

Note from Sandra (Woody's daughter): There are a few different records of Woody's life. I have chosen to include them all in his "memories section" because some of them have more details of certain events than others.

Life Story of Woodrow Wilson Longhurst

Handwritten by Woody

Upon the suggestion of a man I worked for soon after coming to Idaho (Pocatello), that I should get acquainted with "the Quinn girls", I eventually did. This man was Calvin G. McComber. He had invited me to work for them in operating the milk plant at their dairy and live in with them, on the corner of 1st & 2nd - Cedar Street. His plant operator had recently quit. Well I had no other commitment after finishing in the beet harvest out in Tyhee area north of Pocatello so I accepted. It took some adjustment to change locations. I had gotten accustomed out in the Tyhee ward and was quite comfortable being the "new kid in town" and living with the Marion Clark family out there. &

At the time Bro. McComber was the Stake Patriarch, the "Quinn girls" he mentioned, were daughters of Bishop Quinn. To his disappointment more of his family of boys had taken to that family of girls, most of whom were now married. I think the reluctance of his sons was ~~that the girls were~~ ^{that the girls were} and had been the bishop for some 20 yrs. ~~and~~ at my getting acquainted there, I too felt a bit reluctant. To make the story short, my acquaintance

with the youngest Pinn daughter, Rachel, grew for over a year, at which time we became serious and decided that we would marry. ~~and~~ did so Feb. 23, 1940. A day or so before that date Rachel, her mother and I went to Midvale ^{Utah} and stayed with my sister ^{Della} & family, the Mineers. I had purchased a 1930 chev. coupe, which we snugly traveled in.

As we had planned, we went the next morning ~~to~~ the S.L. county court house to get our marriage licence, Rachel being 19 yrs ~~of age~~ old was of age to get a licence but I being only 20 was not of age without the consent of a parent ^{or guardian}. The county clerk denied us the licence. He was the president of that state and knew Della, but even tho she claimed to be my legal guardian it was still denied. The clerk said "I can not give you a licence nor can I tell you what to do; I will however tell what I would do," "I would go to another county, and by the time ~~you~~ I got there I would be 21 yrs old". We drove to Davis county and sure enough I became of age by the time we got there.

I have not located any personal history ³
of Rachel, so I am writing of our acquaintance
which ~~is~~ may be at least the story of our
life together.

~~Before~~ ^{After} our marriage in the S.T. Temple
we acquired a used trailer house, fixed
it up to what we thought was real nice
and comfortable, parked in the back lot
~~by the~~ behind McOmber home.

Rachel at the time was working at Kraft
Cheese Co., I had done so since graduating from
Pohay High in 1939. (Honey Moon?) I borrowed
\$20 to make the trip to Salt Lake to get
married. We took a trip to Hawaii after our 10th
child was born.

We were together through all of our activity
so will make ~~the~~ this writing inclusive
even tho it is meant to portray her life history.

I went to work for another dairy in town within
the next year as was offered "higher wage".

World war II was becoming a concern for
people my age, so with the opportunity to go
to California & be trained to work in the aircraft
factories, we moved to L.A. After the training

involved, ~~and~~ worked for Douglas ~~and~~ aircraft ⁴
then subsequently Lockheed Aircraft ^{Santa Monica}
while at Lockheed, a friend of mine joined ^{Barbark Calif.}
the aviation Cadet Corps. I took a real interest
in flying; he told me what I would have to do
to join the Cadet Corps. Realizing what I would have
to do to qualify (minimum of 2 yrs. college) seemed
the impossible since I had not finished one
year of high school. With my desire to fly, ~~and~~ ^{and}
my determination, ^{along with} ~~and~~ the encouragement of that friend,
I made resolve to do so,

The air force academy ^{by which I felt I could} had formulated the
curriculum ~~to~~ qualify for the Cadet Corps. I
enrolled in that program, went to North Hollywood High
at nights for several years, ~~then~~ After that
phase went on night shift at Lockheed and
attended Los Angeles City college ~~for~~ to qualify
for the two years minimum.

After being accepted in the Cadet Corps,
I was sent to Miami Beach for basic
training. Warren was born before I joined
the service. Rachel & Warren joined me
in the next phase of training and we moved
from one phase to another every few weeks for
the next couple of years.

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Were I to feature my activity only, I could skip the period of our life ~~about~~ by saying I was commissioned after completing training, and go on with the story, but the experiences were as significant in Rachel's life as they were ~~more~~ important and necessary ^{for me} to become a pilot and officer in the air force.

Even though I had supposed that 2 yrs of college qualification would put me at the controls of an airplane, to my surprise after basic training, was ~~present~~ with my established class of (450) to a college training school in (Duck West South Carolina) for a four month college refresher course, &

Even tho Rachel arrived at Duck West the same day I did, ~~I was assigned to the~~ ^{we were, for health reasons} ~~quarantined to~~ ^{quarantined to} the dorm at the college for 10 days. Rachel had to find a place to live in that congested little town by herself. A grave experience for her.

