

MAY 11 2011

DEPARTMENT OF
WATER RESOURCES

COPY

LAWRENCE G. WASDEN
Attorney General

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Deputy Attorney General
Chief, Natural Resources Division

DAVID I. STANISH (ISB No. 7310)
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Boise, Idaho 83711-4449
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*Counsel for Idaho Department of Fish
and Game*

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT
OF THE STATE OF IDAHO, IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF TWIN FALLS

In Re SRBA

Case No. 39576

Subcase No. 27-11375

AFFIDAVIT OF DAVID I. STANISH

State of Idaho

County of Ada

)ss

DAVID I. STANISH, being first duly sworn, deposes and states:

1. I am a competent adult over the age of eighteen years, and the statements made herein are based upon my own personal knowledge of the events described.
2. I am a deputy attorney general assigned to the Snake River Basin Adjudication.
3. Attached to this affidavit are true and correct copies of the following documents:

Exhibit 1 HKM Map of Place of Use for Water Right No. 27-04096, Page 21 of Exhibit to *In re SRBA, Basin-Wide Issue No. 00-92027*, Affidavit of David B. Shaw (Dec. 5, 2008); and

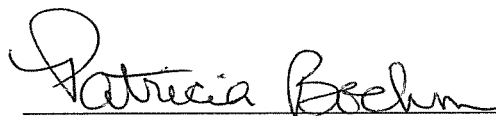
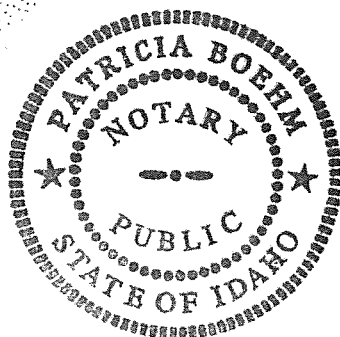
Exhibit 2 Ann M. Jones, *Joseph Horace Stocking & Martha Jane Butterfield Stocking, Their Biographies, Descendants and Ancestors* (1995).

4. Further your affiant sayeth naught.



DAVID I. STANISH
Deputy Attorney General
Natural Resources Division

Subscribed and sworn (or affirmed) to before me, a notary public in and for the State of Idaho this 5th day of May 2011.



Notary Public for Idaho

Residing at Boise, ID

My Commission expires: 2/5/16

CERTIFICATE OF SERVICE

I certify that on this 10th day of May 2011, I caused to be served the original and copies of the State of Idaho's **AFFIDAVIT OF DAVID I. STANISH** on the following persons by the methods indicated:

1. Original to:

CLERK OF THE DISTRICT COURT
SNAKE RIVER BASIN ADJUDICATION
253 THIRD AVENUE NORTH
PO BOX 2707
TWIN FALLS, ID 83303-2707

- ☒ U.S. Mail, postage prepaid
- ☐ Hand Delivery
- ☐ Federal Express
- ☐ Facsimile: (208) 736-2121
- ☐ Statehouse Mail

2. Copies to:

SHOSHONOE-BANNOCK TRIBES
Represented by:
JEANETTE WOLFLEY
SPECIAL COUNSEL
202 N. ARTHUR
POCATELLO, ID 83202

- ☒ U.S. Mail, postage prepaid
- ☐ Hand Delivery
- ☐ Federal Express
- ☐ Facsimile:
- ☐ Statehouse Mail

US DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
ATTN: PETER C. MONSON
INDIAN RESOURCES SECTION
999 18TH STREET
DENVER, CO 80202

- ☒ U.S. Mail, postage prepaid
- ☐ Hand Delivery
- ☐ Federal Express
- ☐ Facsimile:
- ☐ Statehouse Mail

COMMITTEE OF NINE
Represented by:
BARKER, ROSHOLT & SIMPSON, LLP
1010 W. JEFFERSON, SUITE 102
P.O. BOX 2139
BOISE, ID 83701

- ☒ U.S. Mail, postage prepaid
- ☐ Hand Delivery
- ☐ Federal Express
- ☐ Facsimile:
- ☐ Statehouse Mail

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
Represented by:
US DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
ENVIRONMENT & NATL' RESOURCES
550 WEST FORT STREET, MSC O33
BOISE, ID 83724

- ☒ U.S. Mail, postage prepaid
- ☐ Hand Delivery
- ☐ Federal Express
- ☐ Facsimile:
- ☐ Statehouse Mail

STATE OF IDAHO
OFFICE OF ATTORNEY GENERAL
ATTN: CLIVE STRONG/SHASTA
KILMINSTER-HADLEY
P.O. BOX 83720
BOISE, ID 83720

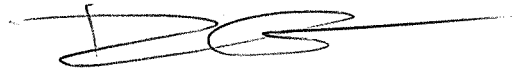
- ☐ U.S. Mail, postage prepaid
- ☒ Hand Delivery
- ☐ Federal Express
- ☐ Facsimile: _____
- ☐ Statehouse Mail

FMC PRODUCTION LLC
Represented by:
WILLIAM G. MYERS III
101 S. CAPITAL BLVD., STE 1400
P.O. BOX 2527
BOISE, ID 83701

- ☒ U.S. Mail, postage prepaid
- ☐ Hand Delivery
- ☐ Federal Express
- ☐ Facsimile: _____
- ☐ Statehouse Mail

IDWR DOCUMENT DEPOSITORY
PO BOX 83720
BOISE, ID 83720-0098

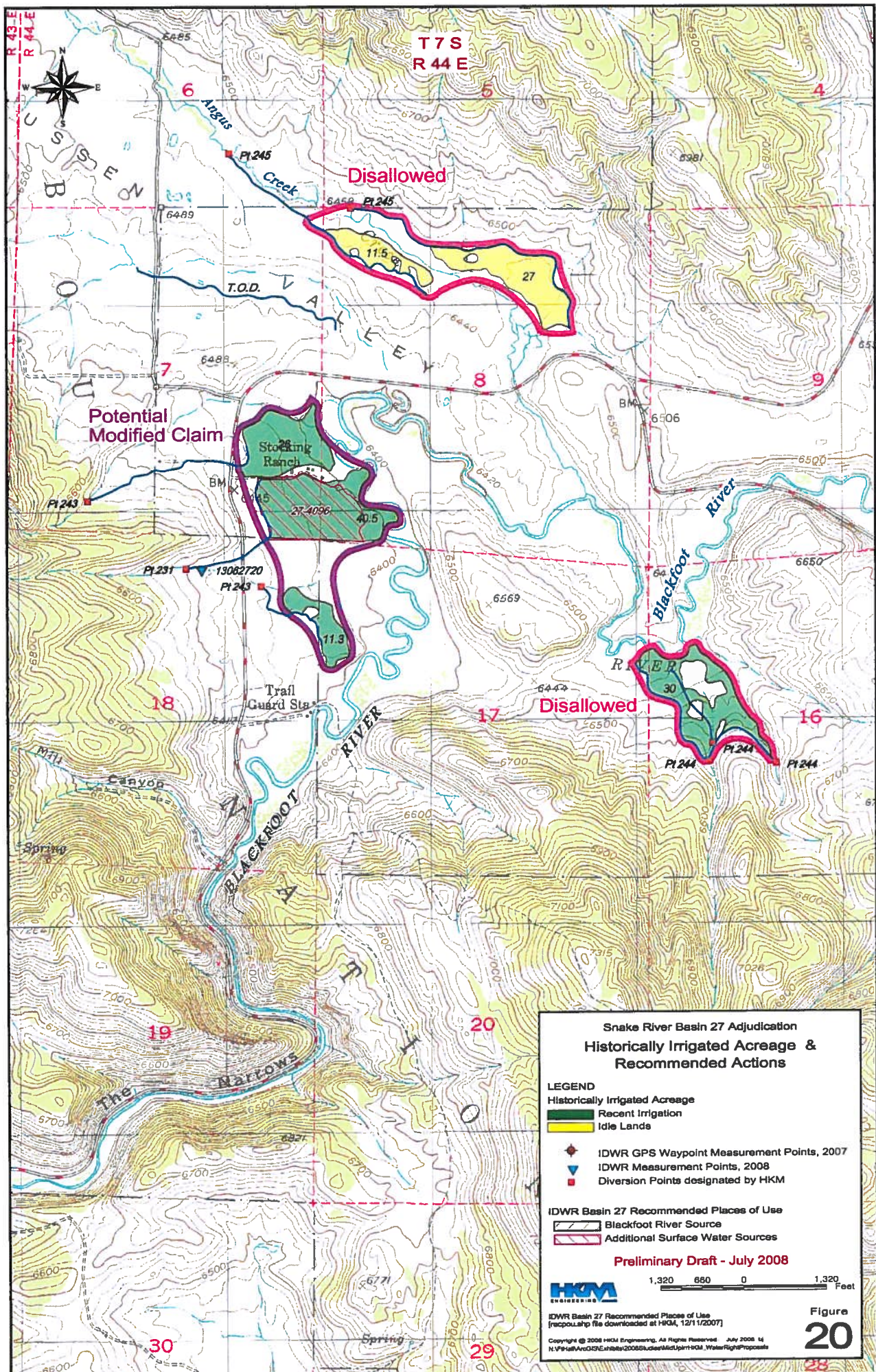
- ☐ U.S. Mail, postage prepaid
- ☐ Hand Delivery
- ☐ Federal Express
- ☐ Facsimile: _____
- ☒ Statehouse Mail



DAVID I. STANISH
Deputy Attorney General

EXHIBIT 1

**HKM Map of Place of Use for Water Right No.
27-04096, Page 21 of Exhibit to *In re SRBA*,
Basin-Wide Issue No. 00-92027, Affidavit of
David B. Shaw (Dec. 5, 2008)**



employed at the State of Idaho Department of Water Resources, including 11 years as project manager for the Snake River Basin Adjudication. I was awarded a Bachelor of Science degree in Agricultural Engineering from the University of Idaho in 1966 and a Master of Science degree in Agricultural Engineering from the University of Idaho in 1972.

2. The State of Idaho has a contract for professional services with ERO Resources Corp. to provide technical assistance regarding the objections to the director's recommendations in the Blackfoot River Basin, among other duties. I am the primary person that provides that assistance for ERO Resources Corp.

3. The negotiations regarding the equitable adjustment in accordance with the Partial *Final Consent Decree Determining the Rights of the Shoshone-Bannock Tribes to the Use of Water in the Upper Snake River Basin* entered by the Snake River Basin Adjudication District Court on August 2, 1995 began in the Spring 2007. I was the technical representative for the State of Idaho in these negotiations. Mr. Ron Billstein with HKM Engineering was the technical representative for the United States. Messrs. Brett Bovee and Woldezion Mesghinna were the technical representatives for the Shoshone-Bannock Tribes ("Tribes") of the Fort Hall Indian Reservation. Mr. Brett Bovee was the primary contact for technical representation for the Tribes.

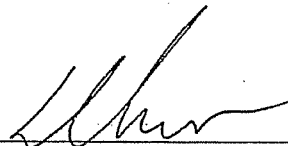
4. HKM Engineering produced maps of the Blackfoot River Basin that identified lands HKM had determined were historically irrigated. A copy of the HKM maps are included on the CD-ROM attached to this affidavit and incorporated herein by the reference.¹ The map legend classifies the historically irrigated lands into two categories: (1) recent irrigation, which is shown in a dark green color and (2) idle lands, which is shown in a yellow color. Thus, this analysis attempted to segregate lands recently irrigated from lands historically irrigated but without any

¹ HKM produced two sets of maps in April and then July 2008. The July version is included in the CD-ROM, because it contains updated information.

recent irrigation activity. The HKM maps also identify lands that are within the claimed place of use of a water right and that IDWR evaluated and recommended as disallowed. The water right number associated with the claimed place of use is also shown on the HKM maps. The comparison of the lands identified as historically irrigated with the designation of the recommended place of use resulted in the following conclusion in the *Governmental Parties Joint Status Report* submitted on February 29, 2008: "Extensive irrigated land tracts were found that had no recommended water rights . . ." *Id.*, Exhibit B at 3.

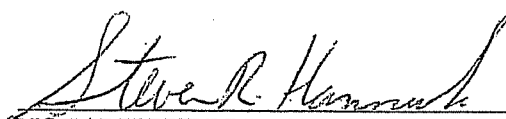
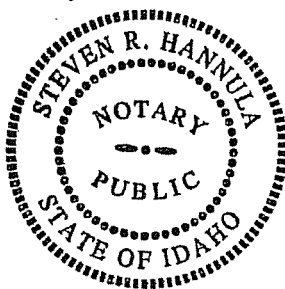
5. The HKM analysis relied primarily upon photo interpretation with some aerial reconnaissance and some field verification. HKM used a variety of aerial photography depending upon the type of photography that was available for the period of interest. As with any photo interpretation, historical identification of irrigated lands is not an exact science since vegetation receiving water as a result of natural occurrences may be misidentified as irrigated land. The maps produced by HKM were provided to staff at the Idaho Department of Water Resources for their review.

6. Further your affiant sayeth naught.



DAVID B. SHAW

SUBSCRIBED AND SWORN to before me, a Notary Public in and for the State of Idaho, this 5th day of December 2008.



NOTARY PUBLIC FOR IDAHO
Residing at Boise Idaho
My Commission expires: 8-18-11

CERTIFICATE OF SERVICE

I certify that on the 8th day of December 2008, I caused to be served the original and/or copy of this AFFIDAVIT OF DAVID B. SHAW DATED DECEMBER 5, 2008 on each of the following persons by the indicated method.

1. Original to Clerk of the District Court Hand Delivery
 Snake River Basin Adjudication
 P.O. Box 2707
 253 Third Avenue North
 Twin Falls, Idaho 83303-2707
- Copy to Special Master Bilyeu Hand Delivery
 Snake River Basin Adjudication
 P.O. Box 2707
 253 Third Avenue North
 Twin Falls, Idaho 83303-2707
 (CD-ROM copy of maps and paper copy)

2. The following persons were served by United States mail, first class postage prepaid, addressed as follows:

WILLIAM HEUSSER 1089 W HWY 36 PRESTON ID 83263	ROXIE HOLSTEN 116 S 2 E BANCROFT ID 83217
FLOYD BANKS 3229 BANKS RD BANCROFT ID 83217	LAKEY BROTHERS PO Box 319 SODA SPRINGS ID 83276
SALVATORE SCAFFIDE 653 S MELROSE PLACENTIA CA 92670	THOMAS PARR MARTY ROMELL BRET KING 5254 McCORMICK MT DR AUSTIN TX 78734

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3. The following persons were served by United States mail, first class postage prepaid, addressed as follows:

COMMITTEE OF NINE Represented by TRAVIS L. THOMPSON BARKER RSHOLT & SIMPSON P.O. BOX 485 TWIN FALLS, ID 83303-0485	COMMITTEE OF NINE Represented by JERRY RIGBY RIGBY ANDRUS & MOELLER, CHTD. P.O. BOX 250 REXBURG, ID 83440
PATRICK TANEY Represented by SCOTT E. AXLINE, ESQ. P.O. BOX 100 BLACKFOOT, ID 83221	DOROTHY LYON 397 N. 800 E FIRTH, ID 83236
VANCE A. HEDIN OFILIA M. HEDIN 48 MANANA DR CEDAR CREST, NM 87008	SHOSHONE-BANNOCK TRIBES Represented by: JEANETTE WOLFLEY SPECIAL COUNSEL SHOSHONE-BANNOCK TRIBES 202 N. ARTHUR POCATELLO, ID 83202
U.S. BUREAU OF INDIAN AFFAIRS Represented by: U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE ENVIRONMENT & NATL' RESOURCES 550 WEST FORT STREET, MSC 033 BOISE, ID 83724	

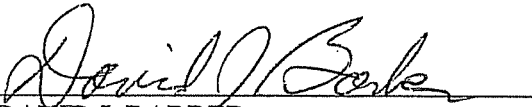
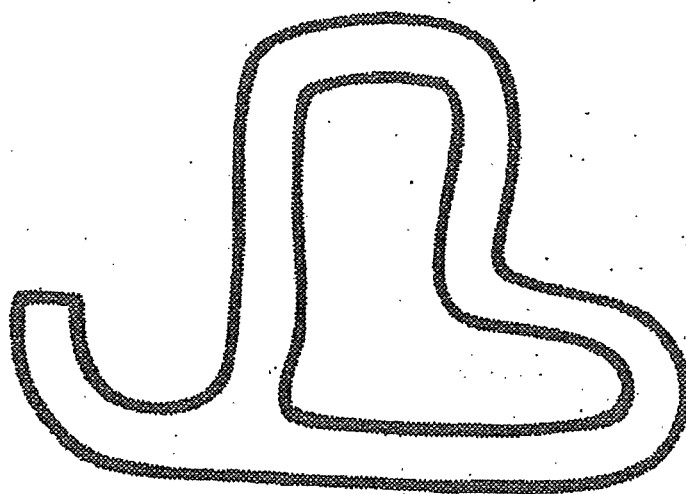

DAVID J. BARBER
Deputy Attorney General

EXHIBIT 2

**Ann M. Jones, *Joseph Horace Stocking & Martha
Jane Butterfield Stocking, Their Biographies,
Descendants and Ancestors* (1995)**



JOSEPH HORACE STOCKING
&
MARTHA JANE BUTTERFIELD STOCKING



Their Biographies, Descendants
and Ancestors

Ann M. Jones



PREFACE

This book is as much about sheepranching in the early days as it is about the Stocking family. For three generations, this family earned their living as sheep ranchers. In order to understand their lives, one has to understand how sheepranching was done at that time. I hope I have made this aspect of their lives understandable.

The motivation for this book began in February, 1988 when my husband and I were taking our son to Utah to enter the Missionary Training Center. We needed a place to stay and my parents suggested we stay with Uncle Rulon and Aunt Mae. As I was growing up, I remember spending much time with Aunt Lucy and Uncle Carl, visiting the ranch and seeing Uncle Revie, and visiting Aunt Luella. Many times we would play on the escalators (they were new to us) while Mother would visit with Aunt Luella at Sears. But where was Uncle Rulon? He was moving around with his work, I guess. I never got to know him, really, until that visit in 1988. He started telling me the stories he knew about his family and his ancestors. Many of the stories he had researched while traveling during his retirement years.

Preface

I knew that I had to come back and visit him with a tape recorder in hand so that I wouldn't miss any detail of the information he had. The book grew from there. A special thanks to him for carrying around a camera as a child and capturing so many snapshots which appear in this book.

It has been a great thrill to write and edit the material for this book. At the beginning I did not know very much about my Stocking family. I sat with each one of my aunts and uncles and my parents, and they began to talk to me and let me record what they said on a tape recorder. As their lives unfolded before me and they shared their memories of their parents and grandparents, I grew to love each of them so very much. I felt with them as they relived their struggles, their joys, and their sorrows.

We have a great heritage. There is a way of life that does not exist anymore. I hope I have captured the essence of that way of life so that it can continue to be understood by the descendants of Horace and Martha Stocking. The Stocking Ranch is being sold. It holds so many memories for all of us. We cannot hold onto the ranch but we can hold on to the memories that are written down.

I could not have finished this book alone. First I need to thank all my aunts and uncles and my parents for letting me bother them so much to get the histories from them, and then continually checking back with them to make sure that I had the details correct, and did not print anything that they did not wish to have in print. I know that at times I was a great bother. A special thanks to my mother for her unwavering support.

I would like to thank my father, Donald Merrill, for the use of his award winning picture of the Stocking sheep.

Secondly, I want to thank my family for their patience. A special thanks to my husband, Heber Jones, for the help he gave in proofreading and computer expertise and also my daughters, Nonnie and Heather, for their help in proofreading. Thanks to my brother-in-law, Don Lewis, who designed the title page and helped with making half-tones of the pictures so that they would photocopy well.

I would like to clarify one point as you read these histories. When Horace and Martha moved to Starrs Ferry or Burley, they purchased three adjoining pieces of property. These were called "the farm" or "the ranch" interchangeably by their children. Later on they acquired the Stocking Ranch. In order to avoid confusion, I have chosen to refer to the property in Starrs Ferry or Burley as "the farm" and the Stocking Ranch as "the ranch".

JOSEPH HORACE STOCKING
and his wife, MARTHA JANE BUTTERFIELD STOCKING

by Ann M. Jones

Joseph Horace Stocking was born in Herriman, Salt Lake County, Utah, on November 3, 1879. He was the son of John Jay Stocking Jr. and Hannah Cook Stocking. Horace was twelve when his mother died. She left a family of four children, Hannah Elizabeth, Joseph Horace, Rosezella Ann, and George Angus. John Jay and Lilly May had died as infants. His father then married Elizabeth Ann Lewis. She was a beautiful little Welsh lady. The grandchildren always referred to them as Grandpa Stocking and Aunt Lizzie. They had one son named James Lewis.

Horace's uncle was Wilford Woodruff, having married Horace's aunt, Sarah Delight Stocking. After Horace's mother died, he boarded at various homes of Wilford Woodruff in the winters to attend school. At eighteen years of age, he worked herding sheep in Tooele, Utah for a Mr. Wrathall.

As a young man, he ran sheep for his father on the Grantsville desert in Skull Valley, in the winter and in Soda Springs, Idaho, during the summer, a distance of about three hundred miles.

A couple of winters, about 1900-02, John Jay Stocking sent the sheep to the Idaho-Nevada Desert for the winter with his sons, Horace and Angus. They went with the Sharp Jensen outfit. They came from Utah into the Bruneau country of Owyhee County, at the corner where Oregon, Idaho and Nevada come together. Horace used to talk about Three Creek, the Bruneau River in Idaho, the Owyhee River, Duck Valley, and the Indian Reservation in western Utah. You could ride out on a high spot, a knoll or a ridge and see a thousand wild horses in one time.

He had put in a couple of winters on the Red Desert in Wyoming. It was during the time when the cattle and the sheep men were at odds in Wyoming. He was with one of his mother's uncles that had sheep there, Zack Butterfield. They had a bad winter. It smothered eight hundred sheep. One sheep was buried under the snow for three weeks. The heat from his body had melted a place under the snow. When it warmed up and the snow melted the sheep came out. Some other outfit's sheepherder saw the sheep come out of the snowdrift and go into his herd. The sheep had been there three weeks.

Horace told of one year when they had a snow storm in the middle of lambing the middle of May, killing every lamb that was born. It snowed for three days and nights.

Joseph Horace Stocking and Martha Jane Butterfield Stocking

Another incident he told was about a man who worked with him. Jack Spires had a band of sheep out on the desert. They were snowed in for thirty days. The men that were with them, the camp movers, cut cedar trees day and night to feed the sheep. The sheep would eat the boughs. They were in rough shape but survived.

The ewes Horace kept for replacements used to have sore mouth. He would pack a five gallon can of kerosene forty miles. He and his men used to take kerosene and lard, put it on the stove and melt it in a little three pound lard bucket. They would go out in the morning and catch the sheep that had sore mouth and dip their lips in that solution. The lard softened their lips and the kerosene kept the scabs off. There were had heavy losses in the sheep at that time.

Martha Jane Butterfield was born November 16, 1880, also in Herriman, Utah. She was the oldest of a family of eight, the daughter of Thomas Butterfield and Lucy Wheadon Butterfield. Her mother had come from England, a second wife in polygamy. Persilda Eastman, Martha's sister, said, "She was named after Gramma Wheadon, my mother's mother, Jane."

It was a very difficult birth when Martha was born. Lucy was in labor three or four days. When Thomas called the doctor, she was nearly dead. Persilda said Thomas had so much faith that he would not have to get a doctor. He knew the Lord would bless her and things would be all right, but faith without works is dead. They had to send to Midvale fifteen or twenty miles to get the doctor. The boy they sent was sixteen years old, and they didn't tell him what was the matter. The doctor didn't bring his instruments with him, and Martha's mother was almost dead.

When Martha was born, the doctor had to tear up a sheet to put around her jaws to assist the delivery. The doctor put her under the bed saying, "The little thing is dead anyway," and started working to save her mother. Aunt Emeline, the first wife, came in from the kitchen, looked at the baby, and saw a little finger move. She picked up the baby, took her out into the kitchen, cleaned her up and started nursing her. At that time she was nursing her own baby, Rose. For six weeks or more they had to tie a handkerchief around her jaw until it was all right. Aunt Emeline nursed Martha for weeks and weeks until her mother was well enough to look after her.

When eight years old, Martha's jobs were milking the cows and carrying big buckets of swill to the hogs. She was a small woman but she worked hard since childhood. She hauled fruit from Herriman to Lark and to the miners at Kennecott Mine in a one horse cart that her father had built. On the days she had to go there to sell fruit, she milked cows late at night. She was a teenager at this time.

