

A History of Ferris Wood

(Actually an auto-biography by himself)



Ferris Wood

I was born August 25, 1916 to the finest parents a person could ever ask for, Wellington Wood Jr. and Elizabeth Lavina Ferris Wood in Spanish Fork, Utah.

Mrs. Charles Polsen attended my mother at the birth of my twin brother Ferrin, first and then me last. Besides being the last of twins I was also the caboose to my parent's children who were: Merrill Wellington, Laverne, Willis, Syrenus, Mary, Anna Ireta, Vernal, Ferrin and myself, Ferris. Although I was born in Spanish Fork, Utah on 25 August 1916, a few weeks later with my twin brother and my mother went to the River Bottoms where my parents were buying a home and farm and I lived there until I was married in 1937.

One of my first recollections is of standing on my tip-toes and pushing a small toy car around the top of the round kitchen table. I can well remember the cold winters we had in the River Bottoms. Dad had set up a small pot-bellied wood burning stove in the largest bedroom, where Vernal, Ferrin and I slept in one bed and mother and dad slept in another bed. The doors to the other two bedrooms were left open to share the heat with our other brothers in one bedroom and our sisters in the other bedroom. My sister Mary had died before I was born as a result of blood poisoning in a broken arm.

We had a happy life on our farm in the River Bottoms, our nearest neighbors were the Willard Vincent family who lived a little east of us and up on the hill from our house in the bottoms.

The River Bottoms area lies from about 4th south in Spanish Fork and running east of Highway 91 about six miles to near the mouth of Spanish Fork canyon. We lived three miles up in the bottoms on the north side. As far as I am concerned, this was about as near to heaven as any place I have ever lived. We could go swimming in the Spanish Fork river and in a stream called the Mill Race which ran about 125 feet from our house on the northeast side. Our home, garden, flowers and lawns were on the south side of the Mill Race and the corrals and animals

were on the north side of the stream and a little further east. The Mill Race furnished water power for a flour mill that sat on the Mill Race at about 350 south on 2nd east in Spanish Fork. The river which was about a mile south of our house was a really good place to swim as we had found a big hole there which we named "skunk hole" and kids came from all over to swim there. After I grew older we had many great times hunting ducks on the river also.

I can remember when I was quite young my mother was heating a boiler full of wash water on a wood and coal burning stove and somehow I managed to tip it off the stove and somehow I managed to tip the boiler off the stove onto me and I was scalded very badly. Merrill carried me out to the well where he put me in a tub of cold water. I don't believe the scalding hot water was any more painful than the cold water, but the cold water stopped the burns from going any deeper and I was soon out of bed and about once more.

My childhood was a happy time. We never had much money, but we had love and our parents always seemed to feed us good and provide what clothing we needed. My Dad and Mom were good people and they were always trying to help someone. I remember Albert Swenson who had a farm farther up the bottoms from us and mother would send a dish of berries and other things up to him for his lunch as he lived in town and always brought a cold lunch with him. My mother was a good cook and I can still remember the smell and taste of her good homemade bread. She made baking powder biscuits for breakfast nearly every morning for Dad and us kids almost until she died. She probably would have been making them right up to the day she died, but she was too sick to do anything for a while before her death. We raised cows, horses, chickens and pigs and we kids had our chores to do every morning and night, but I can never ever remember not liking to work. Our mother and dad not only taught us how to work, but also to always be honest and dependable in our dealings. Our parents were truly good people and were well thought of. One remark I will always remember, was made by Albert Swenson at Dad's funeral when he said Dad was a man who lived by the side of the road and was a friend to all men. This was surely true; he and Ma were the best.

One of the fondest memories that I have of my mother was before we had an automobile when I would hitch old Dan to the buggy nearly every Saturday and take Ma to town for groceries and other things. While she shopped I sometimes would go see a silent movie. One movie I remember quite well was Ruth Rolland in 'The Timber Queen'. Later on when talking pictures came, the very first one I saw was called 'Rich People' and dad and ma took us to see it. I enjoyed helping Ma out in the house. Sometimes when she was gone from home for something I took great pride in getting dinner ready for the family. Once or twice I even baked a cake. I remember scrubbing the kitchen floor for her as she got older so she didn't have to work so hard and I also enjoyed washing the supper dishes to help her. I don't know too much about my mother's earlier life except that for some reason she moved from her home in Salem to live with the Monroe Bingham family in Benjamin, Utah. This is where she lived when Dad met her. Years later when I was about 48 years of age, married and living in Benjamin I was called to be the ward clerk in that ward and received a lot of old records and minutes which my wife and I went through trying to sort out the one's that should have been sent to the Church Historians department in Salt Lake City years before and getting them ready and taking them up. Among

the records of the organizing of the first Relief Society in Benjamin my mother (before her marriage) was listed among the first members of that organization and as one of the officers (as I recall it was secretary). Of course by this time Ma had been dead for quite a few years, but I felt proud to know that she was active in the church when she was a young lady.

Fifteen years before I was born, Dad was called to serve a mission in Colorado and he left May 1st, 1901 leaving at home ma and five children, the oldest was Merrill less than 7 years old and the youngest was Laverne who was less than 6 months old and he was gone approximately two years.

My oldest brother, Merrill later served a mission in the same area in Colorado as dad did.

My boyhood days along with Vernal and Ferrin were really happy ones for even though we worked hard on the farm; we always had time for fun things such as fishing, hunting, camping, etc. On my first camping trip, Merrill, Vernal, Ferrin, myself, and two Hansen kids, Bert and Wendell left home about 4 o'clock in the morning in the wagon heading for Nebo Creek. I think Merrill almost got impatient trying to show me how to catch a fish, but boy, was I ever happy when I caught my first fish. My brothers and I went on many fishing and hunting trips together through out our lives. Even after we were all married and had families we still managed to hunt and fish together quite often until shortly before Willis and Merrill both died. I would always rather go with my brothers than anyone else.

