

UPHILL - BOTH WAYS



Volume 3 - Naples 1923

James R. Jensen

5324 SW 153rd Avenue
Beaverton, OR 97007
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DEDICATION

To my Mother...



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Introduction

Naples played a curious role in my early life. For various reasons, it was the most difficult of my history to sort out. I struggled a long time to sort out the chronology of events in the first 6 years of my life and think that I have them nailed down. Using bits and pieces of seemingly unrelated information, my memories, mom's memories, and talking with Harold, I have laid out the events and the sequence in which they occurred. Before talking about mom and her family, I will explain Naples in detail so you understand what the term "Naples" meant to my nuclear family. Unfortunately, it is impossible now to fix the specific dates for each transition, but the years can be identified in each case, and sometimes the months can be narrowed down to 4-6 month periods of time. I found Grandma Merrell's history several years after starting this volume, and it resolved some of the uncertainties. You'll see her story below.

Naples figured very prominently in the history of Marie and James Alvin. The odd thing is that I didn't know that until last month, while I was trying mightily to decipher their peregrinations. It is so odd that I didn't understand the role of Naples in our lives because I was physically present in Naples many times, so was an active participant. A child doesn't see anything but the local moment. I was simply here, and then I was there, and so on. Further, I think I have condescended to and patronized Naples, regarding it subconsciously as just a little farming community where mom's relatives live out their lives, while I've "been around." Silly me. Naples was the base operation for our little tribe that wandered helter skelter over the landscape for 14 years, from 1941 through 1956.

Mom's and dad's repeated returns to Naples complicate the telling of the story of Naples. Naples was actually interludes lasting from a month to years that filled the spaces between Seward 1941, Salt Lake City 1942, Hanford, Washington, Pearl Harbor, Vernal and Seward again. As I explained in Volume 1 - Introduction, I have chosen to keep all of those experiences separate, putting them in chronological order because I experienced them separately, not as interludes to Naples. I want you to see them that way, too.

Naples was the refuge that mom and dad turned to when money ran out, when they didn't know what they were going to do next. They were always welcome to return and live with mom's family while they figured out their next step. They returned there several time. Here's a chronology of events that illustrate the order of their comings and goings vis-a-vis Naples. This innocuous collection of dates took a heck of a lot of time and research to figure out. Naples was mom's and dad's base of operation. The **references to Naples are in red.**

-
- 1923 - Mom was born **in Naples**. Her family moved to Rainbow in 1925.
- ~1929 - Mom **returned to Naples**.
- 1939 - Mom went to Mercur, met James Alvin and decided to marry. Mom **returned to Naples**.

-
- 1940 -Dad went to Seward "to earn his fortune".
- 5-14-1941 -Mom and Mable go to Seward where she marries dad,
-I n November, she **returned to Naples**. Dad stayed in Seward to sell his house and to get fossil ivory from Fairbanks.
- 12-15-41 -Dad **returned to Naples** and worked at odd jobs for a few months.
- 1942 -Marie and James Alvin went to SLC where he enrolled in a government-sponsored program to become a machinist.
-The Remington Arms Plant went on line 2-1942 and he was hired on.
- 3-31-42 -I was born.
- 5-28-43 - -Dick was born.
- 12-43 - -Remington Arms went on stand-by and laid off employees.
-Mom and dad and Dick and I **moved to Naples** .
- 09-12-44 - -Dad went to Hanford, Washington plant in the Manhattan Project to work on reactor pile.
-Dad **returns to Naples**.
- ??/1945 -Dad goes to Pearl Harbor - his first union badge is 5/6/1945 and his last dues were paid for January-February-March 1946.
- ??/1945 -Dad **returns to Naples**.
-Mom and dad buy the Ashton Place west of Vernal.
- 1951 -We go to Seward, Alaska in two groups.
- 6-1953 -**Return to Naples** for the summer from Seward.
- 6-1956 -Dad takes job at Harvard and flies to Nova Scotia, The rest of us **return to Naples** for the summer before going Boston.
-

Naples figured often in the first fourteen years of my life. After 1956, the connection between mom and dad and Naples was broken. We never even visited Naples again as a family. I left home in Boston in 1960 and Dick left home from Provo in 1961 and we never lived together as family again. But up to the time I was fourteen Naples, - not Vernal- played a big role in our lives.

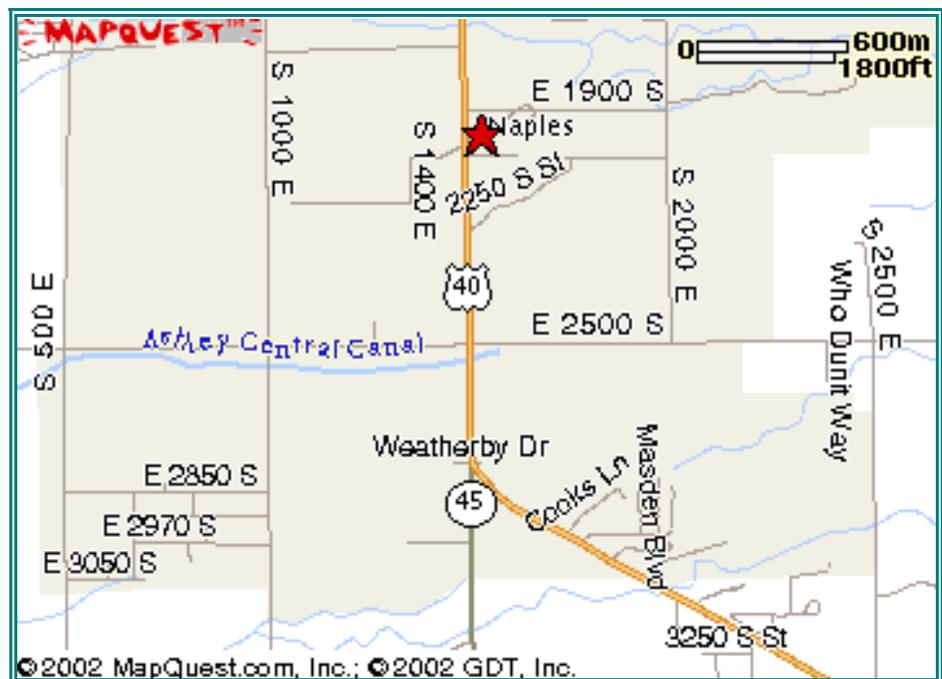
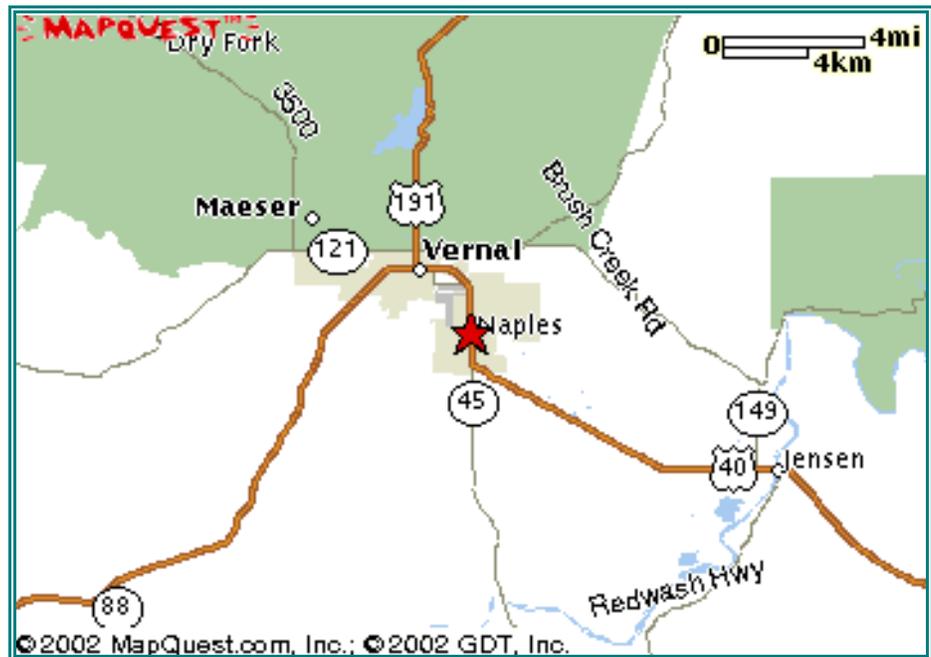
It is so odd today to look back and understand this business about Naples being our mecca, our anchor, our harbor in the storm. All these years mom and dad have spoken about going back to "Vernal", always "Vernal." They NEVER said they were going back to Naples. But the reality is that we never went back to "Vernal". We always went back to "Naples". It was always Naples, not Vernal. Mom's family was our contact point in Utah. I don't understand why this was so and since dad's dead and mom's memory is shot I cannot ask them why that was so. Perhaps they had some sort of sensitivity about admitting that they were going back to a tiny farming community that had about 2 stores, one gas station and no post office. I don't know the reason, but they never referred to going to "Naples" although that's what they always did. Indeed, when we spent time in Naples, it was a treat to get to "go to Vernal: to swim, to go to the museum or to take in a movie. I understood the difference even then, yet I never clarified the business. Not until I worked on this tome did it come into focus.

Naples and Vernal

This map places Naples for you. It is the red star - ★ - in this map, about 3 miles east of Vernal on US 40. Colorado is a few miles east of the town of Jensen. The green block above Jensen is the Dinosaur National Monument. The river running through Jensen is the Green River that heads down to the Colorado.

Naples became the Merrell family home when Fuller acquired a 35 acre farm in 1920. It remains the focus of the Merrell family. In the second map, grandpa's 35 acres are located beneath the words "E 2500 S". It is a long narrow, strip of land, sitting on the north side of that road. It starts under the "2" and extends eastward to the junction of S 2000 E.

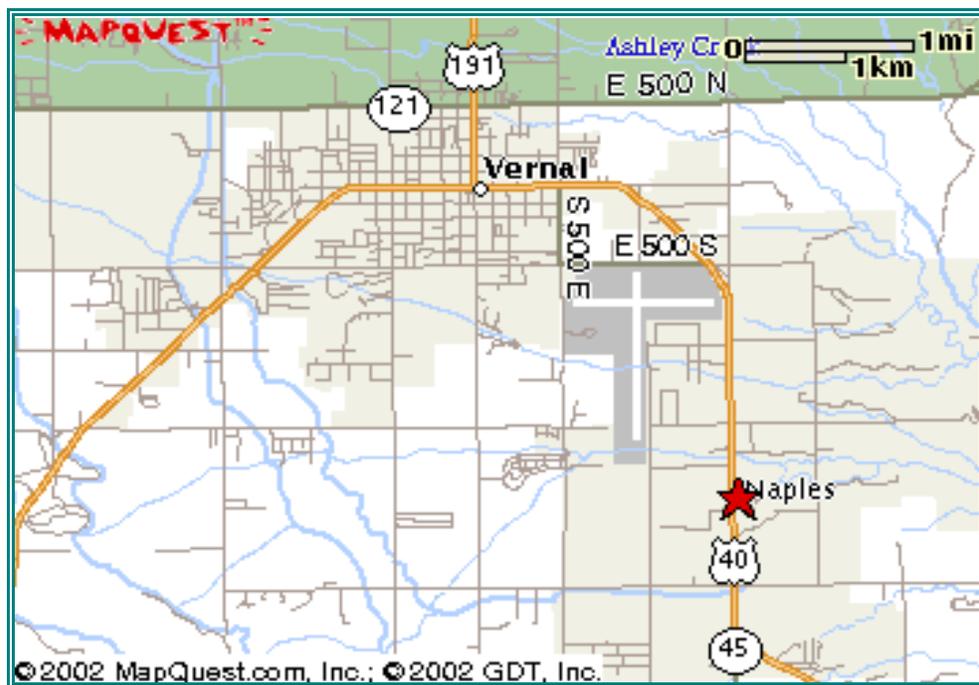
Harold's home is located today on the NE corner of the junction of S 2000 E and E 2500 S. I used to walk there to



visit cousin Sandy in 1945. Harold, 99 years old in 2002, told me that after he dies his house will be razed but he will continue his life in the old house until he dies. He built that house himself with lumber he bought from a sawmill that he was working in at the time. Uncle Grant lives west of Harold a quarter mile on the south side of that street about under the "E". The original 35 acres are occupied by a dozen or so grandchildren of Grandpa and Grandma Merrell. Most of the original 35 acres remains in the family today. Grandpa's own farmhouse is located, even today, just below the "00"s of " 2500 ".

This map shows where our own Vernal farm was located in relationship to Naples. Our farm was on the east side of the road that runs north-south through the state road sign "121". We

were a quarter mile south of "E 500S". Grandpa's house was south of Naples and a bit east of the US 40 sign. When I was 6 I walked with a small suitcase from our farm clear over to Naples to visit grandma and grandpa Merrell.



Jensen

The town of Jensen is where grandpa and grandma Merrell lived as kids. It started out as a fort in the 1800's to protect white settlers from Indians. I'm sort of sympathetic to the Indians. One of the original buildings in that area was the Burton Farm. It was built about the time of the Meeker Massacre and settlers would enter the one acre fort when there was danger. The location was later called Riverdale which is at the confluence of Ashley Creek and the Greenriver. Eventually another name had to be chosen to satisfy the US Postal Service because they wouldn't accept the name Riverdale. A Jensen family had lived there for some time and been involved in the development of the area so the family name was given to the community. Note that this family has no relationship to our own. Jens Jensen, who emigrated from Denmark, was an only son and was his son Samuel, and his grandson Alvin. Dick and I and our descendants are the only Jensens who are directly related to each other.

I don't have any family history about my mother's grandparents, so don't know how the two families ended up living in Jensen. The only information I have is from the book "Jensen, Utah - Where is it?". It reports that:

"John Alexander Angus was born in Spanish Fork in 1862. He married Mary Jane Gribble. They came to the Uintah Basin in the Spring of 1886 with their two daughters Christina "Teenie" and Mary." (1979:314)"

John Alexander, according to grandma, lived in Jensen for some time which explains how she met Fuller. Fuller's extended family also lived in Jensen, including Merrells as well as Remingtons. Harold said that the Merrell place was on the Greenriver upstream from the bridge.

Given the date of his birth and the time he went to Jensen, I've wondered if Brigham Young had ordered these families out to one of his outposts. A bit of history in case you don't already know it: Brigham was the greatest colonizer of the North American continent, but none. Of course, he had a captive audience of hundreds of thousands who would do his bidding. He had a monumental vision from the time he settled in Salt Lake valley until his death 30 some years later of creating a continuous string of LDS settlements from Mexico in the south to Canada in the north. He succeeded in that dream. He'd simply call families to go settle such and such a location and away they would go, a carpenter, a black smith, a few farmers, a cartwright, a miller and so on. He'd just create a town by edict with the necessary skills to make the town survive. By the time he finished, he had created more than 120 settlements from the Juarez Colonies -where John Taylor hid out from the feds for a while in the 1880's I think it was- up to Cardston, Alberta, Canada. If you saw a map of these towns, you'd see a continuous chain of them running north and south through the Rocky Mountains.

The little bit I know of the Vernal and Jensen area makes me think that Brigham didn't actually order settlements in those areas. Exploration for natural resources and land probably prompted these settlements to develop and then your ancestors decided to take advantage of the resources that sounded more encouraging than where they lived.

Some of Fuller's relatives, the Remingtons, lived in the Jensen area. The Remingtons moved to Rainbow camp and Fuller Remington, grandpa's name sake, helped set up the operation. That explains in part how Fuller ended up going there later.

Ferries

Volume I I of Rodger Polley's "The Uintah Railway - Pictorial History" states that "Merrill Brothers" (page 371) ran a ferry across the Greenriver in Jensen, one of many that operated prior to the time the bridge was built. I asked Harold if this would have been our relatives and he said he thought so because they lived a short distance above Jensen and did have a small ferry.

