HISTORY OF

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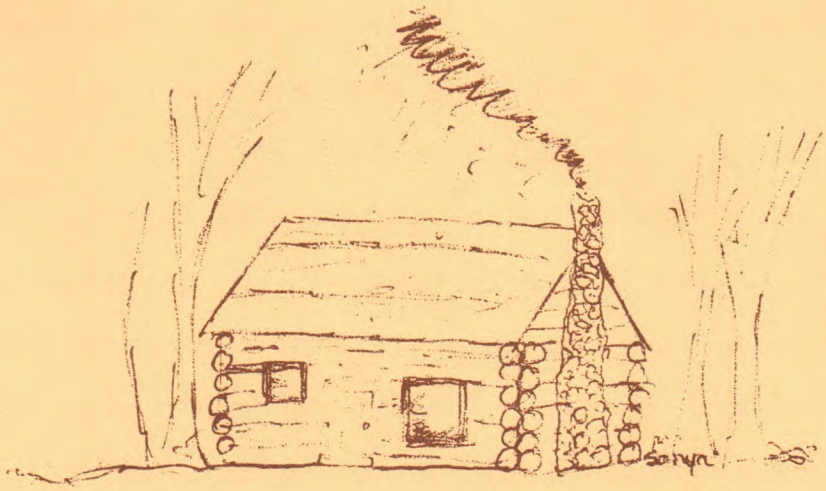
I was born on April 19, 1912, to Niels Aagard, and Laura Memmott Aagard. I grew up in a little two room log house, that my dad was born in. My Aunt Mary told me that it was the first log house built in Levan. I never had clothes to go to Sunday School, but I went to Primary once in a while. The floor was bare, there was no linoleum on the floors. As a kid I knew what it was like to be hungry, and I use to envy kids that had nice homes, and nice clothes. I never went to sacrament meetings until I was in my teens. I earned my clothes myself. Aunt Mary and my mother got me to go to sacrament meetings.



I remember on some occasions at least four different times my Aunt Mary came across the road at Christmas time and she would see that we had'nt got one single thing for Christmas, and she would always say, "Well, Santa was so tired when we got to my place I gave him coffee and "utacogs" and he left something for you kids and brought them over to us and told us that Santa Claus has

brought them.

In the fall of the year dad would trade sheep hides or cow hides and sometimes grain with the Watkins man for methalantum, horse lintiment, and epsom salts. Dad thought that epsom salts would cure everything from cavities to fallen arches. Everytime we cut our finger or had a head-ache we had to take epsom salts. We made some fast trips in those days to the old outside toilet. We managed to survive in pretty good health. I remember when they use to quarentine the places for chicken pox, measles, small pox etc. They would hang a sign on your door and that meant stay home. They use to put sulpher on the wood stoves and we were to breath it to kill germs.

The first I remember of my Aunt Mary is her and my mother gave me a bath, I think it was soda they put in the water. They gave me a bath and the next day I woke up with pimples and a rash all over me and I was quite upset. I thought it was something they did to cause this, that was as much as I knew in them days.

My first horse was Old Monte, I learned to ride on her. My dad bought her from Wilford Colferd, she was a little brown mare, and I really enjoyed her. We herded cows along the main highway, milk cows that is. We used to go swimming in muddy ponds, we went bare footed in the summer, slept four kids in a bed, never had over-shoes or rubbers in the winter

I worked for my Uncle Chris Rasmussen riding horses and tromping hay. I will never forget this fine old gentleman. When

we were through he would always say, "Vell skall I pay de now or vait til ye get married?"

My first grade teacher was Nel Benedict. My second grade teacher was Thelma Robinson who later married Lee Jackman. My third grade teacher was Vera Pay. Fourth grade teacher was Helen Benedict. In fifth grade too. I was held back in the fifth grade. From that time I was ten years old, I never finished a full year in school. Ivan C. Dalby was the principal at this time. My dad used to take sheep on herd bill, there would be this guy in Levan that would have 5, 10 or 20, they would take me out of school in the later part of March or first part of April and keep me out until November. From that time on I never finished a full year in school.

