

DUANE H. JUDD



As written by Duane H. Judd

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FORWARD

This little book has been both a labor of love and , like the ancient mariner, an albatross about my neck. It spans over about a forty-year period, and hopefully, we can wind it up now that I'm age ninety and about going blind.

Things were going well with me until shingles hit me about five years ago, and then I became dependent upon others to help me finish. I give a great deal of credit to my grandson, Hyrum Mertlich. Wow, what a tremendous job he has done. Also, give credits to my daughter Jilan Hearn, who came to my rescue until her time was limited as far as how much more she could help. Then there came a time when my book needed to be revised and my daughter Trecia Freeman stepped in and, in my opinion really made a book out of it. With her skills, she organized my book. Trecia, thank you, thank you, thank you. Then, my daughter LaDawn Goodman, she's my sounding board. She is the one who did the final reading and correcting, and without her, I just would not have been able to finish. LaDawn, you're much appreciated. To all family members who sent in pictures and stories, thank you. I love my family and I'm so grateful for all they've contributed. I must mention that, throughout my book, there are a lot of pictures of me. I thank my grandson Hyrum and his mother Karen Mertlich, for that. Lest you think I'm stuck on myself; I really appreciate the pictures of me because they depict the happy times of my life. So, thank you Hyrum for allowing my book to display happy times.

To all my posterity, I want to bear my testimony. I want you to know that I know that God lives and that His son, Jesus Christ, is our Savior and our key to eternal life. Our responsibility is to let the Holy Ghost prompt us and testify to us that Jesus is the Christ, then come to Him with a broken heart and a contrite spirit. It takes daily repentance. I love my family. May God bless each of you and be with you continuously.

Love,
Dad



Duane H. Judd



DUANE

I was born on January 29, 1929 in Kanab, Utah shortly after midnight. Kanab had a small diesel generator that provided daytime and evening electricity to the town. The electricity was turned off every evening at midnight. I came into the world by lamp light and with energy like it is today, I may well go out of the world the same way.

I think the best way for me to tell my story is to relate incidents that represent various stages and important happenings. Though I was born at the beginning of the Great Depression, it really made no difference to me.

I was born in Kanab, but Fredonia was my home. We lived in a small two-room house on the east side of town, the only house around for several blocks. Dad purchased a five-acre piece of land from Grandpa Judd and moved the two-room house onto a high stone foundation and called it home. I remember the rough wood floorboards that my Mom mopped several times a week. I remember the smell of fresh baked bread and the big pot of beans simmering on the little wood-burning stove. On the property was a small orchard of about 20 apple trees. Some years they had apples but most years the early spring frost killed the blossoms and we were left without apples.

My earliest recollections of home are quite vivid. I could draw you a sketch of our two-room house, the placement of the fence, the gate, and the flat sandstone rocks in the path that led up to our front porch. The high rock foundation, the little house was placed on, the large elm shade tree in back, the water cistern at the northeast corner of the house and every tree in the orchard are all vivid in my mind. For a cooler to keep our milk and butter cool, Dad made a box frame about 2 feet wide, 2 feet deep, and 4 feet high. The frame had shelves inside. The outside was covered with screen wire to keep the flies out and then covered with several thicknesses of burlap. The burlap was wet down several times during the day to create an evaporative cooler to keep food in.

The cistern collected rainwater from the tin roof on our house. We either drank rainwater or hauled water from Kanab to drink. Most people in Fredonia drank what we called ditch water; irrigation water taken from the Kanab Creek. Kanab boys would say they could always recognize Fredonia girls because they had muddy water stains down the

front of their dresses where they laid on their front to drink from the ditch. We always called Kanab "Cow-Dab," Orderville was "Soup Town," and Fredonia was "Fried On-ions."

As a kid it always bothered me that I was born in Utah. I wanted to be a Native Arizonan. Besides, in my mind, the kids in Kanab were raised in soft, sissy conditions. Fredonia kids were tough. We had no electricity, no culinary water, no indoor plumbing, and no paved streets. We used the creek for a swimming hole.

My earliest recollection of Mother is centered around home. I remember the rough board floors and how Mom used to sweep and mop them. I remember how they used to soak up the water when Mother would mop. I remember getting in her way and bothering her one day while she was cleaning. She had moved a big iron bedstead to sweep and mop. When she got ready to move the bed back in place, I grabbed hold of the top rail at the foot of the bed and stood on the bottom rail while she slid the bed across the wet floor. I thought it was fun, but she let me know I was in the wrong place.

Later on, Dad added several more rooms and a basement to the original two rooms. Sherman Jensen bought the house and all of Dad's field property in about 1946. Dad and Mom used the money to purchase the "Judd Merc" and we moved into a basement apartment under the store. Several families have lived in our old home since then; one family being the Cusick's, but back to my story.

Summertime was my favorite time of year as a kid. I was always on the go. To get up and get going in the morning was no effort. No shirt, no shoes, just slip into my bib overalls and I was ready to go. The only things that gave me any problem being bare-footed was when I had to tromp hay. If the hay was clean with no thistle, no problem. But thistle slivers really made my feet sting and required a time out to pick slivers.

I have many fond memories of playing in the orchard until I was dead tired. I was so tired I would often fall asleep sitting in my chair at supper. I was probably about two when we moved from Grandpa and Grandma Judd's home, where Uncle Allen and Aunt Cleone lived. We moved to the east side of town where mom and dad build a two room house that was gragualy added on to. I was a junior in high school when we left. I remember that I really didn't want to leave; I was five minutes away from the red hills I loved to explore, sometimes I'd even harvest a rabbit or two. I'd skin and clean them, and Mom would either cook them for dinner or give them to Grandma Haycock, Grandma loved rabbit.

I really had a strong attachment to Dad. He was always working and busy but when he was around, I kept pretty close track of him. My first recollection of Dad having a birthday was when he celebrated his 36th. Dad worked for the State Highway Department. His fellow workers said he was the best blade man in the country. Some of my earliest recollections of Dad deal with his working on the road.

As a kid I thought Fredonia was a neat place to live. Many large shade trees lined the streets on both sides with irrigation ditches along each street. Everyone owned livestock. The town was laid out in blocks with each block divided into four building lots of one acre each. Main Street ran north and south with a row of established blocks on each side

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of Main Street. Back then, Fredonia was four blocks long and two blocks wide, and in some places four blocks wide.

There were three, maybe four businesses in Fredonia back when I was about five or six; Fredonia Mercantile owned by Bill and Emma Brooksby on the north end of town. On the south end of town where the road from Pipe Springs intersected the main road through Fredonia was the Fredonia Garage owned by Wilford Brooksby. Just north of Wilford's Garage was a second small store owned by Amy and Oren Judd. Mom didn't trust any of them, so she did all of her shopping in Kanab at the Bunting Market or the Kanab Equitable. I forgot about the Travelers' Inn owned by Altus and Melissa Jensen. The Travelers' Inn built up a favorable reputation; comfortable rooms and good food. It seemed like they always had people there.

Many areas were undeveloped in Fredonia and if vegetation like willows, tamaracks, or cottonwoods grew, they were favorite spots to hunt birds, gather straight, strong sticks for our bows and arrows, and we were always on the lookout for good "Flipper Stocks." We discovered the ash tree grew flipper stocks naturally, but all the good ones had already been cut. Mulberry stocks were also good, but the best I found were cut from apple trees because they were strong and never split.

I don't know exactly when I started carrying a flipper, but all of the boys carried one. I'm sorry to say that I became a crack shot with the flipper; birds, lizards, rabbits, even snakes lined my imaginary trophy case. Some boys decided to make a notch on the handle for every bird. I soon ran out of space and gave up notching as a waste of time. I guess the BB gun replaced the Flipper for most boys, but I think the main cause for the Flipper demise was when the inner tubes were no longer made from real rubber. Synthetic rubber just didn't do the job and surgical tubing was nonexistent in Fredonia.

Fredonia consisted of Main Street which ran north and south and two parallel streets, one on the east and one on the west. There were four cross streets running east and west. Irrigation ditches were on at least one side of each street and some on both sides. Head gates were placed at each corner or entrance to a town lot. Trees were planted along ditch banks and as a result Fredonia had many large beautiful trees. Cottonwoods, Honey locust, Elm, Ash, Mulberry, and Poplar all provided ample cover for the variety of birds that lived there by the hundreds. I soon learned how to identify all the varieties. I was allowed to hunt sparrows, but I often took shots at the songbirds with my flipper. I became very skilled at selecting a flipper stock and equipping it with just the right length of rubber bands and a leather sling. I cringe to think of the number of birds that fell to my persistent pursuit. Had I spent my time practicing piano or the trombone, or even baseball, I think of the good I might have accomplished. I remember the large Cottonwoods that lined both sides of Main Street and an irrigation ditch on each side. I remember one Sunday afternoon; it was summertime and hot. I was in church with the rest of the family and uncomfortable. I wanted out and the best excuse I could come up with was a drink of water. I knew there was no water available, at least not in the church house. Dad finally got up with me and we walked outside. There was a little water running in the ditch. We walked up to Joe Brooksby's corner where there was a head gate and some flat rocks to keep the water from washing the ditch too deep. Dad had me kneel down on a rock and he stepped out on a rock in the water, scooped water up in his hand, and I drank from his cupped hand. The place was shady and the water refreshing. Not too healthy but refreshing. Although, I don't remember anyone getting sick from the water.

Kanab had a swimming pool. In the summertime when Mom went across the State line into Kanab to visit, she would drop us off at the swimming pool. We enjoyed the pool, but we usually swam in the creek. Sometimes tremendous floods would come down the creek and we could always expect changes in the creek bed. I remember finding huge clay balls the size of a small house and overhanging banks that we didn't have a clue of their danger. Occasionally a flood would carve out a deep spot and leave it full of water, which was great for swimming as long as the water lasted.

Ditch water, as it was called, was the main source of water for Fredonia. Most residents had an underground cistern they could fill with either ditch water or from rain. Most everyone had tin roofs and eave troughs to channel the water into the cistern. Some cisterns were only for rainwater. I always liked to get a drink of water at Uncle Dart and Aunt Olive's house. They had a rain-fed cistern right next to the house and just outside the kitchen window. Uncle Dart had installed a big hand pump inside the kitchen where household water could be drawn. Most people used a bucket on a rope and required a trip to the cistern every time they needed water.

Mom refused to have her family drink ditch water; though we often did. When our water supply got low, Mom would load a couple of five-gallon milk cans in the rumble seat of our Model A Ford. She would put my older brother Burke in the seat beside her and my place was the little shelf shaped like a pocket above the back of the seat and next to the window, and off we would go to Kanab.

Back in those days a ride to Kanab was an adventure in and of itself; no paved roads, a makeshift bridge across Pop's Wash just north of town, hills to climb, and ruts in the road you never could avoid. Mom was a good driver, though I never could understand why she always had the steering wheel going back and forth.

Kanab had culinary water and even water hoses. Mom would fill the water cans and then spend the day visiting with her mother, sisters, and younger brother. Late in the afternoon she would load her boys in the little Ford and head back to Fredonia before Dad got home from work.

About the time I started first grade, Dad and Mother added onto the little two-room house. I remember Uncle Dart, Ralph Button, and others helping to dig the basement by hand. The basement walls were laid up with conglomerate rock taken from a quarry north of town. Joe Brooksby and Lee Monroe did most of the carpentry work and Dad traded the old Model A Ford Coupe to a man in Kanab to install a coal furnace in the basement.

The winter of 1936 was an exciting one for me. I was about seven, the house was not completely finished but it was livable. The snow got quite deep along in January and February. The board fence in the front was about four feet high. The snow drifted deep enough that you could walk right over the fence. Dad and Barney Burch were working on the State Highway. Barney lived at the Highway Camp on the Johnson Run but the snow got so deep that he could not get to camp. Dad and Barney began working from Fredonia out toward the mountain clearing snow. The wind drifted the snow back into the road as fast as they cut it out. Barney spent several nights at our house. Evenings we all stayed in the kitchen around the wood stove. The furnace hadn't been hooked up yet, so the

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rest of the house was cold. When bedtime came, we made sure we were good and toasted before we ran to get into bed. The covers were cold and heavy. I was glad I was sleeping with my brother Burke. After a while things warmed up but when morning came, we had to face the cold all over again. I didn't envy Dad having to get up and get the fire started. We were one of the few families in town who had a car. Mother's side of the family lived in Kanab, so we often drove up to see Grandma Haycock. On occasion it would rain and sometimes enough to make mud. I remember on several occasions Dad working several hours to get the car from the house to Main Street, a distance of two blocks. The mud ruts would get deep and high center the car and Dad would have to put brush under the wheels and dig out the mud from under the car. I remember Mother driving the Model A. She always had the steering wheel going back and forth. I thought for many years it was because of the rough, bumpy roads. My place in the "A" was on the narrow ledge under the back window.

Many of my early memories deal with family gatherings and food. Dad's family often got together for ice cream and crackers. Grandpa Judd had an icehouse in the southwest corner of the yard. Though I was too young to help gather the ice in winter, I remember the sawdust-covered blocks of ice. The area around the icehouse was always damp and green in the summer from the melting ice. Since everyone had lots of cream and Grandpa had ice, we had ice cream quite often.

Mother was a good cook and, in the fall, and winter when meat could be kept cold, we had venison, pork, mutton, and sometimes beef hanging under the eaves of the house. Man!

How I enjoyed fried venison with homemade bread and since I've been married, we've added bottled peaches. As a family, we often took picnics up on the Kaibab. Mom and Dad would fry up some steak and then put some whole-kernel corn in the frying pan and season the corn with salt, pepper, and butter. Watermelon was always part of our diet in late summer. I remember on one picnic Barney Burch tossed a melon rind at Mother. She retaliated by throwing a big piece at him, he ducked, and the melon hit one of the kids. Ever had a melon bath?

On wash days when school was in session, we could count on hot biscuits and beans for lunch or possibly macaroni and cheese. I never cared much for macaroni and cheese. Mom used to fix a lot of rice and raisins and we often had black eyed peas. Mom loved fish and we usually had salmon or halibut once a week. We used to eat cottontail quite often as well. Rabbit hunting was one of my favorite activities and occasionally Mom would take some to Grandma Haycock to cook up. I'd often use that as an excuse to get to go hunting. I loved to get out in the hills and hunt.

School was okay. I was never what you would call a scholar. I never had any difficulty learning. I just had other, more important things on my mind. Coming up through school I thought I was pretty hot stuff. I enjoyed baseball and loved basketball. I somehow got the feeling that I was pretty good until I got to college and saw what real athletes could do. Sports and shop kept my interest through high school, so I kept up my grades to participate. I also enjoyed music. I sang a lot in high school and college, and even played the trombone for a while in high school. I liked to brag that I had a paper route for a year or two during high school. School started at 8 and I had to be out by 7 A.M. to

get papers delivered. On cold mornings I would have a hot cup of Postum before I left. One day I tried some graham crackers with the Postum – pretty good. I stayed with the crackers and Postum for about two weeks. I didn't realize it at the time but one of the side effects was a good case of diarrhea. Mom took me to the doctor to solve this perplexing enigma. Dr. Aikin told me it was a diet problem and I had to give up the graham crackers.

I graduated from Fredonia High, home of the Kaibab Kubs at that time and later changed to Fredonia Lynx. The year was 1947. I was in the eighth grade when Japan bombed Pearl Harbor. I remember the time of day, the day of the week, and where I was standing when I heard the news. Dad had given up the Highway Department after 13 years and now operated the Fredonia Merc. With gas, sugar, ammunition, and many food items rationed, we learned how to collect stamps from customers and how to get extra rations if you knew the right people. A truck wreck on the Kaibab was nothing new, but when a truckload of sugar wrecked, nearly everyone in Fredonia and Kanab turned out to get all the sugar cleaned up off the road. Some people got full 100-pound bags of sugar, others scooped up sugar, rocks and all, boiled it down, and poured off the syrup into bottles to use for sweetener.

Dad was one of the few men who had a full-time, permanent job. He worked for the State Highway Department and maintained the road from the State line down to House Rock Valley. Ralph Button eventually was hired and as the need arose in later years, other men like Barney Burch, Knell Parker, Red Swapp, Joe Black, and several others were hired.

In the early years, roads were just being established; there were many trails that eventually became roads, but for the most part, The Arizona Strip was not developed. For example, there was only a trail from Jacob Lake to North Rim. I remember Uncle Allen working on the paved road from Jacob Lake to the park. He used to tell the story of how all the equipment was disposed of after the road was completed. This was a government project and you know how wasteful our government has always been. At the conclusion of the project a wide, deep and long trench was dug; all the equipment, mostly dump trucks and smaller vehicles, were put into the trench and buried.

Back to Dad and Ralph Button: Back then the road made a sharp turn at the corner where the Grand Canyon Motel now stands, went directly east past the cemetery and on out to the Red Point. Even today you can follow the old road east towards the Kaibab. As it reached the canyons and steep grades the road turned south along the foot of the mountain for about 10 miles to the Ryan Ranger Station, then turned east again up Warm Springs Canyon to Jacob Lake. The road to House Rock was down Trail Canyon where it still is today. Just a note about Ryan; Ryan used to have a copper smelting furnace. Copper deposits up on the mountain close to Jacob Lake were mined back in the late 1800's and early 1900's. Copper ore was transported by wagon or by pack mule down the Jacob Canyon to Ryan. I don't know what they fired the furnace with, probably wood. The extracted copper was transported from Ryan to Marysvale, Utah and put on the train from there to Provo. The copper soon played out and the smelter shut down. I remember the tall brick smokestack about where the road turns up to Jacob Canyon today; wouldn't be surprised if a few old bricks were still around. The thing I remember most about Ryan is the huge horse/mule barn the Forest Service had there; the barn doors were humongous double doors each about 10 feet tall and 8 feet wide. I remem-

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ber seeing a wolf skin stretched out on one of those doors; from tail to nose it stretched crosswise from one corner of the door to almost the other corner. Dad told me it was probably the last wolf in the country. The early settlers also managed to kill off all of the prong horned antelope. It is almost sad how the Strip has changed; Mustangs – gone, antelope- have been re-stocked, wolf – gone, deer herd that used to number in the tens-of- thousands are now down to a few thousand, but back to Dad and Ralph.

For equipment they had an old Mac dump truck, the one Dad was working on when he came to me in my dreams; a smaller pick-up truck, a small pull-behind grader and scraper; one would drive the truck and the other would operate the grader. The roads were dusty and rough; grading helped, but very little. To help pass the time, the grader man would lay in a supply of nice throwing rocks; as they moved down the road, he would throw at anything that moved – rabbits, birds, chipmunks, and even lizards were not safe. I know both Dad and Ralph developed accurate, hard throwing arms.

Just a little side story about Dad and Ralph. A carnival came to town and Dad and Ralph took their kids to the carnival. One of the sideshows was a throwing contest. The distance was about 50-60 feet and the target was a black man's head stuck through a hole in a heavy canvas tarp. The black man could sit down in a chair behind the tarp and stick his head through the tarp as a target. His head was shaved bald and it looked slick and shiny.

Dad and Ralph figured this was their kind of game and got in line. As I watched other throwers, the black man had nothing to fear, but things were about to change. Dad threw first. I think each thrower got about four or five wooden balls to throw. The first throw was a direct hit and made the black man pull his head back through the canvas. By this time a crowd was beginning to gather to watch Dad and Ralph live up to their reputations.

The black man was finally persuaded to put his head back through the canvas. Dad took pity on him and eased off a bit. The black man also began to dodge a little. Then came Ralph's turn. I remember there was laughing and joking between Dad and Ralph and even the operator of the concession stand. The black man didn't think it was funny.

The black man dodged Ralph's first ball. There was some ooh-ing and ah-ing and Ralph was not going to be skunked. The second ball was like it had been shot out of a cannon; so fast it was impossible to get out of its way. It hit with a resounding SMACK and the ball broke into at least three pieces. Needless to say, the game was over. The poor little black man left the booth area, rubbing his sore head. I wouldn't be surprised if he quit the carnival all together. What used to be legal and considered fun back then would be criminal and barbaric nowadays, but I thought it was funny.

About this time in my life is when root beer became a tradition in our family. Dad was always bringing home old beer bottles that he had found along the road. They were always half full of dirt and almost impossible to clean. Hires had just come out with their root beer extract and the Dart Judd and Ray Judd families started making root beer for the Fourth of July celebration. Bottle caps were inexpensive, but bottles were not easily obtained. We boys would scrub the old bottles until we would get enough cleaned to make a batch.

There was no refrigeration and a cold drink was out of the question. When a batch had matured enough, Mom would get us boys in the car and drive out to Red Point about the time Dad would be coming home. We would cool the root beer in the bucket of water and wait for Dad. I can still see Dad open a bottle, quickly put the bottle to his mouth, and begin drinking until the fizz had subsided enough that he didn't spill any of the good stuff. Tears would be running down his cheeks and his Adam's apple was bobbing up and down like a leaf fluttering in the wind. After the surge, he might have a swallow or two left. We learned to love root beer.

I have written about Grandpa Eli's icehouse before, but I think I need to get the story in this volume as well.

Not every winter was cold enough to freeze thick ice on the pond above town where our irrigation water was stored. But when it did, Grandpa Eli would get his sons to help him hitch the team to a large sled and travel the short distance to the frozen pond. They would saw the ice into big blocks and load them on the sled, which were then transported to the Icehouse. The Icehouse was located just south of what is now Aunt Cleone's home, out on the sidewalk area. The house was made of heavy timbers laid up like a log house. The ice was put into the house with a layer of sawdust between each block to keep the ice from melting as fast. Once the entire house was full of ice, it would be covered with sawdust to help it last longer. In the summer we often gathered at Grandpa Eli and Grandmother Mary's home for an ice cream social. Aunt Cheryl, Aunt Ruana, and Uncle Allen made the best ice cream ever; no shortage of thick heavy cream and milk. Uncle Allen made a lemon flavor that really was the best. Memories of turning the crank until the mixture was frozen, then Uncle Allen taking the crank and top off; of course, everyone needed a taste. The taster's spoon was a large $\frac{1}{4}$ cup size spoon; you didn't want to miss any, so you took the total spoon full in one gulp; Wow! Now that's "livin"; so cold it froze your entire head and gave you a monster of a headache, but totally worth it. I'd even go for seconds if I could talk Uncle Allen into it.

One other thing that people in Fredonia would use ice for was when people died. I remember Mom having to sit up with other sisters in the Ward to keep ice on the body. Nothing like a mortuary existed in town. Usually the body would be placed in a long tub and iced down. Relatives didn't keep bodies around long; a day or two at most. Caskets were usually homemade, placed in the back of a pickup or wagon and after the services out to the cemetery. As a kid I remember standing on our back porch and counting the cars behind the casket vehicle, traveling to the cemetery.

Indoor toilets were unheard of in Fredonia. It troubled me much to use Grandma Haycock's indoor facilities. Whoever heard of pooping in the house? I was about 12 before we got indoor plumbing. I was about 14 before we got electricity.

I distinctly remember the first time I tasted soda pop. It was a planned event. Bill and Emma Brooksby owned the Fredonia Merc. It no longer stands, but it was located just a few feet south of the Judd Merc. From 1941 to 1945 Dad leased the building from Emma, which is where he learned the store business. Anyway, I heard that the Fredonia Merc had Coca Cola pop for five cents a bottle. Mom agreed to take us boys to the store on the Fourth of July and let us share a Coke. She had to go with us because she didn't trust Bill Brooksby. She figured he'd cheat her boys.