During our boyhood days we were quite proud that we, Vernal, Ferrin and I could jap half an acre of sugar beets a day and we quite enjoyed this and most all farm work as we worked together. I will always remember when the three of us would go over to a piece of land we called 'the Bend' and load the buggy with beet tops for the pigs and cows and we would sing to our heart's content as we traveled over and back. One of the songs I fancily remember was 'Girl of my Dreams' and it will always be beautiful to me.

We had several families move in and out of the River Bottoms and we made some choice friends among them: the Adams, Heinzes, Erwin Brimhall, Ed and Keith Owen and the Stubblefields. They were all fine people, but I remember Brother and Sister Stubblefield and their boys the best as I was around them more often and was older then.

One of the most memorable things that I remember when I was a small boy was threshing time each fall. Gil Bjarson (later called Bearnson) owned a threshing machine with a big steam engine, which both pulled the machine around from farm to farm and also furnished belt power for the machine. I'll never forget the thrill I got when I would see him coming up the Bottoms road and to our place.

In those days most of the farmers stacked their grain, which had been cut and tied into bundles, in large stacks and the threshing machine would pull into the stack yard, set up and 5 or 6 men would get on a big stack and throw the bundles of grain into the feeder of the threshing machine where the kernels of grain were separated from the straw. It took about 5 men to carry

the threshed grain (wheat, barley, oats, or rye, etc) into the grainary where Ferrin and I usually pushed the grain to the far side of the bin so they could empty their sacks quickly and easily. Dad was always the one who stacked the straw, as this was the dirtiest job of all.

One other event of my childhood which I so enjoyed and will always fondly remember were the trips up Spanish Fork Canyon to Dairy Fork canyon to take our cattle each late spring or early summer. Dad usually sent 15 or 20 head of cattle to the canyon each year and this job fell to Vernal, Ferrin and I and I loved it. We would take the team of horses and wagon and drive the cattle from home to Dairy Fork the first day, stay up there overnight and part of the next day, coming back down to Rio in Spanish Fork canyon where we would camp the second night so we could hear and see the big steam locomotives going up and down the canyon pulling long trains of both freight and passenger cars. We always took a 22 rifle with us to shoot ground-hogs and we all became very good marksmen by doing this. We also sometimes took cattle up Flat Canyon, a canyon just east of the Dream Mine.

One overnight camping trip when Dad and Ma went with us was shortly after Laverne and Marcus were married. We borrowed a sheep wagon from Jonas Bowen and Vernal, Laverne and Marcus drove it up to Old 'Tucker, a small park where people must have lived some years before, as there was an old schoolhouse still standing there. Dad, Ma, Ferrin and I traveled up to Old Tucker in a Hupmobile automobile which Dad owned at that time. We all stayed there for two nights and then drove in the car on up to Soldier Summit, a rail-road town where a friend of Dad's, Bert Jones ran a small store. Mr. Jones gave us kids some candy and we thought this was really something.

One other time Dad and Ma went camping with us was up to Strawberry Reservoir one summer, traveling in the Hupmobile again. We were camped in a tent and it snowed and was really wet and cold. Willard Vincent, his wife and family were living up there as he was working for the Strawberry Water Users Assoc. and they invited us in to stay with them for a night, for which we were very happy.

As I remember, these two trips were the only times that Dad and Ma ever stayed overnight with us away from home. I have to laugh every time I think of the time when Vernal got mad at Syrenus and threw a raw egg at him. It landed on top of his head and there he stood, with the egg running off his ear.

When I was about 8 years old Vernal and I thought we had a real sport with Dad's old rooster. We would go into the chicken coop with our nigger-flippers and shoot the old roosters in the head. When we hit them hard enough they would keel over and we would say, "Let's give him a drink and he'll be all right" and most generally they would come out of it. Then one day when we were in the coop shooting, we knocked the old rooster down and one of us said, "just give him a drink and he'll be all right", but about that time one of our brothers-in-law, Marcus D. Warren came to the screen door and looked through and there we were trying to bring the old rooster back to life with a drink of water. Marcus sure got a bang out of it when he heard us say,

“give him a drink and he'll be all right.” He teased us with this phrase for many, many, many years and we always had a good laugh over it.

Another funny thing that happened while I was young and living on the farm. My older brother Syrenus and his wife Ethel lived farther on up the River Bottoms from us. We had a small pup which we named Mousey and he was a playful little dog. While he was quite young, every time Syrenus stopped at home the dog would grab onto his pant leg and growl and shake the pant leg as if he were trying to pull off Syrenus' leg. When Syrenus would pull his pant leg free he would give the little dog a kick that would send him rolling. This went on for some time until the puppy suddenly grew up, then the dog wouldn't let Rene, as we called him sometimes, come up to the house at all unless one of us was outside to calm the dog down.

For most of my childhood we used kerosene lamps for light at night as we didn't get electricity up to our home until I was in my teens, The Del Monte Canning Co. built a pea viner about two blocks west of our house and brought in a power line and then we were able to get electricity on up to our home. Because we lived three miles from town where they had electricity it was too expensive to bring it all the way to our home for only one user and so until Del Monte brought the line within two blocks of us we used alternate lighting. It was surely wonderful to be able to stop using kerosene lamps in the house and kerosene lanterns for doing chores.

Our first radios were quite different from the ones we have in 1980. Some were about 5 ft. long, 2 ft. high and 2 ft. thick. They weren't very good, but were sure enjoyable to listen to. I remember in the spring when it warmed up we would open the kitchen door turn the radio up really loud and go do our chores while listening to it. Some of my first favorite programs were: The Woolen Mills Quartet, The Lonesome Cowboy, Amos and Andy, The Honorable Archibald Chesleberry and others.

These boyhood days were sure pleasant as I never had any worries or fears of any kind. I had wonderful parents and a loving relationship with my brothers and sisters. In the summers Ferrin, Vernal and I would sleep outside. Most nights there would be a cat in bed with us and the dog under the bed as we had our bed up on poles about 5 or 6 in. off the ground.

