

Life Sketch
of
Ben W. Jones

LIFE SKETCH OF BENJAMIN WILLIAM JONES

I was born on the 12th of September 1854 in Llandidno Larynshire North, Wales. In a tall rock house with a wall around it. As near as I can remember. We lived there until I was quite a big boy.

I can remember a little wagon which my father bought me. I also remember an apple tree with apples on it, which grew in the yard. I guess it was the pretty red apples which made me remember this.

My father's house was of stone built at the base of the Great Urme mountain. The beach circled in a horse shoe shape around the mountain with lots of mulberry bushes growing near it. You could look along the shore here at this place for five miles. There was a hotel built here which helped to make this mountain and sea shore a most beautiful sight to see. The hotel was known to have thirty thousand new visitors daily. I can remember a big ship coming in here, which was known as the Royal Chalter, which was loaded with visitors who would come in to see the beautiful sight.

I did my first work for wages at the age of six years. I was put to tending a tile setter. I had some old worn out shoes on with holes in the toes. The lime worked through the holes to my toes and burned them until they were so sore I could hardly do my work.

Before I was eight years old I was sent to carry mail for Captain Massy. I rode a horse. The Captain would put me on the

horse, then hit the horse. It would know enough to take me to the post office and bring me back. The captain was a very heavy drinker. He would drink whiskey until he would fall to the ground, so full of whiskey that he would bloat up and would suffer awful agony. Still in spite of his terrible misery he would continue to drink. The doctors would come and fix some kind of torch or lamp on his chest and light it. The heat from this would draw the gas out of his stomach and burn it. This would burn right in his mouth, but not seem to burn him. I was too young to understand just how this worked or why it never burned him. The old captain continued to drink like this until an awful whiskey killed him.

Then my father moved to a place called White Hollow, there I worked in a mine sorting ore. My work was to pick out lead, zinc and copper as the men dug out the ore. I would load it into a wheel-barrow and take it to a place three miles away. Here they would hoist it to the top. This place was so wet and cold that ice would freeze on my sleeves. I worked twelve hours a day while working here.

I had to cross a field to go and come from work. There was quite a few bulls in this field. I was never afraid of the dark, but was terribly scared of the bulls.

After I turned eight years old my father took me to work in a mine of solid lead. There was enough water pumped out of this mine to make a large river. When I first went down in to this mine my father tied me to his back, then climbed down a steel ladder about fifty feet long, with almost enough water hurling over it to knock me off the ladder, if I had been left to go

alone. At night my father would put me on the ladder and send me ahead, then he would follow behind so that if my foot slipped on the slippery round of the ladder he would be below to catch me. My first trip up this ladder scared me nearly to death, but as days went by I got over being afraid and got so I could slide down the side iron of the ladder and beat my father down.

Soon after I worked here awhile my father told me I could have a vacation but I must go to school. So I went to school three months which was all I ever had. My teacher being a gentile always picked on me because I was a mormon. One day I got angry and threw my slate at him, hit him in the head cutting quite a gash. Of course he went to my father about this, my father took me out of school and sent me back to work because of my terrible temper. This was my punishment also the end of school for me. I never had another chance to go to school again. Then I went back to the mines to work and worked in some of the deepest mines in the world.

My father was born in Anglesea North Wales on the 21st of May 1810 and died on the 25th of June 1867. Before I was thirteen years old. He had been home from work, then went to the store. When he was returning home from the store he took sick. He went across a field to come home and fell about half way home, to sick to go on. Some woman who was taking lunch to her husband found him after hearing him groaning and moaning. She went and reported it at the store. He was taken home in a wagon. He was suffering terrible and had chills and a fever. Some neighbor lady came in to help my mother care for him. she put his feet in

a big bucket of water, as soon as she did this he went black clear to his waist and was speechless. I was standing near my father but he could not speak to me. But he acted like he wanted to. They put him to bed but he never got better, with the exception of the morning he called me to him. He told me he was going to die and to take care of my mother when he was gone. Then he died easily.

My mother took care of the sick after my father's death. Taking me with her many times into contagious diseases, but I never did take any of them.