Joseph Horace Stocking and Martha Jane Butterfield Stocking

Martha broke her collar bone when she was young. She was driving a one horse buggy between Riverton and Herriman. The horse became frightened, ran away, and tipped the buggy over. It broke her collar bone which bothered her in her old age.

Martha never cut her hair. Her father had other daughters who had cut their hair as that was the style. He asked her to never cut her hair. She promised and to her dying day, she never cut her hair. She used to wear hats and had a difficult time finding hats that would fit, because she would wind her hair up on top of her head.

Horace and Martha both grew up in Herriman and went to school together. Martha completed the eighth grade. They were married October 22, 1898, when he was nineteen and she, eighteen. Later they were sealed in the Salt Lake Temple in 1907.

For the first part of their marriage, they lived in the homes of their parents in Herriman. They didn't have enough money to own their own property. Horace herded sheep for his father and father-in-law. They ran the sheep in Skull Valley.

Some of the time they would go to his father's ranch. The operation of the sheep dipping vats and the sheep shearing corrals was a family enterprise. For a few seasons three shearing corrals were operated simultaneously. John Jay and his wife operated the corral located at the Three Mile Knoll. Horace and Martha operated the corral located in Enoch Valley while Angus operated the corral at Chubb Springs. The wives did all the cooking and with young female help operated the dining room, all in tents.

The purpose of dipping the sheep in the spring of the year was to cure or prevent the spread of scabies and to kill ticks. It was required by law for safety and protection. The men had to go to Sulphur Canyon, east of Soda Springs, and bring back sulphur to use in the dip solution. The animals didn't like the smell of the sulphur water. They had to wade through a vat in a chute to get free again. After the men prodded the first two or three through, the others behind would follow more easily. Stock coming into the country for summer range on the U.S. Forest Reserve especially needed it.

Martha would cook for the men and Horace would work at the dipping vat. It would be cold up there in the spring. In order to have bread for breakfast she would mix it up at night and take it to bed with her so it would be kept warm and rise. They lived in a tent and she cooked in a tent. She was only eighteen or nineteen years old.

While in Herriman, three children were born: Reverent Chauncey, Martha Luella, and Rulon Horace. In about 1909-10, they

Joseph Horace Stocking and Martha Jane Butterfield Stocking

moved to Draper where Horace was able to buy a home and about ten acres.

A law was passed in Idaho requiring those who used federal grazing land called a Forest Reserve Right in Idaho to be Idaho property owners. So Horace and Martha moved their family to Starrhs Ferry, just outside of Burley, Idaho in 1913.

Horace went to Burley to arrange the move. The sheep were trailed to Burley. It was about the first of December, 1912, when Horace returned to Draper. He loaded the furniture, the cows and maybe a horse or two in one boxcar, and shipped them to Burley. Rulon remembers coming in from Sandy on the old street car to his grandfather's and Aunt Lizzie's home, at 636 West 100 South in the old Lewis home, where they were living in the winter. Then they went from there to the Union Pacific Depot and rode the train to Pocatello and on to Burley. Horace met them at the train when they got off at Starrhs Ferry, which was a mile and a quarter from the farm house.

Horace unloaded the furniture out of the boxcar and put it into a wagon to haul it to the farm house. He had a rather elegant buggy for that time as it had rubber tires. He tied it on behind the wagon and he drove the wagon. Rulon remembers his mother and him riding in the buggy behind the wagon. They went on an ungraded road. The land had just had irrigation water on it for one year. There was still considerable sagebrush on the side of the road, between the road and the fences. Rulon recalls his mother saying, "This is sure a God forsaken country."

Her father tried to get her not to go to Idaho. Pearl remembers that her father had said "there is no Church in Idaho, no nothing up there, just a bunch of infidels." Rulon remembers that her father told her "If you move up there among those gentiles, and lose one child, you'll regret it. It won't be worth it."

She didn't want to leave Draper and Herriman. These comments of her father influenced Martha, in that she didn't want to go up and live among 'those' gentiles. Martha hated the wind blowing all the time in Burley. Lucy Jane and Pearl Elizabeth were born there.

They had been trailing the sheep from Skull Valley in Utah to Soda Springs, Idaho each spring for many years. When they had to move they chose to move to Burley and trail the sheep from Burley to Soda Springs. Perhaps it was because the winters were milder. The only reason Luella could figure why they chose Burley over any other place was so that he could raise hay.

When they moved to Burley, Horace bought two eighty acre farms and a forty acre farm that adjoined one another. He hired

Joseph Horace Stocking and Martha Jane Butterfield Stocking

men, and Luella and her mother helped cook for them. They raised hay for the sheep and beets and potatoes to sell.

He also purchased twelve acres on the Snake River and built lambing sheds. Horace built a shack and equipped it with tables, chairs and beds. They had to have men working all night in the sheds. Martha cooked three big meals a day for eight to fourteen men. She had a stove but no running water. They would eat a great deal of mutton (meat of a mature sheep), potatoes, and beans, "lots of good hard food."

The sheds had boards up part way and then canvas over the top for the sheep and the lambs. Horace had the lambs born in February or March so by spring he could trail the sheep to Soda Springs to the summer feed. The government owned the summer feed in Dry Valley, thirty miles east of Soda Springs.

Horace had ten thousand ewes at one time. In 1917, he bought 3500 head of ewes and leased permits from Enoch and Raymond Sampson at Firth. He brought the ewes down to Burley across the desert and across the Snake River at Starrhs Ferry on the ice on January 1, 1918. The ice on the river was three and a half feet thick. He had a team of horses that weighed seventeen to eighteen hundred pounds, a sheep camp (a covered wagon), and a commissary wagon. One of the hired men was afraid to drive the team of horses across the river to the camp. Horace went over to the old Schodde Ranch and drove them across the river.

Martha was a very industrious person. Once in Draper Luella remembers her mother taking her own dress and cutting a dress without a pattern and sewing it up. It was the first silk dress Luella had ever had in her life. Martha was a good seamstress. Luella remembers doing much of the cooking and chores while Martha did the sewing.

Luella said, "I had to gather the eggs and to do the cooking. I had to haul the water in to cook the meals. We didn't have running water at all. No taps at the farm or the property in Starrhs Ferry. My dad dug a well three hundred feet. It cost us a fortune. Then he had to get a pump to get the water up from so far in the ground. The well was right by the house. It went through a lot of rock."

Persilda Eastman said of Martha, her oldest sister, "I think a lot of your grandmother. She lived in Draper for a while and then moved to Idaho. She was a good sewer. She made me some dresses. She worked hard after she was married, cooking for men that was working for them with the sheep. She was a good housekeeper and neat and clean all the time."

In the early 1920's there was a depression. Many sheep and cattle men went broke. Cliff, Luella's husband, told of going

Joseph Horace Stocking and Martha Jane Butterfield Stocking

outside Burley and cutting sagebrush for firewood. It was cheaper. Everyone had run out of money.

In the crash of 1923, Horace lost the farm and was heavily in debt. Lucy can remember her father pacing the floor at night and tears running down her mother's cheeks. She can remember furnishing the people at the auction sale with hot dogs and coffee when they came to buy the harnesses and buggies. That was the first hot dog she could remember.

They lost the farm and sheep but not the lambing sheds. In 1928, Martha's father died and left her an inheritance which she took in sheep, about two hundred head. This gave them a start again.

They moved first into a little house on the Oakley highway next to Wardles for one or two years, then they rented at the Southgate Addition. After that they moved to Malta Ave. for a few months and finally bought the home on Elba St. in 1928 in the town of Burley. The children went to school there and spent summers in the sheep camp. Things were hard financially 1923-29, but they were really hard from 1929-1937.

Horace would walk the sheep between Soda Springs and Burley. It would take him six weeks to two months to get them there. They were walked out on the desert past Fort Hall. They traveled in the back country, not on the main highway. It has only been the last few years that sheep have been trucked.

Once as he was passing Fort Hall where the Indians would go to pick up their welfare checks, he saw an old Indian. Horace asked how old he was. The old Indian replied, "I don't know how old I am but I was a young man when the first white man came to this country. I can remember the first wagon and running along the side of the wagon, watching the wheel go round."

There were three canyons in the reserve right on the east side of the mountain: Hanson Canyon, Kendall Canyon and Sawmill Canyon. Horace's reserve right went from the road straight up the mountain. Each time that the sheep were moved into another canyon they would also move the sheep camp. Part of the time the children would sleep on the ground and part of the time Horace would make a bed out of limbs between two trees.

In 1928 Horace filed on a homestead¹ of 360 acres in Dry Valley which was up against his father's summer range. He ran his sheep there and on the adjoining summer range. At the time they took out the homestead in Dry Valley they would move from Burley to Soda Springs after school was out and then from Soda Springs to Burley so the children could go to school. While Lucy and Pearl went into Burley for school, Horace and Martha would live on the

Joseph Horace Stocking and Martha Jane Butterfield Stocking

homestead in the fall to make it seven months of the year as required by law. Sometimes Martha would be there alone.

The sheep and cattle men would summer their stock on the ranches and the U.S. Forest land in the summer and then take them to market in the fall. The fat lambs and cattle were driven, not hauled as now, to Soda Springs which was at one time the largest shipping point in Idaho. They loaded on the railroad cars and shipped to Omaha or Chicago which were the two largest markets.

Lucy remembered her dad taking the lambs, loading them up on the train, and taking them to St. Joseph or Omaha. At least once, he went all the way to Chicago, but in later years until he died, he just went to St. Joseph and Omaha. She still has a pencil and some little books that were given out for free. Pearl can remember that he brought back their first wrist watches to Lucy and her when they were teenagers.

Horace would come to Ogden to a bigger bank to do his banking because there wasn't a big enough bank in Burley. Many of the banks in Burley had gone broke. When he would go back east to sell the lambs and wool he would have a large amount of money that he wanted to put into the bank. The meat brought more money than the wool. He would make his loan payments and arrange financing for the next year.

When Pearl and Lucy were little they had a small dog, a white Japanese spitz. Someone had given her to Horace. They called her Toots. "She was a living doll." They were living on the Southgate Addition at the time. One time they were going into the Henry Stampede in the old car. The only storage in the car was side boards on the running boards and Horace put her in there to ride. But somehow she got out and they were dragging her and almost killed her. Someone called it to their attention and they put her in the car. She was all right and they had her for many years after that. One time they left her at the homestead to go someplace and when they came back, all of the dogs that usually would lie under the house were out. Martha said something was wrong. They looked under there and found Toots had crawled under there and died. They put her in a box and buried her close to the house in Dry Valley.

Horace's adage was early to bed, early to rise. He was a big man. He worked hard and had the tenacity of a bulldog or he would never have made it.

Rulon recalls this incident with his father. "You could register an ear mark the same way you could register a brand. It was legal. Father's was an upper bit, and an under bit, and small fork on the left ear, and a under half on the right. When they would dock a lamb and brand the lamb in the spring they would put the ear mark on the female lambs. They didn't bother with the

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males, but the females could be saved for breeding purposes in the years to come.

"During the shearing he had me stationed at the shearing corral. The sheep went through the chute for cutting the lambs from the ewes so that the ewes could go to the shearing pens. The various sheep owners would come and watch the sheep go through the chute, and look for their own sheep. I was doing some of that for my father. My father tried to be there all the time.

"There were two or three Greeks that had sheep there. I remember my father just about getting into a fight with one of these Greeks, because he had marked and pulled two ewes as being his although the Greek had his brand on them. They had my father's ear mark on them. The Greek may have picked up those two ewes the year before as strays. My father finally got those two ewes. It showed that one of the characteristics of my father was that he wasn't afraid of anyone, and he wasn't afraid of sticking up for his rights."

Horace was an excellent horseman as was his father. Pearl remembers as a young girl, her dad would bring wild horses into the corral, rope one of them and break him. "My dad was not afraid of the horse. I used to sit on the top rail of the corral and be scared to death that my dad would be hurt with this wild horse."

Revie recalls, "My father broke a few horses that he traded for. When we lived down in Draper just before we moved to Idaho, he had a bay mare. She was a bucking horse, mule-headed. You couldn't do much with her. He took her up to Soda and he rode her over to Gray's Lake one day. He was coming home and there in the Upper Valley they were putting up hay. They had five or six tents around there for the hay crew. I guess she almost broke all of the tents down. I remember when we had the camp over there in Kendall Canyon she came home at night very gentle. She'd been ridden up there all day. When he took the saddle off, you could do anything with her."

Horace also accumulated mules, breaking them as teams. There was a grey mule, old Queen, and a bay mule, Roman, that was so stubborn. Pearl relates, "We used to have old Peggy, a smaller mule that mother and us girls used to ride. We'd put our small saddle on her and away we'd go. She was so cute and so dependable and so sure-footed. We would live around the sheep camp in the summer time and we would have to strap five gallon cans on each side of the saddle with a rope over the horn. She would go down the hill, a real steep incline, with those cans on her saddle. We would go down to the Blackfoot River and fill them up with water and bring them back up again. Peggy was our main stay to get the water up to the camp. She finally got so old that Revie had to shoot her but she had been in the family for years."

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Lucy remembers being five years old and learning to lope on Peggy. She would ride her from the gate to the barn and back and forth. As they got older, Lucy remembers riding Peggy while Pearl rode old Tim, a sorrel horse, everywhere they went.

Martha did all her own sewing. During the Depression when there was no money to buy anything she would make Lucy and Pearl petticoats and panties out of flour sacks. She would take her dresses and make two dresses from one dress, one for each of the younger girls. She was very resourceful, keeping things together during those difficult years from 1923 to 1937 when they didn't have enough.

Martha was really clean. Even up in the lambing sheds she would sweep the front yard and it was nothing but dirt. She taught her children, "We may be poor but we don't have to be dirty". Her campgrounds were always clean because she would sweep around the sheep camp. She was always washing. She would make her own lye soap, using the tallow from the killed sheep.

No one could say anything against polygamy to Martha, never. The children remember when a ward teacher or visiting teacher or anyone else came into their home, and would criticize polygamy, she told them in no uncertain terms that polygamy was all right. Martha had black eyes that could stare right through you when she was angry. One man got a kick out of her, because she was so fired up about it.

She could keep them there until twelve midnight telling them how she lived in polygamy, how she was raised. She said she'd like to get up in church some Sunday and tell them how they lived in that time. There was much misinformation. Her experience with polygamy had been positive.

Horace talked about the early days down in Herriman when they lived in polygamy. If a stranger came to town, they knew he was a US marshall and they would send the kids out the back door to get the neighbors and tell them the marshall was in town. They used to warn each other. A man named Crump had a white mare and it was getting old. He got on that mare bareback, rode down to Riverton and said, "Hide me, hide me. The United States marshall is after me." He said he rode down there on a lope and Old Nellie hadn't stumbled once.

The Stocking Ranch consisted of 1720 acres with 640 acres of adjacent leased state land called a school section. It was northeast of Soda Springs, on the upper Blackfoot River. It had lush green meadows with the river winding through the middle and on to the narrows which is about two miles long with steep mountains on both sides of the river. A two-roomed log cabin facing south, was built there. Water came from a spring just under a small rise north of the house. It was purchased in 1907 from the Rasmussen

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family by Horace's father, John Jay Stocking. Later another room was built on.

When the Stockings were at the ranch they would have to carry the water up from the spring in buckets. They put it on the stove, heated it, and carried it out to the wash tub on the front porch. They would wash the clothes by rubbing them on a scrub board, rinse them, and hang them on a few short lines out front. Everything was hand done. There was a hand washing machine there but it wasn't used very much. In Burley they had an electric washer that they used in the kitchen. Compared to washing and drying now it was still very primitive.

After John Jay died, Horace, who was still living in Dry Valley, took over the ranch and operated it until his death in 1946. Horace told Lucy, "Lucy, I just love this ranch so much. I want to be buried right here." After Horace died in a truck accident, Revie took over the management of the Stocking Ranch. Revie and his wife, spent their summers there until his death in 1992.

On November 26, 1946, as Horace was driving a stock truck, it overturned into the river at Pocatello, Idaho killing him and the man who was with him.

The newspaper article describing Horace's accident said, "The stock truck with a partial load of grain plunged into the Portneuf River from U.S. Highway 30 N Tuesday night four miles west of Pocatello, killing Joseph Horace Stocking, 67, a Burley sheepman, and Lavon Hill, 48. The careening truck ripped out 12 guardrails and a protective cable before it toppled on its right side into the river which was 15 feet deep. Both men suffered head bruises but these didn't seem enough to knock them unconscious. There was the possibility that Mr. Stocking who was presumed driving suffered a heart attack or cerebral hemorrhage causing him to lose control of the vehicle and unable to help himself in the water. His companion would have been unable to escape from the cab without moving the driver. Mr. Stocking had left Burley early Tuesday morning, had bought grain in Soda Springs or Pocatello and was on his way back to Burley. They found no water in his lungs but did in the other man's lungs so they presumed he had suffered a heart attack and the other man had drowned."

Martha traveled back and forth between Burley and the ranch every summer all her life. She stayed often with her daughter, Lucy, in Soda Springs. The spring she passed away Revie felt he could not take her back up to the ranch so he put her in a rest home in Burley. She was not there more than a couple of weeks when she died on May 29, 1962.

- Joseph Horace Stocking and Martha Jane Butterfield Stocking

NOTE:

The legal description of the Dry Valley homestead is:

Township 7 South, Range 44 East,
Boise Meridian, Caribou County, Idaho

Section 29: NW1/4 SW1/4
 S1/2 SW1/4

Section 32: NW1/4
 W1/2NE1/4

SOURCES:

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Court, Luella. Interview. Aug. 1992.

Eastman, Persilda. Letter.

Hayes, Lucy. Interview. Aug. 1991.

Herriman LDS Ward Records. Film # 0025999. Family History Center,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

Marriage Certificate of Joseph Horace and Martha Jane Stocking.

Merrill, Pearl S. Interview. Jan. 1989.

Murphy, Eastes W. John Cook II (1816-1865), Ann Denley Cook (1817-1901), Ancestry, Life, Descendants, 1982. p. 115.

Salt Lake Tribune. November 28, 1946.

Stocking, Revie. Interview. Aug. 1991.

Stocking, Rulon, Interview. Feb. 1990 and Aug. 1991.

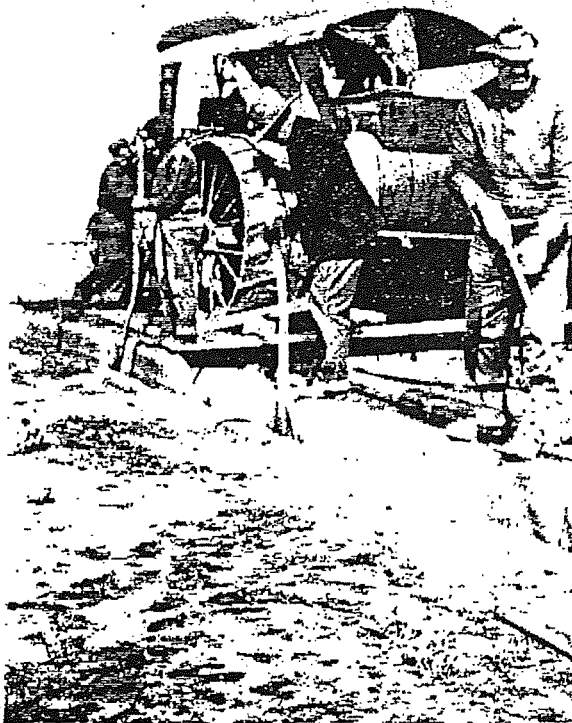


Martha and Horace Stocking with Revie, Luella, and Rulon



Lucy, Revie, Horace, Luella, Martha, Rulon, Pearl





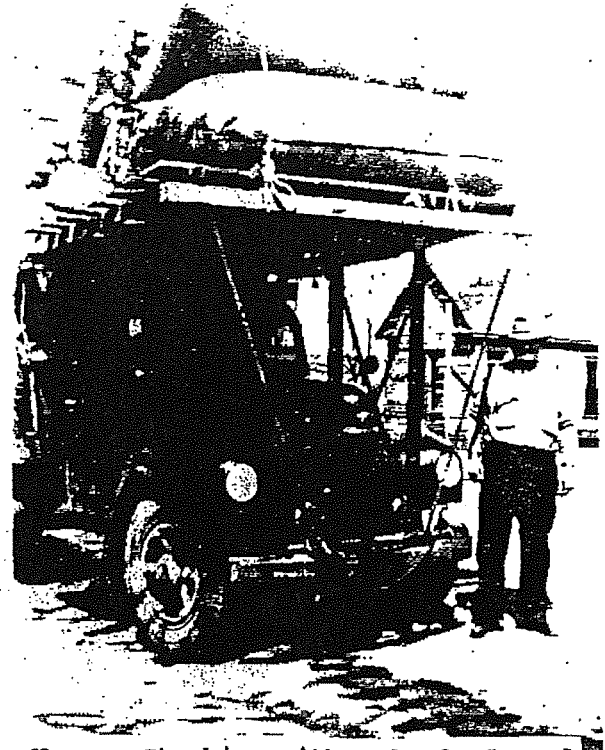
John J. and Horace Stocking "dipping sheep" at the old sugar factory in Burley in 1919. At that time, dipping sheep was no longer routinely done, but Horace accidentally bought some sheep that were infected with scabies and needed to be treated.



Horace, Revie, and Rulon Stocking at the sheep camp in Kendall Canyon, about 1928



Angus and Horace Stocking prior to





Martha wearing chaps over her dress
She always wore a dress, never pants



Martha and Horace Stocking in the 1930's



Martha Stocking after the death of
Horace, about 1948-50

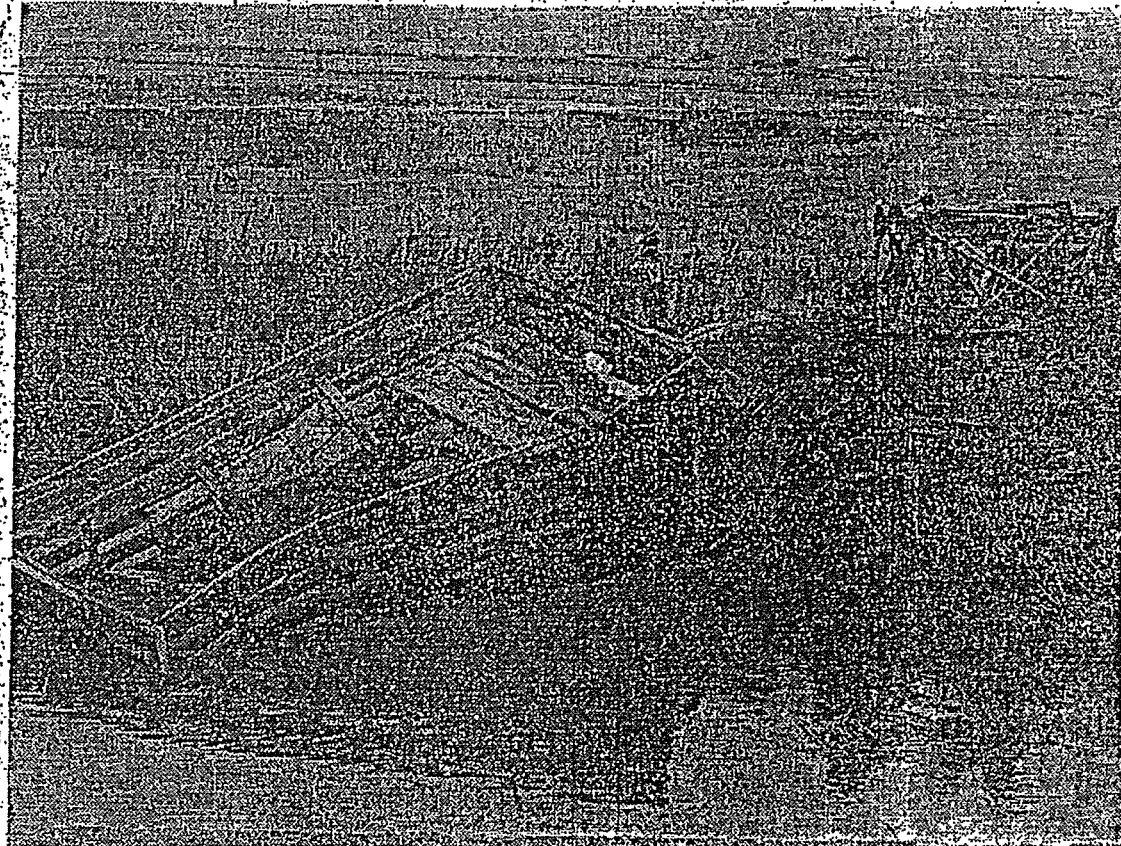
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SECOND SECTION

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 29, 1946

Tragedy Rode This Big Stock Truck



Tragedy was the third passenger in the big stock truck shown being hauled from the Portneuf river where Joseph Stöckling, 67, Burley sheepman, and LaVon Hill, 48, his employe, died Thursday night.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF REVERENT CHAUNCEY STOCKING

edited by Ann M. Jones

I, Reverent Chauncey Stocking, was born December 11, 1898, in Herriman, Utah, the son of Joseph Horace Stocking and Martha Jane Butterfield Stocking. I was known as Revie. We lived in Herriman with my grandfather and grandmother on both sides of the family. I can remember my first day at school in Herriman. School started about the first of September, and I wouldn't turn six until the middle of December. They told me I wasn't old enough to go to school, so when I went home for lunch I didn't go back that afternoon. But I did finally go to school. The school board told my mother I was old enough to go to school and to send me.

