

## Chapter 13 Farming alone

I also had to buy a wagon and set of harness, I got the No. 20 Oliver Chill hand plow that I bought when working for Bishop Parsons and as soon as the snow went off I began to plow, the team I had bought were about eight years old one had been raised by George Walton and the other by Bert Bigler so I named them George and Bert, George was especially well built and a very powerful horse when he wanted to be, Bert was more delicate was not quite so large but was a little more true to pull.

I started out most to briskly I guess with my plowing and plowed nearly three acres a day with that little hand plow.

Bert especially got very tired as well as myself, I did my own cooking and milked my cows, at nights I would generally had bread and syrup and plenty of milk for my supper. I went up and bought a cast iron Monarch range from the Consolidated Wagon and Machine Co. on the time payment plan because I had used up all my money. We generally referred to that Company as The Con I. I got some old furniture that had been left by Mr Larson when he moved away when his first wife died and he went to Utah.

A little later in the summer I bought a one seated buggy from the Studerbaker Co. which they called a Isser Buggy also on time payments that cost me One hundred and sixty dollars and more than that with interest before it was paid but a young fellow must have some thing to kinda show off with when he met the girls.

That first year I did pretty well and made a nice crop of hay and grain, I don't remember just how I managed with the cooking for the thrashing crew, I think my Mother came down and helped me so we got by and that winter I went to work in the canion hauling and selling wood.

My brother Carl was teaching school at Smoot and he wanted me to take care of his team of horses for their feed I used them in the canion and left my own team to chase around with as it would be hard for them to do both. I got Harry Stocks and Hyrum Mickleson to each take a load of oats together with me to Montpelier to sell and later I sold my hay that I had to spare and sent my lease money to Mr Larson, that winter I did a little chasing around, I had got a pair of bob sheighs and by putting my wagon box on them I had a pretty nice outfit to ride in, I went to some dances and saw several

girls and at last I took one by the name of Vice Snyder out a few times and one time before that when I had about six of us in my buggy, two other fellows and three girls and the fellows were making dates with two of the girls so I thought I better ask the third girl to go with me, her name was Miss Allen, a sister to Mark Allen who was keeping company with my sister Idalia at that time, she said, "yes" so I called for her but I did not enjoy her company at all.

One night when I was out with Vica Snyder and we were up in Call's hall to some sort of meeting when she and another couple that was with us put their heads together and were whispering something when she turned to me and said, "We are going to Smoot" then the only way they had of going was with my team and I rather resented it thinking I might have been consulted first, the other couple was Owen Miles and Perle Graham, I said nothing but got up and we all went to Smoot but that trip finished me with that girl, I don't know now what we went for except for the ride, in the mean time a Swedish girl Wilhelmina Lindberg who had recently arrived from Sweden had called at my Mother's house to talk to Mother because she could talk Swedish to her as the girl had not yet learned to talk much in English and I had seen her several times and one day when I had my Mother and Mrs Gardner in my sleigh and were going up to Smoot for some reason as we neared Andrew Hokanson's house where the Swedish girl was staying Mrs Gardner suggested we stop and take the girl with us for a ride up to Smoot I had placed two spring seats in the sleigh my Mother and Mrs Gardner were in the back seat so the only place for

the girl was beside me in the front so when all was ready we started and we drove along Mrs Gardner kept motioning for me to put my arm around the girl but I never was much of a ladie's man and was rather shy. When we reached Carl's place in Smoot where he was teaching school and the ladies were all in the house and we were taking care of my team in his stable he told me he was glad to see me with that girl as Vica Snyder's family was a bunch of boobies she knew them down in the lower valley.

We made the return trip with Mrs Gardner still trying to get me to put my arm around the girl, I don't remember if I did or not but after that I went to see her quite often and at last I told her I was going to Montpelier with a load of grain and if she would be my wife we would get married when I came back if she would consent to it. I could talk a little in the Swedish language that I had learned from my Mother and some of our talk was in that language, so she said, "~~Om du vil ha mig till bladen kvinga~~ yag vil bli <sup>den</sup> kvinga" If you will have to be your <sup>then</sup> wife I will be your <sup>wife</sup> wife!"

