

## Autobiography of Theron Smith Hall

*(I retyped these from old copies—I changed the format and occasional errors that had been corrected with pencil on the old manuscripts. I did not change spellings, etc. EHL)*

20 January 1964

Grandfather, Edward Hall, was a pioneer of Provo, Utah, arriving there in early September of 1850. He established squatter's claim to forty acres of land on the north side of Spring Creek, where the Federal and State Fish Hatcheries are now located—section 28, Tw.8 So, R. 3 E—in the north part of Springville City, 12 September 1850, just six days ahead of the original pioneers of that city. He had rented a room in Provo and they stayed there that winter, moving to their claim on March 10, 1851. Later, he took up more land in section 34. Father, Joseph Smith hall, moved onto twenty acres of this land when he got married to my mother, Sarah Sophronia Perry. I, Theron Smith Hall, was born the 23<sup>rd</sup> of August, 1898, on this tract in section 34. This is the place where my brother Clifton and I, much later, built a large barn and where we used the old home for the granary.

Of the eleven children in our family, seven lived to maturity and I was the youngest of those. The first thing that I can remember (when I was about two years old) was the death of my younger brother, Lamar. The little casket was on the stove reservoir. The people came through the bedroom door, stepped up into the kitchen and out of the kitchen door. Our home had only four small rooms, made of native lumber: a bedroom, a kitchen, a shanty attached on the east end, in which the meals were cooked in the summer, and an upstairs bedroom, which was reached by an outside, open stairway form the north through a door in the east end, over the shanty.

All of our food was raised on the farm, except sugar, salt, spices, and candy and oranges for Christmas. We usually had breakfast at six o'clock a.m., dinner and 12 o'clock noon, and supper at 6 o'clock p.m. For breakfast we ate hot biscuits or steamed bread, fresh fried or warmed-up potatoes, bacon or ham and fried eggs. For dinner, meat, potatoes, bread and butter, dried or bottled fruit, other vegetables and pastry. For supper, homemade cottage cheese, head cheese sandwiches and bread and milk. Father and Mother were fond of "salt-risin'" bread in milk.

Our home conditions were pioneer, until Clif and I bought mother a home in 1920; Outside privy, coal-oil lamps, a bucket and rope well for water and a summer plague of flies.

As small children we used rocks to outline play-houses and used grasshoppers as horses to pull straws. The older children played hopscotch, jump-the-rope, pump-pump-pull away, duck-stone, leap frog, marbles, and spinning tops. The winter sports were ice-skating on Utah Lake, coasting and bob-sleigh riding. At Christmastime we made paper chains and strung popcorn. Each of us children decorated a chair and hung two long stockings over the back. For New Year, we put out a dinner plate and usually received a quarter and nuts and candy. A neighbor, John Miller, gave a quarter or a neck-tie to the first blue-eyed boy who knocked on their door on New Year's Day. I usually won the prize.

We always had milch cows. It was my job to hurry home from school and go after the cows, which often wandered to Rock Canyon or farther. It was a big help to have a dog. I generally carried a sword made out of a lath and cut off the heads of the sunflowers which were imaginary enemies. I liked to climb the mountains, explore Rock Canyon and Cedar Caves, drink the cool Kolob spring water, and hunt Kolob rocks. For many years our cattle and horses were driven up the trail to Kolob for summer pasture.

Aunt Matt Thorn (father's sister) with her two sons, Ivan and Arland, came to visit us on Easter. We ate our lunch on a large flat rock with a hack-berry growing out of it, located in the Upper Field, and spent the rest of the day climbing the mountain. In the winter time, relatives often visited back and forth for a week at a time, the men folks going back to their own homes when chores needed to be done.

In the spring time we liked to gather wild flowers and dig sego bulbs to eat. The foothills were covered with large sage brush and the sego roots were larger than now. We liked to make bonfires in the evenings and bake potatoes in the ashes and play games. We had an old mare called "flay" and she and her colt, "Major" were used for riding and for work.

I learned to help father milk the cows when I was five years old. At one time we had fourteen milch cows. One old red Durham cow called "Beaut," had the end of one teat cut off in the barbed wire fence. When she was milked, the milk ran out of this teat. It was fun to squirt milk in the cat and dog's mouths. The shelter for the livestock consisted of an old lumber shed and a straw covered one. Often bumble bees would build their hives in the straw and we would enjoy eating the honey that we gathered after killing the bees.

We had a small granary and a small chicken coop. The turkeys roosted in the cottonwood trees planted by my grandfather along the ditch which ran through the corral. Other jobs that were mine were to tramp the hay in the load and in the stack; turn the grindstone and also the washing machine. I always, unsuccessfully, tried to get mother to wash the clothes through one water only, instead of the two she insisted upon. Father often churned the butter in an up-and-down dash wooden churn. He could do this with one hand and hold The Commoner in the other hand to read. He was an ardent William Jennings Democrat and read his paper faithfully. I had rabbits and pigeons for pets.

Thinning beets was strenuous work, but gave the only cash income I had as a small boy. When our beets were finished, I worked for a neighbor, John Miller. The most that I ever earned was one dollar for eight hours labor. His farm was in the Old City Pasture field and we usually went swimming during the noon hour. As part pay, he took us to the Ringling Brothers or Barnum and Bailey circus in Provo. It seemed to take forever to get there in the old lumber wagon. We paid for our own entrance tickets. The parade, the side shows, and the three rings in the main tent were highlights with us for many days. Who didn't want to join the circus? The Fourth of July and the Twenty-fourth of July with their daybreak cannon salutes and parades were the other great days of summer. Most of the small boys followed the brass band around. An old English man surely could beat the old bass drum. It didn't take long to spend my limited funds for firecrackers, candy and pink lemonade. It was customary to have new shoes for the Fourth. Early in the afternoon, with my money gone, I would take off my shoes and trudge the long mile home bare-footed. The Fourth would be one of the few times that I had worn shoes since school had let out for the summer vacation. My feet were tough

enough to climb the mountains without shoes. My problem was to try and sneak into bed without washing my feet—no success.

A neighbor, John F. Averett, had a ranch near the head of the Left Fork of Hobble Creek Canyon. He raised mostly cattle, horses and hay, and some grain. He had an “old-timer” of a threshing machine, horse power and hand feed operation. In the fall, the neighbors would go up to his ranch and help him harvest. The John F. Averett family lived on the corner of 700 East and 200 North. It was a good place to play in the fall, digging artichokes, cracking black walnuts, eating “jerky” beef and when Fred’s mother was away, sticking a fork into a slice of bread and running it over the top of a pan of milk to pick up the cream and then sprinkling it generously with sugar.

