

Chapter 17
Moved to Ogden

My wife and I drove down and built a retaining wall of concrete between our lot and the neighbor joining on the west side but when we were working at it Mona and I had some silly sort of disagreement about how it should be built so we decided we would go back home and left them for we though if we can't make a concrete wall with out disagreements how can we build a home and live by her with out trouble. After we had been home for a few days we received a very nice letter from them begging forgiveness and said, "if we would only for get the disagreement and come down we could build intirely to suit ourselves."

As they were all we had in the world to live for we decided to try to sell the Pavilion and come down again and live by the side of them, one thing we have both regretted many times because even though Mona is our only child she has caused us much grief, she has accused us both of stealing from her not with standing we have helped her in every way we could ever since we came down here, she has continueally asked her Mother to sew this or that for her, I have helped them with concrete work patching their sidewalk and drive way I built a cabinet in their basement, we helped to place the tile both in their basement, kitchen and bath room, I made several artificial drums and furnishdd some of the material for some of them I have kept their lawh mower until recently, I have cleaned the snow from their sidewalk and drive way in winter and many other chores about the place and even if I had taken a two by four that belonged to her it was used in the house I built here and she tells every one she will have it all when we pass on from this life.

But with all this we still love our daughter and shall try to make the best of a bad bargain until we pass on, neither her Mother nor I have any knowledge are can think of anything we ever took from her so her accuseations are simply her imaginations. My wife and I have a very nice home here too but almost to large anyway bigger than is necessary and I did all myself in building it.

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one thousand for his work, he tried for some time and at last found Don Wagner who wanted it but would pay twelve thousand for it and since we had tried to sell it for so long we decided to accept his offer and gave him the place with all the equipment including the lot, the building, one hundred and forty pairs of roller skates, an amplifying set with turn table, over six hundred records a wurlitzer band organ with about twenty five rolls of records, a piano, a floor surfacing machine two cook stoves, three large heating stoves, thirty or more chairs and ever so many smaller items and I paid Bonicelli five percent or six hundred dollars for selling it for us. Part of the money had been paid to us when one day we received a phone call telling us the Pavilion had burned to the ground the night before.

However we had inserted a clause in our agreement that Wagner should keep the property insured against fire so the insurance company took care of the loss and we went up to Kemmerer and made a final settlement and saw where our old home had stood, now nothing but concrete was left and when we received the money, a part of which is now in the bank waiting to pay for our funeral and any other expenses we might have before our passing which may or may not be soon.

My dear wife and I are in pretty good health at present but life is so uncertain and we never know what might happen at any time, I take an early morning walk each day of about a mile and a half just to keep my old body functioning as I do not have much else to do, however we do have a small garden in the rear part of our yard.

Our old plymouth 1941 model stands idle most of the time except when Bill

drives it to take him to work at Hill Field which is about six or seven miles each way and although it is nearly of legal age now and we don't know what it will decide to do at any time it has traveled less than thirty thousand miles and may be good for as long as we may live.

I know of nothing of importance or of interest that has hap pened since we moved down here to live but in reading over what I have written I remember a few incidents that happen in my life time that I failed to mention so I shall go back over the years and tell about them now:

The first one was when I was coming to my tenth birthday in Afton, the first summer we spent there and among the people who lived there was the two Roberts brothers Thomas and Arthur who had a store jointly and were known as the Roberts Brothers store which was located up two blocks east from where the main street is now, they were on a corner lot south of where the big school building now stands and next to them was a harness and shoe shop owned by Mr Blanchard and son Perry and joining on to that was a blacksmith shop owned by Crit Williamson Father of Dave Williamson who was also a blacksmith who was also a blacksmith after his father for many years in Afton.

On the fourth of July that year and my dear Mother had so many to give to and so little to give but she had given each one of us five cents to spend for the fourth and I got my nickle with the rest so I marched up to the Roberts brother store and bought a five cent bunch of firecrackers and as I went out side on the side walk I had fired several of them but it seems I was short of

Matches so I had taken one of the fixed ones that was still burning and used it as a torch to set off the others with but somehow having so many in my hands I accidentally placed the torch together with some of the crackers in my pocket and they began to go off there and I got pretty badly burned before I got them put out and I spent a very sorrowful fourth of July while Mother tried to ease the pain with all sorts of remedies. Later the Roberts brothers dissolved partnership and each one built a store of his own down on the main street near where the Afton bank now is.

