

REFLECTIONS





All gathered around the old pot-bellied stove
To warm their hands and feet from the cold.
The light from the lantern, the smell of kerosene,
Homemade biscuits, and a potful of beans--
All made a welcome greeting from a hard-working
day,
'Cause their backs were aching from hauling hay.
As Mother turned at the crank, she seemed to dream
While watching the milk separate from the
cream.
They washed in water brought in from a pump
And burned wooden logs cut from a stump.
To the outdoor privy a little pathway led,
But if it was too dark or cold, there was something
under the bed.
Prayers were said and sweet goodnights as they
pinched the candlewick;
Then all snuggled down in a nice feather tick.
Ah, yes! The good old days of yesteryear--
Memories we hold so very dear.



CHAPTER 10

REFLECTIONS

JAMES HENRY GILLMAN

James Henry Gillman, son of Henry Gillman and Alice Wickham, was the first white male child born in Lindon. His parents came from England and were among the first Mormon settlers in Lindon. A tribute to "Jim" has been written by Louie T. Gillman as follows:



James Henry Gillman, the first white boy born in Lindon

Uncle Jim, whose name is written
on the books, will long be
remembered down Lindon way,
As the first baby boy born who
came to stay.

It was his desire and we all know,
he did his best to make this
valley grow.

A fine group of boys and girls
he raised. He taught them how
to work and play.

Hoping some day that their names would be praised.
He knew to carry on his father's wish, that he must do his duty,
To make this valley they had chose, a place of wealth and beauty.
So his many days were spent keeping ditches free from grass,
That the streams the mountains sent might reach the seeds that we so
carefully plant.

A politician he was, too, willing to give advice to old and new.
Never too busy to tell most interesting tales, to parents, children,
youth as well.

With his eyes turned ever toward the future, he stood for what he
knew was right.

If only more men could have seen ahead as he, a better country this
would be,

For prohibition he fought strong, for he could look ahead and see
The heartaches and the sorrows that would come from doing wrong.

James Gillman was born April 22, 1864, in Stringtown (later named Lindon), Utah County, Utah. He was born in a dugout which had a dirt floor

and roof. He married Emma Robbins on January 24, 1884. To this couple nine children were born: J. William, Ray, Vern, Rhoda, Clyde, Viola, Glen, Manetta, and Kenneth R.

James was very active in community projects and in politics, at one time serving as the town marshall. He helped dig the canals and ditches which brought the irrigation water to Lindon. He loved to dance and enjoyed all of the social events. James lived his entire life in Lindon and died there August 11, 1942.

ELIZABETH CULLIMORE ASH

Elizabeth Lettuce Cullimore Ash was born January 30, 1865, to James and Clara Fowlke Cullimore in a two-room adobe house. She was the first white baby girl born to pioneer parents in the early settling of the community of Lindon.

When just a small girl she loved to go to her grandmother's house (Harriet Raynor) and wash off all the chairs with a rag. She also loved to wash dishes.



Elizabeth Cullimore Ash, the first white girl born in Lindon.

Her father raised bees for honey. He would come to her door early in the morning and say, "Come on, Lizzie. This is a good day to work with the bees because it is cloudy." Her father liked her to work with him. She would climb the tree, cut off the limb where the bees were swarming and put them in the hive by herself.

She met George R. Ash when she was ten years old. They went to Sunday School and other meetings together. By the time Elizabeth was seventeen they were dating steadily, and they were married when she was twenty. Her husband had built a two-room rock house for them to live in.

She was the mother of eleven children: May Ash Gillman, George Ernest, William, Leonard, Maude Ash Nelson, Cecil, Ezra, Arnold, Elva Ash Peterson, Thelma Ash Fackrell, and Eldon.

Elizabeth's hands were never idle. In addition to caring for her family, she helped on the farm, milked cows, and prepared fruit to be hauled to Salt Lake to market. The story is told of her gentle patience. But this she lost one day when she got mad at George for cutting off his mustache.

Compassionate and loving, Elizabeth gave freely of her time and talent to help care for the sick. She had a strong testimony of the gospel and believed faithfully in the power of prayer.

Elizabeth Cullimore Ash lived in Lindon all of her life, except the last seven years, which she spent with her daughters. She died in 1951 at age eighty-six.

THE MOUNTAIN LION

The following is an excerpt from Wrenard Tomlinson's life story, written by his wife, Florence G. Tomlinson.

"We lived very near the foothills, and, at this time, we had trouble with mountain lions who would come down from the mountain and kill our sheep.

"Once when I was a small boy, my father had one hundred head of sheep in a corral where they were penned up for the night. When my father got up in the morning to feed them, he found every one lying dead, and a large mountain lion asleep in the midst of them.

"Father hurried to the house where he had a shotgun with only one shell left in it. He hurried back to the corral, took good aim, and fired. Not knowing whether he had killed the lion or just wounded it, he ran back to the house. When he went back to the corral in a while, he found the lion dead.

"A few days later, I went to the barn and saw another lion in the manger. I ran to the house and told my folks, but when they went to the barn, it was gone. We thought it had come looking for its mate.

"The day my father killed the lion, school was dismissed so the teachers and children could come to the Tomlinson's and see the lion and all the sheep it had killed."



Wrenard also tells about life as a young man in Lindon.

"When I was a young fellow, I had friends on Locust Avenue and one cousin who lived about a mile below us. [Wren, as he was called, lived on 200 East and the north boundary of Lindon.] When we went to a show, we would always have to walk to Pleasant Grove, then walk back after dark. We would get to my friend's home first, which would leave me about a mile

to walk alone--which I ran. And it was most of it uphill. You could hear the coyotes howling. And, besides that, I knew there were mountain lions which came down from the hills at night hunting for something to eat."

HAIR-RAISING TALES

--Written by Harold S. Walker and
submitted by his son Stanley Walker

We surely did have lots of experiences with animals--wild and otherwise. I remember late one night I was walking home from a dance, my brother having gotten tired of waiting for me. Thinking that I was taking longer to say goodbye to Lucile than I should, he took the horse and buggy and left me to walk.

As I was going along Locust Avenue, I came near a large clump of wild roses and willows. I felt more than heard something back of the willows, so I quickened my steps and came out clear of the willows on the south. As I looked back, there in the white, snowy field sat a big mountain lion.

The view of him was magnificent in the moonlight, for there he sat not more than a hundred feet away, making funny faces, weird grumbling sounds, and patting the snow down on each side of him as he pounded his large tail back and forth.

As I stood there and faced him, not knowing what to do, he opened his mouth and out came a piercing cry that made the hair on my back stand up and my heart stand still. Somehow motion came back into my legs, and I found myself slowly moving away, and, to my astonishment, the cat came no nearer.

Before long I was running along the road and finally reached home. You can be sure that I looked back to see if I was being followed as I shut the kitchen door behind me.

I remember another time--one afternoon when a couple of threshers came to do our grain. The day before they had threshed for the owner of a saloon and had acquired a gallon of whiskey, which they were still sampling when they came to our place. That night they made their bed near the straw stack, and my brother and I climbed the ladder up into the barn where we slept in the summer. Sometime in the night we were awakened by their cries. We hastily pulled on our trousers and slid down out of the barn. It was very dark, but the excitement where the threshers had their bed increased until we heard them take off for the hills.

Their bed was a shambles, and nearby was our old buck sheep, which was affected with "blind staggers." He had wandered into their bed. They, being somewhat groggy, had reached up and felt the long, shaggy hair and



were sure they had a bear in their bed. It was almost light before we found the two men--still dazed from their fright and their bout with liquor.

Another time, a year or so after Lucile and I were married, my brother and I were digging beets. Lucile came out of the house, through the peach trees, waving her apron, calling us to dinner.

We had turned the cows out to pasture on the beet tops, and the big Holstein bull had broken the ring in his nose and was feeding with the cows.

As I looked up, I stood speechless as that 2000-pound bull raised his head and made a rush at the waving apron. Then, out of nowhere, came our little black dog. He immediately attacked the bull, sinking his teeth into his leg each time the bull would turn toward Lucile. Thankfully, she was able to make her way back to the house.

EXPERIENCES FROM THE LIFE

OF

ALONZO ELIAS HOOLEY

--Submitted by Madge Hooley Gillman

Alonzo Hooley had very little opportunity for an education. His first school days were spent in Pleasant Grove where his first teachers were Joseph Clark, Harriet Davis, and Suzanna Wooley. Children attending school had to pay the teacher either in cash or produce of some kind. Alonzo went to school there but one term, which was three months. The first month he studied from the primer reader and the last two months from the first grade reader.

After moving to Stringtown (later Lindon) he went to school in a one-room house belonging to his Grandfather Nerdin. The students sat on homemade benches and stools. They wrote on slates. Joseph Ash, who was the teacher, was very strict and demanded absolute attention.

Alonzo's last school days were in a one-room rock building which later became the home of the Willard Boulter family. The tuition was high and most of it was paid in wheat, flour, and wood, instead of cash. James Ballinger, Ezeraiar Maxwell, and Delia Winters were his teachers. After the second reader, his school days were over. When asked what he had learned during his school days, Alonzo laughingly said, "Mostly, how to make hooks to hold the heavy iron kettles over the fire."

Many Indians camped at the mouth of the canyon and down in the meadows. Some camped near Alonzo's home and spent much of their time begging from the white settlers. Their coarse, bold ways were very annoying and often frightened the women and children.

Alonzo recalled that one time, when he was about ten years old, an old Indian squaw came to beg at their home. Having his little white dog at his side, he thought he could get rid of the intruder, and so he confidently said to the dog, "Sic 'em." Away went the dog after the squaw who became so frightened that she fell. Getting up, she started angrily after Alonzo. By the time she reached the door of the cabin, Alonzo, with a rather pale and anxious look on his face, was securely hidden behind the stove. With the protection of his mother, all the squaw could do was go grumbling down the road empty-handed.