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The Coke was in a bucket of cool water, no ice. Mom opened the bottle, took a sip, and then passed the bottle around. I'd had root beer before, so I understood strong, but the Coke was stronger and gave me quite a pleasant jolt. I still enjoy the feeling.

Fredonia Main Street had room for a small store at each end of town, two gas stations next to them, and the Ward Hall right in the middle of town. North about two and a half miles was the famous "Roll Away Saloon" and on the west side of town was the infamous Kanab Creek.

As a very bashful boy, I still had many favorite holidays. I really looked forward to the Fourth of July with cap guns, firecrackers, sparklers, rockets, Roman candles, dynamite, root beer, the parade, races, and you name it. I'd get so tired, and the best part was that I could do it all for about two dollars. These were Depression years where men worked when they could get hired for a dollar per day. Us boys would hoe Grandpa Judd's corn for 10 cents a row. The rows were about 200 yards long. If you do the math, it wasn't easy to earn two dollars.

I always had a guilty conscience after Halloween; mischief was the tradition, but we often carried it too far. Once we dismantled a small wagon, carried it piece by piece up to the schoolhouse and put it back together there. I don't remember whose it was. Everyone owned an outhouse, and none were spared. We tipped them all over, occupied or not. We traded everyone's livestock around. There was a lot of swearing when milkers went to milk the next morning.

I enjoyed Thanksgiving. We always had either chicken or pork. I don't remember ever eating turkey until I was in high school when Dad owned the store. Unless you raised turkeys, you didn't have turkey for Thanksgiving. One summer when I was 12 or 13, we raised a few turkeys. I remember marveling at how such a dumb bird could survive. Some years later I hunted turkeys and couldn't understand how they got so smart.

I truly enjoyed Christmas. I always wanted either a pair of Levi's and a pair of boots or a BB gun. I was always disappointed. No, I take that back, I did get a pair boots about my freshman year of high school. Man, was I happy and proud. The reason I hoped for a pair of Levi's was that we wore bib overalls, never trousers up until I was old enough for high school. There was one big advantage of wearing bibs. In the summertime I slept in a pair of briefs, oh I'd change them occasionally. Anyway, I'd jump out of bed, slip into my bib's and I was dressed for the day. My feet got tough as leather. On Sundays I could hardly wait to get my one pair of shoes off. My skin got so brown as any Indian and I'm paying for it today, especially my arms and face.

I remember going to Kanab to the Kanab Equitable, which is now Duke's, and I bought my first pair of Levi's, size 30-30. I was a freshman. My legs are shorter now, size 29, but my waist has grown. I can't seem to find the solution to make it shrink.

Dad never did hunt deer much until Burke and I got old enough to pester him into taking us. Dad traded a 1945 Army pistol to Barney Burch for an Army-issue WWI 30-40 Craig. The rifle had been customized to make it lighter but as a boy I know it got very heavy. Uncle Dart also had a 30-40 Craig, but it was standard Army issue. It was longer, had more wood in the stock, and it still had the peep-sights with elevation marks. I was

13 when I shot my first deer and it was with Uncle Dart's rifle. Dad took Burke, Warren (Uncle Dart's oldest son), and me out on the north end of the Kaibab to hunt. We didn't have a forest permit, so we had to hunt off the forest. We were in the family car, a 1939 four-door Chevy. The road was rough and took a long time after we left the main road then up through Muggins Flat to the dugway. It was still dark as we started up the steep switchbacks but yet quite light because of the full moon. The moon looked close enough to reach out and touch. It's a sight I'll always remember. The association with the excitement of hunting places the image sharp in my mind.

By the time we reached the stockade reservoir on top the sun was up and we decided to hunt the canyon to the west. Burke and I were hunting together because we were sharing the rifle. Dad had his, Warren had a 30-30, and Burke and I took turns carrying Uncle Dart's 30-40 Craig. The canyon soon split and widened out. Dad took the south side, Burke and I took the middle finger, and Warren was on his way over to the north side of the finger we were on. It was my turn to carry the rifle. I saw a clump of oak just up the hill from Burke and Warren was getting close to them when a four-point buck jumped out and started up the hill away from us. He then turned and ran broadside. I pulled up the heavy old rifle and managed to catch the buck in the peep site a time or two as the rifle barrel wobbled around. I took a quick shot and felt the kick of the rifle against my shoulder. The shot hit the buck in his left hind leg just at the hock joint. He was no longer able to run uphill, so he started down the canyon. Dad heard the shot and started across the canyon to check us out. The buck crossed just in front of him and Dad shot him in the front leg. The kids at school didn't believe me. They said Dad probably shot the deer and I just tagged it.

I think we got three deer that year. Mom and Dad got a recipe for corned beef. Dad had some old vinegar barrels he had collected from the store. Yes, we used to get our vinegar in barrels. People had to furnish their own jugs. Yes, and you know what, we used to sell pickled pig's feet that were shipped to us in a big glass jar. I'd say it was about a five-gallon jar. Anyway, we had two, maybe three barrels of corned venison out on our screened porch, and it was our winter's meat supply.

I don't want to bore you with hunting stories but there are a few worthy of note so please hang with me. This one also deals with cousin Warren. He swore us to secrecy but since it was almost 45 years ago, I think the pact is off.

Burke and Warren were probably juniors in high school, and that would have made me about 14. We bought forest permits that allowed us to hunt on the forest. Dad heard that Sowats Point was good hunting, so that's where we went. There were deer everywhere. I couldn't hit anything. I had borrowed someone's 30-30 with a loose rear site. I sure shot lots of shells that day. Dad shot a big buck but when the deer fell, he dropped off a ledge about 30 feet below. Dad and three boys couldn't get him out. We decided we'd go home and come back the next day with help. Dad got Slim Latham to go with us. Since we were only going to get the deer out, we would only be gone half a day. We didn't bother to pack a lunch. However, Aunt Olive packed a lunch for Warren. By 9 we had the deer out and loaded but since we had some time Slim and Dad decided we could hunt for a while. Lunch came. Warren ate his lunch. Burke and I had an apple, so we weren't hungry. We waited but Dad and Slim didn't come in. We went hunting again. About sundown we all managed to be at the car at the same time and headed for home. No one even saw a deer that day. Forest hunters had to check out at Moquitch Camp when they got a deer, so,

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Dad pulled in to get it done. It was dark and we were tired so Dad and Slim went into the office to get the ranger to come inspect. They stayed and stayed. Slim knew everyone and loved to talk. Warren remembered that he had a sandwich left so he located his lunch bucket under all the coats and rifles and began to eat. I remember how hungry I was and wished he'd give me half. Warren was still chewing his first mouthful and wasn't having much success getting it down. He said, "I wonder what kind of sandwich mom made for me. It sure is dry." With that, he reached up and turned on the dome light. At first glance at what he was holding in his hand he opened the door and began to spit. Then Burke and I saw what he had in his hand and, of course, his mouth.

Slim had wandered back to the car in late afternoon and was quite hungry. No one was at the car, so he helped himself to the rest of Warren's lunch. The pack rat never takes anything without leaving something its place. Slim felt the same way. He had to replace that sandwich with something of similar shape. Have you ever seen an old, dried out, weather-beaten cow pie? Well, imagine taking a bite out of one and trying to chew it long enough to get enough moisture in it to swallow. I don't think anyone ever told Slim. In fact, it was several years before we told Dad. What a dirty, rotten trick to play on an unsuspecting lad. The timing couldn't have been better if it had been rehearsed. I was glad he didn't offer me any.

The next year Burke and Warren had joined the Armed Forces and were in accelerated training schools (ROTC). Gas was still rationed, and people shared transportation to get around. We had again bought forest permits to hunt but the forest required that we park in designated areas and hunt from there. Several men rode out with us, Mr. Udall, Principal and my basketball coach, Mr. Wyant, math teacher and baseball coach, Knell (Hikes) Parker, neighbor, Dad, me and possibly another boy but I don't remember who. We left town before light, our destination an area at the head of Castle Canyon. By the time we got there the sun was just coming up. The parking area was a salt lick and two bucks were at the salt lick as we approached. Carrying loaded rifles in the car was illegal, so it took quite a while for everyone to get out, unpack the rifles, and get them loaded. I was using Uncle Dart's rifle again. By the time I got loaded up I was well behind everyone else. The bucks had crossed a canyon and were going up the other side before anyone spotted them and began shooting. The range was about 300 yards and no one was connecting. As I moved into position, I began watching the larger buck of the two – he was trying to hide. I saw him move behind a large pine tree with a large fork limb. The tree trunk hid his main body and the fork limb hid his head. If I had not seen him move behind the tree, he would have been well hidden. The only flaw in his hiding place was the fork. I could see his neck. I looked through the peep sight but could not quite make out the spot. I took the rifle down to look more closely. All this time the others were shooting at the smaller buck with no success. No one owned a rifle with a scope. Even with a 30-06 a moving target was difficult to hit with open sights. I raised the rifle for a second look and found the spot in the tree fork to hold and squeezed off a shot. At the same instant that I felt the kick, I saw the buck drop. I yelled, "I got him, I got him!" Mr. Udall and Mr. Wyant said, "Impossible!" "All us men shooting, and you claim the deer?" "By the way, where is he?" This raised doubts in my mind if I was really the one who hit him. I asked if anyone had seen the buck hid and if they had been shooting at him. All had been shooting at the other deer. I said that if he had been hit in the neck then I shot him because that was all I could see. Knell Parker came to rescue and talked logic to Mr. Udall and Mr. Wyant. Dad believed me but he didn't want to enter the discussion. I was

the first one to the deer and discovered he had been hit in the neck. I wasn't about to give him up even though my teachers, my coaches didn't believe I had hit him.

Later that day I was with Knell when he got a nick buck. The deer was unusual in that at some time his right hind leg had been broken in the back joint and had grown back together even though quite crooked. The interesting thing was that the antlers on the right side had a similar-shaped crook in them as the broken hind leg.

Even though I know that Mr. Udall and Mr. Wyant were just giving me a hard time, they just didn't want to admit to a kid showing them up. I've had a special place in my heart for Knell because he stood up for me and gave me credit for being equal even though younger.

Back in about 1960, before Mt. Trumbull area became well known to the rest of Arizona hunters, we experienced some of the best deer hunting ever. Deer were numerous and there were many large mature bucks and man were they fat. A few years later, during the 1970's. the Fish and Game began issuing 2,500 to 3,000 permits and hunting hasn't been good since. Today they issue 25 permits for the same area and that many deer are difficult to find. In the late 1950's and early 1960's the roads in the Trumbull area were traveled only occasionally. In some places the road would be grown over with weeds. Few people knew of its beauty and government agencies hardly knew the area existed. I first heard of Mt. Trumbull at the Bundy's when I was in grade school. I could see that large blue mountain off to the southwest but never got to visit the area until about a senior in high school when Merlin and Atwood Bundy invited Arlo and me out to their family reunion. What a beautiful area. The sight that greeted me when we reached the edge of the Hurricane fault and I looked west across the valley gave me a greater perspective of this earth and the beauty of God's creation.

The hunt I started to tell you about was the first time I had ever hunted horseback. Dad, Benny Jordan, Merlin and Atwood Bundy and I made up the hunting party. I had a Chevy one-ton truck with stock racks. We had stopped at Bundy's ranch and rounded up their horses. We managed to get four big horses loaded on my truck. We drove from the ranch down Whitmore Canyon and climbed the rough road up the side of Pine Mountain. The mountains in the area were all lava formation. The west side of the mountains were rough with lava outcroppings and boulders while the east side was covered with fine cinders, pinion pine, juniper, Manzanita brush, and some Ponderosa pine. We made our way in the vehicles up to a smaller reservoir near the crest of the mountain where we made camp. It was late afternoon and Merlin wanted us to see the area we would be hunting the next day. All we needed to do was climb the rest of the way to the top and look over. We staked out the horses and walked the mile or so to the top. I had never seen such a buck farm before nor have I since. Even though the brush was thick and there were many small ravines leading into the canyons below, we could stand and count several deer in any area we looked. Most were bucks, large bucks. We did not fire at any that evening. Could have been that the season didn't open until the next morning.

We've hunted that area several times since. Arlo has been with us on some excellent hunts there also. Too bad the area became so popular in later years. The deer herd is gone now and probably never will reach the number or quality it had then.

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A few years later Merlin and I had taken our horses out to hunt the west slopes near his ranch. We stayed overnight at the ranch house and early the next morning Atwood showed up. He wanted to hunt with us but the only horse on the ranch was half Shetland, half pony breed. Atwood had no saddle and only a make-shift bridle, so the little horse pretty much went where he pleased.

The day was quite warm for late October. We made a long ride before noon and Att was both amused and disgusted with the antics of the horse. We crossed a large area of bad-lands where the washes were frequent and choppy. Att's legs would drag and the little horse would almost high center at the top of each ridge. We decided we'd swing by a big reservoir and give the horses a drink. The reservoir was a big one and full of water from the summer rains. We found a good flat entrance and let the horses drink. Att's little pony wasn't content to just put his two front feet in the water and then drink, he had to have all four. Att didn't mind except his toe hung into the water. The horses drank and Mern and I turned to go. Att tried to turn his horse but nothing doing, the pony wasn't through and besides he had more adventurous things on his mind. Instead of coming out the conventional way, he wanted to come out on the bank across the pond. Att knew he could turn that horse, so he wasn't too concerned but by that time the water was up to the horse's belly and Att's knees. The next few steps and the pond got pretty deep. The little horse was wet all over and so was Att. The little horse finally decided he'd gotten even and came out. Att decided he'd had enough hunting for that day and Mern and I had a good laugh. I think the little horse enjoyed it too.

Well, enough of the hunting stories. If you think all I had was fun and games in my life, you are right. Oh, I've had a few bad days but as a rule I choose to be happy and enjoy what comes.

Before we had running water and electricity, Mom used to make all her laundry soap. We'd save all of the pig fat from the hogs we butchered. Sometimes we'd have the old rancid, stinky stuff around for a year or more, depending on when Mom ran out of soap. On the appointed laundry day, Dad would make Mom a big fire under the tub ring and then he'd go to work. Mom would put all of the hog fat into the tub on top of the fire. I don't know the exact recipe, but into the rendered fat Mom would put cans of lye, bottles of glycerin, and I'm sure she added some water, but I really don't know for sure. After the mixture had cooked and cooled in the tub, she'd tip it out onto an old table, and before it would harden, she would cut it into large blocks of about 6" x 6". It was real soap.

I think it wore the clothes out quicker than wearing them. I know it would turn your hide red if you had the misfortune of being scrubbed with the stuff. I'll tell you for sure, it put real fear in your bones when Mom threatened to wash your mouth out with soap, usually for lying or swearing or some other boyish frailty. But I couldn't blame Mom, she had four boys in a row to deal with and Dad was off working on the Highway.

Before you get the total idea that my life was completely devoid of Spiritual events, I'd like to spend a little time telling you how it was back in the "good old days."

Our church building back then was called the Ward Hall. It was a large, barn-like, one room building about 50' x 75' with a stage on one end. All of the town functions were held in the Ward Hall since that was the only building big enough.

In the wintertime the building was heated by two large potbellied stoves. The bishop always got there an hour early to get the fires started. The only warm spots in the building were within about 12 feet of the stoves. Insulation was unheard of back then. Of course, we did not have running water in the building and there were no toilets or lights. I remember we had a large, tall, silver-colored pitcher with a hinged lid. The sacrament trays were silver, but the cups were glass. The Relief Society was responsible for the clean glasses each Sunday, which was usually the bishop's wife. Back then we had three meetings on Sunday: early morning Priesthood, Sunday School, and then sacrament. There was a break between Sunday School and sacrament to go home for dinner and take a nap. During the week was primary, mutual (MIA), and Relief Society.

I don't know if the Church installed the lighting system, but I rather think it was installed by some of the local brethren. As I recall, we had two carbide lanterns in the Hall. Out back of the building was a small covered pit. In the pit was a unit where the raw carbide would be dropped into the water in a sealed container. The carbide gave off a gas that would burn, and the gas was sent by a pipe into the lamps in the building. As I recall, the carbide gave off gas for quite a long time. It wasn't a bright light, but a light for evening functions.

For seats we had rough benches, no chairs. Classes just moved into a corner and teachers competed for airtime. The adults got the stage where the curtains gave some relief. I'm amazed that we learned anything. The stage had a little room on each side of the stage where folks met, but then we aren't talking big crowds; numbers ranged from 12 to 30, mostly just the Judd's and Brooksby's. Very few of the kids I went to school with came to church. They would come to MIA during the week to socialize, but seldom came to church.

Dad was our mainstay for attending our meetings. Mom didn't like church and she often stayed home. That's how she was raised. Her dad often put down the Church and the leaders and almost never attended. Later on, Mom came to church, but I'm not sure that she ever did gain a testimony. I don't ever remember reading the scriptures as a family.

Yes, us kids would give 2 ½ minute talks in Sunday School or stand and give the Sacrament Gem just before the Sacrament administration in Sunday School, but that's about the extent of scripture reading in our home.

I did have a desire to know if the Book of Mormon was true. I read 1st and 2nd Nephi many times before I finally read the Book of Mormon completely through. I am now trying to read at least some in the Book of Mormon every day.

I can remember exactly the time that the Holy Ghost whispered to my soul and I knew, without any doubt, that the Book was the Word of God. It was summertime. I had just returned from a Tater Roast, as we called it. I'd been there with several friends where there was a lot of persuasion and temptation to break the laws of chastity. I left the party early and did some walking, and even some running. I got home, checked in with Mom, and went to my room. I remember the moonlight shining brightly through my window. Mom had taught us to pray; I always knelt by my bed before going to sleep. I had a lot of questions that night and I prayed for answers. I asked about the Book of Mormon and that is when the feeling came. Yes, I know the Book of Mormon is true; God lives; Jesus is the Christ.

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School in Fredonia, even at its best, was barely mediocre. My first-grade teacher was Miss Lundquist. She wasn't very friendly and often she was just downright mean. In her class it was absolutely forbidden to write with your left hand. Poor Gene Mitchell felt the rap of Miss Lundquist's ruler across his left hand knuckles every day, but it didn't change him though. Because of small numbers, teachers would often teach two grades in one room. I was often confused. I didn't know if she was talking to my grade or the 2nd graders.

It was also forbidden to chew gum in school. Gum was a luxury. If you had gum, you surely didn't want to spit it out. One day she caught Darlos Judd with gum. Miss Lundquist never did find the gum, but she drew a small circle on the chalkboard, just high enough so that Darlos had to stand on her tiptoes to get her nose in the circle. Darlos was embarrassed and really got tired of trying to keep her nose in the circle.

Miss Lundquist had a Dunce Stool and a paper Dunce Hat that she often used or threatened to use. If you didn't finish your assignments, you stayed in the room during recess. I was very happy and relieved when they hired Miss Davis the following year for my 2nd grade teacher. She was kind, loving, and inspired students to learn.

I suffered a devastating blow my 5th grade year when Irene Brooksby was hired to fill in until a qualified teacher could be found. She started in on me from almost day one. I was two weeks younger than her baby sister, Juanita, who was in the 4th grade. She took it to the principal, to Mom and Dad, and I even caught flak from the students. Mom and Dad got tired of the hassle and told me to give in. I could never justify the move in my own mind. I had feelings of rejection and being worthless that haunted me for many years after. Here I had been through four grades and had acceptable grades, my 5th grade subjects were not difficult for me. It was just that I was two weeks younger than Juanita. When my birthday would roll around, I'd think of Juanita and wish that my birthday was not in the same month as hers. In fact, I'd wish that I could go away some place and never hear of Juanita again. I don't know that I ever did get my self-esteem back. I always figured there must be something about me that I didn't see; and the other kids didn't help any. I felt a lot of rejection, that is until I was old enough to drive and my folks owned a car, which was something that none of the other boys my age could claim. That was one of the main reasons I didn't bother to get a driver's license until I was seventeen.

As a result, school was not worth attending, in my opinion, if I had not been introduced to wood shop, thanks to Mr. Burke and Mr. Farr. If the sports of track, baseball, and basketball had not been offered, they could have taken school and put it someplace where the sun doesn't shine.

Now after 48 years of professional teaching, my attitude has changed somewhat, but I am thoroughly convinced that unless you have a real need for retention, don't do it; even at best, it is laden with deep emotional injury.

For my time in history, I was average height, 5'8", in high school and I weighed about 100 pounds. I could outrun any kid in school, and I thought I was a pretty good athlete. Once out of Fredonia I discovered I was nothing, but I still loved to play sports. I also discovered that grades better than a "C" also existed. Funny how you get labeled and

you just can't escape. Yet, when I started to teach, I really wanted to teach in Fredonia. I've learned this about myself; I was afraid that I would fail as a teacher if I taught in a strange setting. I've since discovered that my fears were ungrounded.

I was in the 8th grade when WWII started. I remember the exact time and place when I heard the news. It was Sunday evening, December 7, 1941 at about 4:30 PM. I had on chore clothes and was outside driving our milk cow to the corral so I could milk her. I believe it was Arlo who hollered at me and said Japan had bombed Pearl Harbor in Hawaii. After chores, we all gathered around the radio to listen to President Franklin Roosevelt indicate that he would ask Congress to declare war. I remember the somber mood, especially of Mom and Dad. They had four young sons and as it turned out, Uncle Burk and Uncle Vance were in the military. Arlo and Duane were declared 4-F.

What irony!

Before I get into the war years, I'd like to talk about me and what I liked to do and worked at as I came up through school. We always had several cats around and at least one dog, but my real love for animals came to be for horses. I loved horses. If I could afford it and my old body would allow, I would ride my prized quarter horse every day. I have owned several in my day and number them among my best friends.

I was a freshman in high school when I got my first horse. I paid \$10 for her. Whoops! I better back up a little. I need to tell you about our first bicycle, as it concerns a horse.

Wild horses, mustangs, used to roam the hills around Fredonia. Most of the riding horses around the country had been captured from a mustang band somewhere on the Arizona Strip. Dad and Uncle Dart each acquired a horse for their boys. Both horses were pretty rank. In other words, they were difficult, if not impossible, to gentle and train. Some Navajo men traded rugs and \$15 for Dad's horse and that \$15 bought our first bicycle. We were excited. As I recall, it was a Western Flyer purchased out of the Monkey Wards Catalog, that was our name for it. We had two catalogs we used for paper in the outhouse, Sears and Monkey Wards. We learned that you do not use the colored sections of the catalog for toilet paper. It was too slick and too rough. Our city-bred cousins didn't know the rules and they often got skid marks on their fingers. How did I get off on this subject? I was talking about horses.

We couldn't afford more than one bike. I had a paper route and delivered the Deseret News before school every morning. I got rich. I earned \$9 a month if everyone paid their bill. I always had to pay the paper company and if somebody left town without paying me, I went without. Funny how that works.

I kind of got away from my horse story. I was a freshman in high school when I finally got the courage to ask Dad if I could buy a horse. I knew horses were expensive to feed and I needed a place to keep one. We owned a couple of milk cows and horses like to bully cows when it comes eating time. To my surprise Dad said yes and then asked if I had a horse in mind and how much money I had.