My Grandfather Butterfield used to plant potatoes. They raised enough potatoes for their own use. I can remember picking potatoes out of the ground, putting them in a wagon loose, and hauling them to the pits. They used to dig a trench about four feet wide and six inches deep in the ground. They would pile up the potatoes in there and put some straw over them to keep the frost out and then layer it with dirt. That was the way they stored apples and vegetables too. They would leave openings so that the heat and steam could come out of the trench in the top.

My grandfather also grew a few watermelons, cantaloupe, strawberries, raspberries, and dew berries, which are like blackberries. I can remember going over to the watermelon and cantaloupe patch, getting a ripe one, breaking it open and eating it. They had flavor. These watermelons and cantaloupe now have no flavor. They are picked green and trucked a long way. There is nothing like going out to the tree, picking a ripe peach and eating it.

I was nine years old and out tending a little bunch of sheep, forty or fifty head of ewes with lambs about a week old. An Indian came up. He was riding a big brown horse, and he had a tall black stove pipe hat and big black braids down his back to his waist. He had sixty head of horses with him. All he could say was rock chuck. He wanted to know if I had seen any rock chucks.

Rock chucks are about eighteen inches long with a little short tail. They've got claws so they can crawl around on rocks and wood on all four feet. They don't eat anything but green grass. They are pretty good size, about the size of a skunk but heavier than a skunk. They live in the rocks. The Indians used to shoot them and eat them.

When I was a kid I had a terrible earache in my right ear. I went to the doctor and he opened the abcess and put a poultice of flax seed on it. I was in extreme pain so I asked my mother to

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pray for me. She did and within hours the pain left. I never had another earache again as long as I lived.

I was about ten years old when we moved from Herriman to Draper, Utah. My father had bought a home over there. We lived there until I was in the eighth grade. I graduated and went to Jordan High School in the fall until Christmas of 1912 when we moved to Burley, Idaho.

While we lived in Draper, my father bought me a little brown horse that weighed about nine hundred pounds. It had a little slit in his left ear. He was wintered out in a field, then we went over to Crescent and got him when spring came. I got on that horse and rode him bare back with Johnny Stocking on behind me. We went down to our place on horseback, then the horse just put his head down, took two or three jumps up and bucked us off right there in the street.

The horse would go along and follow the sheep camp and the team. He loved the sheep camp. He was later lost on the desert. When he was found fifty miles away, he still had the saddle on.

Once, while in Draper, I crawled under the barn, reached to pull out a skunk I had caught in a trap. I killed it, but it sprayed all over my face. Mother had to pour witch hazel in my eyes to save them and then bury my clothes in the ground so the stinky smell would leave them.

The family moved to a farm in Idaho in 1913. The reason we moved to Idaho was because the Caribou range growers leased some state land and formed an association. In order for a man to qualify for rights in that association he had to be a taxpayer on real estate in the state of Idaho. I think at one time in those days ninety-five percent of the sheep that summered in Idaho were financed by Utah financial institutions. There were many sheep that went from Utah.

I attended high school in Burley. There were only twenty-five or thirty people in the high school at that time. It was held in the old Miller School. I graduated from high school in 1918.

The year when I was eighteen years old, I was put on a horse in Burley and given \$25. I was to drive twenty-two head of horses from Burley to Soda Springs where the sheep were. It took me five days. I left one Sunday afternoon after staying overnight on a ranch at Minadoka. I went from there to American Falls. I put the horses in a corral there at a livery stable and stayed in the hotel. The next day I went from there to Fort Hall and went over to the Indian Agency. My father had told them I would be coming. They took me over to an Indian place there to sleep in their barn. I put the horses in the corral, stayed there that night, and left early the next morning.

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The Indian family, where I stayed, had just rough lumber for a kitchen table. I don't remember what they used for chairs. It was all just crude, rough lumber. I guess they had a wood floor. That evening just before dark, the brother came from the Portneuf River on a big black horse. He'd been running the horses up along the Portneuf River. The horse was sweating and the sweat had dried on him.

The next day I went from there to Grave Creek just south of the Indian reservation and stayed there at the old Austin Ranch. The men were just getting ready to shear sheep there. The next day I went from there up to China Cap where I found the sheep. They were another ten or twelve miles north of Soda Springs. The men had just gotten through shearing that day at the old Dowell shearing corral there.

I broke my leg up at the Stocking Ranch while helping my grandfather brand a three year old horse in 1919 or 1920. When I broke my leg, Rulon wrapped a dish towel around it with some splints. They started to take me to Soda Springs and stopped a fellow in a Model T Ford. He took me into Soda Springs to the doctor. Every time that pickup hit a chuck hole I could feel the bone in there rubbing together. We got there just at noon, and Dr. Kackley Sr. packed me upstairs. The hospital was upstairs in the old Fryer building. He left me on the operating table and said, "I'm going to go to lunch. I'll be back in a little bit." I stayed there until he came back and set my leg in a plaster of paris cast and put me in bed. He wouldn't even let me sit on the edge of the bed and let it hang down to the floor. I was there for thirty days. Nowadays they'll put a plaster cast on it, give you a pair of crutches and tell you to go join the Olympics. It was in July. Doc Kackley would come in at about three or four o'clock. He had a little pen knife and he used to tap that cast with that pen knife. He would sit down and tell me about the old days, the early days in Soda Springs before they had any kind of a hospital built there. He told me about the early history of the area.

When I graduated from high school it was during the First World War. I went down to Logan, Utah to the Agricultural College from September to December. We had a choice of either enlisting in the army or going to school. While I was there going to school in Logan we had to take military training. We weren't in the service long enough to learn the manual of arms. The armistice was signed November 11, 1918 and they gave us a discharge from the service.

I came home and I never went back to school. I spent the rest of my life working with my father and the sheep, the biggest part of it in the sheep camp. We would trail sheep from Burley out on the Snake River Desert to Soda Springs. We'd set up there all summer then trail them back across the desert to winter down in Burley.

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My father lost his farm in Burley in 1923. It was actually in Starrrhs Ferry. He still had the lambing sheds on the twelve acres on the Snake River and he had grazing rights in the Caribou Reserve just out of Soda Springs. He trailed the sheep up there in the summer to graze. Later he homesteaded a 360 acre piece of property in Dry Valley. When my father's father died, my father took over his ranch. We worked on it together until my father's death in 1946. Then I kept it up. On December 14, 1962, I married LaNea Nebeker.

It used to be that all you needed to be around sheep was a sheep hook and a can of creosote dip. Now you have to buy expensive drugs and everything else. You have to be in the drug business to run an outfit of sheep and an outfit of cows.

My grandfather used to run a shearing corral north of Soda Springs, just on the east side of the Three Mile Knoll out there. He and his men used to shear twelve to fifteen hundred head of ewes in the morning and another band about the same size in the afternoon. Those were the days before machines. They were sheared with a blade. My father had thirty-two pens, so thirty-two shearers from Utah used to come up there and shear sheep for about six or seven cents a head.

In those days the sheep were never fed anything other than what they could find grazing. They just wandered out on the range. They used to have to rustle in the brush for food. They used to pull the wool off on their sides, their belly, head and neck. About all they had on them was a little bit on their back and on their sides. The shearers were only able to get six or seven pounds of wool per sheep. Now the sheep are kept in pens and don't lose any wool. They can shear twelve to thirteen pounds. The last I knew about it was twenty years ago when the range sheep averaged around ten pounds of wool in the state of Idaho.

My father used to go over to St. Joseph, Omaha, or Chicago to take the sheep to market. Soda Springs, years and years ago, used to be the largest livestock shipping center in Idaho. Twelve hundred cars left Soda Springs at one time.

One time one of the sheep bells disappeared from off the sheep. We also lost some brace and bits. We had some mules that we turned out everyday to water. I turned the mules out of the corral to go to the river to water one afternoon. We found a sack with a bell and the brace and bit. The sack had had grain in it and the mule could smell the grain. He had picked up that sack with his teeth and the missing bell and brace and bits fell out. One of our workers had stored it there and figured that when he quit he'd pick it up and take it with him.

My grandfather one summer had a young Indian and his wife working for him. Alvin Stocking, one of Johnny's boys, was over

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there helping them hay. He had a saddle with a red sweater tied on the back. It disappeared one night out of the saddle shed. They didn't know where it went. Alvin and Johnny lived in Blackfoot. Alvin was in town one day. He saw this young Indian woman with his sweater on, so he went to the sheriff about it and got his saddle and red sweater back. They had taken that saddle, cached it somewhere in the bush, and then when they left they picked it up and brought it with them.

We had a Twenty-Fourth of July celebration up at the ranch one time just before the Henry Stampede started. Many people think the Henry Stampede started over at Chubb Springs, but I think that it got its original idea from the celebration at the ranch. We went down to Kent Pier's confectionery and got five gallons of ice cream. We had quite a crowd up there. It was a nice celebration.

They used to have a nice rodeo at Henry but the water was bad so they moved it into Soda Springs. We used to go over there and camp for three days in a tent with a quarter of a mutton.

There used to be a lot of old corn whiskey manufactured over in Henry, bootleg. In the prohibition days there used to be a store in Henry where the owner used to make a little whiskey from a still of his own. He'd sell it to sheep outfits and camp movers. He ran for sheriff in an election. Somebody said to him, "Bill, what would you do if you were elected sheriff and you went up the creek here and found somebody making whiskey?" "Well", he said, "I'd sample it and if it wasn't any good, I'd show him how."

Old Buck was a wild horse I was able to capture and pick up out on the range. I broke him to ride. Lucy, Pearl, and Rulon would ride him quite a bit. You would never know if he would want you to ride him or not. He would sometimes buck you off. He was around the ranch quite a bit.

I used to help with dipping the sheep. It used to be required by law to dip the sheep for scabies in lime and sulfur solution or Black Leaf 40. The sheep had to be dipped in order to take them into Utah for the winter. We used to dip five thousand sheep a day in October. The dipping vats were forty feet long and six feet deep. We had to have the dip at a certain temperature, 70° or 80° F.

Scabies was a parasite that was transmitted from sheep to sheep by contact. The parasite lived under the first layers of skin, loosening the wool so the wool would fall off the sheep. It was a very bad scourge in the 1880's and 1890's, and the turn of the century. They passed laws that all sheep no matter where, in the state of Idaho, Utah, Wyoming, and maybe Montana, had to be dipped twice a year. At that time they were dipping in lime and sulfur, which was strong enough. They had to be dipped twice to

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get the scabies. That did eliminate scabies from the intermountain west.

Some survived though, and Father happened to get a herd of sheep with scabies. He hadn't detected the scabies when he got them; it broke out later. He had to dip those sheep after he had taken possession of them. There was an old dipping vat down by the Amalgamated Sugar Factory in Burley, so Father had that old dipping vat restored and repaired so it could be used. He also had an old steam engine that was used to drive the old threshing machines. That old steam engine was the source to heat the water because the sheep were apt to contract the equivalent of pneumonia and die. It would be a big loss if you dipped them in cold weather, in unheated water. In fact, in order for the lime and sulphur mixture to be effective, the water had to be heated to a certain temperature. They don't have to dip the sheep anymore. They have the scabies pretty much under control.

I guess it is pretty hard to find a sheep with a tick on it anymore. They used to be lousy with ticks. When I was a kid I saw at least twenty or thirty of these little brown wood ticks under a horse's chin and in their flanks. You could sometimes pick off five or six ticks off of your underwear when you would undress to go to bed at night.

There were two kinds of ticks. The little brown ticks get their heads in under your skin and swell up as big as your finger and turn grey. They turn white on a horse. There was a sheep tick that was a little larger. The front part is a light color and the back was a dark color. You would see many of them on sheep. I think it's now to the point where sheep don't have ticks anymore. It's been a long time since I've seen one of those little brown wood ticks.

I've seen it when it was a pleasure to lamb sheep and I've seen it when it was damn tough. There was a time when we just had canvas on the lambing sheds. The shed was full of snow and a few sheep started to lamb. We cleaned a few pens every day, cleaned them as we needed them. I've shoveled snow in the middle of the night, sometimes shoveling snow from midnight on until morning and then working all day too.

One year we had a hard winter. We had nine men, just local people helping us. Two or three of them were from the Schodde Ranch. We had nine men down there shoveling snow to make room for the new lambs. I have shoveled piles of snow out there at night. I have worked all day, gone to bed right after dark, and gotten up at one or two o'clock in the morning to turn the sheep out.

I've seen years down there when February was just as warm as could be. You didn't need to be in a hurry. Once we took the sheep up to Oakley for two or three weeks before we started

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lambing. We started down, the weather was nice, and the ewes started lambing. We camped overnight and fifteen ewes had their lambs right there. We just left them there, took the other sheep down to the sheds and then went back that afternoon to get them. We put them in a truck and brought them down to the sheds. It was as nice as weather in June, so warm you didn't have to hurry to get them in. But I've also seen them freeze to death before you could get them into a shed.

Lambs are usually born the first part of the night. When a lamb is born, if he is in the shed long enough to get dry and nurse, you are going to have an awful hard time killing it. I've turned lambs out that have been less than twelve hours old in -30° to -35° F. The lambing pens were too full.

It was rough when my mother had an infection in her eye during lambing season. She was in Twin Falls in the hospital. They were afraid that the infection in her eye was going to go to her brain and end her life. I never went to bed for three days and nights.

One year up there to the ranch there was a buck that got into the ewes when we took the lambs out up there. He wasn't in the herd very long. We knew when the lambs would be born. It was in January some time. We came down the trail. I was moving the camp. The very day they were due we camped out north of Burley. I camped by a big tall brush so they could get some protection. We had four ewes lambled. One of them had twins. They were alive and okay in -20° F weather. It was warm in that brush.

You'd be surprised to know how much heat a band of sheep can generate. You go out there with a couple thousand sheep when it is twenty below. It is warm when you get in with those sheep. Sheep will lie down in the cold weather. They will lie close together. A sheep will always lie down with its back toward the wind.

Once down at the lambing sheds in March there was one of the worst storms I've ever seen. It started to rain a little bit at night. We'd been lambing. The next morning the rain had turned to snow. The fences drifted over and the sheep could walk right over the fences any place.

People talk about eating good mutton in a sheep camp. Since we never had refrigerators, we used to keep ten to fifteen small wether lambs (castrated bucks) that we'd let stay in the herd. In the spring we'd shear them all and kill those yearling wethers. They weighed about one hundred pounds. They tasted like lamb but with just a little more age to them. We used to keep mutton for ten days or two weeks. We used to hang fresh meat out overnight in the cool air, then get up and take it in before the sun came up. We'd put it in a meat sack, then in a quilt, and lay

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it on the floor where it was cool. Dad always let the mutton age ten days before he cut it.

We used to sleep with the sheep up in the canyons in the summer with a tepee tent. There were many nights when the weather was good and the moon was shining. I didn't even put up a tent, just put out a bed anywhere I could find a level spot. There were days up there when I wished I wasn't up there, but there have been other days when I was glad to be up there.

We would have a heavy loss of sheep in the summer time from predators. A bear got into the sheep one night and killed thirteen lambs. My father went down to Pocatello and came back with a bear trap. He paid \$25 for it. I took it and set it up there with those lamb carcasses in a pen. The first bear I caught all right enough, by two toes. Two toes were in the trap. The first time I set the trap I put some canvas and dirt over it. But the bear got away. Then I caught a big brown bear and I killed it.

Along towards fall Rosie Alcala, a little Mexican man who worked for Dad for years, had been up herding the sheep. He came down to the ranch one day about 10:30 AM. My mother cooked him some breakfast. He said he'd been gathering up the sheep. A bear had gotten into them and scattered them all over in little bunches. So I went up there with him that afternoon, took a pack horse and a bear trap up and set it up, built a pen, put a carcass in the pen. I got the same bear the second time, a female bear with two toes missing. They weren't even healed up.

After that over a period of years I caught ten or twelve bears, large ones and small ones. Most people think a bear might be furious but they are just as tame and gentle as can be.

From the experiences I've had with sheep I've learned much. People think sheep don't have a sense of direction, but I know different. Just the other day we met a ewe and a lamb that belong to Borrow Brothers up at Lewiston. Earlier they had wanted a place to stop for a night or two with two bands of sheep. One of the sheep had been lost in the timber. We met this ewe and lamb coming right down the middle of the road, going home, going back.

I've heard a story. I don't know if it is true. The Rich Outfit had a black ewe that was always kept over at Tincup. She had twins. They took her south and east of Soda Springs around Mt. Sherman. They used to have two bands of sheep over there. That ewe came back from Eight Mile and across the river. She was seen around the stock yards in Soda Springs. She was seen out by the dam where they lambed and sheared. That ewe must have traveled fifty miles with the two lambs. She was going to Tincup where she'd always been. Those sheep know. They'll go back the same way they came. They have a sense of direction.

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Indians used to come up to the ranch to hunt and fish. Once I saw an Indian up at the ranch east of the river. It was a man with a woman. They had a girl with them about twelve years old. He'd been in those rocks along the river and had shot a rock chuck and brought it down to where the woman was cooking bread on a campfire. It wasn't pancakes. She'd cook them in a frying pan on the fire.

He took that rock chuck to them. The girl took it down to the river and opened it up and dressed it and washed it. She didn't skin it. They put some potatoes and carrots in it, sewed it up, put it in the fire, and cooked it. Then when it was cooked they took it out, peeled the hide right off and ate it. I've seen them do that with ground squirrels too.

Two or three wagon loads of Indians would come to fish with two or three boughs over a wagon to keep the sun off of them and a team of horses. Back when I was just a kid there would be two or three families together. They would bring twenty or thirty head of horses with them. They would trade and sell horses. They were from Fort Hall. They used to camp in the narrows on the Blackfoot River at the ranch at Soda Springs in the fall and spear in the water when the water was low. They used to spear the big suckers in the holes. They used a pole about twelve feet long. I've seen ten or twelve of those big sucker fish hanging on a pole out in the sun with the fat just dripping out of them in the sun. They cured them that way for the winter.

There's not a fisherman up there anymore. People used to come up there and camp a week at a time, leaving their trailer house up there for two or three weeks and coming up there weekends. There are very few fishermen this year. It just is not worth their while. They've got to go to Canada to find good fishing. You can't afford to eat them; this sportsman deal is costly.

We have a few moose up there every once in a while during the summertime. Three or four moose have been killed in the last ten years right up there in around our place close. We see a few elk up there once in a while. We've seen deer up there this summer but there aren't deer up there like there used to be. One time years ago they had a game reserve up there about fifteen miles long. They didn't allow hunting on there for a long time. They opened it up to hunting in 1941 or 1942. There were so many deer up there that hunters could get two deer. Now there isn't anything.

There used to be twenty-five bands of sheep that would pass by up at the ranch going to the forest. Now there aren't any. They truck those sheep and livestock almost everywhere. They still move the sheep from Burley to Soda Springs but they do it by truck. Most of the sheepmen in the state of Idaho have gone out of business. Right now in Soda Springs they bring sheep from

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California to summer. They bring the ewes back down there and lamb them in October or November. They take the lambs off of them down in California in March or April. Then they truck the ewes up into the Caribou forest to summer.

With cross breeding the sheep can have three, four, or five lambs. It used to take a good ewe to raise two lambs. If she could raise two lambs, she was extraordinary. Laidlaw developed the Panama sheep by crossing Lincoln and Cotswold. I can remember when my father and I went down to Salt Lake City to a national ram sale. My father came back with two beautiful Rambouillet bucks. They had been to a beauty parlor. They had been cleaned and had oil on their horns and were made to look good. They still trim the sheep and make them look like they had been taken to a beauty parlor. I like to see a sheep that is natural. I don't like to see them all dolled up, trimmed. You can't tell what you'll find.

Horses today are different. They don't know what they used to know. These horses are trained enough to do what they do, but just an ordinary horse is trained for certain things. I bought a horse in Burley, a nice looking three year old sorrel horse. It was broke all right but when I took him up to the ranch but he didn't know enough to step across a little creek. He would balk over a twig. He had just been on a beaten path all the time. He didn't know how to handle his feet at all when we got him up there.

There was a colt we had up at the ranch. Bogatell Lader was breaking it to lead with just a halter around him. I took him right in the kitchen, around the table, and took him back out. I was bringing him to the house to show LaNea how good he could lead.

I've wished that I had built a little home down on the twelve acres where the lambing sheds were. I could have built a well, planted a lawn, and sprinkled it. I'd like to have a place where I could have maybe twenty or thirty head of good ewes, right now. But I have no place to put them. I'm in no shape to get out there in the winter time to feed them and take care of them. If we lived out there in the country and had ten acres, even five acres, about all we would have to do is throw them two or three bales of hay. I could feed them myself in the wintertime. But living in Burley, if I had any sheep I'd have to drive down to the lambing sheds in bad weather to feed them twice a day. It isn't in the cards. The best thing is for me to forget it. I finally sold the lambing sheds in the spring of 1991.

This cold air bothers my breathing. Up there at the ranch that air at night about two or three in the morning is so sharp that I can feel it in my chest. The ranch isn't any place for old people now. You can go up there and see things that should be done and you can't do it. It's hard to find anyone who will do it.

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LaNea hears a coyote every once in a while. We've seen three this summer. We've got a gas refrigerator up there now. We've got no electricity. We live up there like we did one hundred years ago.

I think old age has an effect on your hearing and on your eyes. They just get older. There isn't anything they can do about it. These doctors, medical researchers, they've made considerable progress but they just haven't come up with a cure for old age.

They are mining phosphate at Diamond Creek and shipping it to the plant first by train and then by pipeline. That sheep allotment that my father had, they've built a road right through that. Last summer they wanted to buy forty acres of the deeded land in Dry Valley. I haven't heard any more about it. They are mining phosphate right to the edge of our property.

(The last two summers of Revie's life, he wasn't able to go up to the ranch as much as he would have liked. He died October 20, 1992 at the age of ninety-three years. At this time the ranch is being sold, and LaNea continues to live in Burley.)

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ALICE LANEA NEBEKER STOCKING

edited by Ann M. Jones

I, Alice Lanea Nebeker, was born March 6, 1930 in Shelley, Idaho. My parents were Lester Margetts Nebeker and Florence Nield Nebeker. My father went down to Shelley to feed cattle. We went back to Fairview, Wyoming in Star Valley when I was six weeks old.

I can remember when we didn't have electricity or running water. There were two wells in town. We had to go to them to get drinking water and haul it home. We used water out of the ditch to scrub floors and wash.

