

## Chapter Five Working for the Allreds

The next summer I worked a little for Seymour Allred, he was a brother of Byron Allred and had a big family of girls and the following winter I hired out to Harvey Allred who was the son of Byron and my half sister Irene and although he was married and had three boys and me only eleven or twelve years old still was his uncle or half uncle anyway.

Harvey was my school teacher that year and he was also studying to be a lawyer so he wanted me to live with him and do his chores such as milking the cows cleaning the stables, feed the hogs and sawing and splitting the fire wood.

He was to give me my board and clothes so he took me to the store and spent \$3.75 for some underwear and other bits of clothing for me.

He would get up in the mornings and eat his breakfast, study law for a while then mount his horse and ride the mile and a quarter up to Afton to Call's hall on the ground floor where he taught school that year while I would try to do the chores as fast as I could then I too would mount another horse and go to school but nearly always late.

One day I remember he sent me some where on horse back with his saddle to get a paint brush that had been used in some very bright red paint and as I rode along I thought the saddle looked rather shabby so I proceeded to smear the rough spots with the red paint still remaining in the brush.

When I got back and he saw what I had done he just about exploded, that was one time he became real angry with me, because he said, "that will rot the leather."

There were time when we had a very hard time making a living and Father thought it was no more than right that his sons with his first wives ought to help us, so he wrote and asked them for help to get flour and received an answer that if he could send us boys out to Bear Lake with a wagon they would give him some flour so we borrowed a new wagon from Nels Christopherson who warned us we must greese him every day, and as our two small mares were not able to handle a big load we got an extra mare from Harvey named Maul Carl, Kib and I sent out for Montpelier and Bear Lake and met Alonzo who told us he would go with us up to Laketown to the grist mill and get the flour and on the way I remember us boys had some new mittens that Mother had knit for us and he made the remark, "You can't be so bad of because you have better mittens than I have". Well, we got the flour and started back and in St Charles we stopped a day with Mother's good friend Wilhelmina Nelson and her two boys, the next day we continued home ward, as we were going down Crook road Kib began to cry because he was cold, he had been riding the lead mare so Carl and I took him one on either side and raced him up and down the road to get him warm. At last we reached home and returned wagon and Maul, Harvey said! Maul you look like you had been drawn through a nothole". At another time Mr Turner down at Turnerville told Mother if she would let the boys bring the team and wagon down to his place he would show us where we could get some small logs and he would also saw them into shingles for her for nothing, so we took the mares and an old wagon Father had got from Ed McClatchie out at dry Creek

it was a rickety old wagon and even after a lot of repairing it still would not hold many logs but we were not very heavy loggers either so we did not overload it, we placed skids to the top of the wheels and rolled the small logs up on to the wagon and took them to the mill and it was not long until we had enough for our shingles in this way we got enough to shingle our house that was a dirt roof before, Father made enough lumber to build a lean-to on the northside and later another room on the west which we always called the store-room for at one time Mother tried to manage a small store and one time when we had a small stack of grain to be thrashed the thrashers refused to take the customary toll for their work Mother gave each one of them a bandana handkerchief from her store.

It seems to me now that people in those days were much more to help each other than they are now for some of our dear neighbors would give us milk and we could always depend on old man Gardner's grist mill to get shorts or middleings so we generally mush and milk for supper. After the first winter we were to be able to raise enough hay on our lots to feed our animals and we raised potatoes cabbage and other hardy vegetables but regardless of what condition we were in my parents never neglected their church I have seen my Father follow down a row of cabbage and count and every tenth head belonged to the church regardless of the size, that was the Lord's head, or tithing and my dear Mother was always there and ready in almost any emergency always the first to assist in case of a death and generally too first at weddings, she worked with the Relief Society many years traveling from one ward to

another all over the two valleys, she was voted in as second counciler, then first counciler, then president of the Star Valley stake of the Relief Society.

The year I was coming fifteen in the fall I worked for Bishop Parsons, another polygamist with two wives however his first wife was down in Utah and I stayed with the second wife's family that year.

Her name was Mary and she was very good to me, she washed my clothes and done all my patching and darning, she was a native of Switzerland, the Bishop was a fine man and gave me very good advice and he paid me ten dollars per month and my board, I was very happy there and done nearly all of his plowing with a hand plow and in places where the land was new and full of dock weed roots and the plow was very hard to hold I being young and strong I could hold the plow as well as he could and he told me so, his farm or ranch was up in the mouth of cottonwood canon and in this fine stream of water were large numbers of mountain trout and his son Tom and I spent many happy hours catching them and one time we went a horse back up to the cottonwood lake (there was no road then) where we caught many times over what the law allows one to catch now, on our way back we saw a black bear on the hill side but it did not bother us nor did we bother it. That year it seemed there was an awful lot of wasps or yellowjackets all over and the quaking asps above the farm was filled with their nests, all in pear shape with a small hole in the bottom end, the only entrance, Tom and I took some small pieces of cotton cloth saturated with kerosene and tied them to a long pole and each nest we came to we would set fire to the cloth and hold it under the small hole.

As they came tumbling our of the nest the fire burned their wings off and killed most of them. Each Sunday the Bishop insisted we go to Sunday school but after that we could do as we choose the rest of the day. While working there I helped the folks at home considerable, I bought a No. 20 Oliver Chill plow and some other things and in the fall I went home again and I think that winter was my last in school with A.V. Call as my teacher, our school was in the same place as before on the ground floor of the Joe Call hall and upstairs of the hall was a dance floor wher we all spent many happy hours still very plain in my memories, the ticket to a good square dance for the evening was twenty five cents.

The next spring I was back with Bishop Parsons and his first wife soon arrived from Willard Utah to make her home in Starvalley, her name was Jane, she had four daughters, the oldest was my own age each comming sixteen and to tell the truth I fell madly in love with her although I never told her so and that summer a fellow by the name of Larton Cranney who had recently returned from a mission and who had also recently lost his wife by death began to take a likeing to my girl and soon they were married, that did it I lost nearly all interest in the Parson place and the n next spring although the Bishop offered me twenty dollars per month I told him I though I would look else where for a job, that year though that I was there one morning we heard a terrible noise out in the horse stable and on investigating found Brownie one of our mares who weighed about twelve hundred pounds flat on her back in the feed manger, how she ever got there

we never found out and we had to tear the manger all to bits to get her out which was no small job because it was made of very heavy poles, when she was at last released she could hardly get to her feet and for a long time we did not use her but when haying time came we were obliged to try to use her so she was hitched to the dump rake with me as driver, all went well for a time and then all at once as I made a quick turn one of the shaves must have touched one of her sore spots and she let fly at me with both hind legs, one hoof struck my wrist and I had a very sore arm for a long time after.

The next spring I got a job with a Peter Jensen, in fact I did some work for him in the winter months chopping wood and when the snow melted away we did some plowing and planting grain.

Then Jensen moved out to Ham's Fork and rented the Dudley and Kent Curtis ranch on Ham's Fork about ten miles up from the rail road and wanted me to go out there with him, Kent and wife and Dudley's wife had already gone when we arrived but Dudley was still there about the first of March 1897, there was still a lot of snow on the ground and the river was frozen over, the cattle was still on the feedlots and Dudley had sold some of them to the Queally interests and a Johnie Queally was there and built a shoot to deehorn and brand the cattle with a helper by the name of Haggerty. Dudley's wife and daughter wanted to move back to Vermont where they originally came from but as we looked at the herd he pointed to a very square built cow and said, "If I had two hundred like that all the devils in hell could'nt drive me away from Wyoming".