The Cadets, lower class and upper class, lived in the ^{college} dorms, that in peace time had been a thriving girls college (Erskin College) Well with our arrival and the departure of the ^{upper} ~~departing~~ class, the impact in that little community was overwhelming to the town people, ~~and~~ the new group of Cadet wives trying to find housing.

As close as the cadets were in thier, flight of about 24 it was interesting to see how quick the wives grouped to gether and made friends.

About half of ~~the~~ ^{the} cadets were married and

about a third of ~~them~~^{those} had one child.

I believe Rachel learned as much in that association as I did in flight school. It was a lot of fun when we were released on weekends. The wives usually had some fun activities planned.

In the ^{cadet} corps, officers were chosen for supervising the cadets, except ~~for~~ for the commanding officer at over each training station. There was a sergeant and a lieutenant over each flight and a captain over each two flights, & "review" ^(class) of our command ability was done at the command headquarters. Of course we had had military drills at basic training and did drill each morning before going to class. Well to my surprise I was chosen as squadron commander, captain in rank, which I retained through the remainder of our training.

Our next stop and that meant our wives would also move, was officers training school at Maxwell Field - Montgomery Alabama. There were a lot more cadets there from other phases of training. Each move required 10 days quarantine, so it would be some times two week ends before we would see our wives. Our training there was very rigid, military training with ~~related~~ aircraft related subjects, 4 hrs. night school. As I remember that phase lasted about 2 months.

Rachel and Warren + I, planned a lot of activities for the week ends there. On the base which

was several square miles in size, we found
wild black berries, some of the wives with
Rachel picked berries, made jam, pies, ect.

Our next training, atlast, was primary
flight training, at a civilian flight school, ^{Greenville} ~~Greenville~~ ^{Miss} ~~Miss~~

There we were treated like officers. The owner
of the air field was also owner of a large dairy.
We were served ice cream at least once a day
and on Sundays all the fried chicken we
could eat. ^{Take some home to wife} The wives had by this time be-
come proficient in getting together to make
each ~~one~~ move

We were all from the north west. Bits for every
meal was something we had to learn to like eat
Throught the south there was always some
place to fish. We had fish quite often

Subsequently we went to Basic training. Different +
airplane, ^{always} more "ground school" in Greenwood Miss. ^{faster}

Then to Advance flight school. It was there in some
acrobatics manuever I broke an ear drum. Rachel
had come home to her fathers funeral. I was
taken out of flight training and sent back
to Maxwell field to the hospital. I was told I
would probably not fly again. A flight surgeon
came to from Washington D.C. to asses ~~the~~ my
condition. He said it didnt look good but they
were going to try a new medicine in my
ear. It was reported to induce tissue growth
and ward off infection. After about 6 weeks
at the hospital (working in the hobby shop)

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the flight surgeon came again from D.C.,
to examine my ear. He called in the best
doctors to look at it; ^{with him} then told me it had
healed up, and he would cut orders for me
to return to flight training. I asked him
about the (miracle) medicine. He told me
"It is called Penicillin". The orders came in
several days sending me to ~~the~~ Turner field
Albany Georgia, the time lost put me back
two classes and had to take advance flight
training over. By then my original class
had graduated, got their wings and commission
as 2nd Lt. ~~What~~ I supposed I would never see them
again. Well after arriving at Turner field and
joining a class to start flying, the ~~next~~ ~~next~~
morning, I felt completely lost. The new
class mates were not much better off.

Anyway as we marched out to the flight
line I did not see any of the twin engine
planes I had almost completed advance training
~~in~~ in. What I saw was a line of sleek
military B25's. I could hardly believe my
eyes. What I had supposed as a disaster now
appeared as a real blessing. Within an hour
I was taking off in one of those "beacon planes".

yes I had to go through advance again, but what a thrill to fly a B25.

My new flight group were some swell guys, their wives were also very congenial friends for Rachel. I had gone home on leave and drove back with ~~Bill~~ ^{Rachel} + Waver in our new 1940 Plymouth. To me it was all an answer to prayer. It seemed almost like I had gone to heaven.

We enjoyed every minute even after graduating, ~~and~~ we went ~~up~~ ^{madison} up to Wisconsin where my other class had been sent, then to N. Carolina to visit a friend from my time in the aircraft factory.