FREDRICK WILLIAM FAGE

AN EARLY SETTLER

--Information by Betty Manley



The beautiful old Fage home in Lindon, a local landmark since the turn of the century.

The lovely brick house located at 566 East 400 North, Lindon, has been the home of the Fages for eighty-two years. It was built in 1899-1901 by Fredrick W. Fage. His father-in-law, George J. Slauch, made the adobes, with the help of Laura Fage, Fred's daughter, and old Nibbs, the faithful horse running the jug mill. Fred traded fruit from his farm to Mr. Van Wagner, from Park City, for the lumber. When all of the material was ready, Jim and Niels Paulson were hired to do the masonry work. Fred did the carpentry work himself, including the beautiful staircase. He worked at the carpenter trade and also as a blacksmith.

Both Fred and George were very interested in dramatics and helped with much of the scenery for the old Amusement Hall.

Laura Fage related that after rehearsals at the hall--about 11:00 or midnight--she, her father, and her grandfather would walk home. As

they walked the mile or more through the snow-covered fields, many times they would hear the coyotes howling a melody in the cold night air.

Fredrick was plagued by rheumatism in about 1915 and was no longer able to continue with his regular work, and so he went into the chicken business. He built three nice big coops which housed about 1500 chickens. Fred enjoyed the chickens and made pets of several of them. One old hen whom he named Polly seemed to talk to him, and she would even eat grain out of his pocket.



Fredrick W. Fage feeding his chickens.

Fred made pets out of many of his animals. He had a pigeon named Jim and when Fred called him, he would come and eat grain out of his hand. He raised many pigeons which he sold for trap shooting. It was a great sport of that day, and Fred was a good shot.

GRANDMA MILLAR

--by Neeley Millar

Elizabeth Green Millar lived in a brick house on 400 North Street and Locust Avenue in Lindon.

Her life has become a legend. "Grandma," as she was called, had a fascination for pretty dresses and nice shoes. She sewed well and made many of her own clothes, but she never missed a chance to shop at Deseret Industries or at a garage sale. She had exceptionally good taste about color and style and chose articles which complemented her appearance. One of her greatest delights was to model her "new" clothes before family and



Elizabeth Green Millar

friends. At one time a count was made, and it was learned that she had nearly three hundred dresses.

Grandma Millar hated weeds. She was a very familiar figure for years, squatting beside the road "attacking" a patch of weeds. The weeds didn't always have to be on her own lot either. Quite often you could find her along the road somewhere with her little short-handled hoe, working for hours.

She especially didn't like "white top," and whenever she saw a patch of it, that's where you could find Grandma. Thistle didn't stand a chance around her either. And she could never understand other people being able to just ignore weeds. Her family always said that there would have to be weeds in heaven to keep her happy.

When she was eighty-nine years of age, her ward invited the whole Millar family to Mutual Dell where they honored Grandma Millar as the oldest Lindon citizen. This was in July 1976.

When she arrived with her family, they were a little late for the program and dinner. As they rushed up the path, Neeley noticed a patch of thistle and thought, "Oh, no!" But sure enough Grandma spied the thistles. She stopped, pulled them, laid them neatly aside, and proceeded on into the dinner.



Grandma Millar

AS ROBERT WALKER TOLD HIS FAMILY

--Submitted by Don Walker

Irrigation water has always been a crucial necessity, and in the early days A. B. Walker and his sons helped dig a canal. They put a tree in the Provo River to divert the water toward Lindon. Some Provo men kept taking the tree out. One day things came to a head when the two groups, Lindon men and Provo men, fought it out with their fists. The Lindon men won out and established the water right we now enjoy. Robert Walker was a very small boy at that time and so was only an observer, but he never forgot the excitement of that day.

As fall approached, men put red handkerchiefs around their heads and necks--there were no sweatbands in those days--and prepared for threshing, haying, or whatever the harvest time required. It was all very hard, physical work. The women baked pies, cakes, cookies, and rolls and prepared delicious meals for the crowds of men they would be expected to feed. All worked together.

Another keen memory that Robert Walker had was sitting on top of the family straw stack with a bucket of rocks to throw at coyotes.

Not many people are privileged to be "born of goodly parents," grow up under the peaceful rural conditions we have known, and hang our hats on the same pegs all our lives. Our roots are deep and we are grateful for the wonderful blessings of growing up in such a beautiful and peaceful valley. Although the town has grown in number, the enthusiasm and ideas the newcomers have brought have added another dimension to our lives. May we strive to welcome those who seek peace and contentment in this wonderful valley and the town of Lindon.

Don Walker added this bit of interesting information:

Raymond Yano was a Japanese farmer who owned a large piece of land on what is now Center Street and 400 East. He was one of the best vegetable growers in town. He grew a large variety of produce which he shared with all of the townspeople. He took care of his aged parents as long as they lived. He was born in this area but some years later moved to Murray, Utah.

The old schoolhouse was on a hill with a big hollow north of it. The sides of the hollow had sandy banks. During warm weather children would make sand tunnels and slides to slide down. At recess the children picked watercress in the stream at the bottom of "Sandy Holler." It was clean and very refreshing to eat.

In the winter this was a favorite place for children to have snow slides to play on.

SCOUTING SAVES A LIFE

When Paul Knute Walker entered scouting in 1915, he was not old enough to register the troop, and so he had his brother, Harold, do it for him. He remained in scouting, serving as scoutmaster and commissioner, for twenty-one years.

Paul received the Eagle award at the Timpanogos Stake Tabernacle in Pleasant Grove in June 1922, although he had filled all his requirements sometime earlier.

He found it difficult to speak of some of the stirring events of his scouting years without some sobering reflections.

The scouting program was not nearly so comprehensive in those days as it is now. It consisted mainly of hiking and first aid. The skills h taught those boys, in these two subjects, may have been responsible for saving at least one life--Paul's own.

The troop had planned a hike up the north fork of American Fork Canyon to Pittsburg Lake. Paul, who was just recovering from an illness, was under doctor's orders that he could go hiking only if he did no actual hiking on foot. For this reason Paul rode "Old Rone," his dependable, sure-footed horse, while the boys rode in the wagon.

When they came to the old Dutchman Mine, the wagon was unpacked and the contents loaded onto packhorses and mules. Within a few hours they arrived at the campsite. The boys were not contented to remain still very long, and so they started to climb on up the mountain. The boys were hiking while the scoutmaster rode Old Rone.

One of the scouts in that troop was Elder James E. Cullimore. He relates the remainder of the story somewhat as follows:

They reached the summit and followed a trail along the top. This soon came to a rugged wash filled with jagged rocks and rough terrain. The horse lost his footing and went rolling down the mountainside. Paul was thrown free about halfway down, but the horse rolled all the way to the bottom.

The boys rushed to aid their injured leader. When they reached him he was moaning and in great pain. Blood was running from several severe gashes on his head and face. The young scouts were frightened as they looked at Paul and then at the steep mountain they must climb to get him out. Then someone suggested that they pray. In unison they knelt and prayed for help in getting the scoutmaster to safety, for direction and guidance in this disaster, and for his recovery.

Though Paul says he remembers none of it, Elder Cullimore states that he directed the entire rescue operation. They improvised a stretcher using the saddle blanket and carried him up the steep mountain. Here they built a fire and melted snow to wash the wounds before bandaging them.

They cut poles and made a better stretcher using their shirts and coats. Then they started carrying him back toward their camp.

In the meantime some of the boys had started for the Old Dutchman Mine, where they hoped to find help.

When Paul awoke, it was the following day and he was home in bed. It was discovered that he had suffered a broken collar bone, a fractured skull, and many cuts and bruises. Paul said that the scouts had done such a good job in bandaging his wounds that the doctor did not replace the bandages for several days.

THE WINNER

--Information by Jenney Keetch Jeppsen

Stanley B. Keetch, a member of the Stringers ball team in Lindon, recalled his role as a pitcher. He pitched many winning games during his ball career. Because of his outstanding pitching ability, he was often asked by other teams outside of Lindon to come and "win" for them.

Stan remembers one game he pitched for Lehi. "I struck out eighteen men and I was only seventeen years old." Sometimes, on these winning occasions, his teammates would pick him up on their shoulders and carry him around the ballpark, loudly acknowledging the "sweet taste of victory."

At age eighteen Stan was offered a position on a professional ball team based in Salt Lake City. His pay was to be \$90.00 a month--a considerable amount in those days for a young boy. Stan somewhat reluctantly, but wisely, turned down the offer because he was needed at home to help on the farm.

THE SLUMBER PARTY

--by Vera Wright Cullimore

One clear, moonlit night an MIA class, with leaders Florence Cullimore and Thelma Gillman, headed for the orchard of George Ash for a slumber party. This was in 1920, and the girls attending were Menetta Gillman, Hazel Richards, Grace Mayhew, Bell Bird, Thelma Ash, Elva Culmer, Beulah Bone, Reha Johnson, Murn Mecham, Lucille Fowlke, Rebba Smith, Eunice Shoell, Ann Robbins, Arleen Culmer, and Vera Wright.

The girls were loaded down with pillows, blankets, and quilts, for that was before the days of sleeping bags. They also carried an ice cream freezer, cream, sugar, and the rest of the makings for delicious homemade

ice cream. The evening was filled with laughter and fun.

Everything went well until bedtime when the girls were preparing their beds. As Thelma Ash stooped over to straighten her blankets, "wham!" a big juicy mudball struck her, fair and square, on her-- beautiful pink, silk nightgown.

Other mudballs followed, coming from a ditch nearby, until the girls ran, screaming, to hide behind trees for protection.

Finally all was quiet and the girls were asleep. Then came a flash of lightning, the roar of thunder, and rain poured down. The girls gathered their beds and ran toward the barn for shelter. As they passed the house, a loud voice came from within, "Don't get in the barn nor on the hay." That was orders from Eldon or Arnold Ash.

So, back to the orchard they ran, scattering clothes and blankets along the way. The drenched girls huddled together under the trees to wait for the rain to stop and morning to come.

