No Regrets

Updated version of my autobiography titled,
Life Has Been Good to Me, printed in 1987.

The autobiography of Allen M Winterton

Bender said, “Okay Winterton, I think you’ll do. Be here in the morning with a pair of side-cutters and a pointer.” “Right,” I replied, and I left to find someone who could tell me what a pointer was.

Wayne's Table Top Press
4728 West Alice Avenue
Glendale, AZ 85302

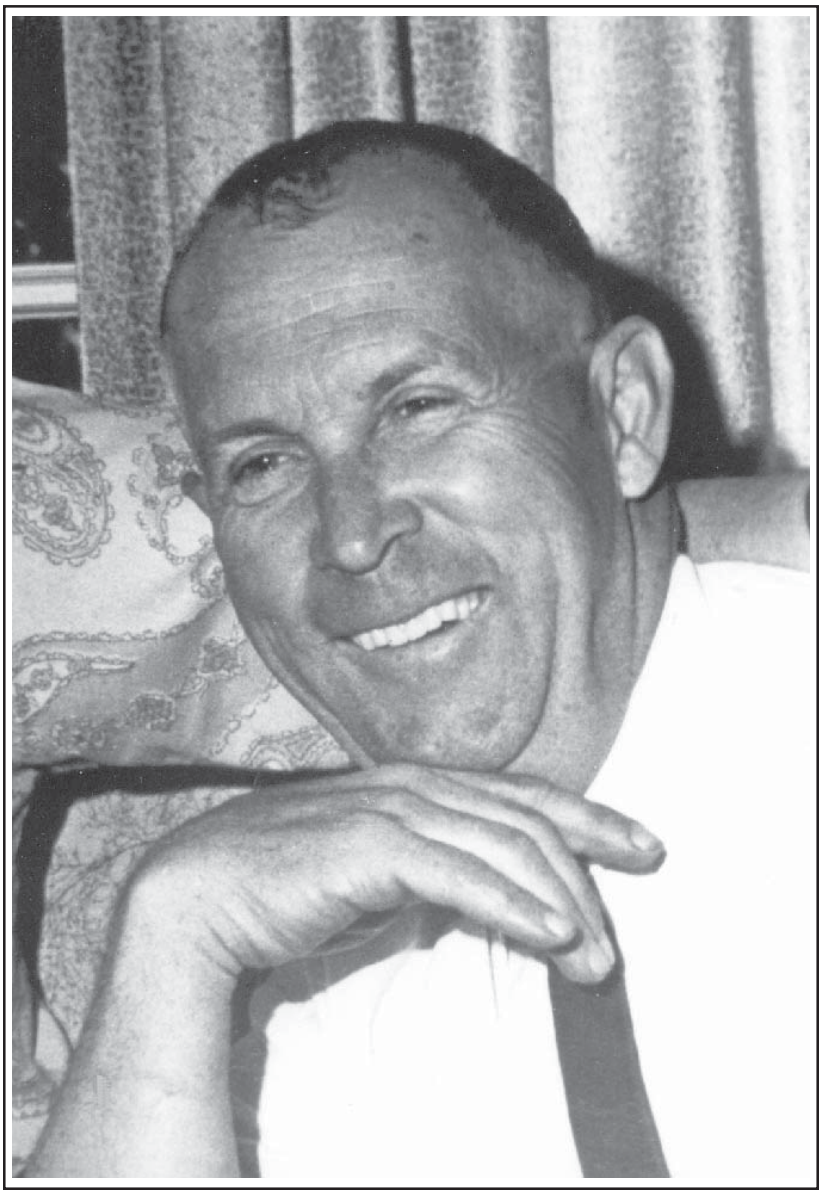
2004

Binding by

STEVENSON'S GENEALOGY CENTER

230 West 1230 North
Provo, Utah 84604
801-374-9600

2004



Allen M Winterton - 1968

About the Book

In 1987, Wayne and I completed an autobiography of my life titled, *Life Has Been Good to Me*. The problem with finishing the book in 1987 is that it's now 2004 and I'm still kicking. Perhaps not as hard as I once kicked, but kicking none-the-less.

The other day I asked Wayne if we could update the book and bring it into the 21st century. He said there was a way and he would do it. The result is this book, an improved version of the 1987 book with additional content and photographs and printed in color.

In addition to Wayne's work on the book, I wish to thank my daughter Joyce and my granddaughter Sheri Dailey for the many hours they spent in making suggestions and proofreading the manuscript.

Most of all, I want to thank Ava for her love and devotion over the years. She has been a wonderful and supportive wife and I love her dearly.

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Beginning in England

On October 24, 1842, William Hubbard Winterton and Sarah Marriott exchanged vows at St. Paul's Church in Nottingham, England. Sarah, born February 14, 1825, was seventeen years old, and William, born June 26, 1816, was twenty-six.

William and Sarah had grown up in Nottingham's busy industrial district where they were now employed as stocking-makers. It's likely that William and Sarah met and fell in love while working together in one of Nottingham's numerous textile mills.

After their marriage, they continued their employment as stocking-makers, together earning about fifteen shillings or two dollars a week.

At first they lived in Nottingham, most likely in a crowded apartment building near the textile mill. Later they moved into a home in Carlton, a small town a few miles northeast of Nottingham. It was here that they began to raise a family. Sarah gave birth to eight children, three of whom died before living a full month.

William and Sarah's first child was born March 18, 1843. They named him John. He died the following day. Fourteen months later, on May 16, 1844, Sarah gave birth to a second son, whom they also named John.

The next child, another son, born May 6, 1846, became my grandfather. They named him William. In addition to John and William, the other children that reached adulthood were Ann, born September 11, 1849, Thomas, born September 4, 1851, and Sarah, born July 13, 1857.

In 1849, two young men knocked on the door of the Georgian-style house at Carlton and William Hubbard invited them in. They explained to William and Sarah that they were missionaries from the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, the Mormon Church. With William and Sarah's blessing, the missionaries proceeded to explain the tenets of the Mormon religion to the Winterton family.

Map of Nottingham, England, and surrounding countryside, about 1850. The small town of Carlton, where William and Sarah lived is near the upper right corner.

William Hubbard and Sarah listened intently. They were intrigued with the message they heard and after several visits from the missionaries, William was convinced that what they were hearing was true. On January 6, 1850, William was baptized into the new religion, which at that time was a mere twenty years old.

Typical above ground view of a coal mining operaton around the Nottingham area during the mid-1800s.

Five months later, on June 3, 1850, Sarah followed William into his new faith. The children, John and William, were baptized August 13, 1853, and July 16, 1854, respectively.

In 1854, there lived in Nottingham another family studying the tenets of the new religion. They were the Widdisons, William and Ellen. William and Ellen were the parents of four children, twelve-year-old Jane, ten-year-old Mary Ann, eight-year-old Elizabeth, and five-year-old Ellen, better known as Nellie (born September 11, 1849). A fifth child, Thomas, born in 1852, died in infancy, and another son, Heber William, would be born three years later, in 1855.

It's not known exactly how William Widdison met his death, but family records show that tragedy struck the Widdison family in the form of a mining accident on January 17, 1855. Twelve days after William was laid to rest, Ellen gave birth to their last child, Heber William.

William Widdison was a coal miner by trade and accustomed to the long damp days and dangerous working conditions in the coal mines that were prevalent in the Nottingham area. In those days miners used open lamps, called tally (tallow) lamps to illuminate their way along the mine shafts.


Tally lamps, such as this one, looked like miniature teapots. They used vegetable or animal fat and burned with an open flame. The hook attached to the miner's cap.

It was not uncommon for mining accidents to occur when the flame from a miner's tally lamp came in contact with *firedamp*, a volatile gas composed of methane and other gases. The resultant flash at head level could severely burn a miner or cause death.

A review of mining accidents in the Nottingham area in the 1850s failed to show a major accident in January of 1855, but the review did show a disproportionate number of mining deaths attributable to firedamp explosions until the introduction of the carbide lamp in the late 1800s. Based on the above, it is quite possible that William Widdison was the victim of a firedamp accident.

William's untimely death dealt a severe blow to the Widdison family. They had hoped to leave England as a family to begin a new life with the Saints in Utah. Now, the burden of raising a family of five rested on Ellen's shoulders. Surely Salt Lake, a dream away, must have seemed out of the question to the young widow.

If the children were to go to Zion, as they referred to the Salt Lake Valley, they would have to work, and earn, and save. But work and earn and save is exactly

what they did, and everyone, including Ellen, eventually made the voyage across the sea.

The three older children, Jane, Mary Ann, and Elizabeth were the first to go, probably in the mid-1860s. Ellen (Nellie) made the trip in 1869 at the age of twenty. Four years later, 1873, Heber William, now eighteen, accompanied his mother to America.

Members of the Nottingham Choir about 1868. The triangle of girls on the left are (left to right), Ann Winterton, Ellen (Nellie) Widdison, and Polly Squires.

A joyful reunion was planned. Ellen Widdison, now aged greatly beyond her fifty-four years, survived the ocean crossing, but became ill and died in Brooklyn, New York, before starting the overland journey to the valley of the Great Salt Lake (1873).

The story of the Widdison family would have no place in the story of William and Sarah Winterton and their family except that Ellen (Nellie) was destined to become the wife of young William Winterton.

In 1854, the year of young William's baptism into the Mormon Church, his union with Nellie Widdison was half a world away and sixteen years into the future. William knew Nellie when they lived in England because of Nellie's friendship with his younger sister, Ann. But he could not have foreseen a life for them together in the future. Nellie was only fourteen years old when William, with his brother John and his father left for America in 1863.

We know that William's younger sister, Ann, and Nellie Widdison were friends as they were both members of the highly respected Nottingham Choir.

A third member of the choir, Polly Squires, also joined the Mormon Church, and when the three of them decided to leave England for America, they booked passage together.

Prior to the departure of the three choir members, the group decided to have their memories captured on a photograph. They went to the studio of a local photographer and a cherished memory was made permanent. The photograph, which has survived to the present day, was one of Nellie Widdison's most cherished possessions.

John and William Winterton, like most other children of mid-nineteenth century England, were expected to work. In fact, for people like William Hubbard and Sarah, it was a financial necessity that the children work to help the family meet its financial obligations.

Schools were for the privileged few, the children of the upper class whose parents could support the family without additional income from child labor.

In the absence of child-labor laws, children in nineteenth century England worked alongside their fathers in the mines or alongside their mothers in the textile mills as shown in this 1840 drawing. The youngster on hands and knees was a scavenger, responsible for picking up the loose cotton from under the enormous loom, a dangerous task as it was carried out while the machine was in motion.

John and William worked alongside their mother in the stocking factory. John helped with the sewing of the stocking seams and six-year-old William's job was to manually roll the yarn on the bobbins.

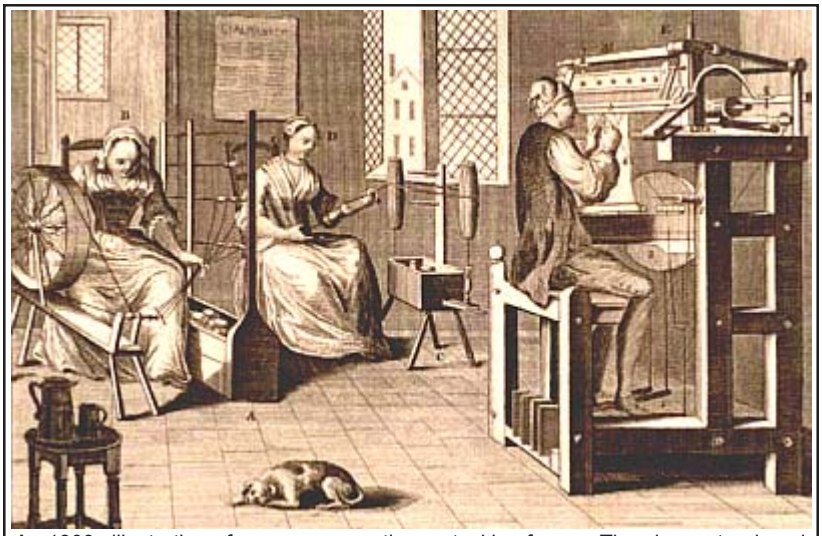
Eventually John found other employment, but William stayed at the side of his mother in the factory. During the time they worked together (1852-1863), Sarah and William had become an efficient team and enjoyed an enviable reputation among their co-workers.

By the time William turned thirteen (1860) he was running his own stocking frame. In spite of the hard work and long days, William enjoyed friendly competition with his mother as they raced to see who could knit the fastest.

Unable to attend school because of his work at the factory, one might assume that William lacked the skills associated with a formal education. Although he did not enjoy the refinements that come with a formal education, including the ability to read, he never lacked in being able to compute figures and he was gifted in his ability to make sound judgments and good decisions.

After his relocation to Utah, it was said of William that by the time a load of grain had been sacked and weighed, he had the value computed mentally before most men could cipher the answer with pencil and paper. He was also an expert at estimating the acreage in a piece of land by walking the boundaries.

Like many others in England who had joined the Mormon Church, William Hubbard and Sarah looked forward to the day they would be able to move to America where they



An 1800s illustration of a person operating a stocking frame. The pleasant, relaxed atmosphere depicted in the drawing bears little resemblance to the interior of the textile mill where Sarah, John, and William worked, but the stocking frame shown in the drawing would be similar to the ones used by Sarah, and later William.

could join with the main body of Latter-day Saints in the valley of the Great Salt Lake.

They began saving for the trip shortly after joining the church. It was now 1863 and thirteen years had passed since their first visit with the youthful missionaries from America. Although they were a frugal family, they had only been able to save enough money for three fares.

Nothing is known about how William Hubbard and Sarah arrived at their decision, but a decision was made, and it was decided that William Hubbard would go first and take his two sons, John and William, with him. Sarah and the three younger children would remain in England until William and the boys could earn enough money to send for the rest of the family.

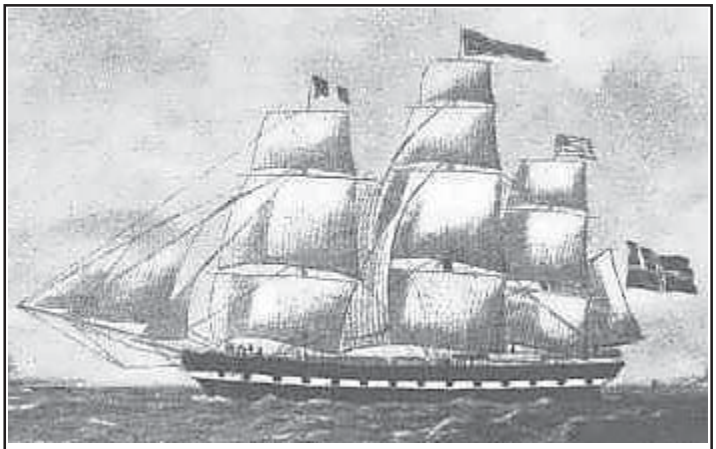
On April 30, 1863, the good ship, *John J. Boyd* with 767 Mormon emigrants aboard, prepared to sail from Liverpool Harbor. This would be last of three voyages made by the *John J. Boyd* for the purpose of transporting Latter-day Saint converts from various European locations to America.

This particular voyage was under the direction of Captain J. H. Thomas. As might be expected of any venture undertaken by the Mormon Church, the emigrants were well organized. Elder William W. Cluff presided over the group with the assistance of Elders Knud H. Bruun and William S. Baxter.

William had mixed feelings about leaving his mother. When Captain Thomas, the ship's master shouted, "All Aboard," William had to tear himself from his weeping mother's arms or be left on the dock. William reported that he was one of the last to board as his brother, John, and his father were already on board.

William had spent virtually every day of his life at the side of his mother, either at home or in the factory. And, as he recalled many times afterward, even into his latter years, he was emotionally devastated when he boarded the ship and waved good-bye to his mother as he saw her for the last time in his life.

William never forgot how tightly his mother embraced him before he had to break away and board the ship.



The John J. Boyd was a ship similar the the one depicted here. It is described as a three-deck packet ship with a square stern, fully rigged with three square-rigged masts.

In later years, William's children would sometimes see their father's head bowed in sorrow, sitting in deep meditation. When asked, he would say he was thinking about his mother whom he had not seen since that tearful farewell at Liverpool Harbor in 1863.

Father and sons arrived at Castle Garden, New York, on May 29, 1863. The voyage had taken twenty-nine days, during which the emigrants sighted icebergs and whales.

Sometime in the fall of 1863 they reached their destination, Utah and the Saints.

Eighteen months after his arrival in Utah, William Hubbard, in his forty-eighth year, took a second wife. He married Elizabeth Hughes on December 17, 1864. Elizabeth had been born aboard ship on the Atlantic on August 30, 1818, twelve years before the founding of the Latter-day Saints Church. Her parents, Joseph and Elizabeth Hughes, had immigrated from England as many others had done early in the nineteenth century.

It is not known whether William's wife in England, Sarah Marriott, knew of Elizabeth, William's wife in Utah. There simply is no record of her having been told, or, if told, of her reaction. She did continue to help save money to transport herself and the rest of her family to Utah, although she never made the trip herself.

In 1866, and for the next fourteen years, William Hubbard worked as the toll gate keeper of Parley's Canyon Road, named after Mormon pioneer Parley P. Pratt.

Six years after leaving England, father and sons saved enough money, when combined with Sarah's savings, to book passage for children Ann, now twenty, and Tom, eighteen. Once again Sarah took her children to the dock at Liverpool Harbor and bade them farewell. One daughter, Sarah, remained with her. She would never see Ann and Tom again. The year was 1869.

In England, daughter Sarah married Arthur Parker the day before Christmas, 1876. Sarah and Arthur were the parents of four children. The first child (unnamed) died at birth, followed by John, Eliza, and Fred. Sarah and Arthur were divorced in 1894.

Following Sarah's divorce, her brothers, John and William, whom she hadn't seen since they emigrated to America twenty-nine years earlier, paid for Eliza and Fred to come to Utah. The year was 1895 or 1896.

In 1898, John and William had saved enough to pay for Sarah Winterton Parker's passage to America and overland trip to Utah.

Sarah Marriott Winterton is now alone in England. Despite offers over the years by John and William to pay for her passage to America, both before and after William Hubbard's death, she declined the offers and remained in England.

Sarah, alone, feels spent and drained of energy. After sacrificing to get her husband, sons, daughters, and two grandchildren to Utah, she feels she no longer has the strength to make the trip herself. Her sons, John and William, write to her. They plead with her to make the trip. Her response in one letter is a simple declination, stating, "I am afraid I could not stand the long trip and especially the voyage across the sea."

The next to last entry in William Hubbard Winterton's journal, in shaky, trembling handwriting, is the following notation, *Elizabeth Hughes Winterton, died September 21, 1889, burial next day in Salt Lake City cemetery. She was born August 30, 1817*.

The final entry in the journal, but not in William Hubbard Winterton's handwriting, is the following entry, *died in Salt Lake City, Utah, on the 16th day of March, 1890, William Hubbard Winterton buried in the Salt Lake City cemetery. Died in Nottingham, England, Sarah Marriott Winterton on the 19th day of February, 1902 and buried there*.

William Hubbard and Sarah Marriott Winterton

William Hubbard (6/16/1816 - 3/16/1890) married 10/24/1842 Sarah Marriott (2/14/1825 - 2/19/1902)

- John, born 3-18-1843, died 3-19-1843
- John Marriott, born 5-16-1844, married Emma Inkpen Noakes 10-11-1869, died 12-29-1910
- William, born 5-6-1846, married Ellen (Nellie) Widdison 2-21-1870, died 9-14-1929
- Ann, born 9-11-1849, married George Washington Noakes 2-21-1870, died 2-26-1875
- Thomas, born 9-4-1851, married Fannie R. Boardman 11-19-1889, died 6-14-1918
- Stillborn, delivered 12-26-1853
- Hyrum, born 12-30-1855, died 1-24-1856
- Sarah, born 7-13-1857, married Arthur Parker 12-24-1876 (divorced 1894), died 12-27-1928

William Hubbard and Elizabeth Hughes Winterton

William Hubbard (6/16/1816 - 3/16/1890) married 12/17/1864 Elizabeth Hughes (8/30/1818 - 9/19/1989)

2

A New Life in America

In 1918, when William Winterton, the son of William Hubbard and Sarah, was seventy-two years old, he asked two of his children, Moroni and Sarah Ellen (Winterton) Price, to write down the story of his life as he would tell it to them.

The account was written in longhand as William spoke. Twenty-four years later, on January 14, 1942, someone carefully typed the story onto five legal-sized sheets of paper.

William, who had never learned to write, was cognizant of the church's encouragement that its members leave a written legacy of their lives for the benefit of their progeny. It had come time for him to leave such a legacy and to do so he asked Moroni and Sarah Ellen for their help.

William began by telling of his journey across the Atlantic and then he describes some of the hardships he endured in establishing a life for himself in Utah. Rarely does one get the opportunity to read a firsthand account of an ancestor who lived most of their life in the 1800s. The story is priceless and provides a rare insight into the man and the effort it took to survive under trying times.

William's story is provided here in its entirety. I have made only minor changes (some punctuation and spelling) but the character and tone of the original text is intact and complete. I have added a few notes to help clarify the account. My notes are shown in brackets and are not italicized.

William starts with an account of how he celebrated his seventeenth birthday.

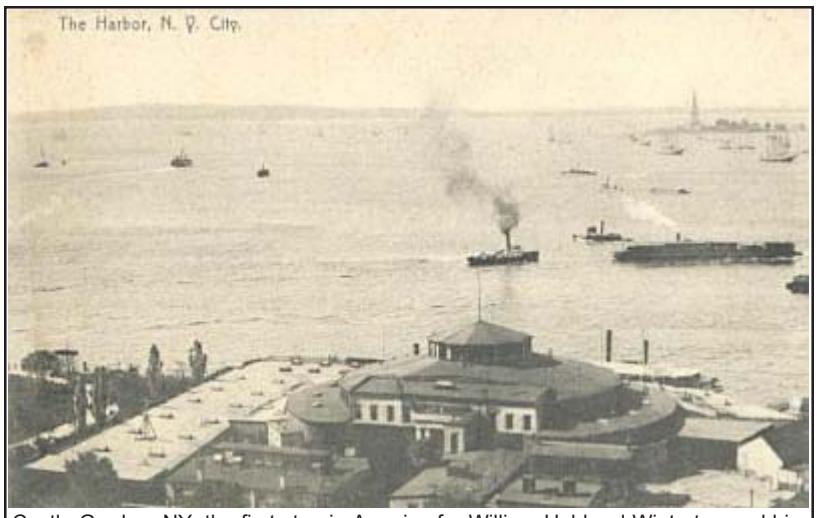
*My 17th birthday was celebrated on board the ship **John J. Boyd**. I ate hard tack, but I couldn't eat the raw salt bacon.*

We made a birthday cake and put it in the fire oven, but the rocking of the ship tipped it out into the ashes. The cooks rolled it up again, ashes and all, and put it back in the oven. There were only two small ovens about four or five feet square in which to cook for 700 passengers. We had to prepare our own meals, and nearly every time we tried to cook something, the ship's cooks would say, "There is no room," so we became discouraged and lived for a month on uncooked food.

As a boy of seventeen wants to see all that is going on, I saw a man buried at sea. A prayer was said, the plank was raised, and with one splash, the man was out of sight.

*We experienced rough storms at sea and saw people on deck almost drowned with the waves going over the ship. We landed at Castle Garden, New York, about May 20, 1863.**

* Note: William's account of the journey says they arrived in New York about May 20th, 1863. The actual arrival date, according to the ship's records, was May 29, 1863.



Castle Garden, NY, the first stop in America for William Hubbard Winterton and his sons. It was here where they were processed as immigrants. 1860 photograph.

Brother John R. Murdock was the captain of the company, with Brother Abram Hatch as first assistant. We traveled with this train almost to the Black Hills on the Sweet Water. There Captain Creighton's train drivers had left him to go to California where there was a gold rush, so Captain Creighton came to Captain Murdock for help. John and I, with others, stayed with Captain Creighton's train, but my father continued with his train to Salt Lake City.

On account of the Civil War, we had to go around through Canada. We traveled for hundreds of miles through nothing but timber, sailing up the river nearly two days and finally reaching the Missouri River. While on board we were not allowed to sit or lie down. We were treated just like so many cattle.

We arrived at Florence, Nebraska, and found that the Rebels had captured the train the day before so we had to wait another twenty-four hours for more cars. When more cars came, they were boxcars with coal dust still in them.

While waiting at Florence, Nebraska, about a month for the immigrant's train from Utah, John and I went out and worked for a Mr. Davis for our board. We learned afterwards that this was against council, but we were glad we did not know it at the time as we were about starved.

The night before the train was to leave, father came out and got us. It rained so hard that we had to sit up in the wagon all night.

This company promised to treat us well and to pay us $20.00 a month [for driving one of the teams]. *Here is where I had my first experience with oxen, driving three yoke.*

Just imagine a green city boy trying to keep track of where they belonged. I marked the leaders with a big mark on the outside, two marks on the outside of the next pair, and three marks on the outside of the wheelers; and believe me, I made the marks so they could be seen. I made the marks with dope [grease] *off the wagon wheels.*


Photograph showing oxen pulling covered wagons, not unlike the wagon train that brought William Hubbard and his sons to Utah.

Needless to say, we traveled slowly. On arriving at Devil's Gate, we turned our cattle out for the night. The next morning we found some of them dead, having drunk too much saleratus water [water with a high salt content].

We stayed at this place three or four days until a Mormon wagon train came along. The leader told Captain Creighton to get away as soon as possible because the saleratus water would kill all our cattle. Among the dead were two of mine.

We traveled so slowly that we arrived in Salt Lake about four weeks behind the company we started with. It was Conference time in the fall of 1863.

I stayed in Salt Lake until after Conference and then went to Provo to live with Moses Cluff for $5.00 per month, or 2½ yards of jeans with which to make a pair of trousers.

My first work was to go up Rock Canyon with a yoke of oxen to haul wood on a cart. I was supposed to ride the poles on the cart to steady them.

Devil's Gate
Treacherous when the water from the Sweetwater River is high. The perpendicular walls are about 400 feet high. The pass is 1500 feet long and as narrow as 50 feet in some places.

After working a month I went to live with James Stratton for my board. I worked down on Main Street [Provo], *or where Main Street now is, feeding a water wheel to grind flax to make rope. When the water froze up and stopped the mill, I had to pound the flax by hand.*

There were but a few houses there then. After we broke the flax, I turned the wheel by hand for him to spin rope.

Wagon train making its way through Echo Canyon.
Echo Canyon, twenty-five miles in length, is just one of the difficult passageways of the Old Mormon Trail east of Salt Lake City.

When the rope was spun, he would go out to sell it for about $2.00, and with the money he would buy flour and potatoes or something to eat. Paying about $24.00 per hundred for flour.