My brother Clayton had some scalding hot coffee spilled on him. His hair came off and an old indian told dad what to do to get the hair to grow back. Use snake oil. They had taken my brother Clayton to Salt Lake Doctors, to Provo to Dr. Aird and then to Doctors in Nephi. They had told him the hair would never grow back again. I remember this old Indian telling dad to take a blow snake and skin it, take its head off and clean it's internals out

and curl it up in a two quart fruit jar, put it in a hot place in the straw and let it melt and then rub the oil on him. He did this and Clayton ended up with a mightly fine head of hair. He would rub it on his leg and elbow where he was burnt the worst. He favored his leg all of his life and his arm was just a little bit bent because of the burn to cords in his arm. When Clayton got burnt he was sitting licking cake dough out of a pan, he was at an old house down on my dad's ranch. There were quite a few there for the hay crew, Chris Poulsen's wife came walking out of the door with a three gallon pot with a wire nandle on it like we make soup in, it was full of hot coffee, just then he raised up and hit the bottom of the pot and all the coffee tipped over on him. It scalded him really bad.

My sixth grade teacher was a Mr. Budge, who later became a doctor, 7th grade teacher was Marcellis Chard, I was held back in the seventh grade. I had a music teacher in the 7th and 8th grade, her name was Helen May Rasmussen, she used to try and teach me and Reese Painter to sing and carry a tune. She had a funny little ditty she used to make us sing it was supposed to train us how to carry a tune but it never did do much good for either one of us. The ditty went something like this, "Buff a fee no, Do Lay tan O." My eighth grade teacher was Mr. Chard, Mrs. Rasmussen and Blanche Cowan.

At age thirteen I worked for Neils O. Anderson to pay for a fence that was put up between him and my dad. He bought me the first pair of shoes that I ever had in the summer. At age 14 I worked for John Armstrong. Help lamb the sheep at Little Saul Creek and drove a camp wagon, an ironed wheeled camp wagon to the commisary to Heber City.

They would ship the sheep on the railroad, and I'd drive these horses up there, and the wagons. I'd have two work horses and a side mule, and lead two riding horses. I worked with an old drunk the first summer, he was with me the first six weeks, and then the other herder came back and he went home for six weeks. But during this first six weeks he would go leave me alone alot. He would leave me alone with the sheep a week at a time. We had to sleep out with the sheep, about two miles away from the camp wagon in a tent and all we had is pine bows and a couple of horse blankets, and an old quilt or two. I had bears on the brain, and I was a little scared. One night I went to bed and in the middle of the night a bear came into camp. I hadn't taken my clothes off or anything. The bear came in the tent so I got scared, and raised the back of the tent and crawled out and ran clear to camp wagon. The next day I rode one of the work horses back, cause I had left the riding horse hobbled-up around the tent. I rode around that tent and haulered, and had my dogs bark and I shot a gun a couple of times. I wanted to scare the bear out of the tent. Finally I got up enough nerve to go look in the tent and there was an old black sheep laying on the bed dead, it was kind of frothing at the mouth and huffing and puffing and making funny noises, and I thought it was a bear. I figured that the sheep had been poisoned.

Later in the year in the fall, after both the herders had their vacation this old drunk came back and he was sitting in the camp wagon and I was laying in the bed. We had a window in the back and it was just nailed in the canvas. We took this glass out and put it on a shelf to get a little air. These two guys