My next move was assignment in the troop carrier command ~~at~~ ^{in C-46} Pope Field - Fort Bragg N.C. flying paratroopers for their training. They were the 82nd and 101st airborne units who have seen combat in almost every conflict. Train them we did then on the bulletin board one day was posted a request for three pilots to train a squadron of Mexican pilots into C-47's. They had been flying ~~in~~ ^{fighters} in the ~~Europe~~ Pacific theater. I applied for the duty and since I was the only bilingual to apply I was chosen with two other more senior officers for the duty. At that point of affairs Rachel returned to ~~Pacatillo~~ Pacatillo.

After completing that duty about 6 weeks in Mexico city ~~for~~ we were awarded honorary wings from the Mexican air force.

Returning to Pocatello almost broke, without a job,
nor a home to go to, we were invited to live in
with Rachel's mother. Others of the family had also
come back from the service. At the Quinn home there
was also Wablon and Gaylord. The arrangement was that
Rachel would help cook, Wablon would milk the cow and
I would furnish feed for the cow. Gaylord was soon
to get married, Burton + Emma had built a little cement
block house next to the Quinn home.

and signed over our ~~three~~ ^{planes} to
that assignment completed, ^{mexican government} we were picked
up by one of our squadron pilots to return to
the states, ~~after~~ ^{on} the way back, realizing the
war was mostly over and that my ^{next} duty
~~we~~ could ^{like} be in the army of occupation overseas,
I had a strong feeling I should get out of the
service, come back, build a home and raise a family.
The flying career I had worked so hard for, ~~and~~
did not at that moment seem what I was to do, ^{and had prayed for success} even
though it was highly possible to fly for the airlines
and ~~was~~ ^{was} asked to fly for Shell Oil Co. in the
Latin Americas, the inspiration only grew stronger.
Expecting our second child I took the option given and
left the air force. What had seemed, and was, a dream
come true after working so long and hard to achieve,
now seemed like the dream was over. I had to admit
I was leaving a part of me in the air force.

(A) While staying at Dallas ^{for a year} before going to Fort
Lawir Washington for reoperation, I used Laurence's
bench saw and pre-fabbed cabinets for
our intended basement home. After spring
came (Edon ^{having} ~~being~~ ^{born} the day before
Christmas) We had the basement dug and
started to build the home where in we
would raise a family.

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The Quinn family had already begun acquiring parcels of the farm. Wallace the oldest boy had built a home on the southwest corner ^{acres}, Clara one of the older daughters & husband Clayton ~~to~~ Hale had built a nice home on the next ^{acres} north then next to the Quinn home Emma & Burton. Then it was more or less a rush to build on the north side of the farm along Quinn Road ^{at} (then called Infirmary Road) the north side of the farm. I had already asked for the north east corner of the farm $3\frac{1}{2}$ acres. ~~Other~~ Other family & friends took up the rest of the land ~~from~~ ^{to my land} the Quinn home east, there was a friend Meldon Aborn, Evan Hale, Wallon Quinn, Emma & Burton, Archie Stoddard, Gerald Hale & in-laws. Now there are second owners along the strip. ~~Rachel did~~ Rachel did not like the name of the ~~one~~ ^{country} road which was named Infirmary road because of the old folks home next to the rail road tracks to the east, she got up a petition ~~and~~ and successfully had the name changed to Quinn Road.

This was, for a long time, out in the country ^{but eventually} Benrock County, incorporated into the city of Pocatello

in the ~~1950s~~^{1950s + 60s} Our kids used to play out on the dirt
road. Now it is even dangerous to try to walk across it
for the traffic. The farms around us were my happy
pheasant hunting grounds. Now it has been ten years
or more since I have even seen a pheasant around.

one satisfaction of my airforce experience
was great for both Rachel and I, but seemed
only a prelude to the feeling of building a
home & raising a family. 12

I have experienced many things in this
life; the dark clouds of sorrow, disappointment,
loneliness, and grief I have recognized, each however
have ultimately been laced with a silver lining.
I have been inspired in many things in my life.
Never have I felt not to follow ~~that~~ inspiration
and never have I been disappointed in doing so.
~~to mention~~ like the feeling when I left the airforce that "the dream
was over," ~~that~~ the dream had just begun. The joy in my
posterity of some 100 individuals is ~~my~~ reward ~~unimagined~~
at that time. But for my obedience to the inspiration
~~it will not only give~~ "joy of my posterity" in this life ~~but~~
~~will be~~ and even greater in the life to come, I look forward to.
Now to all of you, like the song goes "always look
for the silver lining and try to find the sunny
side of life".
When all said and done I believe the greatest
inspirations of my life ~~was~~ ^{and there have been many} #2 to invite April into
our family. What a joy to each and every one of us ~~it~~
she is.

#1 was to "get acquainted with the Quinn girls"
^{obs. C}
Rachel) And #2 - -
As a personal note, I have said I have been
privileged the two sweetest ladies of this world.