Sometimes he would come home with about ten pounds of flour or a little shorts or carrots. It kept us busy all winter trying to keep from starving.

In the spring of 1864 I went to work for Isaac Higbee for a

year for $100.00. There I got plenty to eat. By that time greenbacks had gone down to 33-cents on the dollar and everything else had gone up, so I received only $33.00 for my year's work.

Salt Lake City in 1855, eight years before William Hubbard Winterton and his sons William and John arrived. The temple, under construction, is visible in the upper right.

My clothes had been patched so many times I didn't know the master piece.

On July 24, 1865 [Utah's Pioneer Days holiday]*, I took part in a sham battle where Main Street now is.*

While there I took soldier training. However, it was too late before the train was ready, and the captain backed out, so I could not go, as winter would set in before they reached California.

After this disappointment, a person told me there was plenty of work around Wanship, so I went with him to Wanship. He told me to wait at a barn while he found a man to give me work. I waited, but he never came back, so I slept in the barn that night alone.

I was offered one job in the coal or Prospect Mine for my board, but I didn't stay. I decided to make my way back towards Provo where I was better known.

The next night I stayed with John Jordan above Heber.

I stopped at the home of Isaac Decker the next day. He lived over the river in the fields north of the barn that was later built by Enoch Richins, now owned by Bishop and James Ritchie, south of William Bagley's home.

Days of '47 float ready to be pulled by a team of oxen for the July 24, 1880, parade.

Isaac Decker offered me my board to stay with him that winter, so I accepted his offer. Brother John was living there too. He and I fed a herd of sheep, cattle, and milk cows. We dragged cedar wood from Cedar Hill in Decker's Canyon, and chopped enough wood to supply five fires.

Mr. Decker had four wives and each wife had to have a fire. John and I had a room of our own.

In the spring, after working the four winter months for my board, we made a bargain that we would work one year for $200.00 in land, so I received 20 acres - the land now owned by George H. Edwards, over by Arvil Scott's place. That was the year of 1866.

There were Indian troubles and everyone was ordered to fort up, so Mr. Decker moved to Heber and sent me herding sheep northeast of Heber City.

After being up there about a week, the people complained that the sheep were eating up the cow range so I had to move them back to the ranch. John helped take them back and then I was left alone until haying time.

In the spring when Mr. Decker came with one of his wives, John and I got our first experience mowing hay with scythe. After we had cut with a scythe for possibly two or three weeks, Charles Decker and Farimore Little brought the first mowing machine here. We cut the rest of the hay with that. William Bagley later owned the machine.

I worked for Mr. Decker about a year and a half and never received a dollar in cash.

Later in the season, John and I made a little dugout near William Bagley's home and commenced putting up hay off our land. Because Mr. Decker would not help us put up the hay as he had agreed to do, we had to cut it with the scythe.

Later we sold the ground to William Bagley for 1,400 feet of lumber. In the fall we had our little stack of hay. Mr. Decker paid us in sheep. We fed our hay to the sheep.

John C. Parcell and I herded sheep for James Bean and John Turner on and around the hills later owned by William (Billy) Wright.

James Herbert, Mr. Parcell's stepson, who carried the mail by horseback once or twice a week from Provo to Heber, used to stop at Parcell's cabin to feed and rest his horse. One day he said, "If you boys would give me a name for this place I could bring your mail to you." We mentioned several names, but decided Charleston [possibly in honor of Charles Decker] *was the one we liked best.*

John Parcell decided to move to Wallsburg, but I stayed on with the sheep that spring until James Bean and John Turner moved their herd to Provo. There were different ones who had sheep in the herd, but there were not enough sheep left to pay John and me to herd them.

John and I lived that winter in our dugout on the flat at the mouth of Decker's Canyon and John did chores for William Bagley. He and I spent our winter evenings playing cards with Hannah Bagley and Ann Van Wagoner, who later became the wife of Joseph Bagley.

William Bagley was working at Sweet Water for the railroad and John was there doing chores for them. The next spring, 1868, I went with William and Charles Bagley as far as the head of Echo Canyon to work for the railroad. It was about where Evanston, Wyoming, now is.

There were several there and I yet remember: William Giles, Samuel McAffee, John Baird, Henry Fraughton, and pioneer George Brown and his wife, Emma. Emma was cook and Isaac N. Brown carried water for the working men. I worked there until the work was finished, working half the time on the day shift and half the time on the night

shift. I received $3.00 per day and had to pay $1.00 per day for my board.

After leaving the railroad, I went to Salt Lake and bought a horse and saddle for $80.00.

Later I bought another one and with my team I started to haul coal and wood to Salt Lake, this was in competition with the railroad. I had to carry water from the creek in my hat to pour on the felleys to keep the tires on the old wagon I had.

In the year of 1869, Mr. Walker told John and me we could have all we could raise on the bench land if we would take care of his place, so we started to work.

The following Sunday, President Hatch came to Finity Daybell's house and held a meeting. He wanted men to work in Provo Canyon to build a road and he didn't want any excuses. We had not gotten our crops in yet, but we went.

After working two or three weeks we came back and planted the crops. The grasshoppers were so bad during the year that I had very little to depend on. At this time, too, I received word that my sister, Ann, and my brother, Thomas, were with father in Salt Lake and wanted me to come for them. My father was tollgate keeper in Parley's Canyon. [Ann and Thomas had made the trip from England to Utah, and had just arrived in Salt Lake after traveling overland from New York.]

I made the trip with my pony team and when I arrived there Ann told me that she wanted to bring Ellen (Nellie) Widdison, who was in Salt Lake, back here with her. Nellie and Ann had been friends and pals together in the Nottingham Lace Factory in England where they both worked. They were good singers and often sang together.

Imagine my feelings, as I had no comfortable place to bring them to. I had seen Nellie and her mother in England but was never very well acquainted. However, with Ann insisting, I went to Salt Lake and Nellie decided she would come back with us for a few weeks.

While in Salt Lake I bought two chairs and then went to my father's place and stayed overnight. Next morning we started for home, reaching here about ten o'clock at night. We had no lights, no stove, no floor, hardly anything in the place. I left the girls with Tom and went to find my brother John who was visiting with the George Noakes family.

My brother John and George Noakes, Jr. came back with me, bringing a saw and an auger with them, with which we made a pair of bedsteads for the girls to sleep on. We made the beds out of Quaken Aspen logs. The next morning John and I cooked breakfast on the campfire because the girls weren't used to our work and ways.

The grasshoppers had destroyed a large portion of our crop, but we gathered what little we had left. Finity Daybell told me I could have what hay I wanted for forty poles. William Broadhead was cutting hay for Finity Daybell, so I got him to cut some for me.

I had three or four head of cattle and a small herd of sheep. After gathering my meager crop and this hay, I decided I would have to get out and find work.

David Walker came back to his farm bringing William and John Hartle. John had a wife and children. We all lived in one room.

Their baby took sick and died. My team hauled the little one to the Heber Cemetery where it was buried.

It was just a little while before Conference in Salt Lake City, and as I was going to haul coal from Coalville to Salt Lake, I asked Nellie Widdison if she wanted to go with me. She said, "No, we girls will come later with Brother Noakes."

The Endowment House, located at the northwest corner of Temple Square, is where William and Nellie were married February 21, 1870.

My sister Ann and Nellie visited in Salt Lake with Nellie's sister, Mary Ann Widdison Brewster, who had immigrated several years before Nellie came. Nellie made the trip from England with my sister, Ann, bringing her sister, Eliza Ann, who was only seven years old with her. Their mother was to follow later with their only brother, Heber W. Widdison.

In Brooklyn, New York, Nellie's mother stopped to visit another daughter and while there she got sick. She died and was buried there.

Nellie's brother lived in the East until December 1883 when I went to Salt Lake and brought him to our home. The little sister that Nellie had brought lived in Salt Lake with Mary Ann until Nellie had a home, and then she lived part of the time with Nellie.

I made another trip to the city, met the girls there, and they decided to come back to Charleston with me. On our way home while going through Parley's Canyon, I proposed to Nellie. "Nellie," I said, "If I would have you, would you have me?" She answered, "Yes." That was a great courtship. I was twenty-four years old; Nellie twenty-one.

I continued hauling coal to Salt Lake City. I bought a little new step stove for $30.00 which was greatly appreciated. I continued to haul until Christmas. When I returned home, Nellie went to live with William and Hannah Bagley where she worked until we went to be married in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City on February 21, 1870.

While I was hauling coal in the fall of 1869, my brother John rented the farm owned by John Eldridge. He built a little house on the place for Mr. Eldridge.

After Nellie and I were married we went to live in Mr. Eldridge's house with three other families. We lived there about a month or six weeks when we became dissatisfied and Nellie refused to live there any longer.

John Pollard and Emanuel Richman helped me fix a dirt roof shed by Pollard's house, between them and Finity Daybell's, where Grandpa Price's house now stands. Here Sarah Ellen and Eliza Ann were born. During this time, Pollard, Bancroft, Emanuel Richman, and I became partners in homesteading the Richmond place.

During the summer, Pollard and I got logs out of Boomer in Daniel's Creek and built us

each a one-room house. On December 10, 1870, our eldest child, Sarah Ellen, was born. While living here I had an experience I have always remembered.

I was leading my horses to water when two men rode up to me and asked if I would trade my saddle for one of the horses they were riding. I decided I would and they went on their way. One of the men had frozen his feet and wanted a saddle to ride on one horse. It was about ten in the morning when this happened.

That evening, when I was watering the horse, the sheriff came along and asked where I had gotten the horse. I told him. He said, "You are my prisoner. That is a stolen horse. Those men are mail robbers. They had been in jail and broken out. They had gone to Springville and stolen those horses. You must go with me in search of them or I will take you to jail."

We made ready and went to Heber City. In Heber City we notified Dick Jones, who was sheriff in this county at that time.

When we got down the canyon about a mile and a half or two miles, there were some stables where they took in travelers. We dismounted from our horses. The sheriff told me to look in the stables to see if the horse and saddle were there. They surely were. We concluded that the men were in the house.

The sheriff said, "You go in ahead, as you will know them. Hold your revolver on them and tell them they are your prisoners." The sheriff followed behind me.

When I entered they knew me and said, "Your saddle is in the shed." I held the pistol on them while the officer searched them. They didn't have any weapons, not even a pocket knife. The sheriff left me on guard while he went to find Dick Jones, as he had been gone two or three hours.

I stepped outside for a few minutes and while I was there the lady of the house came running out to tell me the men were escaping out the back door. I told them to stop or I'd shoot. They came back swearing oaths. One of them was red-headed, freckle-faced, and he came toward me with his hands clenched. He would have liked to get near enough to grab my pistol.

The officers came back and in the afternoon we started back to Heber with the men. President Hatch was the judge at that time. His son, A. C. Hatch, who was then a young man, watched the prisoners all night in the tithing office at Heber.

The next morning the sheriff and I took the prisoners back to Springville. There was a

William and Nellie Winterton's early home in Charleston, Utah. Children born here were John Joseph, Hyrum, Ralph, Moroni, and Malissa.

reward offered for these men, but I didn't know it, so I didn't receive a cent. The sheriff reported that he had captured the men himself.

My little log room was built about where Frank Webster's barn now stands. Later it was moved on what is well-known as the Baker Lots. I would judge about east of the railroad track. It faced the East and had a small window in the West, and a little homemade door.

I got a man named David Love to make, by hand, with a tool called a draw knife, enough shingles to cover the roof. This was the first shingle roof in Charleston, I believe. Here my oldest son, William Heber, was born [October 4, 1874].

Soon after, I had an opportunity to buy the homestead of John Jordan. My wife, Nellie, wasn't anxious to move to the ranch as it seemed so far away. I told her I felt as though I ought to go. She could stay where she was if she wanted to. She said, "If you're going to be up there all the time, I'll go with you."

I now moved my family in a little dirt roofed log room built by Dave Blazzard. It was situated on the ground later homesteaded by Isaac N. Brown.

I started to clear land, as every acre was covered by sagebrush. At my convenience, I built a log home on my homestead. While shingling it, I lost my balance and fell to the ground. I was shaken up considerably but was young and soon got over the fall.

I finished the home and we moved in. Nellie was a willing worker and our home was clean and homelike. I later moved the log room from the ground in town to my homestead, making two rooms for us. Our first to be born in this house was my son John [August 31, 1876].

In 1882, our family had diphtheria, a dreaded disease. We weren't quarantined in those days, but people didn't like to come to houses where the disease was, so I was left alone to doctor my sick.

During this time, Moroni was born [Sept. 28, 1882]. *Sister Clegg, a midwife doctor, came in to take care of Nellie and the baby.*

One week later our son, John, who was then seven years old, died with the disease. I washed and laid him out. Sister Margaret Hicken and Sister Mary Crook, made his clothes and dressed him. Eli Gordon and Isaac N. Brown came with a team and wagon. I carried my son to the wagon. We went to the grave and laid him away.

A good, faithful pioneer neighbor, Sister Sophia Noakes, came in and stayed with us for three or four days.

Another neighbor, Mrs. Louisa Murdock, did our washing, even though she was criticized by some for this generous and dangerous act. Her father-in-law, a faithful Latter-day Saint, Joseph S. Murdock, said, "If you will help those people who are so much in need at this time, I will prophesy neither you nor your baby will ever have diphtheria," and they never did.

After my family became well I was called to several homes to administer to the sick or to make some suggestions concerning the sick. I always had a change of clothing to wear in the sick room, changing again before going in my home. I am thankful to our Heavenly Father for the better and safer methods of caring for the sick these days.

After rainy days comes sunshine and we tried to be happy. My Nellie was interesting, and after our sickness our friends and neighbors were frequent visitors at our home.

Ten children were born to us. Eight of whom grew to manhood and womanhood. Four of the sons filled missions for the Latter-day Saint Church.

Nellie was very devoted to her religion and was anxious that her children do right. She had a way of chastising the children with kindness. When she spoke they knew they must obey her. When she was going to have company she would warn the children beforehand that they must behave.

She entertained company in her home often. She was very hospitable to her friends and they enjoyed spending the evening with her. She would sing, play the accordion, and serve lunch before they went home. She was a good cook and was tactful about preparing a meal even though she had very little to prepare.

The whole family enjoyed themselves by going on little trips after service berries in the summer. Nellie was always busy. She washed and carded wool and made many fine quilts to keep the family comfortable. Nellie made by hand for me, her husband, a suit of clothes before we were married which was my wedding suit.

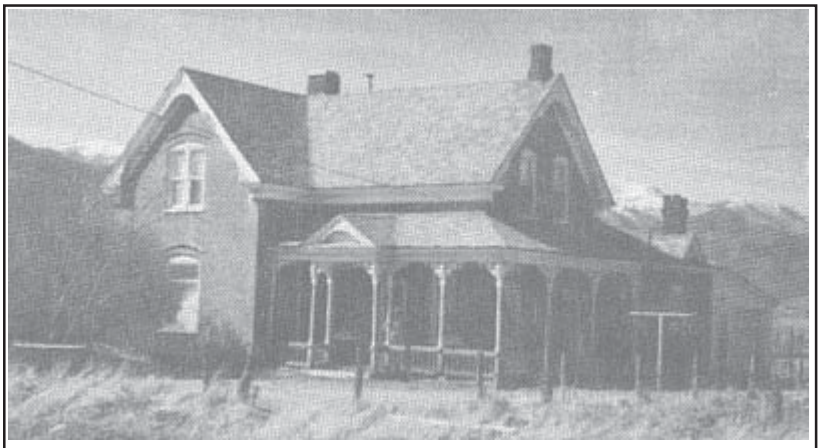
The girls remember the first sewing machine that their mother had. Before that time, she made all their clothes by hand. What a blessing a machine was to her. She was very anxious that her family grow up clean and honest in every way. She taught them true principles. We were very proud of our family.

Our hard toil was crowned with success financially, but my Nellie's health failed. On March 8, 1889, she died, leaving me with eight children; Sarah, Eliza, William, Hyrum, Ralph, Moroni, Fred, and Malissa. We had a family of ten, but John died and one child was stillborn.

When my Nellie died, my baby, Malissa, was only seven months and eight days old.

My wife's brother, William Widdison and his wife lived with us for three months and she nursed the baby. My girls, Sarah and Eliza, cared for the baby and kept house for me and the family. For many years my boys worked for me on the farm.

William Winterton's first family. Front row, left to right, Malissa, William Heber, William, Thomas Frederick. Back row, Hyrum, Ralph, Sarah Ellen, Eliza, Moroni, and Fred Parker (William's nephew who lived with the family).



William Winterton's home in Charleston, about 1900.

The cause of Nellie's death was a goiter [enlarged thyroid]. *She choked to death at the dinner table. There was a concert to be given that evening in the Ward, and the family was preparing to go. She was loved by all who knew her. She was buried March 10, 1889, in the Charleston Cemetery.*

This ends the history that William Winterton related, and Sarah Ellen and Moroni wrote down in 1918.

Three years after the death of Nellie, William married Jane Steadman. The events leading up to the marriage of William, age 46, and Jane, age 29, including how they were introduced to each other, are interesting.

This was a marriage based on mutual needs. William needed a wife to help him raise his and Nellie's eight children. Jane needed a husband to provide for her needs. Even so, there is nothing in the family history that shows anything less than a supportive, loving relationship between the two of them.

In Hyrum Winterton's autobiography, *Memories and Teardrops*, he writes:

With William Winterton's courtship and second marriage in the year 1892, a wonderful stepmother came into our home. No one could have a better and kinder stepmother than we had. It came about as I will here explain.

During the dark days of polygamy, there came to our valley a Mr. John W. Price, traveling under the assumed name of John Jones. He, with one [of his wives] *wife and family, was seeking a place of refuge where he could evade the U. S. Marshal.*

He went to father's home and told his story. Father succeeded in securing the old Eli Gordon home for them to live in. The house was about a half mile from our home. A strong friendship grew up between those two men and their families. In the course of time, Brother Price moved back to his own home in

William Winterton's second family. Bottom row, left to right, Jane Steadman Winterton, William Winterton, and Carrie. Top row, Edward, Nettie, and Valeo.

Mill Creek, and our family always had a place to stay whenever in Salt Lake Valley.

One day Brother Price said to father, "William," said he, "I would like you to meet a young woman. She is a good girl twenty-eight years of age. She has a good mother, brothers, and sisters. The mother would like the children to marry, but the father is strongly opposed to their marrying at the present time. The father would not allow you to their home, but I think I can persuade the girl to steal away and come over to my place to meet you. Her mother will help me in making such arrangements."

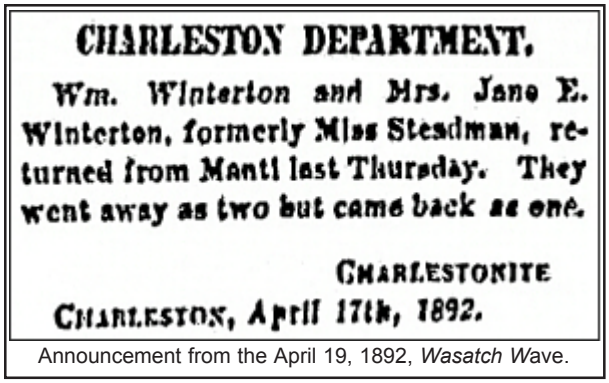
Accordingly, arrangements were made and the two met each other without the knowledge of father Steadman. Father promised to make a special trip for the purpose of taking the girl to Charleston, so she could see the home and meet all of the family.

She could then make up her mind whether or not she wanted to make such a venture as marriage and assume the responsibility and care of a large family. So, Aunt Jane as we loved to call her, visited us in our home.

We liked her and we were as good as we could be while she visited with us. Would that all children could be as good as we were those few days. Sister Sarah and Eliza agreed to help her all they could.

Sarah and Eliza were loyal and didn't forget the promises they made. They avoided marriage until Aunt Jane had good help from one or more of her sisters as they in turn came to live with us to help their sister, Jane.

It was the 13th day of April, 1892, when William Winterton and Jane E. Steadman were married in the Manti Temple.



CHARLESTON DEPARTMENT.

Wm. Winterton and Mrs. Jane E. Winterton, formerly Miss Steadman, returned from Manti last Thursday. They went away as two but came back as one.

CHARLESTONITE

CHARLESTON, April 17th, 1892.

Announcement from the April 19, 1892, *Wasatch Wave*.

William and Jane became the parents of Carrie Elizabeth who married Alex M. Davis, Nettie Rachel who married John Hans Kuhni, Edward Marriott who died while young, and Valeo James who became the husband of Gladys Barrett.

My father and Aunt Jane lived together as a happy pair for thirty-seven years. To us, the name of Aunt Jane is as sacred as is the name of our mother.

William built a new home in 1899. Shortly after completing the new home, he was in a serious accident while mowing hay. His team of horses ran over him with the mowing machine and the point of the guards on the machine pierced his hip. His head was also badly bruised. He was never able to fully regain his strength after the accident.

In 1915, William became ill with erysipelas, a disease that causes an intense and painful inflammation of the skin.

He was able to recover from the disease and enjoyed good health until 1926, when he was hospitalized with a hernia and ailments incident to old age. On September 14, 1929, William died, aged eighty-three years.

William and Ellen (Nellie) Widdison Winterton

William (5/6/1846 - 9/14/1929) married 2/21/1870 Ellen (Nellie) Widdison (9/5/1849 - 3/8/1889)

- Sarah Ellen, born 12-10-1870, married John Heber Price 2-2-1893, died 9-1-1944
- Eliza Ann, born 10-9-1872, married John Thacker 12-19-1944, died 1-12-1960
- William Heber, born 10-4-1874, married Agnes Webster 2-15-1899, died 4-27-1963
- John Joseph, born 8-31-1876, died 10-4-1882
- Hyrum Shurtliff, born 8-16-1878, married Sarah Van Wagoner 9-3-1902, died 3-17-1978
- Ralph Stafford, born 9-27-1880, married Ann Louise Ririe 6-2-1909, died 11-22-1959
- Moroni, born 9-28-1882, married Susa Mabel Giles 10-5-1910, died 8-10-1929
- Stillborn, delivered 10-26-1884
- Thomas Frederick, born 8-14-1886, married Shiela Ann Carlile 12-15-1909, died 11-12-1938
- Alice Malissa, born 7-31-1888, married George Thompson 3-27-1912, died 9-10-1986

William and Jane Elizabeth Steadman Winterton

William (5-6-1846 - 9/14/1929) married 4/13/1892 Jane Elizabeth Steadman (2/16/1863 - 2/25/1943)

- Carrie Elizabeth, born 5-5-1893, married Alexander Mortimer Davis 1-10-1917, died 10-16-1975
- Nettie Rachel, born 5-7-1895, married John M. Kuhni 6-7-1916, died 3-20-1956
- Edward Marriott, born 9-16-1897, unmarried, died 6-21-1920
- Valeo James, born 10-10-1900, married Gladys Barrett 6-21-1929, died 10-6-1980

3

Moroni's Early Years

As it has done from the beginning of time, and as it continues to this day, the Provo River starts from high in the Wasatch and Uintah mountains. It meanders lazily southwestward through the upper Wasatch valley then curves to the left and flows along the west side of the small town of Charleston. From Charleston, it continues south before beginning its descent down Provo Canyon.

From the point where it enters the canyon, it tumbles and falls a thousand feet in twenty-five miles. Perhaps the most spectacular sight in the canyon is that of Bridal Veil Falls, a series of two falls, the second of which resembles a flowing bridal train.

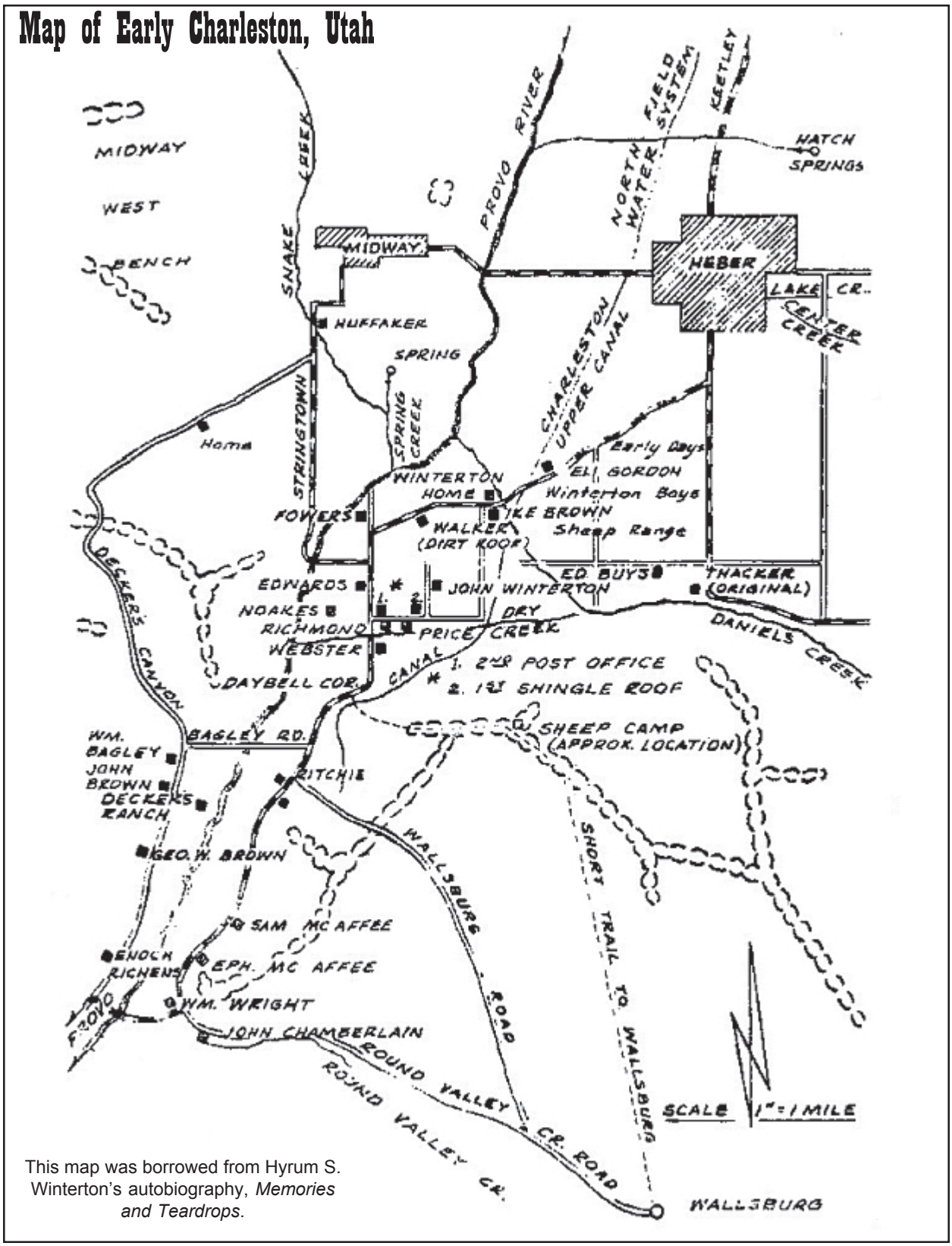
Bridal Veil Falls, Provo Canyon

At the mouth of the canyon, a place marked by a natural gateway of towering cliffs, the river ceases its rushing, eases to the west, and begins its final journey through Utah valley to Utah Lake. That's how it is today, and that's how it was in the mid-1800s when William Hubbard and his sons arrived to take their place among the Saints.