I used ferries like this in the Amazon basin. The operation is disarmingly simple: the river current provides the power to move the ferry across. There is no need to paddle, there are no motors, and no rudders. In the image it's hard

to see it but the ferry is secured to is a taut guy wire that runs across the river from bank to bank. The guy wire is the basis for what happens. In this image the ferry is moving away from the viewer going to the far shore. To make this happen, the front end of the ferry was secured closer to the guy wire than the back end of the ferry was. You can see the different length ropes holding the two ends. These ropes are fastened to small trolleys that roll freely on the guy wire. As the current pushes on the long side of the ferry, the ferry moves along the guy wire on those trolleys. When the ferry reaches the bank, the two ropes are reversed.



Figure 7 Ferry at Jensen (Jensen, Utah page 7)

This ferry was tended by men who did it to make a living, so there was someone there to get the ferry to the bank where a traveler needed to cross the river. But in the Amazon, some of these ferries were left untended on the bank after the traveler got across. In Peixe, we had to wait for hours to get across a river because the ferry was on the opposite bank and there was no one to return it. Someone finally came down the road, re-rigged the ropes and came across to our side. That wasn't because they wanted to help us. They just wanted to get across the river.

Marie's Ancestors

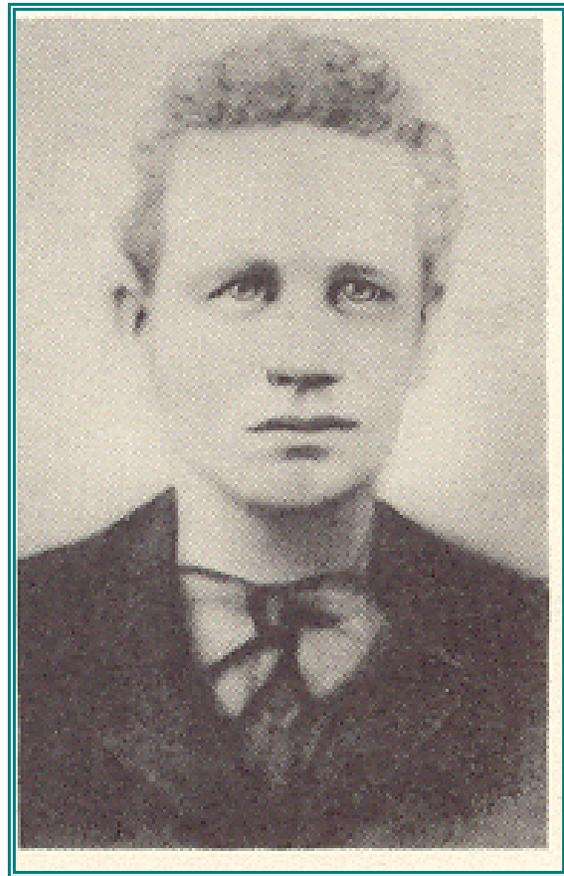
Mom's father was Fuller Remington Merrell. His parents were Porter William

Merrell and Harriet Amelia Remington. Her mother was Sarah Christeen Angus. Sarah's parents were John Alexander Angus and Mary Jane Gribble. I am apparently entitled to wear the Angus tartan should I wish to. I don't remember three of mother's grandparents, but I have clear recall of meeting great-grandfather Angus a short time before his death. He was a tall, quiet man, or so he seemed to me. His later lived in I oka, a tiny farming town west of Vernal in Duchesne County a few miles north of US 40.

Fuller Remington Merrell

I haven't seen a history of Fuller so can't tell much about his life up to the time that he married grandma. Mable has probably written some things down somewhere if you're interested. I have a few memories about my maternal grandparents from my own childhood. But Mom never talked about them. She told a story or two and that all she shared. However, by using a family group sheet where Fuller is husband, using some of mom's memories, and the history of gilsonite mining that I have gleaned from two excellent books, I have created a sketch of Grandma Merrell's life as best I can. It isn't entirely accurate but it's close enough for government work.

In recent years, Mom has become more open about details of her life as a result of my prying I suppose. She has memories I've not heard before, one of the most poignant ones involving her dad, a man that my inner child regards as just plain mean. Fuller was not able to go past the fourth grade in school and he did not learn to read. Later in his life this was an embarrassment. After he married Teen, she took him in hand and helped him read. She taught her husband along with her children.

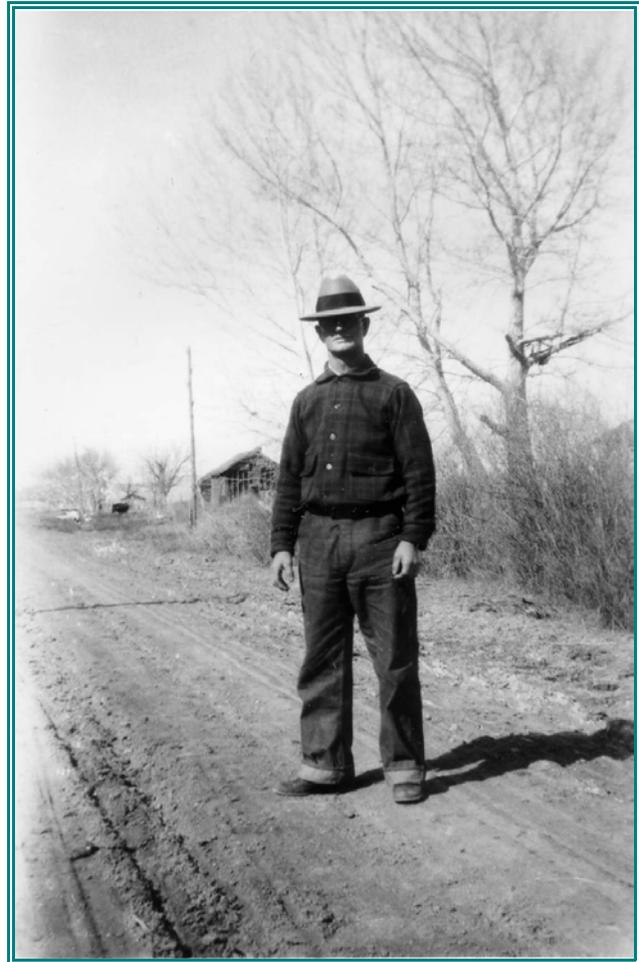


Fuller Remington Merrell

My memories of him are that he was mean, just plain mean, even to us little kids. Here's a shot of him as I remember him, out there in Naples. Stern, intense, not please about anything. He was standing in the road in front on his place. His house would be on the right side of the photo. The willows left indicate that there's water, i.e. a canal, which ran east-west in front of his property. Mom told me that Fuller's mom lived in a log cabin about where that structure is in the back ground.

Grandpa was a strong man. His neck was wider than his head meaning he had powerful shoulders. He was used to hard physical work. He's wearing new clothes here, rolled up cuffs on his levis and a wide-brimmed hat. He loved horses and freighted in the early years of his marriage.

The meanness I remember best is his "horsebites". Whenever we were foolish enough to sit on the "davenport" - the term for couch- by him, he'd reach over, grab a handful of our thigh and squeeze so hard we'd cry. Mom said she tried to get him to stop it and she'd tell us to squeeze his leg back. He did that again and again and we stupidly kept sitting by him. That part I don't understand because I 'm not stupid. Well, he continued to do that until the day we could return the favor with enough strength to hurt him. At that point, he stopped doing it to us.



Fuller's Family Group Sheet

Take a look at the family group sheet on the next page where Fuller is head of Household. This was laboriously prepared by Mable who loved genealogy and family histories. It was a labor of love to collect all of these photos and have them sized to fit the boxes and so on. Wish she were here today to talk with me. I have many questions.

Of the 12 children born to Grandma Merrell, only one died before reaching adulthood. Myrtle died at age 4. I've heard the cause of death but have forgotten it.

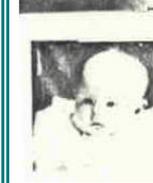
Note that Mable was married in Anchorage on August 4, 1941, three months after mom was married in Seward. Mable went with mom as a chaperone as grandma's insistence. She met Ted Handy and married him. Ted was the kindest uncle I had. He had a sort of southern gentility and spoke courteously to everyone, adult or child, which was refreshing, given the attitude of most of the adults around.

Pearl, the sixth child, was born in 1913. She was the one that asked mom to come to Mercur to help take care of her children. That was when mom met Alvin.

Ross, the second child, married Nelma Martinsen. He apparently met Nelma while working in Rainbow or Rector because she was the telephone and telegraph operator for the Uintah Railroad.

I 'd tell you more stories about some of my other uncles but don't want to get in trouble.

Uphill - Both Ways

<p>USBAND <u>Fuller Remington Merrell</u> Birth <u>23 December 1877</u> Place <u>Paradise, Cache Co., Utah</u> Chr. _____ Married <u>18 September 1902</u> Place <u>Salt Lake Temple, S.L.C. Utah</u> Death <u>22 February 1963</u> Burial <u>Vernal Memorial Park, Vernal, Utah</u> Father <u>Porter William Merrell</u> Mother* <u>Harriet Amelia Remington</u> Other Wives (if any) _____</p>	 <p>FULLER 1902</p>  <p>Aug. 1962</p>	 <p>Aug. 1962</p>	<p>WIFE <u>Sarah Christeen Angus</u> Birth <u>2 January 1885</u> Place <u>Lake Shore, Utah.</u> Chr. _____ Death <u>12 April 1967</u> Burial <u>Vernal Memorial Park, Vernal, Utah.</u> Father <u>John Alexander Angus</u> Mother* <u>Mary Jane Gribble</u> Other Hus. (if any) _____ Where was information obtained? <u>family files</u> *List complete maiden name for all females.</p>
 	<p>1st Child <u>Harold A. Merrell</u> Birth <u>9 July 1903</u> Place <u>Jensen, Uintah Co. Utah</u> Married to <u>Nellie Marie Harrison</u> Married <u>19 August 1925</u> Place <u>Salt Lake Temple, S.L.C. Utah</u></p>	 	<p>6th Child <u>Pearl A. Merrell</u> Birth <u>1 May 1913</u> Place <u>Lake Fork, Wasatch Co.</u> Married to <u>Thayral Vance Cook</u> Married <u>2 March 1934</u> Place <u>Duchesne, Duchesne Co.</u> <u>15 March 1934 S.L. Temple, seal</u></p>
 	<p>2nd Child <u>John Ross Merrell</u> Birth <u>7 February 1905</u> Place <u>Jensen, Uintah Co. Utah</u> Married to <u>Nelma A. Martinsen</u> Married <u>16 March 1932 Manti, Utah</u> Place <u>Manti Temple, Manti, Utah</u></p>	 	<p>7th Child <u>Ray A. Merrell</u> Birth <u>23 February 1915</u> Place <u>Lake Fork, Duchesne Co.</u> Married to <u>Patricia Jean Cook</u> Married <u>2 March 1959</u> Place <u>Salt Lake Temple, S.L.C.</u></p>
 	<p>3rd Child <u>Karl A. Merrell</u> Birth <u>28 October 1906</u> Place <u>Jensen, Uintah Co. Utah</u> Married to <u>(2) Leah Farr</u> Married <u>18 June 1954 -</u> Place <u>Salt Lake Temple, S.L.C. Utah</u> <u>(1) LaVerne Dickinson McAfee. (014)</u></p>	 	<p>8th Child <u>Mable A. Merrell</u> Birth <u>17 November 1916</u> Place <u>Myton, Duchesne, Co. Ut</u> Married to <u>Thomas Lincoln Handy</u> Married <u>4 August 1941</u> Place <u>Anchorage, Alaska.</u> <u>15 January 1970- endowed, S.L.C.</u></p>
 	<p>4th Child <u>Bessie A. Merrell -</u> Birth <u>17 December 1908 -25 Feb 1983</u> Place <u>Vernal, Uintah Co. Utah</u> Married to <u>John Milby Lybbert -21 Sept. 1981</u> Married <u>21 July 1930</u> Place <u>Vernal, Uintah Co. Utah</u> <u>27 July 1939 Sealed, Logan Temple, Logan, Ut.</u></p>	 	<p>9th Child <u>Leo A. Merrell</u> Birth <u>18 December 1918 -30</u> Place <u>Lake Fork, Wasatch Co</u> Married to <u>Fern LaRee Sullivan</u> Married <u>17 March 1942</u> Place <u>San Jose, California</u> <u>11 June 1956 Sealed, S.L. Temple</u></p>
	<p>5th Child <u>Myrtle A. Merrell</u> Birth <u>7 December 1911</u> Place <u>Lake Fork, Utah</u> Married to _____ Married <u>Died 15 August 1915 Lake Fork, Utah</u> Place _____</p>	 	<p>10th Child <u>Grant A. Merrell</u> Birth <u>24 January 1921</u> Place <u>Vernal, Uintah Co. Ut</u> Married to <u>Frances Young Duke</u> Married <u>26 June 1956</u> Place <u>Salt Lake Temple, S.</u></p>

		11 th Child Marie A. Merrell Birth 5 April 1923 Place Vernal, Uintah Co. Utah Married to James Alvin Jensen Married 17 May 1941 Place Seward, Alaska S.L.C Temple 29 Sept. 1942
		12 th Child 2 nd Child Delroy A. Merrell Birth 14 April 1925 Place Vernal, Uintah Co. Utah Married to Connie Rae Dunn Married 30 July 1950 Place Wrightstown, New Jersey

This short segment with mom and Delroy is from the back side of the family group sheet. Twelve kids didn't fit onto a single side. Mom is Child Number 11, born April 05, 1923 and continues today at age 79 in good health but failing mind. She calls me on rare occasions to tell me what she told me six months ago, with a freshness that is disarming. That's one of the advantages of Alzheimer's though I don't think that's exactly what she has.

Sarah Christeen Angus

"Teen" was one of the gentlest people to have graced this earth. Mom said she never heard her raise her voice, an extraordinary thing for a woman who had 7 sons and 5 daughters and an irascible (that's saying it nicely) husband. I know I never heard her get angry. Last July as I was ransacking things in the studio, I found a personal history that Teen had written out by hand while she lived alone in SLC. I was living a few blocks away on 4th South and 4th East. I regret that I didn't cultivate her memory more but it was not possible. Not for young people who are never going to die.

The hand-written document had been transcribed by Mable, not a minor task,. The original document remains in mom's possession and needs to be taken in hand by an archivist to be preserved. Mable loved genealogy and prepared a wide variety of illustrated histories that she gave to her siblings, one of which is also in mom's house.

As you read the transcription, note as the evidences of an imported Scotch Dialect. Too many Utahns are embarrassed by the dialect of their ancestors which differs from theirs. I, too, was embarrassed. I was pained when she said that something "was mussed up," and so on, but understand today what was going on. Word choices, phrases and pronunciations reflect different dialects. As you read, you can formulate substitution rules to convert your dialect into hers. Neither is superior. Each is appropriate for the time, setting and social milieu.

Grandma's history reflects her education. Grandpa Angus refused to let any of his kids leave home or get married until they had finished high school, which in those days was unusual, particularly for women. My own mom was not only not encouraged to finish high school, she was actively discouraged by her dad.

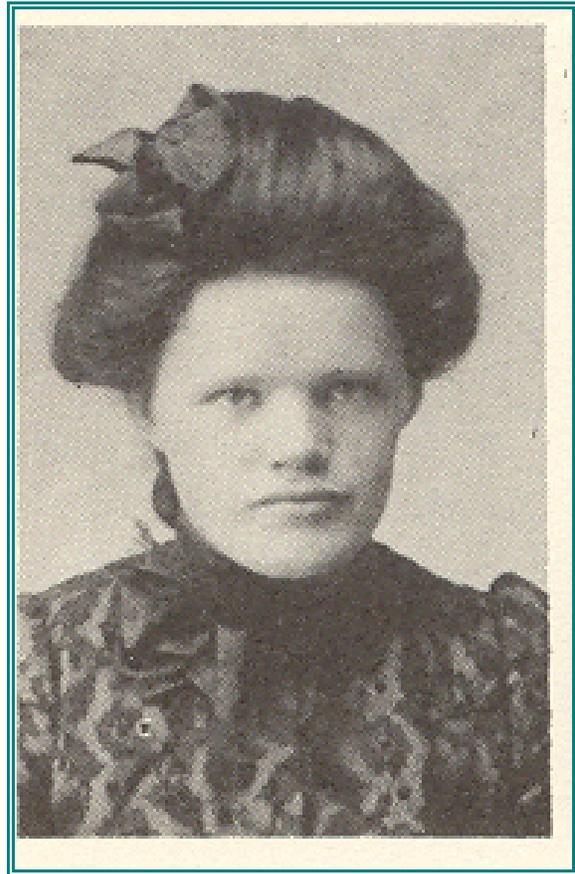


Figure 12 Sarah Christeen Angus

"Teen" sits here with her five siblings. She is on the left. Her twin, Mary, sits on the right. Mary was even more mild than Teen. Elmer is the boy in the front row between Teen and Mary. In the back row, L to R, are Delbert, Wilford and Delroy, the namesake for Teen's youngest

son. Teen and Mary married twin brothers, Fuller and Frank, who was as fierce as Fuller. Sisters married brothers on the same day. A family group sheet follows on the next page showing her as the second child of John Alexander Angus (DOB 09-14-1862) and Mary Jane Gribble (DOB-9-18-1859).