Our closest neighbor was an old English lady, who lived where Tom Wheeler did later. When her grandchildren came to visit her, I played with them. She treated us to cups of tea with toast to dunk in it. I never like tea.

I remember one trip I took with my brother-in-law Bennie Wheeler and his family. We camped the first night at Cold Springs in Spanish Fork Canyon. We then went over the Hog’s Back and camped several days near the mouth of Wardsworth canyon in the Right Fork of Hobble Creek.

I played with the neighbor boys: Fred Averett; Bryan and Alex Reed; Glen Hrrison; Glendon Beardall; Lew and Ray Gammell; Robert Gabbitas (father of the Rober who lived with his Grandmother Persis Anderson); Frank Sailisbury and Richard Condie (the director of the Tabernacle Choir). Some of us tried smoking cedar bark and even trying real Horeshoe chewing tobacco. I never liked tobacco, so I didn’t get the habit. Some of us tried, beer, whiskey, brandy and wine. Wine was the only drink that appealed to me, I had sense enough to quit drinking it before it became a habit either. Two of the boys became alcoholics and are dead now.

Shorty Williams, a neighbor (under five feet tall) and eight years my senior, took me fishing and trapping with him. One winter, Shorty had traps set for bobcats in the cliffs east of cedar cave (skunk cave). I went with him to look at his traps. He had caught a bobcat below a clump of brush. He picked up a club and slid down to kill the cat. It started after him and almost got him before it was stopped by the chain anchoring the trap. He then shot it with his thirty-two rifle.

My mother urged me not to go hunting or fishing with him on Sundays. My sisters, Maggie and Elnor were the only members of the family active in the church. I went a few times to Sunday School, but fishing was more attractive. Father never held the priesthood, although he served a six month work mission on the St. George temple with his team and wagon.

We did our fishing in Hobble Creek Canyon, on Little and Big Spring Creeks and Hobble Creek below the tracks. At that time the Salt Lake sportsmen had a clubhouse (about twenty rooms) at the mouth of Big Spring Creek on Utah Lake. Boats were for hire-fifty cents per day. There were trout, bass, suckers, carp and catfish in the lake. Every spring for several days, when the snow run-off began, suckers would come up Hobble Creek to above the town. While the sucker run was on, the creek would be lined with men and boys pulling out suckers with gigs and snagging outfits. House to house fish peddlers were common in those days. Few men fished and no women. The limit was twenty pounds of trout. It took a lot of the small mountain trout to fill the limit. Wardsworth canyon had a favorite fishing stream. There was a large circular say in the

stream, left from the sawmill days. Above this point were native trout. It was a poor fishing day if the count was under fifty.

I liked to play jokes, especially on my sister Elner, who was three years my senior. I remember one time putting a cucumber in her bed and staying awake until I heard her scream. She particularly didn't like snakes. I killed a large blow snake one day and coiled it under the bed with the crushed head hidden. Unfortunately, Mother went into the bedroom first. It frightened her so that she fell across the foot of the bed. That ended jokes of this kind.

Typhoid fever was a common illness. Many of the men went away during the summer months to work on railroad construction and in the tie camps. They frequently brought typhoid home with them. Springville had no culinary water system. Ditch water supplemented the well and spring water. When school started the fall I was six, I had the typhoid fever. I remember Mother sitting on the step that led down to the bedroom and talking to me as she peeled peaches. She sang a lot as she worked. I went to the Lincoln school to the first and third grades. So many children were late starting school, due to typhoid fever, that we went for a month the next summer for make-up work to the Washington school. In the third grade, the teacher read us the story of Robin Hood, so we immediately organized an outlaw band, wearing moccasins made of overall. We caught water snakes, tied two together and threw them around the girls' necks. We also caught trout in Hobbles Creek and put them in the flowing well box on the school grounds. We ended up in the superintendent's office thus ending our outlaws.

I went to the Grant school in the second, fourth and fifth grades and to the Washington in the sixth, seventh and eighth grades. I liked diagramming sentences and history. I was sensitive about my clothes. Mother was raised in difficult pioneer times and she thought if the clothes were clean and not ragged (even though patched) they were good enough. I remember Father taking me to the Packard store (where Phillip's garage is now) to buy me a suit. We went down in the basement and he bought me a greenish dotted suit. The coat slopped back from the bottom button. I sure hated to wear that suit. Many of my clothes were hand-me-downs that were too large.

I graduated from the eighth grade in 1913, when I was fourteen years of age. Some of the older neighborhood boys were working for Lew Whitney at the Goshen Gap. He was building a section of the Stawberry High Line Canal. I went over there to work. I was given a huge pick to slope the bank. We slept in a tent and ate our meals in the cook tent. Nothing to read or do after the day's work. In three days, I was so homesick, that I quit and came home to the Tintic train.

I think it was this summer that I went to Bingham Canyon to visit Maggie and Solon, Owen and Pearl and Elwood and Bessie. Father embarrassed my youthful dignity when I got on the Denver and Rio Grand train. He yelled to the conductor in the other end of the car, to see that I changed trains at the Midvale Junction ok. Bingham was a prosperous mining town. Almost every other house was a saloon or honky-tonk. An open, dirty, stinking sewer ran through the canyon.

Father wanted me to be a lawyer—an ambition of his. I started to take a correspondence course in law in the summer of 1913. I soon lost interest and stopped. It was a mistake. It would have been of much value to me throughout my life.

We were told when we entered High school in the fall of 1913, that the one having the highest grades for the four years would be valedictorian. I was interested in

this statement.

During the first two years of High School, I usually spent Sunday evenings playing cards (sluff) with Mr. and Mrs. L.J. Whitney, who lived on the corner of 700 East and 400 North. Father, Uncle Jim and Uncle William, played cards with them in the daytime. Mr. Whitney was a fine old gentleman. He built the first sawmill on Strawberry. He was a Union Cavalry officer in the Civil War. After the war he was a lieutenant in the Sixth Nevada cavalry. Before the Civil war, the government bought some camels to try out on the western desert. The experiment was abandoned at the beginning of the war. When he was stationed in Nevada, these camels stampeded their horses one day on patrol.