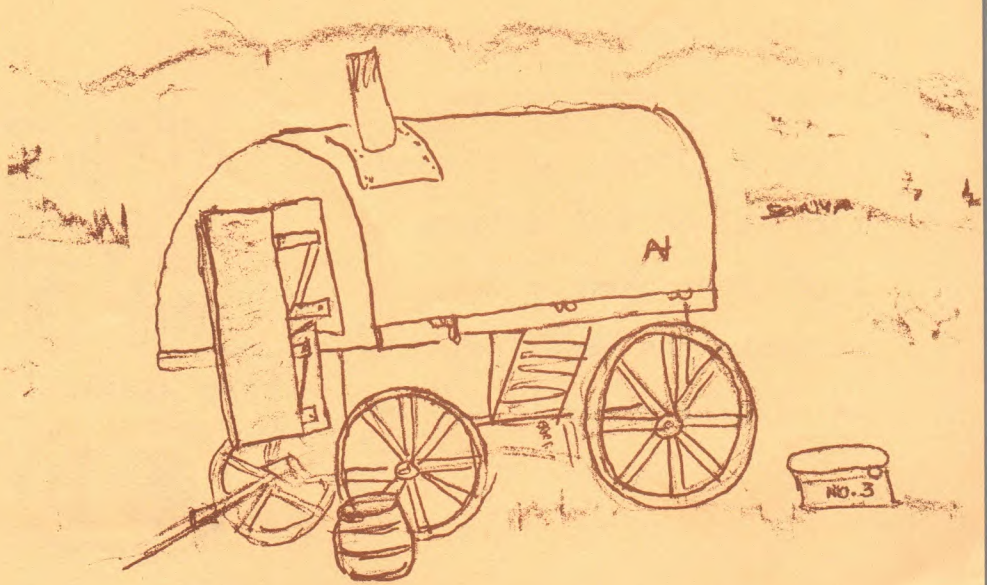
had been drinking, and they were frying some mutten, and they had a tea kettle boiling water on the stove, hot coffee and stuff. They got to fighting and grabbed knifes, it scared me so bad that I jumped with my head first through this wooden frame and tore it out the back of the camp wagon, and lit on the back of a carrier we had on the back of the camp wagon. We would carry pack saddles, and old saddles, and stuff like that. When I jumped off of there to the ground and ran to a saw mill. That was about 5 or 6 miles away and I was going home, I was really scared, I wasgoing to get one of their lumber trucks when it went to town, but the next morning they came down to the saw mill. They wanted me to come back and help them off the mountain with the sheep. They hadn't cut each other very bad with the knifes, but they burnt their hands and feet from the hot grease and the hot water they had spilt. When I'd get home in the fall from these jobs I worked.

I worked in Heber City three summers, I'd buy my brothers and sister clothes so they could go to school. I also paid back taxes for my dad and interest money that he owed.

The year I was 16 I worked in Heber City and I helped trail the sheep to Frisco Mountain in the desert out west of Milford. When I got out there I worked for a guy named Fred Mickel. He killed a guy once, and he was pretty mean. He always carred a gun on his hip and was kindof a "tuffy". One day we were watering the sheep on high rock springs and there was a bunch of lambs with sore mouths standing over under the cedars. I started driving them over toward the water, and he asked me what I was doing. I said, "these lambs haven't had a drink yet." And he jerked his gun out

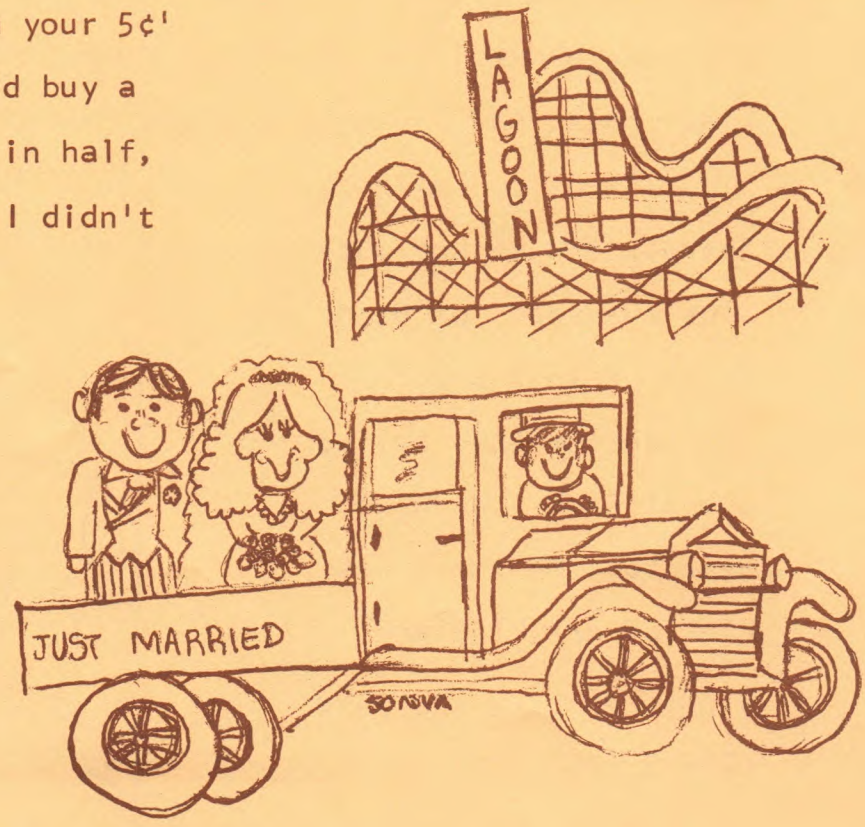
and shot it at the ground a couple times, and he said, "Hey listen kid, you don't tell me what to do, I've killed a man once," and he said, "You better forget whats happened here today, and don't try to boss me." I was plenty scared! Anyway, I worked for him for a while, and the boss put me with another herd, we had three herds. He put me with Wild Joe Clowered and he'd get drunk and beat the horses and the dogs and scare all hell out of me. So I went with the skad herd. (Sore mouth lambs and old ewes) Jim Sherwood a fellow from Levan came out to stay with me, he was one really fine man, very kind and a good fellow to get along with. He would start moving the camps, he had a feud with a few of these other guys after a while and so he was going to quit and I told him, no Jim don't you quit, you got a family and kids and I want to get out of here anyway, I'm scared of them guys. So I packed my Sheepherder's Samsonite, (and old seamless sack) with my clothes and I walked across the desert from Frisco Mountain to Malone. That was about 12 to 14 miles, they took me in a motor car to Black Rock, and I caught a train from there to Levan.