TUBING IN THE BIG CANAL

--Barbara Walker

There was a time when the public swimming pool was the Murdock Canal, or "Big Canal," as it was called. A hot, sunny afternoon often found the young--and some not-so-young--cooling off, swimming or tubing.

The old swimming hole (up the "back road" past Rex Richin's place at approximately 100 North) was where many learned to swim. The younger children liked to play in the water until they were really wet. Then they would roll in the dusty road until they were caked with dirt. They would then jump back into the canal to wash off the dirt. When the older boys decided the younger kids had played in the water long enough, they would grab them by the arms and legs and throw them in. The helpless victims would come up sputtering and struggle to the bank. That is how they learned to swim.

One day Ray Walker happened upon a group of young women who were "skinny dipping." Most of the group hurriedly tried to cover strategic places--all but one young miss who covered her face! He still doesn't know who she was.

In later years, "Let's go tubing in the canal!" was the beginning of a fun-filled adventure. Innertubes were thrown in the back of a pick-up and, wearing old clothes or swimming suits and canvas shoes, the youth were off. The one who had volunteered to be the driver would drop the tubers off, usually a little north of 1600 North in Orem and pick them up again somewhere near the Lindon-Pleasant Grove boundary.

The tubers would float down the canal at a leisurely pace in some places and hurry along in others. The real fun was running the little falls by the measuring gates. Car innertubes were usually used; they carried one person--two if one rider was smaller. However, the most fun of all was a threesome on a big old tractor tube, especially if one of the three was Edith Walker, mother of fifteen children and herself in her sixties.

There were some adventurous individuals who even tried water skiing in the canal, being pulled by a car hurrying along the canal road.

Some years there was a little water left in the canal after the water was turned out in the fall. When it froze, it was possible to go ice skating on it.

Alas, though, came the time when it was wise and necessary to make laws prohibiting the use of the canal for recreation. The end of another era!

BITING THE DUST

--by Orvil and Maxine Davis

Looking for a place to build a home, we studied Lindon, Pleasant Grove, and American Fork. A family of ten, we wanted a very special place, a community that would meet our needs.

We love Lindon with its beautiful mountains, fruit trees, and farmland. We moved into our new home in August 1958. What a change! We now had a dusty, dirty road. When a car went by we would really need a gas mask. The dust was terrible. It would sift into the house, and we would have enough to make "mud pies."

After a few months, Orvil called the neighborhood together and they agreed to pay to have the road surfaced. What a joy to have a beautiful black strip where cars, bicycles, and even children roller-skating could be seen without clouds of dust.

A few months later we were concerned about protection of our home in case of fire. The neighbors met and decided to buy fire hydrants for the city to install on our road. A few years later the city bought fire hydrants for the city without the people paying. Oh, well, that's progress.

We have been here for twenty-six years and have been part of the growth. We, as a family, have been involved in some part of the building of Lindon City--"Our Town."

THE INTERURBAN RAILROAD TRAIN

--Information given by Olive Fage,
Betty Manley, and Glade Shumway

In 1915, Olive Bird Fage was eleven years old. She still remembers her rides on "Leapin' Lena," the electric Interurban passenger railroad train. "They were exciting and fun," she recalls.

"In those days," she reminisces, "the Interurban was the fastest and best way to travel between Salt Lake City and Provo. The train consisted of four passenger cars pulled by an electrically driven engine. The first pick-up stop in Lindon was about 7:00 in the morning. There were usually four or five runs a day, with the last one passing through Lindon at about 11:00 p.m. During daylight hours prospective passengers madly waved their arms at the approaching train as a signal that they wished to be picked up. At night the train was flagged with a flashlight.

The Lindon Depot was located in the building that now houses LaMar's Enterprises in State Street at the bottom of Lindon Hill. This was the place to board the train and buy tickets.

Olive recalls some of the rides on the Interurban to Salt Lake City with relatives and friends to buy school clothes, see a movie, or eat out.

Glade Shumway, then a young boy of four or five years, recalls the thrill of riding on the Interurban, even if it was only for a very short distance.

The Interurban earned its nickname, "Leapin' Lena," in its later years of service due to its tendency to "leap the tracks" or not stay on the tracks. This irregularity eventually put an end to the train's reliability, and it was finally retired from service.

By this time, the automobile had made its debut and later became a regular and reliable means of transportation in Lindon. During this interim between train transportation and automobile transportation, many Lindonites rode horseback to wherever they wanted to go.

FUN TIMES IN LINDON FOURTH WARD

During the years William H. Keetch was bishop, one of the activities the youth of the ward enjoyed was the water and mud football games held in the bishop's pasture. Bishop Keetch would contact Kenneth R. Gillman, president of the irrigation company, and he would send all the water possible down the ditch to flood the field. After choosing up sides, the game would begin. Everyone played--boys and girls and their leaders. Anything was apt to happen and usually did! Everyone had a bucket for throwing water. They all kept an eye on the house, hoping Sister Keetch

would show up so they could get a chance to douse her. But she stayed on the porch, close to the door.

Often bypassers would stop their cars to watch the fun and excitement. They, too, were involved if they were not lucky enough to get their windows rolled up before they were soaked.

During one such game Joyce Nielson, Tova Norman, and Mable Walker were sitting on Mable's lawn enjoying the fun next door. They took great delight in watching the young women pile on Bishop Keetch and duck his head into the muddy water. This happened many times during each game. As the game moved on, usually the score and the rules were forgotten, and the activity turned into a huge water fight. They ran and chased each other over the entire three-acre field.

The women were so interested in watching the fun that they failed to miss the Bishop and Dave Thurgood, who had left the crowd. These men slipped around behind Walker's chicken coop, each carrying a big bucket of muddy water. They crept around the house and up behind the women to douse them with the water. It was amazing the speed those women could muster just to get away from a little water.

When the adults were completely worn out and the youth had slowed down a little, everyone gathered on the patio behind Keetch's house. Here they enjoyed corn on the cob, picked fresh from the garden, barbecued hamburgers, with all the fixins', and homemade rootbeer. They usually finished up with cold watermelon. Everyone left, full of good food, but tired and grateful for the fun time with special people.

BLACKSMITH SHOP AND CURIOUS SHELL

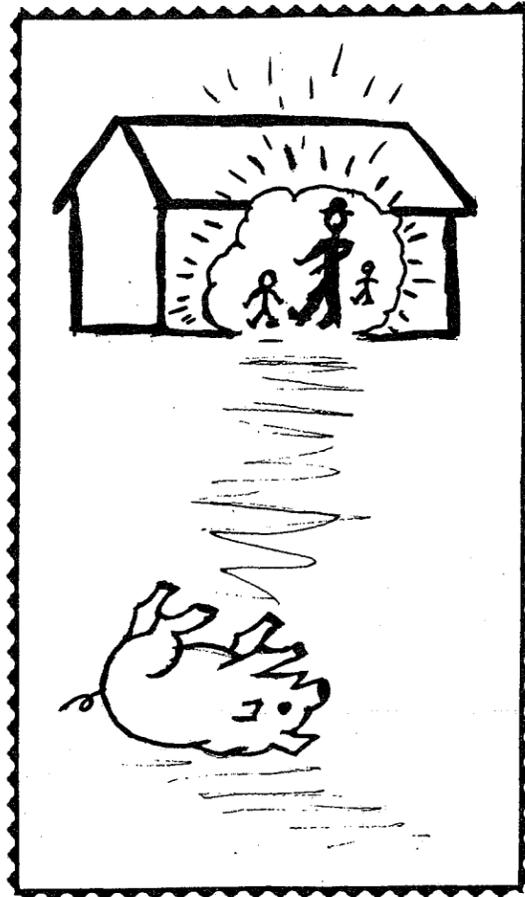
--Written by Cloween Leuze

Clarence Shoell owned and operated a blacksmith shop in the early days of Lindon. This shop, located on his farm, was a great attraction not only to the people of the area who needed their horses attended to, but also to small, curious boys. One of these boys was his son Howard.

Howard and his friend would hurry home from school to see what excitement had happened during their absence.

In this shop was a shell that Clarence had obtained during World War I. It was quite large, or so it seemed to these boys. Their curiosity overcame them one day, and when Clarence disappeared from the shop, they proceeded to investigate this curious shell.

They wanted to see what was inside, and so with hammer and chisel they poked, pryed, and pounded. Howard's friend hit one good, solid pound on the cap of the shell. The blast could be heard for some distance.



Howard says, "Wow! I looked out through a huge hole in the wall. It was as though the whole blacksmith shop had opened up. I saw an old sow pig lying on her back, with her four feet high in the air, kicking. She had been hit."

"The next thing I remember was my BIG TALL DAD standing over me. My friend and I knew all about shells from then on!"

I REMEMBER FONDLY . . .

THE KITCHEN

--by Wilda Slaugh Allen

It was the general rule with the early settlers that the kitchen in all homes be a large, plain room. This room was very versatile. It served as living room, dining room, parlor, family room, game room, den, sewing room, and laundry as well as kitchen. In fact, people did everything there except sleep. And, at times when relatives came to stay for a few days, beds were made on the kitchen floor, also.

Yes, they even bathed in a big galvanized tub near the kitchen stove, as the kitchen was the only heated room in the house. Didn't they have any privacy, you ask? Well, of course, they did. The children would put a row of chairs in front of the tub and drape a blanket over the backs. Bathing near the stove worked out conveniently because if they sat too long and the water got cold, they could reach the dipper and add hot water

from the big pan heating on the stove. Since bathing was customarily a weekly event, they liked to soak and scrub as long as was permitted.

At first, most of their kitchen floors were bare wood and had to be scrubbed on hands and knees with lye soap each Saturday to keep them pretty and white. Later they were covered with linoleum which they thought was beautiful and much easier to clean.