Oh, the landscape in some places has changed. There's a lot more people living at the two ends of the Provo River and expensive homes have replaced the log cabins that once dotted the area, but the river still follows the same general course it has been taking for centuries.

Deer Creek Reservoir now backs up the river from the northern entrance of the canyon for nearly seven miles, and the highway between the two valleys is now a ribbon of asphalt. A person can drive the length of the canyon in a half-hour these days, rather than the better part of a day it took by horseback, or longer by team a hundred years ago.

The canyon is no less scenic now than it was then, but it is certainly much easier to enjoy. The traveler of the 1800s had to follow a trail through the canyon that meant making a



This map was borrowed from Hyrum S. Winterton's autobiography, *Memories and Teardrops*.

number of river crossings. The river crossings were difficult to do during low water and, treacherous if not impossible, during periods of peak runoff.

In 1859, Brigham Young sent ten families under the leadership of Joseph R. Murdoch to settle the Wasatch valley for the purpose of establishing a sheep industry. Murdoch had been a sheepherder of substance in Ayrshire, Scotland before converting to the Mormon faith and moving to Utah.

Three of the ten families settled in the area that would later be called Charleston. They were George Noakes and William and Freeman Manning and their families.

In 1862, the federal government opened the area up to homesteading. The families who took out homestead rights during that first year were: Joseph Bagley, Isaac Brown, Esther Davies, Stanley Davis, Finity Daybell, John Eldridge, George T. Giles, Eli Gordon, Joseph Nelson, George Noakes, Emanuel Richman, George Simmons, Joseph E. Taylor, David Walker, John Winterton, William Winterton, and David Young.

In 1882, Heber, the cultural and trading hub of the Wasatch valley, consisted of less than 300 souls. Charleston, settled at about the same time, numbered about two dozen families. A hundred years later the 1980 census shows Heber with a population of 3,245 and Charleston with 196.

Recent years have shown a resurgence of interest in the Wasatch valley. The 2000 census for Heber shows a population of 7,291 and the sleepy little town of Charleston, a population of 378. Both towns have doubled in size over the past 20 years.

In 1960, in celebration of the centennial year for colonization of the Wasatch valley, the Wasatch County Daughters of the Pioneers published *How Beautiful Upon The Mountains,* a book about Charleston's colorful history. Page 997 of that book records the following:

> *Industries in Charleston have played an important part in community life through the years. Many of the early industries were established to help sustain life in the community.*
>
> *Typical of these was the Upper Charleston Canal Company, the first such system in Charleston. Water was brought to the town by the system in 1875 through the efforts of William and John Winterton.*

In 1882, as it does today, a creek known as Daniel's Creek, flowed west out of Daniel's

William Winterton, about 1888.

Canyon and headed straight for Charleston on its way to empty into the Provo River. About three miles before it reached the river, Daniel's Creek forks into two creeks. The larger of the two forks, the North fork, continued on as Daniel's Creek. The South fork became known as Dry Creek. It was from these two forks of Daniel's Creek that the residents of Charleston received their water.

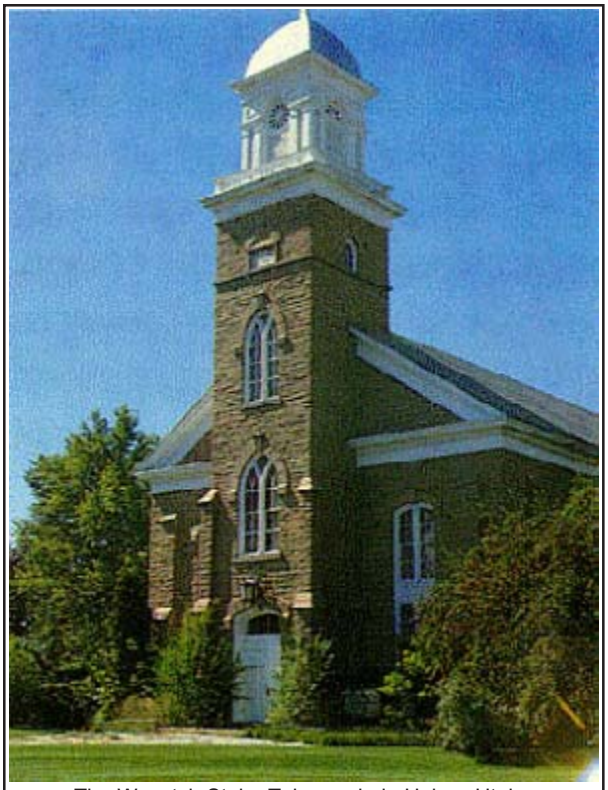
In 1882, the bulk of the citizenry of Charleston lived within the triangle created by the two forks of Daniel's Creek and the Provo River. The northernmost home within that triangle was the home of William Winterton, my grandfather.

William and Nellie's home, like most of the early homes in Charleston, was a small rectangular structure made of hand-hewn logs.

At first, William's home had a dirt roof constructed of boards laid across the roof beams and covered with dirt and vegetation. But now, in 1882, the dirt roof had given way to shingles providing an added degree of protection and comfort. William and Nellie's home was the first residence in Charleston to sport a shingled roof.

William and Nellie were also considering an expansion to the home by adding a third room to provide more space for their present family of themselves and six children. It would be seven more years, 1889, before the Wintertons would complete the extension to their home, and it would be a two-room extension instead of the single room they first envisioned.

In 1882, when William and Nellie desired to travel the six miles to Heber, they first had to cross the North fork of Daniel's Creek. After that, the rest of the trip was smooth



The Wasatch Stake Tabernacle in Heber, Utah.
The building was built with donated labor and materials.
Construction began in 1887 and was completed in 1889.

sailing, if you consider traveling six miles over prairie, without benefit of a road, as smooth.

In three years, 1895, a road would be built between Charleston to Heber. The road would run South of William and Nellie's home, then across the Charleston prairie to a place where it would meet the main road between Heber and Provo. But that was still three years away. It was still 1882 and William and Nellie and their six kids are still living in their two-room log house with the shingled roof.

On September 20, 1882, Nellie gave birth to my father. They named him Moroni, after the author of the last book in the *Book of Mormon*.

In *Memories and Teardrops*, Hyrum Winterton recalls the occasion in 1883 when

Nellie Widdison Winterton holding Moroni. Hyrum standing at right. Photograph taken August, 1883.

the family traveled to Salt Lake City to visit Grandfather William Hubbard Winterton, then 67 years old, and his wife Elizabeth.

According to Hyrum, Grandfather Winterton had never traveled to Charleston and this was the only time he and his siblings ever saw their grandfather. In Hyrum's words:

Grandfather Winterton never did see Wasatch County. I don't know how long my grandfather lived in Parley's Canyon. I do remember, however, that in the year 1883, my parents [William and Nellie Widdison Winterton] *took the family to Salt Lake City.*

I remember being at grandfather's home. His wife we called Aunt Bessie [Elizabeth Hughes Winterton]. *They treated us very nicely, but when grandfather caught us grandchildren in his strawberry patch, we hardly knew what to do. Of course, he told us what to do, "get out of the berry patch." I don't think he even smiled. We decided to not get into the berry patch any more.*

That visit was the only time we ever saw Grandfather Winterton. He was the only grandparent that any of us children ever saw.

One of the purposes of the trip was to have our pictures taken. Little brother John had died and mother had no picture by which to remember him.

Mother made nice dresses for the girls and pretty suits of clothes for the boys. How proud I was dressed in my velvet-trimmed suit with pretty brass buttons. I stood by her side with my hand on her chair. Moroni was on her knee. I was five years old. Moroni was eleven months old.

As a young child, Moroni loved to romp around the yard and play with the other children and with the farm animals that could be found everywhere.

As Moroni matured, the beauty of the land, the brilliance of the evening skies as the sun would set over the snowcapped Wasatch mountains, and the sounds of the birds were all especially pleasant experiences to him.

Moroni, more inclined to the arts than his brothers and sisters, could see and hear the beauty of his surroundings in a way that set him apart from his siblings. Not that he felt any different, or thought of himself as any better, but that he always felt a special kinship toward his environment.

He was respected, as were the other *Winterton boys* as they were known, as hard working and honest men who knew how to get the most from the land and the livestock.

Moroni Winterton, five years old, 1887.

Moroni and his brothers helped out on the family farm. Everyone had a job to do. The lighter chores were reserved for the younger children, but they were considered to be as important as the more demanding tasks. In this way, William and Nellie helped their children to enjoy a sense of self-worth.

William and Nellie owned ten acres of land on the North side of Daniel's Creek. This necessitated a frequent need to cross the creek to do the chores and to herd the cows pastured there. Hyrum, recalls how he, Moroni, and the other children used to watch their dad cross Daniel's Creek.

In *Memories and Teardrops*, Hyrum Winterton writes:

> *Father kept good horses and he was expert in handling a team in the water. Father learned how to drive across the river and the river seldom got so high that he was afraid to cross it if he had work to do on the opposite side.*
>
> *When he got out into the deep, swift water, he would be going downstream, but the horses kept their footing and made for the landing point. When near the landing point, father would speed up the horses so the water would not swing the wagon around too fast.*
>
> *We children often went down to the river to watch father drive across. Mother was glad to let us go so we could report that he had crossed in safety.*
>
> *The river was not as high at night as in the morning. As I remember, father would tie down the wagon box to the axles so the box would not float off the wagon.*

After Nellie's death in March of 1889, the next few years were very difficult for the family. Moroni was seven years old.

In his autobiography, Hyrum recalled the Christmas of 1889, the first to be celebrated after the passing of their mother. He was eleven years old.

He said that he had hung up his stockings on Christmas Eve as he had always done. But when he arose in the morning there was no orange in the stocking as had been the custom with his mother. Instead, the stocking contained a stick. Thinking it was some kind of joke, he went to his father, but received little comfort there. He wrote, *Thus passed the first Christmas after mother's death, disappointed and in sorrow.*

There is nothing recorded to tell whether Moroni or the other children met the same fate, but there is no doubt that William and his siblings missed their mother and the loving touch she brought to the home.

Three years after Nellie's death, William married Jane Steadman. She took on the responsibility of helping William raise his eight children. In addition, she and William brought four more little ones into the world.

Nellie's children all referred to Jane as "Aunt" Jane. The term "Aunt" was used in deference to their mother and in no way was disrespectful of Jane, who was greatly admired and loved by all of the children. Moroni was ten years old when his father married Jane.

As a child Moroni could carry a tune, a skill that would later be appreciated by many as he led church choirs and congregations in raising their voices in song.

As he was growing up, he found that with little effort, he could pick out melodies or accompany others by playing chords on the piano. Every musical instrument he picked up seemed at home in his hands.

Moroni's natural inclination to music was no fluke. He had inherited his beautiful singing voice from his mother, who once sang in the Nottingham (England) Choir.

When Moroni was in his late teens he saved enough money to purchase a clarinet. The purchase included six free lessons as incentive to become a music student at the store where the instrument was purchased.

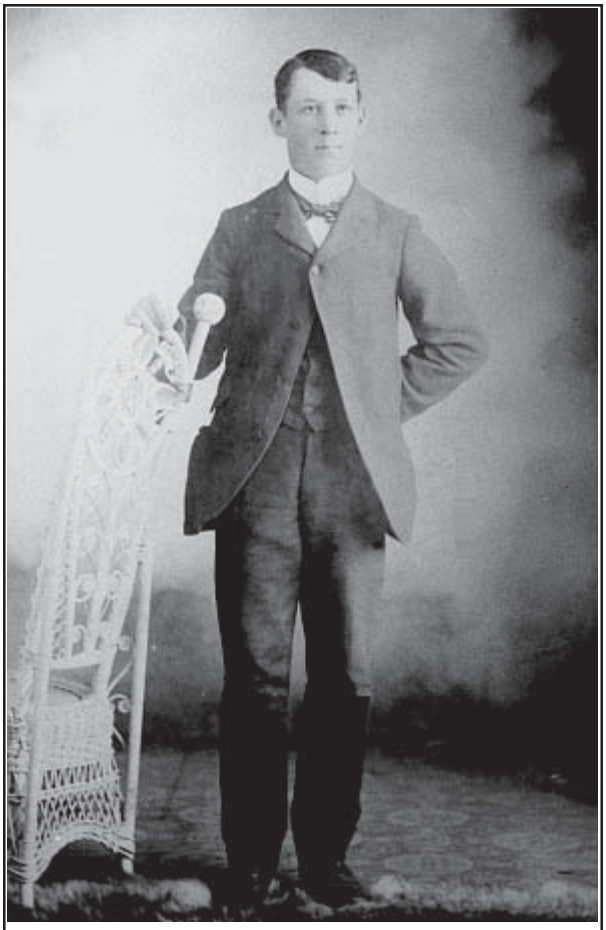
Moroni took advantage of the six free lessons, and they constituted the whole of his formal music training. He would have

Moroni Winterton, about 15 years old, 1897.

enjoyed taking additional music lessons, but that required money, and money was too scarce to be used for music lessons.

The lack of additional training didn't seem to bother Moroni. When the final free lesson was over he had become proficient enough to become a charter member of the Charleston Brass Band. Other charter members included his brother Fred, John and Steve Simmons, Eliza Wright, John Bates, Fred Daybell, Frank Webster, Claude Murdock, and Clifford Madsen. For many years the Charleston Brass Band played for community dances and gave many concerts throughout the Wasatch valley.

Moroni also played clarinet for the Wasatch County Orchestra and, after he was married, he was an occasional clarinetist for



Moroni Winterton, 17 years old, 1899.

the Magna Orchestra. He was equally at home with the piano, saxophone, and mandolin.

A gifted musician, if Moroni could have cultivated his musical talent as well as he was able to cultivate land, he may have been able to have made a living from his musical abilities.

The demands of farm life in rural Charleston prevented him from developing his artistic talents to their fullest, but Moroni was also a practical man and he applied himself to the land where he felt equally comfortable.

Moroni's ability to make friends and mix well in public contributed to his being able to court some of the prettier girls in the valley. On one occasion, he had taken a lovely young lady by the name of Sheila Carlile to a dance. Sheila later married Moroni's brother, Fred.

Moroni loved to dance, and on this particular evening, he and Sheila must have danced very hard because they were both exhausted when it came time to go home. Moroni helped Sheila into the buggy, and with a light flick of the reins, he started the horses toward the Carlile home.

As Sheila rested herself against Moroni's shoulder, he was thinking about the pleasant evening, the good music, and how wonderful it was to be young and alive. Sheila probably dozed off first, secure at the side of Moroni. Then Moroni fell asleep as well.

The horses, without direction from a driver, turned from the unfamiliar direction they were heading and started walking toward the Winterton pasture. Moroni was startled to hear splashing sounds as the horses started to cross Daniel's Creek, a route they'd taken hundreds of times.

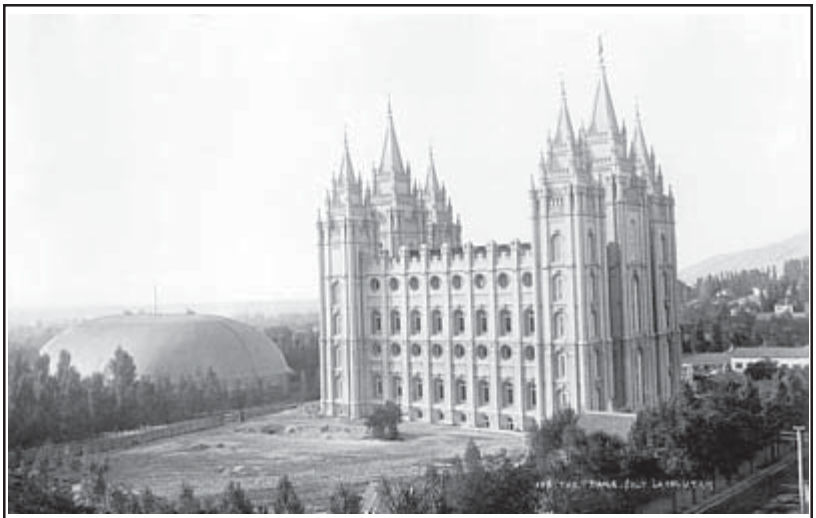
CHARLESTON

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

Another missionary party will be given Friday night for the Benefit of Moroni Winterton who will start next week for the southern states. It is hoped the hall will be crowded and a goodly donation made in his behalf.

This announcement of Moroni's missionary farewell appeared in the January 13, 1905, issue of the *Wasatch Wave* (Heber, Utah) newspaper.

Moroni pulled heavily on the reins to bring the horses up short, waking the sleeping Sheila. One can only imagine the surprised look in her eyes, followed by her laughter and gentle teasing, as Moroni struggled to turn the horses in midstream and once again steer them in the direction of the Carlile home.



Salt Lake Temple, 1900.

In 1905, when Moroni was twenty-three years old, he was called by the church authorities to serve as a missionary to the Southern States Mission. He spent the next two years in South Carolina and Georgia.

After he had married and had children of his own, he used to tell stories of his mission experiences, and of the difficulties he encountered with people who were hostile toward the Mormons.

After returning from his mission, Moroni teamed up with brothers Hyrum and Fred and the three of them began purchasing fine imported breeding stock and raising beef cattle. The Winterton Brothers, along with John C. Whiting, have been credited with making the Wasatch valley the Hereford Capitol of Utah.

CHARLESTON

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

Elder Moroni Winterton returned Saturday from the Southern States, where he has just fulfilled a two years' mission. He says he has enjoyed his labors very much and speaks very favorably of the Southern people.

This announcement of Moroni's homecoming appeared in the January 29, 1907, issue of the *Wasatch Wave*.

It was a different kind of world in those days. In his autobiography, Hyrum writes about an occasion in 1909 when he, Moroni, and two other men from the Wasatch area drove some newly purchased cattle through the streets of Salt Lake City. The purchase took place north of Salt Lake, at a place called Antelope Island.

After the men selected and bought about sixty head, it was time to begin the long process of moving the herd from Antelope Island to the Wasatch high country.

After the cattle had swam from the island to the shore near Farmington, Utah, the men began herding them southward.

To get to their destination, the cattle were herded south from Farmington, right through the center of Salt Lake City, traveling down 2nd West Street, through the center of the

Panoramic view of Salt Lake City (temple at far left), 1908.

town of Murray (now a Salt Lake suburb), and on to Charleston. The cattle drive took three days to reach Charleston, a distance of about sixty miles.

There weren't many automobiles in Salt Lake City in 1909 and driving cattle through the middle of the city, although becoming less and less frequent, hardly caused anyone to turn and look.

When Hyrum and Moroni finally got the cattle to Charleston, they turned them out to pasture in the range area between Wallsburg and Charleston. They waited until spring to see if their investment was growing.

In the spring of 1910, Hyrum and Moroni spent time riding the range to check on their cattle. They were pleased to note that nearly all of the cows had given birth to young. A few weeks later it became evident that something was wrong. There weren't enough calves in the herd, considering the number of cows that had calved On checking the herd, they found that only half of the cows were nursing calves.

Suspecting rustlers, they returned to Charleston for supplies, a pack horse, and to ask a friend, J. N. Casper to help them locate the missing cattle.

The next morning the three men struck out through Daniel's Canyon, then turned south and traveled along the main ridge that separated the canyon from the little village of Wallsburg. They camped that first night near a place called Second Set Canyon.

The next day, armed with a pair of high-powered binoculars, they spotted two men on horseback. The men were coming down off Strawberry Peak and heading toward Glen Cabin Springs, one of the areas where the Winterton's were pasturing their cattle.

Hyrum, Moroni, and J. N. Casper saddled their horses and headed toward the area. By the time they arrived at the place where they'd seen the men, the men were gone. They noted that some of the cattle were moving around as though they had been spooked.

Casper suggested they stop searching to avoid riding into an area where they might be ambushed by the rustlers. Everyone agreed.

In 1910, next to stealing a man's horse, rustling his cattle could be a crime of grave consequences, and horse thieves and cattle rustlers were often desperate men.

The three men turned their horses down the canyon and rode into Wallsburg where they inquired if anyone knew who might be riding the hills around Glen Cabin Springs. No one knew.

There lived in Wallsburg in the early 1900s, a man by the name of Henry Wilbur "Bub" Meeks. Bub was well-known around

Moroni Winterton, about 25 years of age, 1907.

the valley (and other places) as a no-account who had been in and out of trouble for years.

For instance, on August 13, 1896, fourteen years earlier, Bub had accompanied two men to Idaho where they held up the Montpelier Bank. With Bub were William Ellsworth "Elzy" Lay of McArthur, Ohio, and Robert LeRoy Parker, better known as Butch Cassidy, of Beaver, Utah.

Butch became a folk hero, along with the Sundance Kid and the infamous Wild Bunch.

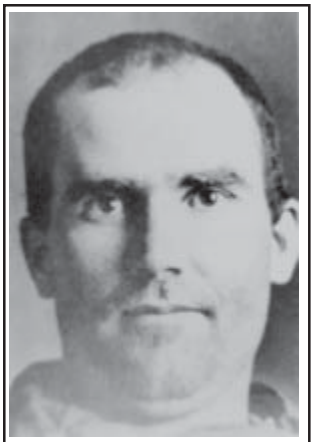
Bub Meeks, was neither as bright nor as lucky as Butch Cassidy. He was captured shortly after the robbery and ended up serving time at the Idaho State Penitentiary. Butch Cassidy and Elzy Lay escaped.

Bub hated being locked up and made at least two attempts to escape from prison. At first he tried swallowing laundry soap in hopes of becoming ill enough to be taken to a hospital from which he hoped to escape. He nearly died from the soap, but he recovered, and was returned to his cell.

Later, he tried an escape by climbing over a prison wall. Overestimating his aptitude for rational judgment, and underestimating the distance of the drop on the other side, he swung over the wall and let go. The result was a leg shattered so badly it had to be amputated.

Discouraged by his bad luck and hobbled by the lack of two legs, the one time consort of Butch Cassidy, finished out his sentence and returned to his native Wallsburg.

In Wallsburg, Bub lived with his nephew, a shady character in his own right, and the two of them were not above rustling cattle in an effort to make ends meet.



Henry Wilbur "Bub" Meeks, one time outlaw with Butch Cassidy, threatened the lives of Moroni and Hyrum. Idaho State Penitentiary Photo.

Shortly after Hyrum, Moroni, and J. N. Casper returned from their unsuccessful search for the missing calves, they learned that Bub's no-account nephew had been hauling veal and beef to Park City and selling it.

Moroni and Hyrum were certain that the beef going to Park City was Winterton beef, but they had no proof. Just the same, the word got out that the Winterton boys suspected Bub and his nephew in the matter of the missing calves.

Not long after Hyrum and Moroni returned from Wallsburg, George Edwards, a family friend made a trip to Charleston to warn them against making any more trips to Wallsburg that summer. George had heard that Bub Meeks was telling people he and his nephew were going to kill the Winterton boys for what they were saying about them.

Bub died of pneumonia a few weeks after George's visit to the Winterton boys and he was never able to make good on his threat.

During this time, Moroni was courting Susa Mabel Giles, unquestionably one of the most attractive girls in the Wasatch valley. He was proud to be seen in her company, and she was equally proud to be seen in his.

Susa Mabel Giles, about 11 years old, 1897.

Moroni, was twenty-seven years old when he proposed marriage to the twenty-four year old Miss Giles. She accepted.

Moroni's brothers, Hyrum and Fred, were already married and they were elated with Moroni's choice for a wife and his upcoming marriage. The boys were known as good, honest, hard-working men in the community and Moroni was looking forward to starting his own family.

Moroni and Mabel were married in the Salt Lake Temple on October 5, 1910

4

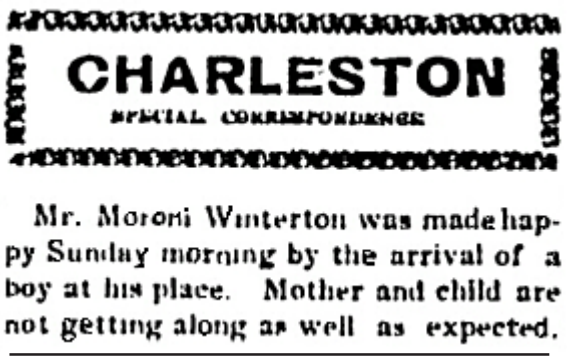
Early Memories in Charleston

Woodrow Wilson was president of the United States in 1915. That same year, the British luxury liner *Lusitania* was sunk by German U-boats setting the stage for America's entry into World War I, David W. Griffith produced the first major motion picture, *The Birth of a Nation*, and a 26-year-old Swiss patent clerk named Albert Einstein formulated the General Theory of Relativity.

In 1915, the Model T Ford was seven years old. Twelve years earlier, in 1903, a couple of brothers by the names of Orville and Wilbur kept a heavier-than-air machine aloft at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina for twelve seconds.

My name is Allen M Winterton and I was born in the rural community of Charleston, Utah, on January 31, 1915.

My parents were Moroni and Susa Mabel Giles Winterton. My siblings include an older sister, Della, and four younger children,



CHARLESTON

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

Mr. Moroni Winterton was made happy Sunday morning by the arrival of a boy at his place. Mother and child are not getting along as well as expected.

This is the announcement of my birth as it appeared in the February 5, 1915, issue of the *Wasatch Wave*.

The Charleston home of Moroni and Mabel Winterton, built by Moroni between 1910 and 1912. I was born in this home on January 31, 1915.

Lucile, twins Vera and Vernon, and Beth, the youngest.

I will introduce you to them as I talk about growing up on the farm. Farming was the only kind of life we knew as youngsters. We thought everyone lived on a farm.

I've forgotten more than I remember about my youth, but there are a few things so imprinted in my mind that they remain as vivid in my memory today as when they occurred.

There was the big flu epidemic of 1918. That was over 85 years ago. I was four years old, but I remember being very sick and the concern it caused our family.

I had become so weakened by the disease that when the danger passed, I was unable to get out of bed. When I did get out of bed and

tried to walk, I couldn't make my legs work. I literally had to learn to walk all over again.

I remember father spending much of his time during the epidemic helping others take care of their sick. I can remember my grandmother, Mary Susana Witt Giles, coming to our home and helping my mother.

Out of curiosity I looked up the 1918 flu epidemic on the internet. I knew it was a tragic event, but I was astounded by what I learned.