I liked algebra, history, sociology, and economics the best. In the spring of 1916, I won third place in the half-mile race at the county track meet in American Fork. I was in the high school glee club and took a part in the high school play. There was no track meet in the spring of 1917 since the First World War had started. Four boys from the high school volunteered. I wanted to, but Mother didn't. Father had died 1 October 1916. The farm was mortgaged, the house, old and small and our finances were not good. We had two debating teams, the winter of 1916-1917. George Dewey Clyde (now governor of Utah) and Glen W. Sumsion were one team and Ardith Price and myself were the other one. We were both defeated. Two Lehi girls were the downfall of our team. It was deflationary to be defeated by girls. I had the highest grades for the four years in our class. As graduation approached, we were told by the principal that the faculty chose the valedictorian. Half of the faculty voted for me and the other half for Dewey Clyde, so we were told to match a dollar for the winner. Dewey won and made the valedictory address and I also gave a short talk. During the high school days, I stayed over night several times at the Clyde home, (a cousin) and at the home of another cousin, Darwin Roylance (where the Wheeler mortuary now is). The Roylance home was the best in Springville then. They had a pool table in one room.

I started to school at BYU in the fall of 1917. I wanted to go to the U of U but didn't have the money. I didn't belong to the LDS church then and didn't like the Y. I was studying to be a sociologist. I didn't go back to school after Christmas, which was a mistake. I should have completed the semester and received my credits.

Clif and I bought the farm, with all its debts by signing an agreement with all of the heirs, to furnish a home for mother as long as she lived and Elner as long as she lived on the farm. We had to pay Elwood \$200.00 for his share of the estate. We paid off the debts and bought the home where Elner now lives for mother. We raised cattle and general crops. In 1926, we mortgaged the farm and modernized the home for mother. The mortgage was with the Federal Land Bank of Berkeley. I was elected a director of the Springville-Mapleton Farm Loan Association. Later, I helped to consolidate all the local associations into a more efficient county organization.

I again entered BYU in the fall of 1921 and studied agriculture. I won second place in the 4 ¼ mile cross-country Thanksgiving race. The next fall, I won first place. Homer Wakefield had won first place in the two mile race at the Rocky Mountain track meet at Denver that spring. The coach said for those who didn't know the route, to just follow Wakefield. I passed him the first half mile and didn't see him again. I have often wondered what I could have accomplished in the two-mile race if I had gone a spring quarter and taken track training. I was on the livestock judging team and won first place

judging sheep at the Intermountain livestock show at Ogden. I believe not, I should have followed my High School plan and taken a degree in sociology and taught in college.

Clif was in the army for six months in the fall and winter of 1918-1919. Farm labor was scarce because of the war. John Miller, Austin Roylance and I worked together to harvest our crops. In the fall of 1918, I took my physical for the draft and was expecting to be called up any time when the Armistice was signed, November 11<sup>th</sup>. It was wonderful news and the people in our neighborhood climbed to Round Peak and raised a flag. Even mother went.

The winter of 1918-1919 was an open one and the "flu" epidemic was severe. Mother, Elner, and I got the "flu bug" the same day. Most people were frightened of it as many died. Uncle Jim Hall came up and we were glad to see him. He made a fire in the stove, put water in the tea-kettle to heat. He got Tom Wheeler to do the chores and called Doctor George Anderson to come. Uncle Jim also hired Mrs. Andrew Pierce to nurse us until one of us could get up. He administered to us and we improved from then on. Doctors could do very little to cure this disease. It took some time for me to get my strength back. We had our beef cattle in Solon's barn and kept only the work horses and milch cow at home. In the fall, I had cut and ricked the ripened corn along poles as was customary. In the winter, I husked the ears. The dog, the cat and the large Plymouth Rock rooster stood by. The rooster caught more mice than the dog and cat together.

One fall, several years later, when the farm work was slack, I went to Scofield to work for Jake McCurdy. He had a sub-contract to fence the railroad right-of-way. The Reynolds-Ely Construction Co. of Springville had the contract to build the Scofield dam and move the railroad. We lived in an empty house in Scofield. Jake frequently got cramps in his legs in the night. He would get up and walk the floor bare-footed, swearing all the time. Then Roe would have to light the lamp and pick the slivers out of his feet. An early snow came, so I only worked up there for thirty days. I didn't shave and grew a fiery red beard. This was the longest time that I have ever been away from Springville.

I wrote several articles on farming which were published in the UTAH FARMER. I was active in the Farm Bureau and received a citation several years ago for being one of the first members of the Utah County Bureau. I was also an officer in the Springville Purebred Stallion Association and the purebred Jersey Bull Association. I collected a very good library along this line and gave it to BYU a few years ago.

As Bobby Burns has said, "The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men gang aft a-gley." I never did get around to raising pure-bred polled Hereford cattle. Two things happened in 1926 that changed my life.

Maggie and Solon went on an LDS mission to the Northwest. While there they became acquainted with the Davenport family. They invited the oldest daughter to live with them as she was coming to the Y to school. Maggie said the family was very religious and had a candy factory. It sounded to me like a snobbish family. I had always liked to tease and kid, so I told the neighborhood boys to leave the Davenport girl alone when she came, for she belonged to me. I had been out with a few girls, but I never intended to get married. I was going to be an old "batch" cattle rancher.

Dorothy came on the 13<sup>th</sup> day of August, 1926, the day before her birthday. She was an entirely different person from the picture given to me by Maggie. I was very much interested in her. I gave her a small bag of candy and a tiny doll for her birthday. We were soon going together to church and the picture show. It was a long walk to the

show and back but I enjoyed every foot of it both ways. If I hadn't met Dorothy, I doubt very much if I would have ever got married or joined the church. We became engaged that fall. I knew she wanted to get married in the temple so I asked her to wait until I could get a recommend. I was baptized in January 1927, when I was 29 years of age. Dorothy went home for the summer. It was a long, lonely summer. I was ordained a Seventy in the fall and we were married 22 November 1927 in the Salt Lake temple.

We lived that winter in a small house south of our present home. (Mr. Tasker lived there later for many years). In the spring we sold our beef cattle and started our home with half of the money. We lived during the summer in a tent to be by our home while it was under construction. Most of our married life we have been in debt and have had much sickness. Dorothy has had a difficult life, because of my work taking me away so much of the time and because of our lack of finances. The years have deepened and increased my love for Dorothy and our children. To me, the greatest blessing promised by the Gospel for the faithful is the eternal existence of the family unit.

Father was an active Democrat and a great admirer of William Jennings Bryan (I heard him talk in the Provo tabernacle). In high school, the janitor was a socialist, he ran for governor several times on his party ticket. I went to several of his party meetings but was impressed with the impracticalness of it all.