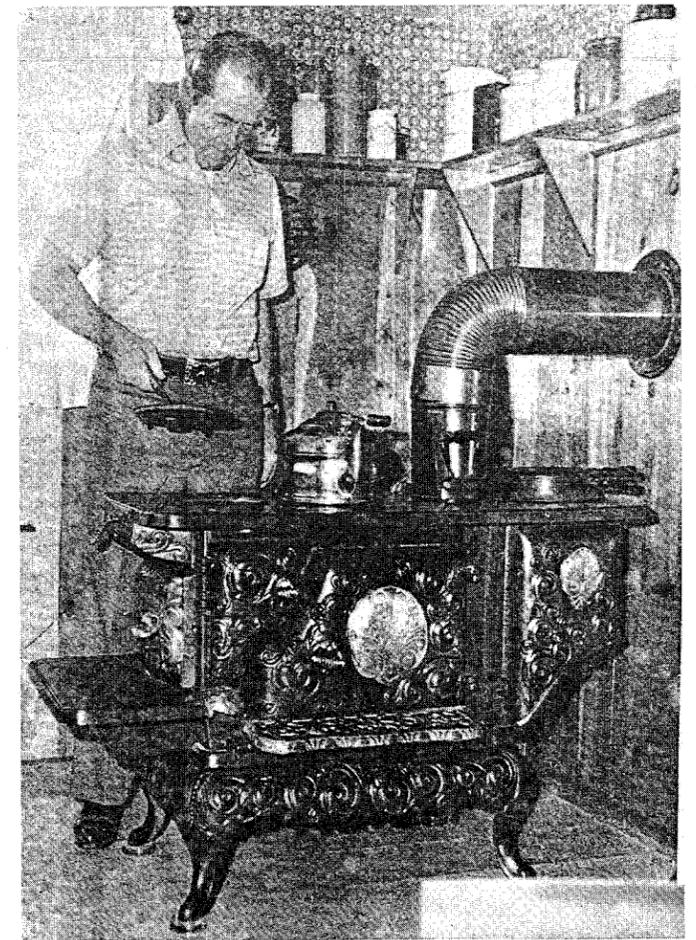
Most kitchens boasted a large table. Perhaps a dozen or more people could be seated at it comfortably. So, setting on a few extra plates when company dropped in was no problem at all and there was always plenty of food.

THE RANGE

--by Wilda Slaugh Allen

Let us comment on the kitchen range of that day, which burned either wood or coal. Most of them were large black stoves with a reservoir at one end for heating water. The heat from the stovepipe, which passed through the warming oven, made it possible to keep food placed in there warm for some time. This was handy in case the men were late for dinner. This also served as a good storage place for cooking pots and pans.

The top of the stove made the best place for washing dishes. It kept the water hot until the last dish was washed, and this was necessary to keep the grease off the dishes. Wouldn't the detergent do that, you ask? Detergent? They had never heard of that; it hadn't even been created then. They used soap, usually homemade lye soap. But the dish-washing process was never finished until every dish



Some people had stoves like this one.

had been scalded with boiling water from the teakettle, which was always kept hot on the stove.

We must say that the stove was the most useful and the most comforting thing in the house. It not only warmed the room but also one's very body and soul. From its oven came delicious pies, cakes, breads, and roast meats. Not only did its oven produce luscious baked foods, but it was a delightful foot warmer and shin roaster. After coming from school or a romp in the snow, one could sit with his feet on the open oven door and dry his stockings and the wet legs of his long undies while he did his school assignments. From this came the phrase, "roasting one's shins."

THE LAUNDRY

--by Wilda Slaugh Allen

Doing the laundry in the "good old days" was quite a process. It started early in the morning and usually lasted until about four o'clock in the afternoon. The process went similar to this:

Water was carried from a ditch or well and heated in a large galvanized tub on the kitchen range or over a fire in the backyard when the weather permitted. Lye and soap were added to counteract the hard water. When a scum came to the top, it was dipped off.

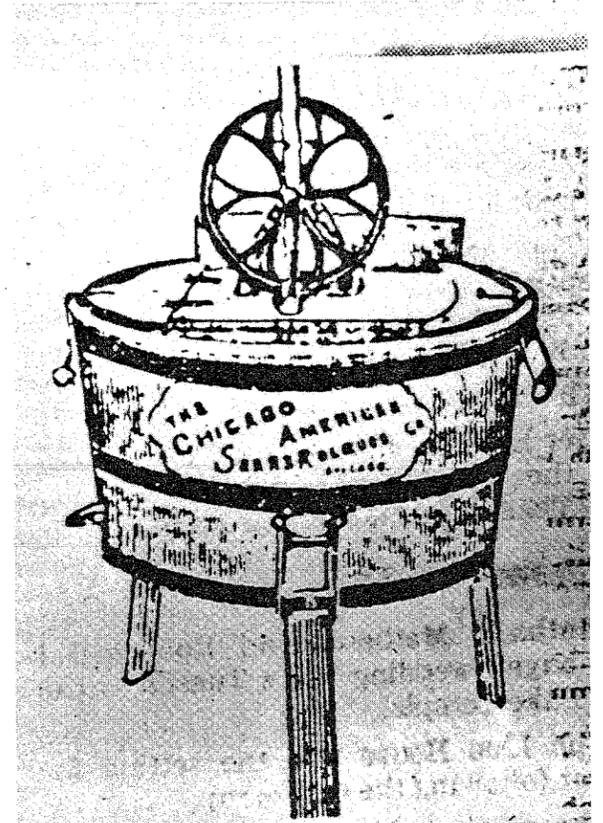
After the clothes had been sorted into batches, the nicest white clothes were put into another tub which had been placed on a bench or big stool. Part of the hot water was poured over them and the water cooled enough to allow anyone to immerse her hands in it. Then the washboard was stood in place.

This washboard was a board about fourteen inches wide and eighteen inches long with legs at the bottom. Near the top was a narrow shelf which held the bar of soap. The center part of the board was covered with corrugated tin. The idea was to remove the soil by rubbing the clothes with soap, then scrubbing them up and down over the ribbed tin until they were clean.

The next act was to put the clothes into the remaining hot water and boil them for a short time. (This step was used only for white clothes.) They were then lifted from the boiling water and put into a tub of cold water and rinsed well to remove the soap suds. After being wrung by hand, they were put into another tub of water to which had been added some blueing--this was to make the clothes sparkling white and to assure that all of the soap had been removed. They were then wrung from this rinse water and hung on the clothesline to dry, regardless of the weather. Each piece had to be hung on the line in order, according to size and color. This seemed to be one of the unwritten laws of early-day laundry.

The same procedure was followed with each batch of clothes. It was a long, hard operation. But, my! the clothes did look nice when dried. The following day almost every piece had to be ironed (except the undies) with irons heated on the stove.

Years later someone invented a washing machine. This apparatus was a large wooden tub which stood on legs. On the under side of the heavy lid were four pegs. These pegs were long enough so that when the lid was closed they would reach the clothes in the tub of water. There was a long handle on the top of the lid, and by pulling this handle back and forth, it turned the pegs beneath and they pulled the clothes around and back into the water to clean them. With this method, very hot water could be used, so many people omitted the boiling process. This, of course, was a welcome time-saver.



"Ye olde washing machine"

ANIMALS

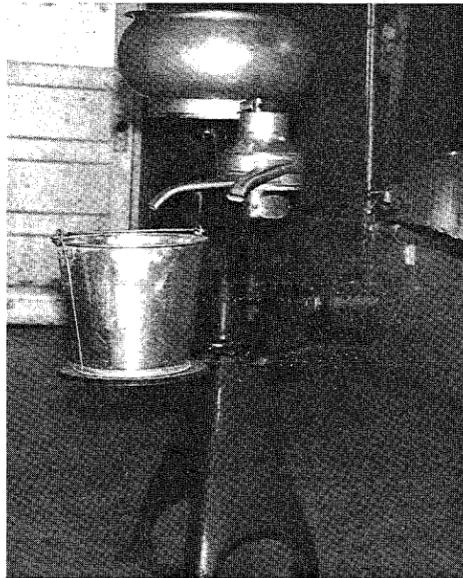
--by Wilda Slaugh Allen

It was the established custom for people of Lindon to own a few cows and horses. At least two cows were necessary so that one could give milk while the other was dry. The kids learned, the hard way, where milk came from.

It was somewhat timed release; the milk must be extracted from the cow twice daily, morning and evening. This was done by placing a big bucket under the cow and then squeezing her handles until no more milk would come. Caution had to be used at all times because it was the cow's perverse delight to switch her tail and strike the milker across the head or face as he sat busily milking. Of course, she was never particular

about whether her tail was clean or if it was covered with fresh manure. If the cow became annoyed, she would lift one hind foot and kick the milk bucket over, or she would put her dirty foot right in the middle of the bucket of milk. Many buckets of warm, foamy milk have been wasted that way.

If a family had more milk than they needed, they would keep it in a large milk can to sell. A "milkman" would pick it up and take it to the creamery where it was made into butter and ice cream.



The old cream separator.

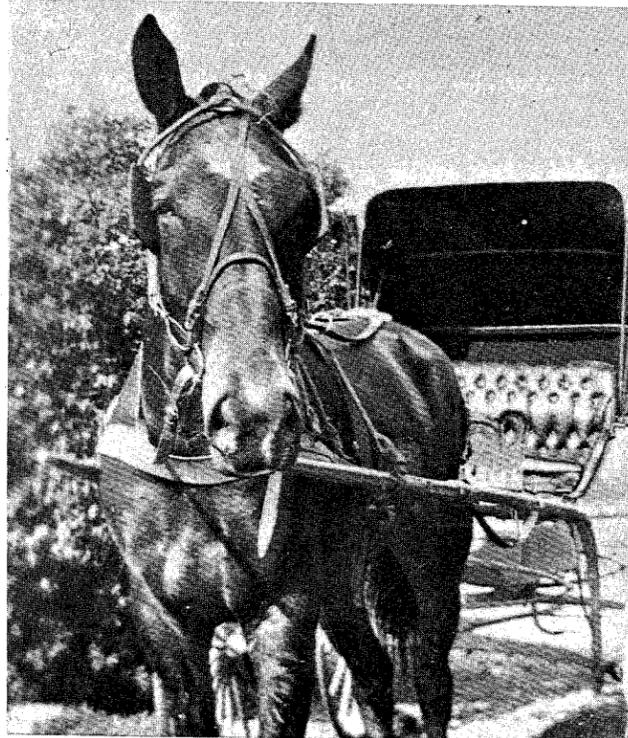
Later there came the cream separator. This apparatus had a large bowl on top where one put in the milk. Someone cranked the handle as fast as he could, by hand, of course. When it was "up to speed," he opened the valve and turned in the milk. As the milk ran through the spinning discs, the cream rose to the top and came out of one spout while the skimmed milk came out of another. This skim milk was used only to feed the pigs. It was not considered to be even fit for the calves until they were older. Now we buy skim milk at the supermarkets for human consumption at \$1.70 per gallon.