I recall grandpa sitting most
all day making up the kids
for the kids.

lived on a nice big grassy area with
big cottonwood trees along the river bank.
There were competitive games and races for all ages. The
men were big on horse shoe pitching. Several

big ropes were tied in the tall trees to swing
on. Some comic performances and stunts were
presented from a hay rack. Pony rides for the kids, art
and crafts demonstrations such as grass weaving
and green willow weaving. ^{willow} Furniture building
a tall pole was set up, every primary kid took a long
strip of crepe paper (all colors) each was attached to the top
of the pole. Then with the kids in two big circles holding their
long strand of crepe paper. They played some appropriate
music and with one circle going either way and each
kid going over then under the may pole was braded
to be what we kids thought was a beautiful ^{braded} ~~unimpaired~~
The food was always special. Potato salad, lots of eggs
~~because~~ ^{because} ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~always~~ ^{always} ~~incorporated~~ ^{incorporated} an easter egg hunt ^{also}
But the main thing was a big iron pot of Mulligan
Stew. He wanted to make a big stew like that some day.

Grandpa maintained about 50 hives of
bees. Recapturing swarms of bees that had flown away
with a new queen, was almost a daily event in the
mid summer. The bees ~~hives~~ were lined along each
side of a long grape arbor. At the far end of the grape
arbor was the ~~of~~ old proverbial brick two place
out house. The bees were always a challenge
to anyone venturing down that "nature path". If
the bees got agitated people ^{often found themselves} on the inside
looking out.

Grandpa spent a lot of time with the
bees. He made the hives with all the ~~parts~~ ^{inserts} ~~set~~
that go with. Extracting time required everyone's
help. I can remember turning the extractor. Chewing
a bright new piece of honey comb was a real treat.

Most of the homes in Dublin were red brick.
The people had occasionally built a brick h. in and

Thru community effort had supplied brick for even more elaborate two story homes, the church house, and business establishments. Mexican houses, ~~poor~~ and enclosures around various business lots + corrals were built of adobe.

Grandma Moffett was depended upon as doctor to not only the colonists but to the Mexican people. Hospital care was a days travel away in El Paso Tex., ^{via} ~~(only)~~ ^{the once a week train} and for the poor Mexicans impossible. I can recall grandpa hammering ^{her} hitching her buggy as ^{Grandma} ~~she~~ gathered her personal needs ^{and} ~~in~~ pack her satchel, ~~and~~ ^{made} her gone for days all alone. She might often ~~was summoned~~ in the middle of the night following some poor Mexican on a burrow, riding off into the hills or prairie in darkness we don't even ~~then~~ imagine in our day. Pain medicine, the hypodermic needle, ^{and} ~~the~~ antibiotic ~~treatment~~ ^{had} ~~had~~ ^{had} got to be discovered in ~~the~~ ^{the} day.

I went with grandma on some day calls and can remember hearing peoples cries & screams ~~for~~ as they were attended to. That must have been ~~even~~ tough on a doctor to have ^{to} work under those conditions. In this day's world, I would not even know how to describe grandmas qualifications but I remember her delivering babies, cleaning up wounds & dressing them, pulling abscessed teeth ^{setting} broken bones, treating small pox

pluracy, pneumonia, tetanus, gang green, and
for all hundreds of ailments I was not aware
of. Tape worms were common, ^{them} the ^(with medicine) one yard long
taken from people.

There was no drug store, Grandmas
supply of medicine filled shelves in her back
room "office"

~~My first trip to the doctor~~ I gained an early dis-
like for being doctored. Probably the first memory I
have was ~~being~~ between the age of 1 & 2 years when I
was tied to an ironing board and circumcized
with a pair of scissors.

It seemed the accepted way to keep ^{a child} from
being sick was to administer castor oil
periodically. I remember them having to hold my
feet, hands & head, force my mouth open & hold my
nose ~~and I wouldn't taste it~~, then get spanked for
gargling it to avoid swallowing. It ^{seemed} cruel and
injust to be forced to take something to keep
me well, when I would much rather die on
the spot ~~then~~.

By the time I was about 6 all of the Moffett
clan had moved to the U.S. except the Poans. Aunt Millie
mothers sister lived a block & half away. They had
children the age of Della & Bessie as well
as my age. Millie was a second wife.
The first wife's family were all grown.