I was pressured into public work—I wanted none of it. Our family finances were always low, so when William Whitehead, chairman of the Springville City irrigation committee asked me to take the job of deputy water master, the family pressured me, so I did, in the spring of 1926. There was plenty of water in 1926 and 1927, so I was popular water master. William Whitehead, a Republican, and myself, a Democrat, decided in the summer of 1927 to stir up city politics. H. T. Reynolds Sr., a state Democratic Senator, President of the Reynolds-Ely Construction Company, President of the Utah Wholesale Co., President of the Springville-Mapleton Sugar Co., member of the Stake High Council and President of the Springville Banking Co., ran the town completely. Will and I organized the Citizens' Party ticket: Dr. George Anderson for mayor, Glen Dallin for 4-year councilman, William Whitehead and myself for 2-year councilmen, and Harry Pennington for recorder. The Citizens' ticket received more votes than the Democratic and Republican tickets together. This same fall, I was elected a director of the Springville Irrigation District. I was appointed chairman of the Irrigation committee of the city council. I organized the Springville Irrigation Company and the city turned over the management of the irrigation waters to this company. I served several terms as a director of this company. I served ten years on the library board. I served as chief water master and secretary-treasurer of the Springville Irrigation Co. in 1932. This was a dry summer, so I was an unpopular water master.

Lyman Rich, the Utah County Agricultural agent was a missionary in the Northwestern mission and knew Dorothy and her folks. He visited us several times. When in 1933, the AAA farm program was started, he appointed me as one of the three county directors. I was elected in the fall. Earl Smith of Lehi, Frank Edman of Salem and myself were directors for several years. I was the Democratic precinct chairman for many years, on the county and state Democratic committees. I was also on a special state committee of nine. WE unsuccessfully tried to get Gov. Maw to not run for a third term.

I was a deputy assessor for Lawrence M. Atwood in 1935, 1936, and 1937. President Wilford Warnick, a Republican from Pleasant Grove, and myself, supervised

and helped classify all the farm lands in Utah County in 1936 for the Utah County Assessor and the Utah State Tax Commission.

Hilton A. Robertson, Utah County Commissioner was called to preside over the Japanese Mission in 1937. I was approved by the Springville and Utah County Democratic Committees to finish out his term as commissioner and so I was appointed by the other two commissioners, Sylvan Clark of Lehi and William J. Johnson of Spanish Fork. This was the best public job that I ever had. We took a trip to Rifle, Colorado to see a rock crusher operate before we bought one. This was the second time that I had been out of the state. I had been previously to Rigby, Idaho to the funeral of Uncle Lester Hall, mother's half-brother. Sylvan Clark, commissioner; Clarence Grant, county clerk; Andrew Jensen, county treasurer; and myself took a trip to a county officials' national convention in Rock Island, Illinois. We went in Sylvan Clark's car. We went through Denver, Colorado; Amarillo, Texas; St. Louis, Missouri; Chicago, Nauvoo, and Carthage Illinois and through Wyoming on the way home.

I wanted very much to run for the office of county commissioner in the fall election of 1938, but the underhanded work of some of the democratic county politicians made it impossible for me to win. I resigned from the commission to accept the state road foreman job in Provo Canyon. I stayed on this job until July 1, 1941 when I was appointed sheriff of Utah County. I had some good men working for me in Provo Canyon: Keith Coleman, Earl Parker, Ray Madsen, and Wedell Saxey. Occasionally on Saturdays, I took either Clifton or Hilton or Allan up to work with me. I enjoyed very much having them with me, also going to the picture shows with the children. I supported Henry D. Moyle for governor, so when Herbert B. Maw was elected, I knew my days were numbered on the state road.

When John S. Evans, sheriff of Utah County was appointed by Governor Maw as chairman of the state road commission, I was appointed by the county commission to finish out his term as sheriff. I was sheriff for 17 ½ years, from 1 July 1941 to the first day of January, 1959. I decided not to run for re-election in the summer of 1958. I am the only sheriff since the office was established in 1850 who has been in office more than twelve years, so far. I was elected for constable of the Springville precinct in the fall of 1958. During the Second World, I was co-county chairman of the Civilian Defense organization. We made many improvements during my terms of office. I stopped dancing in beer taverns and reduced their number from 19 to 8 in the county, outside city limits. I stopped rooster fighting, established better records at the jail, stopped the contract feeding of prisoners, and established a car radio system in connection with the Highway Patrol, and started a modern file for records of criminals. It was through my efforts to stop pari-mutual betting at the horse races that I became well acquainted with Elder Henry D. Moyle of the Council of the Twelve, later in the First Presidency, who supported me against the pari-mutual betting. I stopped occasionally in American Fork to talk to Elder Cilfford Young, assistant to the Twelve about crime problems in Utah County. I respected his opinions very much.

I had a very good political organization in my department—my deputies were good officers and highly respected in their communities. Most of the politicians running for state office sought our support. My first chief deputy, Walter Durrant and Robert Elliott worked very closely with me in law enforcement and in politics. I enjoyed very much on Saturday fishing trips with Ross and Maud Kay. Hilton or Allan frequently went

with us. I went on several nice trips with the county attorney, Arnold C. Roylance and a deputy to bring back prisoners—one trip to Shreveport, LA, and back via El Paso, TX. We crossed over into old Mexico for a few hours.

There were many interesting incidents, some amusing, some sad, and some dangerous, that we experienced in our law enforcement work. We had to take mentally distressed people to the State Mental Hospital. We went one day to the north end of the county with an insane warrant for an elderly woman. Walt knocked on the door and she came to the door in her underclothes and bare-footed. She said excuse me, but we followed her into the house and kidded her into going for a car ride with us. She poured a bottle of shampoo on her head and put on a housecoat and was ready to go without her shoes.

I was shaky in my boots more than once. An old Navajo buck and a young Ute buck lived together in a shack east of the Geneva Steel plant and worked there. The Ute continually pestered the old one by eating his food and smoking his tobacco. We received a telephone call and upon investigation found out that the Navajo had shot and killed the young Ute with his .30-.30 rifle. It was several hours after the shooting before we were notified, so we were unable to find him near his home. We notified all the officers between Provo and northern Arizona to watch for him. One morning, I received a telephone call that an Indian was seen near the lime kiln east of the Ironton Steel plant. An employee at the kiln said that an old Indian with a rifle was camped on a little flat east of the kiln. I put the sixth bullet in my gun and very quietly walked up the hill, with a revolver in my hand. I said a prayer as I moved upwards, as I expected to be shot. The old Indian was lying on his side by a fire with his back towards me. I poked my revolver in his back and told him to turn over on his hands and knees. I handcuffed him, picked up his rifle and gave a sigh of relief and gratitude, then took him to the county jail.

