

The Autobiography of Clifford Smith

The following account was written by Cliff in his 64th year. It was transcribed by Allison Hamaker exactly as he wrote it in his own words, spelling and accounts.

Preface

This is a story of a American boy. From a pore German and danish father and a english and irish mother and also the seventh son of this marige. And what he can remember about the kind of life he had as a boy, and young man, and what happened through 64 year's of wonderfull life. As close as can be remembered.

The Life of Clifford Smith

First my father was a big tuff cowboy who could ride any horse are fight any man and win in both. And he stressed the fact that the word of a man was just as good as his bond. My mother was the kind of a woman that did as my father bid. He was the boss of our family. We lived in a two room log and scrap cabin one mile east of Desert Lake Utah. The kitchen had no floor. Just mother earth. In the other room we had a ruff wood floor with knotwholes in most of the boards. Between the logs, we had blue clay, for plaster. And any kind of a jar would shake some of it out. Then one could see outside through the logs. We were mostly cold in the winter, for we burned wood in a old fassion cookstove for heat and we had a small heating stove in the other room. It also burned wood are coal, but we hardly ever had any coal.

One of my first memories was of my father, comming home from riding on the range. Our horses ranged, in luckey flat and seader mountain and through all the country through that aeria. In the winter he would have iccles hanging on his whiskers. He would set by the stove and my mother would hurry with the coffee. All of us kids would crowed as close as we could to him. And myself, I loved to feel his cold ears. After a few minutes tuching his ears he would blow his cork, and sometimes he would slap me. He couldn't see mutch sence in me playing with his ears. But I really bleive he loved me more than any of the other children.

After he drank his coffee and got warm he would reach in his pocket, and hand me some pretty smooth and colored rocks, that I loved. They were all collors, and I played they were my cows, and I would push them around the floor with my hand like I was hearing them and the floor was my range. We had a few milk cows, but my father was a horse man. So we had lots of horses, all kinds and collors. He rode a little red horse mostly. He was always pore and always had a big sore on his back.

My folks said I learned to walk by crawling to old red and climbing up, by holding to his tail. And when he would move, to another tuft of grass, I would have to drag, are walk. And I didn't like to drag. But I was to young to remember for sure.

The next thing I can remember. My father borrowed money from the First National bank, and went to Arizona and bought 500 goats. It took him about 5 weeks to make the trip on horseback to and from Arizona with the goats. He had the goats about a week and we started to have a lot of company from the coal mines in carbon county. And they all wanted to buy goats. These people were Greeks and Italians that worked in the coal mines. And they brought Gold coins, with them and made about five dollars a head profit. He took two of my older brothers and headed for Arizona again. This time he brought back about 1000 goats again and sold them for about six dollars a head profit. He kept this up untill he had 2500 goats.

The range was gitting crowed by then. So my father went twenty miles west into the mountains, and filed on a homestead known as Service Berry Canyon, one canyon north of Wattis. But Wattis was called Wilde Cattle Canyon at that time. Wattis came three years later. We moved to service berry in 1915. I was seven years old at that time. And the Utah law was passed that time that people had to send their children to school through the eight grade are until they were eighteen years old. So when the school year came along, my father bought a two room house in Huntington and I started the first grade in Huntington.

I was passed from the first grade to the second in 1916 and we moved back to our ranch in service berry. My father had built a one room log cabin and we had a big tent for that summer. We sold the goats and bought 40 head of cows. We raised lambs that the sheep men gave us that had no mothers. I was eight years old that year 1916 and I had a sister ten years old a brother twelve years old. The three of us milked the cows and all of

us feed the lambs with bottles and nipples. My mother helped with the feeding and my father carried the lambs on horseback from the sheep camps two to six miles away. Some of the cows were so wild, we would catch them by the back leg and tie them to the seader post, and milk them. Some of them we could never git in the correll again after one milking. But that year we raised 125 starvey lambs. We sold them to a man named Earl Barney.

Then it was time to go to school again. So back to Huntington we moved through the winter. My father met Charley Petitti and talked him into going to Wattis and filing on a homestead close by us. He brought his wife and children. So we had neighbors from then on. This was 1917. That same year the Utah railway built a track from Martin to Black Hawk and Morland right past our ranch. And Mr. Wattis started a coal mine joining our property. The town was started and the Wattis coal company built my family a four room house for a right of way through our property. And I started to school at Wattis in the 3rd grade.

One day in the sumer of 1917, I was hearding some lambs we had raised and it started to rain as I was driving them to the house. My brother Ferd, came along on a horse, and ask me if I wanted to ride back of the saddel to the house. I climbed up behind him and we started out for the house. He kicked the horse with his spurs and I lost my holt, and went of backward, and landed on a rock and broke my right arme in two places. When I got to where my mother and father was and they saw my arme broken and crooked, my father that big tuff man said, "My God, what can we do?" and started to cry. I was so surprized to hear him cry, I stoped crying. My little mother said to my father, "Joe, git aholt of this kids arm betwene the sholder and elbow." And he did. And she took aholt of my hand and straightened the arms and gave it a hard pull. My arm popped and I started to cry again. She looked at it and told my father to fit some boards and make some splints. My mother while she was holding my arme I could see tears in her eyes but she never made a sound. After the splints were made she rapped a dish towel around the two breakes and then put the splints in place while my dad held the boards. She tore some cloth in strips and rapped in and out through the boards until the boards were real tight against my arme. Then they tyed strings tightly, around the outside, and put my arme in a sling. And thats the way I spent the rest of the summer. But after that, I always knew who had the real guts in our family.

When I started to school that fall, I got real sick, and I was right in bed for about two weeks. Finaly, my right knee started to swell up and my folks got worried and had a Doctor come from Castel Dale to see what was rong with me. And tooke a look at me and said I had Typhoid feever and rumatic feever together. He told them what to do then left. About a week later (they) dicided to have him come back again because I had a real bad cold in my chest. It took about a week for the Doctor to show up and I was real sick but I heard him tell my folks, "This kid has pneumonia along with everything else. He is not going to live. And the only thing you can do is git two cotton bats and wrap theme around him, and leave a hole, so he can have a bowell movement." He said, "Those beed sores are real bad. But I don't think he will last another week." But he sold her some kind of save to put on them. I didn't care about dying. For if any one tuched the beed, are jared the floor it cause my pain to be a lot worse.

About a week later I was better and some children came to see me. And I guess I looked like a skeleton. They were crowding around my beed, trying to git a better look at me, and the pain in my knees was driving me crazy. So I told everyone to git the hell out of my room. My mother came to see why I was so grouchy. And I told her they were herting my knee, and she just couldent understand how noise, and bumping against my beed, could hert my knee.