Glen Lee had made friends with a family out in Pipe Valley who gave him a nice grey filly, but there was only one problem, she had a bad knee. She had a slight limp, but it never bothered her when trotting or on the lope. Glen did not have a place to keep her and was asking \$10. I never did name her, just the little grey mare. I rode her most every day

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when the weather was good. I could never get her to cross water. With my paper route I had saved a little money. Dad owned Fredonia Merc and had a catalog from the Ozark Leather Company. I couldn't afford an expensive saddle. Because they had advertised the saddle was black, they had discounted the price down to where I could afford it, somewhere in the range of \$40-50. Dad kidded me about having a \$10 horse and \$40 saddle. There is an old cowboy song by that title. When I went off to college, Dad sold her and my saddle for me. I needed money for school.

I'd like to revisit my earlier years a little to make you aware of some of the conveniences we enjoyed. Fredonia didn't have indoor plumbing until I was almost through grade school. For drinking water at school, there was a jug or bucket of water and a tin cup in each room. The facilities consisted of a large rock outhouse out behind the gym and it had a girl's side and boy's side. To make it even more interesting, high school and grade school were all housed in the same building. Grade-school kids, at least the boys, didn't use the facilities except in emergencies. The high school boys often hid in the rafters and loved to scare the crap out of the little kids. I remember I avoided, if possible, the older boys like Sherman Jensen, Jense McCormick, Dick Lewis, Stanley White, and the list goes on.

I never did visit the girl's side of the outhouse, but I expected it was the same design as the boys. As I recall, the floor was dirt and on the far end was a wooden seat with the front covered down to the dirt level. The seat had three holes in it; one a little smaller for us little kids. We learned early on that you must cover the sides of the hole with paper. Even then, a trip to the outhouse was not what you would call sanitary. Of course, toilet paper was unheard of in Fredonia and we used newspapers and catalogs, that's if the older boys hadn't thrown everything down the hole.

But you know what? Our biggest fear was Black Widow spiders. In all my years in Fredonia and the number of outhouses, I never once heard of anyone getting bitten on the bum by a Black Widow spider. It was maybe just a cruel way to agonize us kids.

I remember my Grandfather Eli had a big barn and over in one corner of the manger area he had put together a crude indoor facility. This particular structure of relief had no paper, just corn cobs. I can tell you, that is not a pleasant experience, but emergencies are often accompanied by acts of stupidity; one time is one time too many. I've often wondered if I had a tough old Grandpa or was this one of his pranks. Judd's, you know, are known for their off-the-wall pranks.

Little incidents keep coming to mind. Let me tell you about the luxury of bathing. We always took a Sunday afternoon bath, whether we needed it or not. We got a number two tub, placed it on the kitchen floor close to the stove, but not too close, we didn't need any crispy fried boys. We seldom had store-bought soap, same with store-bought bread. It just wasn't available. Anyway, a little hot water was placed in the tub with a little cold added. You started with face and hair, rinsed a little and then scrubbed from there down. Man, that was rough soap. After a brief rinse, you stepped out to a flour-sack towel and then quickly dressed. The next didn't throw the water out, but just added a little to what was already there. By the time number four finished, there was a scum of soap on the water thick enough to plow.

Baby diapers were made of cut up flour sacks or old flannel bed sheets. Mom would wash diapers once a week, or when she ran out of clean ones. As I recall, she would scrape off the old poop, drop the diaper into a tub of boiling water. I'm not sure if she had bleach, but I know she used bluing to make the diapers whiten up little. From the boiling, soapy water she would put the diapers into an old gas motor washer, swish them for what seemed forever, and then put them through the hand wringer into a tub of rinse water. Of course, all of this was done outside over a hot fire. All drying was outside on the clothesline. It was about 50 feet long with four or five wires. During winter or rainy season, the clothes were dried indoors. She would hang them any place she could find. Momma Tezza used only cloth diapers. Pampers had not been invented yet.

Now back to my barn story. Grandpa Eli had a large hay hauling wagon that he kept near the big barn. In the big barn was a huge hay fork that ran by pulleys and huge ropes. There was a track for the fork that ran the length of the barn high in the center of the rafters. At haying time, we would park the load of hay under the window of the barn through which the huge fork traveled. Extending out from the roof of the barn was a strong wooden beam. The fork track ran outside the barn so the fork could slide out high above the load of hay. The fork was very heavy when loaded, so one of the horses would be hitched up to a rope that ran through a pulley up to the fork. By backing the horse up and a man pulling on a second rope from the fork down to the wagon, the man could pull the fork out over the wagon. Then a second man could pull the trip rope allowing the fork to slowly lower to the wagon. The two men would stick the huge fork tines into the hay, holler at the kid riding the horse, and the horse would then pull the loaded fork up to the beam along the track to where the hay was needed. The man running the trip rope would give a pull and the fork would tip and dump the hay. If I was lucky, I was the kid who got to ride the horse.

It seems like Fredonia had much more irrigation water back in the 1930's and 1940's than what they have now. Grandpa Eli, Uncle Dart, sometimes Dad and, of course, all of us boys would help out with haying. I could handle a team of horses pulling a wagon or a mowing machine or a hay rake. I loved to cut hay. The weather would be hot, but there was always a cool breeze and the smell of fresh cut hay, that was just downright refreshing. Raking hay was just a little too much for a small boy. One of the men raked the hay into rows while it was still wet. The rest of the crew would come along with pitchforks and stack the hay into piles. The hay would dry for a couple of days and then it would be hauled. The horses were well trained and would stop and go on command. No one needed to drive them in the field. The wagon moved between stacks of hay. The men would pitch the hay onto the wagon and us boys would tromp it down. None of us boys wore shoes during the summer. The hay was easy to tromp until someone would put up a fork full of thistles, then the tromping stopped while we extracted the slivers. From the field to the barn and then the unloading process, both Grandpa Eli and Uncle Dart had hay forks in their barns.

I have one other horse story I would like to put in right here. After I got my little grey mare, word got around that I liked horses and liked to train them. Thomas Jensen owned about half of the Arizona Strip and had many acres of irrigated fields below town. He also owned many horses, among them were many brood mares.

One year he had about 30-35 yearling colts. He took me down to the field where they were grazing and told me that if I would break two of his prize horses, he would give

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me pick of all his filly colts. I had already looked his young horses over and knew exactly which one I would choose. She was as pretty as a picture, excellent conformation, a kind eye and already gentle; sorrel with a white blaze in her forehead, white stocking feet on her back legs.

Enthusiastically I started working on Tom's two-year-old filly; solid black, good conformation and easy to train. I rode her daily for about three months until Tom felt she was pretty well trained. I told him I was ready for the next one. She was still out on the range, but he would get her in.

About a month or so later Tom came to see me. It was a Saturday and I was helping Dad in the store. I could tell Tom wasn't his usual self. It turned out that he had sold my filly and wanted me to take a bay filly instead. The bay filly was just a cull; nothing to compare with my original choice. His excuse was that I had chosen the best filly of the bunch and the buyer wouldn't take any of them if he couldn't have her. Needless to say, I didn't break Tom's other horse. In fact, I don't know that I ever talked to Tom again after that. I didn't dare tell Mom. She would have gone to Tom and she would have verbally taken him apart. I told Dad and, of course, he was sympathetic and figured it would turn out that way. The last time I had anything to do with Tom was his funeral several years later. I was in the bishopric while living in Fredonia, and the incident never crossed my mind.

During the Roosevelt Administration the government initiated a public work project. Unemployed men would cut cedar posts for range fences or quarry flat rocks for bridge abutments of head gates for irrigation ditches. All of the head gates in Fredonia irrigation ditches were made by the WPA, Workmans' Project Administration. The fencing and rock work went on for many years. Most of the fences are still standing and some of the rock work can still be found.

We would often see "bums," homeless men, come into town. They usually caught a ride and were dumped there. I remember "bums" coming to our door and asking for food. Mom didn't have much sympathy for them because, as a kid, she experienced hard times and she didn't feel she had much more than what she needed for her family. But she always gave them food, just not very cheerfully.

Most of these men were WWI veterans often with emotional hang-ups. Joseph Handcock was one of these men. He believed himself to be a prophet, even as Jesus Christ himself. Because the world was corrupt, he believed he must live away from civilization. Of all places to choose, Handcock picked the Brooksby range out at Sunshine, which just proved he wasn't carrying a full load of bricks. What is even more strange is that he found a woman who believed him, and she also had to be shy of a full load. And to add to disbelief, they had kids.

Handcock had a Veteran's pension, so he had a little income. He dug a cave in a hill and made a room and extended it out by adding a roof over an area by the cave. He covered the top with brush and dirt and put in a door and window from salvaged materials and called it home. Now Sunshine isn't known for its abundant water. There are just maybe two or three reservoirs in a five-mile radius. Handcock carried water from the reservoirs to his hut with a rather unique method. He would take two five gallon buckets to the reservoir, fill them both, take one bucket and carry it about 100 yards up the trail, return to the second bucket and take it up the trail an additional 100 yards past the first bucket,

return to the first bucket and carry it 100 yards beyond the second bucket, and so on until he arrived at home.

Handcock had a limp from a wound in one leg and as a result he had a different gait. He walked as fast as most men trot and could cover a lot of ground. He walked to Fredonia at least once a month for supplies. The story is that people would stop to offer him a ride, but he would decline saying he was in a hurry. He often stopped at Dad's store to buy supplies. They were essential items and he always asked for a bargain. Dad, Wilford Brooksby, Maurice Judd, or the mailman would carry him and his supplies out to Sunshine for him. The story goes that when both he and his wife had to be gone, they would tether each of their children to a milk goat. The goat would provide milk and shade for the child. This is probably just a story, but truly something only Handcock would do.

Handcock got sick and knew he was going to die. He told his wife not to bury him because he would resurrect in three days. She believed him. After about a week Handcock was smelling rather ripe. Somehow his wife got word to Maurice Judd, who was the sheriff. Maurice could smell him before ever getting out of his truck. Before he rolled Handcock in a tarp his wife leaned down to kiss him goodbye. In doing so, she pulled a handful of hair from his head, took the hair and stuffed it in his mouth, and they carried Handcock away. A few years later Carl Brooksby and I took our dates on a picnic out to the Handcocks; I used to have some pictures. I think everything has been torn down by now and nothing left as a reminder.

There were other like Tuffy Adams and George Bigham, men who were social misfits and preferred to live a hermit's life. They would construct a makeshift shack out of recycled junk mostly and survive some way without water or electricity and maybe an old barrel or five-gallon bucket converted to a make-shift stove.

One old gentleman by the name of Shirley Steely was somewhat different. He had a hump on his back and would have been about 6' tall if he were able to stand up straight. He talked in a high-pitched voice and could have easily been "Pa Kettle's" brother. Shirley was a WWI veteran. He talked with a southern accent and was as honest and hard working as any man I have known.

Thomas Jensen allowed Shirley to build a room in his barn loft, and that was home to Shirley Steely. He usually worked for Thomas doing irrigating, feeding, or whatever was needed. Shirley also took other small jobs when he could. My junior year of high school I got a summer job working road construction for the Forest Service. Shirley was one of the men on that crew. He was always kind and polite. He treated me with respect even though I was just a "know-it-all" kid. I don't know that Shirley ever owned anything. He always walked wherever he went. He was always clean but never wore anything fancy.

I lost track of Shirley when I went off to college, but I have often thought I would like to do his temple work. Where would I start? I don't know where he is from and I'm not sure if he was buried in Fredonia.

When WWII broke out, the country was still recovering from the Depression. A few people in town owned cars, but most either walked, rode a horse, or thumbed a ride. Gasoline was in short supply and soon it was rationed. Auto owners could apply for gasoline stamps and they were allotted so much gas per month. If you were a farmer or a business owner, you could apply for more, but gasoline was scarce.

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Food was also rationed. There was a Ration Board appointed by the State or County and they distributed stamps according to each family or business qualification. Ammunition was almost nonexistent. Dad ran the Fredonia Merc and was always working ways to get more scarce items like coffee, tobacco, ammunition, sugar, some canned goods, and especially meat. People often traded stamps. If you didn't use coffee or tobacco, you might trade for sugar or gasoline. I don't remember ever going without. We were cautious and frugal with our stamps, but we always got by.

Then of course, there was the draft. Every boy must register for the draft on or before his 18th birthday. Most Army-age men didn't wait to be drafted and would enlist. Draftees always ended up in the infantry as cannon fodder. Some joined the Navy and others the Air Force or Marines. There were no Army-aged men left in the country unless you were 4-F and even then, most left to work in a war effort industry; even many women. Everyone felt the need to get involved.

The war ended in 1945. I graduated from high school in 1947. The Korean War was in full swing and peoples' attitude about serving in the military had made an about-face. No one wanted to go to Korea. Draft-age boys could put off the military by going to college; that was for me.

Dumb as a post, so I thought, never been away from Fredonia and just as green as grass. I'm surprised that I survived. Oh, I thought I was hot stuff, but my skills were with horses, cows, and dogs; sorting out deer tracks and where to find the cotton tail rabbit. I'd never heard of chemistry, algebra, grammar, literature; just shop, PE, study hall, and recess. Oh, I was considered a good reader, but a lousy speller. Writing was such a drag; something I'd put off just as long as possible. To make things even worse, I was a complete idiot around girls. It seemed like I had two left tongues. I was so very shy, and my face turned blood red if I even had to talk to anyone other than someone I knew; even then I could feel the heat on my face. Blushing was something I could not control and probably saved me many times. It took me a long time before I felt comfortable being around a new acquaintance of the female variety.

I graduated from Fredonia High School in May of 1947; twelve graduates in all, five boys and seven girls. I started college at BAC Junior College in Cedar City, Utah in September of 1947. My major was animal husbandry. I had dreams of raising purebred cows and registered quarter horses; so much for impossible dreams. I took two years of related classes along with as many choir classes as I could fit in. I really enjoyed singing in the various programs put on by Professor Manning, who was Mom's voice instructor when she attended BAC some years before. The choruses traveled as recruiters to most of the high schools in Southern Utah. We traveled as far north as Richfield, east into Wayne County and down into Hurricane. St. George also had a Junior College, but we got quite a few students from the Hurricane area. We never did get over to Kanab, though it was talked about.

The winter of 1948-49 was bitter cold in the Cedar City area with some snow and a lot of wind. Snow drifts piled up south of Cedar City so deep that snowplows had to tunnel through them. Livestock left out in the fields froze solid as statues with temperatures below zero for the high. I remember one day it was 36 degrees below zero at noon.

Sometime during that winter, I decided all this cold was for the Eskimos and I wanted to head to sunny Arizona where I would change my major to elementary education. I told my Grandpa Eli about my plans. He became rather concerned and counseled me against going. He felt I'd get out of touch and fall away from the Church; besides, he wasn't sure how strong the Church was in Tempe.

Before moving to Tempe, I spent the summer of 1949 working with Uncle Allen up on Cedar Mountain at the Wood's 2x4 Ranch. Wood's Lumber in Cedar City owned a small sawmill just under the hill from Navajo Lake. I really enjoyed that summer. We cut our own timber and I learned how to fall large pine trees. We skidded the logs from the steep slopes down to the logging road and I learned how to drive the caterpillar. They had a logging company pick up the logs and slide them into the logging pond.

The logging pond was fed by a very cold spring that came directly from the bottom of Navajo Lake. Talk about cold. It was impossible to swim in, though Bud Button and Tob Lee tried to. They lost their bet.

From the logging pond, the logs were rolled onto a sawmill carriage and they were run through a big circular saw. I ran the carriage for a time, but I never did get very fast at selecting the proper thickness of a cut.

The area was beautiful with big pine trees, oaks, clear spring water, and Aunt Cleone's cooking. Polly and Nayna were just kids; they were in heaven. I've written an addendum about Uncle Allen and Aunt Cleone for the their 50th wedding anniversary. It is attached.

Back to school. Tempe was the other extreme. It was October when classes started. I stood in front of Old Main waiting to register. It was hot standing out there in the sun. My knees got weak and I wished I had a place to sit down, but I couldn't leave my place in line.

Tempe was a totally different world from Cedar City. I missed the music and friends I had made, but I changed my major to elementary education, and I had at least a half year to make up in additional classes. I really felt out of place, but I made it through. I stayed in some old Army barracks converted to a boys' dorm. My first roommate was a Navajo boy from Fort Defiance, Arizona. He didn't stay long. Ronny Pratt transferred from Cedar City to Tempe at midyear. My younger brother, Vance, came down my second year.

Tempe was my turning place, my lifestyle confirmation. In Cedar City I lived in the boys' dorm with my cousin Tom Haycock. He ran around with the Bunting boys from Kanab. They were good men, but not church goers. We just never had any religious conversations at all. When I got to Tempe, I didn't know anyone, and Mormons were in the minority. I finally did discover the LDS Institute and attended Sunday meetings some.

When Ron Pratt moved down, he lived in the same barracks wing and we ran around together because we were classmates in high school. Ron smoked and he had a roommate that smoked one cigarette right after another. At first, I didn't mind the tobacco smoke, but it soon became very obnoxious to me. I couldn't get Ron to go to church with me, so I went alone. I'd been semi-active for about two years and I decided I needed to decide whether I was comfortable, who and what kind of people did I want to hang out with

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and just who did I want to be like. I knew what was expected of me by my parents, my grandparents, my Priesthood leaders at home. I needed to either get into the Church or wander off. I knew I didn't like Ron's lifestyle and I didn't like his friends. I felt unclear just considering that option. I knew if I got into Church where I belonged then there was no looking back.

I began by hanging out at the Institute during lunchtime and after classes. I began attending Sunday meetings every Sunday. It wasn't long before Brother Richardson called me to be the Sunday School Superintendent. I even signed up for an Institute class on the Doctrine & Covenants. I learned a lot.

The big turning point was when I became very close friends with several returned missionaries. There was LaVar West, Grant Whitmer, Ron Burris, Glen Skousen, Karl Kole, Duane Brimhall, Merwin Griner and I wish I could remember his name. Several were in the Institute class. They all attended the socials and dances and, of course, church. Many of them attended the Temple about every Friday night. They invited me to go along with them to the Temple and, of course, I didn't have my recommend. They told me how to get one.

My next trip home I saw my bishop, Oscar Brooksby, and then on to Kanab to see President Frost. I don't remember exactly when I was made an Elder, maybe right then, but I do know that President Frost ordained me.

With recommend in hand, I returned to school and began attending the Temple almost every Friday night for the rest of the school year. I learned much about the Temple that year. In fact, I have learned much since then, but never as much in a short time as then. By this time, I was about 20 or 21. I promised myself I would not get serious with any girl until I could see my graduation from college was secure.

I also became good friends with Dean and Rolph Flake from Snowflake, AZ. In fact, I dated Dean's older sister Evelyn. Dean, Rolph and Hal Hatch were my roommates for one year. It really strengthened my testimony being around them. They were all missionary-minded and talked of plans about getting deferred from the draft to go on a mission. Because we were already being deferred to attend school, Uncle Sam was sometimes reluctant to extend the deferment for missionaries. The Church was careful to have prospective missionaries already deferred before allowing them to go on a mission. Dean made promises but didn't get deferred before he left. Somehow Apostle Stapley got me on the phone; we only had one phone in the whole complex. He wanted to know if Dean had made contact with his draft board and if I knew any details. I knew that Dean hadn't been deferred. He was hopeful that the draft board would forget that he even existed. Elder Stapley was a little upset. As a result, Dean would serve his mission, but on the day of his release he would be drafted into the Army.

I realize now that my priorities should have been mission first and then graduation, but mission was never talked about with me and it was never a consideration of mine. College and then getting married was my priority.



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I found myself alone and in a very strange land. I arrived in Tempe the last part of Sept
myself alone and in a very strange land. I arrived in Tempe the last part of September 1949. The sun was hot and there were thousands of students. The lawns were all brown and the water was yuck. Even Bull Rush water tasted better. The mountains were dark and grey. There was not a pine tree on any of them. What a place. No red hills. No green grass. No pine trees. No delicious water. Talk about a lost soul. It was like I had just been dropped from an alien spaceship with no directions. The campus was considerably smaller than it is now, but it was still very large with a lot of walking.

My cousin, Carl Brooksby, had just graduated from BYU with a CPA (certified public accountant) degree and had taken a job in South Phoenix with an oil company. He offered to move me to Tempe, so I made a trip down to check out housing and my older brother, Burke, came along to help get me situated.

They checked me into the boys' dorm, which was a converted Army barracks, and then they were gone. My first roommate was a Navajo boy from Fort Defiance. The rooms were small with two bunk beds, two sets of dresser drawers, and a small open area to hang cloths. The bathrooms were down the hall with a combination of toilets, urinals, sinks, and large shower area that would accommodate about 10 boys at a time. It was quite a step down from what I was used to in Cedar City. Across from the showers was the laundry. It was 25 cents a load. No dryers were available, so we had to hang our laundry on the clotheslines between the barracks. We were issued fresh linen each Sunday evening.

After standing in many wrong lines, I finally got registered and enrolled in classes that would lead to a degree in elementary education. They accepted all of my credits from BAC but informed me it would take me two and a half years to complete my degree. I had plenty of elective and science courses, but I needed certain education courses, some of which couldn't be taken until I had completed the prerequisite courses, but my mind was set on becoming an education major and I would take what was required.

My Navajo roommate didn't last long. He came home one night with a bloody nose, fat lip, and swollen knuckles. He had been in a real fight. It seems some of the white

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boys had called him names and he responded. He withdrew the next day. I didn't have a roommate for the rest of the year. Ron Pratt moved down to school at mid-year, but I didn't room with him because he smoked. The following year I got in with some of the Snowflake boys, Dean and Rolf Flake and Hal Hatch. We rented an apartment my final year and I shared a room with my brother Vance.

Stan Meeker was an LDS student. His dad was a contractor. I got a job as a carpenter/cabinet maker through Stan. I worked after school and on Saturdays at whatever needed to be done. I had no transportation and I was always looking for a ride. I completed all of my course work in January of 1952 but would not actually graduate until May 21, 1952.

Dad and Mom scraped up \$100 for me to buy a used car. It was a "Doozy." A 1949 Century Buick with beautiful custom paint job and new tires. It was love at first sight. One major problem I discovered later, well actually my returned-missionary mechanic friend discovered it. His comment, "I think the pistons swap holes with each stroke." But, for \$100 bucks, what can you expect." I started working full-time in January. The old Buick got me to and from. This was our car when Tezza and I were married, and you kids were mortified to ride with me in the old '79 Datsun. You know, the one we had to start with a screwdriver. Think of your poor Mom having to even ride in that old gold monster. We eventually traded it in for an Oldsmobile and then graduated to a new red Ford pickup.

I need to pause here and tell you about an incident involving the Oldsmobile. It was Easter Sunday back about 1953 or 1954. Tezza and I had only been married for a couple of years. We had a little girl; her name was Karen. We decided we would make a little travel trip up to Fredonia. It was kind of funny. You could take the boy out of the country, but you can't take the country out of the boy. We would slip off up to Fredonia every so often. Mom didn't particularly care for it, but I sure enjoyed it. This was back at the time when I was working for Southwest Farmer's Co-Op selling insecticide. I had a huge area to service and I would go out and sell insecticide and fertilizer and once in a while I would sell farming things like shovels, hoes, and whatever they might need for their cotton. Whenever the opportunity came along, we would slip off up to Fredonia. Mom would cater to many of my country boy wishes.