I went to Callente Nevada, and worked outside the state of Utah. We slept in box cars. The janitor they called a bull cook. When we went to town there was alot of drinking and fighting. The old hard rock miners could sure



tell the tells----------For a boy 16 years old it was a little hard for me to cope with. I made $5.35 a day, I would send some money home. I stayed there until the fall of 1929 then I quit and went to Salt Lake City, and Went to work at Portland Cement until 1930. Christmas, I got layed off and went back to Levan and herded sheep for Clep for $30.00 a month. Which he wasn't able to pay me for sometime after.

In May 1932 I met Erma in an open-air dance hall in Fountain Green. We were married on July 30th, 1932. We went to Salt Lake in the back of an old truck Blaine Jackman owned. I had $20.00. I bought a wedding ring for $6.00, and $7.50 to get married, and our room cost was $1.25. It wasn't the bridal suite like you hear of now days. We went to LaGoon for our wedding supper and had two 5¢ hamburgers and a bottle of pop with two straws in it. In those days they would give you potato chips, pickles, pretzels, with your 5¢' hamburgers. Many times I would buy a five cent candy bar, break it in half, and jgive half of it to Erma. I didn't have any money when we got home so we kept our marriage a secret for 30 days. I collected $30.00 from auguy that owed me and we broke the news that we were married. I hauled



wheat out of the field for about a month. And by the way, wheat was 32¢ a bushel, I got $1.50 a day. Erma did house work for 50¢ a day and she worked pretty hard. In those houses we lived in there was no clothes closets , but we didn't have any clothes, not very many anyway. The first house we lived in we payed $3.50 a month. We had to go outside for water and had old coal stoves, and our water and toilet stood outside in the backyard. It seemed to attract wasps, spiders, and flyes. Our toilet paper consisted of a Sears-Roebuck Catalog. After we were sure we caused the spiders, flys, and wasps to vacate, we would sit down and check the bargains in the catalog. Oh yes, in our younger days we had few luxeries of life. It was quite a habit to tip the outside toilets over at Halloween time.

In April 1932, I went to work for John Green for $35.00 a month. Erma and I were married that year on July 30th. The banks were broke all over and I was lucky to have a job here. I could get paid. Many a sheep herder didn't get any pay for over two years, everybody was a ter my job, because I always got paid.

In May of 1933 Erma went to Granite furniture in S.L. C. and bought a brand new bedroom set, chester drawers, dressing table, mirror, mattress pillows, bedsprings, and bedspread for $39.00. We still have the bed and the chester drawers.

On June 3, 1933, I went home and our son Ross was soon to be born on June the 10th. At the time of Ross's birth, this new bed we got, I hadn't put the slats under it just right and while Ross was being born me and the mid-wife and the doctor was sitting

on the bed and the springs and the mattress fell clear to the floor and The Doctor said,"Don't bother putting it back up he's soon to be born," so he was born on the collapsed bed.

On June 11, I was helping Grandpa Rosquist cultivate beets leading the horse cultivator. An old single cultivator, if you can imagine that, using anything like that.

John Green came to get me to go back to work. And I told him, "John, I can't go back my wife just had a baby yesterday." He' said, "you will go back or you won't have a job!" He said them we're the guys that beat the horses and the dogs and won't work for them and we're on the trail, and I got to have you back.