The next thing I wish to tell about was some of the young juvenile delinquents in Afton and some of the main leaders of the bunch was George Cazier and Lafe Sessions, one hollowe'en this gang managed some how to get the running gears of a wagon up on top of the log, dirt roof, church or public meeting place and then forced a two year old steer into the building and closed and fastened the door so he could not come out.

The next morning being Sunday the good Bishop Cazier, George's Father, came early to light a fire in the church stove preparatory for sunday school and was amased to see the steer with his head protuding through one of the lower sash of one of the windows which he had completely cleared of all the glass and as he entered the door he found an awful mess on chairs and benches. I do not know if he ever found out it was his son who led the gang. One other time the same boys took a large privy from the church and took it down town to main street and left it with a sign on the door which read, "This is Will Cazier's office" some how they had taken a dislike for Will Cazier for he had

been their school teacher when they were younger.

Another thing that might be of interest to who ever has patience enough to read all this junk is the story of my neighbor Lute Baldwin who had married Sadie Johnson my wife's cousin and who lived on Charlie Johnson's place east of the Larson place, there was four men who thought they had a gold mine up a small canon south of drycreek canon, they were Andrew Hokanson, Andrew Neilson, Charlie Johnson and one other, Hokanson was a man who could never be relaxed, he was always doing something and as it was in March with plenty of snow on the ground the only thing he could think of to do was to go up and work in the gold mine. He persuaded Andrew Neilson, Lute Baldwin (to work instead of Johnson) and the other partner to go with him up to the mine which was on the sunny side of the hill and the snow had melted there but on the other side of the canon there was perhaps three feet of snow, in the bottom of the canon they had a log cabin it was necessary to travel up there in the deep snow on snowshoes (skies) and when they reached their cabin they placed their skies up against the cabin on the out side and went in and ate their lunch, as only two could work at a time in the mine hole they had dug before they decided that Lute and Hokanson would work the night shift while Neilson and the other partner was to work that after noon, so the two climbed up to the mine and began to work, when Neilson came out of the mine with a wheelbarrow load of dirt he looked down and saw Lute with a rope in his hand and Hokanson with an ax as they were climbing up through the deep snow apparently to get a dry tree for fire wood.

Neilson reentered the mine and almost immediately he heard a terrible roar and ran out to see the entire hill side of snow on the opposite canon wall had slid down covering the entire bottom of the canon and their cabin and the other men was not to be seen anywhere, the two men ran down and tried to make small holes and listen for the buried men, then the younger man volunteered to try to make his way down through the deep snow for help, their skies were covered as well as the cabin so all he could do was wade through the snow for a mile or more to get help as he reached the first telephone I happened to be in the store that got the call and I immediately took my groceries and drove home as fast as I could go and told my wife Lute and Hokanson were in a snowslide and needed help, I had been moving about considerable on my skies and had them in my sleigh, I drove up to the canon as fast as I could, tied my team to some quaking aspens, took my skies and went up there as fast as I could, Emil Nielson who lived closer to the canon was a short way ahead of me and when we reached his Father who explained what had happened and where he thought the men might be buried we began digging in the hard packed snow, soon there were many men came and among them was Briggie Gardner who sorta took charge and told where to dig, I disagreed with him and told what Neilson had said and he was the only one that knew where the men were when last seen.

However the men all went to work where Briggie said to dig and make deep trenches about ten feet wide with a wall of snow maybe another ten feet and used long poles which we pushed through the walls to try to locate the bodies and

The first digging we did was to find the cabin which we thought might be possible they had reached it and were inside, the door had been blown open and it was partly filled with snow, after digging down to the cabin and removing the snow from inside we managed to find the stove pipe and made a fire in the stove and when Slim Oakley and some others made coffee and some other lunch that was brought up the men took turns digging all night, we found plenty of candles in the cabin that were used to make a light in the mine so with two men in each trench each with a candle fastened to the snow bank and the snow flying from all those shovels it made a wonderful sight.

In the early morning Bishop Asborne Low came up the trail for it was now a trail after so many had tromped over it and I told him what Neilson had told me when we first came up and I was sure we had been digging to far up above the cabin, he agreed with me and told the men to start down nearer the cabin and after a while some one found the end of a rope that led us to Lute's body in a running position with his hat in one hand and the rope in the other and not very far from him we found Hokanson but he was standing on his head so to speak with his mouth full of snow, it was about ten o'clock when we found them, somebody had taken my team home and took care of them, my dear wife was all alone home that night and told me later she did very little sleeping but much worrying until I got home.

The two bodies were taken on hand sleighs down to the waiting teams and bobsleighs. Soon after they were buried in the grave yard.