Horses were of vital importance to the citizens of Lindon. They were the only means of transportation and they also

furnished the horse-power for farming. It was the usual practice to own a good team for farm work, a nice buggy horse and a few saddle horses for riding. Most families had a buggy and a good trotting horse for going places. It was not considered good taste for a buggy horse to use any other gait than a trot.

There were several different types of buggy horses. There was the high-spirited,

"Oh, the stories I could tell!"



prancing kind which had to be held with a tight rein as she danced along the street. There was the gentle horse with the steady, swinging trot, which covered the bumpy ground at a rate of about five miles per hour. And there was the kind that was not so steady. Sometimes this kind was frisky and ready to go, and then again she might slow to a walk. Sometimes she would stop and nibble the grass and weeds along the roadside. To correct this problem most people carried a little tingly willow in the bottom of their buggy. A little slap across the rear end and the horse would usually spring forward so quickly that the jerk would almost cause a whiplash.

Of course, the young men never used a willow, especially when they were courting and wanted to make a good impression. They usually had a sharp, store-bought buggy whip which fit in a holder that was mounted on the dashboard of the buggy. They thought it was sporty to see it dance and wave as they trotted along. These whips were mostly for decoration, and it is doubtful that they were used much. In those days instead of going somewhere to park, the boys would just tie the reins over the dashboard and let the horse take his good-natured time going home, while they did their courting.

LIGHTS

--by Wilda Slaugh Allen

Houses of the early settlers were lighted with kerosene lamps. Each day they had to be filled with coal oil, and the wick trimmed and the chimney washed. These lamps gave such a dim light that the usual practice was to have most of the work done before dark. They followed the old saying, "Early to bed and early to rise."

Then came electricity! At first this wonderful commodity was used for lights only, using the simplest equipment. An electric cord was dropped from the ceiling in the center of each room. At the end was a socket with a light globe--no shades, no chandelier, only a single light globe.

Since there was no wall switch, turning the light on in a dark room took quite a skill. One would feel his way to what seemed to be about the center of the room, then with waving arms held high, he would strive to locate the drop cord. If he did not seize the globe at first touch, but only bumped it and started it swinging, he had a real problem.

THE TELEPHONE

--by Wilda Slaugh Allen

This was considered a miraculous invention to the early citizens of Lindon. It was really amazing to be able to actually talk with someone who was a mile away. If a family had a phone in their home, all the neighbors used it when necessary. It was a large wooden boxlike thing about twelve inches wide and eighteen inches long, which was mounted on the wall. On one side hung the receiver and on the other side was a little crank handle.

To use this gadget one would remove the receiver and then crank the little handle several fast turns. Next one would hear the sweet voice of the operator saying, "Number please," after which you then gave her the number you wished to call.

Phones of this type were few and far between and were used for business and emergencies mostly. It was not until the black table model came out that people really came to appreciate and enjoy the telephone. Everybody had one. In fact, there were so many that the phone company couldn't put up enough lines; so in some areas there were as many as ten phones on one line. But folks didn't mind--no, not one bit. You see, one could stay home and with just the tiniest bit of telephone manipulation still know what was going on. No need even to go to Relief Society. And no one took an evening paper. Yet the news got around.

Now, with ten phones on one line, it took a little getting used to. On each line were two divisions, each with five parties. To differentiate the calls for each party, there were five different rings--one ring, two rings, three rings, four rings, and a long and a short ring for the fifth party. The rings, of course, could be heard in all five households on that particular division of the line. So, you always knew by the rings who was being called.

To hear the latest news, all you needed to do was quietly lift the receiver and listen. Now, even though you wouldn't hear the rings for anyone on the other division of your line, if you inadvertantly picked up the phone while someone on that division was using the telephone, you could catch up on even more of the news. By knowing which rings provided the most interesting news, you could save a lot of your time on a busy day. No need to listen in when you knew it would just be the men talking about sick cows or wondering if it was the "dark of the moon" so they could plant their spuds.

Listening in was done without shame. Usually as soon as the line was clear, the eavesdropper would call another friend to relay the latest gossip. So, when the news got around, everyone knew how, but no one got upset, or at least if they did, there was nothing that could be done about it. It really wasn't so bad if the listener was fast enough to get the whole story, but by tuning in late or having to hang up before the climax, many tales got tragically twisted.

THE PRIVY

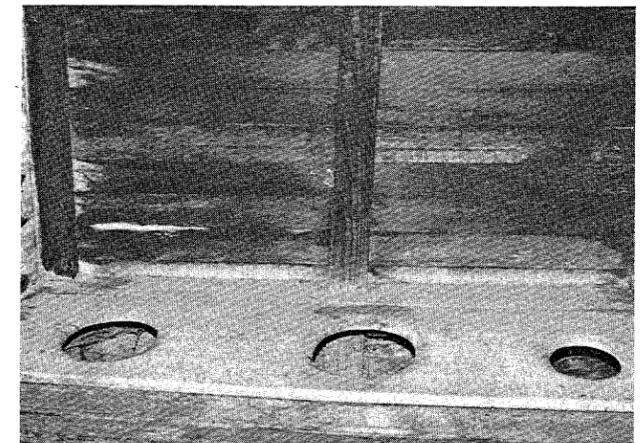
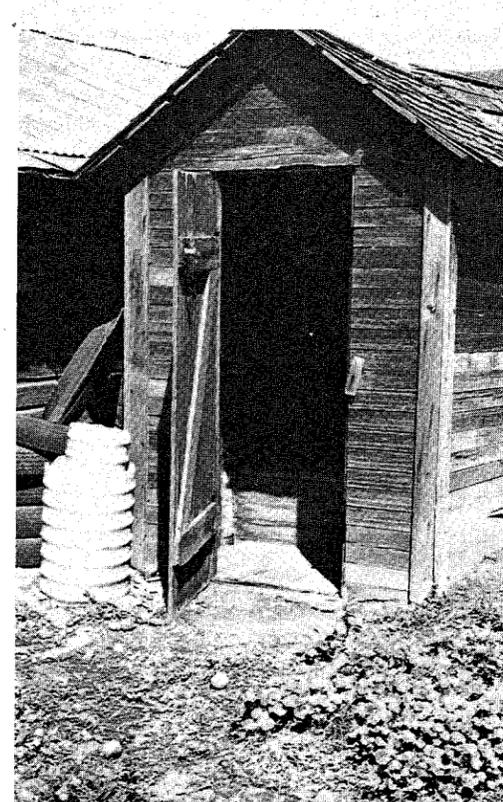
--by Wilda Slaugh Allen

It was the custom and standard procedure for the people of Lindon in the early days to have a small building in the backyard. It was called the privy, comfort station, out-house, or any one of a dozen names. These buildings were usually about six feet square with a built-in seat across the back. This seat was lower at one end to accommodate small children. In the higher part of the seat one would usually find two large holes, about ten inches in diameter, while in the lower part of the seat the hole would be smaller.

So, this little building, when the need arose or at rush hours, could supply relief for three persons simultaneously--two grown-ups and a child.

Beneath the seat was a hole dug deep in the ground. In one corner of the building was a box holding a Sears-Roebuck or Montgomery Ward catalog. Behind the door one would find a bucket of ashes. The final act was to sprinkle a few ashes into the hole.

The door always had a catch on the inside and this was the one place a person could go for a little privacy. Here one could sit and rest and meditate. Here one could study and enjoy the catalog.



The backyard privy and its three-holer interior.

THE CATALOG

--by Wilda Slaugh Allen

More should be said about those large, picture-filled volumes known as the mail-order catalogs. They played an important part in the lives of local citizens. They arrived regularly, spring and fall, and were looked forward to with excitement. In those days they were the nearest thing one had to a window-shopping spree. These books contained everything from clothing to horse harnesses--many things the local stores did not stock.

These well-illustrated books were educational as well as entertaining. They were the best source for keeping up with things in the rest of the world. One could see the latest fashions and the newest inventions. But since few of these things were ever purchased, the books were used mainly for wishing and dreaming.

The teenage boys enjoyed this book. By studying the section on ladies' undies and corsets, they came to a better knowledge and appreciation of feminine beauty. The catalog contained pictures of scantily dressed women and gave measurements of bust, waist, and hips. Most mothers forbade their young sons to read this section, thinking it was indecent and vulgar. So, the books were often censored and many pages removed before it was put into everyday circulation.

Women were thrilled when they started to add a few colored pages to the book. One could see the coats and hats in full color and many hours were spent trying to copy dress styles on the home sewing machine. Of course, these pages were stiff and of no use when the book was retired, so the little girls would remove them and cut out the pictures for paper dolls.

When a new book arrived, the old, well-worn one, which had served for six months as a source of education, culture, and entertainment, was sent to its final use. It was placed in the little building out back where it continued to serve the family's personal-care needs as long as there was a page left.

