built and trees he had set out. Uncle Don McGregor was there at that time, he had just graduated from medical school and was practicing medicine in Parawan. Joseph had graduated before this time and was practicing medicine in Beaver.

Grandmother had been born in Quebec, Canada---May 5, 1828, the daughter of Hannah Leavitt and Horace Fish. Grandmother had a little joke..... that she was a mermaid as she was half Fish. She married Horace Calvin Smith in the Nauvoo Temple May 12, 1846.

We all knew much of Horace Calvin Smiths early history and how valiant he was in the church. He was sent by the church as a leader of a group to settle Parawan. He was the first Stake Leader. He died in his early 30's and Grandmother married William Campbell McGregor and they had 3 sons.

It was a happy trip, on our way home we passed by the Big Rock Candy Mountain. We stopped to look it over as it had been a camping place for the pioneers. The trip was in the early spring and it was a adventure for me. I was glad to get out of school. We saw deer with their horns in the velvet or just shedding their horns. We saw shabby Indians. We passed where an old man lived that had bought Dads old saw and shingle mill. This man told us about our

Dad...how generous he was and a super man for strength. This place was close to Panguitch Lake where Dad had homesteaded. When we got Panguitch we visited Mother's sister, Sarah Miller. She cooked us a meal over a fireplace.

(I think Dad has gone back to the trip to Parawan..N.Bird.)

We stopped at Cove Fort and finally on to Parawan and found our way to the McGregor home. Where we received a hearty welcome from both Grandma and Grandpa McGregor. Then Grandpa begin to show me things of interest about my father. He showed me an apple tree he had planted when it was a small willow. The he got a pan of apples from this tree out of storage. He showed me a gable in the barn where Dad had butchered a lamb. We met a man that had know Dad in his prosperous days and he told about Dad taking groceries to poor father that did not have credit at the store.

Somewhere we saw Jeanette Leavitt and she had some good looking boys. Jeanette was the Indian girl John Calvin Smith bought from the Indians for a gun and his shirt. The girl was an orphan and the Indians were going to drown her. Hannah had compassion for the Indian child and talked John Calvin into saving her.

We went to see Dad's sister, Alvaretta Robinson. That had a house full of shinning well dressed girls. We had a good time playing together. They had a honey candy pull in the evening and we played Run Sheep Run. I was so embarrassed when I caught one of the girls and pulled a button off her blouse.

On returning to Richfield we were soon all excited to return to Idaho. We left March 26, 1904. Somewhere in those years Mother gave me the advice that really stayed with me. She said always treat my girl friends the way I would want my sisters to be treated. She said if I would keep myself morally clean I would find a girl I would want to be my wife and to take to the Temple. And I would know she was the one from the first. I was always against a double standard of morals for boys and girls. Being by myself so much gave me time to think about her advice. I thought my mother was beautiful and so clean and perfect with so much faith in prayer. When we left for Idaho we were driving a loose bunch of horses. (About 100). John, Josh Thurber, (Bertha's brother) and I made the trip with a white top hack. I was the one to be horse back driving the loose horses. Can you imagine driving that bunch of horses down State Street in Salt Lake City? The spring was cold and wet and we cooked our meals over a camp fire. It was a tedious trip but we knew where we were going and made for Camas Prairie as fast as we could.

Upon arriving there we found that the rest of the company had decided to wait for a year before starting construction on the reservoir because of finances. Then John decided to go to Hailey and rent a ranch. He did, a big old cattle ranch owned by a old man Gilman. This ranch was big with a creek running through it. Gilman had come out west with a lot of money and a dream of making this ranch the town site for the Bullion Mine and the Red Elephant Mine. His letterhead read, "Gilman, the Gem of the Mountains". When the price of silver dropped, the Bullion Mine as well as others closed down. This shattered the dreams of Gilman. Its cattle were gone and the big house stood vacant except for the grand piano and some other fine furniture that was all remained of its former glory.

John leased the ranch and Josh Thurber and I went there with him to put in the crops. We planted mostly oats for there was a good market for horses feed. By the time Bertha and sister Jane came, John had persuaded Gilman to let us move into the big house. Bertha's baby Grant was 2 years old and right off he was given to me as a bed partner. I was to wean him from sleeping with his mother. The first night I held him screaming and kicking in my arms. After that I had no trouble. Grant took it for granted that I was his bed pal.