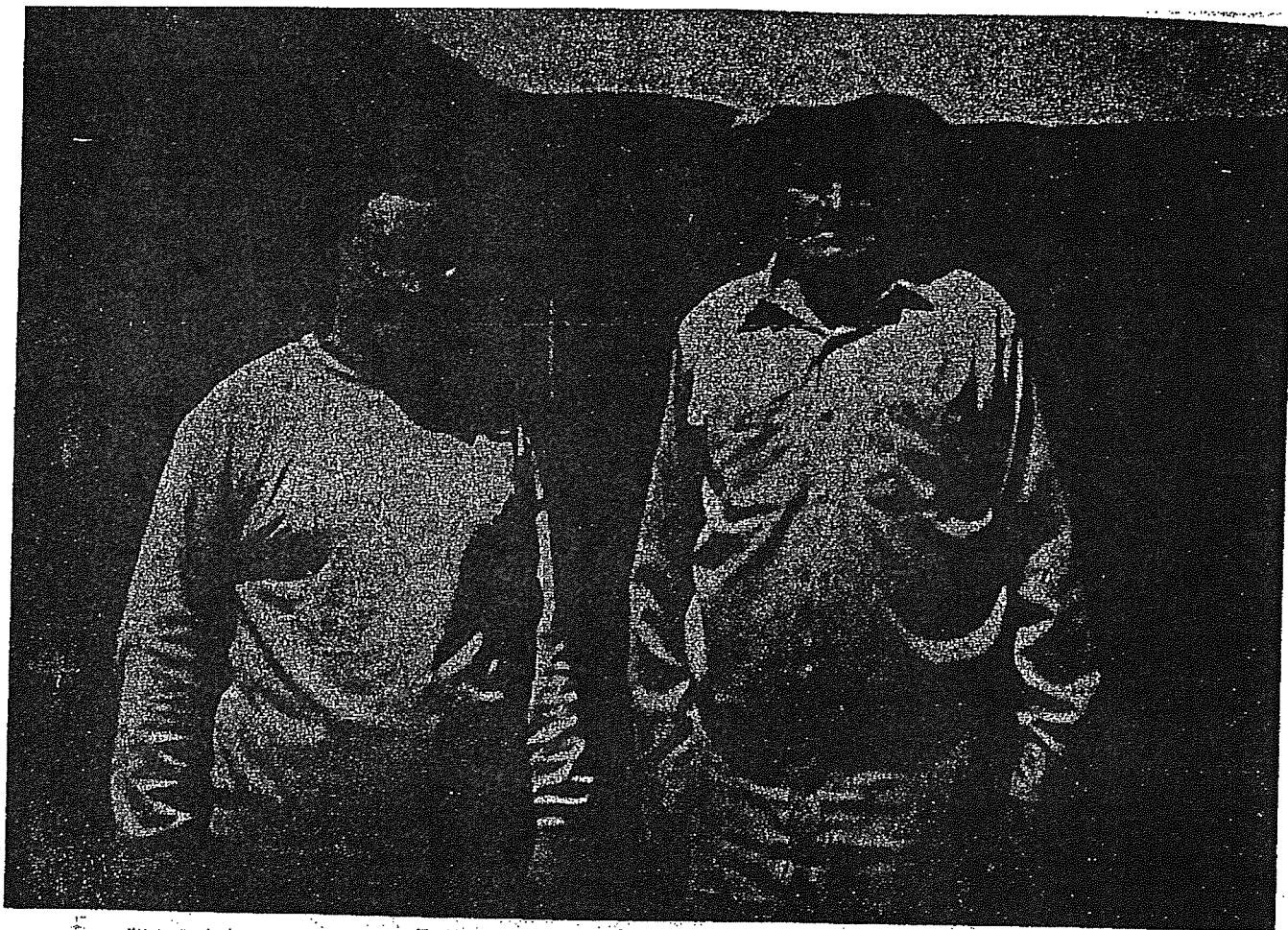
I was used to roughing it. We had to carry water, go out to the outhouse for the bathroom, carry out ashes, and carry in coal. We had to bath in the round tub, wash clothes on the washboard, and light the coal oil lamp. We had to make a fire if we wanted to cook anything.

I can remember living in a tent one summer. My father had twenty acres and he worked for wages most of the time on a ranch up in Sage Valley. He was away from home much of the time. It was like company coming to have Daddy come home. Mother would get our Saturday house cleaning done and our baths and hair curled because Daddy would be home Friday night. Sometimes he was gone all summer. That's when he went up Greys River to get poles to get electricity in town. He'd help dig the pipe line to get the water in. I remember we used to have coal oil lamps and when we got a gas lamp, we felt we were rich. The gas lamp gives a lot better light. It was New Year's night when we got our gas lamp.

I have no children. I was married to my first husband, George Lee Corsi, for five years. He was my first date I think. I thought it was just perfect like all people in love. We moved down to Draper. I had an aunt in Draper and she wanted me to come down and take care of her little girl while she worked. My husband got a job there picking chickens. He would kill chickens among other things. When this girl got older and into school I started working there dressing chickens.

I met Revie Stocking in 1955. My first husband had just died and I really wasn't very interested. We had a neighbor that worked up by Revie. He got us together. Revie used to come down and see me and we used to write letters. It just worked out for both of us. We were married December 14, 1962.

I'd never been with sheep before. After Revie and I got married, I got quite an education. I had been around livestock but never sheep. Now that Revie is dead, I do not go up to the ranch. It is in the process of being sold. I am living in Burley.



LaNea and Revie Stocking



Revie Stocking

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MARTHA LUELLA STOCKING COURT

edited by Ann M. Jones

I, Martha Luella Stocking, was born to Joseph Horace Stocking and Martha Jane Butterfield Stocking on December 31, 1901 at five minutes before midnight in Herriman, Salt Lake County, Utah. My mother told me all my life that I was born in 1902. I only lived five minutes in 1901.

I was born in the home of my grandparents, Thomas and Lucy Butterfield, on Main Street in Herriman, Utah across from the store. I remember the store because Grandma would need medication and would send me to the store for her. The store still stands at this date, Aug 25, 1992. It is an old building with no paint on it.

In Herriman we never lived in a home of our own, we always lived with grandparents. We lived first with Grandpa and Grandma Butterfield and then we lived further down Main Street right by the new church house that they have out there now with my Grandfather Stocking, John Jay Stocking. I was really small then.

My brother, Revie, was born before me in 1898. We both had red hair. Rulon was born after me in 1907. We were all born in Herriman. Lucy and Pearl were born later in Burley, Idaho, in 1914 and 1916. Revie and I started school in Herriman.

I was seven or eight years old when we moved to Draper, Utah. My father bought about ten acres there. When we moved to Draper, Rulon was really young. We were in Draper only three or four years.

When I was eight or nine years old, my father and mother had driven from Draper to Midvale on business. They had not returned when I got home from school so I caught a chicken, chopped its head off, cleaned it and cooked it for dinner.

Once in Draper my mother took her dress and cut a dress without a pattern, sewed it up, and I had a dress. It was the first silk dress I ever had in my life. She was a good sewer. She just looked at it, cut it and sewed it.

My Grandmother Butterfield in Herriman wanted me to come stay with her when I was little, living in Draper. The end of May when school was out my parents would have to move the sheep up to Soda Springs. I'd stay in Herriman nearly a month with my Grandmother Butterfield. Then my father would come and take me up to the summer range where the sheep were.

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We moved to Burley from Draper in 1913. My dad bought two eighty acre farms and a forty acre farm but they all joined one another. This was at Starrhs Ferry, just five miles west of Burley. We moved from Draper because the U.S. Government passed the Taylor Law that people could not have grazing rights on government land for the sheep without being a taxpayer in Idaho. Father raised alfalfa, hay, beets, and potatoes. My father lambed the sheep in January so the lambs would be ready for sale by August. He would ship them from Soda Springs to Chicago, Illinois.

I remember cranking the two ton International truck and driving it around the field. I also drove it, loaded with sacks of potatoes, to Starrhs Ferry Train Station to be sold.

There was only a one room school when we moved there, so my father went to the Burley School Board and got them to get a school wagon for all of us. Revie, Rulon and I walked a mile and rode four miles in a school wagon to Burley to go to school in a bigger school instead of all the grades being in one cinder block room. Sometimes it was -50x to -60x F in the winter when we were walking to get to the school wagon. They finally put a small round kerosene heater in the school wagon. There were icicles on the horses' noses.

I used to do all of the cooking and work on the farm while Mother did the sewing. I had to gather the eggs to do the cooking. I had to haul the water in to cook the meals. We didn't have running water at all. We had a cistern (a hole in the ground to put water in for culinary use). We hauled water from the Snake River until we could drill a well to get water. My dad had a well dug over three hundred feet deep. It cost us a fortune, then he had to get a pump to get the water up from so far in the ground. It went through solid rock.

We spent every summer with the sheep. The government still owns the ground up by the ranch that we used to graze the sheep on, called the reserve. My dad homesteaded just a little piece of ground in Dry Valley. That was when my grandfather and Aunt Lizzie were alive. We only had one big room and a couple of bedrooms. It was just a summer affair.

Our father bought horses from the Indians for us. We would get up early, go catch our horses and go to the sheep as they left their bed ground. We would get up before day light. One time in Dry Valley I got on Rulon's horse, named Grey. It bucked me off and broke my arm. There were no doctors around but I'm guessing now in my old age that I could have used some attention at that time.

I helped Revie herd sheep thirty miles east of Soda Springs every summer when we were not going to school. We had one sheep camp and one big commissary wagon. Revie and I had to sleep in the

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wagon out in the open. You never knew when a coyote or a bear or some of them bigger animals would come into camp where we were sleeping. I never did sleep well as a kid. I couldn't sleep. I was too scared. The animals would often come. I can remember sleeping on the bunk in the camp. We slept there from May to September when school started.

I, being the only girl, had to really work hard cooking for hired men that worked on the farm and at the lambing sheds. In about 1916 during lambing season, I cooked for twelve men in the lambing sheds alone because my mother was sick. I would cook all day long and I would be up nearly all night long. I had to quit school for that but I got back to school later. The men were working day and night. I had to give the men that worked at night food too. I helped my mother all the years from 1913 on until I was married and even after I was married.

I hired and fired men when I was a teenager. When Revie broke his leg and he laid in the Fryer Hotel up in Soda Springs, my mother went and stayed for a whole month with him. She left me with Lucy and Pearl. I took care of them, hired and fired men, and cooked for them. There were eight men at the farm in Burley. If one man wouldn't do the work I called the pool hall in Burley and I'd say to the manager, "Find a good man and tell him he's got work and send him out here." I'd send the other one in. I was in my teens.

That was when I broke my arches and I've suffered all my life with my feet. I was on my feet too long each day. I couldn't sleep. I'd been up all night long cooking three meals a day, making eight loaves of bread a day, making pie and cake every day for these men who were working at the farm. I got so bad I couldn't walk. My feet and my back were killing me.

When Mother came home from Soda Springs I was crying. I cried for three nights all night long, I couldn't sleep. She finally decided to take me into town to Dr. Cooper. He was an old army doctor who came and settled in Burley. When we went into the office, he looked at me and said, "What are you doing here?" I said, "Well, my back is killing me. I'm crying because my back is so bad." He said, "Take off your shoes and stand up. I know what it is." He told my mother to go down stairs and go across the street to Ropers and buy me a pair of shoes. They cost \$12-14 then. He took the shoes to the shoemaker and had them built up inside and outside, putting pieces of leather here and there. "Now, he said, "you put these shoes on and they will start easing your feet and back a little. It will be days or months before your back is better." He was right.

One time I was cooking for the men. I was putting a whole side rib of pork in the oven to bake them for dinner one night. I had my hand up on one end and I had a big beet knife that they use

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to cut the tops of the beets off. It was long, and it should have had a hook on the end of it but it had broken off so they brought it into the house for us to use as a butcher knife. I would hold the meat up and chop the bones with that knife so I could break the bones to get it into the oven. I cut my left thumb right off. It was just hanging down held on by the skin. I grabbed it so it wouldn't bleed and I sat there and screamed.

They called Dr. Cooper. It was snowing that night and he only had a buggy and a horse. It happened about four or five o'clock and he didn't get there until nine. The snow was so deep that he couldn't get through. He had me sit at the table with a wash dish with water in it. A man who was working for my dad had gotten some splits so I wouldn't have to hold it. He had wrapped it well. As soon as the doctor came, he took it all off. He opened it and the end of the knuckle dropped into the wash dish and went "clunk". Dr. Cooper was going to cut the thumb off and just leave it, and I started to cry. I said, "I don't want you to do it," and he said "I can't put it on." I said, "You must try. I've got to have it." I cried and cried all night because he didn't think that it would grow.

It didn't grow like we thought it would. To this day I have all of the nerves that should go to the end of the thumb up sitting there in the palm of my hand. They didn't get drawn up into my thumb. My thumb is not numb. Years after I had moved to Salt Lake, when I went home to Burley, Dr. Cooper would try to see me. He always went for that hand. He said that was a miracle. He never thought he could sew that thumb back on. It is a different thumb, but I can move it. I don't have the end of the knuckle, the round part of the knuckle in there. I have to be careful how I pick up things up. All my life I've had to be careful. He told me and my mother and my dad that if he had known that this thumb was like this he would never have come out to the farm. He would have had me come in to the office. He needed more stuff to work with.

One night I got unhappy because my folks weren't giving me any money. They didn't want me to work away from home. They were making money and I felt that I was killing myself off. I got unhappy because of the way I was living and the things I was having to do. I got mad and left the farm and came to Burley. Dr. Cooper let me sleep in the back room on the second floor of his office. I saw that doctor cut a man's arm off when he got caught between two railway cars. He had to cut that arm off and he threw it in the waste basket. I had to move it. I wouldn't tell my mother and dad where I was going. They finally came to town and I saw my dad down on the street through the office window. I was at Dr. Cooper's for a few months. After that I went back to the farm to work.

The winter of 1918 I had to work at the lambing sheds alone because mother got sick. Clifford Milton (Cliff) Court came to Burley and needed work. His mother had died and when his father

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remarried he left Canada. He had two aunts who had moved to Burley, Jannette Shields Wardle and Isabella Shields Stocking who married Ensign Stocking. We called her Bell. He needed work so Bell sent him up to our place.

He was one of our family from the time he first started to work. He had a sister who was living in Canada the same age as Pearl and Lucy. We'd catch him out in the yard in the big shed, picking them up. They were two or three years old. He would stand them on the bench and he'd say, "You know, I have a sister just like you up in Canada."

I don't know when I knew I was in love with Cliff. I really wonder if I was ever in love with him because one day he said we either are going to get married tomorrow or we aren't going to get married. It just kind of happened. My mother knew that we would probably get married. Once in Ogden she bought me some nicer clothes because she figured I was going to get married. When I got married I only had four towels. I didn't have a trousseau.

My dad would come to Ogden to a bigger bank to do his banking because there wasn't a big enough bank in Burley. When he would go back east to sell the lambs and wool he would have a big amount of money that he wanted to put into the bank. They had to give him money to work the next year. Mother would come with him down to Ogden, Utah.

My clothes that my mother bought me for marriage were a skirt and a blouse with an over skirt of little tiny white pleats. My mother took my wedding skirt and made Lucy and Pearl a skirt out of it after I left home. She made all my new clothes into clothes for Lucy and Pearl. Everything I got I had to accumulate myself. Pearl and Lucy would never have had any of those clothes if it hadn't been for that.

We were married July 20, 1921. I was nineteen; Cliff was twenty-one. They said he had to have his father's sanction. He said he couldn't because his father was in Canada. Cliff rented some land and planted forty acres of potatoes to make a living that year in Starrs Ferry. We lived there that one summer and fall. The potatoes grew and we had a big crop of potatoes but we never dug them up because we had to pay ten cents a sack to put them in and they were only ten or twenty cents a hundred pounds so it didn't pay us. We just left them in the ground. We didn't have a bit of money that year so he left in January and came down to Salt Lake and found work with the gas station for a while and then he was working for the transit company. They had the street cars at that time.

My mother came down to her father's birthday, the seventeenth of April of that year, and she met Cliff at the railroad station. When they met, he talked to her, and when she

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came back to Burley she said, "Cliff is awful homesick. He wants to come back. You'd better go down." I was pregnant. I came down and stayed in a little one room apartment on 500 East and 300 South for a month. They had the Bamburger Railroad so that I could go out from town to Riverton and then I'd get a ride from there to Herriman. My Grandmother Butterfield kept saying to me, "You better go home you might have that baby right here." I said "I won't," but I finally did go back up to Burley and stayed there for another month. Our son, Owen Clifford, was born in Burley on July 9, 1923.

After Owen was born I stayed home in Burley for a month and then I came down to Salt Lake where Cliff was and we've lived there ever since. We lived over on 800 East. We didn't live in Burley too long after we were married. We came to Salt Lake to get on our own and make some money.

We moved to this house, 658 East 600 South, in 1928. Cliff worked for the Utah Transit Authority across the street for forty-two years. The office was in the corner. He worked in the office as well as driving the street car. He retired as a supervisor and was appointed to two three year terms on the UTA Board of Directors.

During the depression, Cliff always had work but at \$.42 an hour running street cars. It was barely enough to get by. We paid for the house on that kind of wages. He remodeled it. He lowered the ceiling in half of the house. He took out the sliding doors and put in the arches. We had transoms, little windows above the doors that could be adjusted to let the heat out in the summer. They were not built very well and we lost a lot of heat in the winter with them.

We lived on hamburger all the time and a can of tuna fish would last me two meals, I'd take half of it and put eggs with it and make a casserole out of it and then out of the other half I would make sandwiches. That's the way we lived, lived on hamburger, very poor scant living.

Cliff retired in 1965. I started working at Sears in 1941 while Owen was in the service. I worked for Sears for twenty-five years.

Cliff had a hobby of boating. I don't know when he got his first boat. He would go hunting with his friends all the time. They would come for breakfast and then go up west of Brigham City to the federal marsh lands to shoot ducks and geese. They had a boat then. Cliff couldn't be without a boat.

We joined the Coast Guard Auxiliary, a voluntary service organization that promotes boating safety, in 1954. He received many plaques for organizing flotillas in the state. I have seven

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plaques. He and I worked many years in the auxiliary. We traveled five thousand miles one year, organizing five new flotillas in the state.

After Cliff retired he was superintendent of various parks for State Parks and Recreation. It was a paying job, but the amount was not very large. He was at Rockport forty miles east of Salt Lake, past Park City, each summer for ten years. We camped all summer and ran the whole park. He kept up all the buildings, all the weeding, cleaning, hiring and firing men. He also has worked at Willard Bay, a government lake in Ogden, Navajo Lake on the southern border of Utah, which is the cutest lake you ever saw, Uba Lake, Utah Lake, St Joseph's Lake, and Bear Lake. He had a boat and truck that he bought to use when we started to work for the Utah State Parks and Recreation to use for his own. In about six months or so, the state bought a truck for him to use.

Cliff and I remained active in the Coast Guard Auxiliary until his death on May 27, 1990. I got a plaque just last year after Cliff died. I'm still working in the organization. I inspect the boats and I'm finance officer in one flotilla.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF RULON HORACE STOCKING

edited by Ann M. Jones

I, Rulon Horace Stocking, was born in Herriman, Utah, August 13, 1907, the son of Joseph Horace Stocking and Martha Jane Butterfield Stocking. I was named Horace Rulon Stocking at birth, but changed it to Rulon Horace when I was in college.

I was the third of five children, Revie and Luella having been born earlier, and Lucy and Pearl, born after me. I'm not sure whether I was born in the home of my Stocking or Butterfield grandparents. I lived there until I was three years old. Then my father and mother bought a home in Draper, where I lived for another three years.

I don't remember much about the Draper home except that there were houses on the south of it. It was a good white brick home on a ten acre plot of land. After we had sold it and lived in Burley for a year or two, that home burned down. I remember going to Primary during the week and to church on Sundays. Another memory is walking through Pearson's apple orchard, and picking up the windfall apples, because they were free. We could eat those, but we couldn't touch the ones on the trees.

Women used lye water to wash and bleach their clothing. One day, when I was three or four years old, Mother had made some lye water in a double boiler. This lye water was made by dissolving lye or sodium hydroxide in water, and then adding it to the wash water. In the other half of the double boiler she also made some cocoa for lunch. Apparently some time in the afternoon I decided that I wanted some more cocoa. I got hold of one of the double boilers and I started to drink. It was lye water. It was quite serious. Grandmother Butterfield came over and stayed with my mother to nurse me. I have recollections that they had me drink some of my own urine. Luella remembers that Mother grabbed the bottle of consecrated olive oil and poured it all down my throat. It caked into soap in my stomach and saved my life. I vomited it up.

To this day, I have suffered from the caustic effect of the lye water on my stomach and esophagus. I have had more or less, distress through my life with my esophagus. One reason I think this is the case, is because just about five years ago, I was having trouble with my stomach. I went to a doctor, and he put some kind of a scope down so that he could look. He couldn't get a good look, because there was so much scar tissue. I relate that scar tissue back to when I drank the lye water.

Father bought a one seat buggy. It was a rather elegant buggy for that time because it had rubber tires. We had a black

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horse whom we called Old Nig. Mother and Revie would hitch him up, and the four of us would get in that one seat buggy and drive to Herriman. Mother would visit with her family, then we would drive the eight miles back to Draper. It was on one of those trips that I saw my first automobile. The automobile came up behind us, went around us on the left side, and cut back in. The old horse got excited. I don't remember all the details, but Mother said, "Those crazy fools, driving that car." I was probably four or five years old at that time.

One Christmas, Revie and some other boys from Draper went into the foothills, and cut Christmas trees. Those were the first Christmas trees I can remember.

My father spent most of his time with the sheep. One time he was out on the west desert, west of Tooele wintering sheep on the desert. He went down to the watering hole one morning to water the saddle horses and found a live young colt beside its dead mother. Father got an old horse blanket, put it on the colt, took it to camp, and fed it rolled oats and canned condensed milk until a commissary wagon came in. Then it was brought in to Draper. It was just tall enough to stand in a three board wagon box. Father sent it in with someone who was coming in for supplies. The colt was for me. My brother used to put me on that horse and lead it around. That colt was my horse for years, even after we went to Burley.

I was six when the family moved to Burley. They took me out of the first grade at Draper. Father was already in Burley. He didn't have any sheep there yet as they were still coming down the trail. It was about the first of December that Father returned to Draper. He loaded the furniture, the cows and maybe a horse or two in one boxcar, and shipped them to Burley. I don't know where Mother and I stayed for a day or two, but I remember coming in from Sandy on the old street car. Then we went to my grandfather's and Aunt Lizzie's home, at 636 West 100 South in the old Lewis home, where they were living in the winter. From there we went up to the Union Pacific Depot, got on the train, and rode up to Pocatello, and on to Burley. Father met us at the train when we got off the train at Starrs Ferry, which was a mile and a quarter from the farm house.

Father unloaded the furniture out of the boxcar, and put it into a wagon to haul it a mile and a half to the farm house. He took the buggy and tied it behind the wagon. He drove the wagon and Mother and I rode in the buggy which was being towed by the wagon. The road was ungraded and the land had just been irrigated for one year. There was still sagebrush on the side of the road, between the road and the fences. I can recall my mother as she was looking around, saying, "This is sure a God forsaken country." She didn't want to leave Draper, Herriman, or Salt Lake Valley.

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Father had three eighty acre pieces of land, that he was proving up on. Each of the three had a house on it, but one of them was nothing but a tar paper shack, which was never moved into. He took one house, which was just one big room, and moved that from the south side of the road, and joined it up to the four room house that was on the 180 acre farm. That made an immense kitchen for Mother to cook for the many hired men.

Father planted most of the farm in hay to feed the sheep. In 1914 he purchased twelve acres on the Snake River four miles downstream from Burley and built lambing sheds there. This provided easy access to water for the sheep.

The first spring we were in Burley when I was six years old, Father and I needed to take about twenty ewes and lambs from the farm twenty miles out to join the rest of the sheep on the range east of Burley. Some of them were old ewes, and "tail ends", late born lambs. He had the team hitched up to the wagon, and at daylight, we started out. To begin with, I was able to ride with him some of the time, but most of the time I had to be down on the ground driving this bunch of sheep. They wanted to feed on the new grass growing along the road, and I had to keep them going.

We passed a mile south of Burley, at which time my father had to leave me. He told me to keep driving them right straight ahead, because he had to go into Burley to get some supplies. He would get back to me. I kept driving those sheep. Being only six years old, it seemed a long, long time. After two or three miles, I was by a farmhouse, and the gate was open. A whole bunch of them ran in there on the lawn. They started to eat the grass and all the flowers, and I couldn't drive them out. Finally the lady of the house came out, and saw what had happened. The lady said to just leave them there until my father came, which he did. In the meantime, she took pity on me, and gave me a piece of cake. We went on and drove them through Delco, out onto the free grazing area where the sheep were.

One day Revie and Father were docking some lambs or cutting their tails off. I was helping by catching and holding the lambs while they marked and cut their tails. I was getting tired, and I was really hungry. I wanted to go to camp, so I started walking down to where I thought camp was, but was bearing to the right. My father called, but I didn't understand what he said. They were in an awful hurry to get those lambs docked before dark. By then it was evening and the sun was down. I kept walking but I never came to camp. It got really dark. I didn't know what to do. I finally decided to walk up on a ridge. The sagebrush was as tall as I was. It is the first time I remember offering a voluntary prayer. I walked a little further and pretty soon I saw a light. My father had gotten back to camp and realized I wasn't there and was lost. He had one of the men get a lantern, light it, and put it up on top

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of the sheep camp. At that time I observed the light, and started walking towards it. My prayer had been answered.

Father said he wasn't going to send his children to the one room school in Starrhs Ferry with forty or fifty children, because they wouldn't get any education at all. He arranged it that we could walk from the farm house through the fields, and down the lane to the crossroads at the Starrhs Ferry school house and there, get on the Burley school wagon.

The school wagon was horse drawn. It required an extra fee, because the school wagon was sponsored by the Burley School District. Anyone living outside the school district had to pay a transportation fee to get their children into Burley to school. When we first moved there in 1913 Revie was in the first year of high school and Luella was in the seventh or eighth grade.