This is the transcription of grandma's personal history:



"I am Sarah Christeen Angus Merrell. I was born 2 January 1885 at Lake Shore, Utah. My parents are John Alexander Angus, and Mary Jane Gribble Angus. I have grey eyes and had brown hair. It is now grey. I am 5 foot 2 inches tall and weigh 105 pounds.

When I was less than a year old (*Ed.: around 1886. General Ashley founded the original settlement in 1825, 50 years earlier.*), my parents with my sister Mary and me moved to Uintah County, then known as Ashley Valley. It is now Vernal. Father purchased a home and farm near Green River the place is now called Jensen. There was a 2 room log house with a dirt roof and no ceiling, but mother soon put a white cloth ceiling up and white washed the walls white. She sewed carpet rags and had them woven into strips of carpet which she sewed together to make a carpet that covered the bedroom floor, clean fresh straw was on the floor about 4 inches thick then the carpet was stretched and tacked down.

HUSBAND <u>John Alexander Angus</u> Birth <u>14 September 1862</u> Place <u>Spanish Fork, Utah, Utah</u> Chr. _____ Married <u>19 October 1882</u> Place <u>Salt Lake City (Endowment House)</u> Death <u>24 January 1951</u> Burial <u>27 January 1951 Roosevelt Cemetery</u> Father <u>John Clark Angus</u> Mother* <u>Betsy Hislop Archibald</u> Other Wives (if any) <u>Bertha Bell Dennis</u>		 	WIFE <u>Mary Jane Gribble</u> Birth <u>18 September 1859</u> Place <u>Paragonah, Iron, Utah</u> Chr. _____ Death <u>16 March 1905</u> Burial <u>20 March 1905, Jensen, Uintah, Utah</u> Father <u>Robert Gribble</u> Mother* <u>Sarah Losee</u> Other Hus. (if any) _____ Where was information obtained? <u>family records</u> *List complete maiden name for all females.
 	1st Child <u>Mary Jane Angus</u> Birth <u>14 August 1883</u> Place <u>Spanish Fork, Utah, Utah</u> Married to <u>Franklin Remington Merrell</u> Married <u>18 September 1902</u> Place <u>Salt Lake Temple</u> Death _____	 	6th Child <u>Wilford Lee Angus</u> Birth <u>18 January 1896</u> Place <u>Jensen, Uintah, Utah</u> Married to <u>Elva Braser</u> Married <u>10 January 1920</u> Place <u>Myton, Duchesne, Utah</u> Death <u>27 July 1982</u>
 	2nd Child <u>Sarah Christeen Angus</u> Birth <u>2 January 1885</u> Place <u>Lake Shore, Utah, Utah</u> Married to <u>Fuller Remington Merrell</u> Married <u>18 September 1902</u> Place <u>Salt Lake Temple</u> Death <u>12 April 1967</u>		
 	3rd Child <u>Delroy Angus (twin)</u> Birth <u>14 April 1887</u> Place <u>Jensen, Uintah, Utah</u> Married to <u>Alice Louella Armstead</u> Married <u>4 March 1909</u> Place <u>Salt Lake Temple</u> Death <u>16 June 1934</u>		
 	4th Child <u>Delbert Angus (twin)</u> Birth <u>14 April 1887</u> Place <u>Jensen, Uintah, Utah</u> Married to <u>Revella Knight</u> Married <u>18 September 1909</u> Place <u>Vernal, Uintah, Utah</u> Death <u>20 March 1958</u>		
 	5th Child <u>John Elmer Angus</u> Birth <u>14 September 1889</u> Place <u>Jensen, Uintah, Utah</u> Married to <u>Grace Miles</u> Married <u>15 May 1919</u> Place <u>Ioka, Duchesne, Utah</u> Death _____		
<p>The Angus family, taken in 1906 Front: Teen, Elmer, Mary. Back: Delbert, Wilford</p>			

The carpet covered the room wall to wall. Every fall the cloth ceiling was taken down, washed, put up again. The carpet was also taken up at the same time, the old straw was taken out and new straw put on the floor and the carpet cleaned and replaced. Mother was a very neat person and kept the house clean at all times. How we enjoyed the house cleaning time!

Mother said I walked when I was 10 months old.

My first memory was when the twin brothers were born. Mary and I slept (*Ed. Scottish dialect*) together and during the night our bed was moved to the kitchen with both of us in it. The next morning a neighbor lady came in the kitchen and woke us up. There she stood with 2 little babies in her arms and she ask us which baby each of us would choose to take care of.

I don't remember anything distinctly after that until I was about 4 years old. Then I remember playing with the babies and taking them out walking. I also remember how proud I was that I was allowed to help hang the babies' diapers and clothes on the clothes line.

(Ed. Grandma shows up in the second family group sheet as child #2. There are photos of her and Fuller.)

Our close neighbors were older folks so we didn't have many playmates until we were old enough to go to school. We had never had playmates so we didn't miss them and we were happy in our own family. Father and mother were kind. They would tell us stories, and take us sleigh riding of winters, wagon riding of summers and as soon as we were old enough to ride alone Father kept a quiet pony for us to ride. We were happy together. We cooked and heated our house with wood stoves and had coal oil lamps for lighting. One thing I remember while I was quiet small, the last one ready for bed had to blow the lamp out. One night when Mary beat me in bed and I was cross about it and every time I would try to blow the light out, Mary would do something and make me laugh. I got so mad that I cried. Mother came in and blowed (*Ed. Scottish dialect*) the light out, put me in bed and gave us a good talking to. That is my first memory of getting angry. (*Ed.: Probably the only time she did get angry.*)

I remember one summer when the twins were about 6 years old and I was about 8 years old, father had been out to Colorado working, and an old skunk had crawled under the house and raised her young. The skunk never came out of days, but they came out to feed of evenings. As soon as father came home, he got a trap and tied a long rake to it and showed the boys and me how to set it where the skunks would get caught when they came from under the house. Father also told us to take hold of the long rake and not get near the skunk, but to drag it down in the pasture where there was a deep ditch full of water and let the trap sink in the water and drown the skunk.

We did just that way with one skunk but in a few days we caught another skunk so we drug it down in the pasture, but we didn't put it in the water. We decided to kill it. Delroy took a pitchfork and Delbert had a pick. I had hold of the rake dragging it. Delbert got close to the skunk first and hit it with the pick. Of course the skunk threw sent all over us. I had never heard the boys use bad language before, but Delbert said "Damn thing &*\$@!" in my face. Of course we all run (*Ed. Scottish dialect*) home to mother. Father and Mother and Mary was (*Ed. Scottish dialect*) at the table eating supper. (Mary was a lady and didn't get in trouble like the boys and I did.) We rushed in the kitchen where

they were eating, but we were rushed out quicker than ever. It was warm weather and plenty of water in the ditch. We had to go quite a ways away from the house, take off all of our clothes, and get in the ditch. Father and mother brought us soap, wash clothes and towels and clean clothes. We sure had a scrubbing party that evening.

There wasn't a school in Jensen until I was 8 years old. Our first school was held in a small log room with a dirt roof, 1 window and 1 door along the north wall. A sort of shelf was made for the older students to keep their books on, and set by to write and study. Our seats was a cottonwood log sawed lengthwise and pegs put in the bark side for legs. We sat on this and held our slates on our laps. We beginners didn't have books just a large chart hung on the wall to read from. Our teacher was a Mr. Ainge. He was a cripple and walked with a cane. I thought he was a nice teacher. I was the smallest one in school. When we would go to write on the black board, the teacher would always give me his chair to stand on so I could reach the board easily. I got called the "teacher's pet". Perhaps there were reasons for it. There were about 15 pupils in that school the first year from 7 to 18 years old.

When I was 15 years old I started teaching in primary. I have been quite active in church work since then. I have been primary president, counselor in mutual, Sunday school teacher and assistant Sunday school secretary, Relief society teacher, counselor, and president and now at 76 I have enjoyed working in the temple for ten years.

I was married to Fuller R. Merrell September 18, 1902. He was born 23 Dec. 1877 at Paradise, Utah.

We were married in the Salt Lake Temple. My sister Mary and Fuller's brother Franklin R. Merrell were married the same day in the temple.

My father-in-law was Porter William Merrell. He was born 10 September 1846, at Mt. Pleasant, Van Buren County, Iowa. He died 29 August 1964.

My mother-in-law was Harriet Amelia Remington born 7 February 1856, at Salt Lake City Utah. She died in 1934. We were living at Jensen when we got ready to get married. There were not cars here in Utah at that time and no paved roads. The only way to get to Salt Lake City was the way we went. There were 8 of us made the trip together. Frank, Fuller, Mary and I in one covered wagon with our bed rolls and grub boxes also bailed hay and grain for the horses. Harriet Merrell, the boy's mother, her son William, Mrs. Rasmussen and Mrs. Goodrich in another wagon. It took us 6 days to go to Salt Lake City and 6 days to come home. I think we enjoyed our honeymoon as much as couples do now in their cars. It was a real outing.

When we got home, Father and Mother had a reception for us and a dance after. Fuller's and my first home was a 2-room sawed log house with a shingle roof. Fuller was working for a cattle company. He worked for then about 2 years after our marriage.

Fuller and I lived at Jensen about 6 years. Our oldest son, Harold, was born 9 July 1903, at



Figure 15

Figure 15 is a black and white photograph showing a wide view of a city street with a large, ornate building in the background, likely the Salt Lake Temple. The street is lined with trees and buildings, and there are some vehicles visible in the distance.

Upalco ward. He was Sunday school Superintendent which position he held until we moved away to Vernal. I was Primary president in Lake Fork and Relief Society teacher and Sunday School secretary in Upalco .

When we came to Naples Ward, Fuller became a counselor to Joseph Collier in the Sunday School organization. He held the position until we moved to Rainbow mines to work in 1925. While living in Naples, I was 2nd. counselor to Lydia Iverson in the .Y.W.M.I .A.. I had to give up that work when we moved to Rainbow mines. Later I was a counselor to Orva Lybbert and 2 years later became Relief society president in Naples ward, which position I held about 5 years until I had to be released because of ill health.

We now had a family of 11 living children. 4 of our sons were in the service of our country during the second world war. *(Ed.: Here's a shot of Grant in 1945 while he was in the Marines.)* In 1947 we sold our farm and built a small grocery store *(Ed.: The grand opening of this store is when I fell into a pit of fire in front of this store.)* which we run for 4 years, but because Fuller's health got so poorly he is unable to do any work. We traded our store for a small farm with a comfortable house on it. *(Ed.: For some reason, Grant took up residence in the nice house, leaving a small three-room shack on the property for grandma and grandpa to live in. But to them, it was just fine. I don't think so.)* We were intending to start in the chicken business next spring. It would be work that I could do to support us.

The last of this month Fuller and I are *(Ed. This places the date of the dictation but I don't know what it is.)* going to St. George to work in the temple. We are 67 and 74. Our sons Ross and Ray each have filled a 2-year mission in the Southern

States. Fuller filled 2 Stake missions of 2 years each in Vernal. Fuller and I worked in the temples 12 years. Fuller has been an ordinance worker 5 years and I have been a receptionist. We have enjoyed the Temple work so much. We were in the St. George temple this winter, January and February 196-3, and went through 2 sessions each day, and on 22 February, after we had been through 2 sessions in the temple, suddenly Fuller had a heart attack and passed away. He was buried in the Vernal cemetery February 25, 1963.

I am back in Salt Lake now, living in a small apartment in the Kimball Apartment House. *(Ed.: I spent a week in that little apartment with them June 1961 while I was waiting to enter the Mission Home. It was on the east side of East Temple, just north of North Temple, on the second floor, an old brick building with apartments on the second floor and small businesses, including a drug store or pharmacy, below. The structure was*



Figure 17

razed years ago for progress.) I will start working in the temple as soon as it opens and I expect to work in the temple the remainder of my life. (Ed.: Which she did. She was found several days after her death because people at the temple became concerned about her failure to appear to work.)

We have 11 living children," all married, them and their companions, every one are so kind and good to me, I love every one of them dearly."

Father married Bertha Bell Dennis, 3t October, 1906. She was sealed to Father on 3 April 1907.

My sister Mary married Franklin Remington Merrell. *(Ed.: This is true so perhaps the above sentence refers to a second marriage?)*

I married Fuller R. Merrell, brother to Frank.

Delbert married Alice Armstead.

Delroy married Revella Knight. (Alice and Revella were twins.)

John Elmer married Grace Miles.

Wilford Leo married Elva Brasher.

[Ed.: Mabel added these notes and information:]

Mother did spend the rest of her days working in the Salt Lake Temple, though her health was not good. She was happy in what she was doing. She worked her last day in the Temple, and finally her stay here on earth was over. We know that she is with her husband, and other members of her family. Mother died 12 April, 1967 and was buried 15 April 1967, in the Vernal cemetery.

The posterity of this couple number in the hundreds at this time.

There are nine living children.

238 direct line descendants.

73 in laws.

5 adopted children.

We are sure the family will continue to grow.

Mable M. Handy,
16 February 1985.

Child	Children	Grandchildren	Great grand children.
Harold	6	18	9
Ross	3	8	10
Karl	3	7	1
Bessie	6	28	13
Pearl	7	33	10
Ray	0	0	0
Mable	3	2	0
Leo	6	21	0
Grant	4	2	0
Marie	2	13	0

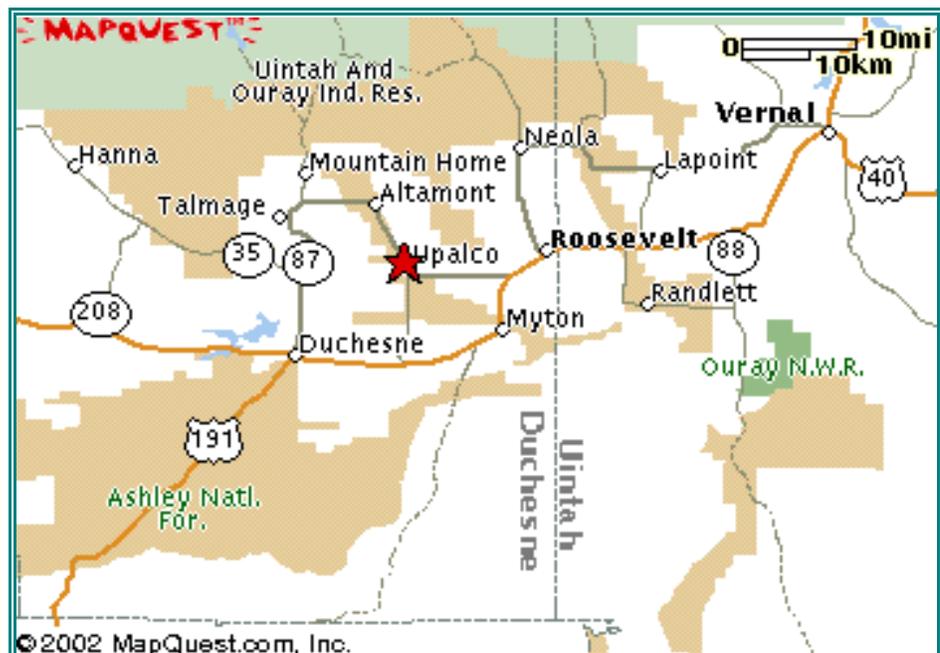
Delroy 5 7 0

Deaths as of 16 February 19985:

Myrtle.	14 August 1915
Calvin.	24 March 1938 (Harold)
Ruth.	5 August 1952 (Mable)
Gwen.	4 October 1955 (Marvin)
Fuller.	22 February 1963
Annette.	23 December 1955 (Norman)
Leo.	30 June 1966
Christeen.	12 April 1967
Thomas.	9 July 1968 (Mable)
Milby.	21 September 1981 (Bessie)
Bessie.	25 February 1983
Mac.	10 April 1984 (Marvin)

First Home in Jensen

After their 1902 wedding, Fuller and Teen returned to their roots in eastern Utah. It is evident from the birth places of their 12 children that they lived in at least five locations: Jensen, Vernal, Lake Fork, Myton, and Upalco. This map shows most of those places, plus the Ouray Indian Reservation.