The epidemic killed over 675,000 Americans, 200,000 in the month of October, 1918, when the outbreak was at its peak. The death toll was 45 million worldwide, with 20 million dead in India alone. According to one website, the 1918 flu epidemic was the worst infectious disease outbreak in recorded human history.

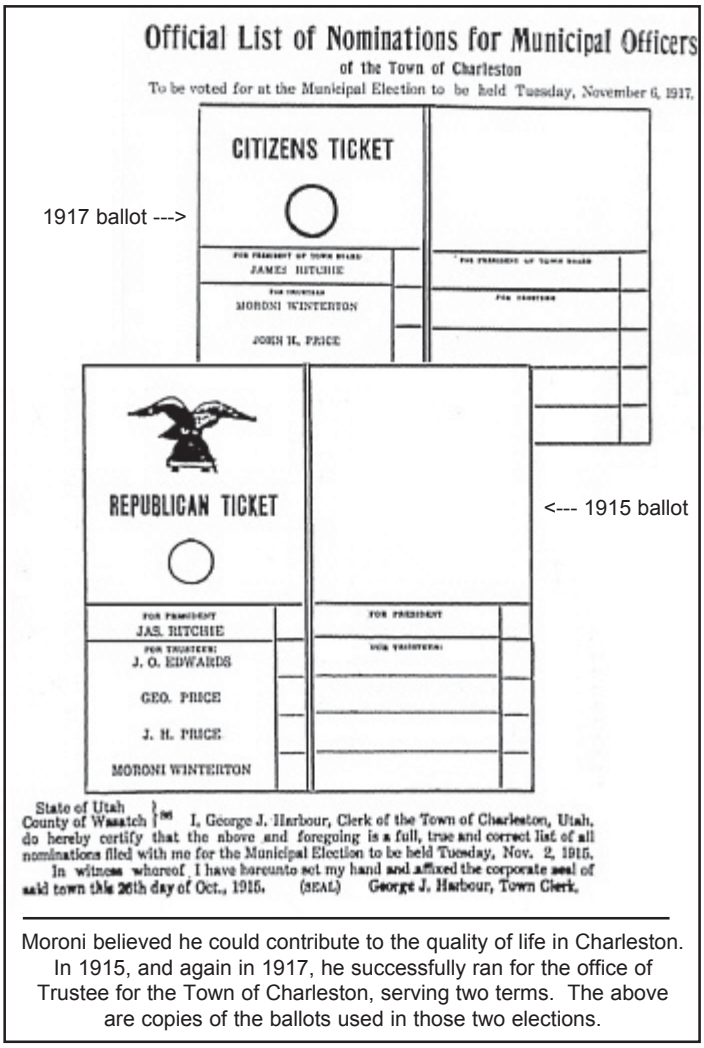
Have you ever wondered why some of our experiences are locked so securely inside a memory, easily recalled regardless of time, and other experiences are soon forgotten? I believe there must be purpose in this.

When I think of the flu epidemic I wonder why my life was spared and the lives of others were taken. My memory of this event reminds me of my mortality and how fragile our lives are, and how important it is to make the most of each day.

I entered the first grade in 1921. That's quite a few years ago. I have an old picture that was taken in that classroom. The teacher was Belva Wadley, and I shared the class with two cousins, Velda and Clair Winterton, and eight other children.

Now, I probably can't tell you what I had for lunch yesterday, but I can recall the names of all the classmates of that first grade class from over eighty years ago, and I can tell you where each one lived.

When I look at that picture I'm reminded that my start in life was a simple one. The paths that we travel as we grow up are paved by the values we learn from our parents, and from the help we receive from the Belva Wadley's that pass through our lives.



Moroni believed he could contribute to the quality of life in Charleston. In 1915, and again in 1917, he successfully ran for the office of Trustee for the Town of Charleston, serving two terms. The above are copies of the ballots used in those two elections.

Events that impact our lives, such as the terrorist attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon in 2001, should never be forgotten by anyone old enough to know what was happening. I hope the memory of those tragic events will be remembered by today's young people as a constant reminder that freedom isn't free.

Belva Wadley's first grade classroom in Charleston, Utah, 1921. Back row, left to right, Edith Danner, Kent Anderson, and Kenneth Simmons. Middle row: Lanora Casper, Velda Winterton, Beth Madsen, Allen Winterton, and Verl Wright. Front row: Melvin Hoover, Clair Winterton, and Lewis Webster.

I have many fond memories of life on the farm. I remember riding on the back of a grain drill during the spring planting, putting up hay in the summertime, and feeding the hay we harvested to the cattle during the winter.

We didn't have electric lights so we used kerosene lamps. We pumped our water from a well with the use of a hand pump at the back of our house.

We moved away from Charleston when I was six years old, but before we moved my father had indoor plumbing installed in our home. It was wonderful. Water ran, as if by magic, from the well outside our home to the faucets inside the house. This was a great thing for our family.

Here's another of those, "why do I remember this," kind of things. I wasn't even in school, but I can remember the name of the plumbing company and I can see the plumbers installing the pump and pipes that would carry water from our well to inside the house.

The company was the Fugal Plumbing Company of Pleasant Grove, Utah. That company, started in 1906, is still in business today.

In thinking about this, I suppose the reason I have such a good memory of this event is because of the impact that having indoor plumbing made on my mind, and probably on my general cleanliness as well.

We take indoor plumbing and other conveniences for granted, and yet we only have these things because someone from the past wanted to make things better. We all owe much to those who have gone before us.

There is something else that has stayed with me for all these years. It was when I literally got caught with my hand in the cookie jar.

My father's brother, Fred, and his wife Sheila, and their family lived next door. The two families were very close because we were family, and in that way we felt free to come and go within each other's homes.

On this occasion, Uncle Fred and his family were away for the day. For whatever reason, I walked into their home and helped myself to something tasty from their ice box.

Although I've long since forgotten the nature of the treat, I remember the lesson on honesty delivered by my father that day.

I don't know how I was found out, but when Uncle Fred and Aunt Sheila returned home, my father approached me and said, "Son, let's go for a walk."

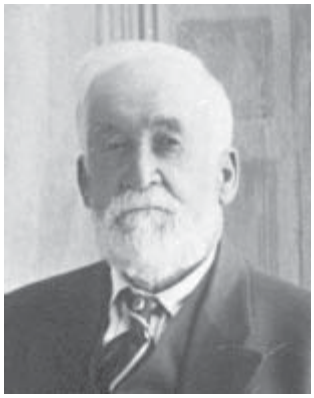
During the walk from our home to Uncle Fred's, my father instructed me in the finer points of family etiquette. By the time we reached Uncle Fred's door I knew exactly how I had erred and what needed to be done to make things right.

Sheila and Thomas Frederick (Fred) Winterton
About 1909

Dad had me knock on Uncle Fred's door. The door opened and I was invited in. Once inside I apologized to Uncle Fred and Aunt Sheila for my errant behavior and I promised to be a better boy in the future.

As simple as the lesson was, it has always stayed with me. I'm sure my father would be surprised that I remember the event at all. I think as parents we sometimes fail to recognize the impact the simplest lesson may have on the lives of our children, especially when delivered with kindness and love.

My father was stern, but loving, as he instructed us regarding his expectations. He never thought about it, but he was a master at using the teachable moment to help us learn right from wrong.



William Winterton, about 1928.

He expected us to behave in certain ways and we wanted to please him. As I said, we underestimate the influence we have on our children.

Mother was a gentle woman and she had a gentle way of correcting us. If she heard us saying unkind things about each other, or people outside the family, she would remind us there were better ways to spend our time. If she heard us quarreling, she would give us her best quit quarreling look, and that would end the dispute.

Here's another memory, and one that wasn't funny at the time. My sister Lucile had pretty hair. It was full of blond curls and mother kept it in long ringlets. I can remember people commenting on Lucile's beautiful ringlets.

Dad and mother had left the house for an hour or so. I was five or six years old, making Lucile three or four. For some unknown reason, the two of us decided to play barber shop. We pushed a chair outside and set it on the back porch, right by the old hand-operated water pump. I can see the two of us on the porch as I write.

With scissors in hand, I began restyling Lucile's hair, giving her the haircut of her life. By the time

mother and dad returned, Lucile still had all of her ringlets, but they were in her hands instead of on her head.

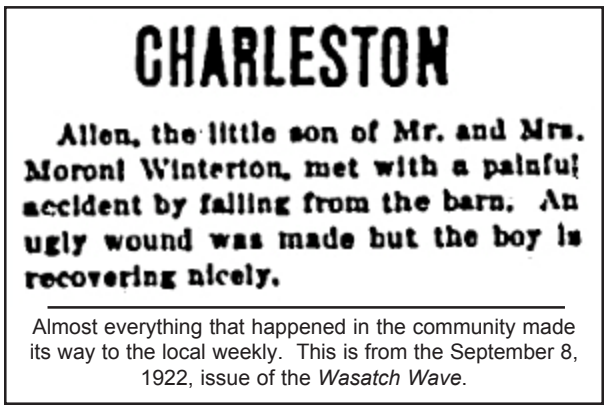
Once again dad and I had a conversation. He was still stern, he was still loving, but he was perhaps a little more grieved with this incident. Mother and I both cried about Lucile's new hairdo, but for different reasons.

Haying time on the farm in Charleston. William Winterton, standing, looks on as Moroni handles the team. 1921 photo.

Before I was old enough to ride a horse on my own, Dad would take me on the back of his horse to look after the cattle. The ride would take us to a little valley east of Charleston. Dad and Fred had a grazing permit for the area and they would take turns going out to oversee their herd.

It was always a thrill to have dad offer me his hand and, in one motion, lift me skyward and into the back part of his saddle. I would hold onto him or his belt, and with the gentle touch of dad's heel to the flank of the horse we would be on our way.

Dad and Fred had a cabin at a place east of Charleston called Strawberry. The cabin was along side a creek called Mud Creek. I never understood why it was called Mud Creek. The water was so crystal clear that it looked shallow, but you could stick your hand way down and not touch bottom.



CHARLESTON

Allen, the little son of Mr. and Mrs. Moroni Winterton, met with a painful accident by falling from the barn. An ugly wound was made but the boy is recovering nicely.

Almost everything that happened in the community made its way to the local weekly. This is from the September 8, 1922, issue of the *Wasatch Wave*.

The two of us would walk alongside the creek and watch the trout swimming in the current or laying lazily in the deep holes. I enjoyed those days. I would love to be able to ride again with dad, or walk a stream in quiet thought together.

Dad was active in the church and he encouraged his children to do the same. In 1918, he served as second counselor in the bishopric of the Charleston Ward. The bishop was John M. Ritchie and the first counselor was J. Parley Edwards. He served in this capacity until 1923.

When I was ten years old I spent two weeks with my cousin, Clair Winterton, in the nearby town of Woodland. Clair was about my age and we stayed with his older brother, Harold, who was married.

Clair and I spent most of our time on horseback riding the hills. On one occasion, when we were returning home, we had to cross a wooden bridge over a stream.

The bridge had seen better days and some of the planks were loose. My horse stepped on one of the loose planks and was spooked when the plank gave way underneath. The horse

Clyde and Della Alder, about 1970.

bucked hard and threw me head first into the center of the road.

Clair was sure I had breathed my last, but youth is a wonderful thing. I jumped up, dusted myself off, walked the horse across the bridge and hopped right back on and rode home. I didn't have so much as a scratch or headache from the experience.

My father was an honest man and he wanted his children to be honest. What happened next is an example of how dad used the teachable moment to let us know what was expected of us. Dad was a wonderful role model and that is part of his legacy.

While we were walking around the Wasatch County Fairgrounds dad spotted a lady's purse in the dirt. We knew dad well enough to know that finding a purse meant a shift in the day's priorities.

We had traveled a long distance from our home to attend the fair, and in those days getting around was much more difficult than it is today. But finding the lady's purse meant the end of fair rides and home-canning exhibits that day.

The thing I remember about this incident, besides the importance of returning a lost purse, was the effort dad took to find out who the purse belonged to, and the amount of time it took to return it to the lady. After asking around the fairgrounds, dad determined it belonged to a lady from Stringtown.

Stringtown no longer exists, but it was a town between Charleston and Midway. We left the fair and headed for Stringtown.

Dad hunted and drove, inquiring along the way about directions until he found the lady. It was important for him to do this so we could see how seriously he took the matter of returning lost property.

The lady was thankful beyond words to have her purse and money back. We were thankful as well, but mostly to have the search over. Nothing was said about how much of the fair we missed, but we were hoping dad didn't find another purse.

Lucile Winterton Peterson, Vera Winterton Thomas and her husband Joe, and Sherman Peterson (insert). 1961 Photo.

Dad's lessons to his children about honesty and the importance of being responsible citizens were well learned.

A few years after the Stringtown episode my brother Vernon found a purse containing twelve dollars. Twelve dollars may seem a paltry sum these days, but it represented considerable purchasing power in those days, especially to a young boy. As youngsters, we didn't see twelve dollars very often.

Standing: Joe Turner, Mabel's husband following the passing of Moroni, and Wayne Winterton. Harvey Crook (insert), Mabel Giles Winterton Turner, and Beth Winterton Crook. 1961 Photo.

The purse belonged to Joe Widdison's wife. Vernon followed dad's lead taking considerable time and effort to return the purse to Mrs. Widdison with money intact.

I was the third child, and the second living child of my parents. My parents first child, a girl, was delivered stillborn in 1911.

My siblings include an older sister, Della. She married Clyde Alder in 1933. Clyde passed away on January 28, 2001. Della currently lives in Salt Lake City.

My sister just younger than myself, Lucile, the one whose ringlets I sheared, married Sherman Peterson in 1937. On July 14, 1966, Lucile lost her life in a summertime ski lift accident at a ski resort known as Timp Haven. Sherman died May 7, 2003.

Lucile was one of several chaperones for a church outing for young girls when the ski lift towing the youngsters to the top of the mountain had a problem. An empty lift chair became entangled in one of the cable supports.

The problem caused a whiplike action along the lift cable and several of the riders, including Lucile, were thrown from their chairs. Lucile and the young girl riding the lift with her, Susan M. Carroll, were among those who lost their lives that day.

When Lucile died, I was at home with our friends, Ray and Ava Stewart. We were in the backyard and the radio was on. An announcer broke into the broadcast and said a terrible accident had just occurred at the ski lift at Timp Haven Ski Resort.

At that time I was unaware that Lucile was at Timp Haven, but for some reason, the instant I heard the news flash, Lucile's name came to mind and I had an uneasy feeling that she was somehow involved in the accident.

I have never forgotten how something triggered my thought processes that day to bring the name of my sister to mind at the instant that I heard the news broadcast.

Later, when Lucile's family called to tell me she had died in the accident, it was not a surprise to me that she was there, but it was a terrible loss to have her leave us that way.

Timp Haven was purchased in 1969 by actor Robert Redford. He changed the name to Sundance and the resort has become a popular winter area in the state.

After Lucile, came the twins Vera and Vernon. Vera married Joseph Thomas in 1937. They lived for many years in Heber, Utah, but moved to Provo in 1954. Joe passed away January 10, 2004. Vera still lives at the family home in Provo.

Vernon married Jean McBeth in 1941. Vernon and I had more family responsibilities than most boys because we had to be the men of the house. We got along fine as kids and after we married we hunted deer together. We enjoyed the camaraderie that comes from rooting for rival teams. Vernon was an avid University of Utah fan; I cheered for BYU. Vernon passed away February 21, 2001. I miss him. Jean preceded him in death on April 21, 1995.

My youngest sister, Beth, married Harvey Crook in 1939. They lived for many years in Center Creek, near Heber, but later moved to Salt Lake to be closer to their children. Harvey died July 16, 1992. Beth still lives in Salt Lake.

Moroni and Susa Mabel Giles Winterton

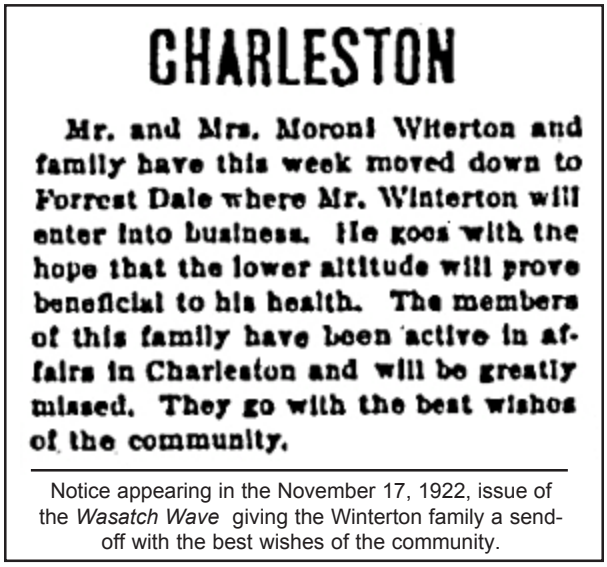
Moroni (9/28/1882 - 8/10/1929) married 10/10/1910 Susa Mabel Giles (10/22/1886 - 1/16/1967)

- Stillborn, delivered 10-29-1911
- Della, born 4-2-1913, married Clyde Herman Alder 9-5-1933
- Allen M, born 1-31-1915, married Ava Atwood 9-17-1937
- Lucile, born 3-25-1917, married Sherman L. Peterson 10-29-1937, Lucile died 7-14-1966
- Vera, born 5-16-1919, married Joseph Doyle Thomas 8-20-1937
- Vernon, born 5-16-1919, married Beryl Jean McBeth 8-9-1941, Vernon died 2-21-2001
- Beth, born 2-15-1921, married Harvey J Crook 10-25-1939

5

Life in the City

When I was seven years old and in the second grade, my parents sold the family farm. My father had asthma, hay fever and some other health problems. The doctor suggested that his health might improve if he quit farming. So, with money from the sale of the farm, dad bought a small grocery store and meat market in Salt Lake City.



CHARLESTON

Mr. and Mrs. Moroni Witerton and family have this week moved down to Forrest Dale where Mr. Winterton will enter into business. He goes with the hope that the lower altitude will prove beneficial to his health. The members of this family have been active in affairs in Charleston and will be greatly missed. They go with the best wishes of the community.

Notice appearing in the November 17, 1922, issue of the *Wasatch Wave* giving the Winterton family a send-off with the best wishes of the community.

Dad had one of the first Model T Fords in the Wasatch valley. As we began driving away from our Charleston home, I can still remember myself and the other children saying, "Good-bye ol' home," as we sadly bade farewell to the only home we had known.

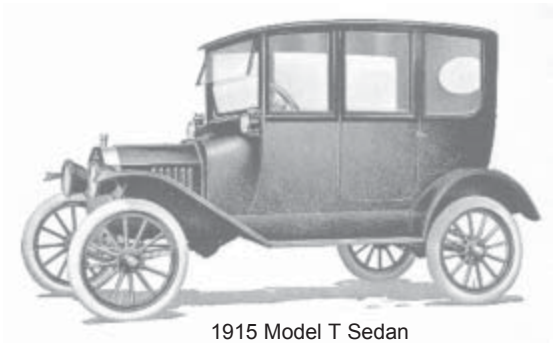
At seven years of age, I had no idea of where we were moving to or why. At that age, those kind of things don't matter too much.

After driving about a mile, we went past the little red school house that my sister Della and I had attended. Della and I had walked the full distance to school nearly every day. A short distance northeast of our home lived a family by the name of Casper.

Often times as Della and I would be walking to school, the Casper kids would go by in a horse and buggy driven by their dad. Once in a while they would stop and give us a ride, but usually they trotted on by.

On occasion, some of the other children at school would tease me. At that time I was the kind of boy that became easily upset when teased. Of course that didn't help and I would become the target of more teasing. It's funny how small, insignificant things like that will stick in the back of a person's mind.

We finally arrived in Salt Lake where dad rented a house. It was located somewhere near 5th East and 25th South. The house was close



1915 Model T Sedan

to Columbus Elementary School.

When we left Charleston I had been in the second grade and my sister Della in the third grade. As dad enrolled us in school, he was told that since we had gone to a school in the country, it would be to our advantage to be enrolled in the next lower grade.

Interior view of the Pantages Theater in Salt Lake City, 1921.

Supposedly, according to the school principal, country bumpkins like ourselves couldn't be as far advanced as the city kids. Dad took exception to the argument and suggested that the school enroll us at our present grade levels, and if we didn't pan out, move us back a grade.

Dad was persistent and eventually the principal relented, allowing us to remain at our existing grade levels. Our country education was apparently adequate because neither Della nor I had any problems with the subject matter and nothing more was ever said about the Winterton kids being slow.

Illustration from 1918 issue of *The Country Gentleman*, showing a young boy listening to a crystal set radio. By moving a contact across a coil of wire a person could tune the set to the desired frequency.

The Pantages Theater in Salt Lake was typical of the theaters of that era. Live performances were staged and accompanied by an orchestra in a pit below the stage. Our next door neighbor in Salt Lake played in the Pantages Theater orchestra.

One day the neighbor brought home a most curious device. It was called a crystal set, the forerunner of the radio. The crystal set required the listener to wear an earphone, so only one person at a time could listen to whatever was being broadcast.

Mother, my sister Della, and I were invited to listen to this newfangled invention. Each of us had a turn listening to the beautiful music coming from the earphone. Our neighbor explained that the music was being performed on the stage of the Pantages Theater at the very moment we were listening to it.

We were amazed that an orchestra could be playing music in a theater and we could listen to it instantaneously from an earphone attached to this strange little device. This was a great thing to us. It was so new that we had never heard of it before. It seemed like a miracle to us.

After living in Salt Lake for about a year, we moved from our first home to our second home. I can recall the address. It was 657 Wilmington Avenue. Twenty-one years ago (1983) I made a point of driving past the old home and discovered it was still standing and occupied.

Shortly after moving into the Wilmington Avenue home I became seriously ill with

scarlet fever. The disease is rarely heard of today, but it affects the mouth, nose, and throat like a serious strep infection. It's most striking symptom is a rash that looks like a bad sunburn. That's why it's called *scarlet* fever. I was pretty sick because of the poisons produced in the body that affect the blood.

In those days, when a person contracted a contagious disease such as scarlet fever or measles, the local Board of Health would come by and put a quarantine sign on the outside of the house.

The sign would state the name of the disease within the house and strictly forbid insiders from leaving and outsiders from entering. We didn't know how to control illnesses those days like we do now.

At the time as I was being treated for scarlet fever, all of the rest of the kids in the family came down with measles, another contagious illness. The Board of Health really had us isolated from the outside world!

In order to protect me with scarlet fever from the kids with the measles, and vice-versa, dad draped a sheet in the hallway between the two main parts of the house. Dad stayed with me on one side of the sheet and mom stayed with the other kids on the other side of the sheet. I'm sure the sheet didn't provide much protection against the spread of germs, but it seemed like a good idea to mom and dad.

Mother would pass dad's and my meals around the sheet and we would return the dirty dishes in the same way. Mother had to boil all of the dishes and utensils to prevent the spread of the disease.

Following the quarantine and after everyone was well again, we had to have the house fumigated. This meant placing some pans containing a flammable disinfectant throughout the house, igniting the disinfectant, then closing up the house.

The burning disinfectant gave off a very distinctive odor and supposedly the vapor would enter all the cracks and crevices of the residence, killing all remaining germs. I'm sure it worked. Nothing could have survived being closed up with that horrible smell!

I suppose I was a very sick boy. There was some question as to whether I'd survive the illness. My father and a friend of his administered to me and with their faith, dad's care, the doctor's knowledge, and the Board of Health's quarantine, I pulled through.

These were difficult times for my parents. There were six children and the house was very small, containing only one bedroom.

At that time, we didn't realize how difficult times were for mom and dad. Dad having to adjust to a new kind of work, the cramped living conditions, the illnesses, and the pressures of coping with life away from rural Charleston must have caused many a restless night. As children, we hardly noticed that times were tough. We adjusted without thinking about it and life went on.

We lived in Salt Lake for two years. Dad's grocery and meat business was not successful. Since dad was not a butcher, he hired a man to do the butchering while he tended to the other aspects of the business. I can remember the disappointment of my parents in the fact they had not been able to make a go of it.

After the business failed, dad learned that the man he had hired as the butcher had not

been honest. According to reports, the butcher had been backing up to the store at night and taking produce and other goods. There was also another contributing factor to the store's failure, credit.

In those days there were no credit cards or credit ratings. Credit was provided to customers they trusted, and records were kept on sales receipts.

Hoover Vacuum illustration from 1926 advertisement.

Dad was so trusting that he allowed credit to everyone. As a result, he suffered considerable losses. The money he had taken from his Charleston farm and invested in the grocery business was gone.

After losing the store, dad tried selling real estate. When this didn't work out he sold vaccum cleaners for the Hoover Company.

The slogan of the Hoover Company was, "It beats, as it sweeps, as it cleans." I can remember dad speaking that phrase as he demonstrated the virtues of the cleaner in front of the family. Unfortunately, dad was as unsuccessful in selling vacuum cleaners as he had been in selling real estate, and in running a grocery business.

As if the trauma of moving from Charleston to Salt Lake and the childhood illnesses and other stresses weren't enough, mother contracted blood poisoning. She had cut her middle finger as she picked up some broken glass from the kitchen floor. The cut became infected and she became violently ill.

Not blessed with the wonderful medicines we have today, blood poisoning was a serious matter in those days. Mother was hospitalized for eleven weeks. That would be unheard of today. Her condition was listed as serious and in order to recover, she had to have her finger, the source of the infection, amputated.

Those eleven weeks were difficult for us. Mother in the hospital, dad trying to earn money working in jobs he was not well-suited for, and not very much money coming in.

We never went hungry, but in retrospect I think my parents must have been worried about making ends meet. If not for us children, it was surely a trial for mother and dad.

As a young boy in the third and fourth grades, I was often picked out and egged on to fight some of the neighborhood toughs. Since I was obviously from the country, or maybe because I was new to the neighborhood, certain kids would promote fights between me and someone else.

Sometimes I would be offered a penny or a nickel to "put on the gloves." I don't think I was ever hurt as a result of fighting, but I well remember that I was never enthused about the prospect of another beating. As I look back on those days, I don't remember ever running from a fight, but I don't remember ever winning one either.

Also, something that has remained with me all these years, and something I'm not proud of, was an occasion when I got very mad at a young girl and threw a stick at her. The stick cut her cheek open and the wound required several stitches.

Her parents weren't happy with me either, and I wasn't looking forward to explaining my

The Utah Copper Company open-pit mine near Magna, Utah, during the early 1900s.

actions to my dad. There was no question in dad's mind that throwing sticks at anyone was not the proper thing to do. In our conversation about the incident, dad convinced me it was in my best interest to never throw another stick at another person, and I never have.

When the twins, Vera and Vernon, were four or five years old they wandered off. When they were discovered missing, mother and dad began a search of the neighborhood. Vera and Vernon, carefree souls that they were, had walked into someone else's home.