The railroad had a flag stop at Starrh's Ferry. If you wanted a ride on a passenger train, you could flag it down and they would stop for you. You could travel east or west. One year I rode it from the farm in Starrh's Ferry to Burley to school.

Later when Luella had grown too old to go to school, it was easier to ride a horse five miles than it was to walk a mile down to the school wagon. I rode my horse during the two months that they were lambing February and March out at the lambing sheds. I used to put the horse up in the livery stable while I was in school. After school, I would ride it either out to the lambing sheds or to the farm.

The year when I rode my horse to school, the winter was really cold. Father had an old pair of leather chaps that were much too long for me. He wanted me to wear them to keep me warm and dry, so he had me take them to a harness and saddle maker, and have those chaps cut off to fit me. There used to be some pictures of my mother in those chaps.

My father had sheep that he had lambed early in the sheds, and then he had some other sheep that he had lambing out north and east of Minidoka. This was lava rock desert country, with no one living in that area at all. No water was available except from the rock ponds. Father was lambing one or two herds of sheep out in this lava country because it was open country then. Anyone could graze on it. There were no restrictions. It was free land.

My father was going to make a sheeprancher out of both of his boys. When I was nine years old, I got out of school in the middle of May. My mother put me on the train early one morning in Burley, and I rode on it alone to Minidoka. It was the spur railroad junction with the mainline of the Union Pacific Railroad Line. I got off at Minidoka, and met one of the hired men who was in with a team and wagon to get commissary supplies. Then we had

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to travel twenty miles through that desert country to the sheep. I was there with them through the spring, the rest of May and in through late June. By that time, they had moved further east to a point about sixteen miles west of Aberdeen, Idaho. There was a shearing corral set up to shear the sheep. They divided up some of the sheep to take to Aberdeen, Idaho to put on a train to take to Soda Springs, and there they unloaded. Revie accompanied those sheep. I think it was two herds. These were the young sheep. He unloaded them at Soda Springs, and then trailed them out to the forest reserve which was in Dry Valley, in those mountains east of Dry Valley and south of my grandfather's ranch. Father had a grazing permit for two herds, and Revie accompanied those.

I think I traveled with my father. At that time he had a one ton International truck. This truck was one of the first models International Harvester put out. It had the radiator located just in front of the windshield and a sloping hood. That style didn't last too long. That's the truck I learned to drive. The next year, I'm sure I was ten years old, I did a little driving when I was out with the sheep. I think I traveled with my father from there to Soda Springs because some of the sheep trailed from Aberdeen east, through the farming lanes onto the Fort Hall Indian Reservation, and then east, and finally getting into Dry Valley.

There were the older lambs, the winter born lambs, the ones born in February or March, and the younger lambs, the ones born out of Aberdeen on the Snake River Desert. There were a total of four herds at that time, plus a herd of dries which were yearlings ewes that were last year's lambs and dry ewes that had never raised a lamb. That summer these were brought on some range land that Father had leased, north of China Hat, ten or fifteen miles up in those hills.

There were many coyotes, and the herders had to protect the sheep through the night. In the morning, they would lead the drop lambs, the ones born that night, and their mothers into a separate bunch, and leave them there for a day or two until they were strengthened. Then they would move the ewes that had not yet lambed. They would move these little bunches together.

In order to protect from coyotes, the men would take a lantern, put it on a willow or a staff, and hang it above the sagebrush. The lantern would be lit each night to scare away the coyotes. Also, Father used firecrackers. I don't know if the coyote was smart enough to smell the powder or not. They would set off a few firecrackers around these bunches at night in hopes of scaring off the coyotes. No one had to stay up all night. Those were very short nights. It would be daylight until 9 PM and daylight again at 4 AM in the morning. We didn't get much sleep.

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That spring that I went to Minidoka, I had my little pony. My job was to ride out and get these four or five lanterns, and take them into camp. I would fill them with oil, clean the globes, and get them ready so they would burn through the next night. Then I'd get them ready to be taken out, and they would hang them on a willow or a limb. There were no trees in that country. They had staves that they would shove down into the sagebrush to hold the lantern above the sagebrush. The men would do that at night. My job was to go get them in the morning.

The rattlesnakes were very thick. Revie had a 22 rifle. At nine years of age I was commandeered to shoot rattlesnakes. I used to tie the rifle to my saddle; then I could shoot a rattlesnake when I saw one. I'd try to shoot their heads off.

The only water we had for us or the sheep was in rock bottom lakes. Since this was lava flow country, the depression would hold water through June where we were. But the algae in the hot weather was terrible. Also, any rain would wash the manure down into the lakes. These lakes were at the bottom of a small drainage area. I remember we used to have to get there before the sheep got there to drink in the morning, and get a bucket of water. The lake was only two or three hundred away from the camp. I remember having to get a cup and a bucket, walking down and skimming off the algae. The water supply was awful. It was pretty green; nevertheless we drank it because it was the only water we had. The horses drank it, the sheep drank it. We never got sick. I don't think people really realize what they can survive on. That water was full of rabbit and sheep manure, and had green algae.

Revie and I slept together in this one camp. There were four or five other wagons around where the other men slept. The men took the sheep into the shearing corrals about sixteen miles west of Aberdeen, out on the desert in this lava flow country. There were lava craters in the ground, some eight or ten feet across. The lambs were frisky and playful, and sometimes they would fall into a crater. Their mothers would hear them bleating and wouldn't leave the lambs. Some of these holes would be eight or ten feet deep. The men would put a rope around me and lower me down into the crater and I would get the lamb. It didn't happen every day, but if it did, they would come and get me.

When I was ten years old, I remember my mother put me on the train when school was out, the later part of May. I rode to Soda Springs, and my father met me. He had two herds out on the China Hat area and two herds in the Meadow Creek area. He had bought two mules. They were supposed to be broke for riding. They had been used as a team for delivering groceries around Soda Springs. They were in the livery stable. Father had just bought those mules and he went over with me to the livery stable. He told the man that he was going to leave now, that I was going to ride one of the mules and he was going to ride the other. One was a

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nice gentle mule, a single footer. Single footer was the gait or pace. The horse or mule has three feet off the ground at one time.

The other one was an ornery critter. He was a really smart mule, because when Father went to get on him he couldn't. He would go to put his foot in the stirrup and the mule would whirl away. He finally said "I'll get on you." He took a rope and tied it up on the saddle horn, and took it down the side. He then lifted one front foot, wrapped the rope around it, and took the rope back up to the saddle horn. That put the mule on three legs and he couldn't whirl anymore. The man at the livery stable was really surprised. When he was on he would release the leg. Every time he wanted to ride him, he had to do that. None of the hired men would ride him because it was too much of a nuisance.

I can still remember when my father took me to that livery stable, and the man said, "Good God, Stocking! Are you going to put that boy on that mule?" I wasn't afraid of a mule, of course.

We rode out to the first camp at China Hat, eleven or twelve miles. The camp bordered on a farm that had some grain planted. My job was to walk that fence line to keep the sheep out of the grain. I was alone all day long, this would be in late May or early June. I'd get lonesome, I'd get tired, and I'd have to fix my own meals. My meal would mostly consist of a can of corn. There were many canned goods at the camp. I'd open a can of beans, or corn, or peas, and eat the whole thing at a time. They might have brought me some bread from one of the other camps. That was the most miserable and annoying job I ever had. I was ten years old. I was glad it didn't last forever.

After we took the sheep up to Soda on the range there was really nothing for me to do with the sheep. Father would travel back and forth between the sheep on the range and Burley. The farm in Burley was planted in hay at that time to feed the sheep in the wintertime. There were still two crops of hay to get in and sometimes a third crop along in September. During the hay season, there were twelve to fifteen men, four teamsters, two stackers, and four or five mowing machines. I would help there.

The hay was piled and then hauled, but not on wagons. They devised a hay net called a slip. This slip was made by taking one by twelve inch boards, nailing together into a platform. The platform would be twelve feet long and eight feet wide. A net was spread out on top of the boards, and the net had a eye on the front in the center, and an eye in the back. It was made of rope, so that the hay was then stacked on this slip, this platform. The team would be hitched to this slip and they would go out into the field to get a load of hay on it. It pulled very easily over the alfalfa stubble. The bottom of it would get coated with alfalfa juice, so the bottom of that would get very slippery and slide very easily.

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You'd stack the hay up six foot high, and then take it in to be stacked. The hay derrick had two pulleys with hooks on a loop of cable, and you took one of those pulleys into the front eye of the net. The cable between the two pulleys would go up the center of the hay, and the second pulley would be hooked into the eye at the back end. Then a team of horses would pull out on the cable and that would pull the two ends of the net together. You would have a load of hay held by this net system. Then you would hoist that up, and there was a lever on one of these pulleys. You could dump that load of hay in a particular area of the stack. Father, after a few years, went to a bull rack system and a special stacker which eliminated much of the handwork.

One of the first haying jobs I had was driving the team when stacking hay, pulling the derrick so it would swing over the stack, and dropping the hay. Another job I had was driving the team of horses with the slip or the net. I remember the first time they had some new pitchforks. They had one man in the field, and one man as the driver. The hay was shocked in rows, one on either side of the slip. The driver would then take the shocks from his side, and stack them on the slip. The field man would take them from his side. I did drive one of these slips. Before that when I was ten years old, I used to ride the mowing machine. Cliff Court was there that first year. I was ten or eleven years old when I drove a team and a mowing machine. Luella and Mother were always cooking in the house.

At one of these eighty acre farms, in the one with the tar paper shack, there was a cellar for food storage. In the winter time, Father would go down to the Snake River, and would cut ice that was twelve to sixteen inches thick. It used to be very cold at that time. He would cut it up into blocks and haul it up and pack it in straw in this cellar until the end of August. We could go in there and cut off a piece of ice. Mother would make ice cream, the most delicious ice cream you ever tasted. She would cook it like a custard pudding, with eggs in it. In August when the peaches were getting ripe, she would cut those up and put them in it. Lots of cream went into that ice cream.

When we were on the farm, it must have been 1920-1924, the truck came into Burley each weekend. I remember, I always wanted to go see a show for ten cents. They would go to the store and get groceries, and then they would go the ice house and get a block of ice and cover it up. That would be Saturday night, and the next day, Sunday, Mother would make ice cream. We'd have ice cream every Sunday.

Father eventually lost the sheep, but was able to hang onto the farmland. It was 1923, or 1924. We were living just out of Burley about a mile. I used to walk into Burley for high school a mile and a half. I graduated from high school in 1925. I wanted to go on to more schooling. When school was out, the hay crop was

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coming on, so I went out to work for a man at Starrhs Ferry. He worked for Jack Shoult. I drove the team and wagon all day for him with three or four other men. I didn't ask him how much he would pay me and he didn't tell me. At the end of the week he gave me \$25, \$5 a day. He said, "You did a man's work, I'm going to give you a man's wages." The wage for a man in 1925 was \$5 a day.

I took that \$25, and got a ride from Burley to Salt Lake to enroll in University. I rode down with Louie Cohen. He was an old Jewish hide and wool buyer. Father found out that he was coming down to Salt Lake.

My second cousin, Lamont Stocking from Burley was there, so I looked him up. He was doing cafe work. Luella was there, and I stayed with her for a while. Lamont got me busing dishes from the dishwasher, which was in the basement of a large elaborate cafeteria. It was where the present Salt Lake Tribune building is, called Chez Cafeteria. We used to have a cart that we would stack the dishes on. My job was to put it on the elevator, and raise it up one floor out of the basement. Then I would unload the dishes on two rows of serving lines, a hall way about twelve feet long. It was cafeteria style, and the people would go down the isle with a tray to get the food they wanted. I had to keep them supplied with dishes. And there weren't too many dishes. Many times they would run out, and I would have to run up the steps with some dishes.

I stayed with Luella. My wages were \$10 a week, working ten hours a day, six days a week. I was able to pay Luella \$3.50 a week. She had a cot for me. I stayed there for about a year and a half. Fall came along and Father came to Salt Lake. I had saved what money I could. I went up to the university to make some inquiry about enrollment, and was talking to the register. He was able to put me on some kind of scholarship, and I only had to pay resident fees, instead of out of the state fees. Father gave me \$100, and that just covered my registration and books, my drafting supplies, triangles and t-squares, drawing board and so forth. I was able to get into school, and I still held this job in the afternoons and evenings. Luckily, I could get a meal a day down there.

My second year I got promoted, because they turned this cafeteria into a nightclub at 9 PM. They cleared the tables away, had an orchestra come in and had a dance floor. This was during prohibition, so the people who drank their whiskey brought it in a brown bag. I got a job on the bar. It would have been a bar if they had had any whiskey, but we made fruit drinks. Some of them were juices, punches, lemonades and things like that. They would serve them to the people, and the people would have their whiskey in a brown bag at the table, and add the whiskey to it. That was a pretty good job for me.

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The only trouble was it was one o'clock before they closed, and I'd get out of there not before two o'clock sometimes. That was a hard thing to do, to go home and get up for an eight o'clock class. I always had an eight o'clock class. In the school of engineering, they were all the hard classes, math, chemistry, physics. You just couldn't skip them. It was burdensome for Luella but I appreciated her making up a bed for me. I feel like I paid for it too because I was able to go out and rent a room with a bed in it, for the same amount I paid her.

During the end of the winter quarter of my sophomore year, this nightclub thing petered out, and I didn't have a job. It didn't look like I was going to go to school the next quarter because I didn't have any money. I heard that the government mail service was giving examinations for railway clerks. They used to put mail on the trains, and sort it while it was traveling. I went down and took that examination, and I got a notice that I was hired. By that time, I had gotten another job in a nightclub, so I never took the job.

It was a real nightclub out on 7th East and 33rd South. It was a dance hall where they served dinners, and it had a nice kitchen. The elite of Salt Lake used to come out with their bottle of whiskey in their brown bag and spend the evening. There would be a huge crowd, two or three hundred patrons on the weekend. I had problem with that job, in that I didn't get home until about two o'clock in the morning, and I had to get up to get an eight o'clock class. For that reason I used to always sleep in on the weekend, on Sunday. Sundays I'd always stay in bed. Saturday and Sunday afternoons were about the only time I had to study when I was going to school.

I remember one year I went to school, my junior year, and I got a job waiting tables in an off campus eatery house a fellow ran. I got fifty cents plus my lunch for working there for about an hour and a half. That was a pretty good deal to me. It gave me one good meal.

When I was in high school the last year, Revie had bought a little pig for me. They taught agricultural classes to the students in high school. I had to raise this pig, feed it, and weigh it occasionally. The pig was pretty well grown through the summer, and I got third prize for it at the fair. I left that pig at home. I needed money to register for the spring quarter of my sophomore year, and Father said "Well that pig, I've still got it." So he took it and sold it, and sent me the money.

I lived various places in Salt Lake. I would usually rent a room. In couple of places, I was able to rent a room with a little kitchenette in it. My survival after my second year, my eating, depended on me working in restaurants, where I would get at least one meal.

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I didn't graduate at the end of four years because I was short hours. I was able to borrow a few dollars so that I could continue through that fifth year. Then I could graduate in 1930, which I did. From there I went to General Electric. That was the beginning of the depression. I was lucky there too because General Electric sent out interrogators to find students, and I was selected.

In 1930, I reported to Schenectady, New York the 30th of August, 1930. I was on an engineering training program for young graduates, where they train you for anywhere from one to three months in various manufacturing factories. Our principle job was to test equipment to see if it met the specifications. The first job I had was with induction motors. Some of them were two hundred to five thousand horsepower. We tested them on the factory floor to see if they passed design specifications before they were shipped. I was there three months. I was transferred to Fort Wayne, Indiana. There they had a factory where they manufactured small induction motors and also DC motors. The DC motors were available up to five hundred horsepower. I was there for three months.

While I was there I had a month's training in the refrigerator factory. Nobody liked that job. They were building the old monitor top refrigerator, with the heat exchanger in the top of the refrigerator cabinet. They had twenty-five or thirty production models. Some of them were experimental and developmental models. I didn't like that job. They had monitors and buzzers on them that would go off whenever the refrigeration unit started. Whenever it would stop, you had to go read the temperature. Anywhere from ten to fifty thermometers all over that refrigerator had to be read.

From there, I transferred to the industrial control factory in Bloomfield, New Jersey which was out of New York City. I enjoyed living there. I lived there eight weeks. They made controls for printing presses. On the weekends I could get on the electric railroad right there, and ride over to the Manhattan Exchange. There, the electric, the steam lines and streetcars all congregated and you could transfer to the others easily. I would transfer to a street car, go down to the dock, get on a ferry and, for a nickel, I could ride over to Manhattan Island to 33rd St. and spend the day in New York. Another fellow and I used to do that. We really enjoyed ourselves. Usually it was just Saturdays. We traveled from one end to another. We'd go over to Brooklyn. I used to always find a place to go to church. I would go to church in Manhattan, and then walk around in the Jewish quarter, the Italian quarter and Harlem.

From there I transferred to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. There they made switches and controls for large power companies, steam turbines and hydroplants. It was a matter of testing and

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One reason I was anxious to take my wife to Burley was, I think I had enough gumption to realize that she had an entirely different background, and was raised in an entirely different manner. I was well acquainted with her family. I wanted her to become acquainted with my background and how I was raised, so she could understand and have some compassion for my eccentricities. I think it was wise.

I did work with lambing that year in the lambing sheds. My wife was at the lambing sheds and learned what went on with the sheep, how they were born and fed and cared for. The first of May Father's sheep were then turned into two camps. Revie had one and I had another as herders. Revie's camp was pulled by my father with the truck. My camp had a team and a trailer of hay and feed for a team of horses. On the morning we were going to turn the sheep out on the range, the man that was supposed to move my camp did not show up. My wife told my father that she could drive that team and camp wagon. He said, "Do you think you can, Scottie?" She said "Yes, I know I can." So she became my camp mover and we went out on the range. She drove that team and camp wagon from the lambing sheds to Soda Springs and on into Dry Valley. Each day she was up in the morning and we'd have breakfast. I'd get the horses and harness them and hook them up and she had the job of driving them. This would be through the month of May and most of June.

That summer of 1932, my herd of sheep went to the top of the mountain on the east side of Dry Valley. We were not able to move a camp wagon in that far, so our camp was moved by pack outfit. We slept out under the trees close to the sheep every night. We had a central camp that we could travel to in the morning after the sheep had quieted down, and there we would have breakfast. In the afternoon we would fix another meal, and then we would go back to the sheep and move into another area to graze. Then they could bed down there for the night.

During this period of time, my wife became pregnant, and our first child was born the next February. My wife had a horse, and she rode that horse all summer long, until the sheep came off the reserve the later part of September. We left the range about November first. My wife went to Burley. Revie and I mixed the two herds and brought them down the trail to Burley.

In 1933 I was getting anxious to do something different, and I went to work for the Amalgamated Sugar Company in April, after the sheep had got out on the reserve. I got a job as an electrician. They were converting that sugar factory from a steam driven plant, to an electric driven factory. That meant that the steam engines were all removed and the electric motors were installed in their place. There was also the installation of the steam driven generator, to supply the electric power for the motors of the sugar plant. I worked there until 1936 or 1937.

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In the meantime, I had kept in correspondence with General Electric's Schenectaday office. Boulder Dam was being built. The Federal Administration was building dams and installing electric generators and transmission lines throughout many parts of the United States. General Electric was contracting selling and installing generators and hydrogenerators (water wheel generators). General Electric was building up an installation force. They had many orders for electric generators and they needed men trained to go out and install the generators.

I was hired as a young engineer for this training program which they were developing. I went to Boulder Dam, and remained there for almost two years. During that time, we installed Nevada Generators Three and Four, and Nevada Generators Five and Six, Nevada being that they were located on the Nevada side of the power house. From Boulder City, I was transferred to Huntsville, Alabama to install generators at Guntersville Dam which was on the Tennessee River. It had extensive dams built on it. In conjunction with these dams, hydroelectric generators were installed for electric power generation. From the Guntersville Dam I was transferred to the Bonneville Dam on the Columbia River, located forty miles up stream from Portland, Oregon. We first lived in Portland, Oregon for six to eight weeks but the forty mile drive was a real burden, and the reports for winter driving were that the roads were very icy. So we moved to Cascade Locks, five miles from the dam, and it was more convenient.

While we were in Cascade Locks, World War II had been progressing and in December, 1942 the US was drawn into the war by the attack on Pearl Harbor. We were in turmoil and Bonneville Dam was in turmoil. In fact the entire United States was subject to possible submarine attack. Prior to this time the United States was preparing to enter the war. They were planning the construction of the Geneva Steel Company in Provo, Utah. This plant was designed to roll armor plate for battle ships, which the government knew they would need.

I was asked to move to the Salt Lake Office, so I would be available for construction work in the Geneva Steel Mill. I spent most of my time there. However there were other installation jobs going on, and I was working there. One was a naval gun factory in Pocatello, Idaho. The plant was intended to line large sixteen inch guns for the Navy, the site being selected inland away from attack by battleship or submarine. It was a very interesting place to go and work. I was responsible for the electric furnaces, and providing the controls for the large sixteen inch guns, which were being shipped in from the west coast and east coast for relining. At that time, the United States had only one factory capable of relining the large sixteen inch guns and that was located in Washington, DC. They were worried about a submarine attack from the Potomac River so they put a factory in Pocatello. I was also at various industrial plants, mostly steam. Steam-driven electric

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generator plants were being added to other power stations. Also, enlargements were made to the copper industry plant at Kennecott Copper just out of Salt Lake, owned by Anaconda. Another plant was located in Great Falls, Montana, the copper recovery and refining plant being located in Butte. I was transferred permanently into the Salt Lake Office, and remained there as the intermountain area crew.

I had the privilege, if you can say so, though I didn't think it was a privilege to go. I did live in old Mexico, Monclova, for six months. I went there thinking I was going there for three or four weeks. I understood that the plant was completed, and everything was installed, and all I had to do was start up the various motors and get the switch gears in serviceable condition. However, when I got there, I found that hardly any of the work had been started. They had falsified their statements to me in order to get me to come and help them. Being there I decided to stick it out. In most ways I enjoyed it, a different culture, different people, different ways, different foods. I can't say all my experiences were bad.

The only thing I really didn't enjoy was being away from my wife and family. The three older children were married. The two younger ones, Mary and John, decided that they were going to come visit me. They and my wife got into the new Pontiac which I had left in Salt Lake, drove down to old Mexico, and visited with me for six weeks in July and August, which I appreciated. It was a good experience for them. They got to go to Mexico City, and lived and experienced some of the culture.

I continued to live in Salt Lake City, working for General Electric, mostly being sent out to supervise various new installations, most of them industrial, public utility plants and generating stations. I enjoyed the various industrial processing. I retired August 30, 1972. I have enjoyed life ever since.

At the time I retired, I bought a new three quarter ton truck with a camper on it, and we started traveling. My wife being the youngest of eight children, she had many brothers and sisters scattered up and down the east coast and into Tennessee, one in Iowa. The others being located in Delaware and Pennsylvania. It was very easy to travel by camper. Every other year we would make a loop circuit, visiting my wife's brothers and sisters wherever they lived, and stay a day or two or three with them and then journeying on. We were also able to spend considerable time in Massachusetts, Connecticut and Maine, searching out as much genealogy as we could, searching out graves. The main research was principally the Butterfield and Stocking family.

I would recommend a camper or trailer for anyone, because it is small. It had everything necessary for a good comfortable ride. There was only one road that couldn't take the camper, and

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that was the parkway freeway from Albany to New York City. We discovered that only passenger cars were permitted. We had no trouble in tunnels. We could travel through the middle of any town. We could park anyplace a passenger car could. You didn't have to get to a particular campground on any schedule. You could stop at rest stops. We really enjoyed our travels there, and the research, genealogy, tracings of gravestones, pictures. I don't know if I'll ever get them organized.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LUCY JANE STOCKING HAYES

edited by Ann M. Jones

I, Lucy Jane Stocking, was born in Burley, Cassia, Idaho, on my grandmother's birthday, October 2, 1914. That is the reason my name is Lucy. She was fifty-seven years old the day I was born. My parents were Joseph Horace Stocking and Martha Jane Butterfield Stocking. I was the fourth of five children: Revie, Luella, Rulon, Lucy, and Pearl. Pearl was born eighteen months later. There were seven years between Rulon and me.

One of my earliest memories is of World War I. We went to town to the depot and saw the train stop there with soldiers at the windows shaking hands with people. I think the reason we were there was to see Melvin Pattent who was working for my dad at that time. He had come home one Saturday night from town, when the hired men had gone in. He told my mother that he had enlisted. My mother told him he must go home and see his mother before he went to war. He was later killed in the war because he was on the front lines. I also remember my brother, Revie, coming home from training camp at the Agricultural College in Logan, Utah.