So I went and got my "Sheepherders' samsonite," an old canvas sack and my clothes, and left, and he said, listen here young feller if your going to work for me your going to have to learn to have your babies a different time of the year. So I went on June 11th, and never got back to see Erma and Ross until the 15th of November. I worked for Tenes Jenson on a ranch for $40.00 a month in 1936. In fall of '36 I went herding sheep for Pete Olsen for $60.00 a month. In 1937 I was herding on Monument Peak for Pete, and Erma came up to stay for a few days. We were camped in a tent stretched over an old wooden frame bad. It was kind of high and she was about 5 months pregnant. When I was out with the sheep in the evening the loudest crash of thunder came that I ever heard! Erma jumped off the bed, because it scared her, and fell on this table and then when I came in the dark that night she told me she says we better go for help because I'm having

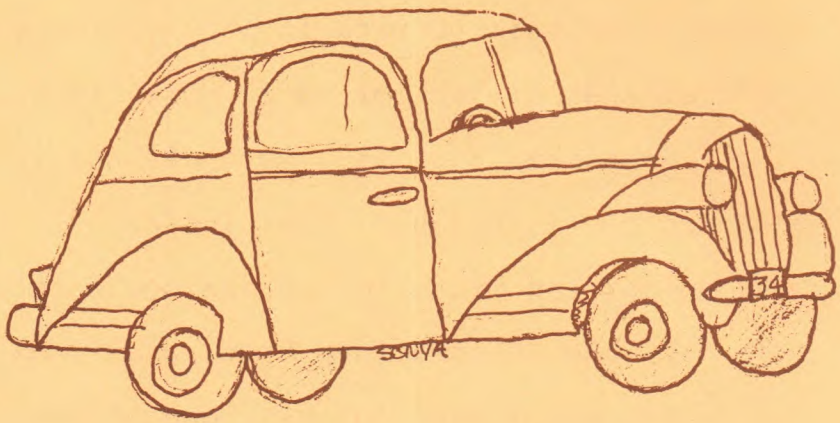
pains. So I went to Lou Neilson's herd for help. I hurried over there and got his herder Kinkey Ed Hansen, and he led the horse and I sat behind the saddle and held her and the night was darder than coal. It was raining, we went 5 or 6 minles to "Clear Creed" a mining camp, and then a friend of mine took us to Fountain Green in a car. The baby was still born, it was a little boy.

In 1935 I went home from the herd, and worked on a Water Works trench in Fountain Green. That was all dug by hand, we got 50¢ ' an hour. They tried every sceam under the sun to get the most work out of us first it was 8 hours a day and then 6. Then the'd end up giving us 5 hours a day, but we'd work 2½ hours, and be off two hours, and then go back to work for another 2½ hours. We dug every bit of that trench for Water Works in Fountain Green by hand.

September 30, 1935, Gary was born. We had moved to a three roomed house that had water inside. In those days you would have to go get the mid-wife and she would tell you when to go get the doctor, and she examined Erma, and finally she told me to go get a doctor and I went for him, and he was hunting pheasants. There was only three blocks, so I ran back down home, and they said well go call another doctor in Nephi. So I called this other one and he was delivering a baby. So I went back and they said, "Well, we got to have one fast, go call Doctor Dice, I've never seen doctor Dice then, He was a Moroni doctor, so I went back and got him, and told him it was an emergency to get there quick, and I just got back in the house and somebody came dashing in the door, I went to shove him out, I said get out of here, get outa her, were having

a baby here in this house, he said, "You get the hell out of here, I'm the doctor!" and he was the funniest looking little guy, with a big nose, a pot marked face, a high forehead, but anyway, Gary was delivered.

I went to work for Newel Johnson in 1940 for $75.00 a month. On July 1, I came to S.L.C. and drove a Taxi for a month, and then went to the Smelter July 30, 1941 for $5.45 a day. On November the 22, 1941, my brother Clayton was killed in the Army at Fort Leonardwood Missouri, a truck ran over him. On December 7, war was declared and I remember the F.B.I. coming into the Plant and taking all our Germans, Italians, Japanese, and screening them. Some came back to work, and some never did.