We had purchased a two-door 1952 Oldsmobile. We were traveling home on a Sunday afternoon. Page wasn't even in existence back then. I always loved the mountain and driving down through House Rock Valley almost to the bridge I noticed the car was really smoking. I pulled over at the service at House Rock Valley at the bridge and put the hood up. Smoke came billowing out of the car. I had discovered that the oil hose that comes from the motor over to the fuel filter then back into the motor had ruptured and we were spraying oil around onto the motor making it smoke and stink. I was really beside myself because I didn't know what to do and how to get it repaired. There was only one service station attendant and he didn't have any tools. He had a little ball-peen hammer that he said I could use. I had a pair of pliers, I think. I didn't carry many tools with me.

We were standing out there by the car wondering what to do when another car pulled off the highway and came right over to the side of our car and stopped. A gentleman got out and he said, "I'm from Alaska. We never bypass anybody that has their hood up. Have you got problems?" I told him yes and he said he could help. He asked if I had any .22

bullets. I carried a .22 rifle and I did have ammunition. He told me to take the fitting off where the oil comes out of the motor and cut the hose off of it so that the fitting is loose. He said to take the lead out of the .22 bullet and push the lead into the hole where the oil comes out. Then take the fitting that was cut off the end of the hose and twist the fitting back onto the motor. The lead will make a flange and seal it so that the oil can't get by. That will stop the oil flow, but we really didn't need the oil as far as we were going to Phoenix. It won't have anything to do with the oil flow. We will still have motor oil going through the engine. I got looking around trying to find something to cut the hose with. About that time, I looked up and the man was gone. We put it together and it worked. We were on our way and talk about happy.

There we were stranded in about the most desolate place in Arizona. Stop and think about it. In Mom's patriarchal blessing said that angels would visit her unknown. Talk about an angel stopping to visit us to tell us what to do to resolve our problem and get us on our way. Otherwise, we were crippled and couldn't go anyplace. Think about how grateful we were to have Tezza's patriarchal blessing answered to have angels there to minister to us and show us what to do to get back on the road and home again. Thank you, Heavenly Father, for taking care of your children even though we are not worth the trouble sometimes, but we are truly grateful.

I've tried to practice that same kind of helpfulness to other stranded motorists; that is until I got too old to be of any help and now-a-days the risk is just too great. I will relate one incident that was really more of a blessing for us than it was for the lady we stopped and helped.

We were living in Fredonia at the time. I believe we were driving the old white Ford Station Wagon. It was September, probably Labor Day weekend. Parts of the freeway between Phoenix and Flagstaff had been completed. The rough, steep part between the Prescott turn-off and Flagstaff was still in the planning stages. From Flagstaff we would travel west through Williams to Ash Fork, turn south through Chino Valley, Prescott, and over the freeway. From Flag to Phoenix seemed to take forever.

It was early afternoon. We were between the Tuba City turn-off and Cameron. In the distance I could see a car off to the right side of the road with the hood up. I told Mom I was going to stop. It turned out to be a Hopi lady. She was quite well-educated and knew my Dad. She said she had heard him talk on his High Council assignment in Moencopy. We towed her into Cameron and waited to make sure the service station didn't over-charge her for a new battery and to make sure she was able to be on her way. We spent probably two hours making sure she was taken care of.

As it turned out, during the time we were in Cameron helping her, a tremendous thunderstorm had come through one of the construction areas where we must pass. One can only speculate where we would have been had we not stopped to help; at any rate the water had subsided down to a small stream and they were letting traffic through when we arrived there. In some places almost half the width of the road had been washed away. We realized then that we could have been right in the middle of the downpour. Some of you older ones may remember the incident.

Now back to Tempe and school, back in 1949 it was known as Arizona State Teacher's College.

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I finished up all my course work in the Spring of 1951. I still had my student teaching to complete during the fall semester of 1951. My first assignment was at Tempe Rural Elementary, fourth grade. My supervising teacher was of no value to me. He gave me a classroom full of students, closed the door between his classroom and mine, and we seldom talked. I learned very little about teaching from him.

My second assignment was a sixth-grade class at Tempe Elementary. Since I'd taken a heavy science program in Cedar City, she gave me the science program to teach. I had a great time. She was there with me every day and I observed how she taught all the other subjects and I was allowed to help out in the classroom where I could. It was much different from the first. I finished up in December of 1951 and began working full-time for Stan Meeker. He was adding on to an existing home in Chandler.

I met Tezza Maria Brimhall at the beginning of the fall semester in 1951. She really was a very beautiful young lady. I was especially attracted by her smile and her thick, auburn hair, but what was amazing was that she would allow me to get acquainted with her.

We dated about every weekend and saw each other most every day at school. The kids from Mesa usually ate their lunch at the Institute and those of us who lived on campus spent most of our free time at the Institute. We even took a few classes from Brother R. By Christmas time we were quite serious. I had purchased a ring from Brother R and Tezza would wear it when we were together, but she didn't want to announce our engagement until I had talked to her Dad. I had visited with her Dad on many occasions, but never about serious stuff. I finally took courage and made an appointment. It was not a pleasant occasion. Talking with her Dad and Mom was great, but then Dal, Grant and Gale discovered what was going on and they were relentless. I knew I wanted to marry Tezza, but her little brothers needed to learn a few manners.

We set our wedding date for May 22, 1952, the day after my graduation from Tempe. That way folks would only have to come down one time. Tezza was told she would have to do the wedding all by herself. Her Mom was crippled, and her sisters had young children to take care of. Tezza did a great job; more than was needed so far as I was concerned. I just remember that I was broke, working full-time and still broke. From January to May Vance and I were rooming together. I would get up early and go to the college cafeteria. I could get all I wanted to eat for about 50 cents. That was my big meal for the day. I ate a very light lunch and no supper. By breakfast the next morning I was starved. On my wedding day I weighed 135 pounds. Though I felt richly dressed, the only clothing of my own were my garments, and everything else was borrowed from a couple of Vance's rich friends.

We went to Prescott for our honeymoon. I don't know how we paid for it. Floyd and Jean let us use their little Studebaker car. They took our big gold monster, but they had to wash it first. There wasn't a spot on it that wasn't painted with white shoe polish.

We rented a small duplex apartment down around Pepper and University. I took a job with Southwest Co-Op as a field representative. I was assigned about 25,000 acres of cotton to check and to sell insecticide. Most of the farmers were co-op members and usually purchased insecticide when they needed them from their co-op., I was paid a salary plus commission on all the insecticide sold to my customers. Back then \$5,000 was

a lot of money. I know Mom would have liked for me to stay in Mesa but very reluctantly she agreed to move to Fredonia with all of the small-town politics, the red hills, and the Arizona Strip wilderness. The prospect of owning a few horses was the force driving me. I loved it. I would do it all over again in a heartbeat.

We moved three more times before we moved to Fredonia, Stapley and Brown area, Falcon Field, and a small home built by Grandpa Brimhall just behind their big home on Hobson. Karen was born while we lived at Falcon Field and Charylne while we lived on Hobson. I resigned from the Co-Op in the fall of 1956 and our Fredonia saga began.



THE FREDONIA YEARS

When we arrived in Fredonia, the entire area was experiencing a period of prosperity. Kaibab Lumber was in full production. Page was still in the planning stages. Glen Canyon Dam and Bridge were under construction. New highways were being surveyed and Fredonia schools had an elementary section being added to the existing high school. There was plenty of work and jobs for any who wanted to work.

Dad and Mom were doing quite well in The Judd Mercantile and though I didn't really like working in the store, it was the vehicle to my other ambitions. I know my folks often felt that I spent too much time doing my other ambitions rather than minding the store. The store provided a good living for us, but my folks allowed customers to charge their groceries. Many ran up big bills, skipped the country, and left my folks holding the bag. When my folks sold the store in 1966-67, they had boxes of bundle grocery slips representing thousands of dollars. It was impossible to repossession consumed groceries.

In order to make life comfortable for us, my folks had purchased a building lot from Uncle Allen and built a small two-bedroom home. We lived neighbors to Uncle, Aunt, Polly and Nayna for several years. Playing in their upstairs basement was a favorite haunt for Karen, Charlyn, and LaDawn and probably some for Bret.

Mom was pregnant with LaDawn when we moved. The house was not finished, and winter was coming on. Mom gave up a lot of the comforts of life for me. LaDawn was the first of you to be born in the North Country. She arrived on a cold winter day, January 8, 1957. She had a slight touch of pneumonia and had to stay in the hospital for a few days.

I soon made a deal with Cousin Keith Judd to buy his horse, a filly about two years old. It was a sorrel with stockings and a blaze face. Though she was not registered, she had quarter horse conformation. I really enjoyed riding San Sue. She was anxious to move, had good sense, and was obedient and kind. Through her came Little Joe, Sweet Sue, and her Grandson Ole Hoss. I also bought what I thought was $\frac{1}{2}$ interest in a quarter horse stallion, Take Out.

I don't exactly know what ranch Take Out came from, possibly somewhere in Montana or Wyoming. He was being shipped to Arizona along with about 15 other three-year-old colts for training to see just which ones had promise as track stars. During shipping, Take Out got one of his back ankles stepped on and bruised. He was limping a little when Owen Johnson, the livestock inspector, inspected the colts upon entering Arizona. The driver called the owner and it was decided to leave Take Out with Owen.

Owen called me to see if I would like to buy an interest in a young quarter horse stallion. Sure, I was very interested. Owen said that because he was damaged goods, we could probably get him for \$200. I gave him \$100 and figured I was half owner. I try to forget unpleasant details. Suffice it to say, I just helped Owen buy Ole Take Out.

Take Out soon recovered from his bruised ankle. If it ever bothered him, he never showed it. When you were on Old Take Out you knew you were well mounted. He was quick, easy moving, and he could walk faster than most horses could trot. When you had him alone and had a job to do, he was all business. He was kind and easy to teach. I really enjoyed riding Old Take Out. In horses, the traits of the father seem to be passed on to the daughters. The traits of the mothers seem to be passed on to their sons. Take Out passed his smooth, quick gait on to Sweet Sue, Sweet Sue onto Ole Hos. Ole Hos was very much like Ole Take Out. I was really blessed to have San Sue, Sweet Sue, Take out, and Ole Hoss as best friends.

I have long since moved out of horse and cattle country, but that way of life will always conjure up fond memories in me. I get laughed at because I love to watch John Wayne westerns. It's not John Wayne I enjoy watching, it's the scenery, the horses, John Wayne always rode good horses, the pioneer spirit, the creation of something out of raw materials, the survival skills that I recognized handed down to me from generation to generation. Yes, I enjoy learning from the past as it applies to us in the here and now. I just hope I have passed some of those skills onto my sons and daughters and they onto their children.

I look back now and realize just how driven I was to own even a small cow operation and raise and train quality quarter horses. Several cattlemen traded at the store and I became acquainted with them. Every last one of them said the cattle business was a no-money business. All you ever gained was saddle sores and a sinner's vocabulary. Still, I just knew I could find a way to make a cow operation pay. Grant Heaton from Moccasin told me that even if I inherited both the cows and the range, I could do no better than break even each year, but then you did have all the beef you could eat.

I still had to try and for starters I made a deal with the Bundy Boys and their Dad to buy their wiener calves. They would wait until I sold the calves the next summer for their money. The arranged price was 32 cents per pound, live weight at time of my receiving the calves. I also made a deal with a farmer in Kanab, Charlie Whipple, to rent his corrals and purchase his hay and corn silage, most of which I helped him harvest.

Along about November 1st of about 1960 the calves arrived. We weighed them in at the stock corrals in Fredonia and then shipped them to Kanab. As I remember, there were about 150 calves. A classic case of "Ignorance is Bliss" surrounded me. I was just as green as all the manure my calves produced. As it turned out, I was lucky to trade dollars. John Vaughn did my taxes, his comment to me.

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Several things were going on about that time. Mom and Dad were living in the apartment under the store and had a good chance to buy a nice home up on Whiting Row. Bishop Bushman was the accountant for Whiting Brothers, and they were transferring him to Phoenix to their corporate headquarters. His nice new home was for sale. We also were wanting to build a larger home for our growing family and were in the process of selling our little home located next to Uncle Allen and Aunt Cleone. I had also purchased a one-ton flatbed Chevy truck with stock racks; essential you know if you are in the cattle business. It was a used truck and almost worn out when I got it, but with the repairs I had done, it lasted for several years. It moved us up and down the State at least twice, not to mention the many trips to Mt. Trumbull country for hunting, wood hauling, livestock hauling, and just camping.

In looking for a place to build we decided we wanted a place on the East side of town; just an open, not used anymore alfalfa field. The property belonged to Walter Judd and the fields between that property and the next block belonged to Estella Jackson. We decided to see if we could purchase both properties and make a subdivision. If you just happen sometime to look into the county records, you will find a Duane H. Judd subdivision on the Fredonia Township map.

Also, at this time I had made a deal with Uncle Allen to rent his field property; eventually to work out a deal to purchase. Cousin Pres Brooksby often had me help him with his cattle operation. He eventually went back to school to keep his seminary certification; then I took over the full operation of his ranch, both Sunshine for winter range and The Divide acreage for summer. Oh yes, also in this time period we moved back to Mesa for a year while I attended ASU to get my English and High School credentials. This was about 1961-62. Tab was born while we were in Mesa. More later, but I need to tie up a few loose ends.

We eventually sold our home that my folks built for us to Bob and Osa May Figgins. Mom and Dad bought the Bushman home and we moved to the apartment under the store. We actually didn't get started on our subdivision and our new home until after our ASU experience in 1961-62.

From 1956 to 1961 my main occupation was the Judd Merc; however, my interests were not there. Dad knew it and we often talked. In 1959 I took a job in Fredonia Schools teaching fourth grade. My salary was \$3,000 for the year. I was allowed only one year on my certificate because I had never taught before and never been back to school for renewal. Dad and Mom decided they would sell the store. Your Mom and I decided we would go back to school and make a career change to become an educator. We had very little money but felt we could make things happen.

At the end of my year of teaching, we moved to Mesa. Mom was pregnant with Tab. Grandpa Brimhall had built a small home out on the desert; we thought it was way out back then, Crismon and University. The Goodman's lived right next door to us, so you older kids had friends to show you the tricks of a new way of life. I attended school and took any odd job I could find. I worked in a butcher shop on Saturdays and after school until the owner died of a heart attack. I also worked as a cashier in the Alta Vista Supermarket owned by the Wright Family. Tab was born in April and we moved back to Fredonia at the end of the second semester. I was hired as the English teacher for grades 8

through 12. I focused heavily on grammar, writing, and literature. Mr. Gaynold Mackelprang was the principal. My second or third year there he died of a fall while in the hospital being treated for leukemia. Gaynold was one of many who died of leukemia as a result of the atomic bomb tests in Nevada. I know that Mr. Mackelprang was instrumental in my being hired as the English teacher. I replaced Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith was rather an old fellow and not too well liked, especially by the students. Mr. Smith was quite stuck on himself and often took liberties that got on peoples' nerves. Mr. Mackelprang always kept a few pieces of chocolate in a dish on top of his desk. Every morning Mr. Smith took almost all of the chocolate. Gaynold soon got tired of the lack of consideration by Mr. Smith and one morning he simply substituted Ex-Lax for the Hershey's; you know "The Rest of the Story."

Mr. Keith Bryner took Gaynold's place as principal. Keith turned out to be a good principal; easy to work with. The Kellogg Foundation established a "Small Schools Project" where they would fund schools to send selected teachers back to college to provide a counselor, librarian, special education teacher, and a reading specialist. The catch was that one teacher must train for two areas. I was selected to train as counselor/librarian; Richard Mays was selected to train for special education and reading.

This took place after I had been teaching English for about three years. By this time, we had our subdivision established, several lots sold, and a new home built; unfinished, but comfortable. We had also added to our family; since arriving in Fredonia our family really began to grow; must have been something in the water. LaDawn arrived in January of 1957; Bret in August of 1958; Tab, while I was in school for my English credential in April of 1962; Kris arrived in September of 1963; and Trecia was due as we prepared to move to U of A in Tucson for my Master's Degree in counseling and enough hours in library science to qualify. Trecia arrived in September of 1965; Mom stopped off in Mesa just long enough to have Trecia, then on to Tucson; well it wasn't quite like that, but pretty close.

I look back at our Tucson pilgrimage and comment, if we had known beforehand what we must endure, we probably would not have made the sacrifice; yet the sacrifice produced a master's degree; the source of most of our income for some forty-plus years. I'll start from the beginning because many of you were there; this is part of your history also.

The agreement with The Kellogg Foundation was that they would pay for the replacement teacher and the school district would continue to pay me. I had to agree that I would return to Fredonia Schools as a counselor for at least three years; no problem for me, I was content to return for the rest of my life; interesting how things change. Fredonia was no longer the growing, busy, progressive community that I imagined it was back in the 1960's.

Mr. Wilson was Matt's fourth grade teacher; he moved his family into our new home. We loaded our goods into our white Ford station wagon and into the bed of my one-ton stock truck. We stayed in Mesa with Grandpa and Grandma Brimhall for a while. Trecia was born on the 25th of September. We had been to Tucson earlier to look for a place to rent. There was not a place in Tucson, within our rent budget, that would rent to such a large family, and with the seventh on the way. Grandpa Brimhall came to our rescue

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and made arrangements to purchase a used two bedroom, single-wide house trailer. He would rent it to us at a discounted price so that we could afford to live.

We found a trailer court out on Blackridge Road, moved the trailer in, got you kids enrolled in school, and began our sojourn in Tucson. Somehow, we managed. We had you ladies in one bedroom and boys in the other. Mom, Dad and Trecia slept on the couch in the front room. We had an air mattress that we put behind the couch during the day, let down the couch into a bed at night, put on the air mattress and actually had a pretty good bed. I remember people asking how we all managed in such a small space; my comment was that we got half of the kids to sleep, stood them in the corner, and then the rest of us got in bed.

Back then a master's degree required 30 graduate hours. I also needed at least six graduate hours in library science to fulfill my obligation to the Kellogg Foundation; that would require my attending at least one summer session. As it turned out, I didn't finish all my schooling during the projected time. In fact, it took me two summers rather than just one.

It amazes me the power and authority that college professors assume. Near the end of my library certification classes the instructor announced that he never gave a grade higher than a "C." I was devastated; he was the only teacher in the Library Science Department. As you know, graduate work requires that you maintain a "B" average; any "C" must be offset by an "A." My counseling courses were complete, and I had maintained a "B" average, but now I had six graduate hours of "C." No amount of talking could help; you either jumped through their hoops or you didn't get your degree.

I moved the family home in May of 1966. I returned to U of A for summer school. Because I had finished all of my course work, I was given a one-year provisional Counseling Certificate; no celebration until I satisfied all requirements. I returned to U of A in the summer of 1967, took some classes in elementary school administration, got my six hours of "A" and was awarded my master's degree. Was it worth it? Yes, absolutely. It has been our bread and butter for all these years.

During the second half of the summer of 1967 I was selected to attend a counseling institute in Prairie View, Texas; a small college, all black teachers, a branch of Texas A&M. This was really a blessing for us; they paid a stipend for each child in the family as well as for the parents. I was treated very kindly and respectfully by everyone there, even students selected for us to counsel. Before the summer was out, I was known as Dr. Judd because I could get students to talk to me that even the Director tried but failed. All counseling offices had one-way mirrors and microphones where the counselor and student could be seen and heard by observers.

Mom flew down and met me in San Antonio, just a few miles from Prairie View. She stayed for a week; we packed my belongings in our new Volvo SUV and drove home. We got Linda Heaton to stay with you kids.

Before all of this took place, I made arrangements with Uncle Merlin to pasture my horses while I was gone. At that time, I owned San Sue, Sweet Sue and Little Joe. Sweet Sue was pregnant with Hos. We figured one, maybe two years; turned out to be longer.

During that time Hos was born, San Sue had a catch colt from one of the uncut Bundy horses; Sweet Sue also had another colt from the same source. Ben Bundy, Merlin's older brother, became alarmed at the horse population and decided to sell the whole bunch. Somehow, Sweet Sue, Little Joe, and Hos were spared. Forest Bundy, Merlin's cousin, was the livestock inspector and knew that the horses belonged to me. San Sue was even branded, yet he went along with the sale. It could have terminated his position had I wished to pursue the illegal act, but I took pity, forgave him and moved on. Ben and Merlin both knew that I found out too late to save San Sue, but never a word from them. We were very active in the Church during our Fredonia years. Before we left for Tucson, Mom had worked in the Primary, Young Women's, and Relief Society. I had worked in Scouts, Sunday School, and the Bishopric. Between Church and school, we managed to stay busy, not to mention raising a family.

I don't remember attending church very often in Tucson; don't really remember why. Back in Fredonia, we again had several jobs. I was Stake Young Men's President, Priest Instructor, and Gospel Doctrine Teacher. I also served on the City Council and was President of the Flood Control Board, assigned to get the Flood Control dike constructed. By this time, I was also the High School Principal and Acting School Superintendent. Somehow there was time to raise a garden, manage 150 head of cows, and get in a little horse-back riding, hunting and fishing. It was also at this time that Mom got the wild idea to give our new home away and purchase the Grand Canyon Motel. When I say, "give our home away," it turned out to be much more than just our home, but the details will come later.

After U of A and Tucson, we got back to our usual busy life. I was school counselor for K-12 as well as English teacher for the High School. Mr. Bryner had differences with the School Board and left Fredonia for greener pastures in Las Vegas. Mr. Jeffery took his place and soon wanted me to get certified as a school principal. With more sacrifice and summer school for several more summers, I received my School Principal Certification and my School Superintendent Certification. Woody Wilson came on the scene about then, Mr. Jeffery left, and Dr. McLaughlin took over. We built a new high school, east of town, just across the road from our house; the old high school became the elementary school; Moccasin and Kane Beds School District was annexed to the Fredonia School District. Dr. McLaughlin turned out to be a less than desirable superintendent and was fired. I acted as high school principal/superintendent until Woody, through his lies and backstabbing, convinced the Board that he should be named the new superintendent. The irony of the mess was that Woody had only an Elementary Principal Certification. Fredonia and Woody Wilson deserved each other; I left March 15, 1979; probably the best forced move we have ever made.

When we came back to Fredonia from school, we started our third family; Missy was our first. She arrived on March 20, 1969; about the time I was being asked to get my Administrators Certification. Matt arrived on July 7, 1972; Dr. McLaughlin was Superintendent, I was made Principal of FHS. Jilan arrived on May 29, 1975; there was conflict; Mom was in the Page Hospital with Jilan and I had a high school to run; closing class parties, graduation, etc. Jason arrived on December 13, 1977; again, more conflict; I was on school business in Flagstaff. Mom drove herself to Page where Jason was born; I'm not sure that Mom ever forgave me, but everything was fine when I left home at 5 that morning.

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I remember incidents but I don't remember which came first. When I left Fredonia Schools in 1979, Tab was our oldest at home. Bret and LaDawn were on missions or just returning; Karen and Charlyn were married and having families. We decided that I should take our little trailer to Mesa, live there and get a real estate license. Mom and family would stay, let kids finish the year in school. Tab was a Junior and actually stayed for another year with his Grandpa and Grandma Judd and graduated from FHS.

We made a deal, a desperate deal, with a couple out of Salt Lake, to sell them the Grand Canyon Motel; the Bolties. We decided to purchase a mobile home, place it on our lot at the Ranch and just let the rest of the world go by. We were out of work, first time in my life. We had a little in savings, our Suburban was paid for, and our missionaries were home. We just knew we could make it.