The owners of the home questioned the little strangers. The story is told, when asked what his daddy looked like, Vernon replied, "My mother looks like daddy, but my daddy looks like me."

After trying his hand at the grocery and meat market business and trying to sell real estate and vacuum cleaners, and having little success, dad needed a new opportunity. He needed something that could capitalize on his rural background, and he found it in the small copper mining town of Magna, Utah.

He learned that the Utah Copper Company of Magna was hiring laborers and paying them $3.50 per day. He got on with the company, but getting to and from work required a fifty mile daily commute.

After a few months of commuting, mother and dad decided it was time to look for a home in Magna. They found a place on Magna's southwest side and we moved there while school was still in session. I was in the fourth grade.

On the first day of school I was once again thrust into combat. Apparently, I resembled the local sheriff's son and one of my classmates asked if that's who I was. I told them my dad wasn't the sheriff, but the combination of being new in school and resembling the sheriff's son made me a celebrity of sorts to the other students.

I knew what to expect. A fight was in the making between me, the sheriff's son look-alike, and a tough Italian kid by the name of Jerry Vaculane. Nearly everyone I've known during my life has been bigger than me and Jerry was no exception.

Jerry and I faced each other in a vacant lot minutes after school let out. A large crowd of classmates had gathered to see if the new kid could punch out the beefy Vaculane. In those days, a piece of wood was set on the shoulder of the challenger, and the opponent would start the fight by knocking the chip to the ground. I think that's where the saying, "he's got a chip on his shoulder," comes from.

The outcome was predictable. I beat the chip to the ground. I not only lost the fight, a pint of blood, and a chunk of pride, but my celebrity status evaporated as quickly as it had been acquired. The promoters of the fight decided if I couldn't last more than one punch with Vaculane, then it was hardly worth the trouble of arranging the event.

With my fame as a fighter diminished you would think my fighting days would be over. Not so! Surviving in a small, multi-ethnic mining town brought new challenges, and new fights, nearly every day.

Fighting seemed to be a way of life in Magna. There weren't many options. Either you fought when challenged, or you stayed home, and I wasn't the kind of kid that wanted to spend my time with mother in the kitchen.

I usually fought back as best I could and I usually had a black eye, a bloody nose, or a few bruises to show for my independence. That's just how it was. Outside of being beat to a pulp every other day, Magna was a nice place to live.

My sixth grade teacher was an old maid by the name of Metta Carter. We wouldn't call anyone an *old maid* these days, but that's how everyone in town referred to Miss Carter. There were about fifty children in her sixth grade classroom, many more than she could effectively teach, especially given the nature of the kids.

One day, right after the start of the school year, the principal came to Miss Carter's classroom and called out my name and the names of three other students: Charles Wolfenden, Vernon Reese, and a girl whose name I've forgotten. He asked us to go with him into the hallway.

In the hallway the principal said he was *double promoting* us to the seventh grade. I'm sure none of our parents were aware of the decision. He said we were advanced students, capable of seventh grade work.

Although it never occured to me at the time, I've wondered since if the double promotions were due more to the principal's need to equalize the school's sixth and seventh grade class loads, than for challenging the intellect of four pretty average students.

At any rate, I found that being double promoted carried some perks. Where my fame as a fighter had been fleeting, I now enjoyed some status as a scholar, and the best part was that recognition had come without a bruised rib or bloodied nose.

Although skipping a grade seemed good to me at the time, when I look back on it, I don't recommend it. Even though I handled the academic adjustments from sixth to seventh grade without difficulty, there were social disadvantages.

In physical stature I was small. I was one of the smallest boys in the sixth grade, and that situation was even more pronounced when I entered the seventh grade.

Socially, and perhaps emotionally as well, I would have been better off to have remained with students my own age. Skipping the sixth grade was more disadvantage than advantage as far as my social development.

We hadn't been in Magna very long before all of us kids, except Lucile, came down with chicken pox. Lucile had to be different so she came down with diphtheria instead. Once again the county health people visited us, posting their quarantine signs as they left. We were among their best customers.

Lucile was so ill that the family feared for her life. Fortunately, she recovered as did all of us. Once again, the quarantine signs went down, the blinds went up, the fumigation disinfectant was lit, and the germs were chased from the house.

Early color photograph of the open pit at the Utah Copper Company.

After we recovered, mother and dad rented another home so we packed up and moved. This time it was to the opposite side of town and into a home on Beath Avenue, one block from Cypress High School.

As resourceful kids, we were able to infect ourselves with every communicable childhood disease known to man, and in record time. Shortly after moving, we were successful in coming down, first with the mumps, and later with the whooping cough.

Each time, out came the people from the county health department, and each time, out came the quarantine signs.

The county health people knew us kids by name. They suggested we write "quarantine" on the roll-up blinds so all they would have to do is pull the blinds down to put the house under quarantine.

As a family, we enjoyed life in Magna. There was little employment for young people during the summer months so our summers were filled with play. We played baseball and football, but our main activity was swimming, and there were some dandy swimming holes that served the youngsters well.

One of our favorite places to swim was in the canal that carried water from Utah Lake to the Utah Copper Company. There was also a canal north of town that was larger, colder, deeper, and considerably more dangerous than the small canal, and hence more fun. We often went there to swim. The place was simply known as *the locks*.

Another favorite swimming hole was the salt works, a place about five or six miles from where we lived. It was a deep cement tank, twenty feet across the top. The water in the enclosure was piped to Saltair, an amusement park and beach resort some distance away.

The water was used in the resort's showers so swimmers could rinse the brine off after swimming the salty Great Salt Lake.

The tank was enclosed by a stout wooden fence. We would hitchhike from Magna to the salt works, trespass the property, climb over the fence, and swim in the tank.

I'm sure if my kids would have done what we did, I would have had a fit about it. But my parents didn't always know where I was or what I was doing, just as I'm sure I didn't always know where my son was, or what he was doing, and I suppose I'm better off for it.

Baseball was also big in the summertime. The Utah Copper Company sponsored the Utah Copper League, which fielded some pretty high class teams for a small town.

There were two regularly scheduled baseball games a week in our town. The employees of the Utah Copper Company were entitled to attend the games free. As a result, we attended many of the games, became acquainted with many of the ball players, and enjoyed the competition as good family recreation.

Dad was active in church and was often asked to lead the singing. He also directed the church choir, a job he thoroughly enjoyed. I don't believe anyone disliked dad. He was laid-back, easy-going, and quick to smile.

Mother was also active in church. Like dad, she was easy-going, friendly, and had a good word for everyone. She was particularly fond of Relief Society. Mother and dad didn't send us to church, they took us.

Dad was a good speaker and was asked to speak on occasion. People enjoyed listening to his down-to-earth style. He was a good, solid, honest man and people respected him.

He played with us kids in the wintertime. He would come outside, gather us together, hook our sleighs to the rear of the car and pull us along the side roads. This may sound dangerous, but there wasn't much traffic and he drove slow through the deep snow.

Making only $3.50 a day while raising six kids, paying rent, and putting food on the table didn't leave much left to buy gas. Dad walked to and from work each day, whistling as he walked. Anyone who cared to listen could hear his outlook on life in the melodic tones of his whistling.

I cannot remember him or mother ever speaking crossly to each other. I'm sure they had differences of opinion, but when they did, they kept those differences from the children. There was never any bitterness between them, just love.

Our home on Beath Avenue was a small frame home owned by a Greek man named John Papanikolas. The house had one bedroom, a kitchen and a living/dining room combination separated by an archway to give it the appearance of two rooms. There was no bathroom.

Mr. Papanikolas was a dark, heavyset fellow with an ever present cigar. He came around once a month to collect the $25 rent. Mother always had the rent money ready. When she saw Mr. Papanikolas coming, she would hasten to the door and give him the money. She didn't want Mr. Papanikolas's smelly cigar smoke in her house.

Bathing was a Saturday night ritual. We took our baths in a Number 3 galvanized tub that we called "the old tin tub." Water was heated on the stove and poured into the tub. When the water reached a depth of four or five inches, you would get in, wash up, rinse off, and get out. Total elapsed time, quick! The tub was then emptied into the back yard in preparation for the next bather in line.

Sleeping accommodations were limited by today's standards. There were two beds in the bedroom and a davenette in the living room. A davenette would be called a hide-a-bed today. Mother and dad slept in the living room on the davenette and the children slept in the two beds in the bedrooms.

Two beds for six children provided for little privacy. My brother Vernon and I and one of the girls slept in one bed, and the other three girls slept in the other bed.

Mother and dad were sticklers about standards and modesty. The girls would go into the bedroom and change into their night clothes and get into bed, then Vernon and I would do the same. We never thought about the crowded sleeping quarters as a problem. It was just how things were and it was never anything that we thought about.

I remember when Charles Lindbergh made his successful transatlantic flight from New York to Paris. It was 1927. We didn't have a radio, but we got the news from a neighbor who did.

Atwater-Kent radio similar to the one Moroni purchased in 1928.

The following year, 1928, dad bought the family its first radio. It was an Atwater-Kent. Dad wanted a radio ever since listening to live music through the neighbor's crystal set. Buying a radio represented a relatively major expenditure for our family, but it was money well spent.

We had a Victorola, an early phonograph player powered by a crank on the outside that wound a spring on the inside. It played flat records instead of the tube-shaped records that were prevalent at the time so we felt pretty up-to-date. My favorite record was John Philip Sousa's recording of *Stars and Stripes Forever*. I played it over and over.

Dad loved music! He would bring a new record home, put it on the Victorola, and ask mother, "What do you think of my taste in music?"

We had fun on our own and we entertained ourselves as a family. Movies only cost a dime and we went to quite a few movies. We were a happy family, contented, and we felt blessed to be together.

The ride to take the horses to Uncle Fon's sheep camp started at Lehi, went through American Fork and Lindon, across the north end of Orem, up Provo Canyon, then through Charleston and Heber and ending near Keetley.

During the summer of 1928 I stayed with my Aunt Della and Uncle Fon Davis, and their son Keith in Lehi, Utah. I was thirteen years old.

Uncle Fon, whose name was Alfonso, was a successful sheep man. Uncle Fon and Aunt Della owned a beautiful home in Lehi.

At this particular time, Uncle Fon kept a herd of sheep at a place called Keetley. He had four horses that needed to be taken to where the sheep were located. The only way to get the horses there was to ride one and lead the others.

Aunt Della asked me if I knew the way and if I thought I could deliver the horses to Uncle Fon. I told her I could do it. I was proud

to be thought trustworthy and grown-up enough by Aunt Della to be asked to make that long ride.

In the morning we saddled up one horse and strung the others in single file, with the lead riderless horse tied to my saddle. I left Lehi early in the morning and made the entire trip without incident, arriving at Uncle Fon's sheep camp just before dark.

I had traveled about fifty miles. That was a pretty good ride for boy of thirteen, and I felt a real sense of pride and accomplishment for safely delivering the horses.

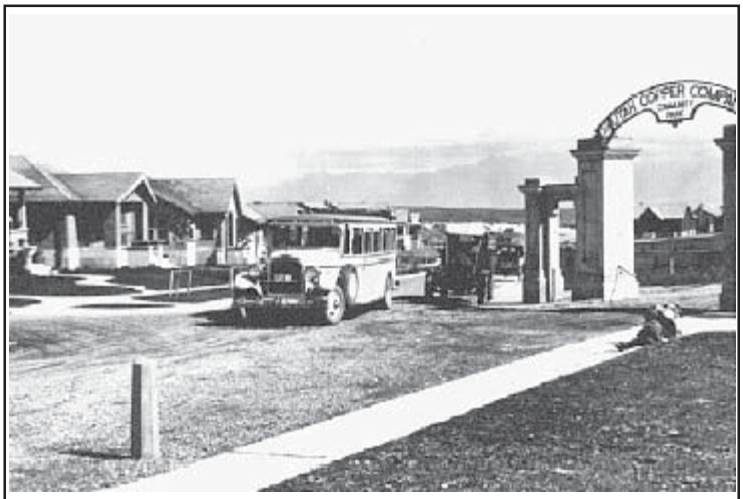
Of course, there wasn't the highway traffic that there is today, but there were cars on the road and the canyon can be a little tricky. I stayed with Uncle Fon for a couple of days in the sheep camp then someone drove me back to Lehi.

6

Life Without Dad

I remember as a youngster, thinking that the farm was the best place to live. I had good memories of those days in Charleston before mother and dad decided to move to Salt Lake, and later, Magna.

Once in a while I would ask dad, as did the other kids, "Dad, why don't we move back to the farm?" I didn't understand the reasons why we had moved in the first place. Dad would usually respond in a noncommittal way by saying, "Well, maybe some day we will."



The entrance gate to the Utah Copper Company Community Park, 1928. It is almost certain that some of Moroni's time would have been spent in taking care of the landscaping needs of this park.

Dad's name was Moroni, but he was known by the nickname *Rone* (rhymes with tone) by his friends and co-workers. He was named for Moroni, a military leader of distinction, and one of the survivors of the great wars described in the closing passages of the *Book of Mormon*.

Dad started out as a laborer in the mill at the Utah Copper Company, but it wasn't long before his name surfaced as a possibility to become one of the company's landscape gardeners. Landscape gardening suited dad much better than mill work and he accepted the job. His job included taking care of the landscaping around the homes of company executives, as well as around the offices and other buildings owned by the company.

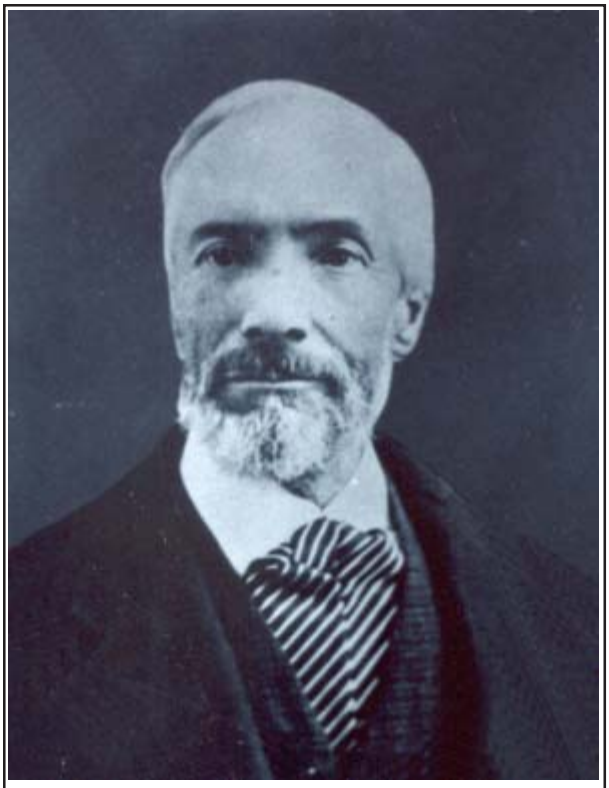
Dad liked the job. Work in the mill had been dirty, repetitive, and physically exhausting. Landscaping wasn't easy, but mowing lawns, planting flowers, and trimming bushes brought a lot more satisfaction to his day than being handed a broom and spending the day sweeping floors or washing ore tailings.

I think Dad got the job because of his farming background. There may not be a direct relationship between landscaping and dad's musical abilities, but he had a flair for the artistic, and creating aesthetically pleasing flower beds was a good outlet for him. He took a great deal of pride in his job, and his hard work paid off in the form of comments from townspeople and company officials.

Dad loved being responsible for buying the plants in the spring, especially the flowers, then creating the bedding and arranging the plants in ways that made the best use of their colors.

Dad didn't just stick plants in the ground and hope for the best. His years on the farm helped him to understand the soil, the need for nutrients and drainage, and an awareness of which plants needed lots of sun and which did best in the shade. Dad's plants thrived and so did he.

Before long he had established himself as a highly competent gardener. He enjoyed a reputation as a hard worker, a self-starting person with creative initiative, and someone who could be depended on to do the job right. Dad had found his niche at the Utah Copper Company and both he and the company liked the arrangement. Dad was happy.



My grandfather, William Winterton, about 1920.

It was now 1929. I was fourteen years old and dad had arranged for me to spend the summer in Charleston with my grandfather, William Winterton. I would be working for dad's half-brother, Valeo. Valeo, known as Leo, was not married at the time. Dad thought this would be a good opportunity for me to add to my farming experience, and a chance to earn some spending money.

I had enjoyed the previous summer with Uncle Fon and Aunt Della in Lehi and I was excited about spending the upcoming summer in Charleston. Now that I think about it, I suppose dad saw this as a good alternative to the sometimes rough life in Magna and the mischief and dangers of the swimming holes and street fights.

Dad drove me to Charleston. Before returning to Magna, he spent time visiting with his dad, his half-brother Leo, and his other relatives. I didn't know it at the time, but the next time I would see dad would be my last.

Grandpa William Winterton had been married twice. Once to Ellen Widdison, and after Ellen's death, to Jane Steadman. Dad was born of William and Ellen; Uncle Leo was born of William and Jane. Jane was always referred to as *Aunt Jane* by those of us born of Ellen, but not out of disrespect. Aunt Jane was a wonderful woman who treated all of the children in the same kind way.

During the summer, a typical morning on Uncle Leo's farm was all business. I would get up early and help my uncle milk the cows, then I would feed the pigs and calves. After the morning chores were completed, it would be time for breakfast. Everyone ate together.

Aunt Jane was always up around 4:00 am to start breakfast, and what a breakfast she prepared. It seldom varied, consisting of bacon, eggs, johnnycake, cereal, sausage, hot rolls and biscuits, bread, milk, and juice.

Breakfast never started without Grandpa Winterton. He would come in and we would kneel for morning prayer. I can still see him with his white beard and I can still hear him speak. He had been born in England and never lost his delightful British accent.

Aunt Jane was a devoted wife and mother. She was also a person of uncompromising standards. There were no gray areas in Aunt Jane's world.

She had never seen a movie until one of her daughters took her to Heber to see a musical called Footlight Parade.

As might be expected of a Hollywood musical featuring "250 of the World's Most Gorgeous Girls," scene after scene showed young ladies in the skimpiest of tops, shortest of skirts, and tightest of tights. Aunt Jane was appalled. When she left the theater she told her daughter she would never go to another movie, and she never did.

Poster for the 1933 hit movie, *Footlight Parade*.

After breakfast we harnessed the horses in preparation for the day's work. Taking along a nice lunch prepared by Aunt Jane and using a buckboard for transportation, we might head for the Midway bottoms to mow hay, or to the mountains for a load of wood.

Sometime late in the day we would return home and the tasks that had been the morning chores were now the evening chores. At the end of the day a person was truly ready for the day to end. The morning and evening chores were done seven days a week. The work in the fields was done six days a week. Sunday (after chores) was for family and church.

Like other boys my age, I wanted to make a little extra money during the summer. I decided to raise a calf as a 4-H project. 4-H is a great organization for promoting farming among young people.

My cousin Neil, Uncle Fred's son, was raising a purebred Hereford calf as his 4-H project. I would have liked to have had a purebred Hereford, but a purebred anything was beyond my means. I settled for what was called a *brockle-faced* calf.

A brockle-faced calf is one in which the father is a purebred Hereford, but the mother is not. I bought the calf from Uncle Leo for $40.00. I agreed to pay for it after I sold it at the state fair. It wasn't a prize-winning calf, but it would bring a profit when sold.

State Fairs were big events in those days. They took place after the fall harvest. When it came time, Uncle Fred took my calf to the auction at the state fair. My calf weighed seven hundred pounds and sold for twelve cents per pound. If my memory serves me correctly, my calf brought in $84.00 at the auction.

After paying Uncle Leo $40.00 for the calf, plus the cost of the grain used to fatten it up, my profit was slim. But, I was proud of the calf and felt my earnings were something I had done on my own.


Valeo (Uncle Leo) Winterton, 1910.

When dad had taken me to Uncle Leo's for the summer, he told me that Leo had agreed to pay me $15.00 per month, plus room and board for the first month. Then, as I better understood my farm duties, he would increase my pay. It was with this understanding that I worked for Uncle Leo that summer.

When it came time for Uncle Leo to square with me, he took into consideration the money I owed him for the calf and the feed, then calculated my pay at the rate of $15 per month for the summer.

I told him about the conversation I had with dad regarding the raise I expected to receive after the first month of work.

Uncle Leo wouldn't budge. His reply, with emphasis on the *fifteen*, was "Fifteen dollars and no more." Mother interceded on my behalf, arguing it would only amount to an additional five dollars, but Leo wouldn't hear of it.

At about this time, Hyrum, another of my dad's brothers dropped in. Uncle Hyrum settled mother down before taking up my cause with Uncle Leo. Leo listened to Hyrum, thought about Hyrum's argument in my behalf, then justified his initial decision with, "Well, the experience alone was worth a lot to the lad," and the matter was dropped.

I ended up with a lot of experience but very little money to show for a summer of hard work.

Lest someone think my experience with Uncle Leo has been a source of irritation over the years, let me assure you it has not. The two of us have laughed many times since about the day we argued over a five-dollar bill.

During that same year (1929), my brother Vernon spent part of his summer with Uncle Fred and Aunt Sheila. While he was helping them on the farm, he was thrown from a horse and suffered a badly broken leg.

His leg was set by the country doctor and placed in traction. The need for traction meant he had to remain in bed while the leg healed. This prevented him from being able to return to Magna, so mother traveled to Charleston to help Aunt Sheila with Vernon.


St. Mark's Hospital, 1930

While mother was nursing Vernon in Charleston, dad came down with pneumonia in Magna. Dad's illness required hospitalization and he was taken to St. Mark's hospital in Salt Lake. Uncle Fred drove mother and me to Salt Lake to visit dad. Dad was cheered by our arrival.

He was in good spirits. There was nothing about his manner that betrayed the fact that he would pass away within the hour.

During our visit, mother remembered she had left her purse on the seat of Uncle Fred's unlocked car. Worried that someone might take it, she asked me to get it.

By the time I returned with mother's purse, dad had died. The doctor thought a blood clot had entered his heart and failed to pass through. We were stunned.

Mother had two funerals for dad. The first was held in the morning. The LDS chapel in Magna was filled to capacity. Then, because of the distance between Magna and Charleston, mother had a second funeral in the afternoon in Charleston to accommodate family and friends in our home town.

Dad was well loved and attendance at both services reflected the esteem he enjoyed from others. Following the home town services, the funeral procession took dad to the Charleston Cemetery where he was laid to rest.

Dad's death on Saturday, August 10, 1929, came at a very difficult time, not just for our family, but for everyone. The economy of the country was in trouble and in two months (October, 1929), the stock market would crash signaling the start of the great depression.

THE WASATCH WAVE

A feeling of sadness was cast over the entire community of Charleston when word was received of the sickness and sudden death of Moroni Winterton, who passed away at St. Mark's Hospital in Salt Lake City on August 10th of pneumonia. He was a son of William and Ellen Widdison Winterton and was born in Charleston, Sept. 28, 1882. He filled a mission in the Southern States from 1905 to 1907 and has always been an active church worker, laboring in the Sunday School superintendency, president of YMMIA, ward chorister, and ward bishopric. On Oct. 5, 1910, he married Miss Mabel Giles of Heber and she and six children survive, viz: Della, Allen, Lucile, Vera, Vernon, and Beth. He is also survived by his aged father, stepmother, five brothers and sisters.

In 1922, he moved to Salt Lake City and two years later to Magna where he resided until death. He held many responsible positions in the church at both of these places.

Impressive funeral services were held at Magna at 10 am of August 11th with Bishop Leonard Healy in charge. A quartette sang, "Sometime We'll Understand," and prayer was offered by Isaac W. Coon. Mr. R. Holt and Lavon Jensen rendered a duet and Florence Cockrell rendered a solo. The speakers were Omer E. Hall, Bishop J. N. Ritchie of Charleston, Hyrum Breeze and Bishop Healy. Mr. Holt sang, "Lay My Head Beneath a Rose," and the closing song was a quartette, "I Know that My Redeemer Lives," and benediction was offered by Brother Vaughn.

Following these services a large funeral cortege followed the remains to Charleston, where services were held at 3 pm with Bishop J. N. Ritchie in charge. Mesdames Maybell Moulton and Donna Montgomery sang, "Whispering Hope," and the opening prayer was offered by John Van Wagoner of Pleasant Grove. Mrs. Margaret Kirkham and Sadie Kittinger of Lehi sang, "Some Sweet Day." John C. Whiting of Charleston, J. Frank Daybell of Salt Lake City, Bishop Healy of Magna, and Bishop J. N. Ritchie were the speakers, each of whom referred to the useful life of the deceased and of the splendid character he had developed.

There were flowers in abundance contributed by friends far and near. The closing song was a duet by Margaret Kirkham and Sadie Kittinger, the "Christian Good Night," and the benediction was offered by Patriarch William. Daybell. Interment was in the Charleston cemetery and the grave was dedicated by S. A. Simmons.

Those from out-of-town to attend the funeral were Bishop and Mrs. Healy, Zalla Spratley, Mrs. Aldredge, Mr. and Mrs. Omer E. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Darrell Schow, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Simmons, Mrs. Fern Coon, Mr. and Mrs. Alma Simmons, and Mrs. and Mrs. John Wall of Magna, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Parker, Mrs. Joseph Hartle, and Mr. and Mrs. Gerlin Giles of Salt Lake City, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Davis and family, Mr. and Mrs. Afton Giles, Mrs. Susie Giles, Mrs. Margaret Kirkham, Mrs. Sadie Kittinger of Lehi and many too numerous to mention from towns in Wasatch County.

Our family didn't have any stocks or bonds to lose, but the loss of dad affected our family by cutting off our source of income. Counting mother, there were seven of us that needed fed and clothed. Without dad's paycheck we didn't have the money to pay the rent or buy food. We had no choice but to leave Magna and return to Charleston where we had family.

Within a few days after laying dad to rest, we packed our belongings, left Magna, and returned to the familiar Wasatch Valley, and to some land in which dad had maintained ownership. The land included an eight room farm house with a very distinctive exterior.

This is the farm house in Charleston that became our home after dad died in 1929.

Mother was forty-three when dad passed away. My sister, Della, was the oldest of the children at sixteen. I was next at fourteen. Lucile was twelve, Vera and Vernon were ten, and Beth was eight.

Raising six children is challenging in the best of times. Mother was faced with raising six children under difficult conditions, without a helpmate, and on a small farm of marginal potential. And yet, I cannot remember mother ever complaining about anything.

We always had enough to eat and clothing sufficient for our needs. I'm sure I didn't think about it much at the time, but I've often wondered since, "How did she do it?" I don't know the answer to that question.

We attended high school in Heber, about five miles north of Charleston. Mother went to our school and church activities whenever she could.

The school district provided a bus to transport the Charleston kids to the various extracurricular activities. It would seem odd today to see someone's mother board the school bus with the children, but it didn't seem strange in those days.