Until I was about sixteen, when fall came we would spend quite a lot of time cutting down trees and cutting them up for firewood as we didn't know what coal was. The only coal we ever saw was what Dad had for heating the forge in his blacksmith shop. It's quite interesting about coal, after I was about sixteen for many years people didn't use anything for heating but coal and now in 1980 almost everyone is turning away from coal and gas fired furnaces to burn wood again in their fireplaces as coal is now much too expensive to use.

On our farm we raised hay, grain, sugar beets, peas and several times we raised lima beans for Del Monte, but late frost too often took the young crop so it wasn't too successful. There have been many memorable occasions connected with the farm. During the sugar beet harvest in October, two of the men Dad hired were Gil Bjarson and Alonzo Warren. Mr. Warren, as we always called him, was the one who hauled our beets to the beet dump. He was one of the

finest men I have ever known. We had several good work horses which we used to pull the loaded beet wagons out of the field. I remember how pleased Mr. Warren would get when a team of two of our horses could pull 5 ton of beets off the land onto the road. I'll never forget the sad time when Sister Warren died.

During my teen years I also enjoyed working for the neighbors when time would permit. I worked for Albert Swenson topping beets and harvesting field corn. During the corn harvest the corn was cut with a hinder which bound the corn into bundles with twine tied around them. It was then hauled into the silo where there was a corn chopper. The twine was cut from the bundles and the corn was fed into the chopper and then chopped and blown up through a pipe into the tall silo. I enjoyed being the one in the silo to tromp the corn fodder down and see that the silo was filled up evenly. I worked for several other farmers around the river bottoms, some of them were Lyman Losee, Harold Swenson, Mark Swenson, Garland Swenson, Carl Nybo and his father Conrad Nybo, William Cornaby, Allen Cornaby and others. I enjoyed working for them and with them. I think the reason I particularly liked helping Swenson's silo corn was because it came in the early fall when it started getting cool. This was also the time of year when we started getting excited about deer and pheasant hunting. In those days there were lots of deer and pheasants and not so many hunters. We always had good dogs who loved to hunt pheasants also and so we always got our share.

I liked to work on the farm in the hay, topping beets, threshing grain and nearly all farm work. Dad and Mother were hard workers and they taught their children to love work by their example and training. One thing I remember about Dad was that he always did the night watering, he sure did put in some long days, but he never complained and I'm sure that this was one of the ways he taught me to enjoy work for I always have.

I remember I worked for Roy Bradford the first spring I was married, helping him prepare hotbeds where he raised flowers and vegetables to sell for transplanting and we put in some mighty long days. In those days you did not work for so much an hour. You were paid by the day no matter how long it was and if you could get \$2.00 for a long day's work, you just felt lucky to be able to get work. That spring I also worked for Lusee Loses hauling manure and I would haul 20 loads a day (loading the manure onto the big spreader with a hand fork) and he sure thought that was ok and that I was a good worker.

Along about the time I was 15 or 16 years old Merrill, had some cows which he ran with Dad's cows. While he was courting Agnes I was asked by him to milk his cows, which I did. One morning when I was getting dressed to go do his chores, I put my foot up on the out side of one of his milk cans in order to tie my shoe. Merrill happened along and saw me and got angry and gave me a belt to the side of my head with his hand. This kind or stirred me up also and I told him that from then on when he needed someone to do his milking to get someone else. He thought this over for a while and later came back and apologized for swatting me and things were back to normal again.

Our mother and dad were truly good parents and good examples for us to follow, but we still did one or two pranks that were dishonest that I would like to forget, but I must mention them. One summer we had a family by the name of Pinegar move straight across the bottoms from us and they raised pigs. Along towards fall they turned their pigs loose to feed and the pigs came about a mile over towards our house to feed on our farm. There were about 50 head of them and if you know anything about pigs you can maybe imagine the damage they did to our crops rooting and wallering in the ground in our fields. They really caused a lot of damage to us, but when we told the Pinegars about their pigs, the damage they were doing us and asked them to take care of them, they didn't seem to care whether the pigs were at our place or theirs. Vernal, Ferrin and myself would set our dogs on the pigs and drive them back across the river, but they were usually back in our field again before we could get back to the house so we soon got mighty tired of this and decided to do something about it. So one day we loaded up one of the pigs in our truck and traded it to David Holt for a sheep. Soon after this the Pinegars rounded up the pigs and took care of them.

May I, at this time, ask you who read this to forgive us of this deed, as we were never taught this kind of thing at home and most of our lives we have been very honest. This, I testify, is not the order our Father in Heaven approves of.

One other thing I might mention at this time, was when kids from town and other place came to swim in Skunk Hole, it sometimes got so crowded that no one could have any fun, so Vernal, Ferrin and I would siphon gas from their cars while they were swimming. Then they would only get part way home and run out of gas and have to walk home. One day we took too much out of a car and they ran out of gas before getting over to our house, so we generously gave them back some of their own gas to get them back to town.

Bill Huffman was one of our neighbors and a very good friend. Jonas Bowen owned sheep and he hired this man to work for him. I first remember Mr. Huffman when Jonas Bowen put his sheep in a pasture down Snell's lane, about 1-1/2 miles down the Bottoms from us. Dad invited Mr. Huffman to eat supper with us and I remember that he was so bashful that first time he ate a meal in our home, but Jonas Bowen fixed up an old grainary on his farm into a cabin for Mr. Huffman to live in and he became a very good friend to us all. He lived in this small cabin until he died when he was in his late eighties. He was such a good man and a hard worker, he worked for Dad many times. After I was married Mr. Huffman really enjoyed riding up the canyons for picnics with me, Della and our kids.