Papa bought Pearl and me a little cast iron stove that we could really cook on. We had play dinners. We cooked rice, bacon, and eggs on it, and baked potatoes. When Mama made bread she gave us a little dab of dough and we baked it in our oven. One time I took the lid off the stove, and a spoon fell in it. I just reached in and got it. It was red hot, and I burned my hand. I laid on the couch or cot, and Mama put cold, grated potatoes on it and wrapped it up. Oh it hurt!

Our dad brought home to us a tricycle and pigeons. We had little bum lambs (orphans) to play with. We fed them. One was a black-faced buck. It would bunt us every time we tried to go outside. I also raised a pet goat. There were geese that would chase us. We had a swimming hole at the headgate of a ditch, and I learned to swim there. Our dad gave us some water wings.

Andrew was a hired man from Greece who worked on the farm for a long time. Andrew's father and older brother had come over from Greece to the United States to herd sheep. His mother hadn't heard from them for a long time, so when Andrew was sixteen she sent him over to find them. My dad helped him find them, and then Andrew stayed in America, while they went back to Greece. Andrew couldn't speak any English. He was so bashful, he would not come and eat with the menfolk when they came in to eat their meals. Mama would fix him a plate to take out to him. She would talk to him while he was eating to try to get him to talk to her. He loved my mother always.

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My mother would make our sausage. She would grind it, fry it, and put it in crock jars. She melted the lard and poured the grease or the drippings over it to seal the jar so that the air wouldn't get to it so it would keep. We had bacon, hams and shoulders. My dad smoked them and after they were cured they were put in the wheat bin. When my mother wanted some meat she would have Pearl and me go out there and climb in the wheat bin. We had to dig down into the wheat to get a bacon or ham or whatever.

I would go and help my dad out in the orchard sometimes. I would also and take my little lard bucket and go with him out to milk the cow. I'd milk on one side of Old Jersey, and he would milk on the other side of the cow. I'd have a little milk in my bucket, and I wanted more milk. My dad would pour a little bit in and say, "We'll tell Mom that you milked this much." Even when I was past twenty, I would go out with him sometimes to milk the cow when we were at the ranch in Soda Springs.

We had some burros and a mule we called Peggy. When I was five years old, I learned to ride her. I'll never forget the first time I loped on her. My dad had a little saddle that Rulon had used. Papa told me that he was making some taps for the stirrups, because he didn't want me to be caught up in the stirrup and have Peggy run away with me. I couldn't wait for him to make them for me. Whenever he was making anything, he would whistle quietly. I would lope from the gate to the house and back, all day long. I still would like to get on a horse and lope.

I remember one spring, my mother and father, Andrew, and Cliff Court, Luella's future husband, were cutting up the potatoes so they could plant them. Pearl and I had gone through the field to get a ride with one of the men. We used to do that all the time when they were raking hay or mowing it or plowing or anything. We'd hitch a ride with the men and take turns going around the field. On this day we'd had our ride and were running through the small field that we had by the house. Some snakes had been dug up. I was running, and then I stopped. I saw a snake, and I started screaming. There were snakes all around us. Pearl and I were dancing and screaming, so my mother and father came running to see what was the matter. I can still remember Cliff. He was teasing this one snake, and it was trying to bite the stick. My parents killed the snakes. They were just water snakes, but there were rattle snakes around there. They could have been rattle snakes.

Cliff was always a tease to us. He had an angle worm or a caterpillar on a stick, and I was so scared of it that I crawled under Mama's bed just as far as I could go. He was just always teasing me to death.

Pearl and I were both out to the shed with Cliff, Andrew, and another hired man. My dad had gone to town to buy the twine to put the wheat in bundles and stack them up when the threshers would

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come and thresh the wheat. A big storm came up while Pearl and I were out in the shed with the men. We were always with the men. We were only four or five years old. The hail was so big; it broke the windows in the left side of the house. My mother was screaming because the windows were breaking. It lasted quite a while. The first automobiles had curtains on them. They were open air. You could take the curtains off in the summer; in the winter, the curtains would keep the storm out. They each grabbed one of those curtains and put them over our heads. One man carried me and one man carried Pearl to the house. It killed chickens and pigs. They went under the wagons to get protection. It slashed the grain. The storm came up awfully fast.

When it was time to cut hay, I remember going out there and getting a ride on a slip, they called it, just a big platform of wood. It was hitched onto the team, and the men would go out in the field and pile a big bunch of hay on it. Then they would bring it into the stack, where there was a hay derrick used for stacking the hay. I would go out and get a ride on this slip, then came back and ride on top of the hay. I was trying to learn to stand up on it when it was going.

Luella would make cream puffs or cookies, and in the middle of the afternoon when it was hot, the hired men would take a break. Pearl and I would take a tin bucket of lemonade and carry some cream puffs that Luella had made out to the hired men.

At night after supper, the men didn't have much to do, only play horseshoes. My dad had, in our shed, a big round piece of iron with a hole in it. It was very heavy. My dad would hammer on it like an anvil. Andrew and these men would take that out and they would try to see who could throw it the farthest. Andrew always won because he was strong.

I remember when I had smallpox, how sick I was. My father had brought them home. He came home sick from Soda Springs. We were all quarantined. I can't remember Rulon, or Luella or Pearl being there. I was awfully sick. It took me two or three weeks to get them. When I had them, my mother made me a bed out of four chairs in the kitchen with pillows on them. I remember waking up, whining, and being uncomfortable with a high fever. Mama was stirring something in a big high kettle, some kind of soup or chicken or something for the men. I remember seeing the table all set with plates on it. She was waiting for the men to come in to eat. She put the kettle on the back of the stove to keep it warm, and picked me up and carried me into the front room. It was cooler there and she rocked me in the old red rocking chair that we had, made out of cherry wood. I said to Mama, "if you just pray for me I'll be all right." So my mother put me down, and knelt down by the chair, and when she got up, she picked me up again. Tears were running down her cheeks, and I put my hand to try to wipe the tears from off her cheeks. My mother always wore a clean apron when she

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started her work each day. She picked up the corner of her apron, and she was wiping her tears off. I said, "Now Mama, I'll be all right." I think I was only three and half years old.

I remember walking to Primary, about a mile or a mile and a half, to the old church house. A buggy with some people came past. They lived about a mile farther than we did. I can't remember their names, but they had a girl or two that was a little bit older than me. They asked us if we wanted a ride. We said no, because our mother told us not to get in with anybody.

When it came time for me to go to school, Rulon and I would walk. Sometimes we'd cut through the field to the train. We'd have to flag the train. My toes would get so cold in the morning. When the train came, Rulon would get out in the middle of the track and wave a white flag for the train to stop. Then we would go to school. I had to walk a long way from the depot to the South Gate Addition. Sometimes my mother would give me a little money so that I could stop in and buy a sweet roll at the bakery. That would be my lunch that day. Rulon would go across town to his school. When it got really bitter cold, I didn't go. I think my folks moved into town when it got really bitter cold.

My parents would go to the dances in Burley. At night Pearl and I would go with them, and we'd go to sleep on the benches. Papa would get Pearl and I to dance with him in the Arcadia building. First we'd go to the show for a nickel or a dime, and then we'd walk from the show to the dance hall. We had fun around there then. They would be having a dance, Hossy Stout orchestra. My dad could really dance.

Even out to the farm house in Starrhs Ferry on a Saturday afternoon, we'd go to town to the theatre and then we'd have dinner. Luella would give Pearl and I our baths and get our hair braided. We couldn't go out and play. We had to stay right in and take a nap. The men would have dinner, and then they would get cleaned up and want to go to town. They would ride with us. Sometimes Luella would take them. On Saturdays, we'd come to town, go to the cafe, and then we'd have our supper. My mother would have chop suey. It was a chinese joint. We also went to the confectionery, Pixtons, and had ice cream. Sometimes the men came home with us; sometimes they just found their own way home. They would go into the pool hall, and they would come home broke.

Mama would stay home and take care of the men and the farm. I've heard my mother say she'd run the farm when Papa was up in Soda Springs. She'd hire and fire the men. Luella was home cooking and helping. Papa was up to Soda Springs or on the road all the time. He was bringing the sheep back and forth, and buying the hay in the summer time in his later years.

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We lived in the sheep camps when we were with the sheep. There was no place to go, only stay in the hills, go to bed, get up and eat, and play around. The kids now would be bored. They have too much television and telephones. We had to go get our water from the creek or the spring. We were about twelve, younger than fourteen, in Dry Valley, where we were camped with our sheep. We would have to go down the canyon, which was steep, but not very far, with five or ten gallon milk cans and dip from the creek. That was our drinking water. Now they tell us we're not to drink it. I wouldn't be afraid to drink it. We would wash our clothes on a board in a tin tub.

We'd go over to the ranch where my grandpa and Aunt Lizzie lived and have to feed the bucks over on the river. That would be in August. We'd have to feed them grain. Sometimes we'd stop in and see Grandpa and Aunt Lizzie, and sometimes she'd send us home with some freshly made butter.

Up in Dry Valley where we were living, it came time to cut out the lambs to take them to market. I was always in the corral helping them with the sheep. After that, my dad and Revie would start the lambs to Soda Springs. It was hard to drive the lambs then because they didn't want to go away from their mothers. It took a long time to get them started, so I'd go with them to the spring where the Allan Ranch is now, and then I'd go back. One time I had to herd the sheep for two or three days, while Papa and Revie trailed the sheep into town to the stockyards. I remember Mama got me up, and I went out to see where the sheep were. I found them, and they were shading up. I saw a coyote sneaking up on his belly, going to get into the herd. I hurried back on Old Peggy and wanted a gun, because I was going to shoot it. I knew how to shoot a gun. My mother wouldn't let me use it, so I went back and started yelling so the coyote would know I was around and chased him away.

The sheep get up early in the morning and go to water every two or three hours, and then they come back and stay for the day in some quaking aspens in the shade. Then in the afternoons again, they hike out and want something to eat again.

I went on the top of the mountain with Revie two or three times. I had my bed next to his bed roll, and we slept up on top of the mountain. That's where he taught me to shoot the 25-35 rifle. I remember him getting up early and going to the sheep. I stayed in bed, and he said, "I'll come back for you." I was sleepy. I heard a hoot owl, and it scared me so early in the morning. He came back for me.

One time when I was with Revie, we went down to the house, had dinner, and then we went back. A bear had got into our tepee tent and got our bread that was in the dutch oven. He had

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scattered the flour and the bacon. It was just all over heck. I didn't know what it was. Revie said a bear had been in it.

Once we were camped up Kendall Canyon, and the bear had gotten into the sheep. The sheep were just across the creek. There was a bunch of quaking aspens along there, across the creek along the way, and the bear had killed one sheep. One night, it might have been the same night, Pearl and I slept in an old buggy with the sides on it, and the back was open. It had a canvas top. The seats were out of it. We slept on the bottom of the buggy. I saw two eyes looking in on us, and I was scared, so I slid down into the covers. I told my mother, "There is something out here." I don't know if I hollered to her. I think we went back to sleep, and I told her the next morning. Anyway, they saw bear tracks around there. The next morning they saw that he had killed a sheep.

That night Mama made us a bed in the sheep camp. She laid a quilt down between the projection and the stove on the floor. One of us slept there, and the other slept at the foot of the bed. I remember my dad had stinky feet. We slept there for two or three nights.

I went with Revie, and we built a bear trap. I helped him get some poles, and he made a v-shaped thing. He took half the dead sheep, put it in there, and then he took his rifle and triggered it so that when that bear would come to get the sheep, the gun would go off and get the bear. I helped him do that. The next day or two, we heard the gun go off, and Revie and Papa rushed up there. The bear had got away. It didn't kill the bear.

One time when we were camped in Kendall Canyon, Papa and Revie were building a corral to cut out the lambs from the herd. I would go up on the hill with them on Peggy, and they would cut down the poles. I would snake them down to where they were going to build a corral and unhook them, go up, and get another load. I had great experiences on old Peggy. I never appreciated her or my experience in the "wilds" until I got older.

When I was in my early teens, I was with Revie all the time on old Peggy. One time he lost a bunch of sheep, and I was up there with him listening for the tingling of a bell. We were coming down the mountain, and I don't know how, but Revie would always come out right where the camp was. I looked back, the jack pines were so thick that we had to get off our horses and walk and lead our horses over the timber. One time Peggy knocked me down and jumped right over me. I was lying on my back, and she was right over me. Revie could hear the commotion and he looked back and said "What happened?" I said, "I don't know. Peggy just bumped me down and jumped over me." He said she saw or smelled a bear. Revie even shot a grouse or two up there on the top of the

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mountain for our dinner that Mama cooked when we got home in the sheep camp in Kendall Canyon.

I cooked for the hired men. I helped Mama. We didn't have electricity. We had shearers and men to cook for. Mama said she cooked for the hired men to put up the hay in the summer and tear it down in the winter. When I was a teenager we had a bad winter in 1936. My mother was cooking for fourteen men. Pearl was working. We had graduated from school. She didn't stay up on the ranch in the summer time very much. After she was eighteen, she had a job and worked and I stayed and helped Mama. I had a job at Kings but my dad told me that I would have to quit my job and go up with Mama to Soda in May. I was needed to help her take care of the ranch while he was bringing up the sheep. After Luella moved to Salt Lake, I was helping Mama all the time.

In 1930, Pearl and I were up in Dry Valley at the homestead. My mother and father were in Salt Lake, because Rulon was graduating from the University of Utah. Pearl and I were in our teens. Revie came down off the mountain to see how we were doing and to get breakfast. I had spilled a whole can of bacon grease on the floor. It left a great big grease spot, and I didn't know how to get it up. I knew I should do something before my mother came and saw the spill. We were there in that little house, and Carl Hayes came down on his horse to stop by. Carl and Revie were talking and Revie invited him in to have dinner. We were in our overalls. We lived in overalls then. We each had a Mexican hat with tassels on it. I was ashamed of the spot on the floor. That is how I met Carl Hayes. So I got busy and heated up some water and tried to scrub the floor to get the grease spot up.

At the celebration we had at the ranch in 1918, Carl was there, but he was fourteen and I was four, so no notice was made. Then when I was about twelve or thirteen, I saw him at the Austin Ranch. My dad always stopped there to see what they were doing in the corral with the horses and cattle. I was fifteen when I finally met him.

Carl came over in a few days and got us and LaVon Morgan, a girl friend of ours, and went down the canyon. He took us to a fish dinner over at his shack in the Upper Valley. His father and brothers were there, and I was bashful. I didn't like to be around people. I had never eaten fish before. I didn't know how to eat fish. When he brought us home, he wanted me to ride up in the front seat with him, and he put Pearl and Lavon in the back seat.

That started our courtship. One other time we went over there, the three girls, Pearl, LaVon and I. There was a bear in the narrows when we were coming home. I was the only one of the girls who saw the bear, but Carl did in the headlights.

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Revie and Carl would go hunting together. My dad would always look and see if he could see them coming. He wanted them to get a deer so bad. Sometimes I'd go with them. I'd usually see the first deer, but I never had a gun. I was tending the horses and holding them all the time. They had the guns. I always wanted to go hunting alone and take care of myself. The deer were not plentiful like they are now.

Carl and I were married July 11, 1939. We lived up in the Upper Valley shack when we first got married. Carl had been up there for fifteen years. He was riding that great big valley up there. He was a cowboy, keeping the fences up and doctoring the sick cattle. He was a good roper. I'd go riding with him in the Upper Valley. He'd sometimes get up and go to work at four o'clock in the morning when it was cool and nice and light. We didn't have daylight savings time then. He'd just get up and go.

I sometimes would saddle my pony and go over to the ranch to see Mama and Papa. One time I stopped and talked to a family of Indians on the river. They invited me to have dinner with them. I asked them what they were cooking. They said squirrel. I told them I had already eaten dinner at my folks' place.

Our first child, David Lynn was born March 31, 1942. Carl packed the water. I washed every day for Lynn. He was born in the Burley hospital when we were down at the lambing sheds. The year that he was born, we moved away from the Upper Valley in the fall when the ranch changed hands. The next year, 1943, we worked for my dad. That winter we came to town, and Carl worked out at Conda, a mine nearby.

In 1944 we went to the Fox Ranch to live. Carl ran the ranch and worked very hard. We lived in the ranch house. We stayed there for five or six years. In 1946 we were pouring cement for the basement of our house in town. The war was over, but we couldn't buy nails or basement windows; we couldn't buy anything. It was still war time. When we were pouring the cement, my dad would bring a load of rock from the narrows to put in the cement in the foundation.

When we were getting the house ready to move into, in 1948, we would bring Lynn in from the ranch when he started school. We dropped him off to school, and then we worked on the house. One night as we were going out to Trail Canyon there was a bear sitting right in the middle of the road there. There were bears around, and we could see them sometimes.

Two more children were born and died the same day. They were Horace "J", born May 22, 1943, and Andrew Vance, born Oct 10, 1947. When I buried my second baby in 1947, Lynn wasn't quite old enough then, and he didn't go to school until 1948. We had the

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house all ready. In the summer, we went out to the ranch. By then Carl was running the Strong Ranch.

Carl started working over at Monsanto in Sept 19, 1952. He was passing by there and stopped to see if there was anything he could do. He asked if they were hiring any men. They needed a boiler man, "Did he have any experience?" He said up at a saw mill where he was working, they had a boiler. They said they would teach him. He worked there for seventeen years. He was almost forty-eight when he started working there. When Carl went to work for Monsanto he also worked out at the Strong Ranch. When he got too old, they made him quit at Monsanto. He was one of the first retirees.

Patricia Sue was born February 12, 1952, and our last child, Landon Carl was born October 17, 1956. There was ten years difference between Patty and Lynn. We buried two babies in between. The years have gone by so fast. Now Patty has five children and Lynn has raised six children. I am a grandmother of eleven and great grandmother of four, two by adoption. They are great kids and like all grandmas, I love them all.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF DAVID CARLETT HAYES

edited by Ann M. Jones

I, David Carlett Hayes, was born December 10, 1904 in Georgetown, Idaho, son of Alma Hess Hayes and Lottie Smart Hayes. I was known as Carl. Both of my grandfathers were polygamists. Grandfather Hayes was a bishop for years. He had two wives, and I can remember when he lived with them both. Grandfather Smart had three wives. They were called by Brigham Young to the Georgetown area to colonize. Grandfather Hayes moved into Georgetown Canyon, which used to be called Twin Creeks. That's where I was born.

I seriously burned my face when I was two years old. I fell on the stove while I was cooking a batch cake or a piece of dough from my high chair. That is how I got the scar on my face.

When I was five or six, I helped my older brother saw a huge block of wood from a huge tree and split it for firewood for the kitchen stove and wood heater in the front room. I had to stand on a wood box to help saw it. Later I had to help plow and harrow the ground to plant the crops. I was about eight or ten years old.

When I was twelve years old I took the longest ride of my life. I was in Georgetown, and I had an uncle who was a cow hand on the Austin Ranch. It was during the First World War in 1916. He was a married man with a family. The government was sending out a questionnaire to these married men. We had no communication. We had to get word to him to come and fill out this questionnaire. I was elected. I had an old bay pony with no saddle. I borrowed a saddle with a broken horn and rode twenty-five to thirty miles. I didn't know where I was going except that the place had a big red barn.

When I got there he was out riding. The ranch had two old maids cooking, Miss Olsen and Miss Patterson, Oley and Patty. They wanted me to come in and have lunch. I was too bashful. I knew I had to start back. It had never entered my head to stay all night. I had to get home. So I let my pony rest there for an hour or two and finally got enough courage to leave the message with these cooks. I got on my pony and started home. That must have been an awful tough pony. The kid had to be awful tough too. Fifty to sixty miles in one day. I got home long after dark, about ten o'clock that night.

My folks raised a big family. I was number four of thirteen children. We were poor, dirt poor. When we boys were big enough we started working, and I started pretty young. At the age of eight I earned fifty cents a day driving a derrick team putting

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up hay on the Austin Ranch. It was a big cattle and sheep ranch. I worked for other people wherever I could make a dollar or a dime.

I was making my own living when I was fourteen and living with my family part-time. I got a job on the Austin Ranch. It was the same place I had worked haying when I was eight. It used to be a hay ranch which they had converted from raising hay to running sheep and cattle. When I was fourteen I helped put up hay there. Eventually I advanced to be the head rider. It was a seven thousand acre ranch on Diamond Creek. I stayed there a long time, too long.

I didn't get through the eighth grade because I had to go out to work. I was often sick. I had every disease that there was, so that keeps a boy out of school. Pretty soon I was way past the age of the others that were going to school. There were really rough winters then, and we had to walk to school. I would walk to school sometimes in a foot of snow and get all wet. I never did have overshoes and my feet would get half frozen and get sores on them. For these reasons I finally quit going to school.

In 1918, there was a Twenty-Fourth of July Celebration at the Stocking Ranch for the cowboys and neighbors. That was the year I raked hay up at the Austin Ranch when I was fourteen. Little did I know that my future wife, Lucy Stocking, was also there and only four years old. I vividly remember what the two horses looked like that were used in the roping. One of the ropers was an old timer from Grays Lake named Bud Weaver. He rode a tall bay striped faced horse. The other horse was a chestnut sorrel. It was the first time I ever saw a cowboy rope a big steer. You have to have an awfully good horse to do that.

I decided that I was going to rope steers. I got so I could do it. I had to find a different way to topple the steer. The way they used to do it, about every fourth or fifth steer would break a leg. I had to find a different way. You couldn't afford to break legs; it cost too much. So I found a different way to throw those steers without hurting them.

I was a cow puncher for years and years. I was a good roper. I was amazed that what I used to do as routine, many cow punchers couldn't do at all. I could rope a eight hundred pound steer all alone. It generally takes two people. I'd sit it down, tie its legs, and doctor it, whatever it needed. I never used to think much of it until I was around more people. There weren't many cowboys who could do that.

In 1929, I bought a new automobile while earning \$70 a month. The banker wouldn't finance it. Over a year's time, I had saved up enough, one third, for a down payment. I had a year to pay out the rest of it. A new Chevrolet cost me \$830. That was the first mistake I ever made. You have to have a car now. It

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takes all you can make for two or three years to buy it. Then it takes all you can make to run it.

At one time my older brother and I went up into Wyoming east of Soda Springs, way back into the mountains. We got restless and went all over Wyoming and Montana in our Model T. We were up there a couple of years. We built a trapping cabin way back in there on Waterdog Lake. It didn't turn out very well, and we stayed for a couple of months with a young fellow that was caretaking a saw mill. He had two mail runs carried by dog team, and I learned to drive a dog team.

Then we came back to the Austin Ranch. I could always, no matter what, get a job on that ranch. I was quite a cowboy. I was supposed to be one of the best ropers in the county. It got to be home, the only home I had. So I stayed there too long. I worked there fourteen years and a few short periods before then. I lived there after I was married for two or three years. Then the place was sold. I worked for the place that it was sold to for a couple of years. Same job, punching cows. I got to be a pretty good cowboy, able to do everything. You had to be good to doctor cattle when they got sick. To rope a eight or nine hundred pound steer and be able to throw him down and tie his feet. Just like you do in a rodeo, only you don't have to work against time. Cut out the cattle when it's time to go to market. The roundup. You've got to be able to handle horses and cattle. Most people think herding sheep or cattle looks easy but there are very few people who qualify. A person that has done it gets to be pretty good at it. They know these things. You've got to be two-thirds tough.

One spring I was cow punching and my brother was head irrigator at the Austin Ranch. The boss came up one morning and said we've got to get to the Upper Valley. It was early spring. We weren't sure we could get up there with a team and wagon. We had cattle coming in to the Upper Valley from Swan Valley. My brother and I had some good horses there on the ranch, and I had a prize cow pony. We loaded up the wagon with what ever we needed. We had to go up through the narrows. There's a bend there in the narrows, and it takes a long time for the snow to melt out. The sun doesn't hit there for more than an hour or two. There was no way to get through there. We knew we had to get there. We had to get down into the river and travel in the river bed with two saddle horses tied behind the wagon and team. Their names were Toby and Smoke. It wasn't high water yet. We traveled up the river about a half a mile. We got up there and got situated in the cabin. The fellows arrived that night with the cattle from Swan Valley.

Most people think cowboys, any cowboy can ride any kind of a horse, but many cowboys can't ride a bucking horse. I've broken horses. In the old days we used to go out on the range with a wagon and stay there a couple of months. There would be one tough cowboy to ride the rough string or difficult horses. He could ride

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about anything. Ordinary cowboys couldn't ride the bad horses. Many times these rough bucking horses would turn out to be pretty good horses.