On Saturday nights she often went to the dances to listen to the music and to watch the young people having a good time. It never bothered us kids to have mother present, in fact, we never thought about it one way or the other.

Mother was always active in church activities, especially the Relief Society. She enjoyed the lessons and the opportunity to visit with other ladies in the community.

Mother was a stickler for social manners and she wanted us to be positive in all things. If we said something unkind, she admonished us with, "If you can't say something good, it's better to say nothing at all." If mother ever felt negative about someone, she kept it to herself. I never heard her say a bad thing about anyone, ever!

Once in a while one of us kids would say, "How come I have to go to church today?" Mother's stock answer was, "Because it's the Sabbath and the Lord expects to see you

there." If that wasn't enough she would add, "Besides, you won't learn anything bad in church." We would go. Mother was right. We never learned anything bad in church.

We enjoyed playing games together. We were especially fond of Rook, a card game with a big crow on the cards. We enjoyed other card and board games as well.

Dad's death was the single, most critical event in my life. Up to then I never worried about things. Like most boys of fourteen, I depended on dad and mother to provide. Suddenly, being the oldest son took on new meaning. I felt the need to pick up where dad left off, at least as far as providing for the family was concerned.

The farm consisted of seventeen acres located southwest of the main Charleston highway. Our home was located on this piece of land. We also had a second, smaller piece of land about a half mile away. This second piece was excellent pasture land.

The house was brick with eight rooms, four downstairs and four upstairs. One of the upstairs rooms was not finished and served as a storage room. One of the downstairs rooms was called the *little back room*. Although not intentionally so, the little back room was well ventilated. We used it for cooling milk.

The house had running water and a bathroom. The running water was supplied from a well located on the back porch.

The outbuildings consisted of a large, unfinished barn, a small building for storing grain, and a small, frame garage barely large enough to accommodate one car.

The granary was an excellent place for mice to live during the winter, and quite a few of the little critters took advantage of its warmth and plentiful food supply.

A railroad track divided the farm into east and west sides. The ground east of the tracks was the more fertile. The west tract was full of what we called quack grass, a stubborn weed that the rest of the world calls Johnson grass. We constantly battled the quack grass in an effort to improve the west tract, but mother nature kept us humble by never letting us get the best of the aggravating weed.

We didn't have any livestock or farm machinery, nor horses to power the machinery if we'd had any machinery. What we did have was a piece of land to farm, a house to live in, and each other. With that, we started a new life without dad.

In the beginning, in order to farm those seventeen acres, we relied on the help and equipment of our friends and neighbors. That first year of farming was one of making our farming needs fit within the schedules of those who would lend us horses and equipment.

Everything we needed had to be borrowed. Plows, harrows, a grain drill, horses, and so on. We made it that first year because we had neighbors and relatives that pitched in time and again to see us through. In the fall we harvested sugar beets, peas, and grain.

During the summer before my sophomore year, I tore down a rickety old shed on the property and used the lumber to build a small chicken coop. We purchased some chickens to provide the family with eggs.

In the fall, I was about six weeks late in starting school. I had to get our crops in and the farm ready for the winter before I could even think of showing up in a classroom.

I had always enjoyed school, especially mathematics, and during the previous year (9th grade) I had taken algebra and found the subject stimulating and enjoyable.

When I was able to enroll for my 10th grade year I signed up for geometry because of the success I had with algebra the previous year. My first day in class was a disaster.

The teacher opened class by working through the previous day's assignment. I could have been in a Martian classroom. I had no idea what the teacher was talking about or what the other students were asking. The teacher, subject matter, and students were six unrecoverable weeks ahead of me. I was discouraged and dropped the class.

I took the standard high school fare, English, typing, physical education, biology, history, and the like. My late start each fall for harvesting, and early departure each spring for planting, made it impossible for me to enroll in areas of interest to me. This, along with concern for our family's tenuous existence, resulted in a loss of scholastic interest.

My high school years were not very impressive, a fact evident in my high school transcript. I got by and finished school, but after the loss of dad, my studies took a distant second to family needs.

Mother did her best at managing the family without dad, but it was a big family and there were always things needing done. My brother, Vernon, was only ten years old, but he was good with the chores. The girls, with Della in the lead, were a great help to mother by taking care of domestic tasks, but I felt it was really up to me to be the man of the house.

In addition to working the farm, I was able to take on a few odd jobs to supplement the family income.

I was a willing worker. In 1931, I worked for two weeks as a member of the crew building the road that connects Charleston and Midway to the Deer Creek area. It had to be built up and over a mountain and down into a canyon.

By today's standards, the process was primitive. Road crews used teams of horses pulling scrapers to level the terrain. Men wielding picks and shovels would work along side the team. We lived in tents, worked long hours, but the pay more than made up for the hard work. Three dollars a day! I took thirty-six dollars home after two weeks of work, and I was happy to have it.

Magazine illustration of a man using a team of horses and a scraper to level land in the construction of a road.

Where I may have had some shortcomings as a scholar, I tried to make up the difference by being a good provider for the family. As a result, I was rewarded during my senior year in a most satisfying way.

Many of the students in our school were members of the Future Farmers of America organization, and this included me. I had a wonderfully understanding agricultural teacher in the person of Mr. Hatch.

Through his encouragement and lots of hard work, I was able to coax some sugar beet seeds into becoming an award-winning crop. The ground I was farming was not considered ideal for sugar beets, but between Mr. Hatch's instruction, my work, and the right climatic conditions, it all came together for me.

I planted my seeds in two acres of our best soil and nurtured those seeds and young plants with the pride of a boy who believed in their potential. When I harvested my crop, I surprised Mr. Hatch, my classmates, my family, and myself, with a yield of over forty-four tons of beets, or twenty-two tons per acre.

Based on tons of yield per acre, my project won second place in Utah's FFA competition. I received a bronze medal engraved with my name. I have since misplaced the medal, but I can still recall the excitement of winning it.

Although we earned money from the sugar beets and other crops we harvested, our best source of income came from a small herd of Jersey cows we were able to buy.

We remodeled a part of the old barn to accommodate the cows for milking. We wanted to sell our milk on the Salt Lake market as *Grade A* milk. In order to do that, we had to meet some very stringent sanitary requirements. It took a lot of work to make our small dairy operation conform to the state's rules, but we did. The monthly milk check became our family's main source of income.

As time passed, we acquired a team of horses and some of the farm equipment we needed. Although we were becoming less and less dependent on others, we were never able to become fully self-sufficient.

One of the horses we bought was a stubborn rascal, what we called a *balky* horse. A common saying among farmers was, "there's nothing worse than a balky horse." A balky horse is a horse with a attitude, stubborn and unpredictable. If there had been an FFA competition for balky horses, I could have had a gold metal to go with my bronze.

Whenever that horse would decide to quit pulling, it wouldn't move, and no amount of cajoling, whipping, or cussing could change its mind. It would just stand there, like a spoiled kid, daring you to cajole, whip, or cuss. That horse was a thorn in my flesh all of my years on the farm. I don't know if horses believe in anything, but if they do, this horse believed its sole purpose in life was to make my life miserable.

To heat our homes in the winter we would spend a lot of time in the fall going to the mountains to cut wood. We hauled the wood out with a wagon and team. The wagon would consist of just the running gear, that is, the wheels, axles, and bolsters, but no box.

One fall day, my brother Vernon and I decided to go into the Deer Creek area to get some oak and maple for winter. We got up, drove southwest past Orval Scott's farm, and into Deer Creek by way of Decker Pass. The final two or three hundred yards, just before reaching the top of the pass, were extremely steep.

On this particular trip, when we got within a hundred yards of the top, the balky horse stopped. The weight of the wagon pulled the team backwards. The balky horse fell to the ground and was mercilessly dragged down the hill. Vernon and I were half running and half tumbling down the hill, desperately trying to get on top of the situation.

By the time the wagon quit bouncing backwards, everything was in a bad way. We had to cut the horses loose from their harnesses. The balky horse had almost choked to death before we could cut him loose.

We jerry-rigged the harnesses by mending them with wire we found, and after much effort, we were able to turn the wagon around. We hitched our sore horses to the wagon and returned home without a stick of wood for our trouble. The only redeeming feature of the day was that the balky horse didn't stop once on the way home.

The wood at Decker Pass was so plentiful that we didn't let one bad experience keep us away. On successful trips, in order to make the steep grade down the mountain, we chained the front wheels to keep them from turning and steering was done with the rear wheel brakes. Our approach to gathering wood may have been hard on wagon wheels, but we stayed warm in the winter.

As we prepared for the descent, Vernon and I would be sitting high atop the load. As we would start down, we had to lean forward and look down through our feet to see the horses. With a flick of the reins, the horses would inch forward and all four wheels would start sliding. Vernon and I steered the wagon with the brake levers, but no matter how much leverage we applied, the wagon still picked up speed. The horses also had to pick up the pace to keep from being overtaken by the heavy load.

At a certain place, the trail turned into a road and leveled out. We would stop to give ourselves and the horses a breather, unchain the front wheels, and the rest of the trip was easy. Once home, we unloaded and chopped the wood into small logs for later use.

As I look back on those days, I wonder what mother felt as she watched her teenage sons leave for Decker Pass, load wood, and make the perilous trip down the mountain sitting atop a load of ever-shifting cargo.

Other than asking us to be careful, she never said anything. She knew there was no alternatives for the family to prepare for the cold Wasatch winter.

Sometimes we went into the Strawberry Valley for wood. Instead of Decker Pass, we had Daniel's Canyon to contend with. Daniel's Canyon was always full of deep wagon ruts making the trip unpleasant for men and horses. One consideration was that getting wood from Decker Pass took one day; getting wood from Strawberry took two days.

Our goal each fall was to stockpile enough wood, when combined with one or two tons of coal, to get us through the winter. Coal was $7.00 a ton, an amount almost beyond our means. I know this doesn't sound right, but money was extremely difficult to come by during the depression, and we had very little.

In 1933, we made a deal with a man to plant forty acres of alfalfa in his field. The arrangement had us planting and raising the alfalfa and splitting the crop 50-50 with the man. It was a win-win situation. It meant we didn't have to buy as much hay for the dairy cows as we had to do previously.

In 1934, we acquired thirty acres of land for ourselves. The land came as settlement for the balance of money owed to mother for the sale of the farm when our family moved to Salt Lake.

With the 50-50 arrangement on the forty acres, and the newly acquired thirty acres of

our own, we were able to raise one good crop of hay each year.

I look back on my years on the farm as a great learning experience. I did things I didn't know I could do, but I couldn't have done them if it hadn't been for dad. By that, I mean I must have asked myself a thousand times, "What would dad do in this situation," and I believe he guided me.

Uncle Ralph and Aunt Louise Winterton and family. The children from left to right, are: Olive, Ralph, James, LaPreal, and Zelma.

Asking myself what dad would do, made me react to situations in more mature ways than I may have otherwise done if dad had still been alive. I believe dad helped me to become what I am today, even though he wasn't able to do it in person.

My life hasn't been without mistakes, but those difficult years on the farm certainly helped me mature. I learned the value of work and I learned patience. The character of my present nature was hammered out on the anvil of that Charleston farm.

I must say something here about one of dad's brothers. Ralph was exactly two years and one day older than dad. What a wonderful big brother he was for dad. He owned a small grocery store in Provo and he helped us out in so many ways after dad died. He was a fine man and always concerned himself with his brother's family.

Whenever we stopped to visit Uncle Ralph he would prepare a large box of groceries for us before we left. Mother would fuss a little, saying he needn't give us anything, but he would brush her comments aside with a smile and give her a big hug.

Uncle Ralph never made us feel like it was an imposition and I don't believe it was. He was a man with a big heart and he loved his brother's family. I believe he did it knowing that Moroni would have done the same for him, had conditions been reversed.

Mother was fiercely independent. I remember the day someone suggested she look into the state's widow pension fund as a source of income. Mother's answer, without a blink of the eye, was that she would never accept relief as long as she could make it on her own.

Making it on her own was a matter of pride with mother. She told me that "as long as I live, I will never apply for a widow's pension." And she never did.

My personal philosophy regarding the use of state welfare comes from mother's strong feelings. I know there are times when people need help, and I'm not saying the state doesn't have a responsibility, but the person needing help has a responsibility too. People should do what they can to take care of themselves before asking the state to provide.

Work is a blessing! People should not be ashamed to do honorable work regardless of

the task, and by the same token, people should not be ashamed to ask for help if they've done what they can to provide for themselves first.

In November of 1935, mother married Joseph B. Turner. Mr. Turner was a widower. Joe as we knew him, had one daughter, Vivian. Vivian was married to Leo Wright.

After mother and Joe were married, Joe moved into our home. Vivian and her family, which included three sons, moved into Joe's home. For some reason, Vivian and Leo were opposed to Joe's marriage to mother.

After the marriage, Vivian and Leo were unfriendly to mother, and when they came to visit Joe, they would not enter the house if mother was there. Instead, Joe would go outside and visit with them in the yard.

Whatever the cause of the problem, it was never shared with the children. The situation never improved and the hostile feelings of Joe's children towards mother was the source of many difficult years for mother.

I've missed my dad over the years and when my time comes, I look forward to being with him and mother and the other members of my family that have passed on.

I remember times when I was irrigating crops at night or in the early morning. I enjoyed turning water into the fields as my dad and I once did together, and watching the light of the moon play on the stream of water as it made its way down the furrows.

During many of those nocturnal excursions about the farm I felt especially close to my dad. It was almost as if he were standing in the shadows. Oh, how I have missed him. So many times I have wished he were here so I could talk to him or ask him a question.

I have an oil painting in my home made from a photograph of dad taken in 1910. The artist, Orson Foulger, was remarkably skillful. The painting is as I remember him, and whenever I look at it, I am reminded of who I am and the importance in my life of the man in the painting.

Even though I was only fourteen when dad died, he has been a very strong influence in my life. He had to have been very special to have influenced me as he has. As I look back he was with me for such a short period of time.

The oil painting of Moroni Winterton from a 1910 photograph. Moroni would have been about 18 years old.

I wonder why I can remember so many things about dad when it has been so long ago. My memories seem to be in a place where I can recall them when needed. At any rate, I am thankful for this ability to call on dad in this way, even though it's only in my mind.

Some of my fondest memories about Charleston include the dances. The second floor of the red school house was easily rearranged to make a large dance area. The school was the community's gathering place and dances were held every Saturday night, complete with orchestra. Everyone was welcome and they were always well attended.

My best friend was Paul Carlson. We attended dances, church functions, and other activities together. The church sponsored a basketball league and we played basketball together. As it was in Magna, baseball was big during the summer and we probably played more baseball than any other sport.

I wasn't a good basketball player. I was short and not adept at making baskets. In baseball, however, it was a different story. I was an average fielder, but I was handy with a bat. I had a good eye for the ball, and when I was at the plate, I seldom struck out.

The city maintained a baseball diamond and many townspeople would show up to watch the games. One of the benefits about growing up in a small town was that everyone who wanted to play usually got a chance.

I consider myself an outdoors guy. As I was growing up I used to fish and hunt, and I suppose one of the things a young hunter never forgets is the time he bags his first deer.

When I was sixteen years old I was invited to accompany Paul Carlson, his dad (Hyrum Carlson), and five other hunters from Charleston to hunt deer in southern Utah.

Paul's dad had a ton and a half stake truck. They put a canvas cover over the stakes and we headed out. We started hunting at Tropic, a town near Utah's southern border.

We hunted for two days with no success. Then we drove a hundred miles north to a place called Nine Mile and hunted there with no success, then on to Salina Canyon.

On the last day of the hunt at Salina, I shot a two-point buck. This was my first buck and the only deer shot during the hunt. I used an old 30-40 Krag military rifle. It was my first rifle and I was proud of it. I bought it from a fellow in Midway for $12.00.

Church was important in our lives. In Charleston, church always started at 10:00 am. You could set your watch with the offering of the opening prayer.

Mutual for the young people was held Tuesday nights and Relief Society for ladies was held Tuesday afternoons along with Primary for the youngsters. Everyone seemed to be involved in one or more church activities.

Charleston was a good place to grow up. Unlike Magna, a multi-ethnic company town, supported by the mining interests of the Utah Copper Company, Charleston was settled as a rural outreach community by Mormon pioneers where work and worship came together. The two communities were as different as night and day.

I learned a lot from living in both places. The Utah Copper Company was good to dad and I did well in school, but I never missed the black eyes and kidney punches that were as plentiful in the Magna backstreets as were the fish and deer in the Wasatch mountains.

7

Courtship and Marriage

I don't believe I dated any young ladies during my sophomore and junior years in high school. Perhaps I didn't have time with the responsibility on the farm. I cannot recall an interest in girls at that time.

I think I took one or two girls out during my senior year. I'm sure they were nice girls, but they didn't make much of an impression on me, and I'm sure I didn't make much of an impression on them either.

I wasn't the class president, winner of the preferred man contest, or a popular athlete. What I was, was a guy not much taller than most of the girls in the school, a situation that contributed to a lack of self-confidence around members of the opposite sex.

Fortunately for me, my friend Paul Carlson was a lot like myself. We were a source of support to each other. We didn't worry about the social aspects of high school, including dating. Instead we hunted, fished, played baseball, and farmed for the good of our families. Perhaps best of all, we understood each other.

At about the time as I was completing my high school education, a lovely young lady named Ava Atwood was starting hers. A few years earlier, the Atwood family had moved into the house next door. I had become aware that young Ava was growing into a beautiful young lady.

Ava Atwood, thirteen years old, 1932.

John Atwood, Ava's father, was a pillar of the community. He had served as president of the school board and occupied other positions of responsibility in the community. He was a man of fine leadership qualities.

Ava was very pretty and I was definitely attracted to her. However, since she was four years younger than me, a big difference during the teen years, I couldn't even think about asking her out. Instead, I had to be satisfied

Royal, Ava, and John Rae Atwood, about 1934.

with seeing her in her yard, or walking down the street, or shopping in one of the stores, so I admired her from afar and waited.

A couple of years passed before it seemed right to ask her out. When I did she said yes, and we started dating. I had known for a long time she was the right girl for me, a poorly kept secret, as several years earlier I told her I was going to marry her. The revelation sent young Ava to her mother in tears.

It wasn't long before we were seeing each other on a regular basis. When Ava finished high school, she and her best friend, Maurine Henline, went to work in Salt Lake as live-in help for a couple of well-off families.

Ava and Maurine saw the jobs as opportunities to earn money and to experience some independence away from rural Charleston. The work wasn't easy. It included doing the family's domestic chores such as washing, ironing, cleaning, and taking care of the children as needed. As I recall, Ava and Maurine earned five dollars a week each, plus room and board.

My friend, Paul Carlson, and myself had vested interests in Maurine and Ava's futures. By this time I considered Ava as my girlfriend, and Paul thought of Maurine as his.

Being the gentlemen that we were, we were concerned with the welfare of these two young, naïve country girls. We knew there were young men in Salt Lake equally adept at recognizing pretty girls, and we didn't intend to let the girls forget us.

Paul and I made so many trips to Salt Lake to court Ava and Maurine that we knew every turn and pothole on the road between Salt Lake and Charleston.

Our dates with the girls usually took the form of a picnic drive into the mountains, an occasional movie, or a dance somewhere like The Old Mill. The Old Mill, originally a paper mill built in the 1860s, had been converted to a night spot popular with Salt Lake's youth. It had a huge dance floor and its location at the base of Cottonwood Canyon made it a very romantic setting for a date.

On one occasion, Paul and I took our ladies to a dance at The Old Mill. We had arranged with their employers to take the girls back to Charleston after the dance instead of

A relief carving in wood of The Old Mill, located at the mouth of Cottonwood Canyon, Salt Lake City, Utah, 1932.

Allen Winterton, age 22, 1937.

returning them to their homes in Salt Lake. After the dance we headed to Charleston in my 1934 Chevrolet. Our route took us through Parley's Canyon, a mountain pass highway between Salt Lake and the rural towns of the Wasatch high country.

Incidently, my great-grandfather, William Hubbard Winterton, had worked as a laborer on the road during its construction in the late 1870s. The road was constructed under the direction of Parley P. Pratt, hence the name, Parley's Canyon Road.

The road was completed in 1881. My great-grandfather became the road's first tollgate keeper as its construction was to be paid for from the collection of tolls. The road is now part of Interstate 40, the highway between Salt Lake and Denver.

Now, back to the story of our trip from Salt Lake to Charleston with Ava and Maurine.

We had almost reached the summit of Parley's Canyon when we ran out of gas. It was late, a little after midnight. There wasn't any traffic and the closest gas station was many miles away.

Fortunately, we had reached the summit before the car coasted to a stop. We sat for a while talking about our predicament. We decided to push the car enough to start coasting on the downhill side to see how far we could get. We coasted for quite a few miles before inertia overcame momentum and the car came to a stop. We were now just west of Park City.

Once again we sat and talked. We decided the saving grace about the problem was that neither Ava nor Maurine's parents were aware that we were bringing their daughters home, so neither of the families were worried. But here we were, stranded midway between Salt Lake and Charleston, and there was nothing to do but sit, so we sat.

Now, I can think of a lot of things worse than being stranded with a pretty girl in a car out of gas; but the problem we were facing was that of explaining our shortsightedness to both girls' parents.

After sitting for an hour, a car came by and the driver offered to push us to the Park City turnoff. We accepted the offer, got our push, and the other car continued on its way.

From the turnoff, I walked a half mile to Park City where I located a gas station. It was obvious that the owner of the station lived in a nearby house. It was the middle of the night,

or more accurately, very early in the morning, and not the best time to awaken a stranger. But since Paul and I were worried about what we were going to face with both girls' parents, there was only one thing to do, and I did it.

I banged loudly and persistently on the door until the owner awoke and sheepishly peered at me through his window. I assured him I was an okay guy, then I explained my problem. Fortunately, he was a kindly sort and he understood my plight.

Picnics were another favorite dating activity. That's Maureen Henline and Paul Carlson behind me. Ava took the picture. White shoes and suspenders were in style in 1936.

He found a gallon bottle and pumped some gasoline into it. I returned to the car with the bottle, poured the gasoline, started the Chevy and drove back to the gas station where the understanding owner was waiting to sell us a buck's worth of gas to get us to Charleston where we could safely deliver the girls to their families.

I had no interest in witnessing any confrontation between Paul and Maurine's parents, so I drove them to Paul's house and dropped them off. I had my own anxieties to cope with. The sun was coming up and Paul's dad and brothers were leaving the house to head for the fields to pile hay.

I drove to the Carlson home so Paul could get his car and drive Maurine home, then I turned the car toward the Atwood place. Ava was a little concerned about what her parents might say, but since they didn't know she was coming home, they hadn't worried, and they accepted our story without question.

My mother, bless her heart, never said anything to me about where I was or what I was doing. It wasn't because she didn't care. She trusted me and knew that wherever I was, or whatever I was doing, wasn't going to be a problem. I'm sure there were times when she worried about me or the other children, but we weren't the kind of kids that got into trouble or were known for making mischief.

During the winter of 1936-37, I worked part time at an excelsior plant in Charleston. Excelsior is a wood product made from Quaking Aspen trees. The trees were cut and shredded, making a soft cushion-type material used for packing. It was widely used for many years before the invention of styrofoam for protecting products in shipment.

During that winter I saved every dime I could with one purpose in mind. When the job ran out I had saved nearly $100.00. I used the money to buy a diamond engagement ring for Ava.

I had the ring with me the night I took Ava to a Saturday night dance in Midway, Easter Eve, 1937. I asked Ava if she would accept it. She said she would, and we started making plans for a wedding. We set the day for September 17, 1937.

The Salt Lake Temple where our marriage was performed on September 17, 1937.

On the morning of our wedding, I arose at four in the morning, got dressed, and drove to Ava's house. Our marriage would take place in the Salt Lake Temple. I picked Ava up at five-thirty and the two of us began the forty mile drive through the mountains to Salt Lake.

We had not taken time to eat breakfast that morning, so when we came to small cafe along the way, we stopped. We went inside and sat down. The cafe was empty and there was no menu. The place had never won any awards for cleanliness, but we were so hungry we decided to stay anyway.

The owner eventually emerged from a back room. He obviously had been engaged in something he considered more important than cleaning his cafe. He asked what we wanted. We told him we would like to order breakfast. He rattled off a half dozen or so items, none of which appealed to us.

Then Ava asked if he had a grapefruit. He said he did and he left to get it. A few minutes later he returned. In one hand he was carrying a huge can of grapefruit bits, and in the other hand, a dead bird. He sat the dead bird down on the counter, opened the can with a sorry-looking can opener, and poured the juice and grapefruit bits into a single sauce pan. He sat the pan between us, handed us a couple of spoons, picked up his dead bird, and walked away.

It was the most disgusting exhibition of food service I've ever experienced. I can assure you that Ava's appetite left the moment the dead bird made the scene, and my need for nourishment disappeared as well. We left a dollar on the counter and walked out without so much as picking up a spoon.

We arrived at the Salt Lake Temple on schedule where we met Ava's mother and dad. Our marriage went off without a hitch, no pun

Ava on her wedding day, September 17, 1937.

My mother, Mabel Giles Winterton and Ava.

intended, and we were among the happiest people on earth that day.

Millen, Ava's older brother, and his wife Nina, were living in Salt Lake at the time. For some reason, they were going to be out of town for a few days so they suggested Ava and I use their home in their absence.

We were delighted as this meant we didn't need to rent a motel room, an expense we could ill afford at the time. We appreciated Millen and Nina's thoughtfulness and spent two or three days honeymooning in their home before returning to Charleston.

Ava and her parents, John L. and Hazel Carlisle Atwood.

We had made arrangements with my mother for the two of us to live in half of the family home until we could be on our own. The arrangement provided us with two downstairs rooms and, although we would still have to share the bathroom, we would have some privacy from the rest of the family.

It might not have been the most ideal way to begin our life together, but under the circumstances, it wasn't the worst either. I still had to take care of the farm and help out with the family, and being close at hand had its advantages. We lived at mother's place from September, 1937 until April, 1938.

Nina and Millen Atwood let us use their home in Salt Lake for our honeymoon. Photo taken about 1937.

During this time, the state was nearing completion of its purchase of property for the Deer Creek dam. The dam would back up the waters of the Provo River, creating Deer Creek Reservoir. The reservoir was needed to provide culinary water for the Salt Lake area.

Our farm would be affected by the backed up water and it had to be sold to the state. There were no alternatives. This is called

progress, and mother had to accept the state's offer and find another place to live.

When the proceeds from the sale of the farm arrived, mother decided it was only right that each of the six children benefit from the settlement.