It was not long after that I tryed to git up. I could stand on my left foot but I couldent bend my left knee. So my dad cut a broom handel of just the right length for a crutch. But I couldnt hop—to much pain. So back to beed I went, tired enough to sleep. And the next day I was up again trying to move. I started to hold on to a chair, and wiggle my left foot frome the toes first, then on my heal. And slowly, I went to the kitchen. After that, I was at the table with the rest of the family for meals. For the next year I walked like Walter Brinnen in mr. McCoy, but ever day I was stronger.

In the spring of 1918, I was well and back in the harness doing my chores. But I had missed another year of school. So we milked the cows and raised more lambs. It was my job to heard the milk cows about 14 head. And lots of cowmen would stop at our place stay overnight, and eate at our table. Sometimes six are

seven at one time. And I would listen to their talk, and they seemed to talk about slicks, meaning cows without a brand on.

I was only seven or eight years old, but every time when I was herding cows and I saw stray cows going by, I would ride my pony around the stray cows and see if there was any slicks in the bunch. And one day, sure enough, a yearling bull was with some strays, and I couldn't see a brand on him. He was a beautiful red durham. So I cut him away from the cows he was with and put him with the milk cows.

I took the cows home early that day. My dad was real mad at me and said, "What the hell are you bringing the cows home for this early?" And like a big 8 year old man, I told him I found a slick. He quit hollering at me and slowly walked around my bull, and said, "He hasent got a sign of a brand on." And my mother said, "You are teaching that boy kinda young, arent you?" And he told us, "Someone will come and git him as soon as they missed him." But they never did. And I called him teddy. He was my bull and was with our cows for a couple of years. And when the theifs would stop and eate our grub and talk about the slicks they had found, I would still listen, and say nothing.

One of my older sisters left her husband and came home with two children. Even for a four room house, that was a big family again. I had a brother older than me and three younger than I, and two sisters older. And three brothers that just came home in the winter.

One time some cowmen were eating at our house and one of them said, "Joe, where are all your older boys?" My father said, "Hell, I don't know. But you wait untill the first snow storm comes. Then you can count them all. They will be here." And it was true. I always had three more bosses in the winter.

Our first school at Wattis was a two room house in the east end of the town. We lived about 3 quarters of a mile from the school, but we had to cross a big deep canyon. Sometimes the snow was deeper than my youngest brother was tall. But we made it to school pretty regular.

The teacher was a girl that worked in the boarding house waiting on tabels before school started. She had eight grades in that little room. She did a pretty good job. Their was sixteen children—four from our house.

While I was in school 1918 and 1919, my father and Charley Petitti bought 600 head of goats, so I was the goat herder. I never knew how far a heard of goats could go in a day, but they never stoped. In the spring, school was out and the goats were lambing. On the 21st day of May it started to snow and I was herding the goats on foot. And I was just east of the Utah railroad about a mile from our house. After it had snowed 18 inches, it started to blow. I had new little lambs everywhere, and I didn't know what to do. I thought all of them would die.

Then I heard the cyoties houling and barking. Finially I could see them. I guess their was over twenty all around me. So I climbed a tree. Some of them came under the tree I was in and my little pupey dog about two months old went right up to one of them and smelt his tail, and the cyotie didn't bite him. He just snaped his teeth at him. And the little dog snucked under a bush and stayed there untill they went away. After they had gone I couldent see any goats anywhere, so I went home.

My father never bleived any thing I told him that had happened and he said, "When this wind stops blowing you had better find every goat. It didn't stop untill the next morning. Then I went to find the goats. I found them about a mile from where I had seen them last. I still don't know how many had been killed, and my dad never tryed to find out.

It took me about two years to learn how to count goats. But I finally got pretty good at counting goats and sheep. About half of the goats has more than one lamb are kid. And about a third of them doesent claim the lamb so you have to hold them and let the lamb suck untill they finely deside to mother their own lamb. You put them in a corral and catch them.

The goat manurea gits dry and dusty, and I always had hay feever real bad. My mother said many times, she had never seen a boy with so many summer coalds. People never knew mutch about allergey when I was a boy. I often wondered how I lived to grow up.

After the goats had all of there lambs, some Greeks wanted to milk them and make cheese, so my dad let theme lease the goats. That's when the State of Utah was dry, and they always mixed bootlegging and goat herding. So that's what they were really doing.

One day I was passing their camp, and I seen a old cook stove in the sage brush and smoke was comming from the stove. So I put my hands over the stove, but there was no fire in the stove. But before I could

find out where the smoke was coming from, one of the Greeks came and told me to keep away from their camp, and not to come back. So now I had another problem. A stove with no fire, but smoke coming from the chimney.

I was going to tell my dad about the funny thing I had seen, but before I could say to much about it, my dad told me to keep away from the greek camp, and keep my mouth shut. So a few years latter I solved the problem. They had a cave in the big wash and a still in it. And the smoke was piped under the ground to the old stove. Big deal. But I never found out until they had moved away.

After they had made the cheese and sold it, they gave us back the goats. And I think all my dad got out of it was a 50 gallon barrel of wine. That's when I found out my father had a problem with any kind of alcohol. One drink and he never knew when to stop.

My father always had this drinking problem, but it took me a long time to catch on. Then I could understand how some times, he could be so unreasonable, and other times, he could be above average.

Utah had been dry for over a year, when Wyoming decided to go along with the Volstead Act. And I remember my dad and three of his drinking cronies pooled their money and caught a train for Evenston Wyoming. While they were gone, we ate bread and gravy and goat meat. One thing I learned was how to dress out a goat.

Corse I was getting close to ten years old, and it was getting a lot harder to go to school, but I guess I made it three times a week. The one teacher had left her man because he was a Drunkard and her and my dad never got along to good for she hated all men that got Drunk. And somehow I really believe she blamed me because my dad drank.

She would take time out to talk about people that breathed through their mouth, instead of their nose, and she would tell them it was just a habit--anyone that was not lazy could use there nose to breath instead of their mouth. And the ones that didnt breath through their nose always were dumb. While she was talking, she looked at me, so the other kids wouldnt think she was talking about them. And all the time the goat manura in my close. And especally my shoes. After it gits soaked into leather, you can always smell it when you git in a warm place. And I had to wear the same shoes to school that I wore in the correll. So I just kept my nose closed, and my mouth open. I was the only one in Wattis school that had to milk a cow are handle any animals, so I was told lots of times that I smelled like a barn.