When I was in Montpelier I bought two rings, one an engagement ring and the other a wedding ring but of course they did not cost very much for I did not have much money and she had warned me not to pay too much for such things, I don't know if she really meant or not. *did not say anything*

When I returned we made arrangements and on February the twentyfifth 1907 we were married at Andrew Hokanson's house by President Osmond, who was the President of the Star Valley stake at that time.

The night of the wedding I sent Delbert down to milk my cows and other chores at the ranch or farm and unbeknown to me he had taken some others including my

sister Idalia and some others with him and as usual Del was up to some of his tricks, they had taken some of the slats that held the springs and mattress in our bed away and hid them someplace so as soon as we entered the house we knew something was wrong for Wilhelmina had been down there with me earlier and she could see the bed had been tampered with so we investigated and found the slats missing and after a long search we found them tucked away above the door outside on a small sort of shade we had over the door, I went out to take care of my horses and when I returned my wife was in *side bed* because she was so shy.

I had butchered a beef some time before and had salted some of the meat in a large barrel, maybe not just as it should have been done so one of the first things my wife did was to take care of that meat in the right way.

A few days after we were married I took Carl's team of horses, Old Dick and Bally and went after fire wood in the canion that was about all there was to do in the winter time, I drove up to what we called mud hollow in dry Creek canion because each spring there would be a large snow slide come down that hollow and bring with it a large quantity of mud and would nearly fill the canion with hard packed snow, we could generally go up on this slide to timber that we could not get at any other time so I took old Dick, anchor and my ax and climbed up to near the top of this long slide where I chpped down a very good smooth tree about two feet in diameter and logged it up into about sixteen foot lengths and took two of these and got them laid side by side thinking if I took

two of them that way they would not slide to fast when I had to hook Dick to them to start them down the slide, I placed the chain around them and then hooked Dick to them and started down, as soon as they got started for it was not quite steep enough for me to start without Dick's help they began to go to fast so they ran right under Dick, the chain and his harness caught him in such a way that he sat down on them with either of his front feet braceing himself one on each log and away he went sitting on those logs like a circus horse and rode them all the way down that slide to the bottom while with my ax in hand ran after him thinking he would surely have a broken leg or injured in some way but when the logs stopped he just got off and was apparently none the worse for his ride but those two large logs had taken him past my sleigh and they had plunged into a deep hole and by that time as it was nearly dark I decided to let them stay there until the next day and I went home with an empty sleigh. Some of the men working in the canion that heard about it began kidding me, saying, "You could not take, no new married man can", I continued to work in the canion and sold some wood in Afton, took some to my Mother and some for ourselves for that was the only fuel we used at that time.

When the snow had melted sufficiently I began to plow and when I got the land ready to sow which I must do by hand as I had no drill or other mechanical way. My little wife and I would get up real early in the mornings in order to do the sowing before the wind started to blow she would sit in the front of the wagon and drive the team while I stood in the back and threw the seed over the ground.

Next I harrowed it to cover the seeds, However it seemed that everything went against us that year, frost done its part, when haying time came and I had considerable hay cut down it began and continued to rain until it spoiled a lot of hay for us so one day in the fall we were talking about our bad luck and I made the remark in a jokeing sort of way, "I guess you are a hoodoo". that remark has stayed and lasted to this day in the mind of my dear wife and when I ever mention something that she has done wrong she will say, "Oh! Yes, I'm a Hoodoo"

That summer I talked to Willian Hardman who had built a house on some unsurveyed land up near the mouth of dry creek canyon and also some other improvements, he wanted to sell it to me, he could not give a deed for it but he could sell the improvements such as the house, the barn chicken coop and the fences, he told me I could have it all for two hundred dollars and some day when it become surveyed I might get a deed or title to the land and besides that old man McClatchie who, joined this land on the west was willing to sell me a strip of deed land so I became very much interested so did my wife and as we were thinking about it her parents came down to see us one day and ofcourse we told them all about the deal, her folks were living up at Smoot in a rented house. They had recently come to America after selling a fine home in Sweden and were persuaded to come here by Charlie Johnson (Johnson was a full brother to my father-in-law although they had different sir names) and a son of theirs who had come to America to work for Johnson and when they arrived they were very much disappointed and homesick and when they heard what we intended to do her Mother said, "I wish

we could find something like that so we could have a home of our own again so after a little more talking we told them we were willing to let them buy the place if they wanted it, they had some money when they arrived from Sweden and Johnson had persuaded them to let him take care of it for them and when they needed any they could come and ask him for it but they did not have enough so Johnson loaned them the rest and their son Axel who was their youngest son told them he would get a job with the sheep and earn money and pay Johnson back. Charlie Johnson had several ranches and one of these was east of us only a quarter of a mile over on the main road from Afton to Smoot, he also had a nice home in Smoot where he lived. Well they got the money and paid Hardman for his improvements and they moved up there which was to be their home as long as they lived. There were including my wife and another daughter in Sweden that was married nine children in the family, three boys and six girls.