One funny thing that happened before Ferrin was married, was one time he went over to Mr. Huffman's to visit and Bill had some wine, so he and Ferrin proceeded to try it. Before the day was over Ferrin was so pie-eyed he could hardly make it home. When he did come home it was well after dark and he didn't come to the house, but went right up to the orchard where he, Vernal and I slept under the apple trees, clear away from the house. Ma was sure worried until we told her Ferrin was ok and would be home soon. He sure didn't want her to know that he had been hitting the bottle.

Another time after we were out of high school Della, I, my cousin Ray Carter and a friend Cliff Newitt went to a dance in Spanish Fork. While Della and I were dancing the three boys found some liquor and drank it after which Ferrin ran every step of the 3 miles home and although Ray came and told us and we went right after him in the car he got home first and was out in bed under the apple trees, passed out cold, when we got there.

The fall we were seniors in high school Ferrin fell off from a horse and broke both of his arms, so he had to quit school and he never went back. I went for about 6 months and then I dropped out until I was about 46 or 47 years old when I went back to school at the Utah Technical College and studied electronics, math., algebra, English, health & electricity. I really enjoyed it and I studied hard because all of the younger students made their cracks that they could get higher grades than the old man, but I fooled them as I stayed at the top of the classes. The only place some of them could outdo me was on the basketball court, but I didn't give up I still hung in there with them.

Some of my grade school and high school teachers which I still remember and respect are: Alene Tuttle, Hannah Vicklund, John Warner, Leo Hales, Ernest Whitwood, Mr. Bohne, Miss Partridge, and J. Angus Christensen.

In the spring of 1935 I was going from a class in the upstairs floor of the Spanish Fork High School when I noticed the most beautiful girl in the whole world. Her name Adella Ruth Ellison but she didn't notice me at the time I first saw her in the hall, so about a week or so later I called at her home in Lake Shore and asked her for a date. She said she couldn't go that night as her parents weren't at home, but might be able to go out with me some other time. Soon I started going steady with her and have never stopped. We had lots of fun together, we went dancing at the Salt-Air Open Air Pavilion the Great Salt Lake west of Salt Lake City many times and also at the Starlight Gardens, another open-air dance hall in Salt Lake City. We also danced at least once each week either at Arrowhead, Spring Lake, or Salem's open-air dance pavilions. We also went to lots of movies, out to eat, and on picnics up the canyons of our area. I even sported her several times on a small motorcycle which Vernal, Ferrin and I bought. I'll never forget how jealous I got when I found out she had been on several dates other than with me. I think I loved her the first time I ever saw her and I still do. Some time during our courtship Dad let me rent 5 acres of ground from Aunt Lettie, where I raised sugar beets and with the money I made from them I bought a 1931 4-door Model A Ford and we went on many dates in this car.

One afternoon we drove up Springville canyon and I sat on a log with her on my lap and told her how much I loved her and she told me that she loved me and then I asked her if she would marry me and she said yes, she would marry me which made me very happy. We were married in the Salt Lake Temple, 4 January 1937 and Della's parents gave us a wedding reception in the Lakeshore Ward Church hall, where we received many lovely presents to start housekeeping with.

Our first home was at Marcus and Laverne Warren's house, my oldest sister and her husband. It was located about 1 mile up in the Spanish Fork River Bottoms and about miles

down from Dad and Ma's home. We had gone up to the Southeast Furniture Co. in Sal Lake City about two weeks before our wedding and bought a kitchen set (4 chairs and a drop leaf table), a little white kitchen cabinet, a coal or wood burning cook stove and bedroom set. Our first cook stove was sure a cute little thing and even though it wasn't a very good stove we sure loved it.

That winter was really cold, with lots of snow and the curving road up through the bottoms was icy and snow-packed all winter. The day after our wedding reception we had gone to lake Shore to gather up our wedding presents and were on our way home and on up to Dad's to get a few more things, but when we drove around the curve just in front of the place where we were going to live, Frank Jones was coming down the bottoms road, traveling too fast and when he saw us he threw on his brakes and the big county road truck which he drove slid clear around in the road and sideswiped us and really did a lot of damage to the car, but we weren't hurt too much, just really scared.

Della's parents were Donald Ellison and Ruth Arsenath Hayes Ellison. They were sure good people, my second set of parents and I sure loved them. Their children were Adella Ruth, John Armstrong, Helen Vaughn, Maud Frances, Donna Jean and Arsenath Ann Ellison. They have all truly been my brothers and sisters throughout my life. Grandpa Ellison was a farmer and trucker. He hauled coal and produce to Idaho and brought back grain and potatoes. Adella was born in Spanish Fork, Utah 16 March 1919 in her maternal grandfather's home and then they moved back to Lost River, Idaho near Howe, Idaho where Don was working on a large ranch. After a year or so they moved out west of Blackfoot, Idaho where they bought a farm from Don's mother in a small farming community called Rose, Idaho. When Della was about 13 years old they moved back to Utah to a farm on West Mountain, out of Payson, Utah then the next year they bought a farm in Lake Shore, Utah where she still lived when I met her.

After we were married I worked for Grandpa Ellison quite a lot. My first experience was when he moved a Barney family out of Palmyra, Utah to Sugar City, Idaho. Grandpa had trailer hitches made for his truck and one for the truck owned by my, Dad which I had borrowed and we each pulled a trailer behind our trucks. We left Palmyra at 4:00 o'clock in the morning and drove straight through, stopping only for gasoline and we arrived in Sugar City the next morning at 2:00 A.M. I'll never forget how tired I was; I slept 12 hours that night in the cab of my truck. On the return trip somehow I got separated from Grandpa and came on home alone.