I need to back up just a little, the little trailer I took to Mesa to live in, I parked it at Arlo's for a while, and then Bret came down after his mission to live with me. By then I had moved into a trailer park down near Main and Pepper. I enrolled in a real estate class, took the real estate exam and passed it on the first try; many fail I understand. I took an office where Uncle Arlo worked, but never did get into selling much real estate. I bought a new 1979 Datsun pickup; I drove it until the wheels were ready to fall off; I could fill a book on the Adventures of Ole '79, but not right here; maybe later.

Bret also enrolled in a real estate class and also passed the State Exam on the first try. He went to work with the Cordon's and actually became quite successful. It was during that time that he and Raenada met. I gave up real estate and we moved to Pinedale. LaDawn had finished her mission and I believe she was living in Provo and taking a cosmetology program. She had a very serious auto accident while attending a cosmetology seminar in Las Vegas. She lived with us in Pinedale while she recuperated.

We lived in Pinedale for at least two years. Kris graduated from Show Low High; Tre-cia was in High School; Missy, Matt and Jiller were in lower grades; in fact, Jiller was in kindergarten and attended the old school in Pinedale. Tab was out of school and waiting for mission age. We took odd jobs working for Duane Brewer cutting logs or for Rick whatever his name is, doing church house remodeling all over the Show Low Stake. Tab willingly gave up his entire paycheck each week so that we could buy groceries and pay our bills. Our family will ever be grateful for Tab's total commitment.

Bolties walked away from the Motel, owing us about \$30,000. Karen and Dave were living in Newberg, Oregon at the time and knew a couple by the name of Cokenhour; she was a Hunt from the Fredonia Hunt's. They wanted to get out of Oregon and move to Fredonia where her family lived. We agreed to make a deal; problem was neither of us owned the property we were trading. We agreed on a price and moved to Newberg, totally confident that I could get a teaching job.

Our second and third family being uprooted again; moving into a strange and complicated land; nothing familiar; roads and fence lines followed streams and canyons; trees everywhere; always cold and wet or hot and humid. It turned out that there were actually more teachers than jobs available; some schools were shut down for lack of funds; no work anywhere. I think I made a total of \$350 during the six months we were there. If it had not been for my Dad and Mom, we would have perished.

I was the Gospel Doctrine teacher while we lived in Pinedale. Summer visitors often visited my class; one was Dr. Keith Crandell. He stopped me one Sunday just after class. He was the principal at Mesa Vo-Tech High School. He said how much he enjoyed the class and if I ever needed a job to look him up. He knew I was an educator.

We arrived in Newberg in June of 1981. I'll have to go back and revise the length of time we lived in Pinedale. I know Bret and I installed the septic system over Thanksgiving holiday, must have been 1979. We probably moved the house on in late 1979 or early 1980. We left Newberg on Christmas Day 1981. It snowed on us all the way to Sunset Point. Jason and I sang "Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer" and "Frosty the Snowman" most all the way. The tires on the Suburban were almost smooth; Mom safely executed several spin-cycles. Kris was driving the "Old '79" towing her little Toyota. Where was Tab? On his mission in Guatemala.

I guess I had better tie the stories together. We had been doing a great deal of praying; our situation was desperate. It was mid-November; promptings of the Spirit told me to give Dr. Crandell a call. I know the Lord was directing me because Dr. Crandell answered the phone; no secretary putting me on hold or Dr. Crandell not being there. I told him of my problem. He said if you can be here Monday, you have the counseling job that just came open. Needless to say, I was on the road. Mom finally got her wish; we were on our way back to Mesa.



MESA

I started work at Mesa Vo-Tech three weeks before Christmas break. I thought I was on the payroll, but the three weeks I put in was my way of getting my foot in the door. I later discovered that there were about 35 applicants for every opening in the Mesa Schools System; statistically, my chances were very slim. Dr. Crandell knew what he was doing. He was later reminded and reprimanded for not following protocol, but he had accomplished what he knew was an answer to a prayer. I stayed with Bret and Raenada and drove back to Newberg a few days before Christmas, loaded our belongings and headed for warmer, more familiar climes.

We rented a home in Lehi, moved in, got our second and third family into school and I began work in January 1982. Even though I had donated three weeks to Mesa Schools, it got my foot in the door and made the cut in January. Though I moved on to Taylor Jr. High the next year, Dr. Crandell will ever be a special man to me. He later told me that had I called him any sooner, the job would not have been available; had I called any later, he would have been traveling and the Personnel Office would have filled the vacancy or just shelved it until the next year. Prayer works; listen to the Spirit, obey when prompted.

The pay was next to nothing; but I, for one, was very thankful to be employed again; very thankful to have my family out of Fredonia Schools where Woody Wilson delighted in belittling me by intimidating those of you in school there. I cringe at his vindictiveness and I am still working on forgiving the idiot.

I enjoyed working at Mesa Vo-Tech; great vocational programs in place, some that I tried to initiate in Fredonia-Moccasin Schools. I often locked horns with Patricia McCullough; she was for all academic. I pushed hard for both. Pat blocked me in any way she could; Woody saw his opening and fed Pat and Nora Heaton just what they wanted to hear. Was I bitter? No, not bitter, just very frustrated. It soon became evident that it wasn't my vocational plan they were in opposition to, but rather that Woody had them convinced that he could do a much better job; my feelings were accurate, they deserved each other.

Dr. Crandell gave me the job of writing “Job Expectations” for each discipline. At first, teachers were hesitant and not very open or receptive to my questions; sort of like “who is this guy that we should tell him anything?” Maybe that is why neither of the other counselors would take the assignment.

I was persistent, had to be, my job depended on my success. By the end of the year I had written the expectations for all the vocational offerings; childcare, nursing, foods, printing/photography, air conditioning, auto engine repair, body and fender/painting, upholstery, computer programming, to name the main ones. College courses were also taught five nights a week. Dr. Crandell pulled more strings to get me hired as the Campus Director for Rio-Salado Jr. College. I was never home until after 10 P.M.

Mesa Schools was building a new junior high on the southeast side of the District. Population was sparse and commercial development had not started yet. It was named Taylor Junior High. Mr. Reed Ellsworth had already been named as Principal; he needed a second counselor. I interviewed and the rest is history.

Again, working with a great LDS principal made it possible to get established and my reputation an opportunity to be proven. Under Reed, I became Head Counselor; in our heyday, I had six other counselors with me; we had grown from 600 students in 1983 to over 2,500 students in 1993. I was 53 when I started with Mesa Schools; I was 67 when I retired.

When I moved to Taylor Jr. High, my Rio-Salado job dried up, but Mesa Schools was initiating a school re-entry program for students suspended from school for drug violations. I applied for the position of Director and got it. I ran the program for 12 years, two nights a week; and then grew to three, then to four nights. Mesa Schools had five high schools and eight junior high schools at that time. The program got so large that we would hold the class at Dobson High for the southwest area, Westwood High for the northwest, and opened another night at Taylor Junior High for the east side. Students were required to attend with one or both of their parents, one night a week for four weeks. I awarded them a graduation certificate at the end; a requirement for them to go back into school. We had very few repeat offenders in the 12 years. Sorry to say, they just became more sophisticated in their drug traffic operations and didn't bring drugs to school. I know we helped a few, but I'd estimate less than 10%.

The District emphasis was on the effects of drugs; I also slipped in some parenting skills. It is interesting how the attitude and acceptance by parents changed over the 12-year period. Early on, parents had no idea that their kids were into drugs; after 12 years it became very evident that the kids were just following the example of the adults in their circle of influence. At first, parents, usually it was mom who came, were happy for any help they could get; we even emphasized the need for Spiritual Growth for the family; many agreed. Near the end several complained about our curriculum and we had to drop the Spiritual; that's when I decided it was time to retire and began working as a counselor for the Mesa High Night School; AKA Sundown High; this was during the second semester of 1996; I retired from Mesa Schools on June 30, 1996; what a relief, but my life was filled with frustration.

I need to back up and fill in the reality part, the daily struggles of keeping the family together. Near the end of our stay in Oregon, Tab was called on his mission to Guate-

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mala; Kris was our eldest living at home. We rented a home in Lehi and with the help of family, friends and Church we settled in.

I was finally on the payroll, but not nearly enough to live on. Jerry Goodman was the Comptroller, Business Manager of Old West, a construction company located in Mesa with a subdivision being developed in the Dobson High School area. Jerry put me onto a job doing customer service, repair, and construction on new homes for Old West. We also got the job of final cleaning of new homes just prior to new owners moving in. We did the cleaning on an "as needed" basis; after school, weekends, on into summer. I did my customer service on weekends and eventually into summer. We gradually got caught up and we were able to save a little. Old West eventually ran out of building lots and shut down most of their operation. Again, Jerry introduced me to Glade and Ray, owners of Ray Quality Homes; I worked for them for the remaining years of my stay at Mesa Schools. It was with Ray's that I learned the trade of finish carpenter. Ray's usually gave me the clean-up jobs at the completion of each construction job. I used any of the family that would go with me, including Mom. It was during this period that I learned a valuable lesson and acquired a workable skill that I use even today. Mom had her checkbook, and I had mine. Income from my school jobs, including my night classes went by direct deposit into Mom's account. Though my name was on the account, I never, ever spent a dime from that income. My Saturday, evenings, holiday, summer jobs was mine, but I was expected to buy groceries, gas, etc. from my third income. We had my school checks so closely budgeted those groceries, etc. had to come out of my checkbook.

Working for Ray's, I worked in several areas of the State; I drove my little Datsun for all of those years. Ray's paid me mileage, but in the end all you have is a worn-out truck. From Maricopa, Coolidge, Florence, Oracle, San Manuel on south to Springerville on east; Yarnell on north to Goodyear, Laveen and Buckeye on the west. I also trimmed many homes in Apache Junction, Mesa, and Queen Creek. I never worked for more honest men than Glade Solberg and Ray Snyder. I will ever be grateful to them for providing me work in our time of need.

During the Old West era, we managed to scrape enough together to build a bathhouse on the Ranch; we already had the septic system from our stay a few years before and with the scrap materials that I salvaged from some Old West signs, we did build a bathhouse and a deck. Mom and I were working as a team then. Oh, we had our moments, but life was enjoyable. It wasn't until about the last six or seven years in Mesa that things began to deteriorate.

In retrospect, in my opinion, when we traded our new home in Fredonia for the Grand Canyon Motel and the debt that came with it, that was the beginning of our insolvency; every real estate deal that we made from then until now as a money loser, even the "Homestead." When you couple that loss with the loss of income for three years, I am amazed that we stayed out of bankruptcy; us poor folks find it very difficult, if not impossible, to recover from a \$300,000 loss. We were very fortunate that we didn't end up owing that amount; just that all our reserve was gone and our life savings with it.



RECOVERY

To quote a famous line from the novel *A Tale of Two Cities*: “It was the best of times, it was the worst of times.”

We reluctantly left Fredonia Schools, though it was probably the best move we could have made. We moved to Pinedale, which is a small town near Show Low, AZ where the Brimhall Family owns about 80 acres. We claim a small portion of that acreage. The time we spent in Pinedale, though we were poor as church mice, were some of the happiest days of my life. From there things began to go downhill rapidly. Bolte’s left us with the debt of about \$50,000. We made the decision to trade the motel in Fredonia to the Cokenhours. This was a family that lived in Newberg, Oregon in the same ward as our daughter Karen and her husband Dave. Sister Cokenhour’s maiden name was Hunt and her family lived in Fredonia. They were anxious to get out of Newberg and decided to trade their farm property, which consisted of a large farmhouse, a barn, a well and about five acres of grassland. It was not completely paid for, but neither was our motel. We both went into the trade, each parcel heavy in debt. We moved from Pinedale to Newberg.

We assumed that there would be plenty of teaching opportunities around the Newberg area, but schools were closing, teachers were being laid off, and the whole area was very depressed. There was no work or business opportunities. We lasted about six months. I think I made a total of \$350.

I mentioned earlier that I had met Dr. Keith Crandall as a summer visitor to Pinedale. Near Christmastime, with prospects very bleak, I called Dr. Crandall to see if his offer for a job might still be open. I said a silent prayer before I went to the phone. I know the Lord was truly blessing us, for Dr. Crandall answered his own phone and he was very cordial. He remembered me and told me that if I could be in Mesa the following Monday, this was a Wednesday, I could have a counseling job at his school, Mesa Vo-Tech.

Needless to say, I got in the old white Datsun and headed for Mesa. I stayed with Bret and Raenada until Christmastime and then drove back to Newberg to get the family moved to Mesa. I think I have explained elsewhere things that we encountered in Mesa. We lived in three different locations. Our first home was in Lehi. Our second home was

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near Higley and Broadway on a cul-de-sac named Seton. Our third place was out in the groves on Val Vista near Bret and Raenada. During this time, I taught and eventually moved to Taylor Jr. High where I eventually became head counselor. I was also in charge of a re-entry program for students who had been suspended for drug abuse and I ran that four nights a week. On Saturdays I had a job with Ray Quality Homes as their finish carpenter. I seldom slept. As we began our time living out in the groves, my relationship with Tezza became very stressed. I determined early, however, that regardless of what kind of accusations came my way, I would stay with Tezza for as long as she would have me.

I need to interject here an incident that I believe will help tie together future events. Someone was certainly looking out for me. I had a vision just as clear as any picture I have ever witnessed. The main character was Lucifer dressed up like the Prophet Joseph Smith. The other main character was Tezza dressed up in a beautiful wedding gown. The Prophet Joseph Smith (Lucifer) approached Tezza with hat in hand and offered his hand to Tezza and said, "Will you marry me?" Tezza curtsied and said, "Oh yes!" He took her hand and they walked across the hall to an exit on the far side and my vision closed. I was very weak and devastated afterwards. I asked myself, "If I lose my wife, will I lose my family also?" I determined right there and then that if I must lose Tezza I certainly would do all I could to keep my family intact. I later had bishops and stake presidents tell me what the vision meant so that I was able to at least live with how things eventually did turn out. About Christmastime of 1995 Tezza had been accusing me of wrongs that I would never do but she took them very seriously and figured that I was lying. She wanted me to take her down to a Fry's store and buy some candy canes for her gingerbread houses. I drove her down in my old Datsun pickup. When we got out of the truck I just walked over to her side, took her hand and was quite amiable and pleasant to her but for some reason she was angry. She threw my hand away and told me to leave her alone. I turned around and went back to the truck to wait for her. She went in and bought the candy canes. When she came out, she was still upset. She took her wedding ring off her finger and handed it to me and said, "I want a divorce." I had no strength in my back, knees, legs. I was a total wreck. I leaned on the door of the truck for five minutes with my head in my arm. Finally, I made sure the keys were in the truck and I got out and started walking home, the distance of about five miles. Luckily someone driving by recognized me and picked me up and dropped me off at home in the orchards.

After that time, we seldom spoke. I came home from school one day to find Bret and Raenada there. They wanted us to patch up things and stay together. I agreed that we would talk. We had already been to see the bishop and referred to counseling, but nothing was working. When Bret and Raenada left we sat down and Tezza told me that if I would confess and stop doing the things she was accusing me of, then she would take me back.

I think I came nearer to crying then than I ever have. I pleaded with Tezza that for me to confess to something that I have never done would make me a bigger liar than I have ever been. The next morning, she loaded up our little truck and left.

I am very reluctant to bring up the part of my divorce, which is a part of my life that I wish hadn't happened, but it did happen, and it happened for a purpose. I discovered as principal that if I went around trying to excuse every word I said, every motion I made, every problem that I created, that all I would do was make things worse. Our family had

been fed a lot of bitterness and some of my children were really being affected. I bring this up to help others who may have to travel this route. Don't ever give up. I decided early that I would do all I could to prove to my family who I was and that I loved them and then let the chips fall where they may. They could believe what they truly believed. All I can say is that our family is a strong family. Yes, we have our own weaknesses and deficiencies, but I believe the vision that I was shown was to prick me into gear so that I might preserve our posterity. I have never loved anyone more deeply than I loved Tezza. I still have a great deal of love and respect for her. She is the mother of my children. She is now a grandmother and great-grandmother and we truly love and respect her. I tell you this to help you get through rough spots in your own relationships. Trust in the Lord. Stay true. This life is rough, but it is certainly worth it.

When Mom pulled out of our driveway that morning in June of 1996, I felt that I had been dealt a blow from which there was no recovery. Up until that moment, I felt that Mom would somehow know that I loved her more than any words or actions could tell and that she believed in me; and that she would reconsider, stay and work it through. Tezza and I never spoke more than a few words to each other after that; then they were always words of anger.

Mom moved to Provo where she could be near Jason while he attended BYU and was preparing for his mission. Matt and Polly were also attending BYU and Mom helped out there by watching little girls while parents were at school and working.

In May of 1997, our divorce was final. I hated being alone. Brother Miller and others lined me up with single women, but the comfort level was way out of balance. It reminded me of my primary days of being forced to dance with ugly girls, all girls were ugly when I was growing up, and having to put my hand on their back, feel that slick satin fabric their dress was made of; uncomfortable to the point of wanting to up-chuck.

I soon discovered the reasons why most of them were single women; single was what they preferred; the women who wanted to marry were women with families; men who marry into a ready-made family are usually required to do things with the woman's family and forget their own; Never! Research told me that Philippine women, the traditional ones at least, were the most honest, dedicated to husbands and family, most sexually pure of any other nationality. I investigated and found it to be true. Through fasting and prayer, the Lord led me to Tata. We have had 20 very happy years together. Once again, I feel that deep love that not words nor actions can describe.

After Mom left, I closed up the house in the orange grove and moved across the road near Bret and Raenada. I had no real job. I had retired from Public Schools and designated my State retirement to Tezza; really not much, but all I had. I began applying to BIA, Government Schools, so that I could build up a second retirement, though I didn't plan to stay very long in a government school.

I interviewed in 26 schools, many of them over in New Mexico; though I had the credentials, to many of them I was the wrong color, too old, no experience with government-run schools, etc. Finally, Dr. Napier, a white lady from Florida, Principal of Red Lake Day School in Tonalea, AZ, gave me a job as a counselor. After six months, money ran out and I transferred to Tuba City Boarding School, Tuba City, Arizona; now 15 years later, I'm still here.

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Tuba City has been very good to me; I would never wish to live there even though there are some places that could be made into a quiet, peaceful, self-sustaining family center with plenty of water and fertile land for any who wished to settle. Those who have it, at least the youngest generation, abandon and leave for things that glitter. Actually, there is no private ownership on the Reservation; Clans are allotted areas that are passed on to the eldest daughter, but the Tribe retains ownership; Tribal Government moves even slower than the Federal, which equals little to no progress.

The Boarding School has treated me much better than I ever expected, but I know the Lord sent me here. Where else could I bring a young, beautiful wife; me, thirty years her elder, and truly be accepted? Where else could Tata find and accept the Gospel? Where else could she grow from a shy, inexperienced lady to a teacher, piano player, youth leader in the Primary Presidency, and a confident driver? Where else can she be a Savior to her family, both the living and the dead? It is amazing just what Tata has accomplished in 20 years.

In the 15 years that I lived in Mesa, other than my calling as a Home Teacher, I had only two other church callings; youth Sunday School teacher, which lasted less than a month; from school, I knew some of the Lehi kids were experimenting with drugs; I talked very straight with them; the next Sunday I was released; never an explanation; and counselor in the High Priest Group with Brother Campbell was my second.

From day one in Tuba I have had at least one major calling and often two; for example, I have served on the Stake High Council and have been the Ward Gospel Doctrine instructor at the same time. I have served as First Counselor to two Bishops and as Ward Clerk to a third. I served as the High Priest Group Leader and Gospel Doctrine instructor when I first arrived in Tuba. you never get released; the jobs just get rotated. It has really been great to be able to serve which was something that just did not happen in Mesa, probably mostly my fault.

I remember we were attending a Regional Conference at the ASU Stadium; this was when we were living in our home on Seton. We arrived early and ward and stake leaders were scurrying around making last minute adjustments. President Monson was the visiting authority. As we sat there, Mom made the comment that she figured I'd be in authority to receive General Authorities by this time in my life. At that time in my life I was spending nearly every waking hour working; being someone in authority was of no interest to me, nor is it now; I'm just happy to be able to serve where I'm called.

I really enjoy serving on the High Council; I love to teach the Gospel; traveling around the Stake to the outlying Branches conjures up thoughts of our Great Uncle Jacob Hamblin, my Great Grandfather Zadok Knapp, my Grandfather Henry Eli, and my Dad Zadok Ray; very proud and honored to be able to follow in their footsteps. I have learned to love this people; I abhor many of their practices and traditions, but those who accept the Gospel and give up the evil, they become a very kind and delightful people. The youth, before they become too traditional, are for the most part intelligent, kind and even loving. I realize I have changed a great deal since arriving here in September of 1996 (Tonalea), Tuba City January 3, 1997.



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Since this is my story and I don't have an English professor giving me a grade, I'm taking the liberty to wander back and forth over the various facets of my life and hope the reader is able to keep some semblance of continuity.

I am a rather quiet, reserved person yet at times I can be very outspoken and somewhat demanding. I have a deep need to be accepted by others and then there are those whom I feel very uncomfortable around and have no desire to be accepted by them. There is a part of me that cares deeply for others but there is also a part, either out of ignorance or naivety, wherein I do not recognize the needs and feelings of others. As a result, I have hurt others or allowed them to be hurt. I hope someday I'm worthy of forgiveness. In the meantime, I'm working on my several dichotomies and hope to bring them into one consistent focus. I'd like to say I'm striving for perfection but I'm afraid that's a long way off.

I was a shy and bashful kid. I remember one occasion when one of Dad's friends came by to give us some fish he had caught. The man wanted to know my name. Dad told me to talk to the man and tell him my name. The friend reached in his pocket and took out a stick of gum as an incentive. I wanted the gum, but I wouldn't talk. I got the gum alright, but Dad had to tell the man my name. Uncle Sid said that being bashful wasn't all bad, that bashful kids got away with a lot more than the talkative, outgoing kids. I've found that to be true. Even now, rather than admit I'm wrong or that I'm guilty, rather than be embarrassed, I'll just remain quiet and hope the subject is dropped and forgotten. When confronted I have been known to try to qualify my position or even try to lie out of it. Anything to prevent having to face the music. I guess that must be one of the weaknesses the Lord gave me to try to overcome.

I was born a fifth generation Mormon, so the LDS Church has played a major role in my life. I started reading and studying the Book of Mormon when in primary but didn't actually sit down and read the book from start to finish until after I was married. However, I knew of Moroni's promise and had a desire at about age 12 to know if its truthfulness. After doing some studying, I knelt in prayer and asked that I might know. I testify that a feeling came over me that I knew without any doubt that the Book of Mormon is a true

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history of early America and that Joseph Smith truly translated the book under the guidance and inspiration of God.

WWII started when I was about 13. I was not really encouraged to go on a mission. I look back now and wish that my testimony and courage would have been such that I had really wanted to go. Mom and I always hoped to serve a mission. Right now, raising our family is the task at hand.