Dorothy kept scrapbooks of the newspaper articles about me without my knowing of it. She later gave them to me for a Christmas present.

My first assignments in the Church were teaching Sunday School and being on the ward genealogical committee. I have held almost every ward and stake genealogical position. When I was a boy, a Hall-Ballinger family reunion was held every year on the wedding anniversary of Edward Hall and Nancy Ballinger, the 2<sup>nd</sup> of February in the old Reynolds dance hall, 3<sup>rd</sup> floor up. During the afternoon the children were supposed to dance, but we mostly ran pushing chairs across the slick polished floor. Between six and seven in the evening the supper was eaten and the program given. The rest of the evening was for the elders to dance. Some genealogical work was done by the family. The family organization fell apart soon after the older members died. In 1935, James Whiting promised me if I would re-organize the family, he would take care of the financial end. I was elected president, my sisters, Maggie and Elner were the genealogists. Jim died unexpectedly and the organization fell apart again.

Because of my public work, church work and farm work, I had little time with my family. Once though, I was able to take part of them to see the Grand Canyon of the Colorado and Zion and Brice National Parks. (Dorothy Jr. says it was really a “quickie” trip—left early one morning, stopped at Parowan and rented an apartment for Phyllis who was going to teach there—then on to the canyons and home the next day in time for supper).

When the children were young, I enjoyed telling them stories after they were in bed. Their favorites were the ones about the Seagulls, my father's bear story, and the one about the Johnson brothers (I'll write these at the end of this history). And then, of course, they liked the usual Three Bears story.

The Kolob Stake Presidency and High Council were reorganized on the 10<sup>th</sup> of October, 1943. I was ordained a High Priest and set apart as a member of the High Council by Elder John A. Widstoe. I was Priesthood advisor to the stake genealogical committee, chairman of the stake ward teaching committee, and a member of the stake Melchizedek priesthood committee. William Witney was my companion in visiting the wards. We sat as a judicial court and excommunicated a man and wife for their "Sons of Aaron" activities.

On March 7, 1948, I was sustained as bishop of the Seventh Ward, which was to be organized by me. The seventh was our son Hilton's fourteenth birthday. I was ordained and set apart as bishop of the Seventh Ward of Kolob Stake by Elder Joseph F. Merrill. It was a new ward with a membership of 463. There were less than a dozen active families and over half of the husbands in the families were Senior Aaronic Priesthood men. Jesse H. Whiting, Mack Whitney, Edgar S. Best, Rolf Griffiths served as my counselors. We had six different ward clerks during my time as bishop. The ward build a house for a widow. Twenty men were advanced to elders and three of them have become bishops. I enjoyed visiting the members in their homes and administering to the sick. I was released on the 27<sup>th</sup> of December 1953.

On the 26<sup>th</sup> of January 1954, I again became a member of the High Council. This time I was advisor to the Stake Relief Society and the Stake Welfare committee. In 1956, the Springville Stake was organized and I was set apart as second counselor in the new High Priests' Quorum presidency by Elder Henry D. Moyle. Glen W. Sumsion was president, Victor Frandsen, first counselor and Glen Allan Secretary. On July 7, 1959, Brother Glen Sumsion died and soon after a new presidency was selected. I went back to teaching Sunday School classes and doing genealogical research.

We are very proud of our seven children and love them very much. They are good citizens, and are very kind and considerate of us, their parents. Barbara graduated with honors from BYU, served a mission in California, married in the Logan temple to a good and well-educated husband whom we admire and respect very much and they have six lovely children. Clifton served six years in the navy (Korean War) and seeing much of the world, went two years to George Washington University, has a good and talented wife and a fine son. Phyllis graduated from BYU with honors also and served a mission in Samoa and is now teaching school there. Hilton graduated with honors from BYU, served a mission in Argentina and served four years in the army. He graduated from the Army Language School in Monterey with a citation for his scholastic ability and did military intelligence work in Rome, Italy. He retired with the rank of lieutenant and received his Master of Art degree from Harvard on a scholarship. He married a lovely wife in Rome. Audrey married a very good husband in the Manti Temple while attending BYU. She graduated and has three lovely children. Allan graduated from BYU too and served a mission in Texas. He is a sergeant in the Army Reserve—he is a medic. He is following in my footsteps in politics. Dorothy is a junior at BYU.

In February, 1961, I was appointed to a democratic member of a three man board that set up merit system for the sheriff's department. In the spring of 1962, I worked

three months as district court bailiff so I could qualify to receive the state retirement pension.

I am enjoying life very much, raising flowers and a garden, teaching my priesthood class and doing research at the library. The first day that I went to the genealogical library in Salt Lake, after Maggie's death, I felt like she was with me all day. I wasn't having very good success on some lines, so I prayed that if it weren't against the rules in the Spirit World that Maggie could help me. I have had very good success since that prayer. I have over 850 pedigree charts. Dorothy and I have planned a project in genealogy that will probably take us the rest of our lives to do. We want to make three books of pedigrees and if possible give each one of our children one. Book D—Dorothy's lines back to the Book MC (Magna Carta) and my lines, Book H, back to the MC book. The book MC consists of the ancestry of the Magna Carta Barons and the Royal lines.