When they took possession of the place and began to try to work there were several large boulders it was necessary to remove before they could use the ground and get in to shape so they could plant potatoes and other vegetables so my wife and I tried to help them because her Father was a very small man and was terrible crippled with rheumatism. My wife had learned the dress making business before I knew her and was a very good seamstress so she helped her folks with sewing and I helped with their planting. Where they lived in the mouth of the canon there was always a canon breeze which caused the things to grow much better free from frost

than most places in the valley and all they planted grew very well. Alfred their oldest son who had been in America the longest was renting one of Johnson's places up in Smoot and Gustaf their second son stayed home some of the time, he and I worked in the canion together for a while but finally he and Alfred decided to go to Kansas City to work where they had an uncle, My wife and I continued at the Larson ranch and here I shall tell some of the good as well as the bad that happened to us although I do not remember the dates nor the year in some cases. On valentine's day 1908 February the fourteenth our son was born and Grandma Cook wanted to name him Alfonso and we named him William after his Mother, before he came to us his Mother used to get those terrible morning sicknesses and I used to worry about it, she craved oranges which we tried to supply her with. I kept the harness on my team both day and night for several days before in readiness to get to the Docter and one day after my wife had been unusually busy cooking and baking and ~~seemed~~ ~~seemed~~ very well and my Mother was staying with us, that night she began to have pains in the middle of the night, I awoke Mother and she came and said, "the time has come, go and get the Docter"

I hooked up my team in record time and drove like mad to Afton and the Docter's house and after considerable pounding on his door of his house I was admitted and explained to Docter West he must hurry as my wife was in terrible pain, ofcoarse he had been told about it long before and I though he should have been already dressed and ready to go the very minute I called for him but he took his time and plenty of it and more time to

I put on his tie, all the while I felt like helping him so he would hurry and after several minutes that seemed like hours to me he was ready and on the way down he told me I was driving to fast. When we reached my house and he went in he just went over and took a look at my wife and did some little thing and then went over in the room and sat down, my Mother gave him a book to look at while I kept wondering why he did not do something to get the job over with, still he just waited and once in a while he would go over to the bed and say something to my wife, my Mother went into another room to pray and I just sat there and wondered what was going to happen next. It lasted all night and at seven o'clock in the morning our son was born and the first time I saw him I was terrible disappointed because his little head seemed to be so narrow and long but Mother told me or tried to explain that most babies were that way when first born. My wife had been told to stay in bed and remain quiet until she was intirely well and completely healed but she thought she would be alright so she got out of bed to soon and took a back set and was quite sick for a while but recovered at last and was well again.

That year 1908 I had some trouble to get money enough to pay Larson so I sold the acre and a quarter of ground in the city lot that Mother had given me, she had given the other half of the same lot to Carl and he had sold it to his brother in-law Vosco Call and Call also wanted my part and offered me One Hundred and fifty dollars for it so I let him have it, one thing I have regretted ever since I worked in the canion the rest of the winter but in the spring I decided to

quit the ranch and try something else, I moved my wife and baby up to Afton and rented a house from Grandma Kennington who was the second wife of William Kennington and told the Doctor we were expecting another baby in September and asked him to take care of my wife in case I did not get back, I don't remember what I did with my cows and other property but I took my team of horses and went out to Border to Wolcott's ranch where Kib was working and had the place on shares and had plenty of pasture and I got a job with the Stoner Brothers sheep outfit where my old friend Pete Nelson was foreman, Pete had visited us at the Larson place several times and each time he came he brought something for my family generally a bottle of wine which my wife did not like, that is the wine. However Pete had offered me the job so I went to work with the sheep again but I was not contented and only stayed until sometime in August when I quit and went and got my horses and went back home to my wife and little son.

