

A Few Incidents in the Life of Charles Eben Snow  
(As told by his sister Mrs. Effie Snow Winn)  
Written Dec. 2<sup>nd</sup> 1961 Spanish Fork UT

My brother Charles and myself grew up together; there was about two years difference in our ages, I being the eldest. Our little sister Edna Verona was younger than Chas. She passed away at the age of three years; she is buried in Dad's lot at Salem, Utah.

When Chas. was a baby my mother and father took us to a Home Dramatic Play at one of the nearby towns. I was much interested in what went on there, and as my folks told me, I memorized some of the speeches and would have Charlie as my audience while I strutted my stuff. One day Mother said, Charles was sitting in a rocking chair and I was giving the dramatic speech as I learned it from the play, which went like this:

Au! Captain Fracillo better had you a company of bloodhounds than Kib Brightwood!

Charles was scratching his leg, had his hand inside of his diaper when I started the speech. I saw what he was doing and in a very disgusted tone ad libbed in this manner:

Au! Captain Fagillo feeling of his aweeee.

When I was about six years old and Chas. four, my father sold his homestead on what was called Sagebrush Flat, it was on the bench, a short distance from Salem, Utah. It was later owned by Bernie Montague and called the Montague Ranch. This was before the High Line or Strawberry water for Irrigation came, so the place was hard to raise crops on.

My father bought a place in Spanish Fork Canyon from a man named Geo. A. Wilson. It was about four and a half miles east of Thistle Junction on the wagon road over Soldier Summit. The road was on the north side of the Spanish Fork River on the south side of the farm and the railroad nearby. The house was built of logs with a dirt roof. It consisted of two rooms and a shed which Mother used for a kitchen in the summer. There was a good cellar made with rock walls and a dirt roof. Large Box Elder trees were in the yard, and the wagon road ran by on the north quite close to the yard.

One room had a large fireplace in the east end. This room was used as a living room and bedroom. The long winter evenings were spent around the fireplace. I remember so well how we children all liked this time in the evening. Charles and I would hit the burning logs with sticks to make sparks fly up and settle on the soot on the back of the fireplace. We made like it was an Indian battle, when a spark burned out it meant a dead Indian or a white man shot down.

Mother cooked beef in an iron pot hanging on a hook over the fire, and some nights Chas. and I were allowed to roast potatoes in the hot ashes, then we would have supper which was so good, boiled beef or venison, homemade bread with all the good home-churned butter we wanted, milk to drink. It was real milk with plenty of cream, not like the milk you get now days with all the fancy things they do to it.

Mother usually had plum preserves or a pie made of dried-in-the-sun apples or peaches. Mother and Dad would sing us a song while we cleared away the supper things and washed the dishes. That was a must. Then we washed our face and hands and Dad and Mother would say the Lord's Prayer and off to bed we would go. The most carefree days of all our lives. Not much money but such a wealth of love and companionship. To us children, a feeling of security. We were taught to be honest with all our dealings with each other and all we met. To learn to work and do our work well so that there would be a good feeling for work well done.

As Chas. and I grew older, we had our cousins the Hopper family who lived a half a mile west on their farm. There was a large family; Father, Jack Hopper, Mother, Lucy Killian Hopper (she was a sister to my mother, Nancy Jane Killian Snow), the children were Maud, Ed. (killed in a RR wreck), Mamie, Jack, George (who died when young), Susie (died from diphtheria), Nancy, and Rose. She married a RR worker by the name of Baxter.

We, Chas. and I, used to love to go to the Hoppers and play or have them come to our house. Mother and Aunt Lucy used to love being together and as Mother had a sewing machine they would do lots of sewing on it. They made over clothes and cut and sewed rags for carpets. We girls, Maud, Mamie and myself, would sit on the floor and tear the rags in strips and sew them by hand. The boys would play ball or go up in the hills. The little children would play around the yard or house with their rag dolls.

One day we were all sewing rags when a dark foreign-looking man stepped to the door and said, "I want food." Mother was at the sewing machine. She got up and looked at the man and said it was all right. She always kept a loaded rifle in the corner near the cupboard. It was kept there whenever dad was away, as he was that day, cutting ties for the railroad. Mother said when people are wanting food given to them, they ask for it like gentlemen. She leveled the rifle on him and said, "git or I'll fill your belly full of lead."

This man was mean looking and had a long knife in his belt, but he knew Mother meant business, so he got, but fast. There were a lot of men tramping along the railroad, all kinds – some good and some bad. Father and Mother never turned them away if they said they were hungry and wanted food unless they had ones who wanted trouble.

Charles and me used to play a lot on the hillside near the house. We would take potatoes, baking grease, and a pot or frying pan and cook on a camp fire. We found lots of wild onions or garlic and sego lily bulbs, so we

would mix a sort of stew, the onions were real strong and gave our breath an awful smell, so when we got home and had eaten that kind of a meal, Ma would scold us and make us rinse our mouths out with water, vinegar, and soda. We didn't like this as it foamed up and came out of our noses, so we cut out the wild onions.