I was baptized on my 8th birthday in the pond of the
 flowing water west of Dublin by my father at the invitation
 of my mother. It was cold.

with their lots of cousins and
 aunt Nellie was a jewel. She did
 a lot to help out in mother's absence
 and illness. I spent a lot of time
 over to Aunt Nellie. We often got
 together for picnics, water melon bust.
 ect. Home evening was a once
 a month affair. We had to create our
 own entertainment and use our own talents
 which I believe to be basic in the lives
 of growing children even in our world to-day.
 We always had Sunday school early in the
 morning and sacrament meeting late in
 the afternoon. There was, is and may always
 be only one word in Dublin. Most of the young
 people do not stay after going out to college
 and/or marrying some one from the
 States. Social life is very limited
 and confined. In short it is,
 even with good transportation and
 communication today, quite an isolated
 life; unique even to-day.

probably
 to get me
 out of
 Grandpa's
 hair

Exactly why I was sent to live with uncle Joe
 for the summer of 1928 I did not & do not know
 but I was excited to go up in the
 mountains to Garcia (the most remote
 and smallest of the colonies). Joe was

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army, he was doing some work at the mill
by saw mill for the summer. To me
he was a he-man because he would
jump out of bed early, run down to the
mountain creek & take a quick dip diving
in ~~the~~ the only place even waist
deep. He could flip flap jacks with
a flying pair, (& that's what we had
every morning). Learning to do that
myself resulted in a floor scrubbing
job. Joe lived in a little two room
shack he built from wine edge &
slabs from the saw mill. My bunk
was built up above his. My main
task for the summer was carrying water
up out of the creek to water the small
garden. As the creek began to dry
up to only a few of the deeper
holes, I noticed trout in them.
With an old hat box bottomed with
a piece of coffee bean sack I caught enough fish
to supply us each day for several weeks.
Frying fish right out of the creek is a
legacy I still enjoy with friends and family.

My return to Dublin in the late
summer was on a wagon load of lumber.
As I took my grip and started ^{the} ~~my~~ walk from

trauma that was to unfold. Had Magellan
discovered suddenly on the morning horizon
that the earth was indeed flat, and that there
was no return, we would have seen our worlds
in parallel perspective.

As I entered the ~~gate~~ front gate, the first thing
I noticed was that immaculate hedge I had
for several years turned all summer ^{and} had been
let grow to twice its height & width. The weeds
had been growing out of control. The bee hives
were gone, the farm machinery was gone, the live-
stock and chickens were gone. It seemed like there
were not even any people around. Could this be
the end of the world? After going in the house
and finding most everything moved out, and
not a soul around, it seemed indeed I had come
to the end. Gathering my senses as best I could,
I ran limped over to Aunt Nellie's to try to find
out what kind of a calamity had caused
the end of my world. With the front door
open except for the screen, I could see people
inside, so I ran right on in. Where did they go I
blurted out as I dashed inside. No sooner had
my words parted my lips when I realized
I was surrounded by strangers, Mexican
no less. That in itself was frightening
but where was I? This was not Aunt
N 10. 110 L. 2 A. 1

whether day or night, what I did after that or where
that night would come to an end, where or
when or how I found the folks, I do not know. I have
wandered if for the next while I went out
of my mind or that I just don't remember.
The next recollection is of leaving with mother,
Grandpa, grandma and a man Grandpa had
engaged to move us in an old Model T
Ford out to Mesa Arizona. This was the last
trip. They had been busy all summer dispensing
and moving Aunt Nellie's family, with much
less to dispose of, had moved to Tucson early
in the summer.

Indeed it was the end of my
world. Notwithstanding the emotional
differences of my family life, I had
been happy, been secure, had friends
and relatives my own age and in
deed had ^{my} world of my own.

As the ship of life went over the edge into
the unknown, I found myself in its
wreckage in a hot ^{dry} desolate world
in which insecurity replaced security
poverty replaced plenty, nightmares
replaced dreams. How could this happen?
How did this happen?

Grandpa had raised his own two families

Although the great depression was yet around the corner, and things were to get very bad for almost every one, hard times had already settled very squarely for us. The agreement ~~of~~ ~~said that~~ grandpa had made for the sale of his home & farm was not honored and so far as I know, even to his death, never received payment. His hopes were dashed and we all lived in deep poverty.

Although the great depression was yet around the corner, and things were to get very bad for almost every one, hard times had already settled very squarely for us. The agreement of ~~sale~~ that grandpa had made for the sale of his home & farm was not honored and so far as I know, even to his death, never received payment. His hopes were dashed and we all lived in deep poverty.

of water, milk & even of condensed milk present in it. Lard was made from cheap feed grain from the mill, a meal might have some cooked vegetables gathered from culled produce from the packing shed. Fruit picked off the ground or gleaned after harvest was all utilized as we knew how to take care of it, drying, bottling etc.

Grandpa took a part time job as caretaker of ^{the} Stapley estate. He cared for the vineyard & orchard. Della lived in with some people as house keeper; Bessie did some baby sitting, grandma and mother did some bedside sitting for sick people. I hired Johnson grass with grandpa found & picked up fallen fruit, brought culled cantaloupe, watermelons & vegetables from the packing shed. Depression? We didn't know when it started. I always thought we brought it with us.