As I've indicated earlier, I graduated from Fredonia High School in May of 1947. There was a total of 12 graduates that year. The war was over but new autos were still difficult to buy. That summer I worked for the Forest Service widening the road from Ryan to Big Springs. I saved a little money and with the help of Mom and Dad, I attended B.A.C. in Cedar City, Utah. Tom Haycock, cousin from Kanab, was one of my roommates. Hunting season was year-round for Kanab residents back then, so Tom supplied us with venison quite often. We did our own cooking and surprisingly enough did quite well.

Uncle Sid got me a job with Orson Haight delivering freight. Occasionally I'd catch a ride home but spent most of the weekends at school. If I really needed to get home and couldn't find a ride, I'd hitch-hike. Always had good luck.

I spent two winters at B.A.C., working summers to help keep me in school. Never had anything extra, but always had enough to get through. The summer of 1949 I worked with Uncle Allen up on Cedar Mountain at a little sawmill called "Woods 2x4 Ranch." The place was located about five miles from Navajo Lake and had a small ice-cold spring that supplied us with water for a log pond and drinking (See Allen and Cleone Judd Appendix 1988). That was the coldest water I've ever experienced coming out of a spring. Later on, in the summer, after Uncle and I had cut quite a bit of timber, Uncle hired Bud Button and Tobe Lee to help run the mill. He also hired a kid by the last name of Perkins. He was the klutz of the camp and everyone let him know it.

One hot summer day we had all been out skidding logs and we were hot and dusty. When we got to the mill the log pond really looked inviting. We didn't have any logs in the pond yet, so it was clear and very cold. Bud and Tobe got to betting they could swim the pond from one side to the other. They took off their clothes and jumped in. Tobe no more than hit the water than he was back out. Bud tried to get across but had to give it up and came back. It was so cold. I washed the dust off my arms and face and that was enough for me. I'd love to have that spring. I think if the water were allowed to stand still it would turn to ice.

Speaking of cold, the winter of 1948-49 was just that. Snow drifts between Cedar City and Hamilton Fort were 14 feet deep. Road crews would tunnel through rather than try to move it all. Many days the temperature was 36 degrees below 0. Cattle left out would become frozen statues. I decided I'd had enough cold and liked the idea of Arizona. I had been majoring in Agriculture but began to be pulled more and more to teaching. After all, teachers have all summers off and with summer work I can make more than in an agriculture job. Boy did I have a lot to learn.

My Grandpa Judd tried to talk me out of going to Tempe for college. He felt that I would lose track of the Church and become inactive. Besides there was no one in Tempe to

look after me. I didn't tell anyone but that was also a strong factor in my choice. I really wanted to get away from relatives for a while. However, that was just not to be the case. I was the first of many to come to Tempe. At the time, I really didn't have any feelings or awareness that the Lord was mindful of me and was really leading me, but I have since discovered that the decision to come to Tempe, to become a teacher was inspiration from the Lord. Too often we feel that the thoughts that come to us are just from our own minds. We don't understand that the Lord inspires us through our thoughts and allows us to become more in tune with His.

I really enjoyed Cedar City. The college is steeped in musical tradition. I joined the men's chorus and sang in a couple of operas. We traveled around to outlying high schools to persuade students to come to B.A.C. It took me a while to adjust to Tempe, but I soon got in with the LDS kids at Institute and discovered the Church was alive and well in Arizona, in fact stronger here than the causal, when-I-get-around-to-it attitude that I was used to.

Because I changed majors, I had a two-and-a-half-year program to complete before my BA in Elementary Education. I didn't date much in either Cedar or Tempe. I had no transportation and it was rather awkward to ask a girl for a date and then say, "By the way, we will have to walk."

Lambda Delta Sigma was the LDS student organization on campus. We had meetings on Sunday at the Institute of Religion, religious instruction during the week, and M.I.A. Wednesday evenings. I vowed I would not get serious with any young lady until I was ready to graduate but one evening at an Institute dance, I saw a young lady with her hair pulled back in a ponytail, wearing a pretty dress. She was with some other Mesa girls and since it was early in the school year, I hadn't met any of them. I found out that the young lady's name was Tezza Brimhall, that she was a freshman, and that I probably didn't stand a chance of even meeting her since she had a boyfriend. I danced at least once with Tezza that night and decided I really wanted to get to know her. I assumed she wouldn't be interested in me because I was too old. She was 19 and I was almost 23.

I managed to work it out with some returned missionaries who had their own cars to let me double date with them. Tezza and I went to a few ballgames, dances, and Lambda Delta parties. I asked her to the Christmas dance. She was absolutely beautiful. I knew then that I wanted to marry her but didn't have the courage to ask. That "too old" business was still in my mind.

Our Institute director knew a great deal about diamonds since he had been a jeweler before joining the Church Educational System. I managed to scrape \$200 together and bought a ring. I didn't get the courage to ask Tezza until one cold night in January. To my total surprise she said yes. We were both so shy we didn't want anyone else to know so she only wore the ring when she was with me. After a month or so we got up enough courage to go in and talk to her folks. I just wrote my folks a letter. We set the date for the day after my college graduation so that my folks would only have to make the trip once.

I actually finished up my schoolwork at the end of the first semester, so I was free to work the second semester to try to earn a little money. I had no transportation but had a cabinet making job with Stan Meeker. I needed a car. My folks sent me \$100 and I bought an old 1949 Century Buick. It looked great but that was about all you could say for it. It got

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me back and forth to work and over to see Tezza once or twice a week. Vance, Tezza, and I made a trip in it up to Fredonia so that Dad and Mom and Tezza could at least meet before the wedding. I think it was Easter vacation. The old car broke a fan belt on the way back to Mesa. Some friends came along and towed us into Prescott. It cost me \$36, all I had, to get the fan belt freed from the pulley it wrapped around and a new belt put on.

Early in my senior year, I began to associate with several returned missionaries, Von Merrill, Merwin Griner, LaVar West, Grant Whitmer to name a few. They often went to the Temple on Friday evenings. They suggested I talk to my Bishop and get a recommend to attend the Temple with them. On a trip home I saw Bishop Oscar Brooksby then on to President Daniel Frost and qualified for a recommend. Quite often after that I went with the returned Elders to a Friday evening session. I learned a great deal about the Temple and became convinced that I must have a Temple wedding when the right young lady came along.

Tezza and I were married in the Mesa, Arizona Temple at about 10 A.M., May 22, 1952, the morning after my graduation from A.S.C., later named A.S.U. It was really a hectic time for Tezza. Her mother was in a back brace as a result of an earlier accident, so Tezza had the full responsibility of making the reception arrangements, wedding invitations, all the details plus college semester finals in her classes. We were both very tired, but happy. We had no money, but we had the desire to succeed. Our wedding clothes were either hand-me-downs or borrowed. We used Floyd and Jean's Studebaker car to travel to Prescott for our honeymoon.

Back home, we rented an apartment which was half of a duplex. I don't remember the address, but it was located on about University and McDonald. We later moved clear out of town, Stapley and just south of Brown near the canal.

I interviewed for a few teaching jobs, but schools were reluctant to hire me. The excuse they gave was that I was now ready to be drafted and the Korean War was in full swing. They didn't want to hire someone who might be drafted during the school year.

Von Merrill told me of a job selling insecticide for Southwest Co-Op. He put me in touch with Lehi Palmer who was over the East Valley area. Lehi hired me as a field representative to check cotton in the Queen Creek-Florence area. I was assigned about 50,000 acres of cotton to check and sell dust and fertilizer to the growers. The Co-Op gave me a new 1952 Chevy pickup to drive and several credit cards. I was just like a hungry horse in an oat bin. I was in hog heaven. The only drawback was that I had to get up early in the morning and go check cotton. I generally managed to get out two, maybe three mornings a week before 8 A.M.

The summer was good. I sold a lot of product and got a pretty good bonus check at the end of summer. The Co-Op agreed to keep me on full-time. I didn't have cotton to check so I had to contact growers to see if they needed fertilizer or hardware goods like tools, feed, irrigation pipes, etc.

Falcon Field was an Air Force training base during the War. The property with all the hangars and barracks was deeded to the City of Mesa. Lehi Palmer and Rex Phelps leased the land and barracks from the City and began to raise cotton and other crops. Mom and

I rented one of the officer's quarters from Lehi and Rex and moved to Falcon Field. We fixed things up for part of the rent.

Karen was born while we lived at Falcon Field. We had insurance and a pretty good income, rent was inexpensive, and life was just a bowl of cherries. Since the property belonged to the City of Mesa, they began to demolish the barracks. We knew it would be only a matter of time before they would ask us to move out. Dad and Mom Brimhall had a small apartment behind their home on Hobson. We rented from them and lived there until we moved to Fredonia in 1956.

Charlyn was born while we lived at Hobson. Karen and Charley were frequent visitors to Grandpa and Grandma. They often ate breakfast over there and loved to visit. By this time, we had traded our old Buick for a two-door 1954 Ford pickup.

There were a few power struggles going on in the Co-Op management and I became less and less interested in working in the Valley. Also, many of the insecticides were being prohibited for use and the industry was going through a big change. Had the public known then what they know now, our insecticides business would have been closed down. We sold many tons of Chlordane, Benzene-hexa-chloride, DDT, Toxaphene, and the list goes on. Residues can still be found in the soil of old crop-dusting landing strips as well as in some cultivated crop areas. Even though the job paid well, I was becoming dissatisfied with my job and when Dad and Mom Judd offered us a job in the store in Fredonia, I figured it was an answer to my prayers. Mom never was happy about the move, but she wanted me to be happy and I painted her such a great verbal picture. Before I get into our move to Fredonia, I want to tell you a few things that happened to us while living in Mesa for the first five years of our married life. I don't think we ever hired a babysitter. We usually took our kids with us. Dad and Mom Brimhall were good to watch them on special occasions, but Tezza's mom was not able to do much so we didn't like to impose. T.V. was just coming into vogue and we really weren't too interested. We often went to drive-in movies or to the theater. We did a lot of backyard cooking and often went picnicking.

The Co-Op allowed me two weeks' vacation and I took most of the two weeks during hunting season. I guess I was pretty selfish. I just had to have my time in the hills. We purchased two hunting rifles, a 250 for mom and a 270 for me. Mom went hunting with me for a few years. She is a good shot and bagged her a deer quite often. Mom gave up hunting for a variety of reasons but one these years she will go with us again.

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ALLEN AND CLEONE JUDD

I have many fond memories of Uncle Allen and Aunt Cleone. My early ones, of course, are just of Uncle. My first recollections were of a young man who liked to pull practical jokes on everyone, chase girls, and make ice cream. I remember the old icehouse and the family celebrations when several freezers of ice cream were made. I didn't mind turning the crank because I knew eventually the top would have to be taken off to see how the ice cream was progressing. Even if the can wasn't too full, we all got to sample it. Did you ever get a headache from eating cold ice cream too fast?

I always enjoyed hearing Uncle's stories. I'm sure many of you have heard these too, but if they're duplicated, you can throw mine out. Uncle tells of how he and some friends, both boys and girls, were touring one afternoon up around Three Lakes. The roads were narrow and lots of curves. Uncle was driving and saw an old bull walking alongside the road. He wanted to show off for the girls and said he was going to see how close he could get to the bull. He pulled right up alongside feeling mighty proud. The bull seemed unconcerned until the front fender got even with his front shoulder. The bull turned his head and poked one of his long horns right through the radiator.

Then there's the one about when Uncle was a shy, bashful kid who had a difficult time finding anything to talk to the girls about. It was summertime and the Ward was having a dance in the Ward Hall. The Ward Hall doors were open to let the night air in, when in wandered a big Tom Cat. Uncle was sitting next to a young lady he was interested in but just didn't have the courage to talk to her. He watched the cat move around people and rub his tail and ears against them. The cat finally found a spot under a bench and just sat there. Uncle noticed the cat take his hind leg and scratch behind his ear. Quickly, his mental process told him there was a good opportunity to open a conversation with the young lady. He nudged her and said, "Don't you wish you could do that?" "Do what?", she said. "What that old Tom Cat is doing," he said. But when he looked back, the cat was licking his.... you know what.

I don't know Uncle, maybe I shouldn't tell anymore hearsay stories. I'll try to stick to my experiences with you and Aunt Cleone. Uncle, I don't think I've ever told you this, but I've considered you my second dad for many years. I remember the scout outing you took

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us on into North Canyon. I think that was Arlo's first camping experience. I remember going with you once over to Alta. You were operating a coal mine. I remember the pinto team you had, Philip and Phyllis. One Saturday in April, probably about 1946-47, you asked me to go with you to get a load of wood. You had your team pretty well broke, a good wagon and though you could have gone after wood in a truck, you wanted to do it the old way and use your team.

We left quite early in the morning. Drove out past the cemetery, found an old road and wound our way out to Cedar Knoll. We pulled down dead cedars, split them with wedges and loaded a nice big load of cedar wood. We were somewhat protected from the wind back behind the knoll but as we headed for home in the late afternoon, I recall just how cold an April wind can be in Fredonia. I shiver now just thinking about it.

We had several steep little hills to come down and I remember Uncle considering trying to drag behind but felt the horses could hold the wagon back. We made it down one good steep hill and felt confident that the rest would be easy also. We were almost down the last hill when the neck yoke broke, releasing the tongue of the wagon and allowing the wagon to run into the heels of the horses. Suddenly we had a runaway wagon and a frightened team of horses. The tongue of the wagon dug into the soft dirt and slowed the wagon some, but we were in danger of the wagon tipping over. We finally got onto semi-level ground and the wagon stopped. The horses were still very excited and dancing up and down because of the pain in their heels where the wagon had bumped into them. Uncle rigged up a log chain to replace the broken neck yoke and we came on home.

One of the best summers I ever spent was with Uncle and Aunt (when Polly and Nayna were just kids). That was way back in the summer of 1949 at the Woods 2x4 Ranch. What fun! Hard work, but what fun! Tobe Lee, Bud and Konda Button, Rodney Perkins... whatever happened to Rodney anyway!!! The log pond, the cold, cold spring and good food. That summer Uncle taught me to drive a Cat, run a chainsaw, skid and bunk logs, learn the difference between Ponderosa Pine, Douglas Fir and Skunk Spruce. I discovered just how cold the water coming out of the spring is, also. Nayna, I never did get even with you for splashing cold water all over me. Oh! And I can't forget the pinochle games. It takes at least three to make the game interesting, so Uncle, Aunt and I played until Aunt accused us of ganging up on her, called us some rather fitting names and went to bed. With only two of us left that ended the game. I'd find my way out to my shack to sleep until Uncle called me for breakfast.

One day Uncle and I were up on the ridges snaking in logs with the Cat. He let me drive the Cat while he set the chokes. I had several logs down to the road when he said he had better trade me jobs so he could push the logs together into a bunk. After he bunked the logs, I followed him up the hill and hooked onto a couple of logs for him. I walked over and sat on a stump while Uncle drug the logs down to the road. On the way down the hill, Uncle was making a new trail to follow and there was an old rotten log in his way. He put down the dozer and pushed the log to one side. Unknown to him, the log was the happy home of several hundred yellow jackets. They were not happy to have the bulldozer expose their home to the fresh air. They attacked! I think there were even a few stingers wasted on the dozer. Uncle left the infernal machine to fend for itself, still in gear and headed down the hill. Uncle hit the ground with legs churning at a full gallop and arms flailing like a windmill. The yellow jackets were all around him like ugly on an ape and I watched them all quickly vanish around the hill.

I'm ashamed of this next part, but I cannot lie. I laughed until I rolled off the stump and continued to laugh as I pursued the dozer down the hill to take it out of gear before it ended up wrapped around a tree. I got to the road and followed it about a quarter of a mile. I could see Uncle huddled up in a little crouched position still swatting yellow jackets. Most of the swarm had left him by now, but there were still several inside his shirt and down his pants that would bog it to him every chance they got. We got all the yellow jackets either squished or brushed off and Uncle stayed to assess the damage while I went after the truck. We drove back to the spring and cooled all the stings off. We counted over 30 stings, enough to kill an ordinary man but then Uncle is not an ordinary man.

The stings never did swell up. The next morning, he had a few red spots but no ill effects other than a bruised ego. The ironic part of this story is that a few days later, Aunt Cleone saw a yellow jacket on the outside of the kitchen door screen. She flipped it off with her finger. You know, that thing stung her finger through the screen. Her hand and arm swelled up like a poisoned pup. Thirty stings would have been fatal.

Uncle was Bishop when Tezza and I were married. I can honestly say he is the best Bishop I have ever had.

Uncle Allen is just the kind of man you enjoy being around. His experiences through life have taught him how to do things with satisfaction. He enjoys showing others the tricks and short cuts he has learned. I discovered early in life that Uncle could do many things from farming to mechanic; from sawmill to carpenter; from painter to rock mason. You name it, he can do it.

Uncle was always playing jokes on people. He spent time and plotted to see what he could do next. I was out hunting the north end one year. I was across the canyon and could see Uncle's truck coming up the road toward my parked truck. He stopped and was there quite a while. I thought he was waiting for me to come back, so I headed for the truck. I heard him pull out about the time I got halfway back. When I got to the truck, I checked around to see what he had left and sure enough in the glove box was some ABU (already been used) toilet paper. He was probably getting even with me for some of the tricks I pulled on him.

I remember one that I was particularly proud of. I was about 11 or 12 and on my way home from school one afternoon when I noticed Uncle and Oscar Brooksby working on Uncle's old blue Ford underneath the canopy of Oscar's station. I had made the discovery that if you took a full roll of caps, placed it on edge on a hard surface and hit it with a hammer, the explosion resembled that of a small bomb. Since both men had their heads under the hood of the car and were working feverishly away, it was not too difficult for me to sneak up alongside the building, place a roll of caps on the cement floor and then look around for a big rock to drop on it. I finally found a nice smooth rock that resembled a small melon, held it about shoulder high and took careful aim. Son-of-gun!! I missed. I looked around to see if the rock falling had tipped my hand but both men were still working away. I retrieved the rock, took careful aim and BOOM!! The results were almost catastrophic. Underneath that canopy the sound was really amplified. Even I was amazed. Both men were angry and amused. I don't remember any of the words they used and it's probably best I can't. About all I remember is two wide-eyed men in a big hurry to evacuate. I could probably fill a book with stories. Uncle and Aunt will always have a special place in our hearts. We truly love you. May your 50th year together be your happiest yet.

ALLEN AND CLEONE JUDD

Back in the 1920's my Uncle Carl Haycock, because of the untimely death of his Dad, my Grandpa Haycock, had to go to work. He was just a young man at the time. He got a job out at the Park Service out at Grand Canyon. He tells of a story of herding deer that I would like to tell. There were so many deer on the Kaibab that they were coming up with all kinds of crazy ideas to thin out the herd. I know that they had people from Fredonia go out and catch the fawns in the early spring and raise them as pets and then they would ship them to California so that California could get an increase in their population. The deer herd on the Kaibab was exceeding expectations and limitations. They were having to do things to thin them out. Some of the cowboys that worked for the Park Service decided that they would round up the deer that were around the North Rim lodge and close by vicinity. They would round them up and drive them down through the Grand Canyon down to Phantom Ranch where the trail crosses the Colorado. They started to round up the deer around the facilities and so on. As I understand it, there were thousands of deer.

They spent a couple of days trying to round up the deer and getting them in close proximity to the lodge on top of the Rim. They decided that they would wait until morning to start the push. By morning the herd had kind of depleted to maybe about half, but they started the push. They tried to get the deer to migrate down Bride Angel Trail past the powerhouse and on down to Bride Angel Creek. They would lose a few deer here and a few deer there. They spent all day herding deer and pushing them down toward where the trail cross at Phantom Ranch. They didn't quite get there and they spent the night on the trail. They figured they would push them on across the next morning. I guess it really wasn't any surprise. The next morning there was hardly any deer left and by the time they got to Phantom Ranch they had maybe a handful. It wasn't worth the trial to push them across, so they had to write it off as a good idea. It was like trying to herd a bunch of cats. They all went their own direction. The deer knew where they were going but the cowboys had no way of heading them off and stopping them from getting back to their haunts. My first memories of the Kaibab were of thousands of deer. Why they can't have that kind of a population still is beyond me but that's Park Service, County, City, State and Federal Government for you. I wish there was still a lot of deer around on the Kaibab but it's not so.



SOME ELK HUNT

Back in the spring of 1973, Merlin Bundy, Darrol Heaton, Benny Jordan and myself decided we would attempt to go on our very first elk hunt. I believed elk permits cost about \$35.00 back then and applications had to be submitted by about the middle of June.

We were successful in the draw, our unit was down around Happy Jack, Unit 5-A. Little did I realize that Charlyn and LoRal were planning their wedding reception for the very day we planned to leave; family always comes first.

The reception ended about 10:30, the other men had the horses loaded and I had the camper on our 1969 Ford pickup loaded earlier; off we went, off we went to a distant land we had never hunted before.

Merlin took a big bay horse, Crusher was his name; Darrol rode Old Friskie, gentle but stupid; Benny took his big dog sized, half Shetland, half quarter horse, named something or other. I don't remember what, but he was given a more fitting name, Dumb.

Ole Hoss was in his prime and I felt very happy to have him as my hunting partner; anxious to move, smooth to ride, ears and eyes always alert, tall and strong; I know he enjoyed the new adventure.

After the first day, Benny would often get off and walk; Dumb was also anything but comfortable to ride; short legs, choppy gait and very lazy; no saddle, just a saddle pad; Benny's back legs and hind end really took a beating. You would often hear Benny say, "Wish I had left this Dumb horse in camp. He's less than worthless."

About the third day we loaded our horses and moved over to a different location. After about five miles we located a small reservoir nestled down in a narrow ravine; there were a lot of elk signs around it, so we pulled up and out of the way and unloaded our horses. Since Benny didn't have to saddle, he was on his pony and ready to ride before the rest of us even got our horses off the trailer. The sun was just coming up and the horses were blowing steam from their nostrils as the air was cool and crisp. Old Hoss groaned when I threw the cold saddle blanket and heavy saddle on his back. I led him up by a big log before I finished trying his straps and tightening the cinch.

To get the full appreciation of what happened in the next five minutes, I need to pause here and describe the quiet, peaceful scene. Well it was quiet and peaceful for just a few seconds.

Benny was wearing a cap with earflaps that hung down to his shoulders; he had on a very large trench coat that covered both horse and rider. In fact, the tails almost dragged on the ground. Dumb was not fully awake yet and stood there with eyes closed, enjoying the warmth of the trench coat blanket, patiently bearing Benny and all his trappings. Benny had the reins crossed over Dumb's withers and his ot-six laid across his lap and very anxious to get started. He decided to load his ot-six and began cramming shells down into the magazine. The prospects of seeing elk were good so he decided to carry his rifle on the safety with a bullet in the barrel.

Benny had tried to reload some of his empty shells but for some reason the reloads were just a hair too long. That extra length pushed the cap of the shell up tight against the firing pin. When the bolt was shoved closed, the pin would make contact with the cap and the bullet would fire. Well, needless to say, Benny got rid of all his reloads or so he thought! With the last shell loaded, the one ready in case he saw a big bull, you guessed it, RELOAD.

Remember now, we were down in a small ravine and the air was crisp and cold. The morning was peaceful and quiet, that is until Benny slammed home the bolt on his ot-six. The morning stillness was shattered by a loud BOOM!