SHOPPING IN THE EARLY 1900s

--by Wilda Slaugh Allen

The stores of 1983 are quite different from those in the early days of London. In those days the stores were small and the walls were covered from floor to ceiling with shelves. Almost everything was kept on these shelves, behind the counters. Usually there was a ladder mounted in front of the shelves which was fastened on top to a roller. The clerk could push

this ladder along to assist him in reaching things from the high shelves. The floors were of bare wood which they kept well oiled to keep the dust down.

As you entered the grocery store, there was a small area provided for the customers, with counters fencing you off so you could go no farther. When your turn came, you would step up to the counter with your list ready.

"What can I do for you?" the clerk would ask.

You would then say, "I would like ten pounds of sugar, five pounds of salt, and five pounds of rice," or whatever you wanted. Very few things were packaged. They usually came in bulk and had to be weighed at time of purchase.

Much of the dry food was kept in bins, boxes, and wooden barrels. There were no fancy things in the stores like package mixes, prepared meals, or frozen foods--only the necessities. To find bananas or oranges in the store was a real treat. Most people had oranges only at Christmastime. Fresh vegetables in a store were almost unheard of. Hardtack candy sold for 15¢ a pound.

If you wanted to buy cloth, you would find a few bolts of material stacked neatly on a shelf. When you decided which one you liked, the clerk would take it down so you could see more of it than just the edge of the bolt.

One good thing, however; you never had to hunt around for anything. You just asked the clerk and he would go to get it. This way he did all the work and the running. The stores were never crowded, for there were never any sales or weekend specials. People usually bought their needs about once every two weeks.

Yes, the stores in those days were quite different from the huge supermarkets we have today. But, then, you must admit that life was quite different in those days, too, from what it is now.

THE APRON

--by Mae R. Winters

One of the fondest memories that I have of my mother is her apron. She always wore one. It was a large, straight affair gathered at the waist, with strings that fastened in the back and tied in a bow. The apron was very full. I am sure it had in it several yards of material, gingham or calico for everyday, and fine white lawn or linen, with handmade lace on the bottom, for best. I distinctly remember a very special one, with knitted lace insertion an inch or so wide, with the same matching lace on the bottom. There was always at least one pocket, but usually two large ones.

The white apron was for very special occasions: Relief Society homemaking activities, special quiltings, and parties for the sisters. Sunday afternoon it enhanced Mother's best black dress.

The everyday one, slow to show dirt, was edged all around with bias tape of contrasting color. I was most impressed with this apron. Its uses were limitless. It made a basket for eggs gathered from the chicken coop, or from a nest found in the tall weeds or grass. Many times Mother would bring in a brood of fluffy yellow chickens in the apron, the bottom edge being brought up to form a temporary nest. The mother hen, squawking and stirring up a fuss, would follow behind. Mother transferred the chickens from a stolen nest to the protection of the stable. The same apron was used, by giving it a swish, to frighten chickens from the flower bed or back porch.

To dry a tear from a child's face, wipe away the dirt, and comfort the children, the apron seemed to be made for this purpose. For a game of hide-and-seek there was never a better place to hide than under the apron, for, with our heads under, and our feet sticking out, we were completely hidden. Kindling and firewood, vegetables and fruit found their way into the kitchen by way of the apron route. When company came unexpectedly, the apron was hastily used as a duster on the dining table or buffet.

Using it for a pot holder to remove hot pans from the stove, the apron was ideal to lift the stove lid off with the aid of the stove lifter, which saved many burned fingers. A flip of the apron would also scatter the flies, as they hovered about the screen at the kitchen door on a fall afternoon. It also served to wipe a perspiring brow after standing at the hot stove all day canning fruit.

Almost everything could be found in the apron pockets: a spool of thread, lost buttons, peppermint candy, cookies, handkerchiefs, bits of paper, a pencil, a piece of string, safety pins, and a coin or two.

For me, there is a never-to-be-forgotten memory of the little ones curled up on Mother's lap as she rocked them and pulled a corner of the big apron over their feet and legs, not alone for warmth, but as a sort of drawing them closer into her wonderful ways.

She was a pioneer mother, with love to go around and around, and her wonderful apron was just one way of showing it.

Tucked away in my chest of memories is one of her ever-useful aprons. In these days of sometimes forgotten aprons, it suggests to me that perhaps my own children and grandchildren have missed some very valuable lessons of life for the lack of a big apron. A very special accessory!

LOUIE GILLMAN REMEMBERS

(One lifelong resident, Louie Thorne Gillman, has for many years taken it upon herself to write of times and events in Lindon's past. The following are some thoughts and experiences gleaned from Louie's handwritten journal.)

At the time of my birth my father was building the brick home across the street. We moved into it before the parlor was completely finished. The home had a large kitchen and dining room and two bedrooms. The parlor was soon finished, and there in the corner stood a fancy folding bed all bedecked with family portraits. This bed was where my sister Fern and I slept.

The kitchen was also a pleasant place to be. The cupboard had glass doors to show off the china dishes and the shiny glasses; there was a cookstove with a rocking chair next to it and, in the corner, a washstand with wash basin, towel rack, and mirror. We always had a bucket of cool water brought in from the well, a dipper hanging on the bucket's side. Best of all was the inviting aroma that always told of the activity of my mother--baking breads, pies, or just a tasty stew.

Out back we had a well that also served as a cooler. We had a rope tied to the framework, with a bucket that was lowered into it just above the water level. This contained the butter and the milk to be used for drinking. The remainder of the milk that my father and older brothers squeezed from that old jersey cow (while they balanced on a three-legged stool with the bucket tucked between their knees) was strained through a cloth and poured in pans to be set aside so that the cream could rise to be made into butter. How I enjoyed watching Mother loosen the cream from the sides of the pans so skillfully, roll it up, and lift it in one piece into the churn.

Churning day! Sometimes I could bet my arm was going to wear off before I heard the splash of the chunks of butter as the paddles flopped them into the buttermilk with the turn of the handle. The reward came as Mother washed and patted and formed the butter into one-pound molds, making sure to give extra measure just in case we had to sell or trade some to the store for groceries. There were no hotcakes that could compare with those made from that good old buttermilk. I can still smell the salt bacon frying and the tasty oat-meal mush that was a supplement to those hotcakes.

We did not have indoor plumbing, so bathroom visits to the little house



REMEMBER HOW BUTTER WAS ONCE CHURNED?

out back were very annoying, especially on cold mornings. First it was the lowering of the bloomers, then the unbuttoning of the dropseat underwear; we did not stay perched on that icy seat any longer than necessary. But, as the weather warmed and the new Sears and Roebuck or Montgomery Ward catalog arrived, we got to take the old catalogs to the outhouse where they served two purposes: entertainment and cleansing tissues.

I was taught to work when I was very young. I picked strawberries when I could hardly carry six cups of berries. My first job was for Tomlinsons. I had to get up at 4 a.m. every morning, walk to the berry patch, which was over a mile, work all day, earning perhaps 30¢ or 50¢ as a beginner. We were paid 15¢ for a fifteen-cup case.

On Thursdays we worked a little harder so we could finish the patch and get home in time for the moving picture show. Oftimes it required running all the way. The moving picture show was a silent picture show, the projector being turned by hand. An intermission was called while the reel was rewound in order to play the next one.

After the main show, which featured such stars as Tom Mix, Harry Carry, Mary Pickford, and Charlie Chaplin, there was always a show that was continued from week to week. I just had to keep up with the story. It seems that I can still hear the lively piano music played according to the tempo of the picture. Belva Edwards was the main pianist at the Linton Amusement Hall, which cost 10¢ for children and 15¢ for adults.

You were an unusual child if you escaped any of the childhood diseases.

I suppose my father could be called the first-aid practitioner of the family. Because we respected his authority, he could administer the nastiest medicines such as castor oil or a generous dose of epsom salts, which were to clear all impurities from our bodies. A lump of sugar saturated with coal oil (kerosene) was used to cure a cough. One time we all became very ill with smallpox. Of course, we were quarantined. The neighbors brought groceries and sat them inside of the fence. We could not send out any mail or give neighbors any money. We were very dependent on the Lord and the priesthood. What a happy day when we tore down the white quarantine flag, fumigated the house, and scrubbed ourselves with very strong soap.

My best girlfriend as a child was Lola Wright, the daughter of Albert and Annie Harper Wright. They lived on the corner in a big rock house. When I was about eleven years old, Mr. Wright decided to sell his home and move to Ogden. My father sold our home and bought the big one. I was disappointed to have my girlfriend move, but quite thrilled at the thought of living in such a big house with stairways and bannisters we could slide down. To think that I could have a bedroom all to myself! The old house was my castle. I could dream the most fantastic stories about it. The dress forms stored in the attic could easily represent the ghosts in the fairy tales Mother used to read. And, oh, the bats. They flew out from the holes in the soft rocks or from their hiding places under the cornice of the roof, and made such weird sounds that we usually ran for cover.