And my mother thought I always had a head coald. I knew something was rong with me, but I kinda bleaved the teacher for I never went to school more than three days a week. My father had lots of work for me to do and I just couldnt hunt cows, horses and goats and still go to school as steady as the other kids did. So nobody had to tell me I was the dumb one. I was two years older than the same kids in my grade.

In the 4th grade I was driving cattle from Elmo to Wattis and the teacher explained long division to the class. I was not to school that day, so I copped the rest of that year and learned to do them the next year, when she explained it to the 4th grade. I was in the 5th, but I listened in.

She used to say, she never chewed her gum twice. But if the mine forman's child, are any of the other bosses kids~needed help, she would chew her gum for them one more time.

One day she had me writing my spelling words on the black board. And all of a sudden she hit me to the side of the head, and knocked me about ten feet, and said, "I know you know better than that." And I was trying as hard as I could. She made me erace the word and sit down. So at recess I ask Rex Dimick what I had done. And he said, "I don't know. Only, you spelt country wrong." He said "You left out the 'O'.

After a couple of years it came to me how mean a kid can be without knowing it. But my father always told all the teachers, "If you can't handle my kids, just let me know and I'll handle them." So no matter how rotten they got, we never told our folks. We were not over pampered at home.

One day some kids were teasing some batchlers that lived in Wattis and they rolled a baceball along the roof of their house. And they told my dad it was my older brother. My dad came hone and beat him with a hard twist roape. He all most killed him. He was crippled for a couple of weeks. I never got over that the rest of my fathers life, and I don't bleave my brother did eather. He had taken the word of a bunch of alkaholics. To me it was as bad as a linch mob. My father never beat me, but I stayed away from him when he was drunk.

One day my dad told me to take some Billy goats out of the corrall and heard them over to a water pond about a mile from our house. I was about ten years old. The goats were wild and they went in three different directions. I chased them awhile, then I gave up, and was about to go tell my dad they had got away from me.

But I didn't have to, for he was right behind me. He had just caught a horse and had the hobbles in his hand, and he hit me with the hobbles three times and told me to git after those goats and not to come back untill I had them.

When I found them, they had settled down quite a bit. While I was trying to figer how, my dad showed up on a horse and took over, and correled the billy goats. He was real good at showing me how to do things like that when he was on a horse and I was a foot.

My brother Ferd quit school and went to work for the coal - company on the tippel. He was 14 years old, but when the fall roundup started, my dad ask him to git a few days off and help find our cows. We had twenty or thirty scattred around in the mountains. This was 1920, October.

He camped out with some other riders for a week and when he came home he had a bad headache. It kept getting worse. And he started to have a feever. The company had a mine Doctor by that time, so he came down to our house, and looked at him. My mother told him it looked like typhoid fever, because he wouldn't: stay in beed, he just wanted to walk and walk. But the Dr. said no, it was not. He said their was no place up in the mountains for the germs to breed.

A few days later my two younger brothers got sick. Then the doctor sent for some vaccin for typhoid. The two young brothers started to improve right away, but it was too late for Ferd. He passed away. The rest of the family were vaccinated and did not git the deaseas.

At that time my dad had a job riding a horse from Wattis to Hiawatha. It took about three hours a day. He took a papper to a man in Hiawatha and the man filled it out and he brought it back to the office of the coal company. It had something to do with the railroad fair car law. He got \$10 a day for doing the thing. So he wanted the typhoid shot in his chest. He couldn't stand the pain the first one caused in his arme when he made his ride each day. So the old Dr. shot the neadle in his chest. For the next four days I had to stay from school and take the ride for him. He couldn't git out of the house. He never did take the third one. My arme got sore too, but I took his job untill he could do it again. I guess pain never bothered me as much as it did other people.

When school was out in 1921, my father started to gather his horses. They ranged out winter, and summer. We never fed them, even the ones we used. We only fed them in the winter. In the summer, we would take them upon a side hill and hobbel them. Then it was my job to find them the next day, and bring them home. Some times it would be ten aclock before we would all have a horse to ride.

One day, my dad brought a bunch of wild horses to the corall, and their was a pretty blue, two year old stud. So wright away, he took my eye, and I ask the old man if (I) could have him. And he said it was my horse. So I got the laso rope and caught him, and made a ruff hak out of a soft twist rope, and started to break him to ride.

In about one hour I had him broke to lead, and was on him, riding him around the corall. In the next hour, I was riding him outside of the corall. There was a man and his wife, camped close to our place. The man was working for the coal company checking the corners on their land. And my new horse went through there camp while. they were eating supper and scattered food and people ever where. And kicked dust in the food. I got him straightened out and got the hell out of their way, for they were not to hapy about the whole thing.

The next day I heard my dad tell my mother, "That kid is a natural horseman." So that sumer I broke six more two year old colts. The next year I broke all of our two year olds, and a few for other people. When I was thirteen, I had people comming from ever where wanting me to break horses for them. They payed me six dollars a horse. I broke the horses without a saddle. Just a ruf hak that I made. And they never bucked. And that is why they wanted me to break their horses.

After I had a horse under controll and guiding booth ways, I would tye it up and put a saddel on it and let it stand for about thirty minutes in the corall. Then I would git on him and ride him around the corall for a while. Then I would take him out side for a couple of hours, then I would start on another one.

I remember one time I had twenty two bronks at one time. My rear end was tuff as rawhide, for I had to ride each horse a little ever day for a week. Then I would turn them back to their owners, and get my six dollars. My brother Alvin was a rodeo rider. He broke horses too. But my dad wouldn't let him break horses for us, for he always let them buck. That's the way he broke them. And my dad did the same thing.

When I was little, my folks never had a horse us kids could ride. They were all spoild.

I'll tell you about a couple of things that happened when I was a kid. One time my dad was making a celler and we had a lot of rocks to dig out. Some was so big we had to drill holes in them and shoot them out. So I was helping him.

He had me swinging a light pound hammer, hitting the drill steel. When he wanted me to stop, he would say, "Yeh." Once I had the hammer in the air and he said, "Yeh," and started to pull the drill. I couldn't stop the hammer and I hit him on the head. I pulled it as much as I could, but it hit him a kind of glancen blow on the head--not hard enough--for he jumped up and kicked me in the butt before I could lay the hammer down.

Another time my dad bought a Dodge car, and he took me for a ride. We were out in a sagebrush flat, no rode and lots of rocks, and he decided to teach me to drive. I was twelve years old. So he had the motor running and I got under the steering wheel, and he sat on the other side, and we started. The gas leaver was on the right side, under the steering wheel, and the spark leaver was on the left side.