That spring after the crops were in I went to Camas Prairie to plow John's desert claim. I did not realize at that time what a big assignment it was for a boy of 14 years. I was left with a team of horses and a John Deer walking plow. I had a grub stake of flour, bacon, potatoes, dried

fruit and rice, I had my 22 and my fishing rod, so I managed to have fish or game once or twice a day. I'd have the fish in the pan before they quit twitching. I camped out on the open prairie. My greatest problem was to catch my hoses after I had hobbled them and turned them loose to graze. Wild cattle were grazing all around me and were not use to seeing a person on foot. So they were very curious. They would circle around me getting closer and closer. I would spook them with my hat or coat. Then they would go gather up more cattle as they circled, snorting and tossing their heads and horns. I would never admit how frighten I was. John sure did not believe in making a sissy out me.

Sometimes cowboys and Indian's would pass my camp, shaking their heads and sometime the cowboys would day, "Sonny don't you know you are spoiling a lot of good grass. "I felt like that myself in the years that followed. The Indian's looked at me with dark and scowling faces. They could see the whites spoiling there hunting grounds. Some Indian's became familiar characters to me, Buckskin Joe and his two wives. He was a great hunter and fisherman. His wives could weave beautiful teepees out of willows. When they moved camp. Buckskin Joe would always ride away like he was the big chief and leave his wives to do the packing. When they were finished they would mount there horses and trail along leading the pack horses. These squaws could put as neat a pack on a horse as any white man. If I had gotten a squaw that could have done the camp chores as good as Indian Joe's I wouldn't have been so far behind on my hunting and fishing. Not to my knowledge do I have Indian blood in my veins but when I see good grassy lands untouched by the plow my heart cries out as did the Indian's, "Don't fence it up."

John and Bertha were still living at the Gilman ranch and didn't move to Camas Prairie until the spring 1905. They had a baby girl born while living there. When it came time for Bertha to deliver she awakened John in the middle of the night. He immediately came to my room and gave me a lantern and told me to harness the team. I think they were the fastest team in the state of Idaho. I quickly hitched them to the white top hack. John was dressed when I finished and he jumped in the hack and headed to Hailey for Mrs. Stanfield, the midwife. I busied myself building a fire and putting lots of water to boil. I had a prayer in my heart that John and the midwife would get there before the baby. It was just 5 minutes from the time John awakened me until I had the team ready and waiting at the gate. Bertha said that it was just one hour from the time she awakened John until he was back with Mrs. Stanfield. I remember Bertha shaking her finger at John and saying, "Don't you ever call Taylor slow again." and he never did. At that time I was 14. This baby lived only a short time. She is buried in the Hailey cemetery.

It was the fall of 1905 that my mother and the rest of the family came to Idaho. It was also in 1905 that the building of the Mormon reservoir was started. In the fall of 1906 a one room school was built on John's place. It was also used for our church meetings.

The winter of 1905 and 1906 was a heavy winter and when the break came the high waters came and also the homesteaders. 1906 was the year of the homestead rush on Camas Prairie. There was a family, a bachelor or a old maid on every 160 acres of good land. There was many a race to the land office, some often ended in a quarrel or a fight. One race was between C.C. Cotton and Jim Butler. The race was very near a tie and they both tied up across the street from the Land Office at the same time. Cotton was in a buggy and Jim was on a saddle horse he had borrowed from me. Cotton won the race to the Land Office and instead of quarreling Jim tied the horse to the back of the buggy and rode home with Cotton. They were always good friends. I know of one man that killed another in an land fight. The story as Lloyd Bundy tells it is "He made an angle out of him".

We lived near the Malad River, about one fourth mile from the bank. It thus fell to me to guide the many homesteaders across the high water. I had a horse that was a good swimmer and knew the soil road under the turbulent water. Their teams would follow when my horse led the

way. I don't remember all the people I guided but maybe they remember the dare devil kid who helped them get across. I do remember Bert Rands and his wife who stayed at our place a few days. He had eight head of beautiful horses.