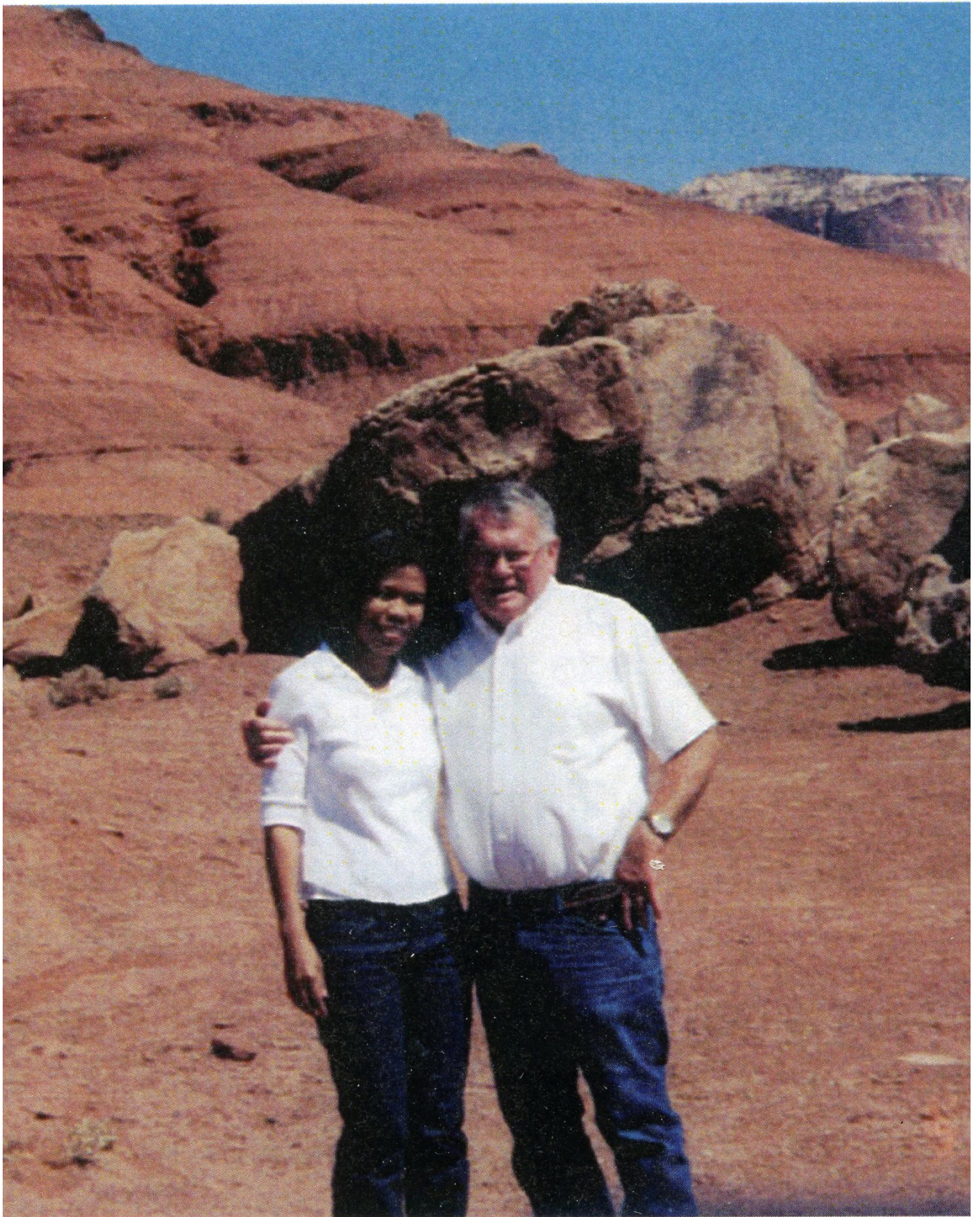
Suddenly, that little docile horse became a launched yellow rocket. With a mixture of lunges and crow-hops, horse and rider disappeared out of sight. How Benny ever managed to stay on that yellow ball of fury, I'll never know! From where I stood, it looked like horse and rider were trying to get up enough speed to get air borne. Those long tails on Benny's coat and the long ears on his cap, flapped and snapped in rhythm with each jump. The force of the acceleration put Benny flat on his back on the horse's rump and his legs locked around Dumb's neck.

We watched in amazement as horse and rider disappeared down the ravine. Then, when we realized that no one had been shot the laughter began! We laughed so hard we had to curl up on the ground! Our legs just wouldn't hold us; headache, belly ache, tears, what a scene!

After a bit, Benny came riding in, still had his rifle in one hand and reins in the other. Poor Dumb was shaking his head as if to shake off a swarm of bees. Then he'd stop and try to rub his ears on the underside of his front legs. Then came the clincher, "You dumb little..."

Rather obvious just who Dummy was!

SOME ELK HUNT





TIME WITH TATA

Tata is really a remarkable lady. I don't say that just because she's my wife. I say that because it is actually so. I knew that she was someone special when I first found out about her. We have been married 20 years now. When I found out about her 18 years ago, I was very impressed. I did go to the Philippines and meet her. I was surprised that she said yes when I proposed. She had to go through the process of getting a passport and get things organized where she could come to America. We didn't want to marry over there because it added to the length of time. She put her papers in around June or July and it took until October to get clearance. Since her sister worked for Philippine Airlines, her trip from the Philippines to Los Angeles was not very expensive for me. She arrived here in Los Angeles at about 5 o'clock in the afternoon and she got through customs and was out about 6:30. She met me, and we got a taxi and had them take us down to the Greyhound Bus Station in LA. I tried desperately to get a flight out of LA to Las Vegas but there was absolutely no way to do it. I drove to Las Vegas and parked my truck there. I just didn't feel comfortable about driving in the LA area. I knew I would get lost. Bus was our only means of transportation. We sat in the bus terminal visiting and getting acquainted until the bus left at 11.

We rode all night through California and Nevada. We arrived in Las Vegas at about 4:30 the next morning. This was October 30, 1999. We got to the bus station and didn't realize that it was just across the highway to the Justice of the Peace, so in her high-heels and carrying her luggage we walked across the street to the JP's office. This was about 4:30 in the morning. They had a guard there and he was the witness. We got married within half an hour after getting off the bus. We caught a taxi down to the airport where I had parked my truck and we looked for a motel. We didn't realize that the championship rodeo was in town and every place was filled, plus it was a weekend and the gamblers always flock in there anyway. We got in the truck and started for Mesquite. As we were coming across the desert the sun was just coming up. It was a pretty sight. I looked over and I could see Tata and she was smiling to be in America, married to an old man but that has been a trademark of hers. She smiles, she's happy, she's a positive lady. Sometimes it's just remarkable. I classify her as an angel. She is just a remarkable woman. We got to Mesquite and because of the gambling we were able to get a motel room for very little money. I think

TIME WITH TATA

we paid about \$35 a night. We were both tired because of the bus ride. We went into the motel and both of us sacked out sound asleep. We slept until probably 2 or 3 o'clock the next afternoon. We got a meal and then began to drive. We drove towards Zion and came out pretty close to the ranch at the Divide. I took Tata through Press's Ranch. Even though it was dark we did see some. Charlyn had made arrangements for a motel room down by Duke's Store across from the church house. We got in there late in the evening and spent the night there. The next day we went out to Sunshine. I showed Tata around my old cowboy haunt. We got a few pictures of the day. We headed for Tuba City. I had to be back to work the following day, which was a Monday.

We settled into our little two-bedroom place in Tuba City. Tata was like a fish out of water. At that point she got quite lonesome and that's the only time I've seen her break down and cry. She just sobbed and sobbed. She was lonesome for her family. I asked her if she wanted to go back home but she smiled at me and said absolutely not. This is what she wanted. She was determined to make it go. It has been 18 years. They have been very happy years for me. If you stop and think about it, it's sort of a symbiotic relationship. Since Tata has been here, I guess her greatest accomplishment, in my eyes anyway, she gave up Catholicism and became a Mormon. Once she was converted, she was absolutely, totally converted. She began paying tithing right from the start. She attends church. She prays. She listens to conference. She is just a totally devoted and God-loving, elect lady. She is certainly more than I ever anticipated or even dreamed of. She has also become a good cook. She makes some of my favorite dishes now, although she still loves her garlic-ridden Filipino foods. I came in the other day and kind of snuck up on her. She was sitting there eating dried fish. I don't mind the dried fish, but it turns me wrong side out. I get nauseous and feel like I want to die, so I don't eat the dried fish.

She has learned to drive, even though that was quite an ordeal. I remember when she first got here. She said she had to get a job and the first place she applied was McDonald's. She didn't feel like she was qualified to be a burger flipper, but they put her in the lobby taking care of sweeping and cleaning. She lasted a couple of years at McDonald's. I remember some days she would go to work early. She couldn't drive and I couldn't take her to work because I had to go to school early. She would walk, which was about six blocks. Some days it would be windy and cold. I remember one afternoon I was home out of school and it was time for Tata to come home. I got into the truck and started that way. I could see her coming around the corner about two or three blocks away. The wind was blowing that red, gritty, Tuba City sand and here was my pretty wife walking in that cold and the wind blowing and sand in her eyes. My old heart really sank to think she had to be out in it. From that she graduated into a bicycle and from a bicycle to an automobile until today she drives her own car. She is a good little driver. Each move created a new experience for her. She had to learn how to handle the traffic in Tuba City. She worked in Flagstaff for a while. She had her own automobile there. The winters were severe, and we decided it was just as well to have her home. She worked in gas station. She was hired to do a couple of custodial facilities there in Tuba City. One was the Motor Vehicle trailer and the other was Social Security office. The people just loved her. She did a great job with the cleaning. She will do anything to help you and to please you. She is a hard worker. There is not a dirty spot any place in our home. She loves to be clean. Tata has really progressed since she got here. While she was in Tuba City she was in the Primary presidency and she was in the Relief Society presidency. I think her greatest gift was when she was in Primary. She had some young ladies that she taught and other

than Primary they would meet once or twice a month down at the church in the evening and play basketball. Tata would have a snack for them and a little lesson. They learned to love and appreciate her. In fact, it seemed like any group that comes along they all get acquainted with Tata and they seem to identify with her and her ability to be part of the group is amazing. It seems like Tata really identifies with young people. I know my grandchildren come visit us often on Sundays and they come to see Tata. They would much rather be around her than their old grumpy grandpa. She really has a knack with young people and with whoever she is around.

When we travel, she likes to visit okay and she makes comments about things that we see with the scenery and so on. But she is not one of these has to be gabbing a hundred miles an hour. I like her because she is quiet, but she is also a friend and very conversant if that is the situation. She just plays right into whatever part it is, whatever the occasion might be.

Since Tata has been here, she has become acquainted with quite a few Filipino people. They get together and go hiking, go out to breakfast, and go out and do things. It is interesting, Tata is normally a quiet and doesn't talk your leg off, but she gets around her Filipino friends and it's just a totally different way of everything. There is a lot of laugh-ter and a lot of back and forth chattering. They really have a good time together with all their different dialects. They love to be together and take care of each other. It's a happy relationship that she has with her friends. She is very close to her family. She sends money to her mother to keep her up and going. Tata sends them a little money each month. Ofttimes the money that she sends is equivalent to what they actually earn in terms of their method of payment over there.

She has been called, of course, to be a visiting teacher. She got a nice cell phone and she is very capable. She uses it to communicate with her visiting teaching ladies. She is very devoted and helpful. She just loves to be involved and help out. I grew up with kind of the feeling that you do church work after you get everything else done, but with her it is a priority. It just really makes me feel glad that she is so devoted to the Lord and wants to please, bless and help other people. If I'm laying it on kind of thick that she's a remarkable woman, that's really how I want it because she really is. To think she spends time taking care of an old, crippled man.



MIRACLES

As I have contemplated the many blessings that we have received over the years, I realize more and more of the gift of miracles that we have received. I would like to record a few of the miracles that have taken place.

ASHLEY

This has to do with Bret and Raenada and their little daughter Ashley. Just after Ashley was born Bret and Raenada were visiting a friend at St. Joseph's Hospital in Phoenix on a Sunday afternoon. As they were leaving and got in the elevator ready to go, they discovered that Ashley was turning blue. They rushed her into the hospital emergency room and it just so happened that there was a young intern on staff that was dealing with child heart problems. He was there on-call. Absolutely a miracle. Ashley was rushed into the emergency room and discovered the kind of heart problem that she had. As far as I can remember, surgery was performed just about then to get the blood flow corrected. I believe one of the arteries was coming out of her little heart and then coming right back into it. It was not going to the lungs to pick up the needed oxygen that she required. That was remedied and I know she has had check-ups since then but as far as I know, she is healthy. Ashley, I know that the Lord loves you and was there and had everything put together so that you would have the opportunity to become the wife, mother and great person that you are today. We love you. We appreciate the great influence you have had on our lives and the love the Lord has for you to send you to Earth, to try our faith, and to give us an opportunity to recognize the hand of the Lord in many ways. We are grateful for the miracle that you are, that radiates and permeates throughout the family.

'69 FORD PICKUP

Back in 1969 I bought a '69 Ford pickup from Berge Ford in Mesa. We were living in Fredonia at the time, of course. I think I had Uncle Arlo pick it up for me. I ordered it special. I ordered the largest engine that they had. I think you could buy it with the automatic transmission or you could buy it with the four-speed transmission. I wanted one that I could get around in the hills with, so I ordered the four-speed transmission with the gear shift on the floor. We also bought a camper about the same time. The camper and everything cost us \$3600 for the truck and about \$800 for the camper. We were in

pretty good shape. At that time, I know Bret was ready to drive and probably Tab, and of course the girls. I think Karen and Charylne were already married by that time. The old '69 Ford was really a work horse for us. I remember one time I had a meeting in Colorado up in Aspen and the outfit that was paying for it was a summer program out of Utah. I made arrangements for the whole family to go and we loaded in the camper and went up to Aspen, Colorado. I went to my workshops. Coming home we went up over the mountain, I think they call it Telluride but I'm not positive, and then down the other side into Dolores and then on home. We put the kids in the back in the camper, which is a no-no nowadays but back then it was legal, and they enjoyed themselves in the camper and we enjoyed ourselves up front where we didn't have a lot of kids to contend with. We usually had at least one or two up there with us.

I wanted to tell a couple of stories mainly about the old truck. It was really a work horse for us. We used to go out and haul wood. We had a place at Heaton Knolls. It was about half-way between Fredonia and Mount Trumbull on the Trumbull road. There was a fire that came down through there years ago and killed a large amount of the pinyon pine. The knots that were left were full-sized trees of course but they were bent over or laying on their sides. The roots had rotted, and they had fallen over. The wind had blown trash and dirt up around them. We would hook a chain onto them from the truck and drag them out. They were too dirty to cut with a chain saw so we would split them up with a hammer and wedge. I remember that yellow pine was full of pitch and it smelled nice. We would split those big logs up and throw that rich wood into the back of the truck and bring it home. We enjoyed those pinyon pine fires in the fireplace. On one occasion I think Bret was in high school. I know he was a football player, but I am not sure whether he was up that far or not in school. I usually took all of the boys with me that were old enough to go and sometimes even took some of the girls that wanted to. On this trip we had all of us men folk, Bret, Tab and Matthew. Matthew was just a young kid. He was a mischievous kid. He was tired and I left him in the front seat of the truck when we were working on a big log to split up and put into the back of the truck. I left the keys in the ignition. Matthew turned that key on and started the truck up. It was in gear and down the hill it started to go. Bret was the hero. I'm still amazed. Bret, I'm glad you are still with us. Bret took off after the truck. He was the closest by it. He was a sprinter. He caught right up to the side of the truck and swung that door open and hopped in just before the truck brushed by a cedar tree that pushed the door shut. Bret got the truck stopped and turned it around and brought it back up. Matthew, of course, was scared and I was frightened. I was really concerned for Bret. I had heard of too many people getting caught in doors and having doors slam on them and losing fingers or hands or crushing their head. Bret, thanks for your heroism that day. We didn't say anything much about it, but I know I was very impressed. I appreciate your position in our family.

TAB

I think Tab was sent to us to raise him up to be a Bishop and whatnot, but also to have some special trials while getting through life. I think I talked in the original book about when we had the big rainstorm and he and Bret were in the cattle drive with Pres and Tab had the sheep wagon pressed down on him. That could have easily crushed a young man. I am glad the Lord preserved him to be a Bishop, a father, and all the good things that he has been able to accomplish. One other thing that I want to mention about Tab. I don't know that we've mentioned it at all anywhere. When Tab was in high school and working for the Bundy's, he and I think Donny Johnson wrangled horses and whatev-

MIRACLES

er work that needed to be done when they had the dudes coming out of Whitmore. Tab was on his way home. He was driving Bundy's Jimmy, which is a four-wheel drive with a short base and high, and that particular Jimmy I think had a mechanism in the rear end that sometimes locked the wheels up so that they didn't spin to help on slick roads. It was supposed to be a safety feature. Tab was coming home Saturday afternoon and by Heaton Knolls the road has a lot of curves and the gravel will get pulled up in heaps sometimes along the ruts and somehow the wheels locked on the Jimmy and threw Tab into a spin and the Jimmy tipped over. It had already been wrecked. I don't know if it had a windshield on it or not, but it was just flat level at the top of the doors. Anybody with their head sticking up above and tip over like that would be in a pretty dire predicament, especially if you started to fall out of the pickup and got under it someplace where the pickup could crush you. The truck had flipped over on its top and Tab was sensible enough to feel that he was going over and he climb underneath the steering wheel and onto the floorboard so that when it hit it wouldn't hurt him. He laid there for quite some time before I think somebody from Colorado City came along and got him out and brought him home. Tab has had two or three situations like that that proves he has a mission here to perform. His life is precious, and we are glad of that. We are glad that he is able to be here with us..

JASON

This next part is very sacred to me. It concerns Jason. There is a lot of it that I need to keep to myself. It was a covenant just between me and the Lord. I want you to realize that Jason came to us as a result of an answer to my prayer and pleading in a way to clear my conscience of situations that I really don't wish to talk about. They are pretty private. I want you to know that Jason is an answer to prayer. Not that the rest of you aren't, but his was of a rather sacred nature. If you feel that I have paid more attention to Jason than I did to others, I will say that I did but it was also in fulfilling the covenant that I made with the Lord. There was a lot of pleading and a lot of heartache. Jason is a miracle child. He is here to carry out a special mission. Not that the rest of you aren't, but Jason also has a little special emphasis. I don't know how much of this I should say. While each of you are very special, there are things that I promised in connection with Jason that I don't have with the rest of you. Please forgive me if I have offended anyone. I just want you to know that God is real. He does hear and answer prayers. I want all of you to know that I am very proud of you.

PATRIARCHAL BLESSING

I am privileged to be the recipient of two patriarchal blessings. I went to school with a return missionary in Tempe. His father was the stake patriarch. I asked him if his dad could give me a patriarch blessing. He told me all I needed to do was to get a recommend. On trip home at Christmastime I saw my bishop and stake president. I think Dan Frost was the stake president at the time. I think Oscar Brooksby was my bishop. I got the patriarchal blessing from Brother Griner, but he left out my lineage. Some years later after being married and having children we were living in Fredonia and on the high council was a man named G. Elmer Judd. He was then appointed stake patriarch. I told him of my situation. He said I definitely needed the lineage and to come get a patriarchal blessing. I got the necessary paperwork and went to see him. One of the main things that he taught me that I remember quite distinctly. "Brother Judd, don't ever be ashamed of the Judd name. It is a good name. Don't ever be ashamed of it." In order to re-emphasize what Elmer Judd tried to tell me; I would like to give you a little quiz. I am going to

get names of our family back in history and let you guess to see which ones they are. In the front of the book we will put one of the descriptions of the Judd relatives. Some of them are right in the Judd line and some are close acquaintances that have been involved in the Judd Family.

CHARLYN

It was a pleasant summer morning in 1956. Duane and Tezza, along with their two little girls, Karen (age 3) and Charlyn (age 2), had moved from Mesa to the small town of Fredonia. We'd moved to help my mom and dad with their grocery store business. The area was just beginning to boom. Kaibab Lumber was harvesting trees from the Kaibab. Page was just a worker's camp; the Glen Canyon Dam was under construction as well as the Highways of Northern Az and Southern Ut. What we didn't know was that a miracle was about to happen. We were living in a small two bedroom home next to Uncle Allen and Aunt Cleone and close by were our neighbors, Elden and Arlene Johnson.

On this morning, Duane was at work a block away doing construction on the new elementary school. Tezza had her little girls dressed and had sent them outside to play. After a while Karen came back into the house; she was concerned but didn't know how to articulate. She said that Charlyn was under the bed. Immediately Tezza knew what she meant. She knew there was an old bed springs leaning up against the side of the Johnson's house. She ran and found her baby daughter underneath the bed springs and Charlyn looked to be blue and lifeless. Tezza gathered her up and began running towards Uncle Allen's home, right close by. As she ran Aunt Cleone heard her cries and notified Uncle Allen.

Uncle Allen was a millwright at the new saw mill in Fredonia and worked the early shift so he was home that morning. He was in the shower and heard Aunt Cleone's urgency; he slipped into a pair of jeans and ran outside to find Tezza holding her baby. Aunt Cleone put a blanket on the ground and Charlyn was placed face down on the blanket with her face to the side. Uncle Allen began to perform CPR in the old style. As he began to move her shoulders up and down, Charlyn began to cough and cry and they knew then that she would be okay. We will ever be grateful for the part that uncle Allen played in giving life back to our baby daughter. He was a special person to our family.

I wish to impress upon us the miraculous part of this story. Had Karen not been prompted, even as a child, to come for help; had Tezza been busy doing something else and not paid attention to Karen; if even five minutes had been lost, we would have required a funeral instead of celebrating a miracle. Now over 50 years later, Charlyn is a mother and grandmother and vital member of our family. The real emphasis should be placed upon the great gift of mercy from our Heavenly Father in preserving our lives so that we may live full and happy lives. The real hero in this miracle, of course, is the Savior, who made it possible for us to come to this beautiful earth. How precious is everyone in our family. Thanks to each of you for your love, for your devotion and your desire to do what is right. Charlyn we love you! Thanks for sticking around.

LADAWN

LaDawn at age 22 was driving to Vegas with 4 friends for a National Hairdressers Convention. It was early Sunday morning and a thick fog made it difficult to see. The girls were traveling in a small car and without warning were broadsided by an 18 wheeler. The

frantic truck driver radioed for help, he expected to find the occupants of the car dead. All were alive! LaDawn was in a lot of pain. She asked one of the EMT's who arrived on the scene if any of them were LDS. He said yes he was. She asked him for a priesthood blessing. He told her to wait until they got her into the ambulance. Finally situated in the ambulance she asked again for a blessing. With tears in his eyes the young man told her he was not able to give her a blessing, that he was not worthy. He held her hand and rode with her to the hospital, where he called the church and asked them to send a priesthood holder over to give several of the girls blessings.

Lots of tests were being run to see the extent of L.D.'s injuries when a young man arrived to bless her. It was Marvin Rider a friend from Fredonia! He gave LaDawn a beautiful blessing of healing.

The next day the doctor who had attended LD in the ER sought her out in her room. He said, "I'm LDS, so I understand the blessings of the Priesthood, but I want you to understand that you truly had a miracle during your blessing yesterday." He said the before the blessing he was sure LaDawn's back was broken and she had a ruptured spleen and severe liver damage. He was still working on finding what else was wrong. After the blessing all he could find were broken bones! Most of her ribs were broken in several places and her pelvis was shattered, but she lived to enjoy a healthy life and give birth to 6 children.