So we started out in low gear and he helped me shift it to second. Then I killed the motor, so dad got the crank, and went around to the frunt of the car. He shoved it in and started to crank. The motor started and also the old Dodge, with my dad running backwards through the rocks and sagebrush. He was pushing on the radiator and shouting, "Whow, whow!" and finally I killed the motor again. And I didn't run over my dad. He hadn't showed me how to stop it yet. Any way, he drove back home.

Another time he was going to Price, and he had to cross a big canyon, and their was ice on the dugway, and he couldn't make it up the hill. So he walked back to the house and told me to harness old Coley, a work horse we had, and pull him up the hill. So I did.

I got a chain and single tree, and hooked old Coley to the car. got on the horne and my dad said, "Go!" so I said git up to Coley, and we started to pull. But dad had put the car in reverse and we went backwards. Coley sliped on his side and I jumped off. Dad and the car kept going the rong way untill he hit a big pine tree a the bottom of the hill. The gas tank was the first thing that hit the tree and it smashed it wide open. And so the old man didnt go to town that day. But the next day he mixed a batch of dough from flour and filled the crackes in the gas tank and made it to Price, where he got a new gas tank. Me and the horse never got hert, so I guess it turned out all right.

My dad was night watchman for the coal company. One morning at three aclock, he woke me up. He told me to go down to the winter ranch, and git a saddle horse (that) Charley Shiver was holding for twenty dollars. So I got on old white man, an old crow bate we had, and so I started out. It was in January, and about two feet of show. It was about seven miles. I was thirteen years old, and not dressed very warm.

When I got down to the winter ranch, it didnt take me long to find the horse--the moon was full. I chased the horse around for about thirty minutes before I caught him. I just got started and the wind started to blow. I had gone about a mile when the drifts got so bad the horse had to lunge to git through the snow, and my horse got tired. So I changed horses. The horse I was riding was so tired he wouldnt lead, so I left him and rode the new horse home. When I got home it was a real blizard. My mother was crying, she was so happy I had got home. But all my dad said was, "All you did was trade horses." But I think he was hapy I had made it back. I know I was.

Another time My dad went to Huntington flour mill in the old Dodge to git a load of flour. When he was comming home it started to snow. He got stuck and he didnt have chains. He had two stay chains from the wagon that had a big hook on the end. So he rapped them around the rear wheels of the car. And ever once in a while, the hook would catch on the car springs, so he would back up and it would come loose. Then he could go ahead again.

He got about a mile from home, along side of a wash about six feet deep, and the chain caught again. He backed up but it didnt come loose, so he tryed it again. This time a little stronger, and it came loose, and he ended up in the wash. And it just fit. The frunt wheels and radiator was the only thing that one could see.

He stagred home and woke me, and my sister Lillian, and told us to hook up the horse and go git the flour before someone stold it. So two aclock we took the horse and a old home made sleigh and started to haul flour. We had to make four trips and on the third trip just as we got to the car, it was three aclock in the morning, no moon, and it turned as light as day. And I still dont know wher the light came from. No flash, no nothing. Just turned light. We were scared out of our wits. It was sure hard to go back after load no. four, but we did. That was one of my great mystries. I'll tell about another one later, in this stories.

My sister decided she was going to break her own horse. So one day when my dad had some horses in the coral, she picked a black mare and ask dad if she could have her. Dad said she could, and told me to catch her, so I did. I used the laso to make a ruff hak. The rope was about thirty feet long, and still had the loop in the end, so I helped her to break the mare to lead, and Lillian got on her. And after she had road her around the coral for a few times, she told me to open the gate.

I tryed to talk her out of it, but she was bull headed. I opened the gate, and away she went. All I could see was dust. Dad came out of the house, and ask me what hapened. I told him and he said, "Git on a horse and go find her." So I started out. About a mile away I caught up with her. She was still trying to git the dust out of her eyes and mouth.

The mare was running along a fence line, and Lillian through the laso over a ceader post, and they boath came to a sudden stop. So I led the mare back to the coral and Lillian limped back home. That was the last wild horse ride she ever wanted to take.

My dad was one of the best wild horse ranglers, and I went with him a lot. And I learned the business from a good teacher, and got pretty good at it. The old timers still tell some big tales about me chasing wild horses, and some of them were the truth.

One fellow ask me if I had been in Petes Canyon on a certen day, when it was raining. I didnt want him to know it was me, so I told him no. He said, "By God, you were!" I said, "Why do you think it was me?" and he said, "You are the only guy that would ride a horse on that trail when it was raining!" But I always had a good, surefooted horse. And the horse had four legs, and I only had two, so I felt safer on the horse.

My dad decided to raise mules, so he bought a big Jack from one of the eastern states, and turned him loose with our mares. He gave a thousand dollars for him and he got hit by a train, and he never got any mules from him. So he traded a horse and a hundred dollars for another one from Dell Madson, and turned him in with the mares.

Right after that, Bill Jones and Clayton Kofferd caught a bunch of burros on the sinbad desert and brought them up to our coral. I ask them for one of the Jennets, and they said one had give out down about a mile from our house, and I could have it if I could git it home.

So I picked up a piece of wire and headed down looking for the burro. It hadnt moved from where they had left it. So I got behind it and hit it with the wire, and it took of and followed the tracks of the others, right to the coral.

So the next morning my dad said I couldnt keep it, for his Jack would not work on his mares if their was a female burrow around. So I traded it back to Clayton Kofferd for a year old jack. They didnt care because they were going to shoot them for cyote bate. They were traping for the Government.

The first year he run with the goats. And the next year when we were branding our colts, my little jack followed some horses back on our range, and my dads other jack got hit by a train, and still no mules.

But the next year we started to get mule colts. The next five years we raised one hundred and twenty five mules from my little jack. We sold them to sheep men for pack mules. They were the best in Utah. And some of them went to Colorado. We sold them for sixty to one hundred and twenty five dollars a head.

The only thing wrong with the mule business...the mules never die. They live forever. And the sheep men had all the mules they needed.

So when I was fourteen years old, I tryed to work in the coal mine loading coal with a no. 2 scoop shovel, but I only lasted six weeks. I worked with my older brother. He was the best loader in the mine. After a month, my nose started to blead from no air and to mutch power smoke. Even some of the horses they used to pull the coal with would die from lack of oxigen.