After awhile she opened a little store which she kept until she came to the United States. She was born the 1st of August 1809, in Llusvan North Wales. She died in Salt Lake City on the 25th day of September 1899, she was ninety years old.

After my father's death I went to learn the shoe making trade. There I learned to make a complete pair of shoes. I have done a lot of this work off and on through my life. Now at the age of 78 years old I am still making a living at this work. I also mend harnesses.

My father was a good musician and I always longed for some piece of music, when I heard him play. So he promised me a consultantina but he died before he could keep his promise. So the first pay day of my sister's husband, after my father's death. My sister Sarah Jane got me a consultantina to fill my father's promise. I was so pleased with it that I went right to her home to show it to her. On my way I met a man who stopped and wanted to look at my music, he asked if I could play. I told him no. So it happened that he could. so he stopped long enough to show

me how to play "God Save the Queen" as it was called there. Before he left me I could play it. When I arrived at my sisters place I stopped on the step to play the tune. She thought it was some begger playing for aims, and came to the door. She was suprised when she saw it was me playing. Later I got an accordion which I liked better. I could play a tin wistle a flute and a mouth organ. I could play some of the string instruments. But not quite so well. I also could play a mouth organ and sing on the street corners with the missionaries in the old country. As this was often done by those who could do it.

I was also a member of the church choir there. After I came to America, I played the accordion with some men who played in a band which was later called Hellds Band. I played for many dances and I am still doing some of that now. I could never read a note of music. But I could drive out some players who could. I have always loved music, which has always helped me to spend many hours which would have been lonely otherwise. I have found a way to people's hearts through music, which has won many friends for me. I sailed as a steerage passenger with a band of mormons on the Old Wyoming and played the accordion all the way.

After the age of fifteen I went to the coal and quartz mines to work. There was a man working here who had deserted the amry. He was afraid to stay in any place to long and left. Then I was put in his place, and did the work of two men for six weeks. I also got two mens pay, which was nine schillings a day. This was hard work for me being so young. When I would get home at night I would be so tired I would drop on a cot without washing myself and no supper and sleep so sound no one could wake me until

morning. Then I would have breakfast and go to work.

My mother was away at this time taking care of my brother's wife, who had a new baby girl. My sister was keeping house at home. After a while a man asked me why I didn't hire a boy to help me. As I could get one for two and six pence a day. I found a boy who would help me. He continued on until my mother returned home. Then she made me quit as she could see it was too hard of work for me.

After this happened I thought myself to be quite a man, so I started to smoke as that was what men do. I smoked three months without my mother knowing it. One day a man at work bet me that he could beat me loading a car and getting to the switch first. I had got me a new pipe and a metal box for tobacco. I accepted the bet, and worked hard and smoked harder. I beat the man to the switch but, I was so sick I could not eat my dinner. In my hurry I had swallowed a lot of the smoke from the pipe. This had not happened before. I had been careful not to swallow the smoke. Well, I gave the man the tobacco and pipe and told him I would never smoke again. which I never did. I never had any use for the prize I had won, as it was just another tobacco box. But I had learned a lesson which was worth more than all the tobacco boxes in the world. Because I had been given sense enough to know enough to let tobacco alone. Which would have ruined my health if I had continued to smoke.

There is another interesting incident which happened before my father died and shows the method he always used when he punished me. I had heard my father say he would like a hook to

put on the gate. This happened while I was carrying mail for Captain Massy. On my way to get this mail I had to go through a park. I saw a hook there and I thought it was just what my father wanted. So I sneaked the hook and went home. I could hardly wait for my father to come home. So I could give him the hook. When he came I expected him to praise me for getting him the hook, but I was disappointed because he father recognized the hook as he had seen it in the park. So he asked me where I got it, I lied about the hook. My father knew, so he said to me, "When I was walking home I saw a white faced crow flying overhead and it told me where you got the hook. So, you see I know you must return the hook. So go and do it right now. Go give to the men in the park and tell them you stole it." I hated to do this. But I took the hook and went near the park and threw it under a hickory bush. I turned to go home, but, just around the next bush I found my father. He had followed me to see that I returned the hook as I was told. He make me dig the hook out from under the bush; which was full of thorns. I got scratched up terrible. Then father took me to the park and lifted me upon a high rock and hollered for everyone to see his son who he was ashamed of because he had stole a hook from the park. He told them to watch me when I came into the park and to leave nothing where I could take it for I was a thief, and for them to tell me so every day as I came through the park. They were to do this until I completely repented. The people did this until, not long after, I went to my father and told him I was sorry and wished they would quit. Then he took me to the park and lifted me upon the same rock and called for all to look at the boy who was his

son. He told them that he was proud of me because I was sorry I had stole the hook and would steal no more, and for the people not to bother me any longer. He told them if they did he would settle this with them.