They lived the usual rough frontier life, no transportation other than horses and wagons, no electricity or running water. The sawed log cabin in this photo is finer than any at the time. Re-read grandma's description of housekeeping.

There were no industries or businesses that hired large numbers of people so Fuller had to agricultural work, the only thing he knew. His short elementary education school didn't prepare him to do anything but work with his hands and back.

Grandma had 12 children, 11 of whom made it to adulthood, a remarkable thing for the time. Myrtle is the only one missing in this photo



Figure 20. Merrell parents and children 1953

was taken when we went "stateside" from Seward in 1953 to spend the summer in Utah. So dad was 34 and mom was 30. From left to right starting in back they are: Carl, Leo, Harold, Ross, Delroy, Grant, Ray, (Front Row, Left to Right:) Marie, Mable, Grandpa, Grandma, Bessie, and Pearl. All were married, and all except Ray had children. Karl, Harold, Ross and Ray were the obedient ones of the sons, but Grant was my favorite uncle. Mable was my favorite aunt. I knew Pearl fairly well but she was sort of detached so I didn't have a sense of her as anything but an aunt, though she was more familiar to me than Bessie was who lived in Canada. Of this bunch, only Harold, mom, Grant, Delroy and Ray are alive. Odd that the oldest survives along with the babies. He has long genes like grandma's family.

The photo on the next page was taken at the same time, probably in the Naples Ward chapel. It illustrates the fertility of this bunch. What fascinates me is not the numbers, rather the fact that the bulk of them still live in the region. Indeed, of grandpa's 35 acres is still occupied by his descendants, grand children and great-grandchildren. I can't even name most of these people - just the uncles and aunts and spouses, with a sprinkling of cousins my age. The last time I saw this clan back around 1984, they regarded me suspiciously, like I was an outsider.

When I was growing up in Naples and on the Vernal farm, Byron was one of my favorite cousins. I loved to spend time with him which I did often. Years later, I remember spending evenings with him at 2821 N after I got off my mission. He had just finished his tour of duty in Norway, I think, so was open to spending time with family. He'd come out for dinner and we'd tell stories and laugh. But at this 1984 family reunion things were fundamentally different and I don't really know why. But I do know what happened. Byron was some sort of city official by this time, and he was animatedly talking with another cousin or uncle about noise control.

Byron explained how berms built around baseball fields deflected noise up into the air and prevented it from radiating straight across the surrounding streets into homes. I stood and listened and he didn't pay much attention to me which was OK. There was no particular reason he should have specifically engaged me. At a point where I thought I sensed a lull in the conversation, I finally tried to enter into the conversation with a benign observation or question. At that instant, Byron suddenly and unexpectedly and with animation resumed his discourse. He didn't look at me, he didn't acknowledge me, yet I was standing right by him. It was as if I weren't there, as if I hadn't said a thing.

I don't know why that happened, but it hurt my feelings. It's embarrassing to be barred from any conversation after you try reasonably, so you think, to enter it, but it is painful to try this gambit with family members only to be rebuffed, not even given the benefit of a sneer. What's a man to do when rejected by his own cousins. Not much. I was not rude, I said nothing unkind. I was just trying to be one of the cousins and engage in the conversation on the basis of a remembered, but obviously fictitious, shared memory. At several other points over those 3-4 days up on the mountains the same thing happened again. Byron was not alone.

I conclude that I had become a *persona non grata* to them. I, not they, had chosen to leave the region. That was apparently an unforgivable sin. Most of them remained within 15 miles of where they were born but I had been all over the world. Similarly, most of them had only finished high school and perhaps a year or so of formal education after

high school. In contrast, I had gone so far as to declare that I was something else by completing a doctorate in linguistics and anthropology at Indiana University and so on. There was never an intention on my part to "put on airs" or to feel superior to them because I don't feel that way, but it didn't matter how I felt inside of me. In the end, I had become a foreigner to them. I no longer had any basis for calling on the bonds of familyhood that I had experienced in years before. Instead, I was an aberrant individual who had renounced his birthright and his claim to membership. So if you seek them out in a fit of familial familiarity, don't be too surprised if they are less than enthusiastic to see you. Or perhaps they'll forgive you paternal genes -or the trespasses of my mother and father if those are the underlying issue.

Anyway, after Fuller and Teen returned to Jensen, they built a sawed log cabin and lived in it for 5 years. I would like to know where it was in relationship to the Sunshine Ranch that Pearl lived on when I visited her years later. During those five years, Harold, Ross and Karl were born.



Figure 21. Part of the Merrell Clan in 1953

Then in 1907, the federal government decided it was time to steal more Indian land so they opened portions of the Ouray Indian Reservation to homesteading. Grandpa couldn't pass up such a good deal so away he went.

Ouray Indian Reservation 1907

In 1907, five years after they were married, Grandpa and Grandma moved with their three children to the Ouray Indian Reservation which is located southeast of Roosevelt. The creation of this reservation is described on this page <http://historytogo.utah.gov/chouray.html>. I've inserted several paragraphs to give you the basic idea of how big this reservation originally was, how it was cut down over time because I want you to know of the bad-faith dealings of the Federal Government with Indians whose land your own great grandparents took with the blessings of that government:



"The western Ute bands originally occupied about 23.5 million acres or around 45 percent of the present state of Utah. By the 1870's, however, Utah's Utes were confined to less than 10 percent of that area, slightly over 2 million acres on the Uintah Reservation. The Ute lands grew to over 4 million acres in 1880 when the federal government removed the White River and Uncompahgre bands from Colorado and created the Ouray Reservation in Utah. Although Ouray, the prominent chief for whom the new reservation was named, died before the forced relocation, he had spent his life negotiating with government officials and trying to assure a peaceful existence for his people.

In 1863 Ouray helped to negotiate a treaty with the federal government in which the Utes ceded all lands east of the Continental Divide. In 1868 he traveled Washington, D.C., to represent his people and was appointed "head chief of the Utes" by the government. Ouray and his wife made several visits to the nation's capital and on one occasion met President Ulysses S. Grant.

With the discovery of gold in Colorado and the resulting influx of miners, Indian-white relations deteriorated. Finally, in the spring of 1878, Nathan Meeker, an Indian agent, triggered a series of events that led to the relocation of Ouray's people to Utah. The White River Utes had become infuriated over Meeker's attempt to force them to farm. Meeker called in federal troops, but the Indians succeeded in killing him and seven other whites and took several women as captives. When the government appealed to Ouray for help, the influential chief intervened and secured the release of the hostages and even welcomed them into his home while the situation was defused.

Repercussions from this incident were devastating for the Indians. In 1880 Ouray traveled for the last time to Washington where he signed a treaty providing for the removal of the White River Utes as well as his own Uncompahgre band from Colorado to the Uintah and newly created Ouray reservations in Utah. Shortly after his return from Washington, Ouray died and was buried in southern Colorado. His wife, Chipeta, moved to Utah with her people and died in poverty and exile in 1924 on the reservation named for her husband."

In 1907, the federal government decided to open some of the reservation lands to homesteaders. Today, I see that this decision was another of the thousands of bad-faith actions taken by the white government that always harmed Indian interests. After forcing the Indians to enter into formal contracts and agreements, and forcibly removing them from their birth heritage lands, "granting" them minuscule bits of lands termed "reservations", an insult to Indians, the government proceeded to break those contracts and agreements.

The Indians were powerless to counter but that doesn't make it right that the government did what it did. In fact it makes it worse. The government had an obligation to protect the interests of the powerless people that had been robbed of their heritage and lives. If you want to get a good view of just how badly Indians have been treated by whites, read "Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee." If you have a heart, you'll cry. I am ashamed of my race. Blacks think they had a bad deal, and they did, but I think Indians got a vastly worse deal. Look at the two races today and judge for yourself. Do you see streets named for Indians, do you find a national holiday named for an Indian leader, do you find colleges created by Indians, do you find seminars and editorials ranting and raving about Indian rights, and the nasty things that have been done to them, is there a pseudo-Christmas Celebration named for an Indian celebration, do you see medical studies focused entirely on Indians, etc. ?

In any event, grandpa decided to take advantage of the Indians by taking the federal government up on its offer of farm land. I don't particularly fault him for his choice but I think it was wrong of the government to do that after it had promised to "give" the land to the Indians, land that was their in the first place. So he moved from his small holding in Jensen out to the reservation in 1907. He homesteaded 80 acres near Lake Fork. Homesteading is tough work so he paid for his "free" land with sweat. He had to rip out the trees and sage brush, had to build a habitation, had to plow the tough soil, had to get water to his crops and so on, not an easy living.

This picture of women on the reservation was taken in 1918, while Fuller and Teen were living there. Remember that World War I started in 1918. This is how I remember the Ouray Utes who came into Vernal to shop when I was a kid. Heavy blankets, long



ثججقت . Portrait of sitting unidentified Native American Uinta (Ute) women and a girl, Fort Duchesne, Utah. The women, who are part of the Red Cross Auxillary, wear dresses and shawls and knit. <http://gowest.coalliance.org/cgl-bin/Imager?10030733+X-30733>

black hair. I remember seeing enormous Indians on the sidewalk in front of the Penny's store, by the Thorne Studio. They were silent and looked serious. They frightened me even though they didn't do anything threatening. That's interesting because I knew that grandpa and grandma had lived with these Indians, and dad was always positive about things involving Indians. The fear must have stemmed from the difference between them and me.

I visited the Ouray reservation when I was a little kid and I remember the "strange" houses and odd entrances to them, leather doors coverings that had to be lifted up to enter. It was in late afternoon so the light was flat and shadows were long. The houses were made of unpainted boards and the doorways were hung with smoky skins instead of wooden doors. There were few windows so the inside of the homes were dark. I sensed the fact that we were out-of-place in the village. There was no threat or anger but there was an underlying sense of not being comfortable. Perhaps it was my own sense but I thought I felt it in the adults who took me there. I was interested to go but being about 7, I was simply being pulled along. This trip took place when Joe O'Leary visited dad in Vernal. I saw Ute Indians on Mainstreet in Vernal, knew them in their blankets with large faces and square jaws, with long black hair pulled back in a braid. Intimidating, impressive people who said little in my experience.

Posey War

In the early part of the 20th century, conflicts persisted between whites and Indians. Some of them involved the Utes in eastern Utah and western Colorado. These conflicts invariably involved Indian lands that white men wanted. Period. There is no other fair way to understand what happened. True, whites would claim that Indians had killed someone, destroyed some property, taken livestock. Those things were their justification for retaliation yet if whites hadn't taken Indian land in the first place there would have been no reason for these things to happen.

On the Utah history page <<http://historytogo.utah.gov/utetrek.html>> is this quote from the Vernal Express that reveals the tenor of feelings the year before Fuller and Teen decided to actually move onto the Ouray Reservation:

"The May 26, 1906, Vernal Express spread the alarm: "Many of the residents of Uintah county may not be aware of the fact, but it is nevertheless true, that Indian trouble of gigantic proportion is brewing" A band of White River Utes from the Uintah and Ouray Reservation, numbering between 300 and 700, was on the move north. The Express continued: "They informed the settlers that they are going to one of the northern reservations where a great gathering of all the Indians in the west has been arranged for, to council over their supposed grievances. They express freely their determination to fight rather than return."

An example of the kind of bad dealings going on then involved one of the bands of



Figure 25 <http://historytogo.utah.gov/mesautes.html>

the Paiutes that was named the Poseys. This group lived south of the Ouray reservation but consequences of their actions spilled over onto the reservation. Their leader in this time

period became known as "Posey" also and he was accused of all of the evils of Indians. Here's a photo of him (standing, second from the left) and a group of Indian leaders who met with whites to talk about land allotments, which kills me. It is bizarre that things got so turned around that Indians were the supplicants.

Mom told a few stories that involved her family and Indians. She wasn't born until 2 years after the family had left the reservation so she either heard them from siblings or from her parents. One example involved food. One day while Fuller was away from the house, Teen heard a loud knock on her door. She wasn't expecting guests and wondered why her kids would knock or if a neighbor was coming to visit. She wiped her hands on her apron and when she opened the door she was surprised to see two solemn Indian men. They didn't speak any English to her but pantomimed eating and drinking. Teen was not really comfortable at the prospect but invited them into the house because a refusal might have unexpected consequences, and besides, she was a nice person anyway. She took them in and set them at the table. Then she prepared food that was quick to prepare and gave it to the men. They ate it and indicated that they wanted more, so Teen gave them more. At no time in this interchange that probably lasted half an hour did Teen show any fear. She treated them with respect and they were respectful of her. When they were filled to satiety, they got up, said words to her and walked out the door.

Bear Dance

This image was taken in 1925 on the reservation, 5 years after Teen and Fuller had returned to Naples. The dance they were performing was the "Bear Dance" described thusly:

"One aspect of the social and religious life of the People is the Bear Dance, traditionally performed in the spring. Symbolically, it was a ceremony taught by a bear to the Utes to help the animals awaken from hibernation and to strengthen the relationship between man and this very powerful creature. The brush circle in which the dance is performed is called "cave of sticks" and is constructed of cottonwood limbs, juniper boughs, and sagebrush. The structure opens to the east and represents a bear's den, while the rasping sound of a wooden stick dragged across another serrated stick represents the noises of a bear."



Figure 26

<http://historytogo.utah.gov/mesautes.html>

The "cave of sticks" referred to here must be the large encirclement of brush shown in the first photo above of the reservation.

Freighting between Price and Roosevelt

In order to raise some cash to buy the goods he needed to build up his homestead and to provide for his family, grandpa did familiar work. He loved and understood horses so was able to find work as a freighter. This image is from page 381 of Rodger Polley's history of the Uintah Railroad and shows Uintah Railroad Freighters in Vernal in 1905, two



years before the family moved to the Indian Reservation as they called it. Freighting was tough, physical labor both in terms of handling the freight and heavy wagon as well as handling the teams of strong, wilful horses. Grandma said he did a lot of this freighting work while she "took care of the family and did chores." That's a mild way to say she took care of everything around the homestead for days at a time while he was away working with these wagons horses.

Reading the second volume of Polley's history of the Uintah Railroad is sort of like reading a history of my own family, particularly the sections dealing with Watson, Rainbow, Vernal and Jensen.

Annual Visits to Reservation

Mom said that they would take trips out to the reservation some years. They'd load the wagon with their food and bedding, hitch the horses up and make the trip out to I oka. That's where Grandpa Angus moved some time after Teen got married. I oka is a few miles from the reservation so the family could spend the night at Grandpa Angus's place, go over to the reservation during the day for the ceremonies and return to spend the night. They'd stay as many days as the ceremony lasted and then return to Naples.

Mom said that they also made annual trips to I oka for Easter or other important celebrations. They obviously had to do this by wagon and loved it. It's hard today to

imagine what it would be like to travel 45 miles behind horses that were just walking. A long slow trip but when you didn't know anything else, it was fine I suppose.

Bottle Hollow

Footnote to the Ouray Indian Reservation. It is a sad commentary on the consequences of the clash between the industrialized Europeans and the pre-technological Indian cultures to see the place called "Bottle Hollow." It is now a run-down, sad-looking inn-motel combination on US 40 near Roosevelt.