At that time, we had no union, and the only thing you could do was quit. So I quit and worked on construction, building roads for a couple of years. I broke horses to ride for people and rode in rodeos. Painted a few houses for people for fifty dollars a mounth. I tyed fleeses in a shearing coral and went on the Bum through Idaho, Montana and Wyoming.

My brother died in Rawlins, Wyoming, So I came home and started to work in the coal mine again, loading coal. I was seventeen. That 1925-1926 I was High tonage man.

I started to buy a 1926 Ford roadster. It cost \$585.00. I payed twenty or thirty dollars a month untill I had a down payment. I had \$265.00 payed on it and I got hert and lost my right eye and went to Salt Lake to St. Marks Hospital. That was in March 1926 right after I was eighteen years old.

While I was in the Hospital, my dad died and I came home. No body in our family had any money, and the county had put in the paper they were going to bury my dad. So I went to the man that owned the Ford Gradge and ask him for the. \$265.00 I had payed on the car. He said, "No, I can't do that, for we have already ordered the car, and you have already payed more than the down payment." So I told him my dad had died and I wanted the money to bury my dad. So he gave me all the money back. And one of my brother in laws gave me twenty-five dollars. He was George Westwood.

I had two brothers older than me, and two married sisters, but they never had any money. So I had my father's family, my mother, three brothers younger than me, and a neice, and my mother had a bad health condition, and I had a baby sister, Estella. She was four are five years old. So I went back in the coal mine as soon as the doctor would let me go.

The superintendent thought I was a very good boy for trying to take care of my dads family, so he gave me ever chance he could to make a dollar. So I loaded coal for another year. They payed .62 cents a ton, and lots of days I could load ten are eleven cars that weighed three ton to the car.

Then the superintendent got a better paying job in another mine and the new super wasn't quite so fair. He put me in a watter hole where I couldent load more than four are five cars a day. So I had to quit and go to another mine.

I worked in sweets mine for a year, and my brother Clayton went to work on the outside for the Wattis coal co. He was making \$4.56 a day. He was 16 years old. Then my brother Leo got Dropsey and went and stayed with my sister Pearl. My sister Pearl had five children of her own.

She wrote me a letter, and told me the Doctor said Leo was going to die if he stayed at her place any longer, and he wanted to come home. So I left my job and went on the train to Richfield and brought him back.

He died as I was taking him of the train in Price. The undertaker felt sorry for us and he only charged me \$113.00 for the whole funeral. That was in March 1927. So I started to work in the Wattis mine again. Company work (was) \$8.00 for eight hrs. and my brother Clayton worked on the tippel. So things looked pretty good again. But in June, Clayton got killed in a car wreck in Huntington Canyon. And the L.D.S. Church made all the arrangements for the funeral. All I had to pay for was the carpenter that made the coffen, and the lumber. So altogether it cost me \$40.00

I still had my mother, my neice, one younger brother and sister. That was 1927.

So that fall I got marrid and in May we had a beautifull baby girl. She was born May 27 and we called her Hazel Leon.

That summer 1928, my mother lived with my sister Lillian, and I worked in the Morland mine, U.S. Fuel Company. I worked their for six mounths and the superintendent at Wattis called me on the phone and ask me to please come back to Wattis. I didn't like the Morland mine. It was hauling two are three men out ever day. The coal vein was 32 feet thick, and they didnt take very good care of the top rock. So I went. back to Wattis. That was in Feb. 1929. I worked ever day. for \$1.00 per hour, sundays and all. Then the first of April all the coal camps cut wages to \$6.56 a day.

Then the great depression was here. I had bought three hefers for eight and ten dollars a head. We still had control of our old homestead.

I had payed two years taxes after my dad had died so the county couldnt sell it for four more years. Then I talked to a lawyer and he told me it still belong to the estate and the whole family had as mutch right to the property as I had. So I quit paying taxes, and after four years, they sold the property to George Vasilire. So I watched and when he didnt finish paying for it, I made a bid on it for one dollar a acre, and they sold it to me.

So now I owned six hundred acres of range land, and seven cattle. The winter I worked in: Morland mine; some one stold all of our horses. I tryed to find out who stoled them, but the law wouldn't help me. For the county and the Government wanted to git rid of all the horses on Government land. So we were out of the horse business.

In 1930, the 12th day of June, Hazel and I had a fine baby boy. He weighed 9 pounds. We called him Harvey Clayton. We had a girl and a boy, real healthy, and we were all happy.

Then the mine layed of half of the men and I was one of them. I was out of work for about six months, so I went to Vernal and cleaned ditches and worked for the farmers. When that work had finished I came back to Wattis and hearded sheep for Frank Davis.

In the fall the coal company put us back to work in the mine, steady through 1931 until the middle of 1932.

The 13th of February my wife had another baby girl. She was a beauty. We called her Laura LaRae.

Along in November 1932, I got my ankle broke. I had been nipping on the main line motor, Rex Dimick was the motor man, and we had been taking turns doubling back with a coal cutting mashine man shoveling bug dust for him. We had been making pretty good money, working two shifts, ever other day, and when I broke my ankle and went to the Doctor, he took care of it for about two weeks.

Then one day he told me, "The superintendent wants you to come to his office and talk to him." So I went to see him, and he told me to come out to work the next day. I showed him my ankle. It was swelled about twice the size of the other one, and black. I told him I couldnt work for a while yet. And he said, "You can run the motor, and Rex, can nip" I said, "Rex dosent want me to take his job." And the super said, "To hell with Rex. If he don't like it he can quit." I told him, "I wont take his job. I'll lay of untill I can handel my own job." He said, "O.K., you wont have no job, nor no compensation either." I told him, "I'll go to Salt Lake City and see the Industrial Commition." He said, "Go ahead." So that's what I did.

And when I seen the comm. they sent me to another Doctor. It was in the afternoon and they said, "If you can git a note from him, before we close, we will pay you your back checks." So I started to the Doctors office and he looked at my ankle, and rote a note saying, "This man can not go to work for six weeks, and maby more." And when I got back to the commition, I was twenty minutes late, but they were waiting for me, and made out a check for three weeks. And they also told me the company Doctor had released me two weeks ago to return to work. When my ankle was well, I didn't have a job. But I had proved a point. And I felt like a man that fall.

I started to look for work. I was a good haulage man, and ever body knew it, so I got seven jobs. And three of them I got a slip to go to the Doctor and passed. And when I went back to the office with the doctor report, they would say, "Oh, you are Cliff Smith." And I would tell them, "Yes, sir." Then they would tell me to come back in a couple of weeks, they had made some changes and they would not be neading any one for awhile. That kept on for two years and a half.