16 November 1971

The nights and days are so long, but the years go by too fast. It is nearly seven years since I wrote the first part of this record. There have been so many changes, it is hard to recall them all. To start with, Barbara and her husband George Bromely Clark and seven children, Elizabeth, Margaret, George, Melinda, John, David and Richard still live in Rolla, Missouri. They are active in the church for which we are grateful and their children are bright and intelligent. George is still connected with the "School of Mines and Metallurgy" and does much research. Clifton and Sally are divorced and Sally and Michael are in Hawaii, where they make their home. Clifton has married again to Cathy (Catherine Carman). She is a lovely girl and they have moved into a new home in Woodbridge, VA. We hope they will always be happy as they are now. Phyllis is married to Pitone Ioane, a Samoan she met while on her mission. They were married in the Manti Temple in 1965, just a few days after Dorothy's father died. They spent the year from June 1970 to June 1971 with us while Pitone got his Master's degree in Education at the Y. They have two little girls Salamasina and Noelani. We learned to love Pitone and the girls very much—it wasn't hard. Pitone is very talented in dancing the Island dances and in teaching and directing them. They are back in Western Samoa, where Pitone teaches at the church school, where he is now student advisor, a sort of vice-principal. They have a large family now, Pitone's mother and his brother and two nieces and two nephews. The latter four are going to school and Pitone pays all of their expenses, has done for some time. He and Phyllis are kind, generous people and are surely building beautiful mansions above for themselves. Sala and Noelani are exceptionally bright little girls and very pretty. We surely miss them. Hilton and Kyra have a lovely home in Belmont, Massachusetts. Kyra works in the office at MIT and Hilton is working on his doctorate and teaches Spanish at the U of Mass in Boston. I forgot to say that George has his doctor's degree also. Hilton and Kyra expect to be grandparents when Irina has her baby in the spring. They are very happy and excited about it. Irina and her husband are in Switzerland. Allan received his master's degree in social work and the U of U and is married to Annette Ross of Provo. While Allan was working on his last degree, Annette was on a mission in Brazil and they were married in the Salt Lake Temple when she returned. He works at the State Hospital in Provo, but

travels all over the south-east part of the state and to Farmington, UT also. They have a little adopted son, Brent Ross, who will be three next July. We love him very much and enjoy his visits. He is a little blue-eyed blonde with big dimples. Audrey and her husband Ronal Barwick are still in Phoenix, Arizona. He is an electrical engineer. They have three children, Sharon, Ronald and Steven. They also have a teenager living with them, a girl from their ward who needed a home. Alta, an Indian girl from Arizona lives with them also. This is her second year with them under the Church's Placement program. I forgot to say that Allan has two others in their home, too—Sandra from Brazil, who is a teenager and going to school and little Susan, who is nine and needed a home. Dorothy graduated from the Y with honors and went on to get her Master's degree in Library Science. She worked two years in Albuquerque, NM at UNM but has been home since July "job-hunting." It is hard to find work, with so many out of work. It is hard to have her here.

I teach the High Priest group priesthood group priesthood lesson and am assistant group leader in charge of genealogy. Erma Ewell is the teacher of a class given during Sunday School and Dorothy D. is secretary. My eyes bother me so I do very little research or reading.

We have received many compliments on our landscaping, especially the "squareness" of the hedge. Several people want to buy our home. We'd like to stay here the rest of our lives. We have flowers beginning with pussy-willows ending with "mums" in the late fall. We had a good garden and fruit crop this year, asparagus, rhubarb, raspberries, currants—native and red, cherries, apples, peaches, apricots, plums, prunes, grapes and black walnuts.

### **One Acre and Security**

Springville, Utah 1972

I am a farmer by experience and education, but the depression days of the thirties changed that. I looked for public employment to supplement our income. I was married in the fall of 1927 and the next spring we fenced off an acre lot for a home and garden. We started our house that spring but it took ten years to complete a five bedroom house with out a mortgage. I abhor debts. My father was sick for years before he died and was heavily in debt.

The need for security was deeply impressed upon me by this depression—the great depression as it was called. I was a Utah County commissioner in 1937-38 and I became acquainted with many of the bishops and stake presidents in our area. The county and the church took care of the needy medical and hospital cases on a 50-50 basis.

When I retired from my position as Utah County Sheriff, after seventeen and one half years of service, I was glad that we had felt the need and planned for some security. No couple can live on Social Security and a small retirement pension alone. In the meantime, we had sold most of our farm to send our children to college and on LDS mission.

We have a comfortable home on our acre and sufficient storage room. The fruit room in the basement is cool and darkened. In such a room bottled fruit is of good quality for several years. We always try to keep a two year supply, so the loss of the tree fruits this spring hurt us little.

The following tree fruits are on our acre: sweet and sour cherries, fall and summer apples, early and late peaches (including a white peach that ripens in October), pear, apricot, plum and prune trees. We also have white and purple grapes.

Our nut trees include an almond that bears occasionally, and English Walnut and five black walnut trees. There is nothing that adds to the flavor of homemade candy and cookies as does the black walnut.

The berries we raise add much value to our food supply. We have gooseberries, dewberries, black and red English currants, native black currants (these make the best pies and yield every year), ever bearing and regular red raspberries and blackcap raspberries. We also have rhubarb and ever bearing strawberries. These and the tree fruits are not only good for bottling but for freezing.

In our garden, we raise those vegetables that we enjoy eating: radishes, lettuce, table beets (we use the tops for greens) parsnips, carrots (the carrots and parsnips that we don't put in storage are left in the ground and are delicious when harvested in the spring), squash, sweet corn, cucumbers, cantaloupes, beans, peppers and tomatoes. We also have asparagus, chives and multiplying onions. The buttons from the onions, we plant in the fall and have an early spring crop of green onions. We can't raise potatoes as our garden is very rocky and heavy clay soil. Leaves and clippings plus sodium nitrate put on in the fall help to maintain the fertility. The prunings from our trees and shrubs help furnish wood for our fireplace.

The whole acre isn't needed to meet our food needs. Our house is on a small elevation and the slopes are landscaped. We have flowers and shrubs in bloom from the time the early pussy-willows and violets come out until the winter takes the "mums." Our north and east boundaries are fenced by lilacs and south of our house is a lawn bordered by a hedge, which I keep trimmed.

The Lord has been good to us. Our health is quite good, but we have had enough sickness to make us appreciative. I will be seventy-four in August. We want to keep our acre and home as long as we can take care of it, not only for our own security but for that of our children and grandchildren, for they understand that this is their home also, in time of need.

### **The Betwixt and The Between**

Memories of Theron S. Hall 1975

The costs of living were small: wood cut in the winter supplied the year's fuel, supplemented with a ton of coal for the coldest part of the winter. Dried and bottled fruits with homegrown wheat; corn, vegetables and meat furnished the food and a gallon of coal oil in the fall supplied the light. Mother would daily trim the wick and polish the globe of our lamp.

When I first heard about scouting, I wanted to join, but my parents said no, that it was just another scheme to get Mormon boys into the army.

I remember father telling about their buckskin pants, when the legs were wet, they would stretch and when they dried, they would shrink. When Grandfather (Hall) came home from his trip to Iowa to settle his and his brother's estate, he brought home for each one of his boys a pair of suspenders. The boys in town made so much fun of them that they threw them away. It was the local custom to hold up the pants with a buckskin string.