The name is the key to the sad story. Not far from this hollow, a gulch that runs across US 40, is the entrance into the reservation. When Indians would go into town, some of them would buy alcohol. The feds had decreed that it was illegal for them to have alcohol so a guard might be standing at the entrance to check the Indians and their vehicles before they were allowed in. To prevent tickets and incarceration, Indians would drink down their bottles and then pitch them from the highway into this hollow. That way they could pass the guards. Pretty sad story.

The tribe tried to make money by building a spiffy looking motel and restaurant in the 1960's but it didn't succeed. The motel was well-planned, was constructed of concrete and had a pleasing form and design but the traffic was not sufficient to make it succeed. Tourists on that stretch of the highway are headed further east or west before they plan to stop for anything more than gas, so the plan failed. The name is a reminder of this sad dimension to white and Indian cultures.

Move to Naples

In 1920, Fuller decided that conditions there weren't as good there and they were about back in Naples area. He doubtless heard things from his and Teen's extended families who still lived in Jensen along the Green River. Plus, grandpa may have just gotten tired of the hardships of homesteading. In any event, they decided that the time had come to make the move back to Naples.

Grandma's history says that a major reason for making this move back to that area was so that Harold could go to high school in Vernal. But they went to Naples. I'm not sure how that worked. In those days there were no school buses to get kids to school, and grandpa didn't have a car, so how could Harold make the 4 miles trip each morning from Naples to Vernal to be in school when it started around 8:30 a.m. I just called Harold and asked him how that worked. He said that the problem of how to get to school on time was solved by moving into Vernal during the week. That way he didn't have so far to go. Then on the weekends he'd go back to the farm in Naples to help out.

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.



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 patters 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 5th 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.

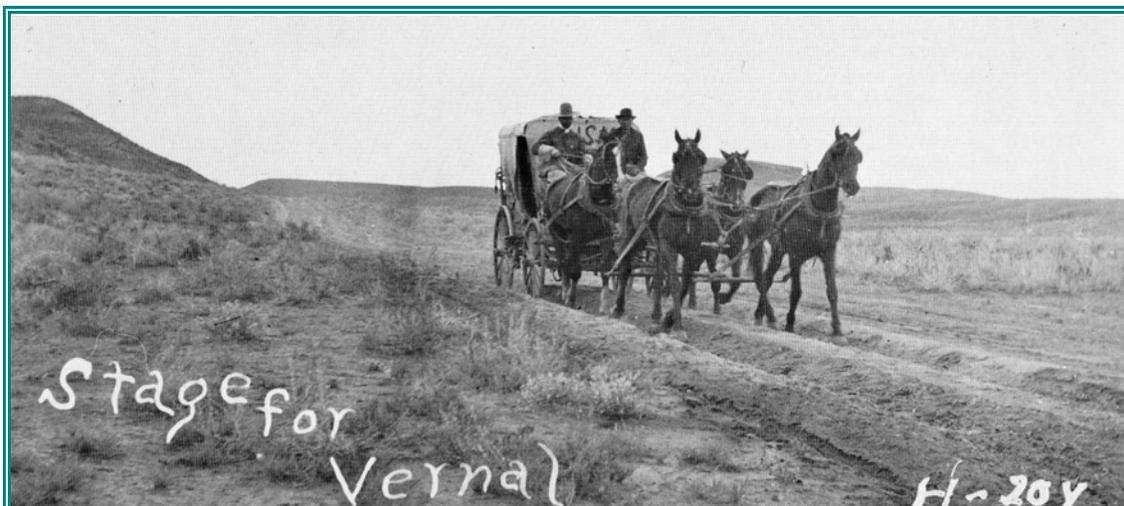
Sixth Grade Jacob Lybbert was the teacher. He spent much of the time talking about geology as that was his hobby. It was of interest to me as when we lived in Rainbow Dr. Earl Doubles (get his title) had been collection fossils and let all of the young folks help him."

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

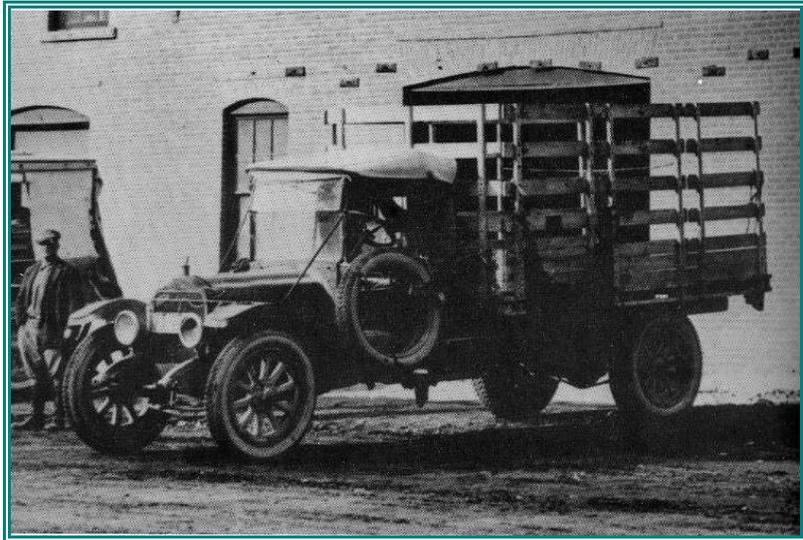
Around 1925, after living in Naples for five years, he decided that he'd move his family to the gilsonite mines further south where there was good money. He kept the Naples farm to return to when he was ready to return. The gilsonite mines first opened in 1902, so had been in operation for about 23 years 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 Uintah 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.



Gilsonite Mining

Rainbow was a tiny town located in the desert a few miles from the Utah-Colorado state line. It was built by a gilsonite mining company for one purpose: to have a place for its employees to live with their families while they mined and shipped gilsonite. All of the nearby small towns -which is actually an extravagant term to describe some of them as you will see below- were built by the mining companies. This meant that the whole community of Rainbow was owned by the company, so there was little impetus for competing businesses to develop.

The first commercial gilsonite mines -the Black Dragon Mine and the Bandana Mine- were in the Dragon area right at the Colorado line, but those veins were quickly depleted. To replace them, other mines were opened. During the time grandpa and his family lived in Rainbow, it became the largest producer of the mineral and maintained that prominence until late 1939 .

About the time the mines were opened, the mining companies also started the famous but now defunct 75 mile long narrow-gauge Uintah Railroad. It was built specifically to transport gilsonite from the mines to Mack, Colorado. There was a Denver & Rio Grande terminus in Mack where its trains could load the gilsonite and move it to manufacturing centers in the east and west.

The map shows the last section of the tracks, with Rainbow Junction being the place where the 4 mile spur to Rainbow took off. The original design for the rails ended at Dragon, Utah. However, as the veins in that region were exhausted and new veins were found to the north, the rails were extended to Watson, with the spur to Rainbow in the west a few miles.

Upwards of 200 men were employed in Rainbow during its heyday by the two mining companies in the business, The American Asphaltum Co. and the Gilson Mining Co. Grandpa set up housekeeping in Rainbow and there a few years during which time Marie was a child. He eked out a living for his large family. The atmosphere of this life in my mind is that of near poverty. Perhaps it wasn't but he must struggled mightily to provide for his large family in Rainbow because he didn't have a garden on account of the lack of surface water, and he couldn't keep livestock. Chickens, rabbit and deer in season constituted the bulk of their meat. The pay for this work must have been attractive to make him and a lot of other men move into those limited circumstances.

When the gilsonite veins ran out in Rainbow, Fuller moved back to Naples. The railroad was stopped about that time, and so did Rainbow. The houses of Rainbow were even disassembled and carted over to Bonanza where a new vein was opened. When I visited Rainbow in 1953, it was nothing but falling down houses and today when I did an internet search of ghost towns in Utah, Rainbow doesn't even show up. Watson did, but not Rainbow.

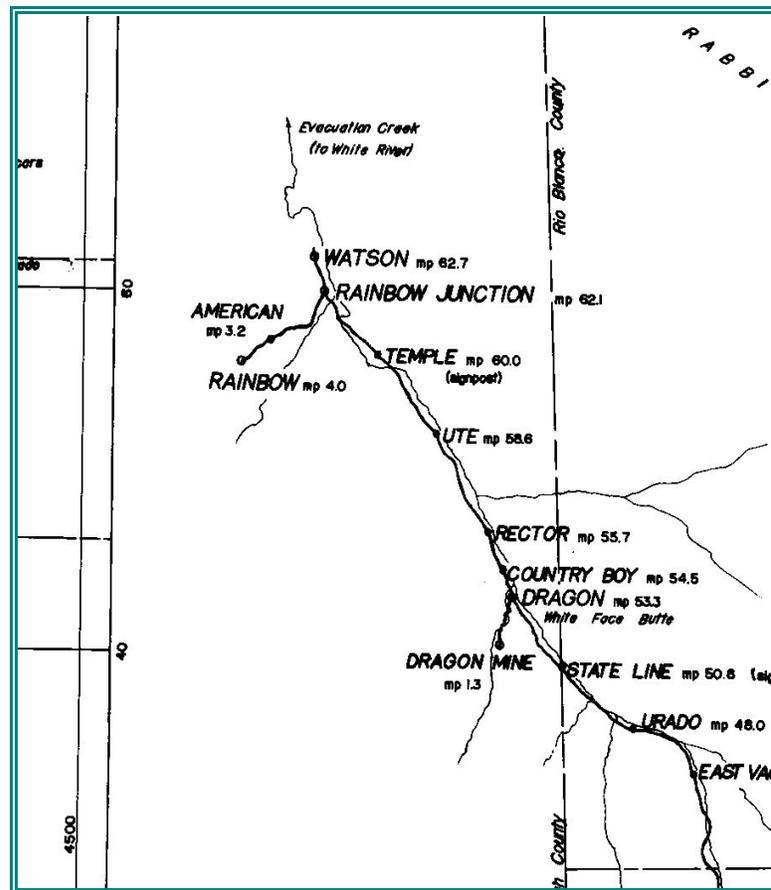


Figure 33 North end of Uintah Railroad
(Bender 1971:20)

When we visited Rainbow during the 1953 summer, the 1953 cream and brown Chevrolet was filled with dad, Aunt Doris and Uncle John, Dick and I . We went out to the desert southeast of Vernal and drove into Rainbow. The area around Rainbow was perfectly flat and was bordered by more steep hills of shale. On the far side of the town at the foot of that cliff, there was a wide dry wash. Some of the houses looked like they had been damaged by water. That indicated that a river flooded through the area in the spring. We were there at the height of summer, and rain wasn't likely to fall in any quantity for months. But a kid raised in the region had heard plenty of stories of people out camping who were deluged and swept away by the huge flash floods that quickly develop when there is a heavy rain storm. The parched ground cannot absorb most of the water which actually creates sort of an impervious clay seal over the ground that prevents more rain from being absorbed. In this situation, the rain quickly accumulates into powerful floods that unexpectedly churn down dry washes and sweep away animals, vehicles, and campers, killing some of them. I was fearful that might happen to us in Rainbow in spite of the clear blue sky. My greatest wish was to get out as soon as possible, just in case. The desolation of the ghost town accentuated the anxiety about floods. What if a flash flood had been the cause of the total departure of the inhabitants? If it happened then, it could happen again. Even the presence of my favorite Doris didn't deflect this train of thought.



Rainbow Camp

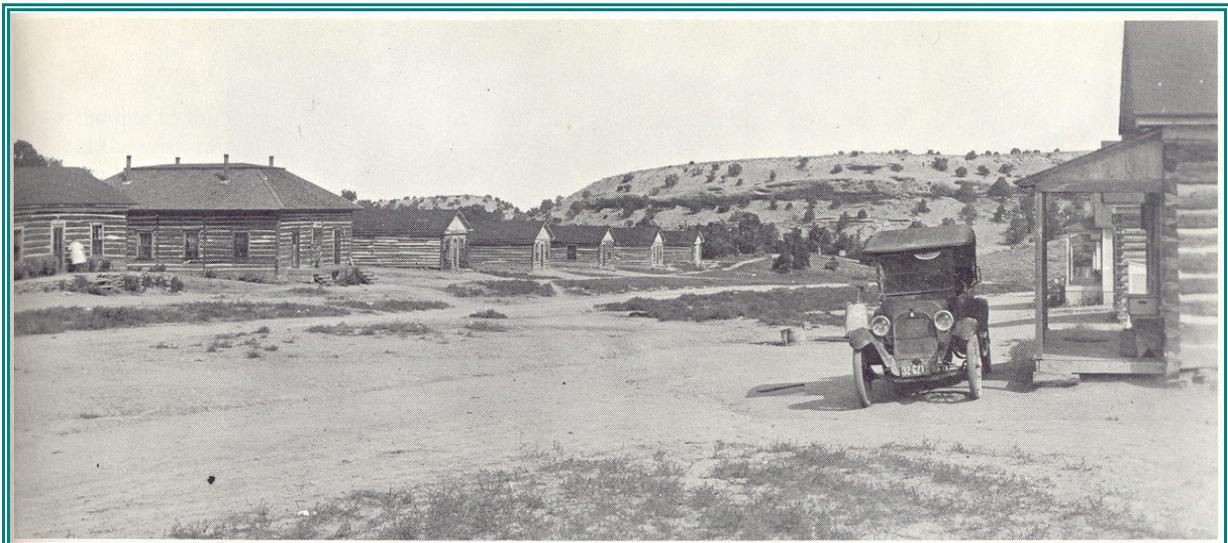


Figure 35. Rainbow, Utah in 1922 (Bender 1971:97)

Rainbow Camp, as grandma Merrell called it, was a small cluster of buildings on a flat between the mountains where gilsonite was mined. It was laid out along a single wide opening that might be called a road but was wider than that. The original houses were sawed logs well-chinked to keep in the heat and out the cold. The following image of Rainbow was taken in 1922, a year before mom was born and is an excellent representation of the small dry town. I found it in Bender's book which is in my collection for whoever wants it. Turns out that dad also has a copy of the book.

When I talked to Mom recently about what it was like in Rainbow, she said that when they moved to Rainbow, there were no private homes available. The only lodging available for the 11-member family when they moved to Rainbow from the Reservation was one of the apartment houses. That would have been a challenge for a family that had 12 members. As grandpa gained seniority and other families moved out, he was given a single family dwelling. It was a marvelous thing later to find this photo and see the large building on the left of this photo. That is the "apartment house" that grandma and his family were forced to live in until a single family dwelling became vacant. Some time after they moved into that building, a single family dwelling became available across the road. Mom said that one her first memories is of her carrying a heavy kettle across the "road" to the new house.

In 1953, we wandered around the town and went into some of these old buildings. They didn't look as good then as they do in this photo. They were simple structures with no plumbing or electricity and no interior doors. The outside doors and windows were missing. Either the last family to live there took them to a new house, or the houses were vandalized later. The roofs had holes in them and the walls were unpainted. I wondered about what it must have been like for Marie to be a child out there in a tiny community, isolated from a town of any size. Kids will be kids and will find things to entertain themselves and perhaps living in this narrow canyon was fun. How did the family get groceries, was there mail service, where did they keep their animals? There were no more people or livestock in the town, no crops, irrigation or vehicles. Just a collection of decrepit abandoned houses that had been left behind because that was all that could be done when each family left and the mining companies wrote the properties off. The sky was clear overhead while we wandered around, the sun was shining and nothing bad had happened to us, yet the visit was depressing. I didn't specifically think, "What a sad place for mom to have been a child!" but today that is the sense I have of my emotional response to Rainbow in 1953.

When we returned to Naples and talked to her about what we saw, I don't know if mom expected that we would be happy to see the place or whether she even thought about it at all. She didn't say much about what we said when we returned. It was Dad and Doris who were particularly interested in seeing the place. Since we were already in the region, it was a simple matter to get to Rainbow by driving on down the road. Whatever, I was struck by the sadness and desolation of the sad little town, isolated by many parched desert miles from any other community. After spending an hour or so in the desolate, dry, depressing, deserted town, we got back in the car and returned to Vernal. The dirt road we drove joined Route 40 just west of Jensen on the top of the hill to the west of the "Dinah the Dinosaur" statue.