So I went back to the mine superintendent where it all started and ask for a job. The super said, "Why dont you try some of the other camps?" I said, "I think you had me Black Balled. He said, "I sure didnt have any thing to do with it." I told him, "It sure came from this office." He said, "I sure don't know anything about it." And he gave me a job.

The union had came to Utah in 1933 and it was October in 1935 when I got the job, and the good union men had been doubling back for they were short of haulage men. So they wouldnt let me go to work untill they had all got their turn even on the double shift. Nice union men. The same Bunch of Scabs I had worked with in 1932. Not one man among them. I had only worked three weeks and they voted me on the Pit Commity to take care of the problems between the union and the company. And the next year in June 1936, my brothers run me along with three other men for President of our Locoal Union.

There was 62 men in the Locoal, and I received 58 votes. I just couldnt bleive it. The President got so mad, he handed me the gavel and left the chair. I had to close the meeting. So before the next meeting, I got the Book of Rules, and studied up. But I was scared to death. My 6 years of school against a bunch of people who had went through Hi school. And some had college degrees. I felt like a dummie.

The first year was a tuff one. The super thought I was a radical and I thought he was a S.O.B. The next year I found out he was a better man than I had him figured, and I think he had changed his mind about me a little. All our cases had been going to a umpire. The third year, I won ever case in the mine office.

The fourth year, the men started to git jelous because they were very weak and always in debt. And they would come to me with their sad stories and I'd tell them come on lets go to the mine office and we will git it all stratened out. They would start trying to back out. They would say, "Maby I'll git canned and loose my car or my furniture. Can't you do something without mention my name?" I would tell them, "How can I win a case without a name?" If they had a case I would try to win it for them. And I did win. Most of them would say, "Sure, he can open his mouth, he has got money in the bank, and he has got cows." Then when we would win a real tuff one, they would say, "He must have something on the company, or he couldn't talk to them the way he does." They never once said, "He is a man." They just couldnt bleive their was a man who was a honest union man.

Wattis was working two and three days a week, and Hiawatha was working six days a week, and getting time and a half for the sixth day. So I told the super I was going to Hiawatha and see if I could get a job. He said, "I don't blame you, for it don't look good here this winter." So I went to Hiawatha and got a job, and the super told me to come back to Wattis when they started to work better.

So I was in Hiawatha six months, then Wattis started to work six days a week. So I went back to Wattis. I went to work on a Monday. The outside foreman was running the catpillar on the outside, and all the section formans were running loading machines in the mine.

I ask the president of the union, "What the hell are you doing, letting the bosses run these machines?" He told me, "I am getting payed for it." I ask him how he figured he was getting payed for them running a loading machine, and he said, "They pay me the highest rate." Then I ask him if he could run the loader and cut coal at the same time, and he said no. Then I told (him), "You are not getting payed for it."

That was Monday, and Tuesday was our regular Union meeting. When I walked in the meeting, he had already resigned, and the board appointed me president. I never said a word to the coal company, and the bosses were not running any machines. They had union men on ever machine, and i didnt have to say a word to any one.

So I could see, we had a one man union. That was the last year I would except the job. I told them I would be ashamed to have people point me out as president of the Wattis Locoal. So after that, I only had my trubels to worry about.

Now I will go back to 1933 while I was black balled. I started to rais Bummer lambs again. The Greek sheep men would go out of there way to save them for me. And while I was their I would help them with the sheep. So by 1935 I had eighty head of sheep and thirteen cows. But I did not have a bull. So when one of my cows would need a bull, I would take her to Hiawatha to some Italian people, so their bull could service her. Sometimes I would walk and drive the cows over to Hiawatha. It was a nine mile walk. But for a goat header, that was not to far.

Then in 1935, I heard about a farm on Miller Creek. The man that owned it was Dave Henderson. So he wanted three hundred dollars for it. So I went in to three banks and tryed to borrow the money, and they would not lend me \$300.00 on eighty head of sheep and thirteen head of cows. So I talked to the F.H.A. man. And he told me they couldnt lend me any money to buy a farm. But if I would trade my sheep for the farm, he could lend me the money to buy my sheep from him. So I gave Dave a bill of sale on the sheep, and he gave me a bill of sale on the farm, and I borowed the money from the F.H.A. to buy my sheep back.

The farm was all grease wood ground, but I borowed \$558.00 and payed for the farm. It had a old frame house that he had cut in four peices and hauled on a wagon about 65 miles from Sunnyside. It was not mutch of a house, but it was the best one I had ever owned. Then I bought a hand plough, a hay rake, and a moing machine.

In 1936 I started to break up my farm. I had to make a harness. I found some old hairnes and started to make a harness. I used some old wire cable that the coal co. had through away and covered the cable with some old fire hose so the wire cable would not scrath the horses and make sores on them.

I had a pair of iron doubletrees, and that how I started the farm. Roldo Shaw helped me the first year, and we broke up seventeen acres. That was all the ground I had under the canal.

We planted grain and alffa. Then in the summer, one of my neighbors ask me if I would put his hay up, and I put it in the stack for one third of the hay. And for my share, I got 36 tone of hay. And it was a dam good thing I did, for 1936 and the spring of 1937 was the hardest winter we have ever had in this part of the country.

At Miller Creek, we had four feet and half of snow, and the second day of 1937 it went below zero and stayed that way untill May. Sometimes it was thirty two below zero and untill May in 37 it never got above zero.

I had two calves that was six mounths old, that froze to death. In the stockyard 65 miles north, over at Rosevelt, cattel froze to death standing in the feild. Stockmen that were 65 years old at that time said it was the hardest winter they had ever seen.

I was working in the coal mine and my wife helped me tend thesheep and cows. Then the next summer, I sent my sheep on the mountain with a cow heard. It cost me twenty five cents a head, and I did that for the next three years.

Then I started to heard them at Wattis. I lived in a tent and worked in the mine.

When I came from the mine, I would start a fire in my sheep camp stove, and heat a pan of watter. Then I would lay a canvas on the tent floor, and bath just like I was in a bath tub. A kid that used to come to my camp told me one day, "Smith, you git cleaner in that pan of watter than my dad does in the bath tub." But I was used to doing it that way, so it was not bad.

In 1943, I had three hundred sheep, and the mine was working ever day, so I leased the farm and moved my family to Wattis. One day the man that run the main line hoist went home. His father had died. The super was in Ogden, and they called him and told him they didn't have any one to run the hoist. It was a complited mashine, so he told the people to send Cliff up to the hoist--he could run it.