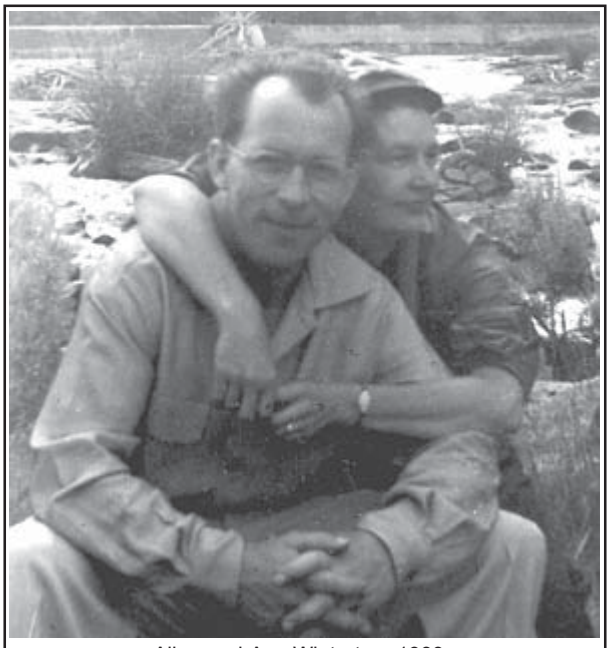
She decided that each child would receive one-thousand dollars, except for me. With the family present, she said that since I had run the farm from 1929 until the present (1937), that I should receive more money. The other children agreed and mother gave me two-thousand dollars. It was with this money that Ava and I started our lives together.

8

Our First Years Together

In April of 1938, Ava and I found a place we could afford in the rural community of American Fork, Utah. The property, which included a small house, six acres of land, and four chicken coops, was about a mile east of town. The price was $3,600. We used the $2,000 from the sale of the Charleston farm for the down payment, signed a mortgage for $1,600, and became chicken farmers.

The house had one bedroom, a small living room, and a tiny kitchen. It had running water but no bathroom. Ava said we had "a path instead of a bath." It felt good to have our own home even though it was lacking in some ways.



Allen and Ava Winterton, 1939.

Our home in American Fork, Utah. One of the chicken coops can be seen behind the house. 1940.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt was president in 1938. He was desperately trying to get the country back on its feet, but things were not much better in 1938 than they had been in 1929, when the great depression began.

Roosevelt had established a multitude of new programs, such as the Public Works Administration and the Works Progress Administration, better known by their initials, PWA and WPA. The Social Security Act was passed in 1935, and three years later, the Fair Labor Standards Act was passed, providing a minimum wage of 25-cents an hour. Still, with all of the changes, times remained tough.

Jobs were practically nonexistent and the only thing I knew was farming. We bought two thousand chix (baby chickens) and we started into the chicken business. In addition

We took this picture of the most delapidated of our chicken coops soon after we moved to American Fork in 1938. Several years ago we drove past our old place. The house had been replaced by a new home, but this eyesore is still standing, and it looked the same as it did years ago.

to selling eggs, we sold fryers and stewing hens. Each year we purchased enough new chicks to replenish our stock and hopefully add to it.

We lived in American Fork from 1938 to 1946. They were difficult years. We struggled to make ends meet. I kept a record of how much we took in and how much we spent on chicken feed and personal necessities during those early years.

Our total income for 1939 was $204, and that included the sale of cucumbers raised on a half-acre plot in addition to the chicken related income.

Mind you, we never saw two hundred dollars at one time, but our records showed we made that much money that year.

We didn't buy new clothes and we didn't go to movies. We had a Jersey cow for milk, butter, and cream, and chickens for eggs and meat. When we needed something from the store, such as flour, we bartered with eggs. We never thought of ourselves as poor and the struggle only brought us closer together.

Ava and I pooled our talents to make a go of things. We were so busy we didn't have time to find fault with each other, or feel sorry for ourselves, or wish that things were different. We had faith in the work ethic that says there's nothing wrong with dirty hands from honest work, and we worked hard!

Ava baked bread, churned butter, mended clothes, and even made the soap we used. I fed the chickens, fixed the coops, and kept the cold out of the house. Our time and energies were used in making a life for each other.

What does it take to be happy? Money? Status? A big house and a fancy car? Those things are nice and a certain amount of money is necessary, but happiness doesn't come because of those things.

The person who complains, "Oh, if I could just have this thing or that thing, I'd be so happy," doesn't know how to be happy. I've

Allen watching over his brood of chickens, 1939.

found that the best source of happiness comes from being at peace with yourself, and an equally good source comes from having a wonderful partner.

We lived in American Fork for eight years. At first we managed fairly well, but as time went on it became more and more difficult to make a go of it. At one point we almost lost our home.

Paul Carlson (left) holding my son, Wayne, while I hold his son, Clyde. 1938

The year of 1940 was a very challenging year. Up to now we had never been able to do anything except pay the interest on the mortgage. We hadn't reduced the principal ($1,600) on the mortgage by so much as a dime, and it didn't look promising that we would even make the interest payment this year!

Interest on $1,600 in 1940 didn't amount to much, perhaps a couple hundred dollars. But however much it was, it might just as well have been a million. We didn't have it, we didn't know anyone who did, and we didn't know how we were going to get it.

I planted a half acre of cucumbers that year. Cucumbers grow so rapidly they require a daily picking and it's backbreaking work. If you've ever picked them you'll know what I mean. They grow close to the ground under sticky, prickly, rough-edged vines and leaves.

The money made from harvesting that half-acre of cucumbers enabled us to make the interest payment on the mortgage. We eked through 1940 by the skins of our cucumbers!

Our first two children were born while we lived in American Fork. The oldest, Wayne Allen, was born August 13, 1938. Joyce was born a year and a half later, January 4, 1940. Both were delivered by Dr. Kenneth Noyes, who served as our family doctor for many years.

Before long it was obvious that farming alone wouldn't be enough to support our growing family. I started looking for other ways to earn money and found a part-time job at the Utah Poultry Processing Plant, a place where they killed and processed poultry for retail markets.

Work at Utah Poultry was a day-to-day proposition. I would get on my bicycle early

Left to right: Larry Thomas held by Vera Winterton Thomas, Lucile Winterton Peterson, and Ava holding Wayne. 1939

each morning in order to arrive before plant manager Cy Bell stepped outside to pick the part time help for that day. I wasn't alone. Other men needing work would arrive at about the same time. Everyone hoped to catch Cy's eye and the promise to earn a few bucks.

As precise as clockwork, Cy would step out of the building at eight o'clock sharp and pick three or four guys. "I can use you for the day, and you two over there, I can use you for two, maybe three hours. The rest of you go home. Maybe I'll have some more work tomorrow." And so it went.

If you were picked to work, jobs like killing the birds, scalding them for plucking, removing pinfeathers, or hosing down the slaughter area all paid the same, thirty-five cents an hour. I was thankful when picked, and grateful when I was able to put in a full day. The $2.70 for eight hours work sure felt good in my pocket on the bicycle ride home.

Cy was a no-nonsense guy. He demanded an hour's work for an hour's pay. He must have liked my work because as time went on, I found myself being picked with increasing regularity. Cy would never tell me I had a steady job, but over time the job took on all of the aspects of steady employment.

I appreciated Cy's support. When my daily take-home pay was combined with what we earned from farming, life was better for a young guy with a wife and a couple of kids.

A year and a half after Joyce was born, we decided to take a vacation. Our life had been centered around the kids, the chickens, the farm, and just trying to make ends meet. We figured if we were careful, we could afford a vacation. It was August 1941.

Ava and Allen with children, Wayne (3 years old) and Joyce (1 year old), 1941.

We decided to go to Yellowstone Park. To keep expenses down, we would sleep under the stars. We never thought of it as "roughing it," but rather as a way to make the vacation possible on our limited means.

A neighbor, Mrs. Roundy, offered to stay in our house with Wayne and Joyce and to feed the chickens, gather the eggs, and do the chores. We graciously accepted her offer.

Our car was a flat-topped 1930 Nash sedan. We tossed a borrowed sleeping bag in the trunk, stocked up on bread, crackers, and cheese and kissed the kids good-bye. It took two days to get to Yellowstone.

We found a camping spot at the West Thumb of Yellowstone Lake. Ava prepared supper over an open fire while I located a level piece of ground on which to lay the sleeping bag. As the sun set, we crawled into the bag,

1930 Nash Sedan similar to the car we drove to Yellowstone.

tired but happy to have made it safely in our eleven year old Nash.

I don't know if it was Ava's scream or her furious shaking of my head that awakened me. As I struggled to come to my senses it was evident that something fierce and unpleasant had terrorized Ava in the night.

As our eyes adjusted to the dark we saw a mother black bear and two cubs standing a few yards away. I rubbed my eyes, knowing that mama bear had discovered something I already knew, that Ava looked like something good. Ava touched her cheek. It was wet and sticky. While we had been sleeping, the mother bear had licked Ava's face.

I yelled at mama bear. She backed up a few steps but kept her eyes on us. When she decided I wasn't going to share Ava, she nuzzled the cubs into the opposite direction and the three of them walked into the night.

Ava is not an animal person. She's never related well to animals, and petting a dog or cat is a major effort for her. Having a black bear lick her cheek on the first night of our vacation almost spoiled her entire trip. I tried to convince her that the bear was merely being gracious, welcoming us to the park, but Ava wasn't buying any of that story.

I didn't think the bear would be any more of a problem so I told Ava to roll over and go to sleep. She let me know right away that second guessing mama bear wasn't an option, so we laid there for a few minutes listening to the crickets.

Ava wanted to sleep inside the car, but I told her it would be too cramped. Then a flash of inspiration. The top of that old Nash was as flat as a pancake, and just the right size for two short people. We laid the sleeping bag on top of the car, climbed up and crawled in.

We slept on top of the car the remainder of the trip. We not only had an excellent view of the stars, but we weren't bothered by any more bears.

Allen Winterton, 1940.

A few months later Ava and I were at home listening to the radio. Suddenly, the music was interrupted with news that the naval base at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, had been attacked by Japanese war planes. It was Sunday, December 7, 1941.

Like everyone else, we were stunned. The very next day, Congress declared war on Japan. Then a few days later, Germany and Italy declared war on the United States and the sleepy life we were living in America was about to change.

The upside of the horrific sneak attack on our country was that it marked the end of the depression. The nation's immediate need for goods and services to support the war effort provided the stimulus needed to get the economy moving.

Since I was married with two children, I was deferred from military service. My brother, Vernon, volunteered to serve and spent most of his time in North Africa and Italy as a member of the army's quartermaster corps.

Vernon and Jean Winterton, 1944.

Top row, left to right: Lucile Winterton, Mrs. McBeth (mother of Jean McBeth Winterton, Vernon's wife), Mabel Giles Winterton, and Beth Winterton. Bottom row: Vera Winterton Thomas, and Ava Atwood Winterton. 1940.

Wars demand wartime industries and within months the government had built a large ammunition manufacturing plant in Salt Lake. The government contracted with Remington Arms to produce .30 and .50 caliber machine gun ammunition. The plant created ten thousand new jobs overnight.

I could see very little future in trying to make a living by farming or working at the poultry plant, so I applied at Remington Arms. My application was accepted, and so was I. When I returned to the poultry plant to let them know I was leaving, they told me I was making a serious mistake. The general feeling was that the war wouldn't last long and I would soon be out of work.

Remington Arms provided a bus to transport employees between Utah Valley and Salt Lake, a real boon to a guy like myself who didn't have extra money for gas.

Norma and Johnny Atwood, 1944.

Johnny Atwood and Ava Winterton, 1944.

Ava's brother, Johnny, enlisted in the Army Air Corps and became a bomber pilot. His girlfriend, Norma King, whom he later married, lived briefly with us while Johnny was overseas. Also, Ava's sister, Nell had a boyfriend, Jack Pearce, who was in the Navy. Nell and Jack were married after the war.

The entire country was caught up in a patriotic fervor, with most of the country's resources directed to the war effort. Remington Arms was still hiring and they needed people who could inspect machine gun bullets before they were boxed and made ready for shipment overseas.

Ava worked at Remington Arms where she inspected machine gun shells for the war effort. 1941.

A lot of women went to work as their husbands and boyfriends either enlisted or were drafted into the service. With Norma available to help with the children, Ava decided to go to work. So, for a time, Ava and I worked at Remington Arms together.

Ava was a bullet inspector. My job was to solder large shipping containers shut after they had been filled with ammunition. They had to be air and water tight.

Then one day someone stopped by and told me about an opening in the machine shop. I didn't know anything about machine shops, but the job sounded more challenging than soldering metal boxes shut, so I checked it out, applied, and got the job.

My job in the machine shop was to saw steel rods into differing lengths with a power saw. After a few weeks I was transferred to a

shop in another building. I had never seen such a shop before. It was huge and filled with all kinds of strange and wonderful looking pieces of equipment.

Inside the shop was a small work area called the Laping Department. This was the place where the bullet dies were polished. The dies were used to form the brass cases that held the bullets and powder.

Making bullet dies involved *laping*. Laping is the sanding and polishing of the insides of the dies to assure the casting of smooth, accurately-sized shell casings.

The workers at the laping bench were mostly women as more and more men were signing up to fight the war. One of the supervisors decided I should become the lead person on the laping bench. It was all new to me. Twenty-fours earlier I was sawing long steel rods into short steel rods. I must have done a heck of a good job sawing those rods!

Being the lead person meant I was in charge of the laping process and for the training of new employees. It's amazing how fast a person can learn to swim when the alternative is sinking, and I didn't intend to sink.

None of this would have happened if the country hadn't been forced into war. Government, industry, and people were making uncommon adjustments to meet the needs of the times. Motivation was high to whip the socks off the Japanese and Germans. America had been challenged and the country was of a single mind.

As nice as it was to have a good job, there was even greater satisfaction in knowing I was supporting the efforts of my brother Vernon, and my brother-in-law, Johnny, who were overseas in the midst of the conflict. In some small way I felt I was doing my part.

I liked the machine shop and I seemed to have a natural ability in running the equipment. I started thinking about a machine shop career. Regardless of how long the war might last, I knew the fellows at Utah Poultry were wrong. Going to work for Remington Arms had not been a mistake. It had opened my eyes to opportunities that didn't include plucking dead chickens.

Ava with Wayne and Joyce, December 1940.

I knew if I were to become a machinist, I would need some help. I lacked the math skills and general shop knowledge to break into machine work, so I enrolled in a correspondence course titled, *General Machine Shop Practices*, offered by International Correspondence Schools (ICS).

As the war went from months to years, the government decided to build steel mills in diverse parts of the country. The decision was based on a fear that Japan or Germany could cripple steel production in the United States with a few well-placed military strikes. One of the new mills would be located in Utah, just a few miles from American Fork. Work on the plant started immediately.

In late 1943, after hearing that construction of a new steel mill near American Fork was underway, I thought about how nice it would be to eliminate the commute to Salt Lake. The more I thought about it, the more I liked the idea. Besides, I wasn't sure what the long-term outlook was for a guy who knew how to lap bullet dies.

One day, while wandering around the construction site of the new steel plant, I found a company that was hiring. The company, *The Asbestos-Magnesia Materials Company*, was paying a whopping $1.10 an hour. I couldn't believe my ears! I had never heard of that kind of money. Since construction was on a fast track, employees were working ten and twelve hours a day. Boy, did that look good to me!

I located Bill Bender, the superintendent of the company and told him I was available to work. He asked me where I last worked. I told him that my last job was in the Remington Arms machine shop.

Well, that sort of stretched the truth. It's true I had been working in a machine shop, but I knew he had the impression I was there as a machinist, and I hadn't even finished reading the ICS correspondence book yet!

Bender looked me up and down and said, "Okay Winterton, I think you'll do. Be here in the morning with a pair of side-cutters and a pointer." "Right," I replied, and I left to find someone who could tell me what a pointer was. I went to the hardware store and bought a pointer and a pair of side-cutters and reported to work the next day.

View of the Geneva Steel Plant and the Utah Valley, 1946.

Bender took me to the job site, introduced me to a couple of guys, and told them to show me how to do the work, which was on what they called *the highline*. The guys did as they were asked, teaching me how to apply wire, asbestos cement, and pipe covering to steam and water pipes.

A pointer, by the way, is a thin, narrow trowel used by masons to put cement between bricks or into crevices. To my relief, the job had nothing to do with being a machinist, so Bender never knew how much I didn't know.

I was just starting my third week on the job when Bender came out to the highline. He yelled for me and the other two guys to come over to where he was standing. He said to me, "Al, wait here. I'll be right back." Then he left with the two other fellows.

When Bender returned he had four new guys with him. Without so much as a smile, he introduced the four guys to me, telling them I was in charge of the highline job, and I'd be showing them what to do. I didn't say a word, but I was the most surprised person in the group. It's like the old joke *that two weeks ago I couldn't even spel highline boss, and now I wuz one.*

The move made for hard feelings because the two guys that had shown me the ropes two weeks earlier were assigned less desirable jobs in the by-products area. I felt they were justified in their feelings, but I rationalized my thinking with, "it was wartime and the boys in the trenches deserve only the best."

I stayed with the asbestos company until the end of their contract in April of 1944. The job of covering the pipes and boilers was done and it was time for me to move on.

Ava and I had never had so much money! We actually felt rich. We decided to fix up the house. The first thing we did was to build an indoor bathroom. When completed, the outhouse was torn down, the ground filled in, and the spot planted with flowers.

The Geneva Steel Plant, owned by the federal government and contracted to the U.S. Steel Corporation, was now gearing up to produce steel for the war effort.

As soon as I finished working for the asbestos company I approached the head of the machine shop at Geneva and applied for a machinist's job. I was hired on the strength of my rather dubious machine shop background at Remington Arms, not as a Machinist, but as a Machinist's Helper. I couldn't turn it down. It wasn't exactly what I was looking for, but it was a foot in the door.

Ava and Allen with Joyce (4½ years) and Wayne (6 years), 1945.

Geneva Steel Plant with Wasatch Mountains in the background.

It wasn't long before I came to the conclusion that if I had stretched the truth a little about my prior experience; there were others that had not only stretched the truth, but had bent it completely out of shape!

I found myself working as an assistant to guys who knew even less than I, and I knew very little. At least I had a book from a correspondence school, and that alone set me apart from many others who had been hired.

One must keep in mind that since so much of the nation's workforce was overseas, it was difficult for companies to find qualified workers. The natural thing for those of us available to work was to use the scarcity of qualified workers to our advantage, and some guys took more advantage than others.

At any rate, I was unhappy with my lot in the machine shop because I knew I was at least as well-qualified as some who had been hired without any credentials at all, and they were getting paid more than I was.

I went to the supervisor and told him I was quitting and I gave him my reasons. I told him I knew I could do a better job than some of the men he had hired. I explained that I wanted to work with the machines, but my job as an Machinist's Assistant prevented me from doing that. I stopped talking and gathered up my tools and headed for the door.

"Wait a minute," he yelled, "if you'll stay a while longer I'll see what I can do." So I stayed and in short order I was working as a full-fledged machinist.

Working with the machines came natural to me. I was able to transfer what I knew about one machine to another machine with no difficulty. Before long I was operating all of the machines in the shop. At the time that the plant opened, with the exception of some large naval shops on the west coast, the machine shop at Geneva Steel was the largest west of the Mississippi River.

World War II ended in 1945. Germany surrendered on May 8th, following the destruction of Berlin; Japan on September 2nd, after the dropping of the atomic bomb on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The bomb destroyed the greater part of both cities and killed over one-third of the people living in them.

When the war ended, the government had to make a decision regarding Geneva Steel. It had served the war effort for just over a year. There was talk that the plant might close, or that U.S. Steel might buy the plant and operate it as a western subsidiary.

With the exception of a few executives and a maintenance crew, Geneva Steel closed its doors for a short period of time and I found myself, along with many others, out of a job.

Wayne (age 7) and Joyce (age 5), about 1945.

Wayne was seven years old and in the second grade. Joyce was nearly five and ready to start school. Wayne would bring his books home from school and Ava would work with both children. As a result, Joyce was reading before she started school.

Our home in American Fork was not in one of the town's premier residential areas. We lived on the outskirts of town, about a city block from an ugly, dangerous gravel pit operation.

Wayne attended Harrington Elementary and walked to school each day, a distance of a mile and a half each way. His daily walks took him past the ugly hole and the noisy tipple that moved gravel up and out of the pit.

Ava and I worried about Wayne's safety. He never minded the gravel pit, but he was horrified of the dog that growled at him from a fenced yard at a house near the pit. No matter how carefully he tried to tiptoe pass the fence, the dog never failed to acknowledge his presence with a menacing growl and a series of nasty barks.

During the time I worked at Geneva, Ava and I became friends with Delbert and Jean Page of Riverton, Utah. When Geneva closed in 1945, Delbert found work at Lundeen and May, a custom machine shop in Salt Lake.

I hired on in at Lundeen and May in November of 1945, only to be laid off in March. Mr. May needed a place in the firm for his son who had been in the army. Since I was the last man hired, I was the first to go. Once again, I was unemployed.

Now that the war was over and those who had served their country were coming home, jobs were becoming fewer and more competitive. It was considered patriotic to hire veterans, but bad news for me.

It took me two months of hard looking to find work after the layoff from Lundeen and May. The unemployment office told me about a temporary job in the machine shop of Pacific Intermountain Express (PIE), a regional trucking firm. The job was to last thirty days, but it was mine if I wanted it. I wanted it and the thirty days turned into six months.

In November of 1946, PIE announced plans to move its machine shop to Denver, Colorado. I was told I could stay with them if I would relocate, but I wasn't interested in moving to Denver, so once again I found I was out of work.

By this time, U.S. Steel had purchased Geneva Steel from the government and was producing steel. There happened to be an opening in the machine shop so I put my name in and got the job.

Up until now I thought of myself as a backward person. I felt this way as a youth, and I hadn't been able to rid myself of the

feeling as I had grown into manhood. I was timid and hesitant about speaking up.

During those days with the Asbestos-Magnesia Company, Geneva Steel, Lundeen and May, and at Pacific Intermountain Express, it was always the same. I felt inadequate and backward and I let those fears govern my behavior much of the time.

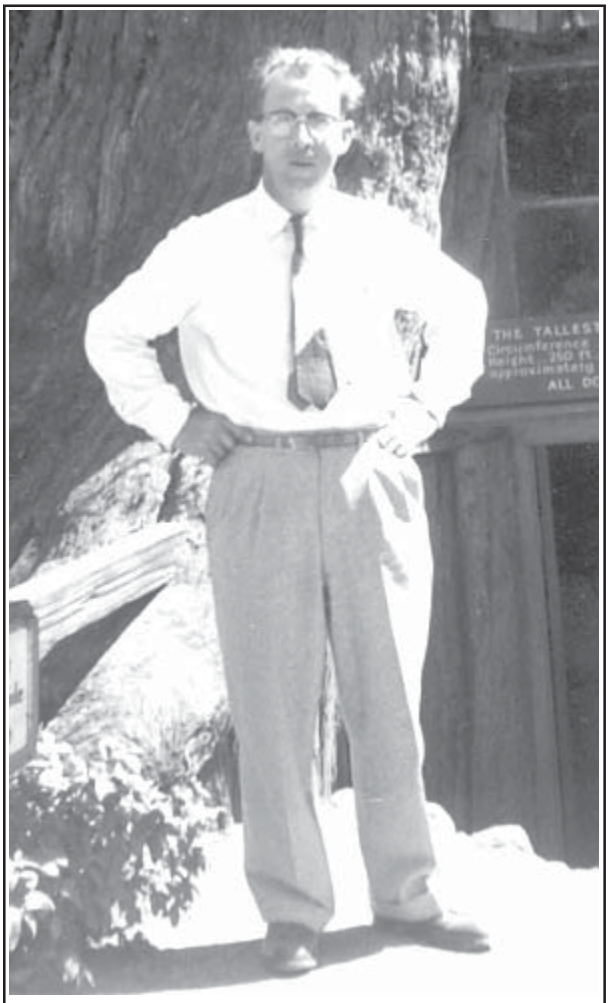
I knew that this lack of spunk, or whatever you might call it, was a flaw in my personality that needed correction. When my second opportunity came to work at Geneva, I said to myself, "Allen, if you're really serious about changing your image, you can't ask for a better time. You've been away from Geneva for a while so a little fine-tuning of your character won't be noticed."

I started to think of myself in more positive ways and before I knew it, I had acquired some of the characteristics I had admired in others.

When I took the job at Geneva I looked for ways to improve the machine shop operation, and I made suggestions to the shop foreman. Before long the foreman was *asking* for my opinion and, each time that happened, I made it a point to give thoughtful answers.

The fact I was sought out for ideas boosted my self-confidence. I found myself better able to express myself and my sense of worth increased dramatically.

There is an important truth here. We can become what we want to become if we believe in ourselves and are willing to work. One day that shy, timid fellow that was me (he is still inside me), was relegated to a position of lesser importance, and I became a different, more confident person.



Allen Winterton standing next to the world's tallest redwood tree, Redwood Forest, California. 1944.

It seemed that as soon as I began thinking about myself in more positive ways, those around me began to think of me in more positive ways as well.

In 1946, we sold the chicken farm in American Fork and purchased two and a half acres in Riverton, Utah. Riverton is roughly halfway between Salt Lake City and the steel plant at Geneva. My thinking was that with a home in Riverton, I would be equally close to Salt Lake or Geneva, allowing me the option to work in either place. I was working in Salt Lake at the time.

The Winterton home in Riverton, Utah - 1947

<---- If you look closely, you can see little Ann in the lower left corner of the big picture window.

We contracted with H. Alfred Hansen, a builder from American Fork, to construct a house for us on the Riverton lot. The cost of the house was $6,000.

After selling our home in American Fork, we moved to Lehi, Utah, to await completion of our Riverton home. Our third child, Ava Ann, was born while we were living in Lehi. She was born December 29, 1946, in the American Fork hospital. Our family doctor, Kenneth Noyes, was the delivering physician.

As soon as our Riverton home was ready we moved in, and we loved the home. But, before long, I was once again working for Geneva Steel. I drove from Riverton to Geneva, about an hour's drive, for two years.

At this time, Ava and I decided the move to Riverton had been a mistake. It was not likely there would ever be work for me in rural Riverton. It looked like I was committed to an hour long commute whether I worked in Salt Lake or the Utah valley.

We put our Riverton home on the market and started looking for another place to live. This time it would be somewhere near the Geneva Steel Plant. Ava and I would put the kids in the car and drive around looking at various locations.

We liked Orem, and in particular, a dirt road just east of the Scera Theater. We started inquiring about the availability of the nearby vacant lots. When we found one we liked, we would seek out the owner and ask if the lot was for sale. The usual answer was that they were saving the lot for their children or they were holding it as an investment.

During our search we found a large lot owned by Mr. Julian Hansen. The lot was on the corner of 7th South and 4th East. We contacted Mr. Hansen who was willing to sell one-half of the 120 by 120 foot lot. Mr. Hansen was not interested in selling the whole lot because he and his wife were going to build a small home for themselves on the lot at a later date.