There was another time I got in a little trouble but it was not my fault. My mother sent me to the store. After I left home there was a bad storm. There was a man driving along with a load of flour. I got under the back of the wagon to keep out of the storm. He had a white dog which was all so running along under the wagon, which I made friends with. When I had to leave the wagon the dog followed me, I could not send him back. Soon the man stopped. He hollered at me and told me I couldn't steal the dog. Which I was not trying to do. but I couldn't drive the dog back. So I got some big rocks and placed them together to sort of make a pen. I put the dog in it and put another rock over them so he couldn't jump over them. I ran and hid behind a water-wheel until the man got the dog and went on. Then I went on to the store.

I guess most kids like to make fires so me being like the rest of them I tried to. I got a lot of grass and started a fire close to a hay stack one day. The fire got the best of me and reached the hay stack. Father seen me doing this and came after me. I told him I never ment to burn the hay. But, he thought I ought to know better than to start fires. Well, I ran away from him and got home first but daren't go in the house. After a long time mother came out I asked her how I could get in without my father seeing me. She said for me to walk to one side of her, to

stay close to her. When I got to the stairs, he told me to go up stairs and strip my clothes off and wait for him. That he would be up soon and give me a whipping I wouldn't forget. If I failed to do so I would get one still worse. So I did as I was told and sat on the bed and waited. After a long time he came up. When he saw me waiting as I had been told he sat on the side of the bed by me and gave a good talking to. He told me I was too good of a boy to whip but he wanted me to be more careful after this. This was about as near as I ever did get whipped by my father. He tried to teach with other methods which did more good I believe. My mother was different. She slapped more quickly, whipped hard when she did whip. But she was a true blue Latter Day Saint and mother.

When I was fifteen I left home and went to Brumbo Coal District to live with my brother Tom who worked in Llandangen lead and zink mine. I worked one year here and was leaded. I broke out with sores and if I scratched myself the spots would turn green. These were very wet mines. One day the pump broke which was used to pump the water out of the mine. My brother Tom was called to the mine I went with him. We had to go down many ladders. These ladders were made of hickory forty or fifty feet long. I went down first. But I soon hit the water which was filling up in the mine. I hollered for the men to stop but had to keep moving down while word was going up to the men above to stop. To keep them from stepping on my hands. I had gone down until the water had reached up under my arm-pits before the men stopped. Then we went up the ladder to a slope above and sit in the pit all day. I had wet close on and took cold. I went home

and to bed to remain for a long time. As the lead condition in my system with my cold made me a mighty sick boy.

There was a lodge there which the miners belonged to, known as the Faster Lodge. They sent a doctor to care for me. He gave me up said I would die. My brother sent for a minister to come to pray for me. He prayed so long in such a manner that I nearly went wild and at last asked Tom to send him away as I hated the sound of his voice. After that I got some better, but had to be helped to move around. One day Tom came and asked me if I heard the ship crash at sea. It had busted the sea was full of oranges. He took me to the end of the row to see the ship. He let go of me to talk to some man and I fell to the ground as I was not able to stand alone. Tom was worried about my condition so he took me to a Dr. Ping. He took the case, said he would either cure or kill he did not know which way it would go. But they decided to try him any how. The doctor gave me a dose of medicine which he said would kill a horse. I ate nothing for six weeks but milk and brandy. My lungs got so bad they were afraid they would break. Then one morning I asked for something to eat. I wanted an egg which they gave me. I ate about two spoonfuls and didn't want any more. The next day I wanted bread and bacon grease and ate it. Then got crazy for soup.