Then my trouble realy started. They sent the master machanic up to show me how to run it, and he couldnt run-it either. So between the two of us, we started talk about a big job that was the bigist I ever tryed. We would run a trip and when we would git stoped, we would grab our tools and start to untangle the ropes. Then we would run another trip, then the same thing would hapen again. I think thats when I started to git grey headed. The next day, the master machanic came to the hoist room, and said, "Do you think you can handel it alone?" I told him, "Its a sinch. I can do better if you were not around here." So. he left and I run the hoist for six weeks.

Then the hoistman came back. The super told (me) he wanted me to run the hoist for half a day and him run my motor for half a day. So that is what we did for the next two mounths in different mines. When I was running the hoist, in number one mine, he was on my job, down in no. two mine. Then one day they moved my motor to no. one mine and I seen the hoistman run the hoist for the first time. You cant amagen how mutch easier it made my job after I had seen a real hoistman run the hoist.

After about four mounths, I finally could handle the job. Then I had to work eleven hours a day. That was my regular shift.

Then they put the other hoistman on another job, and I was the regular hoistman. The war was going full blast, and the company put on another shift. Then I had to run enough coal to have empty cars for the night shift to load. So the rest of the time the war was on, I worked 16 to 19 hours a day until 1947.

Then without telling anyone, I taught my brother Dee. He wanted to make a lot of money like I was making. After I knew he could handel it, I told the super Dee could run the hoist. He said, "What is this? Some more brother love? ' I told him, "If he couldnt run it, I wouldnt tell you he could." And he told me, "If you want him to take - the night shift, its OK with me." So I told Dee to take the night shift.

The first week he layed of Tuesday and Sunday. And I had to take his place. And I got time and a half for those two shifts. Then he layed of two days the next week, and the same thing hapened. Then when payday came, he wanted to see my statement to see how mutch difference their was in our checks. I didn't want to show him, but he incisted, so my wife shoed him my statement. He got mad. - "How the hell can there be that mutch diference in our pay?" I told, "Maby its because I went to work." And he said, "Who the hell can work all, the tirne?" I told him I do. He got so mad. he quit.? Then I was right back where I was before I broke him in.

So I started to break in Bill Averett. In about two weeks I turned the night shift over to him. He worked steady for a couple of weeks. -Then he started to work five days a week and then three days.

One day the mine forman came in the hoist room and ask me, "When do you git through with your regular shift?" I told him, "Eleven hours." He said, "The super told (me) to tell you to go home when your regular shift is over.

The next day, Bill never came to work and I had to work 17 hours. The next day the super came in the hoist room. And I told him if you want me to go home In eleven hours, you better see that Bill comes to work. And he said, "Who said for you to go home in eleven hours?" Then I told him the mine forman had told me that it was what the super wanted me to do.

He said, "The mine forman is a dam lier. And you stay as long as you want to." I told him, "I want to go home when my shift is finished." So I started to break Lee Shaw in. When he could run the hoist, I gave him the night shift and he worked ever day. By that time I was real sick, and the war had been over for two years. We were still working ever day.

In 1947 I worked 14 Sundays straight. My blood was double thickness and I couldnt sleep more than one hour at a time. I went to Blood Specilist Dr. Pelsler in Salt Lake. He wanted me to take some kind of a shot in my arm. He said I would have to stay in the Hospital for nine days. For after the shot if I cut myself shaving,

I might bleed to death. He wanted me to go in the hospital that day. He said he could keep me alive two to three years if I took the shot ever six mounths.

I told him I had to come home and git things straitined out before I took the shot. My wife was with me, and she drove the car home. The next day, I went to see Doctor Hubbard and told him the story, and he told me about a pill made from sweet clover. He said it would thin my blood the same as the shot in the arm but not so fast. So I started to take three pills a day. And after I had been taking them for sixty days, I got hert in the mine.

I was riding my sleigh down the tramway, for that was the way the hoistman-came home from the mine. The sleigh was a board with guides bolted on the bottom that fit over the ball of the rail with a leaver break handel-in the middel of the board. And when one would pull on the break it-would aply preasure on each side of the rail and slow the sleigh or stop it. The sleigh road on roller bearings. Their was no limit to how fast one could travell.

There was some posts between the two tracks to keep the rope from getting in the way of the other trip, and Jim Noyes, a new man on the tramway, had braced the post by nailing a two by four from the track to the post. And there was about two inches of new snow and I couldent see the block. And when my sleigh-stoped, I kept on going on my butt, and before I quit sliding, I hit a block of wood. And it hit so hard, it broke my collar in several places inside of me. And cut my tail bone off.

It took me about ten minutes to git on my feet, and start walking the next half of a mile to the bath house. I was bleading a little bit, not bad. So after I had showered, I went home and went to beed. In about two hours, I woke up and my beed was loaded with blood. I was sleeping in our beer pallar, so I went in the house and woke my wife and told her I had to go to the hospital.

When I got there, they called Dr. Hubbard and he called Dr. Brockbank and they gave me a spinal and started to sew my collar together. I knew ever thing they said, and ever time Dr. Hubbard would go away from the opprating table, the nurse would ask, "Dr. Brockbank, what is Dr. Hubbard doing?" And after the question had been ask, a couple of times, Brockbank told her "I don't know. I haven't been invited in this case yet."

After they had finished the nurse put four pads on my wound and ever two hours they would change the pads. And when they would turn me over to change them, the blood would run over my leg, so I knew I was bleeding pretty bad.

After sixty hours, the night nurse got woryed and saved all the pads, and blood and showed it to the head nurse, and the head nurse called in another doctor. His name was Dr. Jensen from Castlegate. He started to prod around trying to find out where the blood was comming from, and I told him to be carefull not to make it any worse, for I had been taking those sweet clover pills. And he ask me how many I had taken. And when I told him three a day, he swore a few swear words I had never heard a Doctor Use before.

The next thing I knew, there was three nurses and the blood man in my room. They took samples of blood. In a little while, they gave me a big shot of Vitamin K. And then they started a transfusion of saline. Then they started to give me blood, then another Vitamin K shot. Then more blood. They started to work at five aclock in the morning, and at nine aclock I quit bleeding. Dr. Hubbard came in at ten aclock. He was going to take me to the opporating room and sew me up and stop the blood that way. And when I told him I was well, he acted real happy and had the hospital bring me some breakfast.