As I have said before that first winter we were married was very, very cold and Della and I knew this because we hauled coal from the mines in Carbon County, for Grandpa. His truck was old and always had a window out and the heater only worked sometimes. One night as we were on our way home from the mines, we stopped at Old Tucker, just down off Soldier Summit to get warmed up at a little store there and the temperature was 35 degrees below Zero at 6:30 in the evening. We were paid \$2.00 per day and some of the days were 16-18 hours long, and always at least 12 hours long, but we were happy, in love and didn't mind too much as we were so glad to have a job. I remember how cheap it was to live, as we could buy all the groceries that both of us could carry for \$5.00, some difference from then and now 1977 when it could probably cost \$40.00 to \$45.00 for the same things. I remember one night when we didn't have a

car we walked down to Spanish Fork (1½ miles) to the movie which cost .25 for each of us. They had a drawing during intermission and our ticket stub was picked for one of the prizes which was \$5.00 worth of groceries and by the time we carried them the 1½ miles home we felt we had really earned them, but were still happy to have them.

One funny experience that I had with Grandpa Ellison was one day not too long after we had moved the Barney family to Idaho. Grandpa and I had been up to Carbon County to the mines for coal. We had his truck and trailer, both loaded with coal and when we got back to Spanish Fork we unhooked the trailer so we could unload part of the coal on the truck. Then when we hooked the trailer back onto the truck to go on home to Lake Shore, Grandpa just dropped the bolt into the trailer hitch and I asked him if he wasn't going to put the nut on the bolt and lock it in place. He just said "no it will stay like that just to drive that far" (5 miles). Just after we crossed over the river bridge on the way to Lake Shore there were some state road men working on the road who started waving their arms and yelling for us to stop. When we did get stopped and got out of the truck we saw that the trailer was no longer with us. Guess where it was????.... Yes, that's right...it was down in the bottom of the river, turned upside down, coal and all. Grandpa said, "I guess I should have listened to you." Boy, did we ever have fun getting the trailer and coal back up on the road, nearly worked ourselves to death.

Later Grandpa bought a Case tractor and wanted me to do a lot of plowing for him. This definitely was not a good outfit for just plowing as the plow wasn't mounted on the tractor, it was just pulled behind and it really worked the driver half to death to run it for a day. After that first day on it, I was so tired that I didn't wake up early enough to suit grandpa, so he got upset and came over and got the gas cans and went to plowing him self. We got mad at each other several times in our lives, but we got along all right anyway. (P.S. from Adella E. Wood.... as I remember it, after Dad plowed with his out-fit for one short day, he did not ever try it again. He waited for Ferris or one of the other boys to do it. Adella E. Wood)

Grandpa Ellison was a very generous person, all the time helping others who needed it even if his family went without so he could do it. Granny would sometimes get so mad at him when he would give his only decent suit to someone who didn't have one at all, but this was the kind of man he was. The last few years of his life he worked at the Deseret Industries and a very big share of his wages went to help someone else and whether he knew them or not, he always saw their need and proceeded to help them.

One of the most enjoyable things I did while home and after I married Adella was hunting pheasants. How I love this sport and just to be out with my brothers and our dogs was really something. We had some of the finest mongrel dogs to hunt with and they far outclassed any bird dog you could find

Then our hunting trips were sure enjoyable too. I hunted with Willis more than any of my other brothers. These trips were mostly after Della and I were married. She went with me almost every year up Dairy Fork, my choicest canyon. I sure loved to have her with me. She always went up on the mountain with me and I'll never forget the one deer she shot and killed. I left her

in a spot near the top of Mark Mountain, then I went down a little canyon and I soon heard one shot and then she yelled, "I got one, I got one." She had killed a big 4 point buck with one shot, but she would never carry a gun again even though she continued to go hunting with me as long as I went.

I don't really understand yet how Della ever got used to my ways as she had never been fishing or hunting in her life and then all at once it was a very big part of her life. Almost every time I went deer hunting she was by my side and we had some lovely times together. We nearly always hunted in Dairy Fork Canyon about 25 miles from Spanish Fork up on a mountain called Mark Mountain and there were very few times we didn't get a deer.(buck)

I remember that Della wasn't as good a cook as her mother or mine, but I loved her and that was what mattered. We had lots of fun together, I remember one morning we woke up and got to fooling around and I put both of my feet against her back and shoved and she plopped right out on the floor, but she didn't get too upset about that.

That first summer we were married, one night we came home quite late and it was very dark out and as we got ready to go to bed we heard some loud noises upstairs. We didn't have any electricity in that house of Marcus and Laverne's and we were both frightened so we walked 1-1/2 miles up to Dad's and stayed that night. When we came home the next day and looked around, we decided it must have been squirrels that had crawled through a broken window in the vacant upstairs and were making a lot of noise.

I'll never forget the year Ferrin and Faye got married, as we got quite a kick out of them. When they went to town they would buy just one gallon of gas for their car and then when they got back home they would need to borrow gas to get back to town the next time.

A few years after we were married Dad bought a Farmall 30 Tractor with two-way two bottom plows and Vernal, Ferrin and I ran it twenty-four hours a day plowing for different farmers in the Spanish Fork area. I really loved to plow with that outfit and enjoyed this time before most farmers got their own tractors and plows. Then Dad bought a Case grain threshing machine from Homer Harwood and then during the harvest season I worked with Dad, Vernal and Ferrin going around to different farms to thresh grain.

Also during the first part of my married life, Vernal, Ferrin and I bought and put together a portable grain chopper and mounted it on the back of an old Model T Ford panel truck. We went from farm to farm chopping grain for the farmers to feed to their animals. A year or two later I bought the business from Vernal and Ferrin and bought a new chopper and a Buick motor to run the chopper and bought another truck to mount them on. I continued serving the farmers in this manner for several more years.

Another job the three of us worked together was stacking pea vines at a viner, just a block west of Dad and Ma's house. This was quite a tiresome job as during the pea harvest the viner would sometimes run 16 or 18 hours a day and we had to be there. We used a horse we called

Mike, who was a great help to us. The horse would pull a belt about 5 ft. wide and 7 ft. long under the elevator, then when the vines falling from the elevator filled the belt we would lead old Mike to low places in the stack and then turn him sharp around, dumping the vines off the belt. After old Mike had been on the stack for a few days, we could just tell him what to do and most of the time he would do what we wanted without anyone even touching him.