I have described "the best meal I ever ate" before, verbally but will have to put it in writing ~~as~~ and with the foregoing introduction I might ^{be} realized that even a good meal is relative

It is easy now to realize that

they looked like someone had carefully
saved them for me, three kinds crisp patties
With some thought I might have
considered taking them home, but no I would
not change some one denying
me them because they came out
of the garbage. I was sure they
were clean, I was sure they were
good, I had smelled them cooking
many times, and it ^{was} my turn on earth, well
quickly I bunched them in the paper + was on my
way. I never remember asking the Lord for one
of those good smelling hamburgers nor did
I say the blessing as I ate those three patties
but deep in my heart, I felt they were meant
for me; and never was I more thankful
for a meal. "The best meal I ever ate".

Some and circumstances seemed to confirm my feelings that my world had ended, I was farmed out my first summer with an old bachelor that raised melons. Oh gee! I never ate better melon. My cot was on the porch overlooking the melon patch. Early in the morning I could occasionally hear a melon pop, Have you ever eaten the head out of a melon that popped on its own early in the cool morning air! Believe me they are good

these things were very good but
what she never ate I cannot remember.

My horizon began to grow after my first
year in Mesa, Bessie bought a bicycle, a girl's bike
I think I learned to ride it before she died and it
gave me a whole new outlook. I rode it every
chance I got, even as far as the Gilbert & Chandler
canals where I discovered where & how to
catch some fish for mother. I remember
discovering a good number of black bass
at a pumping station near home. They
were down deep in some big head gate
systems. There was a house right there and
some way in (Horace Done and I, they had ~~been~~
moved there from Tucson) had learned that there
was no fishing allowed. We enjoyed how-
ever, ~~cooling~~ ^{dangling} our feet in the cool water.
It was then that with a little fishing
experience and having been pretty
well hooked on fishing anyway, that
the inspiration came. We could sit
on the side as we were, run a line
down our pant leg, use a foot ~~to~~ as
a fishing pole and if catch a fish
pull him up the pant leg. ~~It was~~
super! fix some lines, catch some grass-
hoppers, dream all night and be

These feet were used for grasshoppers
and were bigger fish than they appeared to
be down deep in the water, and say ~~if~~ ^{if} you
want a thrill, pull a big black bass out
of the water right up your pant leg and
keep him between your legs nonchalantly
till he quite wiggling and you can walk
away without notice. Day after day we played
in the hot sand near the ~~water~~ pump station
then sat and "cooled our feet" in the water,
Mother thought I was the best little fisherman
in the world and I knew she was right.

The pranks and ideas of a nine year old
boy are many, like taking a baby water
snake to school putting him in my desk and
letting him come stick his head up out of the
ink well, flashing his little red forked
tongue, or putting a horned toad in
the teachers purse. It seemed we were
always busy, climbing a tall date palm to
fill pockets with dates, gathering umbrella
tree berries to throw at the girls, and not
so funny nor smart was the day
Horace & I played hockey & went swimming
all day. It was cool so we would
swim then lay out in the sun to
get warm & dry, We both got fried

I got it. Was ... a ... not died

from sunbath.

Happiness was ours when a circus came to town. The first thing two curious boys heard from some big mean looking man was "hey kids do you want to come to the circus?" "Yes! we'll get over here + lead these animals to water. They were unloading the works from a long string of special train cars. Not the elephants but giraffes, zebras, ponies ostriches did we water in the near by canal. It was great we were going to get to go to the circus, and yes they gave us the free tickets but not till another + another + another task was finished. We worked our little fingers off all day long. Well we had forgotten that our folks didn't even know where we were + when we went home all dirty and tired, we learned that our efforts had been in vain because we could not go to the circus because we had been gone all day without permission.

I had been known to slip away as I said earlier. After going to bed I could hear, ~~about~~ about two blocks away, the bands the whistles and the roar of the crowd. It was too much. Out of bed, over to Horace then up to the circus we went. We got in some how ~~and started~~ started getting with cars +

... heard or
dreamed of, it seemed like a different world
Before the show was over tho we saw something
coming towards us that changed our outlook
and scared us more than ~~if~~ we realized
we could be. What was it? You guessed it
again - Grandpa! That scared me so bad
I don't even remember the punishment
I was fanned out very shortly with some
people Haymore's, out ^{at Haymore's} in Gilbert.