I went to the Lincoln school in the first and third grades and to the Grant school second, fourth and fifth grades, and to the Washington school the sixth, seventh and eighth grades. The washing ton was on the northeast quarter of the block between third and fourth South on second East. The Presbyterians owned the block between second and first East and second and the third South.

They had boys and girls dormitories and classes up to and including High School. During recesses and noon hours in the winter time we had snowball battles with the Presbyterians.

At one time it was customary on the Saturday before Easter for the mothers and the children to take lunches and climb the mountains (east of town). Round Peak would literally be covered with children. Now Easter eggs are hunted at the City Park.

In those days, quite often after the evening meal—supper—was over and the chores all done, neighbors would visit each other. No one was ever so busy that he or she couldn't stop and chat for awhile.

Going barefooted was fun, walking in the thick dust of the roads. The feet would become so tough, you could climb the mountains, but oh the misery of wearing shoes when school started. Cracks would develop on the bottom of the toes. A white string soaked in olive oil and tied in the crack around the toe would heal it.

John Miller, a neighbor, about five feet eight inches tall, an average build was an old miner, retired from the Tintic district. I thinned beets for him. Mrs. Miller always had to ask him if he had his pipe, tobacco and matches before he left for his eight acre field in the old city pasture. At one time he had driven a four horse coach from Provo to Eureka. To get to his field, he had to travel the road west of the D and RG Railroad north. The engineers always blew the engine's whistle about one mile before the fourth north crossing. Mr. Miller was breaking a colt one spring and the whistling frightened it. He thought that the engineer did it on purpose, so he threw rocks at the engine. They stopped the train, tied up Mr. Miller's team and took him up to the Springville City judge. Mr. Miller had to pay a five dollar fine.

One fall, Shorty Williams and I went hunting pine hens up to Kolob. There was a light snow on the ground and the wild chickens were in the low branches of the pine trees. We killed so many that we took the laces out of our shoes to tie them together. The next day when mother cooked ours, we couldn't eat them, they tasted so strong of pine.

In those days the dead weren't embalmed. The body was kept at home and relatives and friends kept bottles filled with ice around the body to keep it cold. Roe McCurdy and I, at the request of Mrs. Al Finley, president of the Red Cross, did this service several times.

Tom Wheeler's blacksmith shop was about the social center of the neighborhood. Everyone stopped or he stopped them in passing to know what was going on. He had on of the first model T autos in our neighborhood. Tom was interested in everyone and every community activity. When a baseball game was on, he locked his bees in the hive so they couldn't swarm while he was gone.

The Reed family came into our neighborhood about my third grade year. They lived at 847 East 200 North. Mr. Reed had miner's "con" from working in a mill in Nevada. He soon died. Mr. Piper, a retired railroad engineer lived near the Reeds. Mr. Piper asked Alex Reed if he ever fed their chickens. Alex said, "No, so that when I get an egg it is clear profit."

The first picture show house was called "The Florence." The admittance was ten cents. The shows were mostly slap-stick comedies and a few melodramatics livened up with a player piano artist.

John Averett (Pearl Hall's father) had a pair of forceps and did a little tooth pulling without any pain killer. The first dentist I remember was Nephi Packard with his office in the second story of the Springville bank. He had an old treadle drill machine. Without pain killer, when he hit a nerve you knew it. On one trip to the dentist, Uncle James E. Hall stopped me in the middle of the intersection of Center and Main streets and asked me where I was going. When I said I was on the way to the dentist with a toothache, he asked me which tooth. He held his finger on it a few seconds and then said to go back home as it wouldn't ache anymore and it didn't.

The first time I ever telephoned was over to cousin "ram" Weight's home. It was on the wall and you would crank it and the operator would ask who you wanted. I cranked it and told her and when the answer came, I hung up the receiver, I didn't know what to say.

The Halls and McCurdys have been friends for several generations. Roe and I were school mates. The first time I visited Roe, when I knocked, someone yelled, come in. When I entered, Jake (the father) yelled "sit down or I'll knock you down" then laughed and laughed. He was sitting in a chair tilted back and resting on the two back legs against the wall with a cigarette in his mouth and his hat on. Most families hauled their firewood from Hobbles Creek Canyon. Jake was asked why he would load crooked poles (they took up more room) while others loaded only straight poles. Jake said crooked poles made just as straight ashes.

Bob Dangerfield was a socialist and an atheist. He was a close neighbor, unmarried and lived in a chicken coop. He would dig up rocks to clear his land and bury them again along the fence line. We would invite him to eat dinner with us occasionally. One day at dinner, mother asked him if he would like a dish of applesauce. She handed him a big bowl full that was meant for the entire family, expecting him to put some in a small sauce dish, but he ate it all.

When we dug the basement for our house here, we uncovered the skeleton of a horse. In pioneer times a log cabin had been here belonging to old "doc" Wing. He had a black stallion which he led with his woman riding bareback. She wore a black cape and the children thought we was a witch. Rumors were that he belonged to the Wild Bunch (outlaws). We used to hunt for hidden treasure. Others thought treasure was hidden here, too, as a few years ago a BYU professor and a couple of students, followed our water line with a Geiger counter from 8<sup>th</sup> east up to the faucet by the fruit trees by our east fence.

Before the days of Strawberry Irrigation water, irrigation was a very important job. The stream at the end of summer was small and far apart the turns—about thirty days for fifteen days for a half turn. Stealing water or keeping it past your turn off time was the cause of many fights and quarrels.

I think it was the fall of 1918, that John T. Collett borrowed his step-father's new model A Ford and we went to the state fair in Salt Lake City. The top was down and we traveled at the terrific speed of thirty miles an hour, the breeze blowing our hair and we would wave to the stopped cars along the roadside fixing inner tubes.

My brother, Clifton, was drafted into the army in the summer of 1918. Every male between the ages of 18 and 65 were subject to the draft. I exchanged work with Mr. Miller, Austin Roylance and Uncle James E. Hall. He planted an acre of wheat below our present home (on 4<sup>th</sup> North) and cut it with a scythe and bound it with the wheat stalks. The bundles were so big and heavy, it was difficult to stack. I had to pay the beet toppers \$5 for an eight hour day.

My brother Clif's birthday was the third of March. I had just got in bed the night of March 3, 1919; we were having a blizzard—snowing, wind blowing—when I heard him talking to mother and Elner. I hurried dressing and went downstairs.