I called mom last night to ask about Rainbow. I learned more about her childhood in that hour than I learned in the rest of my life with her. She lived there several years, moving to Naples around the age of 6. In Naples her dad hewed logs and erected a house on a piece of land that continues to be occupied today by his oldest son Harold, age 98, some of Harold's kids and their families and some of Ross' kids and families.

Unitah Railway

Grandpa worked for the gilsonite mining companies. They and the Unitah Railway are the only businesses I know of that spent much money on the development of Eastern Utah, so deserve compliments. True, they based their investment on the expected payoff from shipping gilsonite to San Francisco and the East, but nonetheless, there were some pretty generous folk in these companies to even grant credence to that proposition. The railway advertised itself with the grandiose words of this flyer. I don't know what it refers to when it says that "millions of acres of agricultural lands recently opened..."

Mack,
Colorado is where the

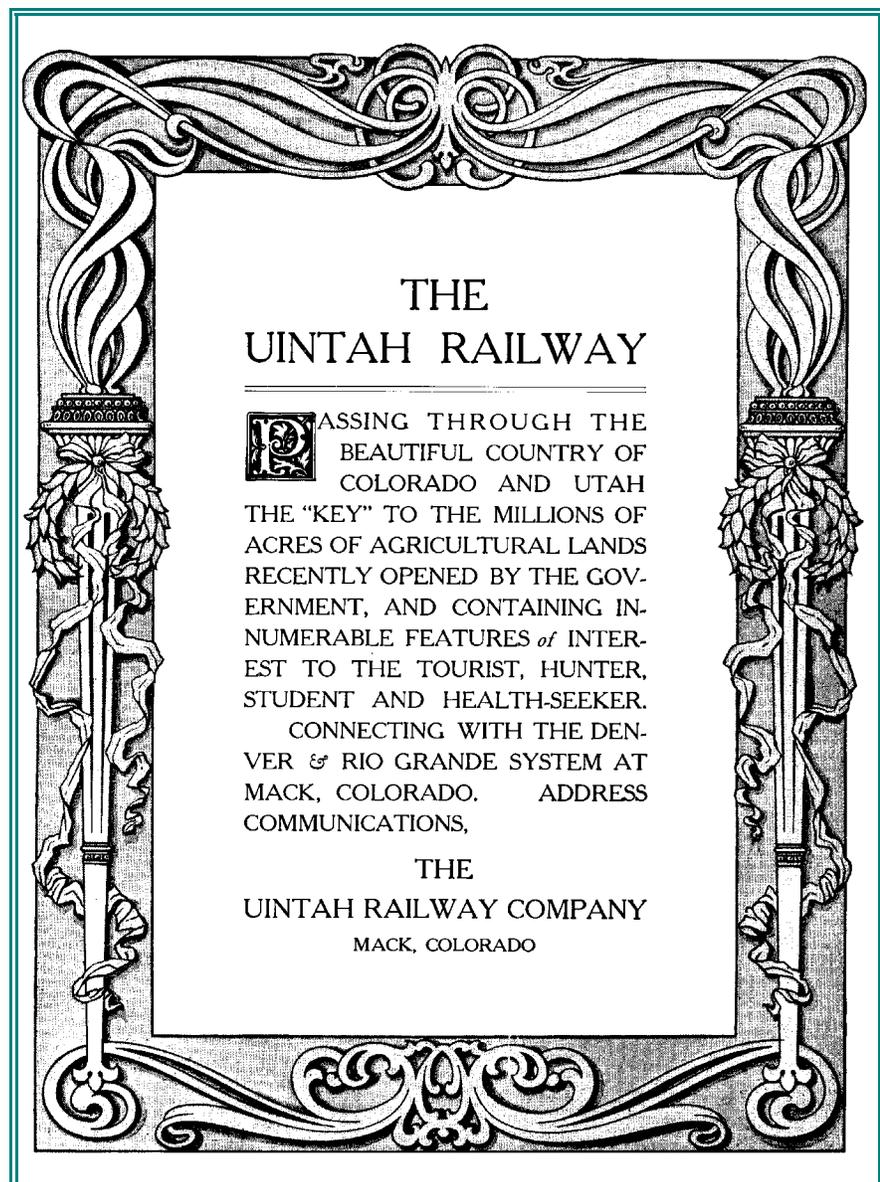


Figure 36 Bender 1971:130

rail line started, in the middle of no where. I drove through it many times in 1971, when I worked for Dad on Dry Mesa. There is nothing there except for a cross road, a run-down rock shop and the concrete foundations of a few buildings long gone. Dad told me -at least this is how I remember it- that the famous "Mack trucks" were originated in the town of Mack to haul gilsonite. My memory is that he said the trucks were named for Mack, Colorado where there were built specifically to haul gilsonite. Perhaps that was his understanding, which is credible. But it turns out that the Mack was developed elsewhere and used successfully in Mack to haul gilsonite.

I have wondered since what role, if any the development of the Mack Truck played in Fuller's decision to leave Rainbow. Was the Depression the reason for his leaving, or was the demand for mule skimmers decreasing because of the influx of these new-fangled trucks? Here are photos of Mack trucks that were operational in the 1920's which may have driven Fuller from his job. It is well documented that trains replaced horses in the



Figure 38 1926 Mack Truck
<http://www.pacificnwtruckmuseum.org/Show2000/MackTrucks.html>



Figure 37 1926 Mack Truck
<http://www.pacificnwtruckmuseum.org/Show2000/MackTrucks.html>

gilsonite industry, and that trucks replaced the trains, so perhaps these trucks are the reason that Grandpa moved to Naples.

Mom said that there was no farming at all in Rainbow so my memory of fields and gardens is incorrect. There were not even kitchen gardens because there was no water in the town other than that provided by the tank cars of the Unitah Railway out of Atchee, Colorado. The dry washes in the canyon were just that, gullies that were filled only during the spring or with the rain from a large thunderstorm. All water that the families used to cook and wash, and bath -which was rare- had to be transported to Rainbow from outside, except for that which was caught during rain storms from the house roofs in barrels.

Mom said that she and the kids were cautioned to be careful in the dry washes. Flash floods could come along and sweep them away. It would have been a sobering background to live and play in. Look at the narrow canyon in the next figure and imagine that the lazy stream turned into a raging flood that washed away granite boulders in its path.

Vegetables were available in the summer. They were hauled to the mining towns of Watson, Rainbow and Dragon in covered wagons drawn by horses. Out of Jensen, Utah or Vernal, Utah or Fort Duchesne, Utah. After its arrival, the wagon was located in the center of the town and women would go buy what they could afford.

There was one telephone in the town, the kind that was powered by small batteries. To get it to ring on the other end of the line, the user had to turn a crank which would activate a bell. The receiving party would hear the ring and pick up the phone. This phone went to Jensen and then to Vernal.

Mom said that Thelma, Ross' wife, was the telephone and telegraph operator for the Uintah Railroad. That's how Ross met her in Rainbow. She was stationed at Watson, the town in this photo, but went anywhere along the line that she was needed.

Watson was at the last town on the Uintah Railroad, the end of the line. Note in this photo the narrow canyon and river which flooded in the spring. The river is named "Evacuation Creek" which doubtless reveals something about things that happened in the region years before. The rails and the road were the only access to this desolate forsaken piece of real estate. Recently while I was asking mom about Rainbow, she referred to "The Vac" and startled herself. She said that she hadn't remembered that name since she was a kid, the name she used to refer to this creek.

This was territory that is acknowledged by historians to experience terrible floods particularly during the late summer and fall months, although they could also occur at other times of the year. The Uintah Railway books that I have, Bender (1970) and Polley (1999) contain stories of the catastrophes that happened along the Uintah Railroad at the hands of Mother Nature. Astonishing stories. The Uintah Railroad was one of the most rugged narrow gauge railroads in the world. The worst point was at a spot named "Moro Castle" on account of a small mesa by the tracks.



Figure 39 View of Watson with Uintah Railway narrow gauge tracks and a horse-drawn wagon between Evacuation Creek and cliffs.

[View image on Commons](#)

As the trains neared this point in the railroad, they entered a 66 degree turn which is an extremely sharp turn. Because of the terrain that had to be traversed by the rails at this point, the grade also rose to 7 ½%. An incredible turn and grade that most engines could not negotiate. In preparation for coming down from the summit, trains stopped at the top, checked all brakes again and even set some hand brakes to keep the train from running away. Special engines were required to handle the tight turns and angles because most narrow gauge engines would derail or not have the motive power to pull the load. Shay engines built by Lima or Baldwin for logging in the northwest were purchased and served the line well. The drivers were powered by gears instead of the more familiar pistons.

I read a story today in Bender from an engineer recounting his experience in the worst snow storm he ever experienced. He was driving a single Shay engine that day, and in the high passes he encountered a large snow slide that covered the rails. He was stopped flat when he had tried to clear the slide alone, even when he backed up and hit the snow slide at speed. He returned to the last stop he had passed and after consultation it was decided to link three Shays together, not just two but three, for the extra motive power and weight. The string of three engines got up a head of steam and approached the snow slide. They stopped a short distance from the slide, unhooked the ore train and set its brakes. The plan was to return and re-connect the ore cars after the slide was cleared. To be sure that the three engines would have the power and speed to do the job, they opened their throttles up wide open so that when they hit the slide at full speed, they would, indeed, blow through it. They did. The snow flew aside as they magnificently flew through it. But as they slowed down to return and pick up the train of ore cars, they saw the snow slide collapse again on the rails. Since the snow plow was now on the front of the string of 3 engines, there was no way for them to go back to collect the train. They did the next best thing. They continued on to Atchee or Mack where they could turn around. After their arrival, wiser heads counseled that they wait the night and return in the morning to go through the slide and pick up the ore cars. They waited and returned to the slide in the morning. When they arrived, could not find the ore cars. They pulled out binoculars and after surveying the surrounding terrain, they found the remains of the cars far below the rails. The train had been washed off the tracks during the night by another mammoth snow slide. If they had not blown through the slide, they, too, might have lost their lives in the second slide. Such was the life on the Uintah Railway.

Watson Town

The town of Watson was smaller than the town of Rainbow. The entire town is seen in the two photos on the next page from Bender's excellent [Uintah Railway](#), page 96. Bender's text accompanying these two photos reads:

"Nearly all of the new town of Watson, Utah, is seen in the two photographs on this page. The big building with the sign on the end is the Uintah Railway station and freight house. Just to the left and across the tracks, in the photo below, is the Watson Hotel. The road at the bottom of the narrow canyon in the foreground (below) led up the hill to Rainbow and it was definitely a road that required caution

on the part of the drive. On one occasion a traveling salesman's auto was caught and demolished by a flash flood, and another time a Ford roadster driven by the Uintah's agent at Watson, H. Bair, met a Chrysler head-on in the canyon, completely wrecking both cars and injuring the agent and his son."

(Bender 1971:96)



Figure 40. Road from Rainbow bottom left, looking across Watson



Figure 41 Watson - Road to Rainbow in top center of image
(Bender. 1971:96)

The road in Figure 14 is the one that grandpa Merrell took the family on when they went from Rainbow to shop in Watson.

Mom said that going to get groceries "was an adventure." Her dad hitched the horses to the family wagon, the kids piled in and away they went, five miles down the dusty road to Watson along that narrow road into Watson. Pretty darn desolate and barren isn't it. There was one dry goods store -in the center of Figure 15- that sold all the staples they needed, plus vegetables in season. Mom described this trip as "exciting".

Each family had its own root cellar to store root crops through the winter, potatoes, carrots, turnips and bottled food. In December mom's parents started collecting Christmas gifts and didn't have any place in the small crowded house to hide them, so they put them in the cellar and locked it. That was OK with mom because she didn't have to go down to the cellar to get anything. As the baby she was constantly being bossed around, ordered to do things for her older brothers and sisters that they could have done themselves but it was so convenient to have a little hand maiden to wait on them that she kept her busy.

The cellar was also a source of sadness to mom. She loved cats which were hard to get out there in the desert where coyotes would hunt them. She'd been given one kitten that got killed somehow so she begged for another one. Her parents finally got her another and admonished her to take good care of it so it didn't die like her last one did. One day after playing with it, she took it down into the cellar to put it away for safe-keeping. It was an odd place to keep a kitten but Marie was being careful of the kitten. After setting it down on the floor of the cellar, she ran up the few stairs and heaved the cellar shut. The door came down just as the kitten was starting to climb out. It was crushed - so was Marie. She didn't get another kitty.

Grandpa Merrell in the Rainbow Mines

Fuller worked in the Rainbow mine, the Rainbow Vein. He didn't work directly in the mines, rather he handled the horses that hauled the ore cars into and out of the mine and moved freight. Here's a shot of a string of freighters getting ready to leave Watson at about the time Fuller was working down the road from Rainbow. That's what grandpa Merrell did, work with horses and wagons like this, just like this, at this very same time in this very same area. He had his own wagon but these large wagons are probably company rigs and stock.

This is the road seen above that he took to go to Rainbow with his wagon full of kids to buy groceries. Marie crossed this way many times.

To give you a more dramatic sense of precisely what grandpa did and the setting in which he did it,

I've enclosed on the next page a photo that I purchased from the University of Utah.



Freighting outfits outbound from end of railroad at Watson by Evacuation Creek, a water trough, and cliffs.

<http://gowest.coalliance.org/cgi-bin/imager?00138204+GB-8204>.

This page is to be landscape of the Black Dragon Miners

See the guy in the clean clothes standing between the team of horses? That's the job grandpa Merrell had. You can also see how gilsonite veins run. Narrow, vertical veins that are solid gilsonite. Gilsonite is not a mixture of rock and ore. It is basically pure ore. When gilsonite is excavated, the walls of the mine have to be shored up to prevent cave-ins because there is nothing to support them otherwise.

Mom said that grandpa also had some kind of authority in the town to try and help resolve problems between people. If he couldn't handle it, the problem was kicked up to a supervisor. There was no government in Rainbow so the company hierarchy was the controlling influence.

Rattle snakes were common so kids were cautioned to avoid all snake. There were few things to play with in that desolate country and a snake was an interesting addition to a kid's boring day but they were off limits. I was always fascinated by these tubular slinky things when I saw them on the lawn or in a ditch. The folk lore of the region said that if you killed a snake, it didn't actually die until sunset. Us kids looked at what looked like pretty dead snakes, not able to understand why people said they were not dead, but the people obviously knew about these things so we obviously were just not understanding and left them alone until the next day.

Daily living was typical for the frontier. They cooked with coal brought on the Unitah Railroad from the company mines in Carbonera, Colorado. The coal was for the locomotives as well as domestic use. There was a small electricity generator that was turned on in the evenings for a few hours. The remainder of the time they used kerosene lanterns for light. Coal was also used for heating the homes in the winter.

There were no gardens and no farming because there was not enough water to do that. Outside of the few head of milk cows there were no livestock. All of the water that was used in Rainbow was brought into the town either by wagon or by train. By the time mom was born, the train had taken over the duty entirely and had 3 water cars to haul water in from Atchee, Colorado. At one point Atchee lost one of its two water tanks, so an urgent message was sent out to all towns along the railroad to conserve water!

There were a few milk cows in Rainbow because mom remembers the times they would get fresh milk.

Uintah basin is a prime location for Gilsonite that is not found anywhere else in the world. It was discovered in the late 1800's and is only found in Utah and Colorado with traces in Oregon. It is a hydrocarbon described as "solidified petroleum". It resembles

hardened tar in that it is hard and lightweight, and cleaves like obsidian, though it is much lighter in weight than obsidian. It occurs in vertical veins that generally aren't even a hundred feet wide. A man named Gilson is the one who found uses for the stuff for which reason it was renamed from "uintaite" to "gilsonite". After industry discovered this substance, the price skyrocketed to \$325 per POUND. That explains why businesses were willing to spend large amounts of money to get the ore.

This is an early shot of the Rainbow Vein probably about the time that Fuller moved there with his family. Mule skinnners still played a major role in the mines as you see here. The hauling of gilsonite was done three ways over the life of the mines. Horses were used in 1902 when commercial mining started. Wagons were supplanted by the Uintah Railroad. However, the spur to Rainbow wasn't constructed for another 15 years so horse-drawn wagons like these were the only mode of transport. Gilsonite was generally transported in large gunny sacks each of which weighed 200+ pounds. In the 1920's, trucks began to replace the train as the preferred method for transporting gilsonite out of the mining town.