Our family has been blessed to have this miracle granted. LaDawn has added so much to our family. We love and appreciate her very much. Thanks to our Heavenly Father for his many mercies and blessings unto us.



FAMILY HISTORY - WHO ARE THEY?

This This first one deals with the early history of the Church way back when the prophet and his brother Hyrum were martyred. There was a meeting to determine who was going to be the leader of the Church now that the prophet was dead. Sydney Rigdon at that time was a member of the First Presidency and he figured that since Joseph was dead that he was next in line. That, of course, was not the plan of the Church. If the president is dead, then it would fall back to the Quorum of the Twelve and the president of the Quorum would lead the proceedings. Sydney gave about an hour and a half speech and then Brigham Young was to talk after him. Brigham got up and denounced the fact that Sydney was to be the next prophet and while he was speaking those in the congregation testified of the mantle of the prophet, in other words Brigham Young took on the look of Joseph Smith and as far as talking was concerned, it was Joseph Smith talking. This young man, who was one of your ancestors, was present at this. He was about 17 years old and he remembered the mantle of the prophet falling on Brigham Young.

-Zadok Knapp Judd

This next one is also a little unusual. This young man started out in Cambridge, Massachusetts. He was ill from tuberculosis. He got with a group of men that were coming west to where perhaps this young man's health could be improved. He got as far as Glendale, Utah and he couldn't go any further. He laid down in the orchards of one of your ancestors and that is where one of his future wives found him. She nurtured him to health. He became a member of the Church. He later ran Lee's Ferry for 22 years.

-Warren Marshall Johnson

This next one is a lady. She came across the plains with her parents. I don't think she was a handcart pioneer. I believe they had a team and wagon. They were told when they left to stay on the north side of the Platte River. There had been a lot of sickness and pioneers dying that took the route on the south side mainly due to the plague. When they got to the Platte River things were such that they couldn't actually go on the north side very well and they had to stay on the south side. She recorded in her history seeing graves that were only partially covered with arms and legs out for people to observe. It was one of the sickening things that she had to experience coming across the plains.

-Marry Minerva Dart

One of the more current and well-known relatives that you have. She was diagnosed early her married life to have cancer. The cancer affected the diaphragm that separates her upper organs from her lower ones. This was discovered on a diagnostic search that the surgeons took. They determined that she needed to see a specialist. She was sent to a specialist in North Carolina. However, before she had been given a blessing that promised her that the cancer would be taken care of. She would not be plagued with the cancer.

-Jilan Judd Hearn

This young lady was often sought out to sing in church. She had a beautiful soprano voice. Her father died when she was 12. He was just a young man. He left them almost penniless. Her beautiful voice was pretty well known in her ward and even as far as Salt Lake City. She was invited to come try out for the Tabernacle Choir but of course was too far away and her circumstances were such that she couldn't afford to get where she needed to be to have such an experience.

-Elva Haycock Judd

This person spent 15 years among the Navajo and Hopi people teaching the gospel and also teaching reading, writing, and arithmetic. He came up with a method to help these Lamanite people master the concepts of the bilagaana school. To show you the progress, when he arrived in the school the students were graduating from the eighth grade with the ability to read on the fourth-grade level. When he left 15 years later students graduating from the eighth grade could read on at least the eighth-grade level and many of them read on the twelfth and thirteenth level. Many of the students achieved perfect scores in math on the State initiated test. These Lamanite children can learn and become very good students right along with any of the white students.

-Duane H Judd

This young man at about age eight or nine was able to drive a team of horses and do almost a man's work. At this time, he was living in Eagle Valley, Nevada. He accompanied his father and older brother to a sawmill to get lumber for their dwellings to build their corrals, home, and barn. They had three wagons all loaded with lumber. The first wagon was his older brother driving his team, the second wagon was this young man, and then his father. As they were driving along, they approached a choppy wash that had just recently been flooded. At the bottom of the wash there was a drop off of about 6-8 inches. He was well trained and knew exactly what to do. As he got near the bottom, he knew that he was going to have to give the horses a good push so they could get up the other side of the bank. He hit the rumps of the horses with a line and yelled at them to get on. The horses lunged and jumped and as they did the wagon dropped off that little 6-8-inch ledge and caused the wheels to bump and jerk and pulled this young man right off the load of lumber underneath the wagon wheel. The wagon wheel was a steel rimmed wheel maybe 4-5 inches wide. The rim ran over him from his lower rib on one side and up across his body to off the shoulder on the top edge of his body. After an administration of a priesthood blessing this young man's life was spared. His son testified at his death that the scar was still visible with the wagon wheel prints diagonally across his father's body.

-Henry Eli Judd

FAMILY HISTORY - WHO ARE THEY?

I don't know whether this next man would be determined as a 70 or what, but he married a Judd lady and he was famous for scouting and preaching the gospel to the Navajos and to the Hopi people.

-Jacob Hablin

This is an older gentleman in our family. This man was an expert bladesman. We called it a grader. He graded roads all over the Kaibab. One of the roads that he is best known for and one that is traveled by thousands of people every year is the road from Jacob Lake to the Navajo Bridge down across House Rock Valley. There was no road from Jacob Lake across House Rock Valley. There was a road from Jacob Lake down to House Rock but there was no road from House Rock on over to the Navajo Bridge. Of course, the bridge was under construction and they needed to have a road to come from Flagstaff across the river at the Navajo Bridge and then onto House Rock Valley on up to Jacob Lake. This was the original Route 89. This man working for the State of Arizona Highway Department did all of the blade work from House Rock Valley down to the Navajo Bridge. I don't know the exact miles, but I would estimate that it was about 25-30 miles. It was a very unusual feat for a non-engineered road. It was one that the workers found the best route and made the road accordingly. With the building of the Navajo Bridge and of the road completion from Jacob Lake down to the Navajo Bridge, this then ended the need for Lee's Ferry. The family that was running Lee's Ferry were now out of a job. With completion of the road that this gentleman made from Jacob Lake to Navajo Bridge, it ended the era of time that Lee's Ferry was being used.

-Z Ray Judd

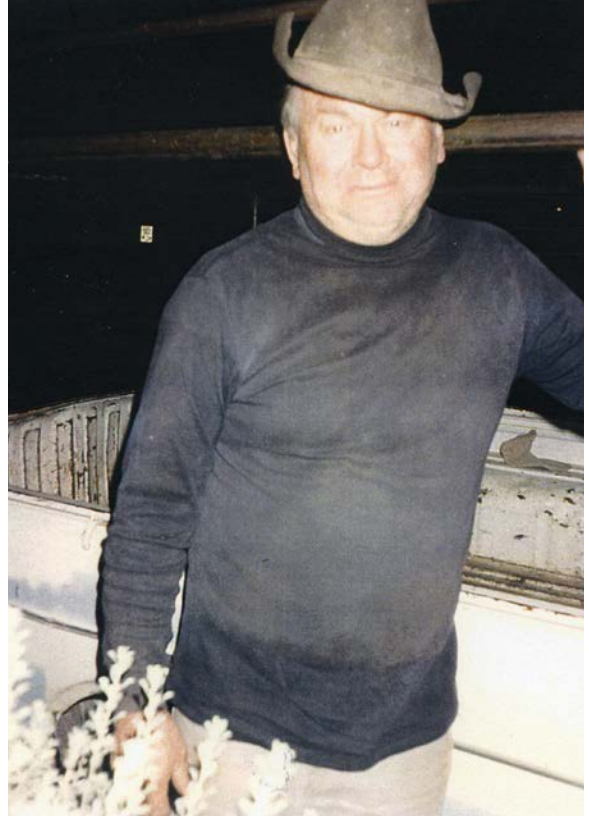


FAMILY PICTURES





THE JUDD FAMILY













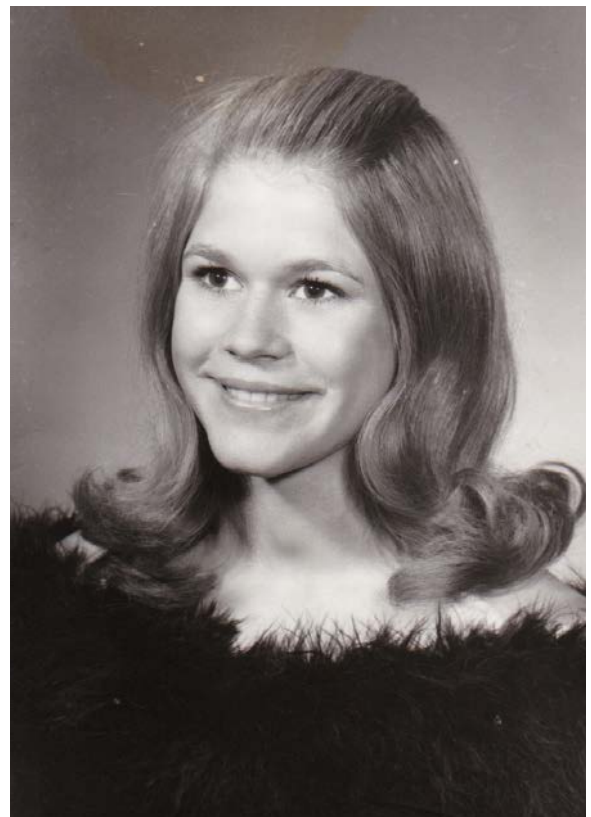








KAREN
AND FAMILY









CHARLYN
AND FAMILY









LADAWN
AND FAMILY

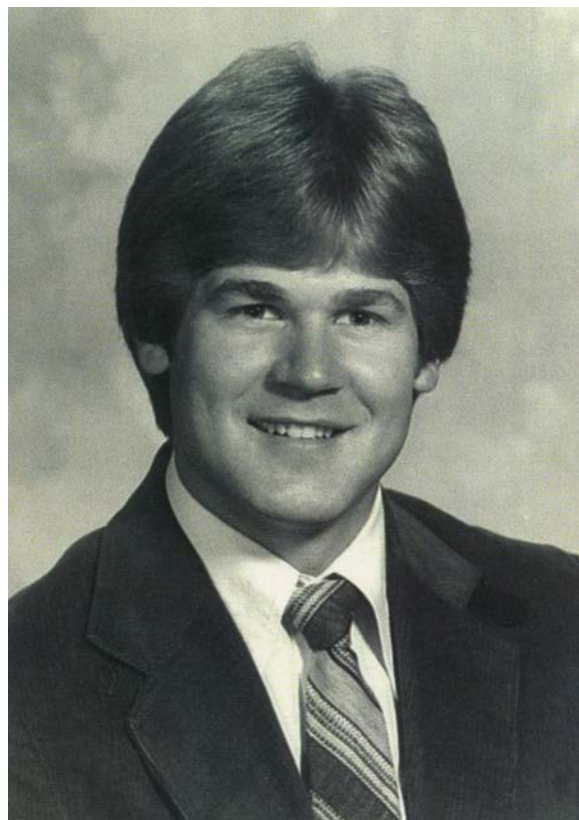
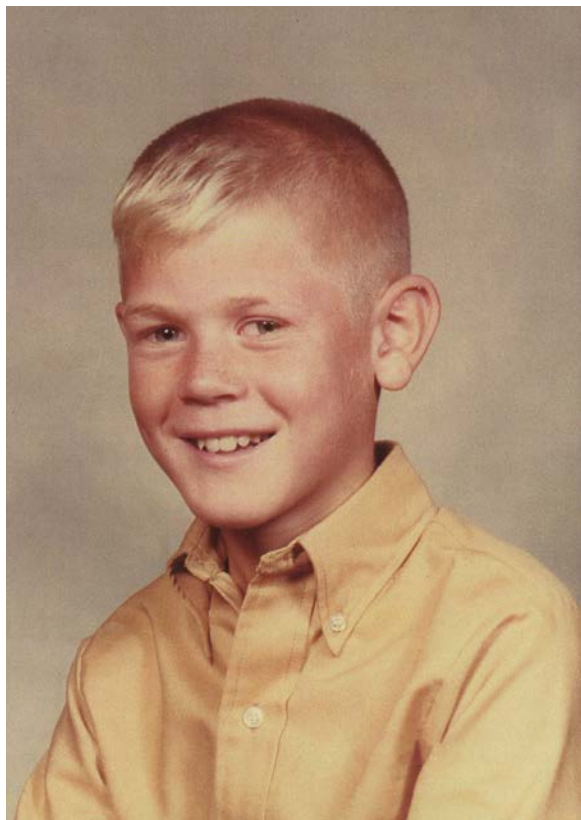








BRET
AND FAMILY





Judd Family: Brett and Raenada with grandkids







TAB
AND FAMILY





KRISTIN





TRECIA
AND FAMILY



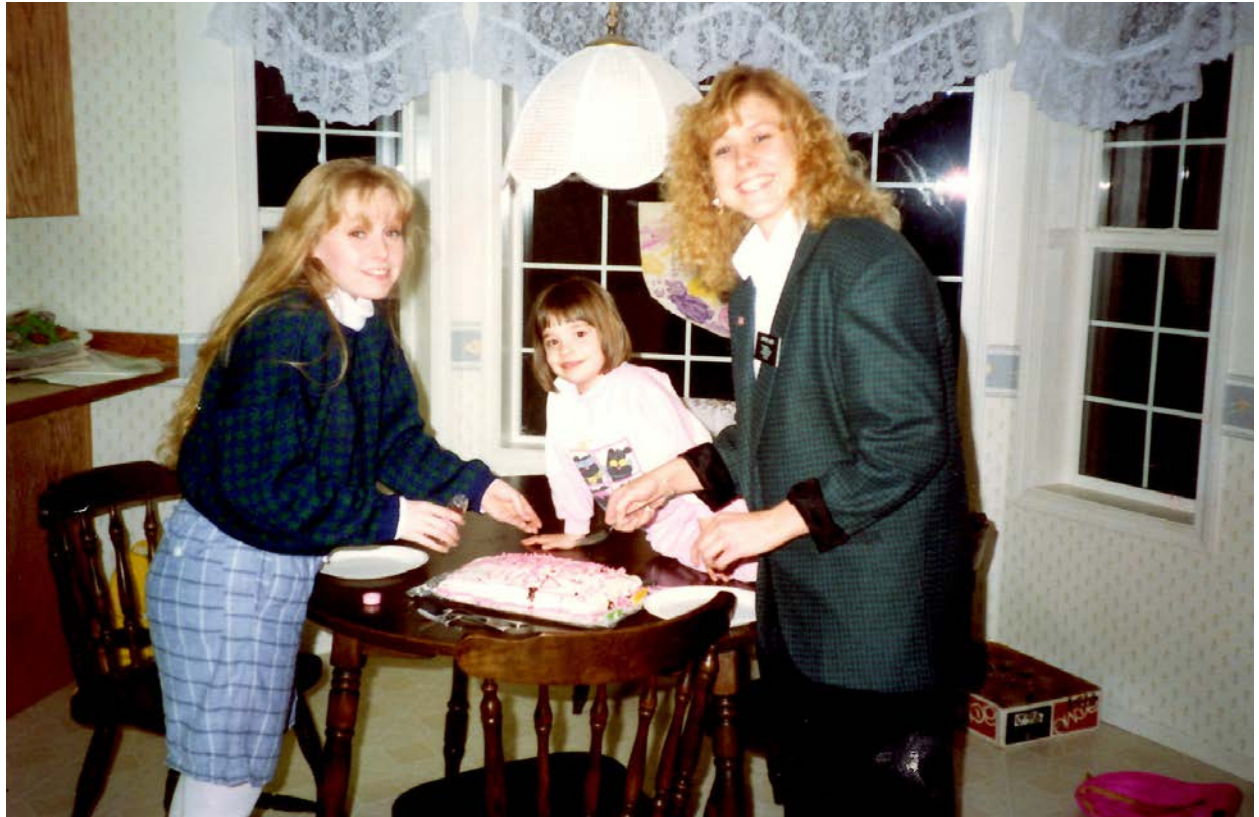






MELISSA









MATT
AND FAMILY







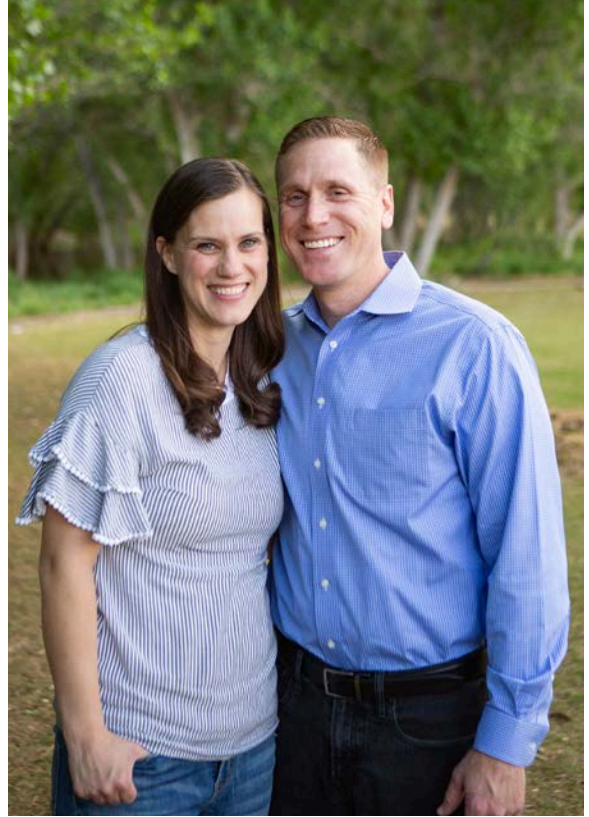
JILL
AND FAMILY







JASON
AND FAMILY







CONTINUED FAMILY PICTURES

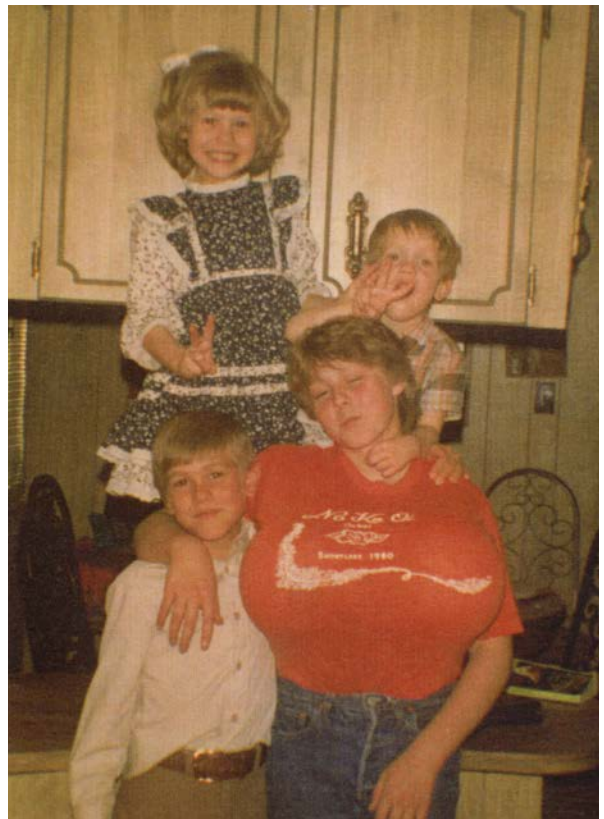














THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

KANAB

STAKE

No. 200

Apr. 14, 1974
DATEKanab
CITYUtah
STATEA BLESSING given by G. ELMER JUDD Patriarch, upon the head of

DUANE H. JUDD

WRITE NAME IN FULL

son/daughter of

Z. Ray Judd

FATHER'S NAME IN FULL

and

Elva Haycock

MOTHER'S MAIDEN NAME

born Jan. 29, 1929
DATE

at

Kanab
CITYKane
COUNTYUtah
STATE

BROTHER DUANE H. JUDD, in the name of Jesus Christ and by the power I hold as a Melchisedek Priesthood bearer I place my hands upon your head and give you a blessing which shall guide and counsel you through your labors here on this earth. You are born of goodly parents who have taught you the gospel of Jesus Christ, who were pioneers of this great country. Don't ever be ashamed of the name they gave you. Don't ever be ashamed of the gospel of Jesus Christ for there is much power and glory here on this earth for you through your faithfulness and your righteous desires.

Your lineage Brother Duane, is through Joseph who was sold into Egypt and through the loins of his son Ephraim. This lineage means leadership and I bless you with the ability to be a leader in this the Last Dispensation of the Fulness of Time to help lead the latter-day saints in the paths of righteousness wherever you are called to go.

I bless you with health and with strength to withstand the temptations of Satan for He is here at all times and waiting for a chance to get hold on you and I bless you with the spirit of our Father in Heaven and if you live so that His spirit can be with you the fiery darts of the Adversary shall pass you by and you will be a great leader here among men. Seek the Lord in prayer daily and have faith in the things you pray for. Ask your Father in Heaven to guide and direct you in all of your righteous endeavors.

Seek out your kindred dead and much joy will come to you in this great and important work. We cannot be saved without our kindred dead. Continue to use and develop the talents you have and bring them forth that all may see and be blessed by them.

Listen to the Still Small Voice of the Holy Ghost and I promise you He will lead you in the paths of righteousness all the days of your life through your faithfulness.

You have been greatly blessed with a lovely and faithful wife and children. Tell them that you love them. Tell them so they will know it and I promise you a happy home at all times. Continue to serve them and your fellowmen. Pay your tithes and offerings and I promise you and your family will not want for the necessities of life.

I seal these blessings upon you Brother Duane for they are yours and no one else's. I seal you up to come for the morning of the first resurrection to be with your loved ones, your kindred dead and your family there to go on to eternity and receive your exaltation in the celestial kingdom. I seal these blessings upon you as Patriarch of this Stake and I do it in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Approved: G. Elmer Judd

Mesa, Arizona
December 1, 1950

A Blessing given by Patriarch Mernice L. Griner upon the head of Duane H Judd son of Z. Ray Judd and Elva Haycock, born January 29, 1929, in Kanab, Utah.

In the name of Jesus Christ, and by authority of the Priesthood in me vested, I place my hands upon your head and give you a Patriarchal Blessing.

You lived in life before among the Gods and your Spirit was valiant in the testimony of Jesus Christ, and you were numbered among those when our Father came down in the beginning and saw that there were many great and noble ones and you witnessed in that great concourse in the Heavens the rebellion of the third of the stars of Heaven who followed Lucifer, and you covenanted then and there that you would come to Earth and partake a body that you may keep your second estate and be added upon forever and ever.

You were born of goodly parents and have received a good body. Keep it so that you may ever enjoy the Spirit of the Lord, that you may pass by the troubles and scourges that shall come upon the Earth.

You will witness the destruction of much wicked people and through your faithfulness and prayer shall gain wisdom and understanding that you may avert the trials and tribulations of life. I bless you with health and strength to continue in life work that you may fulfill every duty and obligation resting upon you.

You shall stand as a Savior on Mt. Zion and shall liberate many souls from the prison house and shall pass from this Earth after having filled all the purposes which you came here to do. I seal you to come forth in the Morning in the First Resurrection if you are true and faithful unto the covenants you have made. You will witness the fulfillment of prophecies both modern and ancient scriptures.

You shall not suffer for the necessities of life but shall be able to divide with those less fortunate.

These blessings I seal upon you through your faithfulness, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen

Signed by Mernice L Griner





DUANE H. JUDD