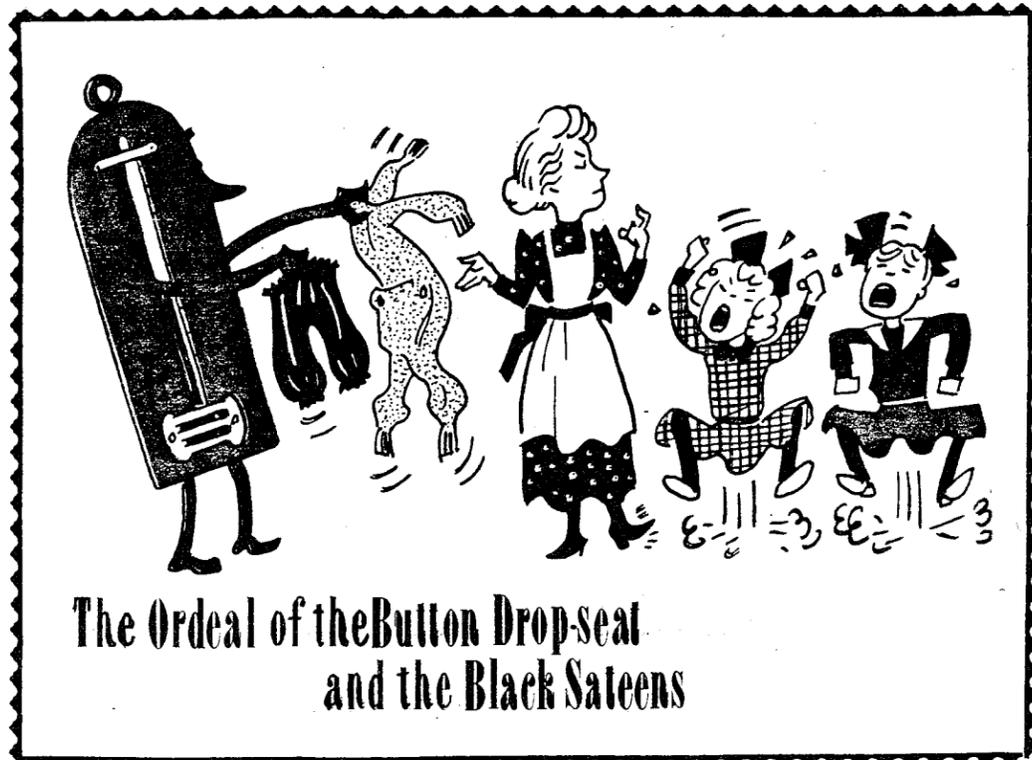


The "Big House." David B. Thorne's home, built in 1876 by Alfred Harper, who hauled honeycomb limestone rock (soft rock) from the mouth of American Fork Canyon to use in building the house. D. B. Thorne purchased it in 1913. It was a gathering place for many ward parties and activities. This is the home Louie refers to as the big house.

I loved the big house except at housecleaning time. Spring and fall each room had to be emptied, bedding carried outside to be aired, beds torn apart and scrubbed, windows washed inside and out, carpets taken up and hung on the clothesline so we could beat the dust out of them, and all the woodwork and floors scrubbed with strong soap. The straw bed ticks used for mattresses also had to be taken out in fall and refilled with fresh straw. That night it was necessary to climb on a chair to get into bed. As we tossed and turned in bed there was a screechy, crushing sound made by the rustling of the new straw stuffing. By the time spring came, however, the mattresses were mighty hard and flat.

For very special occasions I sometimes got a new dress made by a dressmaker, but most of the time (until I learned to sew), my clothes were made by my mother, either from hand-me-downs or from any available kind of material. Many times my bloomers showed the brand of flour we used because the print did not wash out.

The winters were cold, and how I hated those long-legged, itchy underwear. When the first day of May came, off they went, rain or shine. As my girl friends and I became a little more style-conscious, we would stop behind a bush on the way to school and roll up above our knees the long legs of our underwear. We wore long stockings over the underwear,



The Ordeal of the Button Drop-seat and the Black Sateens

of course, and we had to stop on the way home from school and roll the underwear down again.

The ironing was an all-day job because heavy cast irons had to be heated on the cook stove, then tested on heavy folded paper before attempting to iron--especially white shirts. Those faithful old stove irons served more than one purpose. On cold winter nights they were heated and wrapped in old pieces of a blanket, then tucked in the cold beds under mountains of quilts. Oh, they felt good.

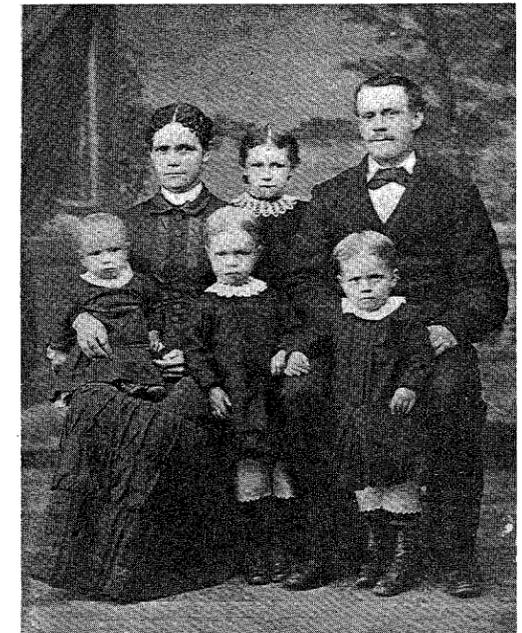
As winter came we began to look forward to hog butchering time. Lard was a very important product then because it was the only kind of shortening we used. Also, the home-cured hams, bacon, sausage, and fresh pork added much to the vegetables stored in the root cellar. In fact, I think the only thing we did not eat of that old hog was the squeal. The boys looked forward to hog butchering time so they could have the bladder to blow up for a basketball. We had a hard time playing with it in the snow. We had lots of snow sometimes, and when it was too deep to walk we would ride our horse to school. When we got there we would turn him loose so that he could go back home by himself.

Yes, those were the good ol' days to me. Fifty years from now, may each of you reflect back to your era of time and say, "I am proud of my heritage and my GOOD OL' DAYS."

THE ALFRED HARPER HOME

--Information by a granddaughter,
Ruby Harper West

Alfred William Harper was called by the LDS Church to go on a three-year mission to New Zealand. He went leaving his wife, Melissa Walker Harper, with four children to care for. Before he left he had built a two-room house. On his return, he finished the home as it now stands at 125 West 400 North. (This is the home pictured on page 279 in the story by Louie Gillman.) When the home was finished, he planted around it vines which had been given to him by the church members in New Zealand. The vines grew to almost cover and east and north sides of the house.



This picture was taken just before Mr. Harper left for his mission. The family includes his wife, Melissa, and children, Mary, Annie, Bertha, and Alfred.

The furniture in the parlor was French provincial, and this lovely room was used on Sundays and special occasions only. Upstairs, on the southwest side, was a room called the sickroom. If any of the family got a cold or a disease of any kind, that is where they would be kept and cared for. When the sickness was over, the room would be scrubbed clean and disinfected. This room was also used as a place to dry fruit during fruit season.

Alfred's home was always open to everyone. Ward parties of all sorts were held there. The Harpers claimed to have some of the best neighbors in the valley; on the west were the Lamberts. Later this home was sold to A. L. (Len) Millar. On the north lived the Albert Harris family. Mrs. Harris was a midwife and seamstress for many ward members. The Culmer family lived on the east.

The Harper home was surrounded by lawn and flowers, but the most enjoyable thing was the big well. This well was located in front of the house in the northwest corner of the lawn. Hanging in the well was an oaken bucket. A large, long-handled dipper hung on a nail nearby. This was an invitation for anyone passing by to pause and have a drink of good cold water. Many people stopped for a drink when coming down the tree-lined path from the church. The neighborhood children drank freely from this well, as they played in the hot sun. Even the tramps, who at times trudged along this road, would stop and take a long drink from the large dipper. When they had moved on out of sight, Mrs. Harper would rush out

and get the dipper. This was one time the dipper was not only washed, but scrubbed and scoured as well, before it was returned to its place on the nail by the well.

This beautiful, old home is now being renovated to reflect its early history. The Lynn R. Jolley family reside there.

HARCLIFF CIRCLE

--by Elvie Erickson

Situated in the exact geographical center of Lindon City is Harcliff Circle. The purchasing of the original eight acres of vineyard, apple and pear orchard was made in 1947, arranged by Arthur Johnson who had "scouted" Utah County for an ideal place to create a family project.

To be considered was Signe Johnson, the mother and matriarch, who was arriving from her home in Sweden. Also involved would be her youngest son, Clifford, who had recently served in the U.S. armed forces in Germany. The youngest sister, Viva, would also make her home here for a few years. Then from Hawaii came the Ericksons, a sister Elvie and husband Harold, and three children born in Hawaii. Arthur stemmed latest from Indianola, Utah, and felt an urgency for a family gathering place in a central location. Clifford married a Swedish girl, Els-Marie, and from that union evolved a family of three sons and three daughters. Arthur, the patriarch of the family, and wife, Hazel, added a family of one son and three daughters.

The purchase of the land was made from John and Viola Morton who were old-time settlers in Lindon. The acreage is in a choice area-- located on the brow of Lindon Hill, west of Highway 89. Within view, the beautiful and majestic Mount Timpanogos rises in the east and Utah Lake shimmers in the west.

Some trepidation was expressed by local residents when an old black army barracks was brought in from Hill Air Force Base and placed prominently on the east part of the property and then hastily renovated to temporarily house two families.

Eventually five homes were built on the acreage. Vineyards and fruit trees disappeared to make room for a tri-family park, a circular driveway, family gardens, shade trees, and landscaping.

The name "Harcliff Circle" was derived from the names of the three principals--"H" for Harold, "Ar" for Arthur, and "Cliff" for Clifford.

Civic service was considered a necessary part of belonging to a community, and Arthur Johnson served as water master for several years. Clifford was Lindon City building inspector, and Harold and Elvie Erickson served as city recorder and city treasurer respectively for twenty-three years. The Erickson residence served as Lindon City Hall for twelve years.



Signe Johnson's home at 191 West Harcliff Circle, Lindon.



Clifford Johnson's first home at 190 West Harcliff Circle, Lindon.

Our years at Harcliff Circle have been busy, happy years. Our efforts will serve as a future legacy for our children and our grandchildren. May our choice of location and our contributions have been an asset to the community of Lindon as well.



Clifford and Els Marie Johnson's residence at 145 West Harcliff Circle.

The home of Harold and Elvie Erickson, 160 West Harcliff Circle.



GOING TO THE CANYON--PIONEER STYLE

--Written by Ray Walker

In the early history of Pleasant Grove and Stringtown, the citizens brought timber off the mountains to the east. There was what was called the drag road that came from the north slopes of American Fork Canyon to the head of Grove Creek through the quaking aspens to the south and to the top of the ledges on the south side of Grove Creek. There the logs were pushed off the ledge. A drag road came up the bottom of Grove Creek where it was again loaded with the large end of a log on the front end of a wagon, with the small end dragging on the ground. Thus the name--drag road. Until about forty or fifty years ago, there were still a few logs on the ledge slide that hadn't made it to the bottom of Grove Creek.

