

So in 1920, Fuller and Teen made the move back to Naples. He traded the 80 acre homestead on the reservation for 35 acres in Naples. Since they had 5 more children, excluding Myrtle who died at age 14, there were now eight children, the oldest being 17 years old and the youngest being 2.

In 2002, Harold said that this 35 acre parcel already had a log cabin on the east end so they had a ready-made place to live in when they arrived. Irrigation was less of a problem that it had been on the reservation because there was a canal running through the place. This would be a big enticement to move. Grandma's account of life on the reservation indicated that there either were no canals or that the ones that existed were so poorly constructed that they kept breaking out, necessitating much extra work.

While he was working the crops, Grandpa and his oldest sons also built a house with a basement on the property. After it was finished, the family moved into this house and abandoned the log cabin.

### Marie is Born

Mom was born in 1923 and is about two and a half, in this photo, standing in the back yard of the home. The outbuildings in the back ground are not much different than they were when I lived in the garage that would have been to the right of this photo. The farthest structure in this photo may be the original log cabin that Harold said was there when they traded for this property. Mom said this is a favorite photo.

I was surprised in July 2002 when I was rummaging through dad's papers, to find a personal history that was written hand-written by mom in December 1959. I had never seen it before. It was written in pen and pencil on pages torn from a small spiral notebook. My guess is that it was a



class assignment for a genealogy class she and dad took together then. I don't specifically remember that dad took the class but do remember that she did. The evidence that dad took the class at the same time is shown above in Volume 2. I found a personal history written about the same time period on identical yellow pages.

I have transcribed mom's history and set it below. I left in question marks where she had them. It revealed things about mom that I didn't previously know.

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### Mom's Personal History

"I am writing this at the age of 36 and therefore mention the things that must have impressed me as a child as they have remained in my memory.

Moved to Rainbow Utah, a gilsonite mining camp, at age of 2. My first memory is of moving from a four family apartment house across the street to a single family house. I felt I played a large part in the moving. I carried the huge kettle across to the new house! I was 4 years old - oh, how important small things are to a child. *(Ed. This image was taken in Naples, not Rainbow but she was about this age when she made the move. The outhouse and the flat terrain tell where the photo was taken.)*

Rainbow was a small mining town about ?? Families lived there. The only water we had to use was hauled by train and stored in a large tank. Everyone had to carry their water from a hydrant in the center of town.

Father was the mail carrier. He went with horses and wagon four miles each way to Watson to get the mail. In late summer we would go 75 miles to Vernal, Utah for dental care. At that time they didn't give blood transfusions. This was the big event of the year. The first time I remember making this



trip I was six years old. I had to have a tooth pulled. It was done in the morning and late in the evening it was still bleeding. The dentist was called and came to the house and packed it to stop the bleeding. Mother and Karl stayed up until midnight to see how I was. It had stopped so mother came to bed with me that she might know if there was a change. In the morning when she woke up, it was bleeding again and had been for some time. I was very weak and they called Dr. Christy. I was kept in bed for what seemed a long time.

The first day I was let go outside, Mother carried me out and set me on a log to watch the boys, Delroy, Grant, Leo and Ray herd the cows. I fell off the log and broke my left arm. Uncle Abe (Albert G. Goodrich) and mother took me to the doctor to have it set. My arm was still in the sling, but out of the cast when I came down with the mumps.

A few weeks later we went back to Rainbow to start school. It was a one-room school, with one teacher. 9 pupils in the first to eighth grade. I was the only



one in the first grade and went for three days and became ill again so the doctor

had me stay in Vernal with Bessie, Pearl, Mable and Leo. Pearl, Mable and Leo were going to school and Bessie was taking care of me. The doctor let me go back home to the family in January.

*(Ed: Mom is on the right of the front row. She said this was a photo of her and the other 8 students in front the sawed log house that was the school building. The two boys in the sweaters with complicated patterns are her brothers, Grant stands on her left and Leo is in the back row. Grandma made those sweaters.)*

On June 22, 1931, I remember going to Vernal, Uintah Stake, Utah and being baptized by Charles E. Oaks.

The next fall I started school in the same little one-room school and completed the first grade. The next year the school was closed down as there were not enough students to make it worth while. Mother taught Grant and me at home.

Due to the school problem and work being very slow, we moved back to Vernal and lived in Naples Ward. This was the first time I had an opportunity to attend Primary and Sunday School.