The doctor told me to watch my white finger nails gradually get red, when they did I would get well. Then the Faster Lodge sent for me to go home. They wanted to send me to a hotel or sort of hospital on the sea shore, but I asked to go back home. Every day after this I went to the sea to bathe and gradually got

better. I went back to work two months then I celebrated with friends for two weeks then I sailed for America. But it had been two years from the time I was leaded until the time I was able to work again. So I was nineteen years old when I sailed for America. I sailed with my mother adopted brother William and a niece Lelitia Ann Jones on the 25th of October 1876 and landed in New York on the third of November.

My mother was sick from the time we left until we landed again. She was carried on deck every day and took back to her bed. As soon as we landed she was better. Before we left Wales, I bought a bottle of whiskey and one of wine, thinking that maybe it would be of help to us while crossing the water. When we landed in New York I opened my luggage and stood waiting for it to be examined. We never knew it was against the United States law to carry liquor until then. There was some there who did not open their luggage. The officer did it for them and went through it and caught some who also brought liquor with them. But those who opened their own luggage was passed up. So for this reason I was not caught with my whiskey and was allowed to go on.

As we walked down the street we met two women. I stepped one way to let them by. They stepped the same way at the same time. We both changed our step the other way. So I stood still. One women asked me if I was a immigrant. I told her yes, she said you are bound for Utah. I said yes mam. She said you have been awful sick in your country. But you were on unto death, you are well now. You will be taken sick again even unto death even more so than before. You will nearly die, you will be bound with shackles and chains. But the very shackles will be loosened and

you will walk as of now. In one year you will be bound again and nearly die. Be of good cheer, trust in God and you will get well again. Then she walked on. I asked my mother what she thought about it. She said "Oh she is just a crazy old fortune teller, pay no attention to her." I asked but how did she know I had been sick and I looked back to look at her again but she had disappeared.

We came on to Salt Lake and I got a job working at the Temple Square. One day a man by the name of Mr. Hide, who was a patriarch, came to the quarry to give us who wished patriarchal blessings. He accepted any thing we wanted to give for pay. I sat down to have my blessing, Mr. Hide laid his hands on my head and started then stopped. I felt drops of water hit on my head which were tears he was shedding. He trembled like a leaf and every man there wept. Then he continued and gave me a wonderful blessing. But in this blessing he repeated the same thing the woman in New York told me. My brother Evan was there. He asked Mr. Hide why he acted so while trying to give me my blessing. He said if I told you what I saw, it would be worse than putting a razor in the boys hand to cut his throat with.

As the rocks were cut for the temple they were all squared up and piled up like bails of hay. A derrick was used to lift these rocks up with. Which would lift several tons at a time. This was also used to load the rocks on the flat cars, which was sent on a spur of tracks, which had been laid to send the rocks to the temple square. The derrick was fixed so it could be handled with in an inch of where it was wanted to put the rocks.

The man who was running the derrick was sick, so they put a new man in his place. I was down near the pile of rocks loading the derrick. The man not understanding just how to handle the derrick let the rock slip back crowding me into the pile of rock and crushing my leg with the weight of the other rock. After I was freed my leg was not broken. So I stayed and finished my days work. My leg was pained awful bad the rest of the day. I remained a whole week putting in my time. Evan went with me home, we were living in Porterville. We went on the train. We got off I got along pretty good until we came to a ditch which I had to cross. I could not go so he helped me to get to the house. It was quite a journey from the train to our place. We went to bed. But I was unable to get up again. One day as my mother was trying to help me turn over. I broke the bone in bed. The bone being crushed so bad that the strain of trying to lift it enough to turn, and the weight of the bedding, broke it so we could see the end of the bone trying to poke through the skin.

When Bishop Porter who was my wife's uncle came to see me. I told him I had broke my leg. He couldn't see how I had done it in bed. After some time they decided it was broken. Some of the relief society teachers came to see us and was talking to my mother about me. John Porter told them to be quiet. Then he told us the very same thing the woman in New York said, also as Patriarch Hide had told me. Which made three times I had heard the same words. He also said I would get well. The relief society teachers told mother not to worry as they knew I would get well. Because they never heard of Uncle John's words to fail. His words were always right.