On December 12, 1938 our oldest girl was born. She weighed 5 lbs 12 oz and I gave her a name, Judith Adella Wood and a blessing. I will never forget the day she was born at Lake Shore in Grandpa and Granny Ellison's home. She came 2 weeks early and she was so tiny and skinny. Her little fingers and skinny arms were so sweet, but I never thought she would grow up as she is today. Dr. Milo C. Moody was our doctor from the first of our marriage until her retired from practice in 1978. We love this man for what he has done for us during those 40 years.

We lived in Lake Shore in an old adobe house we rented from Grandpa Don Ellison and then in 1940 mother died and that summer we moved up into part of Dad's home where he and Vernal still lived in the River Bottoms for several years. Vernal raised about 5-10 acres of melons each summer up on the east bench where some of Dad's land was located and it was a choice experience to watch Dad & Judy who wasn't quite two, eat watermelon on the lawn. Dad would cut off a big slice of melon and sit in his chair in the shade of an apple tree with Judy standing between his knees or leaning on his leg and they would both eat watermelon until she had juice clear up to her arm pits and all over Dad's pants and his melon juice would be dripping from his mustache and between the two of them it would be all over Judy's hair and Dad's shirt but they really enjoyed it and it was a lovely site to watch both the sharing of love and melon.

On March 7, 1941 our second daughter Jacqueline Marie Wood was born in the Payson City Hospital. She weighed 6 lbs 12 oz and this too was a special event as was the births of our other daughters. Jackie was always full of life and on the go trying to keep right up with Judy who was 28 months older. She was a chubby little girl and always running. She never walked and so she was all the time falling down and getting a tooth through her lip or a cut on her chin or forehead. One day which I will always remember we had gone up Diamond Fork Canyon on a Saturday evening for fishing and to camp overnight. The next morning, Sunday, I got up early and went fishing and while I was gone Della dressed the kids and started cooking breakfast for them. While she was fixing breakfast she sat Jackie by the camp fire in her high chair so she wouldn't be too cold, but Jackie got to rocking her chair back and for and tipped over face down in the camp fire. When Della saw this, she grabbed Jackie, out of the fire and brushed the fire out in her hair, but while doing so brushed the burned skin off from her forehead. When I got back to camp Della had everything loaded but the tent which I took down and threw into the truck and we started for town to get her to the doctor. About halfway home Jackie came out of shock and started to scream and throw herself around and almost acted like a mad person because of the pain. I had to let Della drive while I held Jackie and tried to keep her still, so she wouldn't do more damage to her burned places. Dr. Moody treated her burns with bandages soaked in cod-liver oil and she had to wear them for 2 or 3 weeks and the oil would soak the tape so the bandage would slip down over her eyes and she would run around holding her head up and back so she could see under the bandages, but not where she was going so she would keep falling and

cutting her face and arms an knees. Anyway the Lord surely blessed her because she never had any scars as a result of this accident and it only slowed her down for about a week.

We took our kids nearly every time we went anywhere like this, all but several times while we deer hunted then they stayed at Granny Ellison's. The spring before Jackie's accident we had bought a farm in Benjamin from Lavern Hansen. That summer we bought a McCormick Diering threshing machine from Lars Davis and then I operated the farm and the threshing machine. The first year (harvest) I threshed for the farmers in Salem as this is where Lars Davis lived and it was the only machine around there. After the first year, as we lived in Benjamin, I concentrated on Benjamin and Lake Shore most of the time and after their grain was harvested and threshed I went up Spanish Fork canyon and threshed for Leslie Lewis and the farmers up in Birdseye. After a few years more and more threshing machines were brought into the area and so none of us had a very long season and more farmers were getting their own grain grinding equipment so that part of our business slowed down and as we only had an 28 acre farm it wasn't enough to provide a living so in 1946 I started working at the Illinois Powder Company located at the mouth of Spanish Fork canyon.

Another blessed event for us was when Patricia our third daughter was born 26 Jan 1947 in the Hughes Hospital in Spanish Fork Utah. I'll never forget how excited I was to get off work that night and go see our new baby as I had taken Della and the kids to Granny Ellison's that morning on my way to work and Granny was going to go to the hospital with Della to have the baby. When I got to the hospital at 4:40 p.m. that day, she was just being born. I got so out of patience when the doctor didn't show up until after Patricia was here.

I continued working at the Powder plant until Feb 24, 1947 when I decided to build and operate a garage in Lake Shore so I quite the powder plant to do this. We purchased a piece of property from Mark Hale at the Lake Shore Crossroads. As quite a sum of money was involved in building and starting up the business Bert Rose, one of my brother in laws went into partnership with me for a very short time and then he decided to drop out and so Della and I went ahead with it. It took some doing to get a building permit, I met with the county commissioners and planning board, then meetings had to be held in Lake Shore with the people in order to get the ground and area designated as commercial property. When the building was completed we sold gas & oil and did mechanical work on cars, trucks tractors, and farm machinery. Sometime before going into the business we sold the threshing machine to Eldon Aitken and part of our farming land to Allan Parry to get enough money to build the garage. After being in business for sometime we decided to sell the rest of the farm and home to James Gleason as I didn't have time to do any farming. Around 1948 we bought a new home on 100 West 270 North in Spanish Fork. Our back fence adjoined the property which Granny and Grandpa Ellison bought later on which to operate a coal and feed business.

Our business wasn't too good and I was nearly always at the garage working late and so feeling that we couldn't afford to live in town we built a room (apartment) in the east half of the garage and moved in there.

I really enjoyed being my own boss and doing the work I liked, but one thing I didn't appreciate was people charging gas, oil, and mechanical repair work when they didn't have the money, then going to town and Provo when they had money and still owing us a bill.

We stayed there until the summer of 1952 when I started working for Pages, Inc. in Spanish Fork.

Another very special event took place on May 16, 1951 when our fourth daughter Shelley was born in Payson Hospital.