They let me go home the fifth day of October. And the same day, my daughter had a baby girl. And they named her Hazel Marleah, after my wife. My daughter Laura lived in Hiawatha at that time, and the camp Doctor was Dr. Merrell. So before the baby was born, my daughter had been told I was going to live. All the Doctors had been watching my case and none of theme were saying any thing. Course none of theme knew I had been taking 150 milligrams a day of Dicumaria, the sweet clover pill before I got hert. And Doctor Hubbart was not telling any one either.

So I guess the head nurse, "Spig" and Dr. Jensen saved my life. I told "Spig" when she said she was calling in another Doctor, "Hubbard will blow his cork." And she said, "I don't give a dam. Nobody is going to bleed to death if I can help it in this hospital."

After I got out of the hospital, my blood started to thicken again. My hemogloben went up to 136. When I got hert it was 156. Normal is 80. So I thought, "Here we go again!" But in three mounths, it went back to 80 and has stayed their ever sence. So through the whole deal I beat the blood thing that Dr. Pelsler said no one ever lived more than five years after they had contacted it.

But I had worn out a new bible, and I had read it for me, not any church. And I have really tried to live accordingly. And I think God was with me all the way. I know that I am no angel. But I think that will come by and by.

I think about how much more I wish I had done for my mother. But after she got on welfare, she was a very happy woman. That was 1935. She had a better house than she had ever had before. My younger brother built her a two room house on my farm at Miller Creek, and Dee lived with her until he got married. And after that my wife would take her shopping and to church. She seemed to be happy.

She received twenty eight dollars a month from the welfare from 1935 until she died in 1942. She was the greatest woman I ever knew. My sister Estella was very good to her and helped her all she could. But we were a very poor family and Dee was good to her too. She loved him and Stella with all her heart.

I am glad she died before Dee had to go to World War two. I was in better shape, moneywise, when my mother died, so I paid the funeral bill. And in 1950, my brother Dee came and paid me for half of the cost.

But another brother came and told me, "I owe you \$65 dollars." and I ask him what for? And he said, "I want to pay my part of mother's funeral bill." That was five years after she had died, and before Dee had paid me half. There was seven boys and girls left in our family. So I ask him, "Who is supposed to pay the other six parts?" He didn't have any money and he never had any that I seen. That is the difference in two brothers. Dee wanted to pay half and the other brother wanted to pay one seventh part. Dee paid me half and the other one never got the one seventh to me yet. But that is life in the great west. I never missed it anyway. I was just lucky that I had the money in the bank when it all happened.

Now I will tell you something about my three children. They were three of the cleanest and best children. And I was not the only one that thought so. They had lots of friends in all walks of life, and they were all above average in school.

My son Harvey could work math problems that amazed me, before he could read or write. And when he started to school, he never did much studying. Not near as much as I wanted him to. I wanted him to go to college, but when he got in his school, I kept pushing him, and he kept telling me, "Dad, I am not a brain." When he was fourteen years old, I bought him a old Ford car to play with and him and his friends had a great time for a couple of summers. He wasn't interested in the cows or sheep. He loved to ride a horse. And I tried to keep my kids a good horse.

Harvey had one we called Chub. He was a one man-horse. The oldest girl Leon had a little pinto mare that was a lot of horse I guess. They both were three or four times. Laura the youngest girl had a pinto horse we called Jake. He was gentle and real pretty. And they were all real good horsemen. That's when I started to get sick with my blood trouble.

My oldest girl took a trip to California with my sister Estella, and while she was there she met her husband, and they were married in California. She was 19 years old. And when she was twenty, she had a baby boy, my first grandchild. They came, and lived with me for a year, then her husband, James Cooper started to work on the outside of the mine here. My son worked with the superintendent's son in the mine surveying in the mine.

On Saturdays and Sundays when he was not in school, they thought Harvey was the best boy in the world, and so did I.

When Harvey was sixteen years, I gave him my old Chev car. I took it over to Huntington and had it reconditioned...one hundred and ninety nine dollars. He only drove it about a month and got it hot and the blow out plug came out and it was never any good after that.

I had a new Ford pickup and he ask me if he could take it to drag his car back to Huntington, so I let him. And when he was coming home, he hit a horse and killed it, and it cost seven hundred and fifty dollars to fix the pickup. The insurance paid the seven hundred dollars, and I paid the fifty, but the truck was never right after that.

Harvey had \$600. hundred dollars in the bank when he had started to school in his twelfth year. But my daughter had moved back to California, and Harvey wanted to go to California to finish his last year of school. I tried to talk him out of going, but to no avail. I think my wife had a lot to do with his going to California, for it all happened at once. I told him, "Harvey, with six hundred dollars, you could go to school here like a king." But it didn't do any good to talk, so he went. He was back in four months, broke, so he started to school here.

One of my friends gave him a job in a lumberyard, but he had to miss one period in school, and we had a few words over that. Then he got another job that took one more period from his school. Then we had some pretty hot words. So one night he never came home. And it was in the winter and cold and a bad storm. I called the Sheriff who was a friend of mine, and he checked with my boy's friends, and found out he had gone to Toole where my youngest daughter was living.

He got a job up there, and joined the Navy reserves in the medics. They told him he would take two years training, then he would be a reserve for four more years. But he wouldnt have to start training for another year. So he came home and ask the superintendent for a job in the mine.

I guess the super talked kinda ruff to him, for the super knew I had been sick for two years and trying to make a living in my beer joint. I told Harvey, "Don't feel bad. Somebody had been giveing the super a bad time, and he was in a bad moode. And I'll talk to him." The next day, I was up by the tippel gitting some watter, and I seen the old man comming and I knew he wanted to talk to me. He came to my truck and said, "Cliff your boy was up here asking me for a job. We have got too many kids that don't know what they are doing." I told him, "He was just asking for a job when you could use him. I dont think he expected to go to work today." And he said, "If you will go to work, I'll give you both a job. And you can maby make something out of him." So I told him OK. And we went to work the next Monday. We never worked together, even one day. I started to run a motor and my boy started to run a shettel car.

When we got our first payday, Harvey started to talk about a new Pontiac car. The war in Korea had started and I knew he would be the first to go. So I went down to the Pontiac Gradge and ordered a silver streek Pontiac. It was a beauty – golden color, fancy bumper gards, and all the extras they had on a car at that time. I figured my son was worth it all, and he just might not come back. Being a medic was a dangerous job. They were out in the frunt with a arm band instead of a gun, picking up the wounded marines.

When they brought the car up, I never seen a happier boy. He was home four mounths and a half, and when he had to go, the car had went 21,000 miles and he worked ever day in the mine. So he didnt do mutch sleeping. Just a lot of traveling. I hadent never spent that mutch money that I felt so good about.