About this time there was a lot of talk about a book written by a man named Darwin, he claimed Man's ancestors were apes and monkeys/ We kids listened to the talk and my Uncle Geo. Said, "How did the monks get rid of their long tails?" My uncle Hank Killian (they were other's brothers) answered and said, "Oh they slid down the hill and wore them off." Uncle Geo. Said the females struck a bush and yanked theirs out by the roots. Wheel this caused a big laugh. Chas. and me didn't get the joke. The next day Chas. took our old tom cat up in the hills and was gone a long time. Mother sent me after him. Well he said, that stuff they were talking about was a danged lie. "I slid old tom down a rock a hundred times and drug him downhill over sage brush and prickly pears (cactus) and nothing happened only he yowled like everything." So ended Chas. experiment to change the nature of tom and from then on, old tom kept out of his way, they were never pals again.

Charles used to like to eat sugar. Ma told him to cut down on it as it would make him sick. His feelings were hurt and he told me, "When I get to be a man, I will have a whole big room filled with sugar." Later in life he worked in a sugar factory and ate all the sugar he wanted and broke out with big boils, so that was the end of his sugar binge.

Time came when we were old enough to go to school. There was no school in the canyon, so that summer a man by the name of Wm White stopped at our place and asked Dad if he could stay there a while and do work for his board and room. Dad gave him the job and we moved to Salem so we children could go to school. We lived in a log house near the Bill and Frank Davis farms.

Grandma Snow, dad's mother, came to live with us. We had a little sister about one or two years old. Her name was Susan Ellen, later we called her Nell.

We attended school at Salem that winter and returned to the canyon home when school was out. Mr. White had taken very good care of the stock, and was writing a book about his travels in the west. He liked our home and family life so stayed on through the summer.

He had a very good education and taught Chas. and me two hours every day. We learned many good things from his teachings that were not taught in schools at that time. His brother from Boston came out to see him and got him to return to Boston with him. The winter before he left, Dad made us children some hand sleds. We had lots of fun coasting down hill near our home. At the bottom of the coasting trail was a bank about four feet high. We piled snow around each side and would come down the hill pretty

fast, and sled and us would go over the jump-off. It sure was fun. One day Mr. White went with us. There wasn't much room to spare when we all got on. Mr. White in front and Chas. next and me on the end with part of my seat hanging overboard. Mr. White wasn't very good at keeping the sled on the runway. He let it jump the track and we were going pretty fast, we took off over a large rock with a drift of snow at the bottom about four or five feet deep. We all three with the sled too landed at the bottom after a wild leap through the air. We rather worse for the experience went home. Needless to say that finished that kind of sport for Mr. White.

A few years later Dad and uncle Herman Snow (Dad's brother) went into the sawmill business. They located the mill in what was then called Long Hollow, a place between Thistle and the farm, at Red Narrows.

Both families moved up to the saw mill. We lived in tents which had boarded-up sides and rough plank floors. It was real nice living there – lots of pine timber and a wonderful spring. Sometimes our folks would let us go to a dance at Thistle. I started dating with Harry Fuller. He would come to take us to the dance but Ma always let Chas. go too.

We rode horseback and I didn't like Charles going along as a chaperone, but he did go every time. The worst of it was one night when we got home, Harry kissed me goodnight and at breakfast the next morning he got up and blabbed it to mom and dad, which I got a scolding as I was too young to be kissing my boyfriend.

Uncle Herm's family consisted of Will (about my age), Ethel and Lucy. As mother's brothers had got boxing gloves and taught Chas. and me to box and wrestle, I was somewhat of a tom boy. Will and me got to boxing and he could get the best of the bout most every time. One day I got in a good smash on Will and he fell over in the pit, came up spitting sawdust and as mad as a hornet. The men all laughed at him and that made it worse. Finally, Dad and Uncle Harm made us quit boxing and Mother wouldn't ever let me put the gloves on again, said it was not lady-like, and that ended the rough stuff.

We went to Payson to school that winter and stayed with mother's sister (Ida Keel). The following summer Dad and Uncle Herm moved the sawmill on the south side of Spanish Fork Canyon in a place they named High Sky. They had to make a road and it was steep and narrow and awful rough. Chas. was twelve years old then. Dad had a span of mules and Chas. would take a load of lumber and the mules and drive to Thistle, unload and bring back what was needed at camp. I went with him one trip and to this day it makes me shiver to think about it.

The road was so steep they had to rough lock the hind wheels, but Chas. seemed to know what to do. He always liked horses and could handle them well. We got to Thistle, unloaded the lumber, did our shopping, and started back when we got about half way up the mt. road, one of the mules balked. In a minute or two trying to get him to go, he backed up and pushed the wagon off the bank. The downtree came loose and away went the mules

with Chas. hanging on to the lines for dear life. I was down in the wash with the wagon and groceries scattered all over. I was skinned up and scared half to death. I sat down and was bawling when here came Chas. with the mules. Was I ever glad. I said, "What will we do now?" Chas. said, "I'll tie the team up and we will hurry and pick up the groceries before dark." So we did, putting them in gunny sacks that had been on the wagon for us to sit on. Just before we got to camp we met Dad, coming down the road, he asked what happened and we told him.