In the beginning, the mineral was mined by men standing on the vein swinging pickaxes. The loosened chunks were bagged in gunny sacks and hand-carried to the edge of the vein. For this reason the most productive veins were those situated on hills. That allowed the stuff to be rolled down hill. For obvious reasons the depth of the mine was not great. At the edge of the pit the gunny sacks of ore were loaded into horse-drawn wagons for transport.

No explosives could be used in the mining process both because it would have loosened the already unstable walls and because of the extremely high risk of secondary

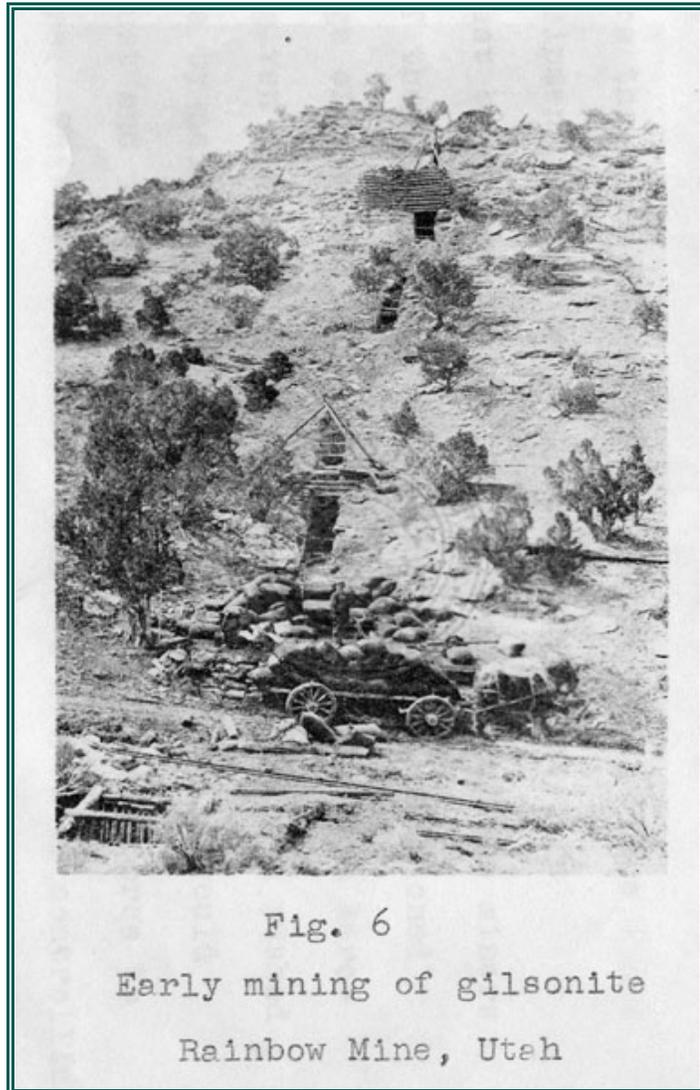


Fig. 6
Early mining of gilsonite
Rainbow Mine, Utah

Figure 43 Early Mining of Gilsonite Rainbow Mine, Utah

http://content.lib.utah.edu/cgi-bin/pview.exe?CISOROOT=/Photo_Archives&CISOPTR=8766&CISORESTMP=/qbuild/photo_template1.html&CISOVIEWTMP=/qbuild/template2.html

explosions and fires. When a mine caught fire it was abandoned to burn itself out both because there was no water in the desert to attempt to extinguish it and because even if there had been water it would not have extinguished the ferociously burning hydrocarbon.

The other serious problem with gilsonite mines was the constant danger of collapse.

The vertical walls of any height in an open pit threatened to cave in on the miners. There were limited resources to shore up the walls and there was no mine safety oversight agency to see that miners were protected. Since the cost of transporting lumber and timbers from Mack or Craig or Vernal or Bonanza or Price was so high, the mine owners doubtless skimmed on the shoring. I don't have documentation to prove that and I am sure that none of them would admit to that, nor would the men who relied on the companies for their livelihood admit it. But it is, nonetheless, true. That is the essence of business: cut costs every place you can to maximize the return on investment.

The other major threat was the extremely high risk of explosion. The danger arises from the dust that is produced during the mining process. Virtually any dust, e.g. dust in empty grain storage silos, when at the right concentration in air can be ignited. But gilsonite itself is flammable so gilsonite dust is more likely to be ignited. The resulting fire would ignite the vein of gilsonite and could not be extinguished. Any men in the wrong place when that happened were doomed.

The following pages contain photos of mom at various ages in Rainbow, i.e. from the age of 2 to the age of 7-8.

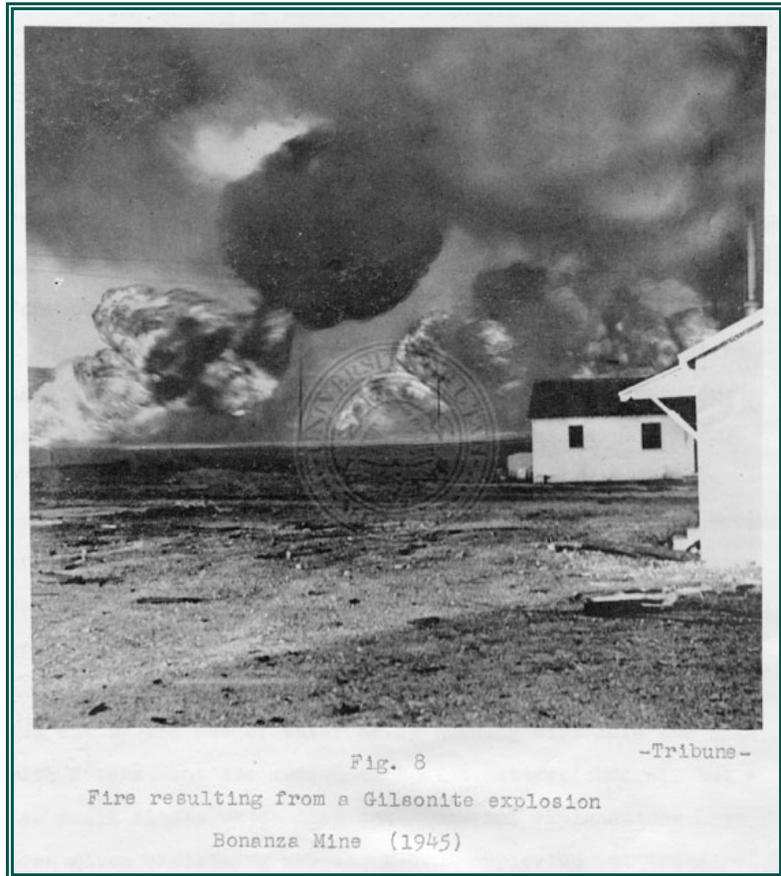
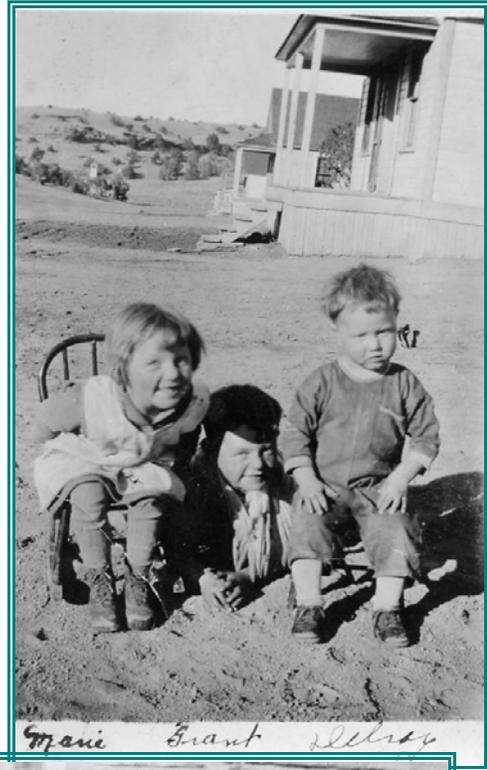


Figure 44 Bonanza fire when I was 3 years old

Marie in Rainbow

This is Marie with Grant who is two years older than she is and Delroy who is 2 years younger than she is. They're playing in the front of their house in the open central area of Rainbow as you can tell by the row of houses with the sage brush-spotted hill in the background. There was no pavement, no sidewalks and few toys or things to play with. Kids just made up things to do.

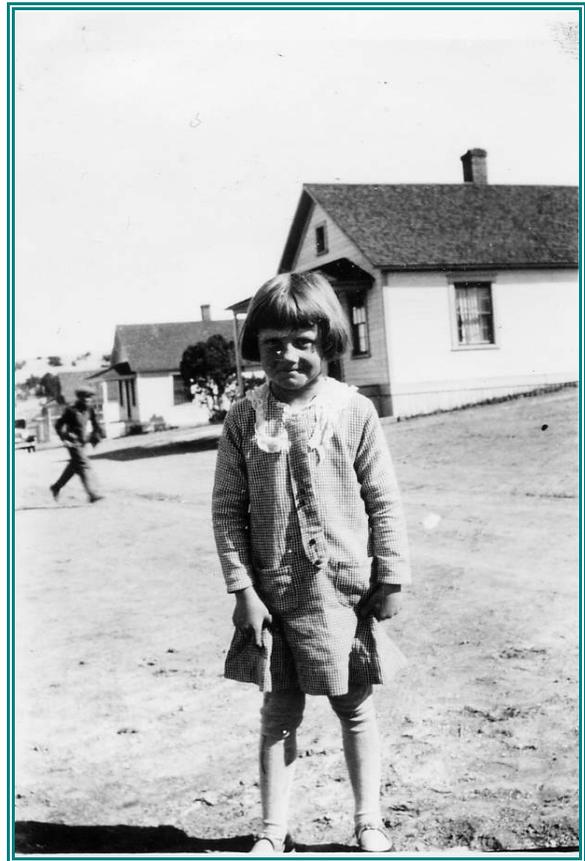


This image shows her in the same outfit, probably taken the same day, with Grant and another kid that must be a neighbor. He's about Grant's age, doesn't look like Delroy in the above photo and doesn't look like Leo who was 2 years older. He must have been a neighbor who wandered over for the occasion. They are making mud pies with water that had to be hand-carried from the central hydrant in the camp. Their tools are coal shovels. There's a wagon in the background.



She appears to be dressed in her Sunday-go-to-meetin' dress here. Some guy is running in the background.

I 'm not sure what the difference is between the photo with a sawed log cabin and the photos with houses with white siding. Perhaps the siding was not applied to all sides of the houses, or in the photo with the log cabin they are playing in front of someone else's home.



Marie looks to be around 6 years old and is holding her baby doll in the winter behind someone's car that has chains on. That's Delroy, her baby brother, the only sibling who was younger than she was. The doll and snow suggest this might have been around Christmas time when someone came from Jensen or Naples to visit with presents.



TomBoy

Mom was a tomboy, a real spit-in-your-eye, in-your-face tomboy. Now that I suggest this to you, you will draw the same conclusion as you think of the way she lived but there is persuasive evidence from Rainbow, for example, this photo. Some one is firmly holding her for this photo.

She's wearing her go-to-school outfit of a jacket, white shirt, tie, skirt, stockings and shoes but that's the only regulation thing she's doing. Otherwise, she looks like she's been in a brawl somewhere. Even her attitude shows that she isn't willingly taking time out of her day to have this photo, a sort of challenging look at the camera, not daring to say what she's thinking, but thinking it nonetheless. Her shoes are scuffed when I suspect grandma polished them regularly, her stockings are dirty, her tie is pulled loose and askew and the bottom 6 inches of her skirt are completely covered with dirt. It's almost white. She has obviously been playing in the desert with other kids, completely forgetting -or choosing to forget- that she should go home after school and change first into everyday clothes. The result is obvious and proves the point: she was a tomboy.

I actually hadn't realized that before. I'm 60 and it startles me to realize that I didn't understand this about my mom, but I didn't. During my life with her, she was a proper sort of lady in demeanor and dress. However, I look back and see things that suggested that she was a tomboy but I didn't understand. Those things actually irritated me and perhaps they wouldn't have done so had I understood where she was coming from.

For example, I remember in Boston how she would grab an arm around my neck, pull me down a bit, and lightly punch me in the stomach in front of some of her friends in the Cambridge Branch, a sort of sophisticated outfit of Harvard and MIT students who tried to not show their country roots. I didn't like that, I resented it, but what was a kid to do. So I put up with it. And I tried to remember not to get too close to her when she might try to show off in front of her friends. I don't really know even now what the point of that mock toughness, that playfulness was, because it didn't fit with the rest of my experience of her. She tended in the rest of her life to be sober and serious. I think it was the dissonance between the two modes that irritated me.

You can see the same unwillingness to stand still for her photo in other photos. When I told her yesterday that I had discovered that she had been a tomboy, she



instantly challenged me, "What do you mean I "was"?!" She added, "I still am!" She is. When you see the photos of her cooking on the Yukon or fishing in Resurrection Bay, you'll see the proof.

Today when I brought the topic up with her again, she had another flash of memory. She said that she just remembered that if she woke up in the morning before Delroy, her younger brother, she would put on his overalls. That's tomboyish, isn't it. I asked her what her mom did about that and she said she didn't remember but "Delroy was sure bent out of shape."

Her new memories last night involved friends, snakes and the mines. I asked her who she played with because one of the photos shows her with a kid I can't identify who I know was not of her family. She said she didn't specifically remember them but she knew that her mom didn't want her to play with most of the kids. "You know how rough some of them could be in a mining camp." I agreed. The odd thing about her comments about friends was the distinction she drew between what she was allowed to do and what her older brothers were allowed to do. She said that her parents weren't so tough on her older brothers but she guessed that was because they could take care of themselves. That may be true and if that's the basis for the judgment about who was allowed to play with anyone, it is not a judgment based on values, not a judgment based on a fear of a kid learning bad habits. But I think it was.

She recalled how she'd play around the place and sometimes would encounter snakes. There wasn't much to play with so they were always interesting. Her mother had told her to never play with snakes but she said she liked to play with them. She would pick up any snake she found, assuming that they were probably water snakes -not likely where she lived- or garter snakes -more possible. I asked if she could tell the difference back then between a rattlesnake and harmless snake and she said she couldn't. But she would pick them up anyway, and would wear them around her neck. Her mom hated it when she brought them home that way.

All little kids were warned about not going up to the mine shafts. They were dangerous and kids could fall in and be killed or rocks could fall on them. She said that she knew what her mom said but that when she could get away with it, she would sneak up to the mines anyway with some other kids. They would go just for the thrill of looking into the dark mines and probably for the thrill of doing something they were forbidden to do. I love it that she did that. She was a tomboy in all respects.

That's part of the reason that her first motorcycle ride with dad didn't scare her. She said that when dad commented to Mable, upon his return from the first ride, that Marie wasn't scared at all, that Marie didn't hang onto him like Mable did, Mable retorted, "Oh, she didn't tell you that she has older brothers who have motorcycles and so she's used to them!" The funny thing is that Mable, too, had those older brothers and Mable was afraid of motorcycle rides - or she took advantage of the rides to squeeze Alvin.

Whatever, mom was a tomboy and loved doing wild things. That's why she was so at home in Alaska and camping and doing things outdoors. Nothing made her squeamish. That's why she laughed at her mother in Naples in 1953 when grandma decided she wasn't going to reach into my pants pockets any more before putting them into the washing machine. She had found a dead frog or something squishy the week before and hated

whatever it was. Her remedy was effective. She'd lay my pants on the floor, and then carefully step on all of the pockets to kill whatever was in them, and if she felt anything, to gingerly hold the pants upside down and empty the pocket from the inside. Mom thought that was funny and silly. Because she, not grandma, was a tomboy.