Then they sent for a doctor who wanted to take my leg off, but I refused to have this done. I was also too weak to stand it. So they put an eighteen pound weight on my leg which stayed for six months. But my leg got bad as I had had the second dose of lead since I came to the United States which I had not entirely got over yet. This happened before I went to the temple quarry.

The bishop brought me a spiritualist who claimed he could help my leg. It was swollen so bad it was as large as my waist. As the spiritualist tried to fix my leg and make me stand it, I put my other foot in his chest and kicked him away. I would not let him touch me again. Then the bishop came to Salt Lake City and got a doctor, who said I would have to be moved to Salt Lake, so the latter day saints there moved me with my mother to the home of a man named Mr. Burt. After a month's time I was operated on and broken bones removed. Then I got better and went to work again, only worked a month before I was laid up again. There was another bone which had worked out and caused a running sore. The puss from this had caused a gathering to come on my chest near the arm-pit. Which was very painful. The doctor came to open this and asked for help, as he needed some one to hold a pan to catch the puss in. My sister Ann offered to do this, but fainted before it was done. Then two other women tried it but also fainted. So I took the pan and held it myself, it was full when the doctor got through.

Then I was laid on the table, but refused to take chloroform while the doctor removed the bone. The flesh being froze never hurt, but it felt like all the cords were being pulled out of my

leg. the bone was full of holes like a sponge. After that it healed up. But was five or six years after I got out of bed before it entirely healed up. Dr. Heber Richards had done the work with Dr. Joseph Richards helping. They said Ben, you sure are a miracle. We thought many times you would die. There was something beyond our power which saved you. But I knew it was my faith, with the blessings which had been promised me and the power of God which had done the work.

I was baptized in 1864 at the age of ten at a place called Henafol, our old black-smith shop, at night. Because of mobs who would not let it be done in the day. The place was located in the mountains and it was a very cold rainy night. My father handed the children down the bank and lifted them back up. They were dressed near by. When it came my turn my father told me to stand still until he was through. As the fog was so thick and many people had been lost at this place when the fog was so thick. As the sea was just around a turn near the stream. They would call for help but help did not always reach them. I asked my father if I could go home as I was wet and it was cold. He told me I could if I would stop the minute I thought I was lost and call for him. As I turned to go a light came and shone on the path making it so clear I could see it plainly. I began to sing some of the hymns as it was a custom to do at that time and I sang all the way home. My mother met me at the door and was happy because of my happiness. I never told any one much of this incident because I was afraid they wouldn't believe me and would laugh at me. But as time went by and I read of Joseph Smith having something similar to this happen when he was baptized and

telling it to the world, then I was not afraid to tell about it, and did not care what they said. I knew Joseph had told the truth, I wanted to add my testimony to it. We were never allowed to play noisy games on Sunday and always had to listen to two or three chapters being read from the Bible on that day.

I remember on time when my brother Evan was asked to take a job with a promise of a big wages a day which would amount ot about nine dollars. He stood and thought of this for a long time, then he said, "Gentlemen, I'm a lover of whiskey. If I accept this hoba and got plenty of money, I would dirnk. This would drive me plum to hell. Gentlemen no religion is worth more to me that all the money you can pile up," and walked away. I thought then, well Evan you crazy because you are man enough to master whiskey. But as I thought more of this I could see his attitude toward this and by his good example begin to appreciate my religion more fully.

Many a time after my leg got better Evan and I walked from Salt Lake City to Morgan and Porterville. After my long sick spell I was weak and it took me a long time to get my strength back. He could out do many men both at work and in sport. So there was many times when we would be on these hikes from Salt Lake to Porterville I would give out or I would be unable to stand the cold so good my feet would freeze. I would have to be left at some farm house to rest while Evan would go on. I would be able to follow after a few days. People were always good them days and would always share what they had with us.

We were interested in minings that had been our life of

work back home. So we spent some time prospecting at hard scrabble. But there was nothing there.

I would work on the railroad for awhile when it would run from Salt Lake to Morgan. I was mighty glad when there was a way to go beside walking.