We did not try to keep up with the Joneses. We did not have much but the bare necessities but we had pleasant times anyway. We were all like one big family sharing our troubles and planning for better times in the future. By the next spring the prairie was settled very fast. On Oct. 15, 1908 H.L. Childs was called to survey and plot the town of Manard. Three miles east and five miles south of Soldier.

Antone Paulson had the first post office in Manard and all the pay he received was the cancellation of the postage.

The school house was on John Butler's place. They first planned to have the town here but after the survey they planned to build on Sand Ridge across the river on a school section. It was not long before they a church and a school in the same building. And a post office and store in another building. Nelson Driggs and Mrs. Woods were among the first teachers in Manard. From this time on we had very little to go to Soldier for. We did go for the dances and celebrations and to get drugs from the Barkley Pharmacy or to get a doctor.

Aunt Annie Thurber took care of the new babies and their mothers. Aunt Annie was a great help and was always ready to go whenever she was needed, whether in the dead of winter, rain or high water.

Spotted fever was quite common and very severe in those days. My own Mother had a bad case in 1907. Eva Miniar came and her through it. She was a trained nurse. It was during this illness that I was bitten by a scorpion. She took care of me too. Her main medicine was whiskey on the inside and alcohol on the outside.

Camas Prairie was really blessed with neighbors willing to help each other. Mrs. Ora Bean and Mrs. Adelaid Adams were very willing to help. Mrs. Adams was a noted gardener and always contributed things from her garden. She took flowers to church and to funerals. Ruth Butler (our niece) asked when she was a little girl, "Who will decorate the graves if anything ever happens to Mrs. Adams?"

Everyone was glad to have the Higgs Doctors move into the valley. Drs. Dee and Air Higgs were fine men and wonderful doctors. It mattered not how deep the snow and cold the weather, they were always willing to go where needed if at all possible. They were marvelous surgeons. Dr. Air Higgs performed emergency appendix surgery on Edna Nielson. (Thelma's sister). It was done on the kitchen table of her own house. No electricity and no running water. He also operated on Mrs. Bill Martin for breast cancer. Today this would have been a complicated surgery but she lived to be an old lady. The surgery was at her home in Soldier with Aunt Annie as the nurse.

The Nielson family and the Gould family came in 1908 as did many others. The Neilson family became important to my family. Three of them became my brother in laws. E. F. and Ivan married Thelma's sisters and my sister Jane married Elmer. They were all fine men, very industrious people and good neighbors. They were prominent in the cattle business and in dry farming. Elmer purchased Fir Grove Ranch where his daughters grew up and were a great help to their father. Elmer was a director in the P.C.A. Association for many years. He was honored to be chosen as a member of the Hall of Fame as a cattleman. The other boys were equally fine men and good husbands and loving fathers. To know them was to love and respect them.

The coming of the bachelor homesteaders and the single women school teachers produced many romantic stories. Our own sister Alberta Peterson, came as a school teacher and married Ivan Neilson. Elva Barrett came as a teacher and stayed as Mrs. Hugo Olsen. She charmed all with her beautiful contralto voice. The first time I heard her sing was "When We Come To The End Of A Perfect Day."

Josh Thurber was a young bachelor with a homestead . He got Will Richards to help him build a cabin on his land. It was a tall one and just had one slope roof. One of the boards they had to use on the roof was extra thick and by that time the saw was getting very dull and Will was getting very tired. He said "Lets let this board stay longer than the others and I well paint a sign on it." So true to his word, when the cabin was finished Will painted "Cook Wonted." It always look like it had been left there on purpose.

It was not long until Lizzie Robinson came on stage to visit her brothers Jim and John. High Lee Sr. was the stage driver. When Lizzie read the sign "cook Wonted" she remarked that she did not know she would find work so soon. High Lee laughed.

When Josh finally got up the nerve to go courting Lizzie was ready and they soon became engaged. Her younger sister, Alva, came to visit her brother and sister. And sure enough it was wedding bells for her and Lyman Dixon.

My homestead neighbor was Jimmie McClure and he was an Irishman. We had many good jokes together. Jimmy wonted so much to learn to ride a horse. When he got on one for the first time, he sat up very straight and in English style said, "Advance." I told him to give the horse his head and he replied, "How in the hell will I ride, when he 'umps his back and hides his head, I can't remain." Jimmy was a champion foot racer and always took prizes at the celebrations.