We sold the garage to Marion and Norma Schroder of Lake Shore who continued to do some mechanic work, gun smithing, etc...

In the fall of 1952 we bought a new red brick house and moved once more to 425 East 200 South in Spanish Fork, with our four little girls.

I worked for Pages for about 3 years then in the spring of 1955, I decided to try construction work so I could make a little more money so I went to work for Utah Construction Co. helping to build the Wanship Dam up in Ogden Canyon. This was a very long drive each day and I had to drive it alone as I couldn't find anyone from our area who worked my shift. I remember very well an experience I had while working there. I worked from 4:00 p.m. through midnight repairing their huge machinery and for 2 night in a row I had the most depressing feeling come over me that I can't really explain thought I am sure twas the influence of Satan as when I got this feeling I would go out by myself and pray to our Father in Heaven and as I started praying the awful influence would leave.

I know our Heavenly Father hears and answers our prayers and so I would say to anyone who might read this history remember this is true and he has answered my prayers many times.

I didn't work for Utah construction very long as the cost of driving was too much and I could not stand to be away from my dear wife and family. I truly love them and don't feel right very far away from them.

On July 24, 1955 Della and I were called to serve on a 2 year stake mission in the Palmyra Stake, Spanish Fork Utah. Most of our time was spent in the Thistle area which was a small railroad town 13 miles up Spanish Fork Canyon. We made some good friends there and finally Sister Myrtle Young was baptized. After her husbands death she had her and her husband's temple work done. Sister Young's conversion was greatly influenced by Brother and Sister Fran Spencer who lived in Birdseye, Utah but we were also in on it.

I went back to Page's to work again after working for 2 or 3 weeks at Naylor Auto co. in Provo and stayed with Pages until I went back to work at the Powder plant Jan 4, 1957, where I worked until I retired Jan 1. 1983.

Again to show how paying tithing has helped us, when I hired back on at the powder plant, I hired on as a mechanic. When the contract came up the following year, wages were set and they had a classification in our department of lead man who was R.W. Banks and mechanics helper, in which I was classes at .29 per hour less. As I had been hired as a mechanic I did some grumbling and the union went in to meet with Harry Cutshall, who was plant manager and he had to raise my pay up to lead man.

While working at the Powder Plant, I have fired boilers, been a watchman, done all types of maintenance work and later worked as a plant electrician until my retirement. I have enjoyed working at the Powder Plant as most of the work has been things which I enjoyed doing. Another thing I have like about working there is that it is near my beautiful mountains and I was able to see deer feeding wild almost every day. The summers were pleasant; however the winters were really cold, windy and miserable.

Most of our married life Della and I have paid a full tithing. Shortly after I started to work back at the Powder Plant it changed owners from Illinois Powder Co. to American Cyanamed and the work force was really cut. Quite a few of the plant workers were laid off and through I was the youngest man (seniority wise) in the mechanic game I was kept on. I want you to know that we are blessed when we obey a commandment of God.

I was ordained a Seventy by Harold B. Lee 9 Feb 1957.

In the spring of 1958 we bought an old run down home and approximately 20 acres of farming land in Benjamin from Paul Warthen. We moved back to Benjamin in August 1958 after working all spring and summer to fix the house up so it was even fit to move into.

We were happy to be back in Benjamin Ward once more with good friends we had made 15 years before and had kept in touch with.

In 1963 I was called and set apart as President of the Palmyra Stake Mission and Della and I were called on another stake mission for 2 year and were able, along with the influence of our Father in Heaven to encourage Jack Jarvis of Palmyra to be baptized. While trying to help this man we would make appointment with him and when there several times for appointments and the house would be totally dark. One night when we went there to find him not home, Della said "why do we keep coming here? He doesn't want anything to do with the church, he just makes a joke of everything we say" I said to her, "Just be patient and we will get him."

Sometime later we were able to teach him two lessons from the book of Mormon. I remember the spirit was strong those two nights and the next time we went there he met us at the door and said "I'm ready to be baptized, but I don't want anymore preaching." This sure did make us feel good. Jack was baptized and later went to the temple for sealing to his good wife and family.

I'll tell you of an experience I had while serving as a stake missionary. I came home from work one evening and shortly after the phone rang and it was Loren Arnold, a neighbor in the

ward, wanting me to come help him administer to his father in law, Frank Hone. I went over and Loren and I had our prayer and then went in and administered to Brother Hone. A few days later I was talking to Sister Hone who told me about that day. She said that during that day Frank called her into his bedroom where he lay sick and she could see his legs jerking. He said to her “make these two men quit pulling on my legs.” She said to him “There are no men pulling on your legs.” He said, “There are, because I can see them.” Sister Hone said she could feel an evil influence in the room so she went to the head of the bed by Frank and started praying. As she continued praying Franks legs quite jerking and the evil influences left the room. She went on to say that Frank told her after the administering a peaceful feeling went over him from his head to his feet.

Now back to the Home Teaching, one of my families was that of Earl Ludlow. He became very ill and they found he had cancer. He suffered for a long time and on the final day of his life, I went to the hospital see him. His brother Glen was there with their brother in law. We were asked to administer to Earl. The Brother in law anointed and I sealed the anointing, blessing him that he would receive rest that night. He passed away that night and I have always felt that he had been waiting for his home teacher to give him a blessing.

Orlan Tippetts was my home teaching companion and also his home was one of our home teacher’s homes. One night I called to see if he could go teaching. He said no he didn’t feel like going, but would I come give him a blessing. I said yes and went right over. I asked him to let me call his son Royal, to come help me and he agreed. Royal came, we had our prayer then I anointed and Royal sealed it and gave his dad a blessing. After I went home Orlan told his boy that he was ready to go. The next day he took a chair and went out to sit in the sun where he went to sleep and never woke up again. These two blessed events prove to me that the roll of a Home Teacher is far greater than most of us realize.