Another thing I failed to mention was the way my friend Pete Nelson come to his end, he had been troubled with rheumatism for many years and sometimes would say to me, "Why in hell do I have to live for anyway"? The last job he had was herding sheep up in the south end of Starvalley and had sat down near an old cabin and was feeling rather down in the dumps or despondent as he had no one in the world to care for and few who cared for him so he put the end of the gun barrel in his mouth and pulled the trigger, he sure done a complete job of it for the bullet tore the whole top of his head off and to pieces. His body was brought to Afton and after the undertaker had prepared him for burrial by replacing the parts of his head back in place the best he could I went up to see his body and we burried him in the Afton cemetry.

As I near the closeing chapter of my life's history I realize how many mistakes I have made in spelling, punctuations, and typegraphical errors but as my two index fingers have become tender and sore with my pick and peck method of typeing I think I will leave everything as is, however in reading over what I have written I must confess I am not very proud of some of the happenings in my life, still I have never been arrested in my life and only once did I pay a fine which happened like this:

I was up in the coal camp of Sublet with my roadster, it was raining and as I bumped along the dirt road the frail frame, made of strap iron on the rear of my car that held the tail light, the lisencc plate and the spare tire rim came loose and fell off or nearly off, so I took the whole thing and placed

it in the rear of my car and drove home, when I entered the house my wife told me she wished I would go down to the store and get some groceries so I drove down and when I came out of the store old Harry Haddanham, who was justice of the peace was standing there waiting for me and said, "You hav'ent got a tail light nor linsence plate and have broken the law" I tried to explain and showed him the whole thing in my car, that makes no differance he said, call at my office in the morning and pay a five dollar fine and it will be alright" I paid that fine of five dollars but to this day I don't think I should have done for I beleive the odd rascal put that five in his own pocket and I don't beleive he had any right to fine me anyway under the circumstances. That is the only fine I ever paid I have not indulged in the use of tobacco in any form for more than twenty years, I have never been accused of stealing until my own daughter falsely accused me of it, but I cannot really blame her too much because she has always worked so hard in fact she takes on more work than she should and has to many irons in the fire and some of them are sure to get burned, she very often misplaces things and forgets where they are and then blames some one of staling them, I suppose I should not write about my dear daughter that way but it is all a part of my story.

So with the hope that some one some where some time will benefit from my experiences and tell me just why I was ever placed on this earth in the first place I would be greatfully thankful. I sometimes sit in a parked car down in the busy street of Ogden and see all the different people of all kinds big

and small, tall and short, old and young each with their own way of motion and way of traveling, each with their own individual bodies, all struggling for an existence, reminds me of an ant hill where the ants are very busy going here and there and when one dies another one soon takes its place, and I don't think us humans are much different than the ants, of course we are more intelligent for we have invented ways of travel, ways of building our homes where we of course excell but we do some other things that lower animals would not do, such as smoking, drinking dangerous spirits and drugs and many other things, so I believe we are not much better than the rest of the animals.

I have never seen any one in my whole life that was more sincere, conscientious, devoted and worked as hard for the church of Jesus Christ of Latterday saints as my dear parents and still my Father did a great deal of suffering and died a very poor man in July 1900.

Mother lingered on for a number of years with the help of her children and she too suffered terribly for a long time from a fall that caused her to get a broken hip and other ailments until she was at last relieved by a merciful death. They very often told me they would receive their reward in heaven or the next world, but why should they wait until after death before they received their just dues from our Lord; or Father in Heaven? If there is a next world or a heaven, which I doubt very much. I was baptised when I was eight years old but I have never been a very good church member and after the treatment my dear parents was subjected to after all the work they did

I am more of a disbeleiveer than ever. There is a number of questions that has never been answered to my satisfaction such as:

Some people have told me or rather called the next world a spirit world, If that is true I cannot see how a sinner can be punished physically in next world because he will not have a body. Others have told me we would take up our bodies again the same as we laid them down and not so much as a single hair of our heads will be changed, if that can be true we will likely have to eat again, wear clothes perhaps and in order to get these things we will have to work to get them.

I think religeon is a wonderful thing as it no doubt keeps many from committing crimes and for those that can beleive in it, but for me, I am sorry but I just cannot beleive all the things that are told to me about it.

In the following pages I have inserted some rhymes that perhaps tells what an awful sinner I really am.

Thank you very kindly for reading all that I have written and hope some one will benefit by my story.

Yours truly,

Moses Cook

Born November 20 1880