After my mother left Morgan when my leg was so bad she remained in Salt Lake. Our old place was in what was known then as Rock Row. In that part of town where the railroad tracks are so plentiful now, where the line runs out of town to Salt Air.

After this I went to work for Horace S. Eldredge, of Salt Lake, he is the father of James Eldredge, who everyone respects so much at Bountiful. His father was respected just as much. So of the sweet memories I have are of those sweet days.

I was first put to care for the horses in a stable which Mr. Eldredge kept at that time. After some time he changed me to handy-man.

At his home, my duties were to drive his own family carriage. I had to keep the barn and harnesses in good shape, at odd times I worked in their flower garden. I was always treated like one of the family and loved them all. I believe they loved me because they were always so pleased to see me when I have met them since.

I spent many years working for Mr. Eldredge I stayed with him quite awhile after I was married. I quit for awhile after my son Ben was born. While we lived here I went out to Rock Springs to the mines again for awhile. Then I went back to Mr. Eldredge and took a farm belonging to him at Hillcreek. I stayed at this place for five years or more. Then I left there and brought my

wife to Bountiful, where her folks had come to live during this time. Then off and on I left her here. I first went to one mining camp and then another. Once in awhile bringing her with me. She never liked mining camps so wouldn't stay with me only a few months.

I gave up mining as I began to pass middle-age because my hearing was not as good as it should be. This made it unsafe to stay in the mines any longer. After this I turned into Jack of all trades and did anything I could to get along. But this old leg of mine has always been in the way. I got my foot smashed while I was in the mine at Mercure because it was too stiff to move quick. Then I got my leg broke again when I was working at the brick yard in Bountiful. This was a mighty hard time for me as I had quite a family, none large enough to earn very much. But we had good neighbors and a good Bishop so we got by. It was just as well I guess.

I never took much of an active part in the church because I was not much of a speaker in Public, and was always afraid. After I left Bountiful and went to Randolph I worked there as assistant superintendant of the Sunday school and loved the work. I have done some ward teaching in different places off and on for years. I am now a high priest and still trying to keep the commandments of God. I was on tea when my mother weaned me and drank most of my life. But I have quit it and feel better than I did when I drank it. I have always kept the word of wisdom as far as I know with the exception of tea. I could have quit that sooner if I had tried.

I have seen all my mothers family pass away except one sister who lives in Wales. She is an old lady now. I am the youngest of the family. I hope I can live to be as old as my mother and sisters have done.

We have ~~has~~ ten children, lost two of them while they were babies. The others are all married and have grandchildren and seven who have past on. I have no great-grandchildren but hope to remain until I do have two ~~or~~ three at least. (When he died he had 35 great-grandchildren.)

The remainder of this story is written from the perspective of his daughter Rosella Boulton.

On the 18th of July 1888 father and mother were married in the Manti Temple. She was Lydia Rosella Porter of Porterville. The following spring a son was born to them in Salt Lake City, where they lived. They named him John Benjamin.

Six months ~~after~~ this father went to Rock Springs, Wyoming to work. In the spring they went back to Poterville. They lived on a piece of land being contending by mother s father and his brother. They lived in a covered wagon and a tent. He planted a garden while they were there. When they left here they went to Coalville to work on a farm owned by Bishop Cluff. In the fall they went back to Poterville. He did some prospecting for mother s grandfather. On April 7, 1891 their second child was born, a girl, Lititia Rosella. They stayed in Porterville all that year and the following year. In the spring of 1893 they went to Salt Lake City to the dedication of the Salt Lake Temple.

it was a glorious day. Then they moved to Millcreek where two more babies were born, Mary Zenora and Ruth Leomi. When they left the Eldredge farm which had been five years they moved to Desert Lake. Emery county. Father had saved a little money. A man by the name of Powell was selling land in 40 acre plotts. Father thought he would try to get him a home.

Father had a dream a few days before they started. He dreamed that himself and family got in a boat and crossed a lake. When they got across they had to come back to do the chores. If he had listened to that dream he would have been better off.

Mr. Powell was a fine man, apparently he gave them good terms on the land. But he never gave them any reciepts for their payments. told them he would do the right thing. So they waited until they got the land paid for. Then they found out he never had a clear title. But he promised to get it fixed up.