I know that God does live and truly answers prayer. If I have any influence on those who read this it would be to encourage each of you to live all of the commandments so as to receive all of the blessings God has for you.

The Lord has been very good to me and has answered my prayer and given me inspiration and instruction for my personal safety many times.

One time while working on a 2300 volt electric line, I had disconnected what I felt was correct to be safe while I worked on it, but as I got part way up the pole I received a strong feeling that I should go back and disconnect a transformer as I started down. I saw a strong electrical arc. In thinking of this, I found that power was feeding back through some transformers again putting 2300 volts right where I would have been working.

I didn’t know much about electricity then and I still don’t, but Heavenly Father has been very generous in giving me inspiration to do my work in safety.

In 1963 some of the assigned powder plant workers were burning the garbage and after starting the fire they left to do something else and a burning paper blew out of the enclosure, starting a grass fire, which spread rapidly and burned several of their vital buildings.

As I had a week of vacation scheduled, the week after this fire Della, Patricia, Shelley and I went up to Judy and David's' in Great Falls, Montana.

Judy and David and family had moved up there earlier in the year and had taken our pickup to help move with and we went up to see how they were doing and bring it home.

When we got back home I found out most of all the men at the Powder Plant were laid off, including me. It was quite a while before we decided what to do and during this time I drew unemployment compensation. I finally decided to go to vocational school and study electricity because for two of the years I have worked for American Cyanamed I was doing electrical work and had attended two years of night classes at UTTI in Provo.

Again I testify that paying tithing is a blessing. When I started vocational school full time, I was told at the unemployment office that I couldn't draw compensation while going to school, but I complied with their demands as far as I could and continued to receive the regular weekly check all the time I attended school. Every time I went in to report to them where I had been to apply for work, they said "you cannot draw compensation while going to school," but the weekly check still came. The Lord has blessed us so much.

In May of 1964 I left school a little before the school year ended, to take a job with Estel Engle, an electrical contractor in Provo who had interviewed me at school. I worked doing house wiring and some industrial work until March of 1965 when I again went back to the Powder Plant, now owned by Trogon Powder Company as maintenance man and plant electrician.

In 1965 I was called to serve as ward clerk in the Benjamin Ward with Bishop Reed Reynolds. I served with him for 2 years and then was called to serve with Bishop Lavon E. Payne for 5 years, after which I was called to serve as Stake Clerk with President L. Bernell with whom I served until 4 March 1978 when the stake was divided making a new stake, Spanish Fork West Stake. Clair O. Anderson was called as Stake President of West Stake and I again was called to serve as Stake Clerk with him.

Della served in both Stakes as historian and she also did most of the work connected with the finances of both Stakes. I sure do love and appreciate her and our girls, along with our son in laws and grandchildren.

The following are a few other special dates in my life:
Judith, (Judy) was married to David Frost Mitchell 3 Jan 1957 in the Salt Lake Temple.
Jacqueline (Jackie) was married to Merlon Ray Tolman 24 Aug. 1961 in the Idaho Falls Temple.
Patricia was married to Dale Barton Rice 21 January 1971 in the Manti Temple.
Shelley was married to Dennis R. Mayer 25 November 1969 in the Salt Lake Temple.

I have really enjoyed the clerk jobs I have been called to as I could do a big share of it at home. (Before Churches with Clerks Offices) I have enjoyed associating with the thine brethren who have been called to direct the Lord's work in the wards, stakes, regions and also the general authorities of His Church with whom I have had contact.

While serving as a clerk in both Stakes, I have come to realize many things I must put in order in my life and I am trying to do just that. It is my desire to have all of our loved ones return to our Father in Heaven as a family with us.

Some of the church positions I have held are: Scout Master, President of Young Men's Mutual Association, Ward Dance Director with Della, Ward Clerk, Sunday School Teacher, President of the Quorum of Seventy, President of the Stake Mission and Home Teacher.

In July 1979 while working on an acid leak under storage tank the wrench I was using slipped and came around throwing acid on my face. I got water on it as soon as possible, but still received some bad burns. After applying cocoa butter on them for about 5-6 months they were mostly all cleared up.

Soon after getting my fact burned I was grinding a piece of metal and the grinding dish broke and cut my left hand quite bad.

A little while after my hand was about healed I bumped my knee causing a very large lump to form which will probably stay with me the rest of my life.

After these accidents I feel I have come out the winner because they have caused me to be more humble, patient and loving, so I feel this was a great blessing from the Lord.

I haven't mentioned this before, but other blessings I have are not only our girls, but their husbands and children also. For some reason or other, Shelley & Dennis's last boy Joseph has sure taken a liking to me, but his goes both ways. When I get around him he doesn't want to let me go and always wants to go home with me. Della tended him several days during Primary classes when Shelley had work to do and so he was down here a few time and he and I got really well acquainted and we sure enjoyed it.

One thing that has me worried in this year of 1980 and makes me concerned about the future is the way food costs are continuing to rise by leaps and bounds. 43 years ago when mom and I were first married the two of us could hardly carry home \$5.00 worth of groceries. Now one paper sack full of groceries costs \$20 to \$30.00. A year ago, gasoline was about .43 cents a gallon and now it is \$1.20 per gallon. Several thing are contributing to this: people trying to get rich quick, workers not giving a days work for a days pay, stealing, labor unions striking for more money all the time and many other things. One other serious problem we are having is mothers working and letting the children run wild and fend for themselves, men acting like women and women acting like men and dressing the part.

President Kimball and the General Authorities now and before are counseling against these things. I certainly feel blessed and grateful none of our family has fallen to these things and most of them are active in the church.

This concludes what Poppy had written himself except for a few journal entries. There is also another history written by him that is a little different from this. When I have more time, I will compare the two and blend them together to make one.

Poppy got colon cancer in 1981. He had surgery to remove the cancerous colon and then did some chemotherapy and some radiation treatments.

Pop died at his home on February 8, 1983.

Autobiography by Ferris Wood
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