My summer ~~there~~ on the farm was
a lot of work but fun. I started out by getting
sick eating too many apicots. Hacking Chopping
cotton a term used for thinning it with a
hoe, was our first job. (They had kids my
age & older) I did a good job, was fast and
liked the job even tho the rows were half
mile long and the fields were mighty
^{wide} ~~big~~, ~~when they came~~ as soon as the cotton
was all thinned the hay was ready to
put up. The hay was hauled from the fields
and stacked with the use of a derick. I became
the derick horse rider. That meant pull the
big derick fork of hay off the wagon and
as it went up over the stack and the
fork tripped (dumped) back the horse at
just the right time to swing the fork

My horse was getting it so that ~~like~~ it swung back to re-load again & again from each wagonload of hay. I got good at that job but it was not much fun. It was hot, lots of dust, hay leaves and worst of all sweat from the horse. Being goulded from riding a sweaty horse is ^{terrible} ~~not for~~. The skin between your legs chaffs raw and looks like you have been burned. In order to walk after getting into that condition I was shown (& it works) to cut a smooth joint of a corn stalk & put between the ~~legs~~ ^{feet} to keep them from rubbing together. Walking with a corn stalk between your legs is no fun, but walking without was almost impossible.

I learned to swim that summer. After the
days work we most always took a swim
in the canal.

After the following year in school 4th grade, a more permanent place had been arranged for me to live, I left on a load of watermelons going east to New Mexico, I was to live with some people by the name of Jones, I was the second family of which my mother's sister ^{Sister} was first wife of the polygamist family. The only blood cousin left there was

the others and, their dead having
passed away Quin was running
the farm.

especially when what I would have
liked to have heard might ~~of~~ have been.
"Pedro this is my son, he has every right
and privilege the the others do" Come
sit down ^{below} and we will eat cantalope together.
As I stood there frightened and in tears
I was asked exactly what I did, then
given a calm fatherly lecture about
honesty and sent home. Only I knew
the hurt of that day. More than the
guilt complex it gave, which prevented
me from ever telling anyone, was
the feeling that dashed my hopes of
being equal and a part of the family.
Years have passed, we have generated good
feeling with all ^{we} had dad live with us
several summers ^{before passing} have invited all who have
had need or desire to come out of Mex.
to stay with us. Particularly Ashton's
family has been close to us. ~~and~~
~~Time~~ Time does heal a lot of wounds
and I have forgiven long ago. No
words are more applicable, I'm sure,
since they never knew my feelings,
than ^{or} ~~are~~ ^{those} spoken from the cross
"Lord forgive them for they know not
what they do"

I have related this story not

but only to show some of the events
in my life that have ~~assisted~~ ^{helped} direct my
course ~~to~~ where I am today; happy and with
a family to be proud of, and thankful for.

In mother's illness very few foods
could she tolerate, she traveled to a clinic in
~~in~~ Davenport Iowa to study or have studies
made of ^{her} case (This was arranged for by
grandmother as that was where ~~she~~ ^{grandmother}
received her training and degree as
a doctor) It was learned ~~she~~ ^{mother} could
eat fish, a good source of nutrition.
After a ^{subsequent} stay in New Orleans with
her sister Zella where she had a
good supply source of sea food, she
returned home, I remember her bringing
some fireworks back with her.

My first experience with such a thing

My grandfather and ~~uncles~~ ^{uncles} that lived
in Dublin made preparation to be
fishermen to supply Mother with
food she could eat. They made
an old tin boat and tied up
several long trot lines with
~~hundreds~~ ^{hundreds} of hooks. The plan was
to run them out in the lake and
check them every day or so. I remember
them running hot tar on the boat to

other puparation to catch the blue
carp that were plentiful both in the
river and the lake, but success seemed
to elude their efforts. Other attempts
were successful and I recall the
excitement it was for me to
be a part of it.

During ~~the~~ early & mid summer
the water was mostly all
diverted from the Casas Grandes
river for irrigation. The river
bed however was below the
~~the~~ water table ~~the~~ and even tho
there was no running water, the
deeper holes had fresh clean
water. Of course the fish were
concentrated into these places.
My uncles so far as I know were the first
to seín fish from the river. They took
a long strand of wide chicken wire
+ with one person on each end would ~~drag~~
pull the seín thru the water from one
side of the river to the other raising
it up as fast as possible and did
scrap up a lot of fish. There
were small mouth bass mostly
caught in that endeavor. We
took wash tubs down to the

and kept the fish alive. Many of the fish were too small to eat, but by arrangement with the people around who had large or open wells the fish were stocked every where. What the fish ate in those wells I do not know, ^{there} must have been some plant food, but they did grow fast and supplied mother with fresh fish.

The other successful fishing venture came ~~when~~ in the late summer ^{when} the rains came; the river flowed to the level at which it was allowable to divert water to the lakes.