I had a special cut pony. It was very clever. There would be seventeen hundred head of steers to choose from in the fall when the cattle buyers would come up there. My boss wouldn't let them do their own cutting. He'd give them an old horse that they couldn't do much on and they would mosey around and pick the steer they wanted. We'd do the cutting. There would not be a word said between Floyd Smart and I. We would know exactly what to do. It would go just like clock work. It used to make some of the cattle men pretty vexed. "No, you don't do your own cutting on this place. My boys do it." That was right because many cattlemen didn't know anything about handling; they knew how to grade cattle but they didn't know how to handle them.

I was riding for the biggest ranch in this county. It was on the Blackfoot River, divided into two pieces, with one ten miles up the river from the other. The first was where we ran the cattle, the other one where we put up the hay. I ran the upper one.

I'd have a crew of men, three or four. It would take us about three weeks to repair the fence and do whatever we could. About the first of July, I'd be there alone, tending the cattle. Times were different then. We didn't have trucks to haul cattle or horses. We walked them everywhere we went. It was two short days travel from where we pastured the cattle to town. That was where we shipped them. We probably brought in fourteen hundred head of fat steers. They were big cattle, 1150 pounds.

It was a pretty good life. I was making pretty good wages for those days, \$70 a month. On \$70 a month I could buy a new car. Times were actually better. Fourteen hundred head of steers for ten and a half cents a pound. My work was going out there day after day with those cattle. People would start buying cattle in April or May. I think we brought cattle in three or four days in a row. We had a good outfit too. We used to run six branding irons in the fire all the same time. Sometimes we could run a steer through the chute every minute. It was a pretty good life. I've often thought, all good things come to an end. The bad goes on forever.

That was snow country. It used to get colder. We got up one morning in the early 1920's; I was just a young fellow. It was -58° F. We didn't get to work that day until noon, when it got up to -40°. We still went to work.

We had a couple of thousand or more cattle all together over the summer. We'd sell the big fat ones, and feed the smaller ones over the winter. You would have to feed them out there five

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or six months out of the year. It cut down on the profits. They don't do it any more. They take the cattle out of the country. Everything is different now. I've seen it where you could buy hay out there for \$5-6 a ton. Now it would cost you \$80.

I often thought I should have had one of those smaller ranches. But when it was cheap enough to buy it, it was dang hard to get hold of money. You can't believe how different it was. Of course the cowboy never did learn to talk to the bankers. He just didn't talk their language. I don't know how to be rich. I always thought great amounts of money would be trouble. Of course it's always nice to have some.

Pearl and Lucy Stocking were living on the old homestead in Dry Valley. I was ten years older than Lucy. They used to come up over the mountain about four or five miles to visit this cowboy. They had a friend about their age named LaVon Morgan; their fathers were both sheep men. They would come over the mountain together and we'd go fishing. Always wondered why those people let these young girls come over there to visit this cowboy. They had nothing to do. It was a change for them. There were lots of fish up there. I remember once we caught extra fish, and they packed a bucket of fish over those four miles to their folks.

You go through life and make a living the best way you can. I never did know I was in love. We went over to see the sheep range foreman, the three girls and I. He had his wife with him. She said, "I can tell pretty well this one girl is the one you like." I didn't know it. Those things just happen. It took us a long time. You just go through life doing the best you can.

Lucy and I were married July 11, 1939. We lived out on the Austin Ranch and came to town with a team of horses and a covered sleigh in the winter.

When I quit working for the Austin Ranch, I was working for the state of Idaho trapping beaver for the State Fish and Game Department. They were protected then and the government would give me a regular quota. I had the Blackfoot River drainage. That takes in a large area. I went up in the upper valleys trapping in the last part of March. We came out the last part of April. We'd come down the river on a raft before the high water came, and the snow was still four feet deep up there.

The beaver were too thick, and they got to be a nuisance. They dammed up creeks and dug ditches. It was hard work trapping beaver. They were hard to skin. Once I had the quota of two hundred. You have to work hard to get two a day. You only have a month and a half in the fall, and maybe a month in the spring. At one time I was running a ranch in the 1940's. I'd get a Class A Permit to trap on my own property or where I was leasing. I was doing well then. At first I could get \$40-50 a piece, but when I

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quit I was only getting \$10. I got paid by what fur I could get, a certain percentage.

I had a bunch of beaver castor. It's a scent gland that the beaver have, both the female and the male. There was quite a demand for these castors in the perfume industry. I'd had some of them around for years. These castors were about as big as your fist, and each beaver has two. I had a couple of pounds of them. They were selling for \$4-7 an ounce for dried beaver castors. It takes a lot of dried beaver castor to make a pound, but you have to have them dry to sell them. The castor brought more money than the pelts did.

I worked for Lucy's folks one summer, the summer of 1943. Then a fellow was leasing the Fox Ranch, a couple of thousand acres. This fellow needed someone like me. I was practically born in a snowdrift. I could stand almost anything, and I could do anything. So I went to work for that fellow. He had a five year lease. When he lost it, I moved to the Strong Ranch which was only a summer job. During all this time I was working for the Fish and Game. Fish and Game was just periodic, spring and fall. After a while that ranch was sold.

While I was on the Fox Ranch, we got our home in town together. I don't think we had \$1500 in this lot and house. It was during the war, and I couldn't buy any nails to fix it or anything. I had to build my basement windows out of wood. We couldn't get regular basement windows. I moved the house in from a farm. I think I bought it for \$600. We dug this whole basement. We mixed our own cement. It took plenty of work. I could always work. You had to work to make a living. We lived in town in the winter and on the Strong Ranch in the summer. We had to live in town so our son, Lynn, could go to school.

About the time the fur was pretty low, and I wasn't making a very good living, Monsanto came in to Soda Springs. I stopped in there one day to see if they had a job I could do. They needed a boiler man. I said that I had worked around a saw mill. They were willing to train me, and I had a job. I stayed there until I was sixty-seven, as long as they would let me. They had a pension plan, and they let me work an extra two years so I could get a better pension. I used to trap all the time on the side while I was working for Monsanto and out at the Strong Ranch. I was working shift work.

I was almost fifty when I went to work for Monsanto. They come in here about 1950 and put up the plant. They went into production about 1952, and that's when I started with them, right from the first. That was the best thing I ever did. They are still paying my insurance premiums, and I've been gone from there almost twenty-two years. I didn't retire until I was sixty-seven. Now I'm almost eighty-eight.

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I quit Monsanto, and I was still energetic so I went back to punching cows. I had a part time job up on Diamond Creek. I could do anything. With this and that, we had our living with Social Security and the pension. One day I heard that a man was quitting the county job as caretaker around the reservoir, gathering the garbage and keeping up the campgrounds. It is about seventy to eighty miles around the reservoir. I grabbed that job. I was seventy-six years old then.

I'm still working for the county, but I don't think I will after this summer, (1992). I take care of the campgrounds and boat docks and haul the garbage down almost to Grace, Idaho. The fish are about all gone. There aren't many fishermen. There isn't much garbage, and I don't have too much to do. I only have to work a couple of days a week, maybe three. It is just something to do. I'm still able to do it. In fact it is easier than mowing my own lawn. I had to hire a boy to mow my lawn this spring. I got so I didn't have the power to push that mower. Most of the work at the reservoir is just riding around in that pickup. I make a little money. They don't pay big, but I don't need big.

This year our county is prosperous while the country is not, because of phosphate, all over this county. Monsanto pays the best wages, pension and working conditions of anywhere in the country. It was a whole lot different from when I started to work there. But they are very progressive. They have plants all over the world. They are a blue chip company. I was lucky enough to get a job there. I think I had one foot in the grave when I went to work for them.

I'm the oldest man in our ward. There are older women I think. We live in a different world now than it was when I was a young man. It seems strange to me. I notice it when I get to Salt Lake City around people. We live a different life than they do.

One of the things I used to enjoy was getting together with my brother Earl and his wife, Verona. He would play the guitar, Verona would play the accordion, and I would play the mandolin. We enjoyed singing together. I have also enjoyed fly fishing, reading westerns, the out of doors, and my family.

(Carl died December 6, 1993 at the age of 88.)

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF PEARL ELIZABETH STOCKING MERRILL

edited by Ann M. Jones

I, Pearl Elizabeth Stocking, was born in Starrhs Ferry on April 11, 1916, the daughter of Joseph Horace Stocking and Martha Jane Butterfield Stocking. Starrhs Ferry was just out of Burley, Idaho. There were four other children in my family when I was born. Revie was eighteen; Luella, fifteen; Rulon, eight; and Lucy, one and a half. Revie was out with the sheep and Luella was eventually married when she was nineteen. I was just four years old when she was married. Rulon went to college. I didn't really know my older brothers and sisters while I was growing up.

Mother was cooking for the lambing crew in April when I was born. Grandma Butterfield came to Idaho to take care of her and me, and made Mother leave the lambing sheds. She had been cooking for eight or ten men, maybe more, from early in the morning until late at night. They left there so Mother could rest before the baby was born because Grandmother was very worried. Grandmother Butterfield was there to attend my birth.

Many people thought Lucy and I were the only children my parents had. They thought we were twins because Mother always used to dress us alike, and Lucy was short for her age while I was a little bigger. We were like twins. Whenever one was given a present, the other one was also. We always had the same types of things, maybe different colors, but we were raised like twins. Until we were old and graduated from high school, we hardly slept a night away from each other. We were constantly together. I was the one who was always running around and getting into trouble. I couldn't keep still and Lucy was the quiet one. But we had many years of close companionship.

We lived on the farm and in the summer Dad would put up hay and grow beets and potatoes. He had hired men, many hired men, but the one that stands out in my mind is Andrew Antone. He was a Greek boy who had come from Greece when he was very young. He found his way out to the farm, and Dad hired him. He couldn't speak a word of English but soon learned the language by working on the farm with the other men. He loved Lucy and I. He'd pick us up and carry us around. We'd go out and help him pick up the eggs. I guess he was lonely, but I remember him so well even though I was only a toddler.

Another quaint little person that came into my life and lived on the farm was a little Mexican man by the name of Rosie Alcala. He worked for Dad for many years. He would carry us around and play with us as he herded the sheep.

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Cliff Court, Luella's husband, came down from Canada and worked at the farm for Dad. He was a real source of inspiration and a lovely person to be around all these years. He has been in the family as long as I can remember. It was 1918 when he came down from Canada.

I remember once when I got a spanking. I was told not to go sledding because it was supper time but I did anyway. I had to go get my own willow stick for my mother to use to paddle me. I had to sit and wait while she emptied the ashes out of the stove. All she did was switch my legs.

We had a relative living close to us, Ensign Stocking, who had six children. He had one daughter, Isabel, who was my age. She was their youngest also. We went through grade school and high school together. I was baptized on June 1, 1924. My cousin, Isabel, and I were the same age, and we were both going to be baptized that same day, but Isabel was so afraid of the water that she screamed and hollered and carried on until they couldn't baptize her.

When I was in the fifth grade a new girl came to school. Her name was Ada Mae Clark from Logan, Utah. Her dad was Israel Justice Clark, manager of the Amalgamated Sugar Company, the beet factory. She and I became very fast friends and we have been good friends, even to this day. She now lives in Colorado, but we correspond and telephone and keep in touch. She has been like a sister to me. She married Bert Tucker.

When there was a crash of the economy, Dad lost the farm. He had it mortgaged. After World War I he had bought some very expensive sheep and it hadn't worked out. There was a financial collapse all over the nation. He lost the farm and part of the sheep herd. He came out with at least one herd of sheep, the lambing sheds, and the forest reserve right still intact.

After Dad lost the farm in Starrhs Ferry we moved around from place to place. The years were very difficult from 1923 to 1928. Then there was the financial crisis over the nation which caused the Great Depression. It seemed like our depression time was from 1923 on.

The depression years were really rough. Many people didn't have enough to eat, but we were very lucky. We had plenty to eat. Mother always raised a big garden. We had mutton to eat and a cow. Mother would make butter from the cream of the cow and take it down to sell it at the store or trade it for things that we needed. We didn't have money to spend. Luella used to send a few dollars to Mother to buy coal because Cliff was working. They were living in Salt Lake City. I have no idea how much she might have sent over those years, but I do remember some money coming in to buy coal. There was one year when a package came from Grandma Butterfield.

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Mother opened it. It had a pork roast and a couple of chickens in it for Christmas when it was so bad. We never missed a meal that I remember. Because I was young, I didn't realize what a struggle it must have been for Mother and Dad to keep our home together.

Everybody was having problems and there was no work. Dad would have men come from all over and ask him for work. They would say "I will work for my board and room." They knew they could live in the sheep camp and be fed. Some of them he'd have to turn away, but if it was in the winter time he would take them in to work at the lambing sheds. He needed many men to haul hay. He needed men at night to bring the ewes and new born lambs in and that sort of thing.

We spent the summers up on the forest reserve so Dad and Revie could herd the sheep. We started going up to the forest reserve when I was about eight years old. We lived all summer long in tents and in the sheep camp, sleeping on the ground or in makeshift beds. We would pull the sheep camp from canyon to canyon and change campgrounds once a month, when they would move the sheep. We were always on a stream of water where we could lie and listen to the babbling brook. We had such a carefree life with nothing in particular to do because we had no sewing machines or tools of labor so we rode horseback.

I think I've always enjoyed horses. I've always been around them. A beautiful horse in a parade just really charms me. I think they are just absolutely beautiful.

On hot days we used to go down to the Dry Valley bridge and swim in the river. It wasn't very deep. We'd go down there on horseback. Our life up there was really one of doing nothing except what we wanted to do. There were no jobs other than getting meals and washing dishes.

The forest reserve joined Grandpa's ranch near Soda Springs, Idaho on the Blackfoot River. We could see Grandpa and Aunt Lizzie, his second wife, often. We had a little mule named Peggy that was very surefooted and a sorrel horse named Tim. Lucy and I would get on our horses, our one horse and the little mule. We would ride over to Grandpa's and Aunt Lizzie's from where we were camped. One summer we even had to go over every other day to feed the bucks, the male sheep. Dad had the bucks on part of Grandpa's ranch in a field. We'd go over there and feed them grain to get them good and fat. That was our chore that summer.

In 1928 there were 360 acres of land that came up for homesteading. It joined the reserve and also the Dry Valley part of the valley, so Dad filed on it. Dad had a two-roomed house built on it so after that, instead of living around the sheep herd in the sheep camp, we lived in this little two-roomed house all

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summer long. We had to live there for seven months of the year for seven years to prove up on it and then it could become ours.

Ada May had come up to visit one time. We used to sleep in the sheep camp there. Dad pulled it down to the house. We took Ada May for a ride over the mountain one day. We nearly killed her. She wasn't used to riding like we were. She was so stiff and saddle sore she couldn't get off the horse and walk after that. We just about did her in.

There was a family that used to live in Dry Valley in a log house. The father was Ed Morgan. They had a family of six children up there. There was LaVon, Morris, Mary, Lola and two younger boys. LaVon was our age. They lived at the mouth of the canyon. We lived above in the middle of the canyon. We'd go down to her place and play kick the can until dark. We'd do a great deal of horseback riding together.

In the summer when Dad and Revie would bring the sheep off the range, they would bring them into Dry Valley and use the Morgans' corral to separate the lambs from the ewes. Then they would start trailing the lambs into Soda Springs to the railroad. There they would be loaded on rail cars and taken east to the market, usually Omaha. Lucy, Mother and I would usually be assigned to herd the sheep on the range for two or three days while they were taking the lambs. They had to trail them thirty miles. It would take two or three days to get them in and get them loaded.

We used to have to go up around the sheep early in the morning at day break when they were coming off the bed ground and then stay with them until they shaded up around ten or eleven in the morning. Later when they would come out to feed again we would have to go up on the range and be with them. We wouldn't allow them to go very far because we didn't know the range. With the hills being so steep we could have lost some of the sheep, or we could have become lost ourselves. We would ride Peggy and Tim and at least two of the three of us would go up around the sheep early in the morning and then be up there until dark. We would come home, unsaddle the horses, and stake them out so they would be there the next morning for us.

Often Luella and Cliff would come up and be there so Cliff could help in the corrals taking out the lambs. They would be there with their car to drive back and forth from town. Other than that we would not see anyone for two or three days. Because we were proving up on the homestead, Dad would take Mother, Lucy and me up to the homestead and leave us there for six or eight weeks. We wouldn't see another soul except ourselves. We'd have plenty of food and a house in which to live. Dad would have to go back and bring sheep up the trail from wherever they happened to be because they couldn't get on the reserve until about July. We would be up there many a year alone until Dad came back up with the sheep. At

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the time I was never lonely because I never realized what loneliness was. When school started Dad would take Lucy and I back into town to live and go to school while they stayed in Dry Valley to make the seven months required by the homestead law.

In 1928 Dad was finally able to buy a home in Burley at 1359 Elba. It had two bedrooms upstairs, a hallway, storage room, living room, dining room, a kitchen, and one bedroom and bath on the main floor. He bought that house for \$1250. We used to walk to school. It wasn't very far. In the wintertime Lucy and I would stay in the house, walking to and from school, and building the fire in the heater to keep the house going. Mother was out cooking for the lambing crew in January, February, and March of every year.

In 1933, Grandfather Stocking died and gave the Stocking Ranch to Dad. After that the family stayed at the ranch during the summer.

As a young kid growing up I was a fast runner. I could beat all the boys in grade school and junior high school but I didn't pursue that. My dad was really proud of me. He thought I could beat anybody. He would often try to get a running match between me and somebody else, saying I could beat them.

We used to go down to Fort Herriman to see Grandma Butterfield and stay with her. I remember riding the train down from Burley to Salt Lake City. In those days with the soot and the dirt from the train, we'd be filthy before we arrived. Mother would spit on her white handkerchief to wipe our faces so we'd look pretty good when we got off the train. Luella and Cliff were living in Salt Lake City, and Lucy and I would go down and stay with them in the summertime for a month at a time. We'd walk from her place downtown and back. We'd walk up to the capitol building. We had a good time wandering around Salt Lake City together.

As a teenager I had very bad acne. It inhibited my social life because I became quite withdrawn, and it was difficult for me to be in a crowd. In those years there was not much that could be done about it. Not much was known about it. To this day I don't know if we were eating wrong or what it was that caused it. I outgrew it but I still have some of the scars on my face. If I had any spare money I would buy any and everything to put on my face to heal them up or cover them up. But there was really nothing that worked.

I enjoyed high school very much. I made many good friends. As a junior I was made a member of the National Honor Society and was in the top of my class for the Honor Society as a junior and as a senior. I was not smart enough to become valedictorian but I didn't care because I didn't want to have to give a speech. I enjoyed high school and I tried to make the most of it. I didn't do well in mathematics, but I did do well in English and Spanish,

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especially reading Spanish. I can still remember some of the vocabulary. It is very difficult for me to understand the Spanish people because they speak so fast.

All through high school I wanted to go to college. In my senior year in high school I sent for catalogs from colleges all over Utah and Idaho. I did want so much to go to college. I finally came to realize that there was no way that I was going to be able to go to college. It about broke my heart. Ada Mae's mother moved to Logan so she could go to the Agricultural College which I would have dearly loved to do. There was no effort made by my parents to my knowledge. There was not even any talk about why or why not. I think that there was not that much money, but I also felt that it was not even considered. They felt that women didn't need an education. Rulon graduated from high school in 1925. He went to Salt Lake, worked, and put himself through. When he needed extra money for college tuition, Dad would sell off a heifer or a pig or something to get extra money to send to him. Rulon was the only one to get a college education. Lucy didn't want to go to school.

Oh, I did want to go to college. I made up my mind that if I ever had children, if they wanted to go to college, I would scrub somebody's floors if I had to in order to put them through school. All of my girls have at least had the opportunity, even though some of them didn't graduate. To this day my heart still aches as it did in 1934.

I did the best I could, I got a job working at M.H. King's variety store in Burley. I worked on the floor from 8:00 AM to 6:00 PM, six days a week. Each Saturday I'd be paid eight silver dollars for a week's work. After doing this for a few months, Mr. King asked me to come and work in the office. I worked in the office tabulating invoices and merchandise that was coming in.

I then went to work for the city of Burley. We put out the utility bills for the whole city. We did all the tabulating by hand, figured the kilohours and the cost of each one and sent the bills out. In high school I took typing and shorthand along with my Spanish which helped me to get the job.

A man on the city council who was in the bank, Chuck Bauer, asked me if I'd like to come work for him at the bank. I went to work for the Idaho Bank and Trust Company. I was a bookkeeper. There was one girl there who was really fast on the bookkeeping machines. It would take me so much longer than her. I made up my mind that I was going to become as fast as she was. Each day I'd try to increase my speed and pretty soon I was up even with her. We were putting the work out together. She would take half of it, and I'd take the other half of the statements and the ledgers. She would do one half of the ledger and I would do the other half. And then the opposite, I would do the first half and she would do the

Pearl Elizabeth Stocking Merrill

other half. We would compare and balance the books that way. I got so I was very fast on those bookkeeping machines. It was great joy to take a challenge and meet it. That started my banking career.

Even though my parents weren't very active in the Church, my mother, I'm sure, had a testimony of the gospel even though she didn't ever share it with me. The way she taught us as children she had to have had a very strong testimony of the gospel. Through her I have always known that the Church was true since I was a little child.

Lucy and I used to always go to Mutual. I remember going to Stake Conferences in the Stake House in Burley. I became more active when Mary Rencher asked me to be her Stake Secretary. She was President of the Mutual. While I was in high school, John Rencher taught shop. He and his wife lived in Burley. She was a great influence on my life. A truly great friend, both she and John but Mary in particular.

In 1933, I don't the remember the occasion, I met a young man and became very infatuated with him. We were planning on being married in 1935. He went to San Francisco with a friend of his to go to diesel school. He had kind of a struggle there. He met some other girl in that area and wrote me a so called "Dear John letter". At that time I hadn't heard from him for a long time. I was walking home from work. It was dark and had started to snow. I was stepping off the curb to cross the street, and I heard my name. Someone called my name and I looked around. There wasn't a soul around that I knew. As I crossed the street I heard my name again and I looked around. There was no one that I knew so I walked on home. When I got home I told mother. Somehow I knew I was going to get a letter in two days, and I did. It was my "Dear John". Mother said "well you were warned that that letter was coming. I believe it was too. I was being prepared for a Dear John letter.

On June 13, 1937, Donald Gower Merrill was brought over to my home to ask me if I would go on a picnic with him and Ada Mae and Bert. Bert had to go up to Lake Cleveland as a junior forest ranger to do some work. So I went with this new acquaintance and we had a very enjoyable afternoon and early evening.

We were so compatible that I felt completely comfortable with Don and felt that one day he would be my husband. I think he had the same feeling. He came to our home many times after that until we decided to get married. Don wanted to get married sooner than I wanted to. I was probably still carrying a torch for my first boyfriend. It was hard to say that I would marry someone else because I suffered from a broken heart. It was very difficult for me yet I knew all along that I was going to marry Don. But I put him off until he wore me down.

Pearl Elizabeth Stocking Merrill

We were married February 3, 1939 in the Logan Temple. We went down on our own. Don's sister, Katie, and her husband, Nolan Olsen, and Mother and Dad Merrill went with us to the temple. Then we drove back to Burley. We didn't have much of a honeymoon except we stayed over night in Logan and then we had to go back to work. At that time I was working at Idaho Bank and Trust Company.

We first went to a little motel apartment that had a kitchenette and shower. We stayed there until a suitable apartment could be found. Then we went to a basement apartment in the Whitehead home where we lived there a year and a bit. When Mother and Dad went to the ranch for the summer we stayed in their home and took care of their garden.

Don decided to go back to school and see if he could get into the line of work that he had been trained for. He went down to Logan and lived with Mother and Dad Merrill to brush up on his schooling. He then was able to get a job in Ogden, Utah. We moved from Burley in 1941. We were there until 1943 when Don was drafted into the army.

I was a few months pregnant and I didn't want to stay in Ogden alone so I went home to Mother and stayed there until Elizabeth Ann was born on April 25, 1943. I stayed until she was six weeks old. When they moved back up to the ranch in July then I took Ann and went to Logan and lived with Katie and her family. She had invited me to live with her. I couldn't see myself going back and forth between Burley and Soda Springs. I needed to be around younger people. During those war years when Don was in the service the separation was really hard to bear.

Katie had a son two weeks after Ann was born. Nolan needed help up in the office of the Extension Service so I went to work up there as secretary to an entomologist. I learned to play bridge. We were just groping for things to do to keep our minds off the war while our husbands, friends, and brothers were away in the war. I don't remember ever enjoying bridge, but it was something to do to keep my mind off the war.