Camping in American Fork Canyon was a special time in the lives of many before there were cars, campers, or trailers. A wagon was loaded with a tent or tents, feed for the horses, and the necessary victuals for the gang.

Much of the food was stored in containers in the creek to keep it from spoiling, such as the fresh milk from the morning they left. Live chickens were taken in a crate or box, with some wheat to feed them. Twine was taken and, upon arrival, attached to one leg of the chicken and the other end to a tree. The chickens were processed the morning of the day they were to be eaten, sometimes barely in time for the body heat to escape --depending on how bad the flies were.

Families would have a special outing like this as well as a group of married couples. It would be fun either way.

Another family or group experience in the canyon was cutting down the trees, dragging them to the road or loading point with a single horse. Generally it would take a full day to go up the canyon. They would have the wagons loaded and leave early in the morning to make it home in one day.

The pioneers hauled ore out of American Fork Canyon with teams and wagons or in bobsleds in the winter. They would leave the valley early one morning hauling supplies for the miners and some feed for the horses. The first night would be spent in a cabin at Dutchman Flat. The next day they would go up to the mine and back to the flat again, and on the third day they would be back home.

In the wintertime rough locks were used to keep the sleigh from going too fast. (Rough locks are chains that are put around the runners of the sleigh.) The number put on a runner depended on the grade. The drivers knew, or soon learned, how many were required for each hill. The horses had special shoes put on them with sharp corks so they could walk on the packed snow and ice.

DEATH COMES IN THREES

--by Barbara N. Walker

In times past when the community was smaller, everyone knew everyone else. When sorrow struck a family, the entire community shared in the sorrow. There was a saying, well known to these people: "Death always comes in threes." Such was the case in September of 1952.

My mother, Venola Slaugh Nelson, wife of James Victor Nelson, had been ill for some time. She died Monday evening, September 8. Her funeral was held on Thursday, and she was buried the following day, September 12, in Vernal. Though her death was a blessing for her, it still brought sorrow and sadness.

On Sunday, September 14, a tragedy struck. The Joseph Swenson family was in an automobile accident. Joe and Mary's only son, Gary, was killed. He was five years old and would have started school the next day. Gary's funeral was held on Wednesday, September 17.

Tragedy struck again, just two days later, on September 19. Our neighbors, Glen and Lexie Richin's two-year-old son, Brent, was drowned in an irrigation ditch. A funeral for Brent was held on Monday, September 22.

In exactly two weeks three people had died and been buried.

THE NIGHT THE ROOTBEER EXPLODED

--by Shirle and Lila Mae Debenham

This is a true story. It is a story with a moral. The moral: never, never make rootbeer in a pressure cooker!

It all started out so innocently. We left our home on Center Street about 6:00 p.m. for a movie. Staying behind were our oldest son, David, his wife, Susan, their baby, Jessica, and friend, Lee. Little did we realize what was going on in our home while we were at the movie that night.

Unaware that anything was wrong, we returned home from the movie and upon entering the kitchen noticed that the kitchen counter top over the dishwasher was caved in. Indeed, it was caved in so far that the top of the dishwasher was in a distinct "V" shape. The "V", however, did not signal Victory, but rather Vent--a new, unplanned vent for our dishwasher.

Next, and to our amazement, we saw that the cupboard over the dishwasher was splintered and twisted. Then we could see that something had sailed with great force up into the recessed lighting system in the kitchen, smashing and breaking lights, metal frames, and light covers, and leaving a

dent in the ceiling. Finally, we saw our twenty-two-quart pressure cooker--bent, twisted, and bulged.

David, Susan, the baby, and Lee were there when we returned that evening. At first they didn't have much to say--just sort of looking on as we surveyed the situation. They seemed to be physically unharmed.

Susan was wiping up something (later we discovered it was rootbeer) in the dining room adjoining the kitchen as we came in. Then it all came out: About an hour after we left for the movie, David and Lee decided to make some rootbeer. Spotting our giant aluminum pressure cooker, they instantly realized they had found the "perfect" container. Just a little rootbeer syrup, some water, sugar, and then add the fizzle by sticking in a big chunk of dry ice. Ah, yes! Dry ice, as it evaporates, not only cools the rootbeer, but it adds the fizzle by leaving carbon dioxide gas in the mixture. But then sprang up the brilliance of youth. Why not put the lid on the pressure cooker, tighten it up, and let that marvelous dry ice really carbonize that rootbeer.

With the thought translated into action, all that was now necessary was to wait and let the entire "brew" season to perfection. And indeed it started seasoning. After ten minutes or so, the two boys noticed with amusement the fine stream of gas coming out of the pressure gauge valve and then with increasing alarm as the intensity of the gas built up more and more.

At the critical instant--the moment of "countdown zero"--Lee had one finger fixed over the by then very high pressure stream of gas coming out of the cooker. David, who had been standing over the cooker just one-half second earlier, had turned and had proceeded about one and a half steps away. The gas pressure was so intense that the upward pressure from the pin-hole-sized escape valve was enough to lift not only Lee's finger, but his whole hand, upwards. With his finger still some six or eight inches above the lid of the cooker, Lee had turned his face and half his body to the rear to get a utensil when the explosion occurred. At the same instant the lid ripped off and shot upwards like a missile, striking first the cupboard and then ricocheting off and upwards into the lighting and ceiling. The rest of the cooker shot downwards, breaking the counter-top in two and V-shaping the top of our dishwasher. Rootbeer shot over three rooms. When it was over the cooker was bone dry--not one drop of rootbeer was left. Instead, it was dripping from the ceiling and running down the walls.

We got a new kitchen.

THE CHASE

--by Wilda Allen

It was one of those beautiful summer days, one that makes a person want to work a little in the yard. But it was even more delightful just to

bask in the lovely sunshine. Everything was calm and peaceful, and we had no thought of becoming part of a hilarious experience. Then Leonard came in to announce that Boyd's pigs were out of their pen and were determined to get out into the street.

Boyd and Barbara Walker, who live next door, had gone on a short vacation, and Leonard was caring for their animals while they were away. Among the animals were two little pigs, about six months old, who were now out of their pen. Leonard had turned them back from the street several times, but he could not get them to go back into their pen. He wanted to know if I could come and help him.

We tried and tried, but those pigs would not go into their pen. We could get them up to the door, and then they would run around us and head for the street. I became convinced those pigs wanted to see the world and were out to seek their fortunes.

We chased until we were hot and tired. Neither of us had much speed, with Leonard almost seventy and me six months behind. We finally gave up and went home to rest. We called to see if Reed Walker would be coming home for dinner. Mable said no, but that she would come and help. Within a few minutes Mable and Marge Walker came and we all headed for the corral.

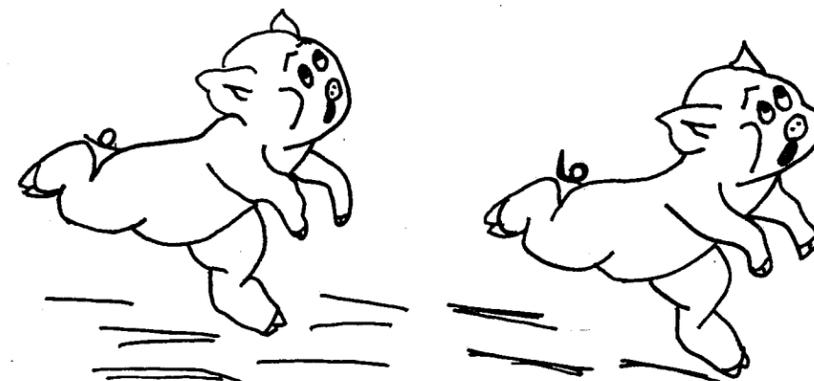
The irrigation water had run on the pasture all night, and the corral was surrounded by water, about ankle deep. Those pigs would run in and out under the corral fence, through the barn and horse stalls and then out into the pasture.

While we were chasing the pigs, Velma Walker and Carma Fryer came along the street. They had been visiting teaching and were all dressed up. They stopped and asked what we were doing.

"We are trying to get these pigs back into their pen," Marge shouted. "Do you want to help?"

"Sure, we will help you," they answered.

We could surround the pigs and drive them right to the pen, but they would slip between us and run back to the pasture. Marge was running



close behind them when she slipped and went down in a big puddle of soft mud and water. While trying to get up, she became plastered with mud from one end to the other. Regardless of the fact that it

ruined her lovely yellow slacks, we laughed until the tears came.

That ended the chase. Velma said she would go home and get Mack. When Mack came, he caught each pig by the hind leg and threw them both into the pen.

THE GYPSIES

--from information submitted by
Jewel Hutchison

When Jewel Hutchison was a young girl, her parents, Raphael and Cosby Rogers, lived in the home on the southwest corner of 200 North and Main Street. Jewel remembers when the gypsies used to come to Lindon. They camped in the grove of trees in back of the old church. The grove is still there and is owned by John and Elma Fugal. [Editor's note: Others remember the gypsies camping on the east side of the State highway at the bottom of Lindon hill.]

Though very young at the time, Jewel still remembers the gypsy women wearing a long scarf tied around their head and hanging down on one side. They also wore long skirts. Jewel was impressed by this as a young child, because she had never seen her own mother wear a long skirt such as they wore.

The gypsies tried to tell the fortunes of the folks in the community. It was said that you had better keep one hand on your wallet while they told your fortune with the other hand. The gypsies were quite skilled at separating an individual from anything he might have had that was of value--if given half a chance.

Most of the young people were frightened of the gypsies. Jewel noted, "If Dad came in the house and told Mother, 'Be certain to keep the children in the house today,' we knew the gypsies were in town."

Cosby Rogers also remembered groups of missionaries from other churches camping in the grove of trees. The community was predominantly Mormons who were quite devout in their faith, so the missionaries would eventually move on.