The feelings I had when farming have never been duplicated any other way—pride in land ownership, the feeling of well-being in the fall after the taxes were paid, the cattle grazing in the fields, the barn full of hay, a large stack of straw, wheat and oats in the granary and a year's supply of flour, vegetables and meat. One of the best evenings that I remember was when Hilton, Allan and I spent the night before the opening of fishing season in Hobble Creek Canyon, eating steaks, warmed-up potatoes and visiting.

The day that we, Dorothy and I, took Clifton up to Salt Lake to join the navy was a very rough day, not knowing when we would see him again and have him home. We hardly spoke to each other all the way home because there were tears in our voices.

The first arrest I made with a deputy was on a warrant for a young man in the east part of Provo. I wasn't used to wearing a gun, so I left it on the car seat. We went into the house to talk to him. He was drunk with wine. He ran away so I hurried to the car to get my gun, with his mother screaming not to shoot him. All the neighbors came out to watch. I was terribly embarrassed. I called Provo police to help find him. He was hiding in an irrigation ditch. We took him to the county jail. He threatened to kill me when he got out. War clouds were building up so the judge gave him the choice of a jail sentence or joining the army. He went into the army. When he came home for Christmas he came into the office and wanted to borrow some money.

I got a call one day from Edgemont, that a drunken Indian was on the war path. The Indians were hired to pick fruit. A deputy and I went to get him. I told him he was under arrest and to come with us. He said, "You can't arrest me" and I asked him why not and he said, "this land doesn't belong to you, it hasn't been paid for yet."

One evening I got a call stating that a school teacher from the east had parked her car down by the old city pasture (Springville) and was wandering through the west fields. I fastened on my gun and belt and took a flashlight to go help find her. I was going through the city pasture, lighting my way, when I came face to face with a large Brahma bull. What to do? Shoot the Bull? Start running? I turned off the flashlight and quietly walked away.

Hilton's birthday, March 7, 1948. Priesthood meeting, Sunday School and Sacrament meeting were all over but no ward clerk as yet. We were having a bishopric meeting at Mack Whitney's home, when the stake clerk, Bert Strong, brought in a box of materials. I asked him what they were and he said they are only part of the records to be kept. A terrible black feeling of despair came over me. Something seemed to say to me, you have no ward clerk, you have no book-keeping training, why not disappear and get out of it all. This bad feeling stayed with me. Monday night on the way home from Provo, I talked to two bishops who gave me no help in record work. Wednesday night when I went to the stake meeting of the stake presidency, high council and bishoprics, that bad feeling went away and I had no trouble with the ward records. I had a wonderful feeling of good and the ability to accomplish what I needed when I was bishop, which I have never felt in any other position.

Elder Moyle of the Quorum of the Twelve came down to Springville to divide Kolob Stake and select a new stake presidency. Hilton was on a mission in Argentina, Phyllis was on a mission in Samoa and Allan was interviewed by Elder Moyle to go to the Texas Mission (Gulf States). We were having trouble in making our financial means meet. When Elder Moyle set me apart as second counselor in the High Priest's Quorum presidency, he promised me that we would prosper financially. Since then we have had money whenever we have needed it.

### **True bed-time stories as told by Theron S. Hall**

#### The Seagulls

The crops were growing nicely in Springville, in the year 1855. Just before the grain was ripe, the grasshoppers came in such hordes as to darken the sun. The pioneers dug ditches around the grain fields and filled the ditches with water. It helped very little. Windrows of straw were piled around the fields and when covered with grasshoppers, set afire. Women and children went through the fields scaring off the grasshoppers with brush switches. Still little was accomplished. The pioneers prayed long and humbly for help. Then the sky was full of seagulls—it looked like the birds would finish what grain was left by the grasshoppers, but to their great joy the gulls ate their fill and spit them out into Utah Lake. They did this until the grasshoppers were gone. In thankfulness to the gulls, a monument was erected to them on Temple Square in Salt Lake City. Salt Lake area was not the only place to be saved by the gulls.

#### Indians

Grandfather, Edward Hall and grandmother Nancy Eleanor Ballinger Hall, were pioneers in Provo in 1850 and moved to Springville in the spring of 1851. One day Grandmother was busy in the kitchen and the baby James E. was playing on the floor by the door, when she noticed a brown hand thrust through the open doorway, drabbing the baby by the big toe and was pulling him outside. Grandmother rushed to the door, grabbing the broom and beat the Indian about the head and shoulders until he let loose of the baby.

President Brigham Young taught the pioneers that it would be cheaper and better to feed the Indians than to fight them. When I was a boy, squaws and their children came asking for food and whatever was given to them was all thrown into a dirty flour sack.

The three Hall brothers: William Isaac, James E., and Joseph S. (my father) owned and operated saw mills in Hobble Creek Canyon and Diamond Fork in Spanish fork Canyon. One canyon in Diamond Fork is called Hall Canyon after them. During the pioneer days there were many troubles and misunderstandings between the pioneers and the Indians. During one of these times, a friendly Indian told Uncle William that everyone should leave the saw mill and go back to Springville as the Indians were very angry. Everyone went home except Uncle William. The Indians came and sharpened their knives on the grindstone (a grindstone was made out of a rounded sandstone with a wood block placed in a small hole in the center of the stone to which was fixed a handle to turn it). The Indians entered the saw mill and threatened Uncle William. One of them tore open his shirt looking for the garments that the Mormons wore. When they saw them, they went away without hurting him or damaging the saw mill.

### The Bear Story

The pioneers had to grow or make most everything that they needed. Leather was a very important thing to have to make shoes for themselves and harnesses for the oxen and horses. This was done (making leather) by first making a vat, a hole in the ground lined with boards in which was placed the deer, cow and horse hides, then tannic acid, which turned the hides into leather.

Grandfather Edward and my father, Joseph hooked up their oxen and went up the left fork of Hobble Creek to get tan bark. Grandfather cut down the trees and peeled off the outer bark. Father pulled off the inner bark and piled it on the wagon. While Father was piling up the tan bark, a large angry bear chased him up on the wagon. When the bear started to climb into the wagon, Father's little dog nipped the legs of the bear and the bear chased after the dog. Finally the bear went away and Father went to tell Grandfather about the bear. Grandfather said "Nonsense, Joseph, nonsense, pile up the tan bark."

Later the bear came back again, Grandfather heard the barking of the dog and came to the wagon. He said, "You are right, Joseph, he is big as an ox, big as the hind wheel of a wagon". They loaded up the wagon and returned home. On a later trip up the canyon, they found out why the bear was so angry. Someone, in cutting down a tree had let it fall on her cub, killing it.