I remember going to Vernal First Ward for Stake primary graduation exercises. We all said the 13 Articles of Faith and I remember how difficult it was to learn them.

After three years of Beehive work I graduated as an Honor Bee.

I enjoyed school. As I recall, I did not miss a day until the 5<sup>th</sup> Grade.

A little before Thanksgiving I started having fainting spells and was taken out of school for the rest of the year. I was much relieved when I was promoted with my friends.

My First Grade teacher was Clara Perry, Second Grade was mother at home, Third Grade was Media Walker, Fourth was Clara Pope (I think this teacher made the greatest impression on me of any I ever had. She was my Sunday School Teacher then and the following year also.), Fifth Grade was Ruth Goodrich. She gave us art lessons that I enjoyed. I was good at it she said.

Sixth Grade Jacob Lybbert was the teacher. He spent much of the time talking about geology as that was his hobby. It was of interest to me as when we lived in Rainbow Dr. Earl Doubles (get his title) had been collection fossils and let all of the young folks help him."

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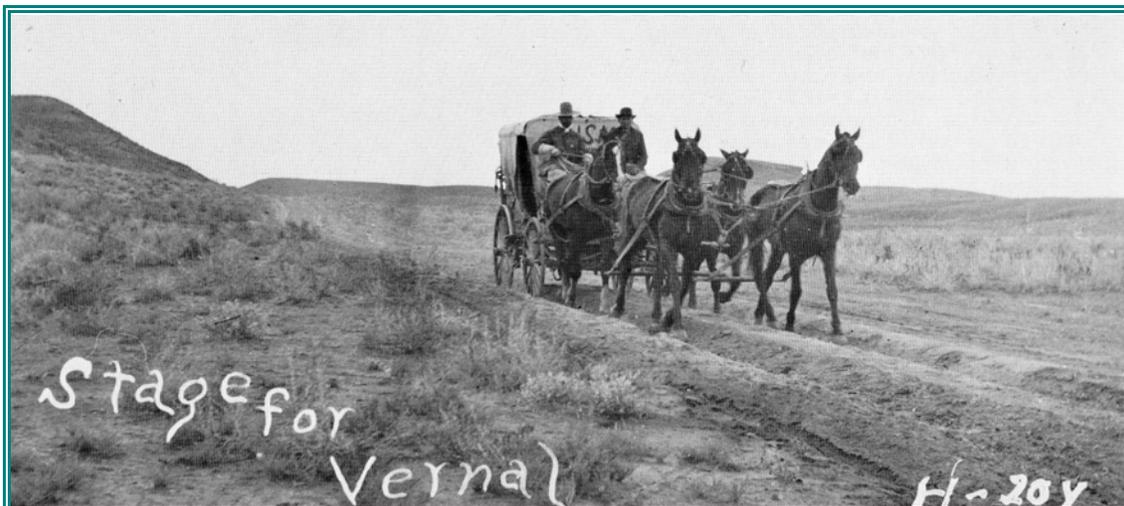
That's where her history ends. We have nothing else from her nor will we ever. Today I don't trust the memories she shares because they are false in some

instances. But I have pieced together her family history.

### Gilsonite Mines

Around 1925, after living in Naples for five years, he decided that he'd move his family to the gilsonite mines further south where there was good money. He kept the Naples farm to return to when he was ready to return. The gilsonite mines first opened in 1902, so had been in operation for about 23 years when he moved there. Living conditions there weren't what you'd consider good by today's standards, but they were typical for the region and time. When men heard that the wages in the mines were better than what they were receiving, they had long conversations with their wives about whether or not to make the move.

Fuller decided he could use the cash so he loaded his family and belongings into wagons -I'm assuming it took more than one trip because there were about 9 kids and 2 adults in the family by 192. The people themselves would have filled one wagon, so grandpa probably made more than one trip. Later Harold told me that grandpa hired a truck to haul household goods out to Rainbow which must have been a difficult drive over these roads and that the people went by wagon. I



assume that the truck followed the stage route that ran between Watson and Vernal as shown in this photo from page 373 of Volume 2 of Rodger Polley's history of the Unitah Railroad.

The truck that grandpa hired to haul his belongings along that road probably looked like this one. This was also taken from page 380 of Rodger Polley's history of the Uintah Railroad. If you want to understand that line and the communities it created for a few years -and something about your paternal line- you need to read the book. This truck is sitting in front the Uintah Railroad loading dock in Vernal about 1925.