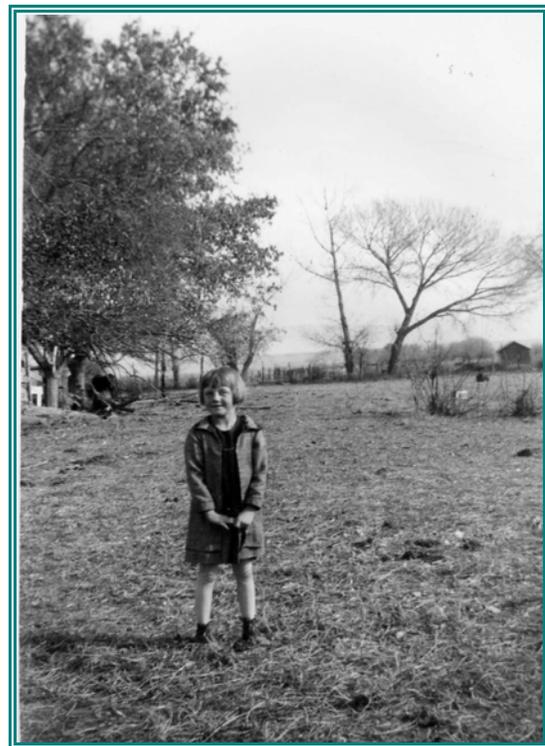
She's got the same outfit on again but the skirt is clean this time. No way to play in the dirt when it's covered with snow. But her necktie is askew again. She must have been a rambunctious kid. The siblings are:

Delroy to her right, with Ray, Leo and Grant in back, left to right.

No one has a coat on. Grant and Leo are wearing those neat hand-knit sweaters.



It is obvious from the photos that the family did return to visit their farm in Naples. In this photo mom is the same age as in the preceding shot and is wearing the same outfit. This time she's got a dark shirt under the jacket and everything is clean. She's wearing ankle boots and grins at the camera again, as if she really wanted to get away but condescended to allow the adult get another photo. The shrubs and plants in the background are on the north fence line where the irrigation ditch runs.



This photo of mom with Mable, Pearl and Bessie, was apparently taken on the same day as the previous photo because mom is the same age wearing the same outfit. This image startled me a great deal. I had not imagined the difference in age between mom and all three of her sisters. She had spoken of feeling like all of her siblings ordered her around as their hand-maiden but I hadn't understood how likely that was. Poor little Marie. She was patronize, condescended to and ordered around. No wonder she left home and never returned.

This image would have been taken on the west end of their property. It's difficult to see but in the distant background you can see the old Naples School that had a central tower with a flagpole. It was taken down many years ago but it stood while I was a little kid in the area. Grandpa and Grandma's little country store was just a few hundred feet north of it.

3 Mom's history

Marie's Sketch of her childhood



This photo is mom at the age of about two and a half, standing in the farm yard of the family place in Naples. I discovered from Harold that mom was in fact born while the family lived in Naples, which is the same as Vernal for practical purposes, not in Rainbow so my memory is wrong that the family lived in Rainbow when she was born. Her own defective memory helped me there. The outbuildings in the back ground are not much different than they were when I lived in the garage that would have been about where mom is standing in this photo.

Following is Mom's brief history that she wrote in Dec. 1959. I found it in July 2002 when I was rummaging through dad's papers, hand-written in pen and pencil on pages torn from a small spiral notebook. It was apparently a class assignment for a genealogy class she and dad took together then. When I transcribed it, I left question marks where she put them.

"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.

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



Figure 54 ~5 years

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.

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 5th 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



Figure 55 ~11 years - in front

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."

Mom's Best Friends

The Goodrich family lived all over Naples like the Merrells did so they knew each other well. Mom's best friends were both Goodrich girls. Her best friends were Grace the sister who was younger than she, and Lenore was her same age. I asked what they did when they played. She said they would go pick fruit and take it to the lawn to eat, or jump rope or any thing they thought to do. Sometimes when their parents approved Lenore and mom would be allowed to borrow bicycles so they could go "up town", a big event for farm girls. She said they'd borrow their brothers' bicycles and drive in alone but they took back streets to avoid "all the traffic." They didn't take any money so just went to have something to do and to look around. She had another Goodrich girl friend, Venna who "was the bishop's daughter" so sometimes there were three Goodrich girls with mom.

Return to Naples

When grandpa and grandma decided they had lived long enough in Rainbow, they pulled up stakes again. They returned to Naples to the farm they had purchased when they moved from the Ouray Indian Reservation. The road they took was the same the used when they went to Rainbow in the first place.

The "Devil's Playground" looked just like this when we



Figure 56 View of a horse drawn stagecoach on the Dragon-Vernal line at "Devil's Playground" <http://gowest.coalliance.org/cgi-bin/imager?10021885+X-21885>

visited it 23 years later in 1953 to hunt fossil turtles and go on to Rainbow. Except our horses were under the hood. Otherwise, it was just like this. Even the road wasn't much different, being a bit smoother perhaps but still packed dirt. . Desolate dry territory that will never look any different until massive mountain building or subsidence happens. Because there is no water to weather and etch and transform the terrain. The top of some of those mounds contained fossils, discussed below in Volume 8 - Seward 1951.

Here's another image of the Devil's Playground, with an automobile this time:



Figure 57 The "Devil's Playground" between Bonanza and Jensen, Utah.

<http://gowest.coalliance.org/cgi-bin/Imager?00138208+GB-8208>

As noted above, this is how Devil's Playground looked when we went there in 1953 to hunt fossil turtles and go on to Rainbow. The road which was still hard-packed dirt that produced immense clouds of dust, was still like a roller-coaster. Many of these mounds contained a turtle skeleton, the objective of our visit to the Devil's Playground.

Farming in Naples

The move from Rainbow to Naples occurred after the onset of the Great Depression. The family consisted of 11 children, two of whom were married, Harold and Ross. Grandpa moved with their belongings, by horse and wagon out to Dragon and then

along this Dragon-Vernal road to Naples.

The family still struggled financially in Naples. Mom told the story today of a new dress that her mom made for her. She was perhaps 8 years old and her mom walked to the Naples Store, out on US 40 about half a mile from her home. While she was there buying some baking soda or other basic staple, she noticed that the store had received a new shipment of hundred pound sacks of flour. Since she always needed more flour she went back and told Little Marie, the last girl of the litter, that there were new flour sacks with pretty designs and asked her if she wanted to walk back to store and pick one out. Mom did,



Figure 58

<http://vintagefabrics.safeshopper.com/8/73.htm?837>

so they went back to the store and she picked out one that she liked, one that had a pretty design. Grandma used the flour in her trice weekly baking of 8 loaves of bread. She washed the sack, took the seam apart and made a dress for mom who was thrilled.

During her teenage years, she wanted to continue her education. Does that strike you as an odd thing for a teenager to do? In those days in that community it was, but not to Marie. She was one of the Susan B. Anthony females in the US, I think, who was discovering her identity and worth as a human being. Education seemed, to her, to be an important thing that she should acquire, a natural extension of earlier education, that would prepare her for life. Her mom had finished high school, but the problem was Fuller. He emphatically did not approve of women getting education, of Marie going to high school. I hope that shocks you. Your great-grandfather was adamantly opposed to educating women, simply because they were women. Isn't that appalling? He apparently thought that a woman's place was bare-foot, pregnant and in front of a stove.

But Marie was Marie, a steely woman with a powerful Bronx Cheer character. She somehow prevailed on her parents - doubtless with the strong endorsement of Teen because Fuller was implacable when he made up his mind- to allow her to go Vernal High School on the west side of Vernal. To be able to do that, she had to arrange a place to live in near the high school because there was no school bus in those days. Universal education with municipally-funded buses was still a pipe dream. She had to be near the high school so that she could start each morning on time. Her home in Naples was perhaps 8-10 miles away, and without a car, it was impossible for her to travel to the school to start on time. So she managed to find housing, and pay for it, which was near the high school. And completed some time at the high school, though she was called away by

familial obligations before she finished, a burden that she carried her whole life. Neither mom nor dad graduated from high school.

The Baby and the Bread Can

Last night while talking to Mom about the 'new' house in Naples she told me a story that still bothers her. She was about 12 years of age. She explained that her mom had been president of the Relief Society for most of the time she had lived in Naples. I had heard that before and found it eminently reasonable, such a peaceful quiet woman. She is the only person I have met who embodies what I believe "Christian Charity" is. No anger, no threats, no boastfulness, no hypocrisy. So she was suited to lead a group by nature and example.

Mom's life was obviously affected by her mother's responsibilities. She said that about this age, she and several girl friends had made plans to go into 'town', i.e. Vernal, for a Saturday afternoon. She went home to tell her mom and get ready to leave, but her mom told her that she couldn't go, that she needed Marie in the house that afternoon to help, so mom had to cancel her participation in the outing. What had happened was the grandma had asked women in the group to make several quilts that she was going to give to a family that needed them. Unfortunately, the quality of the work that the adult women had done was unsatisfactory to grandma, a highly skilled quilter. [The quilt she gave me as a wedding present is now in Lisa's home if you'd like to see it. She made that quilt entirely by hand when she was 79 years old. It does not have the quality of her work when she was in her prime, but it was a gift of love created in her twilight years as she sat alone in a tiny apartment in SLC. She lived 4 years after grandpa died.]

Grandma kept mom home that afternoon to help her unpick all of the poor work. Then they had to rematch the blocks and corners and edges and re-tie and finish off the quilts.

The most distasteful responsibility grandma had was to lay out the dead and prepare them for burial. There probably were undertakers but these people couldn't afford them, so the congregation took care of the process for the bereaved family. This meant undressing and washing the bodies. Then clean clothing had to be put on, hair had to be combed and the body arranged in a coffin. Grandma did that for years. She was known to be a compassionate kind person who treated the deceased with respect and courtesy so people liked her to do it.

In addition to laying out the bodies, grandma also finished the coffins. Mom said that the coffins were made by any carpenter in the congregation who had time but that her dad never made one. He wasn't skilled at wood-working. After the coffin was made, it was taken to grandma who would line it and cover it. She used a thin cotton batt to pad the inside of the coffin, covering the batt with a satiny cloth of a solid color. Mom said it was difficult to get the cloth because of the depression so they used pretty much what was at hand. She'd then cover the entire outside of the coffin with another fabric that was preferably one that had a textured pattern to it, a sort of brocade. This attention to appearances was appreciated by the family and congregation.

Grandma baked bread every couple of days but the kitchen didn't have much

storage space or counter space. One loaf of bread was stored in the kitchen in the "bread can" and the others were put on the chest of drawers in grandma's bedroom under a white dishtowel. Everyone knew that was where the extra bread was and went there to get more if needed. Mom came home from school one afternoon and went to get a piece of bread out of the bread can in the kitchen and found it empty. She went into the bedroom to get a new loaf, lifted the dishtowel, and found a dead baby.

The shock to her was obviously great. Grandma had forgotten to tell her to watch out in there. Mom also had to help sew the white burial clothing for the baby. A little girl. Stillborn.

The following pages have more photos of mom from about age 10 to about age 17 when she left home to meet James Alvin in Seward Alaska.



Marie Photos

According to mom's history, she was around 10 when she moved to Naples. This image must have been taken about that time. It looks like 11 or 12 and really does have mom's features by now.

Marie doesn't look like she's too happy about this photo business or not. She looks to be a bit older in this photo than the one above, around 12 or 13 years old in her bobby sox



She's hanging out here with one of her girl friends, probably one of the Goodrich girls who lived down the road from them. The sign in the back says "We fix flats", and important service in those days. She's about 14 in this photo, a few years away from meeting James Alvin.



Elementary School

Mom walked to the Naples school every day. There were no school buses to haul kids like there are now. You can just make out the school house in the left background in this photo on mom. She did that 6 years. The next years, she still walked to the school, but now there was a bus to take her into Vernal, first to the junior high school and then high school. Uncle Frank, grandpa's brother, had the contract to drive the bus. He provided an old bus first and then the school district bought the standard, yellow school bus for him to drive.



Uphill - Both Ways

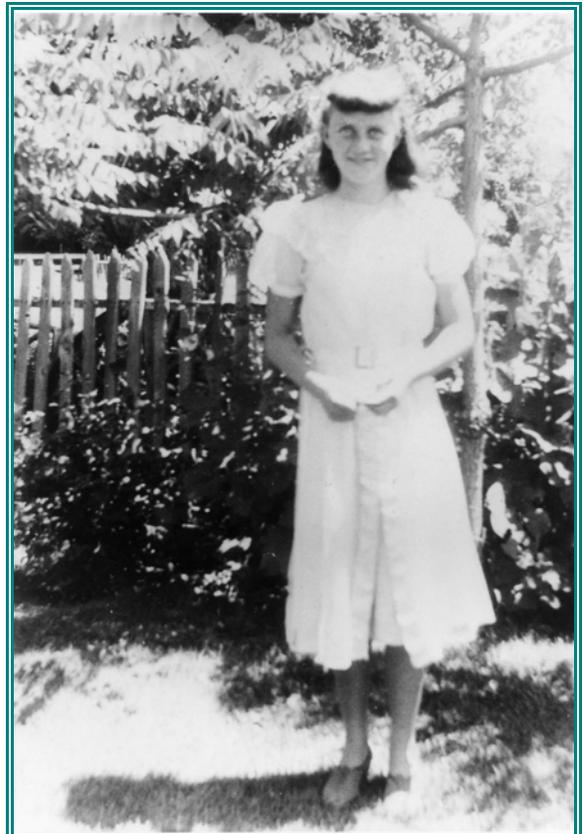
Chapter 3: Naples 1929

75

She's advancing in years and is wearing the pageboy hair style that was popular. Her clothing is doubtless of her own construction because she learned early from her mom how to sew well.



By now she has turned away from the tomboy into a young lady who stays - more or less - neat and tidy. I can't place the yard because I don't think grandpa ever put in a picket fence.



This is a photo of mom and Grant taken up in the mountains above Vernal. For some reason this photo bothers me. Grant is smiling like a hyena but mom looks devastated and vulnerable. I do not understand the profound difference in affect. Compared to the other photos of mom, she looks to be nearly dead in this one. What happened.



She is now a late teenager. She may have already met this James Alvin. This show is a good one of the front of the house. The steps have been moved from the right end to the front. The patter in the color of the house is probably a pattern that was created at the time the stucco was applied to the lath.

The interesting thing is the window over the porch. Was there a second floor? I don't remember such. There was a basement, the first such thing I 'd ever seen but I don't remember a second floor or an attic.



Vernal High School

Many years ago, when Mom was coherent and logical, she told me the story of how she pursued her education. The first obstacle was her father. Fuller apparently opposed female children getting an education. He preferred that they stay at home, cook and have babies. Literally. That sounds like an unfair characterization of him but mom's explanation that he wanted to keep her from attending high school doesn't leave much of an alternate explanation.

That didn't prevent all of his daughters from trying to finish high school. Mom's own history tells about Mable, Bessie and Pearl going to high school. She had the same aspirations. Her mother supported the girls in this however. She was the only one of that pair who grew up with an appreciation of education. Her dad would not let any of his children get married until they had finished high school and Teen did that.

I 've received conflicting stories from her about how she managed to get to high school every day. In one version, the more recent one, she took a bus from the Naples school every day. In the other version, she stayed in Vernal with someone during the week so she could get to school easily. I don't remember who she stayed with in Vernal but think it may have been someone in the large Goodrich family that lived in the region. They were the honey makers *par excellence*. If you wanted the purest, sweetest, lightest honey in the region, buy Goodrich honey. It was clover honey, as sweet and mild as any you could find.

Anyway, that family was all over and some of them lived down the road from Fuller's house and were friends of Marie. So it is not unlikely that Marie lived with them during the school year. The other band of people who would have put her up during the school week would have been relatives but she had no relatives in Vernal. All of her family

lived out there in Naples and Jensen so she had to rely on friends of the family to help. She said that the home she lived in was on the west side of town not far from the high school. In fact, I somehow remember that this home was not far from the two story building that was designated as the Seminary. I remember it personally from the time I passed it while I was on the school bus going to the high school.

Mercur

Mom went to Mercur to live with Pearl in the summer of 1939-1940 -I still am not sure- to help while her next child was born. Mable was already there helping but the amount of work to be done in the house, with Pearl's kids and Tharel's store was so great that Mable needed help. During that summer, Marie met James Alvin and her life was changed. The story of her brief life in Mercur is told in the next volume, Volume 4 - Mercur 1939.