(P One of the first community projects in Dublin was building of the "levy" to contain and store irrigation water. The canal from the river at the upper end of the valley and the levy were built with teams & scrapers. The project took several years to complete.) As the fresh water began to enter the lake, dropping over a fall of about 20 ft into the upper channel of the lake, the big blue carp in the lake sensing the fresh water ~~and would~~ came up the channel below the water fall. With ~~fish~~

and pitch forks the harvest was enormous. The blue carp is a delicacy in some parts of the world. They are a good food, and in that circumstance were a god-send. My folks all worked together and with pressure cookers, bottled huge amounts of fish. I remember doing that two ~~two~~ different years before leaving Mexico at age 8. I was one of the shills ^{on a rope} of my life to be lowered into the channel where the spray and roar of the water fall seemed like another world, then swung out and dropped on a sand bar where big fish were flapping & jumping all around me. I learned the skill fast. The only way I could handle a 30 lb fish was to pin him to the sand with the fork until he gave up or someone else took him out for me. After the fun was over I can remember tubs & tubs full of fish to clean & scale. After they ~~but then~~ ^{were} bottled I recall my favorite part to eat (and it seemed a real novelty that bones were soft & edible) were the big joints of back bone.

Another fun occasion and it seems every one in Dublin was out there was when the lower boat

J. H. [unclear]

After the levy was repaired +
the wasted water ^{had} run out
over the flat, ~~the~~ fish
were every where, and people
chased them down in the shallow
water.

Because of the difference in lifestyle
diet and agricultural skill, what farming the
mexican people did was primitive and confined to
corn, chile, ~~the~~ beans and sorghum cane except
for small family gardens.

An old German family ^{had} come over
from the old country + set up a sorghum mill
in Dublin and had persuaded the agrarian
movement, sponsored for the mexican
farmers by the government, to introduce the
production of sorghum cane. The movement
was successful and ~~at~~ each fall
as the wagon loads of cane
came in from the mexican farms
to be processed into molasses, the kids
would tag along and ask for a stalk
of cane. Chewing cane ~~is~~, was for
us, ~~that~~ a real treat. Some drivers
were nice guys, others carried a long
whip that could reach to the back
of the wagon and ^{was} very effective in protecting
the load of cane.

The people in the colonies have always been dependable and faithful in church activities, I did not know of more than one or two that were not active. Even to this day I am told church activity is well in the 90% range. In Dublin there was a non ~~active~~ ^{practicing} member or two and ~~an~~ polygamist family that had been excommunicated (The children were allowed to participate but the parents were not). There was a Mexican branch, they used the old Kithing building to meet in, and after a new church & school house was built they were given the old one.

Our school was segregated and church sponsored. The Mexican school was sponsored by the Catholic church. Fist fighting with the Mexican kids was looked on as a sport as much anything. We crossed paths with them on the way to & from school, and usually after school engaged each other in playing marbles or tops and of course a fist was usually either set up by challenge or just happened because of a game infraction, and ~~of course~~ one fight usually resulted in another as a winner would be challenged by some one else the next day. Neither side would ever let a good winner go unchallenged.

rather than a finger blown off by a dynamite cap

There seemed to be a lot of tragedy for a small community. I remember of one cousin being killed with lightning another severely injured by being run over with a wagon. A girl my age had a finger chopped off when her brother dared her to put it on the chopping block. Another girl my age was killed when struck by the swing board of a big new swing that had just been built on the school ground. A boy my age had his head blown off when he and his brother skipped sacrament meeting & were playing with guns. Grandpa ruined his leg when a gravel bank caved and fell on him, and an uncle got his arm cut off in a threshing machine. A Mexican friend was killed when a board caught in some machine in his dad's woodworking shop. It was a wonder an experience I had didn't leave me maimed.

One of my uncles & another man were working on an old Fordson tractor. They had been running the engine at high speed for a few minutes. The exhaust manifold (of course I didn't know what it was) had turned a white ash color with a red under glow. As they stopped the motor I said "Is that hot?" The reply was "touch it & see" Touch it? No! I grabbed hold of it with my whole

I have always had fast reflexes but I did leave the skin from my little hand ~~there~~ there on that manifold. I never forget the smell ~~and~~ the pain, nor the lesson.

Much of my childhood was spent as a barefoot boy. The climate was favorable and it was the custom. Shoes in that day, at least in the colonies, were hand made so it was hardly practical ^{to} keep kids in shoes. Notwithstanding our feet became tough like leather, there were bull head stickers most every where we had to watch for. The most common foot ailments, and serious they were, were stone bruise and stubbed toes. Stone bruise is a bruise of the bone causing the foot to swell as a result of infection ~~at the that infection~~ ~~that~~ build up like a big boil & most often had to be opened up thru the tough skin after coming to a head. About 30 days of ache & pain. A stubbed toe quite often caused the loss of a toe nail, not a very pleasant situation either.

May Day

was ^a ~~the~~ traditional celebration ~~May Day~~ ~~celebrated~~ in the colonies. The entire ward participated ~~in~~ in a carnival atmosphere. What I remember was a big outing down to the