Katie had never had a sister and I filled in as a sister for her. We got along fine. I helped her do things around the house and when I started working she took care of both children and I paid her for tending. I paid my way. It was the companionship that I needed more than anything else. I was getting some money from the government as a dependent. It helped Katie and Nolan out too because they were able to use my ration stamps which helped with the family.

I lived with Katie until August, 1945. I realized that with two women in a household for that length of time, I was getting on Katie's nerves so I took Ann and drove to the ranch to stay for two or three weeks to give Katie a rest.

Pearl Elizabeth Stocking Merrill

It was at that time that they dropped the bombs on Japan, and Don came home. I had to drive back down to Salt Lake City alone and back to Logan. After Don got back from the service, we visited around for the month of September. In October Don had to go to Salt Lake to Fort Douglas to get mustered out. We decided to go to Ogden where we had been very happy. Globe Mills, which was now called Pillsbury, offered him his old job back. We rented a little apartment in Washington Terrace. A barracks had been converted into apartments. We lived there until we moved to 32nd and Adams, where Vonda Grace was born January 22, 1947.

In 1950 we were able to purchase our first home at 3646 Monroe. We paid \$8950. The down payment was \$300. We were worried about going into debt that much. We moved in the spring and Lois Jane was born December 9, 1950.

I was so content that I didn't even want to go to Salt Lake City or Logan, vacationing or anything. I just had a feeling of absolute contentment. It was our very first home, and we enjoyed it.

Grant Stacey's family lived next to us to the north. Carl Gibson's family lived across the street and Lester Birch's family lived diagonally. I remember when they got their first TV, black and white. We carried it back and forth between his house and ours to see where the best reception was. In 1953, we got our first TV. The four families would cook up outdoor barbecues. We had twenty-two little children at neighborhood Christmas parties. Santa Claus would come. It was a close knit neighborhood.

After we moved to Ogden I met Ethel Allred and Catherine Putnam. We formed a trio and performed in church and at funerals. We sang in All Faces West which was a musical that was put on by the city of Ogden in commemoration of the Twenty-Fourth of July. It was done city wide and we as a trio had some of the lead parts in it. I had a good time singing in it. When we moved to Astoria I sang a few solos. This was the extent of my singing career other than a lead in an operetta in the seventh grade.

While living in Ogden, our last daughter was born. We named her Deon Pearl. She was born on January 29, 1955.

At work one day they called Don into the plant manager's office and said they needed a good man in Astoria, Oregon as chief chemist. He had heard many times that if you don't accept advancement with the company you don't go anyplace. It would mean a step up in the company. I wasn't exactly pleased at all because I realized that I was going to have to give up our new home.

I had a difficult time making that move. To move from a land of four seasons and blue sky and sunshine to an area where there is nothing but clouds and rain ten months of the year was

Pearl Elizabeth Stocking Merrill

very difficult for me. I wasn't as brave as I thought I was. But we made it. We lived there five years. I worked at a bank in Astoria for about one and a half years.

I became the chorister for the branch and Ann became the organist. We worked together for those five years. I guess I worked in all the organizations because there were so few that we went to Sunday School, Sacrament Meeting, Relief Society, Primary and Mutual. I was chorister to all of them. I taught, and I was also district chorister. I was called to be the Relief Society President but I didn't serve for too long a time because I got an ulcer and was ill and couldn't do it, maybe only six to eight months. Our lives in Astoria centered around the Church. We had never become so active in every organization. It was because we were needed and we sensed the need. We filled our lives working for the Church and on behalf of the Church. We made some beautiful friends.

Don and I were also called on a district mission. We served two years on this district mission. There was a little antagonism against the Mormons mostly because there are so many Finnish and Scandinavian people. They were entrenched in Catholicism and Lutherinism. They didn't need Mormonism.

We had a nice home. The girls loved it and loved being out of doors. There were the blackberry bushes and the daffodils out in the back yard and the tulips. They had a good time. We had two Japanese maple trees in the yard and they had the most beautiful red leaves. The girls loved to climb them. In the fall they changed to fiery red, then the leaves would all fall, making a red velvet carpet around those beautiful trees. Our mailbox was down the hill and on the main road.

It was a nice hill to live on. We could look out of our window and see the valley and the winding Young River and Saddle Mountain. Often there would be a tug pulling a log raft. Astoria was a quaint place because of the draw bridge. There were so many old buildings. It is the oldest town west of the Mississippi River. It was a fur trading post built by John Jacob Astor in 1811. Lewis and Clark made their home for a winter in Fort Clatsop. The fort is reconstructed and a nice place to visit now, a historical item of interest.

In June, 1961, Don was transferred to Los Angeles. On September 16, 1961, I started working for the Citizens National Bank. Over the years its name was changed to Crocker Citizens National Bank, Crocker National Bank, and Crocker Bank. I worked there for nineteen and a half years, almost twenty years until I could retire.

We've been very faithful in our Church work. For seven years night Relief Society was held in my home every week. I was

Pearl Elizabeth Stocking Merrill

the spiritual living teacher for that group. Not many people now even remember that we used to have night Relief Society. We used to have a goodly number of sisters come to hear the lessons. We had a good sisterhood.

In June, 1987 we were called to be ordinance workers in the Los Angeles Temple which we continued to do until we moved to St. George, Utah.

In 1985, July, I fell and broke my wrist. A friend and I were out for our morning walk at seven o'clock in the morning. I just splattered myself out flat on the sidewalk, ran my hand into a tree and broke my wrist. I was in two or three different casts over the six weeks I was recuperating from that. The last cast I had, my hand was laid out flat on a board just straight out. When he took the cast off I couldn't move my fingers. They just would not bend. I had to take therapy at the Whittier Hospital three times a week for eight and a half months in order to loosen up those fingers. I can move them and use them but they are not like they used to be.

In the summer of 1991, we moved to St. George. There I have found the same contentment that I had in our little home in Ogden. We are away from the traffic. We can walk to the temple and love serving there. We love the weather.

I have never lost the desire to get a college education. So since moving to St. George, I have enrolled in a Spanish class for senior citizens which I have enjoyed very much. I also fell and broke my other wrist. But it has mended nicely.

JOHN JAY STOCKING, JR.

by Ann M. Jones

John Jay Stocking Jr. was born January 18, 1854 in Herriman, Utah. He was the son of John Jay Stocking Sr. and Harriet Ensign Stocking. He was sometimes known as "Old John Sox."

The Church took in cattle for tithing and had a big ranch at Pipe Springs in southern Utah. They had herds in other locations as well and hired men to take care of them. They had one around Price where John was a herdsman one summer when he was fifteen or sixteen years old.

Not much is known about his early life except that he married Hannah Cook on January 11, 1875 in the Salt Lake Endowment House. She was an immigrant from England, having arrived in the Salt Lake Valley in 1866. They continued to live in Herriman.

During their early married years, he was a manager of a baseball team when he was in Herriman. The town settlements and various wards had their own baseball teams. There was great competition. His team was very successful and went to the finals or semifinals.

One incident his son, Horace, used to tell was that John was always dealing; buying and selling horses and cattle but especially horses. One night when he came home he brought a new mule and put it in the barn. He told Horace in the morning, "There's a mule out there in the barn. Don't ever walk around the back of it because his hind legs are made out of elastic." A mule has always been known to have a mean back kick.

John was a sheepman and would winter his sheep on the Utah-Nevada desert and trail the sheep north to Soda Springs, Idaho for the summer. He was one of the first men to take sheep from Utah into Idaho for the summer. John and his two sons, Horace and Angus, would go with the Sharpen Jensen outfit from Utah into the Three Creek area of Owyhee County in Idaho. They were there with 5200 sheep.

He was the first man in the Soda Springs, Idaho area to operate shearing corrals. His son, Horace, remembers as a boy, being the water boy for the shearing corrals. That would have been in the 1880's.

In addition to operating three shearing corrals he operated sheep dipping vats. The sheep had to be dipped to control the spread of scabies, a parasite that was transmitted from sheep to sheep by contact. The parasite lived under the first layers of skin and loosened the wool so the wool fell off the sheep. It was

John Jay Stocking Jr

a very bad scourge in the 1880s and 1890s, and the turn of the century. Laws were passed that all sheep in the state of Idaho, Utah, and Wyoming, and maybe Montana, had to be dipped twice a year. At that time they were dipping in lime and sulphur, which was strong enough. They had to be dipped twice to get the scabies. This eliminated scabies from the intermountain west.

John's operation used to dip five thousand sheep a day in October. The dipping vats were forty feet long and five or six feet deep. The sheep would be walked through the vats. They had to have the dip at a certain temperature, 70° or 80° F. In the vats was a lime and sulfur solution or black laid 40.

John ran dipping vats with his sons, Horace and Angus, for a number of years out of Soda Springs. They would take their wives to cook for the crews of thirty to fifty men. Martha, wife of Horace, recalled that it used to be so cold there sometimes in early June she'd have to take the bread to bed with her to keep it warm so it would raise so they would have bread for breakfast.

John had the reputation of being up before daylight every morning. He'd wrestle the men up to get them working every morning. Someone was overheard to say that they didn't want to be on the trail with John Jay Stocking because he would always get everyone up before daylight and have breakfast and they would be ready to go and have to wait for daylight before the sheep would move off the bed grounds.

When he was running the shearing corrals, he'd be up at two or three in the morning, getting the women out to get breakfast so the men would be ready to go to work by daylight. He had lots of get up and go.

At one time John, Horace, and Angus took some sheep on shares. They trailed the sheep down to the Bruneau country which was on the south side of the Snake River, due south of Mountain Home, Idaho. It was desert with nobody in it, certainly no sheep, maybe a few cowboys with cattle. They went down there for about a year and had a big loss because of bad weather. They were isolated in a big country that had no settlement. It was fifty miles to the nearest store.

They decided after the second winter, thirty days before lambing, that they didn't want to stay there in the cold for the lambing. Horace and Angus took the sheep in one herd. There were three thousand head of ewes. With a pack outfit, they started east, and took the sheep straight across the country. There were hardly any fences or farming. They got as far as Bancroft, Idaho when they started lambing. In twenty or thirty days they had moved the sheep over three hundred miles. John took the teams and the two camps and traveled by road. Usually the sheep camp stayed with the sheep and they all traveled by way of the back roads.

John Jay Stocking Jr

John's wife, Hannah, died in 1892 leaving him with four children to raise from ages fourteen to seven. Two children had died as infants. On January 3, 1893 he married Elizabeth Ann Lewis, a Welsh lady, and they had one more child, a son, James Lewis. She was known as "Aunt Lizzie."

In 1907 he bought a piece of land thirty miles northeast of Soda Springs in Caribou County. The Rasmussens had homesteaded the 160 acres and he paid them \$1100-1300 for it. He put together 1720 acres of deeded land from 1907 to 1933. It is on the upper Blackfoot River with green meadows and the river winding through the middle and through the "narrows" which are about two miles long with steep mountains on both sides of the river.

John would have to go to Soda Springs to buy his supplies. It took a full day to get there before the automobile. The "Old Stocking Ranch" as it was called was a halfway station for travelers going up to Williamsburg and Tin Cup. They were always made welcome.

He raised hay on the ranch. Horace baled hay, put it on a rail car, and shipped it to Cokeville, Wyoming on the desert for the sheepmen. The elevation at the ranch was over six thousand feet, which caused early frosts and made growing alfalfa and grain difficult. Ten miles further down the river on the Austin Ranch, hay was grown more successfully.

John's half-sister, Sarah Delight Stocking, was Wilford Woodruff's fifth wife. While he was president of the Church, he went down into southern Utah and adopted two Indian baby girls and two boys. This was frequently done by people during this time as a way of helping the Indians and keeping them from being sold as slaves. Three of them passed away quite young but one of them lived to be a young man. His name was Keats Woodruff. Sarah Delight raised him. He used to like to be with John because he liked the outdoor life. He used to take a ride on a freight train from Salt Lake to Soda Springs. One time he was found dead in the railroad yards. He had been drinking.

John used to talk about the wild horses he had seen on Black Pine Mountain between Burley and Snowville, Utah and on the Bear River near Alexander, a few miles west of Soda Springs, where he had seen one thousand head of horses.

John and his partner, Ted Lind, used to trail wild horses, one hundred head of geldings, from Utah and Idaho to Grand Island, Nebraska. It was one of the largest horse and mule markets in the United States and maybe the world at that time. In Nebraska they didn't have many horses because mules could stand the humidity and the heat better.

John Jay Stocking Jr

Once John went to Ogden and bought a car load of horses there. They were "a bunch of bucking horses, outlaws" that were not wanted on the ranches in Nevada. John bought them, took them up to the ranch, and broke some of them. Two men by the name of Dan McHouston and Chick McKnight, cowboys from down in Nevada, used to come to the ranch on Sunday afternoons and put those horses in the corral and buck them.

John's grandson, Revie Stocking, tells of a bay horse John had that was called Red Wing. "It turned out to be a real bucking horse. His feet would hit the ground and his belly would almost touch the ground and he would go into the air. When Grandpa would ride him, he used to put his feet in the cinch. That was the reason he was able to stay on. That old horse would get up in the air and he would just lay over on his side. When he'd come down he'd keep on riding him. That horse had action." John traded him to a man by the name of Slim Wager. Slim owned a string of bucking horses and took them around to the rodeos. Red Wing was ridden in the Pendleton Round-up.

Once John was dared to ride a bucking horse to see if he could stay on. There were bets placed on the venture. He had a friend open the corral gate and the minute he was on the horse, he nudged him into a gallop out of the corral into the open country. Then he returned still on the horse. They had been bamboozled.

At his funeral a speaker spoke of his ability to ride bucking horses to a stand still without losing a silver dollar put in the stirrups before the ride. He loved horses and rode them from the time he was very young.

John stayed a few winters at the ranch with Jim Lewis, Aunt Lizzie's brother, feeding cattle. He was snowed in from November to April with snow seven to nine feet deep. He would measure the snow on top of the fence post and sweep it off so that he could measure it the next day. One winter John measured twenty feet. It was extremely cold and he had to tunnel from the house to the barn to feed the cattle.

There was a large barn on the ranch, large enough to hold thirty-five tons of hay. It was a landmark. It was of vertical pole construction. Finally it was leaning badly and had to be torn down in the late 1970's.

As the years went by John continued to run his ranch, riding his trusty mule, "Old Mutt." Aunt Lizzie's health failed her so she didn't come up to the ranch but stayed in Salt Lake City. Finally when John was seventy-nine years old, he became very sick. He was living at the ranch alone. He rode his mule down to the Austin Ranch and his granddaughter Hannah Smart took him to Soda Springs where he stayed in the Fryer Hotel until Horace came

John Jay Stocking Jr

and took him to Salt Lake City to his home. He died August 17, 1933 at the age of seventy-nine.

He gave the operation of the ranch over to his son, Horace, who passed it to his son, Revie, upon his death in 1946. Aunt Lizzie died December 29, 1935 in Salt Lake City.

SOURCES:

Barkdull, Mary. "Stocking Family History."

Hayes, Carl. Interview. Aug. 1991.

Murphy, Eastes W., John Cook II (1816-1865) Ann Denley Cook (1817-1901) Ancestry, Life, Descendants, 1982, p. 112.

Stocking, Revie. Interview. Aug. 1991.

Stocking, Rulon. Interview. Feb. 1990.

HISTORY OF THE STOCKING RANCH

by Ann M. Jones

The area which contains the Stocking Ranch¹ is on the upper Blackfoot River in southeastern Idaho. It consists of lush green meadows and the river winding through the middle and through the "narrows" which are about two miles long with steep mountains on both sides of the river.

The first white men to visit southeastern Idaho were the fur traders. One of them was named Russell. He was part of a party sent to build Fort Hall. Afterwards he came a free trapper with no alliance to anybody. He trapped beaver in the area that later became the Stocking Ranch and in Star Valley. He described the country there very accurately. This was in the late 1830's when the trappers were very prevalent. He described Alexander, downstream from Soda Springs eight miles. He told about the mountain sheep that were there. He described going up the Blackfoot River and going through the narrows. No doubt it was virgin country abounding with beaver much needed to make beaver hats.

Rasmus Jensen Rasmussen, born in 1850 in Denmark, and his wife, Catherine, homesteaded the ranch. It was 160 acres at that time. Rasmussen Valley was named after them. They used to live there winter and summer for some time. Other homesteaders also spent their winters in these high mountains. They kept in contact with each other and enjoyed get-togethers. They had to have their winter's supply of food and wood for themselves and the stock. If they ran out before spring they just had to manage somehow.

One man, a Mr. Ed Roberts, had to snowshoe up through Rasmussen Valley, down through Enoch Valley, and on over to the small town of Henry for more supplies one March. He relates that the snow was so deep that he could only see one log sticking out of the snow on the roof of one house he passed in Rasmussen Valley. The winters were long and cold. The Rasmussen home was a two room log house facing south. Their house water was carried from a spring just under a small rise north of the house.

Just to the north a one room school house was built where the children went to school. A teacher came in and stayed with the family and taught. The old log school building was later used for storage.

The Rasmussens had many cows and much milk, so they built a cheese house and made cheese. They also built their own blacksmith shop west of the home.

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LOG
STRUCTURE
← EAST OF
ANGUS C
?
No -
this is the
existing when
still in use (1916)

Collapsed
first school

History of the Stocking Ranch

When Mr. Rasmussen became sick, he was taken to Soda Springs to a doctor and finally to Salt Lake City where he died in 1897. The Rasmussen family stayed on at the ranch until it was sold to John Jay Stocking Jr. Then they moved to Georgetown, Idaho to live. *1907*

John was hunting for new summer feed for his sheep and came to the Soda Springs area. He liked the Blackfoot River country and grazed his sheep on the east side of the Rasmussen Ranch. It was here that he ran one of his sheep dips.

John bought the ranch in 1907. He put together 1720 acres of deeded land up there from 1907 to 1933. John would have to go to Soda Springs to buy his supplies. It took a full day to get there before the automobile. The "Old Stocking Ranch" as it was called was a halfway station for travelers going up to Williamsburg and Tin Cup. They were always made welcome.

Probably from "Stocking Ranch" in Sec. 35. His son, Angus, filed on 160 acres of land five miles northwest of his father's main ranch in Rasmussen Valley. He also filed on the creek water coming out of the canyon west of his ranch. He used the water for irrigating. The creek is still known as Angus Creek. Although Angus died April 7, 1969 at the age of eighty-four, the family still owned his ranch as of 1981.

John raised hay on the ranch. Horace, his son, baled hay and put it on a rail car and shipped it to Cokeville, Wyoming, on the desert for the sheepmen. The elevation there was over six thousand feet, which caused early frosts and made growing alfalfa and grain difficult. Ten miles further down the river on the Austin Ranch, they were grown more successfully.

When it was necessary to go to Sulphur Springs, just east of Soda Springs to get sulphur for the sheep dip, John's daughter, Rozella, would drive a team of four horses. It took one day to come, then she would stay overnight, and come back the next day. She was an excellent teamster and could drive and handle the four horses as well as any man.

John stayed a few winters at the ranch with Jim Lewis, his wife's brother, feeding cattle. He was snowed in from November to April with snow seven to nine feet deep. He would measure the snow on top of the fence post and sweep it off so that he could measure it the next day. One winter John measured twenty-two feet. It was extremely cold and he had to tunnel from the house to the barn to feed the cattle.

In 1918, a rodeo was held at the Stocking Ranch. It is claimed by some to be the start of the Henry Stampede. They had bucking horses, steer roping, and tying. The cowboys and shepherders from the surrounding country were the contestants. Two different men each roped and threw a two year old steer. Chick

History of the Stocking Ranch

McKnight rode a famous bucking horse named Red Wing that belonged to John Jay Stocking. A store keeper named Marion Clark brought the ice cream and pop and ice from Georgetown.

There was a large barn on the ranch, large enough to hold thirty-five tons of hay. It was a landmark. It was of vertical pole construction. Finally it was leaning badly and had to be destroyed in the late 1970's.

As the years went by John continued to run his ranch, riding his trusty mule, "Old Mutt." His wife's health failed her so she didn't come up to the ranch but stayed in Salt Lake City. Finally when John was seventy-nine years old, he became very sick. He was living at the ranch alone. He rode his mule down to the Austin Ranch and his granddaughter Hannah Smart took him to Soda Springs where he stayed in the Fryer Hotel until Horace came and took him to Salt Lake City to his home. He became extremely sick and died August 17, 1933 at the age of seventy-nine. Upon his death, the operation of the ranch was given over to his son, Horace. John's wife, Elizabeth Ann Lewis Stocking, died two years later December 29, 1935 in Salt Lake City.

When Horace died November 26, 1946, the ranch was given to his son, Revie. Revie Stocking died October 24, 1992 and the ranch is currently in the process of being sold.

NOTE:

Conservation to 1996 (1995)

¹The following is the legal description of the Stocking Ranch:

Township 7 South, Range 44 East,
Boise Meridian, Caribou County, Idaho

Section 4: SW1/4 SW1/4

Section 7: E1/2 SE1/4

Section 8: All

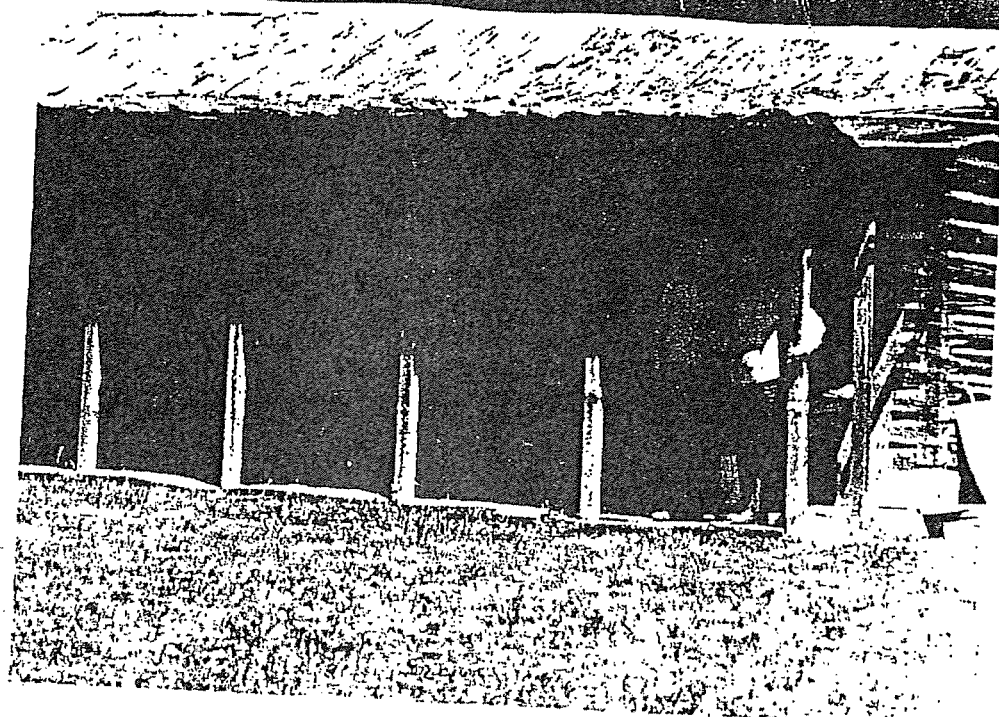
Section 9: S1/2 S1/2

S1/2 NW1/4

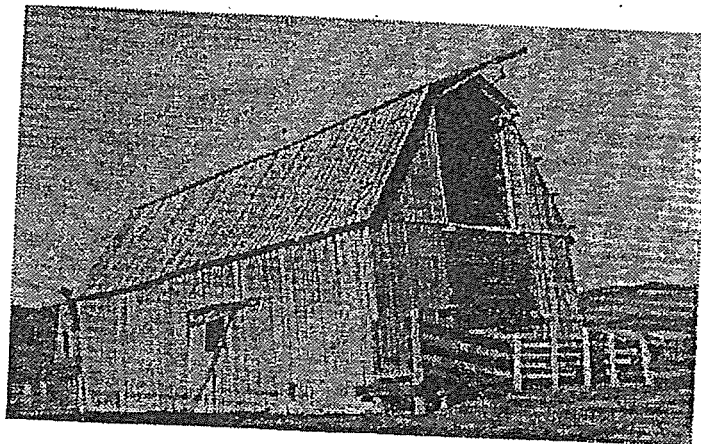
NW1/4 SW1/4

NE1/4 SE1/4

Section 17: All



The Stocking Ranch



History of the Stocking Ranch

SOURCES:

Barkdull, Mary. "Stocking Family History."

Hayes, Lucy. Interview. Aug. 1991.

Hayes, Lucy. Letter. Oct. 1989.

Merrill, Pearl. Letter. Jan. 1994.

Stocking, Revie. Interview. Aug. 1991.

Stocking, Rulon. Interview. Feb. 1990.