They camped out all summer living in a tent. They had to haul drinking water. It wasn't good they got sick and had to move to Hunington. Here a baby boy was born August 25, 1897, Thomas Evan. He only lived three days. They couldn't get deeds to the land so they moved back to Salt Lake City. They never did get the money back. They had lost all they had made and had to start over again.

He moved to Bountiful couldn't get much to do. In the fall of 1898 they moved to Mountian Green to feed stock for iohn Ford of Centerville. In the spring they moved back to Bountiful. Father went to work in the mines in Colorado that summer and following winter. On february 8. 1900 a baby boy was born.

Lawerance Ahaz.

Father came home the following April and worked here and there in Salt Lake. In the fall of 1901 he decided to try to get another home. They bought two acres of land from mother's brother's. They moved on it living in a tent. He bought enough brick to build two rooms. Father built the house. My brother Ben and myself carried the mortar to father to lay the brick. In November the fall storms came, neighbors came to help shingle the roof so he could move in out of the storm. Father went to the coal mines that winter but couldn't make much. So he came home and went to work at the brick yard in Bountiful. One day he fell and broke his leg. He was wheeling brick in a wheel-barrow on a piece of heavy iron which was wet, causing him to slip and fall. This was the same leg that had caused him trouble all the rest of his life. Ben was about 13 years old. So the brick company gave him a job so he could help keep the family, they also got some help from the country. Father was laid up for a whole year. Father tried to earn a little fixing shoes.

They lived in Bountiful until 1911 they then had ten children: Rura Vivian, Nancy Isabelle, Thomas Noel and Milton Porter. Thomas died when he was six months old with complications of measles and scarlet fever. All the children had this disease except Ben and Ella.

In June about the 9th of 1911 father moved to Randolph. Will Atkins of Salt Lake had a ranch of six hundred acres of sale. So father and mother's brother, Edwin, decided to buy it. Father sold his home in Bountiful for \$1000.00 it took all the money he had to make the first payment and get outfits to work

with. Each had 300 acres.

Well there was two bosses so they had a hot time as they didn't agree. Father became tired of the trouble and left. He went to Twin Falls, Idaho. By this time two more girls were married and left behind. Ella had stayed in Bountiful. Father and two boys, Ben and Lawrence, left for Twin Falls, Idaho. Mother and the younger children were to follow later when they got settled. They traveled about 80 miles to Bancroft, Idaho. One night they stopped with a man who had 160 acres dry farm land which he had homesteaded. He wanted father to buy as much of the ground as could be planted into grain. It happened to be a wet spring, crops were looking good. The boys never wanted to stay but father did. He said it was good enough for him. So he bought the home stead. That year was the only year they had while they were there. They got a frost nearly every year in July and the grain would freeze when they didn't get a frost the grain was burnt up for the want of water.

They had to haul water two miles for all purposes. The children had to go three miles to school. The church was no nearer. They had a few cows and chickens. That was all that saved their lives on the dry farm. The men had to go to work for others to get money to by grain. They never got a head any, as it took all the grain crop to get money to pay for thrashing.

Father sold one of the cows to get money to start him in merchandise to try to make a little extra money. He was to represent the Shores Muller Co. They gave him a large territory devided into four districts. He covered each district once every

three months. Goods left one trip were to be paid for the next. Father left the dry farm in charge of the boys. Ben got married and went to live in a place joining fathers, which he was homesteading. But year after year they got no crops. As soon as they could get a clear title to the land the boys pulled out and went to Salt Lake City. Father bought a house and a lot in Bancroft. The dry farm was five miles from town in a place called Way.

Father was a poor salesman and let to much out on credit. So he went from bad to worse.

In the spring of 1922 the company closed in on him. His bonds men had to pay the bill. Father had to turn his dry farm an home over to them. So he was homeless again and father was 54 years old. Mother sold the furniture an came to Salt Lake to live with the boys. Father stayed to try to collect some of the bills or money people owed him. He tried for five years but never got it. At this time they had four children at home, the youngest was 13 years old. One of the boys got married in the fall leaving the two girls Rura and Isabelle to care for the family.