Everything was rationed; coffee was 28¢ a pound, sugar was 5¢ a pound etc. Four gallons of gas a week for your car, and you better not let the ration board see you riding alone in your car, or you get no more gas stamps. I bought my first car that I ever owned in my life in 1943 eleven years after I got married. I bought it from a kid that got drafted, it was an old 1934 Lafayette, I gave $150.00 for it. My brothers Bill and Bob were drafted into the service, they were in the navy. Bob was on an aircraft carrier in the Pacific and went through hell. He

told me one time he was 62 hours without sleep in a battle. In the battle of the Coral Sea. Coffee and cigarettes were all he had, him and his partner. He was anti-aircraft carrier. He was in the invasion of the Phillipines, on Okinawa. Him and his partner received medals for shooting down three Japenese suicide planes, Kamikaze, I think they call them.

My Brother Bob died on June of 1968. My Brother Bill, the last I saw him was in October of 1949, that was almost 29 years ago, none of us know were he is, none of us have seen him since that time.

On August 19, 1942 Pat was born in a little white house in Garfield, She went to grade school in Garfield, then to High School at Cyprus in Magna.

In 1943 I worked more overtime than any man on the plant and earned $4,428.00. I earned $7.00 a day, and got $10.50 for an over time shift. By this time Ross and Gary had a paper route, and set pins at the Bowling Alley at the Copper Club. If we went any place on the bus, we were supposed to let the service men have our seats. In May 1945, Germany surrendered. What a happy day for all us people! They were dancing in the streets, and really celebrating. In August 1945 Japan gave up, and then they took off rationing. I used to go to Levan on weekends to help my dad on the farm.

The winter of 1948-49 was the most terrible winter I ever remember. We were on strike and I worked on U.P. railroad on the signal gang as a helper. Terribly cold! 35th South was blocked for months. The snow was almost to the top of the telephone poles. Sherrie came along after the big storm, she was born October 23, 1949. She was the only baby we ever had that was born in the hospital. In 1950, I bought a new Mercury, my first <u>new</u> car. In 1954 Gary got

married to Darlene Dunstone, they had four children; Debbie, Kathy, Teddy, and Wendy.

My mother died, August 6, 1959. In February 1956 Ross was married to Janet Roberts. They had three children; Steve, Shanna, and Dallas. Ross worked for Kennecott for 25 years. He was a machinest, he is retired at present, lives at Lake Point were he has a nice home. He is expecting his first grandchild this summer. He is so thrilled I expect to see him knitting baby booties any day now. Ross, and the rest of our children sure are good to Erma and I. Me and Erma are the proud Great Grandparents of five Great Grandchildren, and are expecting two more this summer.

Pat married to Calvin Richins December 2, 1961. They have two children Sonya and Tifani. Pat attended snow College at Utah State, Weber and L.D.S. Business College. She has worked for Mt. Fuel in Ogden for many years.

Erma has done house work for several people, and sold Avon and has taken all our grandchildren to Disneyland. A real tribute in itself.

In 1972 our kids had open house for our 40th wedding Anniversary. They had Hawiian Luau which was really nice. Hula dancers, hawiian music, cooking, It was attended by many relatives, and friends.

In 1974, I retired from Kennecott with 34 years of service. I enjoy my retirement, but, I get lonesome for the many good pals and friends that I had at the Smelter. They were a wonderful bunch of guys to work with and associate with.

On January 31, 1975, our Grandson Steve Aagard was killed in a car wreck, He was 20 years old, and I'm sure it was the saddest day of our lives.

Gary has worked for Kennecott for 23 years and he still works there, he is an Acid Plant Operator, he started working for Kennecott when he was 19 years old. Gary is married for the second time, he married a women with three wonderful children. Paula Workman is really something special. Gary is really happy, it is something he really deserves. Gary has five grandchildren, and one on the was at present.

Sherrie married Glenn Jorgensen March 20, 1976. No children yet, but we're sure hoping for one or even two. She lives here close to us. Our daughter Sherrie went to Ricks college for two years. She has worked several places, such as personnel manager for Pinkerton Detective Agency, meals on wheels, Univac, etc.

My brother Wilmer was born October 1914, he is married to Norma Williams and lives in Milford, since about 1940. He had four children, and at the present time is retired from the railroad.

My brother Bob was married to Leola. They had two children; Laura Ann and Grant. Leola has remarried since Bob's death to Al Fagan, they presently reside in S.L.C.

My sister Glora is married to Bob Samon and lives in Tempie, Arizona. She had 6 children. One was killed in a car wreck, Johnny and she has sent three children on a mission. The youngest one at the present time is in Tiawan.

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