Joe Henderson had taken charge of the Larson that summer but had not lived on the place so when I got home I decided to move back to the ranch so one day I walked down to the place to repair a part of the house I had been working all day and started to walk back up to town, I walked about half way when I saw three men near the road at a stack yard owned by Wall Stocks he was there with a hayrack on his wagon to get some hay and another light wagon that was owned by John Swaub from Smoot was near by, Wall Stocks had been freighting for one of the stores bringing merchandise from Montpelier and Swaub had got him to bring several bottles of whisky and

beer from Montpelier for him and they had just delivered it to him and they were sampling it in fact they had already had several drinks so as I called to Wall to hurry up as I wanted a ride home, he called back "come on over here" I said, No I am in a hurry to get home" Oh, just for a minute" so I went over and as soon as I got there one of them gave me the bottle of whisky while another one of them had a bottle of beer ready for a chaser and soon I was as bad as they were, I remember two of them trying to load hay while both had hold of the same pitchfork, however at last we got the load of hay on the wagon and managed to climb on top of it while Mr Swaub took his team and went his way to Smoot and we went our way to Afton, as I was let off a block or so from home I saw the street light that seemed to be jumping around in every direction but somehow I managed to reach home but a few days before my Little wife had given birth to a baby girl and she was still in bed, her Mother and sister Ellen about twelve was with her and when I got to the door my Mother-in-law met me and I remember of saying to her, "Yag ar so ful so ful Yag aninta sa" I am so full so full I can't see", to her dying day she never forgot that and laughed many time about it later. To make things worse I had been in the habit of nursing my wife's breast because she had so much milk that the baby could not take it all, ofcourse I spit it out before but it was time for me to do it again and this time I swallowed it which did not seem to help matters at all and I became sicker than ever, I went out side, they did not know where I went so they sent Ellen out to find me I heard her call

but for a while I did not answer her and she could not see me because it was so dark, somehow I got back into the house and they got me into bed and the next day I was alright again.

A little later we moved back to the Larson ranch again with my wife and two very nice babies, as before I worked in the canon and as the Afton school house were asking for bids for about eighty cords of wood I put in a bid of three dollars and nintyfive cents per cord (the regular price was four dollars) Brighie Gardner had bid Four Dollars and they though I should let him get a part of it but I told them I would get all or nothing so they gave me the job, but with some hesitation, I had a wife and two children who were depending on me and I knew I must get to work so I went after the wood and as the snow got very deep still I managed to get that wood and when near spring they found they would need a few more cords I got about five or six more cords for them.

I think it was the next spring after that some thing happened that I have always tried to forget, three years before my Mother had a red cow that had a heifer calf and she gave the calf to my sister Idalia but she had no place to keep the calf so she wanted me to take it down to my place and take care of it which I did and had kept it with my stock until she was three years old and had become a cow, my sister was keeping company with Les Covey and one time she whispered to me, "If I marry Les I will give you that cow" but when the time came and they were going to get married she came down to me and said, "I am going to sell that cow and if you want her you can have her for thirtyfive

dollars" which was about the top price for a good cow at that time. I have always thought she was asking a great deal especially since she did not consider it was worth anything to feed and take care of it all that time. However she said, "she needed the money to buy her wedding clothes with" so I paid the price but I have always thought I was not treated fair on the deal. My wife helped too with her wedding dress and when the day came we of course were invited but the wedding present we gave her was a bad selection on my part and I heard her say later, "Ohh. its alright Les can use it in the sheep camps" that too kinda hurt.

This is one thing perhaps I should never mention but it is part of my history.

When we went to the wedding my wife took our baby girl up stairs to a room and layed the baby on a bed, some of the guests came in and threw their heavy winter wraps on the bed not knowing the baby was there and if Les had not come and removed the clothes not knowing the baby was under neath she might have suffocated.

I bought a bay mare from my brother-in-law Axel for seventyfive dollars, she was a very good looking animal, square built with short legs and she was very broad and heavy, we called Reddy and in the winter when the snow was very deep the sleigh road would pack very hard where the teams traveled but the center of the road was loose and of course the outside was also loose as old Reddy went back and forth to the watering hole up town she would some times misstep and her legs on one side would go down in the loose snow on either side of the trail and her breast would rest on the hard path and she could not move until I went and shoveled the snow away to

liberate her. A little more about Reddy later.