Joyce, Ann, and Wayne Winterton. Yellowstone Lake in the background. 1947.

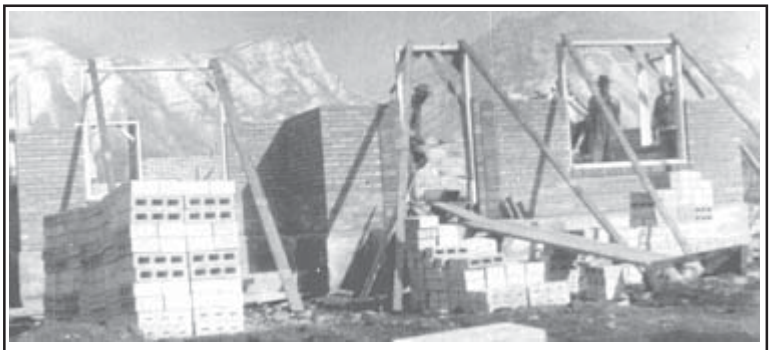
We liked the location and agreed on a price ($1,000). We began construction of our Orem home in 1947.

Instead of contracting out to have the home built as we had done in Riverton, we decided to do the contracting ourselves. Using the Riverton blueprints as a starting point, we modified them as we wanted and then subcontracted some of the work out and did the rest ourselves.

When the basement was about finished we stored most of our furniture in one section and moved the family into the other section. We lived in the basement while we completed the upstairs part of the home.

There was a three month period between the time we sold the Riverton home and when we could move into the basement of the Orem home. During that time we lived at the Wagon Wheel Motel in Pleasant Grove, Utah.

While living in Pleasant Grove, Wayne and Joyce came down with measles and the landlady tried unsuccessfully to have us evicted. She was afraid she would lose customers because of the kids and their illness. We lived in the motel until the basement of our new home was ready for occupancy.



Construction began on our home in Orem in 1947
Three workmen are visible. One of them was probably Allen.

We lived in the basement until the upstairs was completed.

The Orem home in 1949. Allen and Ava in doorway. Joyce, Ann, and Wayne on steps. There were no sidewalks at that time and it would be a few years before the street would be paved.

In November of 1948 we moved out of the basement and into the upstairs. We have lived there ever since. After we moved upstairs we converted the basement into an apartment, which we rented until the spring of 1954.

9

The Orem Years

Ava and Allen and children, Joyce, Ann, and Wayne - 1948.

In 1948, during a visit from Ava's brother Johnny and his family, we set up some camping stools and posed for a family picture. Johnny, with his ever present camera, told us to smile before snapping the picture. We had been in our Orem home for about a year.

In 1952, I came home from work to find the vacant lot next to our home undergoing some drastic changes. A work crew with a bulldozer was excavating for a basement. I knew one of the guys so I asked him what was going on. He said that Julian Hansen was building a two-story, four-unit apartment house on the lot. I couldn't believe that anyone would try to put a two-story, four-unit anything on that small lot.

The north side of the apartment house would be a mere four feet from my driveway. As I looked at the work in progress the future became clear. As Julian's apartments would be going up, the value of Allen Winterton's property would be going down.

I learned that the city planning commission had given Julian a variance to the zoning code. After meeting with the commission I retained an attorney in preparation for going to court. Fortunately, Julian ceased construction before legal action became necessary.

Julian's plan to build a tacky apartment house next to my home didn't endear me to Julian. Likewise, positioning myself to take him to court didn't endear me to him. On one occasion, he told me that as long as I lived there, he would never fill in the hole he had dug.

Wayne, Joyce, Allen, Ann with doll, and Ava.
Christmas 1950.

Ann standing in a bed of iris blossoms, 1949.

The kids didn't mind the hole. They used its sloping sides for sleigh riding in the winter, and the high mounds of dirt made super launching pads for Fourth of July fireworks.

Even though the hole was ugly, it was preferable to an out-of-place multi-unit apartment house in our neighborhood. Only the gravel pit next to our home in American Fork was uglier than the hole left by Julian's aborted excavation. We called it Julian's hole.

Several years later I was talking about Julian's hole to my friend, Alma Nicol. He asked me why I didn't just buy the lot. I told him I would have bought it years ago, but because of the strained relationship between Julian and myself, I was sure he would never sell it to me. Alma nodded in agreement.

As Alma and I talked we hit on a plan. Alma would tell Julian he wanted to buy the lot so he could build an apartment house on it.

Julian agreed to sell the lot to Alma for $2,000. Alma paid Julian and I paid Alma. We had the deed transferred to my name.

The next day I hired a man to fill in the hole. I was at work when he arrived. As soon as his bulldozer started pushing dirt, the neighbors rushed to warn Ava that we were in for problems again. Ava laughed and told them we had bought the lot.

The lot has been a welcome addition. It has provided us with a garden, a few fruit trees, and a sweeping circular driveway. In all, the lot, curb, gutter, and street lights came to about $3,500. A small price for taking the worry out of what might happen to the lot in the future and for improving the appearance of the neighborhood.

Free-spirited Ann loved to go camping, but for her protection, she was usually tethered to a Pi-Ann (pine) tree. On this occasion, after being tied to the family tent, she asked, "But where is my Pi-Ann tree?" 1949.

Ava holding Alene on the day they returned home from the hospital. Alene was born May 24, 1953.

Years later Julian and I found ourselves at the same place at the same time. We looked at each other, sat down, and mended our fences. Something we had both wanted to do. We shook hands and parted with good words.

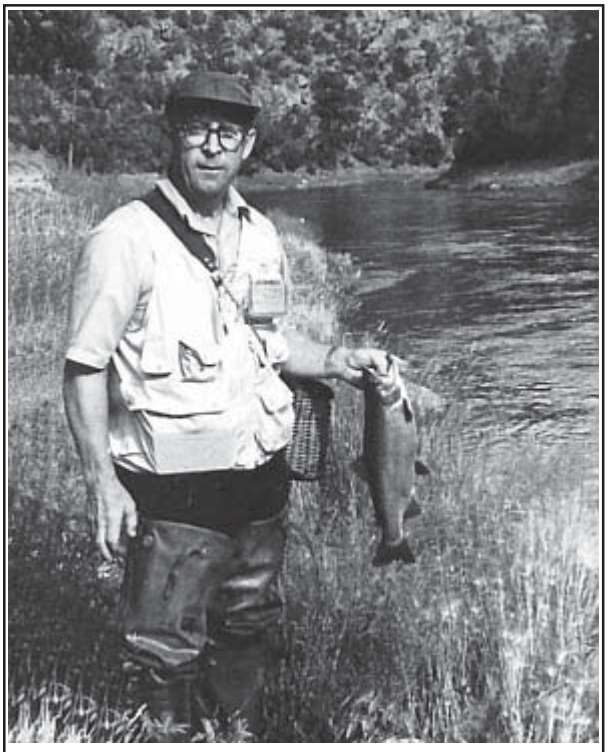
One of the happiest events to happen to us in Orem was the birth of our fourth child. Alene was born May 24, 1953.

When Alene was born, Wayne was fifteen, Joyce was thirteen, and Ann was seven years old. Like our other children, Alene was born in the American Fork, Utah, hospital where she was ushered into the world by our family physician, Dr. Kenneth Noyes.

For as long as I can remember, I have enjoyed hunting and fishing in the mountains and streams of the Wasatch high country. In the beginning, hunting and fishing helped to feed the family. As years have passed, I have come to enjoy those activities more for being one with nature than for putting food on the table.

I am particularly fond of McGuire's Canyon, a small canyon within Daniel's Canyon east of Heber, Utah. It is my favorite place to hunt. It is beautifully forested, steep in places, with broad, expansive mountain sides. A small stream flows down the canyon providing water for deer and other critters.

My favorite fishing stream is the Provo River that runs from Heber through Provo Canyon and into Utah Lake. Highway 89 runs the length of the river through Provo Canyon, providing easy access for fishing at numerous stops. For lake fishing, I've drowned hundreds of worms at Strawberry Reservoir.



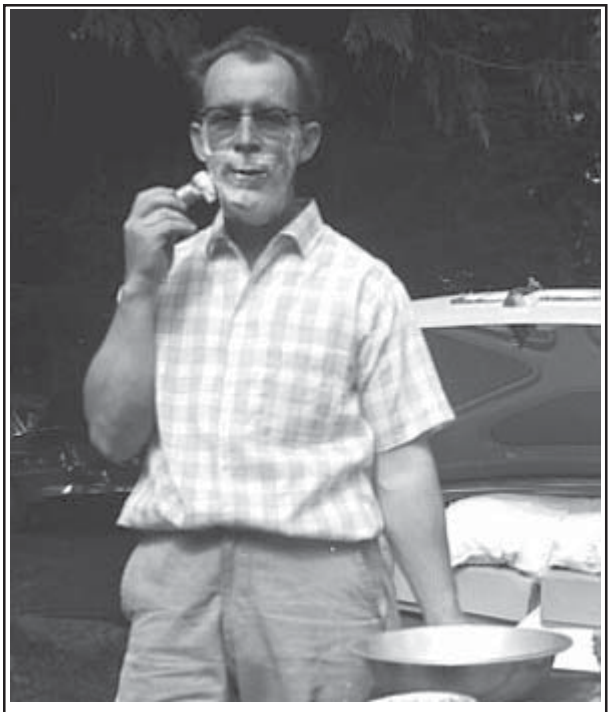
Allen with Rainbow Trout caught on the Provo River, 1954

A hunter always remembers his first deer. I also remember Wayne's first deer. I was more excited than he was. His first deer is memorable because of the distance of his shot to bring the buck down. Wayne was sixteen years old. The year was 1954. The place, McGuire's Canyon of course.

Wayne and I hiked up the canyon until we found a good place for him to watch for deer. I continued up the canyon until I reached my hunting spot.

As Wayne tells it, about an hour after making himself comfortable, stretched out with his back at the foot of an Aspen tree, he heard shots on the other side of the mountain. He marked the place in his paperback with a leaf, then moved his gaze to the top of the mountain in the direction of the shooting.

A two-point buck crested the top about fifty yards away. The shots from the hunters on the other side of the hill ceased. Wayne



Allen, even clean-shaven in the mountains, 1953.

Allen and Ava Winterton, 1955.

didn't move, but watched the buck gingerly pick its way down the trail.

The wind was right because the buck just kept walking downhill, straight to where Wayne was sitting, still propped against the Aspen tree. Wayne placed the sights on the buck's head and followed it down the hill.

At ten yards, the deer froze and lifted its head to sniff. Wayne sighted on the buck's neck, squeezed the trigger, and the animal dropped with a thud, rolling to a stop about two yards short of his feet. What a shot! What patience! What accuracy! What luck!

My friend Ray Stewart and I enjoyed hunting together. We once took his truck and camper and started off on what became a


My mother, Susa Mabel Giles Winterton Turner, 1953

thousand-mile hunting trip. It was our most enjoyable hunt and we never saw a deer. We started at Orem, drove to Roosevelt, Utah, then to the Book Cliffs, and on to Fish Lake before finally heading home.

At about three hundred miles, we decided if we shot a deer we would have to clean it, haul it back to the truck, and head home. Such foolishness might spoil the day. So we just drove around admiring the scenery, checking for deer from the highway.

The most frustrating and dangerous hunt happened when I went with my sister's son, Larry Thomas, and his friend, Richard Pearson. We were high in McGuire's when some deer appeared across the canyon.

I shot and knocked down a nice buck. When I walked across the canyon to claim my prize, two other hunters were already there cleaning it out. They said they had shot it. Rather than argue, I walked back to where Larry and Dick were sitting.

Before long we spotted another buck. I took aim and down it went. As before, I left Larry and Dick and made the hike across the canyon. When I got to the deer, the story was the same, but with new scoundrels. Once again I returned empty handed.

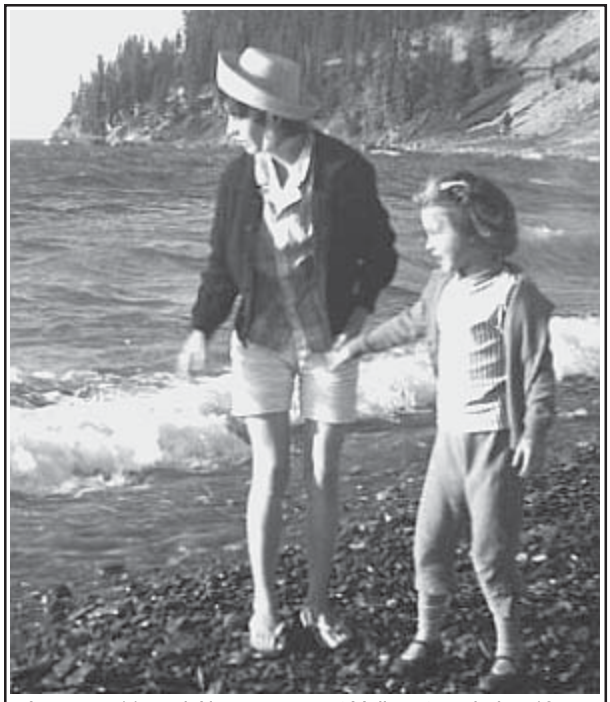
As we were discussing the situation, we spotted a buck off in the far distance. It was a very long, difficult shot. I settled in, took careful aim, fired, and the buck fell, rolling part way down the mountain.

For the third time I left Larry and Dick and started across the canyon. When I got to my deer, three hunters were already standing around, talking about cleaning it out.

I was angry. I had walked across the canyon twice before, returning empty-handed both times. I wasn't of a mind to return empty-handed for a third time. I told the three hunters I had shot it and it was my deer! They said they had shot it and it was their deer!

Without another word I walked through the brush, past the three hunters, grabbed the deer by its antlers, and started dragging it


Ava bathing Alene in a cooking kettle at a campground, 1954.



Ann, age 11, and Alene, age 4, at Yellowstone Lake, 1957.

down the mountain. There were three of them and one of me. They knew it wasn't their deer but they could have challenged me.

I've thought about that hunt often. I'm lucky I wasn't shot. I lost my cool, a poor thing to do when others are armed and feelings among hunters can run high. Although that deer was mine, it wouldn't have been worth the price it may have cost.

My brother Vernon likes to hunt and we hunted whenever we could. One time he was to meet Ava, Wayne, and myself in the mountains east of Heber. I was to bring the tent and two sleeping bags and he was to bring two sleeping bags and additional bedding.

When we got to the camping spot, Wayne and I set up the tent and waited for Vernon. He arrived as planned. We sat around an open fire and visited until bedtime. That was when Vernon realized he had forgotten the extra bags and bedding.

We told him we would share what we had, but he decided to return to Salt Lake. Ava, Wayne, and I zipped two sleeping bags together. The three of us slept in two sleeping bags and awakened to a light dusting of snow.

Vernon Winterton, 1956.

One last hunting story. One fall, Ava and I went to the Uintah Mountains to hunt. We set up camp at a place where there were a lot of other hunters. That evening Ava got out her cooking utensils and started making crepes-suzettes. Can you believe it? Crepes-suzettes in the middle of an October deer hunt in the high Uintahs. Only Ava would think of that.

As soon as she had some started, she went around to the camps, inviting the bundled-up hunters to come for crepes. The hunters had fun eating freshly cooked crepes in the rugged mountains on a hunting trip. By evening's end, everyone knew who Ava was. She was the hit of that year's deer hunt.

We tried to take one good vacation each year, and it was usually to Yellowstone Park. In 1955, however, we decided to travel into Canada. It was the last big vacation we took as a family while all of the kids were at home.

We went from Glacier National Park to Waterton Lake National Park, then up to Magrath, Alberta, where we visited with my dad's sister, Malissa Thompson and her family. From Magrath we drove north to Calgary, then west to Banff National Park and north to beautiful Lake Louise. It was one of our finest vacations.

Allen, Joyce, and Wayne aboard a rented boat on Yellowstone Lake, 1954.

We still preferred stopping on the side of the road, setting up camp, and sleeping under the stars to pulling into a musty motel for the night. I don't think we stayed at a motel during any of our family vacations, ever.

Wayne and I were good at setting up the old army tent. We would time ourselves, trying to best some previous, obscure record for tent-setting. The tent, designed to sleep four soldiers and their military gear, was perfect for our six-person family.

Our best tent setup was in Montana. After stopping to set up camp, we were hit by an unrelenting swarm of ferocious mosquitos. They were not dainty little fellows looking for a snack; they were big, black, beady-eyed monster mosquitos looking for a full-course blood feast. Ava and the girls stayed in the car until Wayne and I could get the tent up.

As soon as the tent was up, we all rushed inside and the entry was secured. We went to sleep with nothing to eat and no one complaining. In the morning the mosquitos were gone.

Ava and Joyce fixed breakfast on our two-burner Coleman stove while Wayne and I packed the tent for the next stop. Ann and Alene usually spent their time gathering pine cones or picking wild flowers.

In 1956, I decided to build a boat from a prefabricated kit. The $300 kit contained everything needed to build a 16-foot boat. It was made of plywood with a fiberglass skin.

My fishing up to this time had been mostly stream fishing, but after finishing the boat, I started spending more and more time at Strawberry Reservoir. My friend, Ray Stewart, was my regular fishing companion.

We started with a small five-horsepower motor, but it wasn't long before we decided we needed more power. We went in together and bought a sixty-five horsepower Mercury. The added speed made it easier to get to where we were going and helped us get off the lake faster during stormy weather.

Each year the cities of Green River and Moab, Utah, sponsor an event called the Friendship Cruise. Boaters enter the Green River (at the town of Green River) and travel downstream to where the Green and the Colorado rivers come together. From there, boaters travel the Colorado River to Moab, Utah, a distance of two-hundred miles.


Ava looks on as I work on the construction of our 16-foot boat, 1956.

Allen, Ann, Alene, and Ava, 1960.

One spring, Ray and Ava Stewart and Ava and I decided to make the cruise, but with a twist. Instead of starting at the Green River with the other boaters, we entered the Colorado River at Moab. We traveled to where the Colorado joins with the Green River, then we traveled up the Green River to a place called Anderson Bottoms.

Then we turned around and traveled back up the Colorado. We slept one night on the bank of the Colorado. We found a place where some pioneers had built a fire pit. We also found some old pottery shards.

It was an enjoyable trip. There was one set of rapids that were a thrill to run. We also saw deer swimming across the river. The scenery was spectacular, absolutely gorgeous.

We've taken many trips with the Stewarts. A particularly memorable trip was to Rainbow Bridge National Monument. The only way to get there is by boat on Lake Powell.

We drove to a place called Hite, located on the Colorado River, and launched our boat. By late afternoon we were on our way to Rainbow Bridge. We decided to go as far as we could while it was light. We made camp just as the sun was setting. It was beautiful. We had traveled about twenty miles.

Ava Stewart and I started gathering sticks for a fire. Suddenly, Ava let out a squeal. One of her sticks was alive. She was holding the tail of a lizard, a turn-of-events not appreciated by the small reptile. I asked Ava Stewart to say nothing to my Ava. She didn't say a word. I was afraid my Ava wouldn't be able to sleep knowing that the place was inhabited by lizards and it was too dark to search for another camping spot.

We put our sleeping bags on the ground, crawled in, and looked at the night sky. It was crystal clear without so much as a breeze. The reflection of the magnificent colored cliffs in the motionless water didn't look real. It was one of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen.

On the way to Rainbow Bridge, we boated into some of the side canyons. The water in the lake seemed to change according to the time of day. We spent three days and nights on Lake Powell.

We made another trip to Lake Powell a couple of years later. This time we took our daughter, Alene, with us. We started at Wahweap, just north of Page, Arizona, and traveled northeast to Rainbow Bridge.

At home in 1958 with the magnificant Wasatch Mountains in the background. Allen is standing between the family's 1957 Ford and Wayne's pin-striped 1950 Nash Rambler.

Ray Stewart and Allen Winterton, 1959.

A few miles from where we started, the lake opens up so much it's difficult to know where the main channel runs. It was getting towards evening and the wind was getting a little strong so we decided to pull into one of the bays and make camp.

We found a flat rocky area that looked good, so we pulled in and made our beds on the rock. We got up early and boated the rest of the way to Rainbow Bridge. We saw the bridge, stayed another night on the shore, and returned to Wahweap the next day.

In 1956, Wayne entered Brigham Young University (BYU). This was the beginning of a long family association with BYU. Two years later, in 1958, Joyce enrolled at BYU.

Alene riding a carousel, 1958.

Wayne had lived at home, but he had the advantage of having his own transportation. When Joyce entered college we thought it would be a good idea for her to live in a dormitory on the university campus.

At BYU, Joyce met Lynn Stewart, an agriculture major who had been a *Parade Magazine* All-American football player in high school. He was now a fullback on BYU's football team.

It wasn't long before Lynn came to me and said that he and Joyce wanted to get married. He was too big for me to say "no" to, so I said "yes," with a promise from him that he would continue his college studies. They were married January 29, 1960.

Joyce and Lynn are the parents of five children, Susan Joy, Gregory Lynn, Shari Jo, Steven J., and Allen Glen.

In 1958, after starting his third year of college, most of Wayne's friends had either left to serve church missions, or were about to go. One day he said, "Dad, what do you think about me going on a mission?" I said it was up to him, but if he wanted to go, I would support him.

Lynn and Joyce Stewart's wedding reception, 1960. Allen and Ava Winterton, Oral and Muriel Stewart, Dennis Stewart, Lynn and Joyce, and attendants Myrna Jarman, Joyce Cordner, Joan Stewart, and Ann Winterton.

Ava, Allen, Ann, and Alene, 1960.

Wayne's friends had written that the work was "difficult but rewarding." He hoped to go someplace like New Zealand or Samoa, where "difficult but rewarding" could be experienced in a climate of relative comfort. Instead, he was sent to Montana, Wyoming and South Dakota.

When you have a family member serving a mission, it's a special time for the family. We looked forward to his letters, packages, and tape-recorded messages. Predictably, winters were cold in Montana, Wyoming, and South Dakota. I remember one letter telling us that the carton of milk he had placed under his bed had frozen during the night and had to be thawed on their wood-burning stove before it could be poured.

One of his assignments was to the rural Montana town of White Sulphur Springs. He was there when the Montana Earthquake of 1959 tipped Hebgen Lake on its side. The quake had shaken their trailer house, slamming chairs against the walls, tipping things over, and literally throwing he and his missionary companion out of bed.

At the end of his two year mission we met him at the bus station. We were surprised at how thin he had become, a condition quickly remedied by his mother. Wayne resumed his education at BYU, graduating with a bachelor's degree in 1963.


Wayne and Barbara Winterton, 1963.

While Wayne was on his mission he met a convert to the church named Barbara Bush from Sheridan, Wyoming. They dated for two years before getting married on May 29, 1963. They are the parents of two daughters, Tami Lyn and Sheri Ann. Wayne and Barbara were divorced in April of 1970.


Wayne and Caroline Winterton, 1970.

Wayne started a master's degree program at Arizona State University during the summer of 1970. While there he met Caroline Finley. They were married December 19, 1970. They are the parents of Jana Lee and William Wayne. But, like his first marriage, the second marriage ended in divorce in 1996.

Ann entered BYU after graduating from high school in 1965. Ava talked Ann into transferring into the same religion class as she was taking. In that class was a tall, good-looking communications major by the name of Richard Dale Seely. Richard caught up with Ann after class, asked if he could walk her to her next class, and the rest is history.

Ann and Richard were married September 1, 1967. They are the parents of three boys,

Allen, Ann & Richard Seely, and Ava, 1967.

Michael Scott, David John, and Steven William.

Alene entered BYU after graduating from high school in 1971. Like her sisters before, she met a special guy. His name was Donald Brent Neilson. They met when they were a part of the same family home evening group.

Alene and Brent were married September 8, 1973. They are the parents of three girls, Kristina Lee, Karen Lynn, and Leslie Ann.

You might think there would be nothing more to say about our family and Brigham Young University. Not so. After Wayne and Joyce were married, leaving only Ann and Alene at home, Ava decided it was time to expand her knowledge by taking a few college classes.

Alene and Brent Neilson, 1973.

Ava and Ann registered to attend BYU together in 1965. Ava signed up for courses she was interested in, not imagining that one day she would graduate from college. At first, she took just a few classes so her studies wouldn't interfere with her home life. She enjoyed the coursework and often studied late into the evening. She especially liked being around the young people, studying with them, and being a sounding board for their concerns.

Ava with a couple of college drop-outs,
Alene (left) and Ann (right), 1976.

Ann didn't continue her education after marrying Richard in 1967, but Ava kept right on going. When Alene started college in 1971, Ava had moved into upper division classes. When Alene married in 1973, Ava stayed on track. By now, she was well on her way to a college degree.

In 1976, eleven years after she had taken her first class with Ann, Ava graduated with a bachelor of science degree. Wayne had been continuing his education as well, receiving a

Ph.D. from the University of New Mexico the same year. Ava and I drove to Albuquerque to watch Wayne receive his doctorate, then Wayne and his family drove to Orem to watch Ava graduate.

Ava majored in foods and nutrition and, after her graduation, was invited to teach at BYU. It's unusual for someone with a bachelor's degree to go directly into college teaching, but then, Ava is an unusual lady with a natural gift for teaching.

Allen was the proudest person in attendance at Ava's graduation from BYU in 1976.

She had already become well-known throughout Utah Valley, doing demonstrations at high schools and ladies clubs. She had even appeared on a cooking show on Salt Lake's educational television channel. She was excited to become a part of the BYU teaching staff. She taught for two years before we left for a church mission to Canada in 1978.

In 1960, a group from the machine shop at Geneva decided to build some scooter-like mountain bikes called *tote-gotes*. Tote-gotes, popular with hunters and others who liked to

Graduation Day - 1976
Front row: Shari Stewart with hands folded, Michael Seely, Jana Winterton, and Steven Stewart.
Back row: Susan Stewart, Joyce Stewart, Lynn Stewart holding son Allen, Allen and Ava, Ann Seely, Caroline Winterton, and Greg Stewart.

ride mountain trails, were available from sporting goods stores. But to buy one of them from a store meant giving up the fun of designing and building your own.

One of the machinists, Earl Fox, had connections where he could get discounts on motors and other necessary components such as seats, wheels, and the tubular steel used for making the frames. He had a small machine shop at his home with all of the tools we needed. The group of us worked together to build the mechanized mountain climbers.

Allen on one of his tote-gotes, a nice two or three point buck is strapped to the back, 1961.

Allen and Ray Stewart showing off their equipment following a bow hunting trip, 1962.

The commercially available tote-gotes had one speed. We designed ours for two. This gave us a low speed for steep and rough trails, and a faster speed for level and smooth trails. I made two of the motorized trail bikes.

Having two tote-gotes allowed Ray and myself to each have a bike to ride. A deer could be attached to the back of the tote-gote and dragged down a trail with relative ease, making us the envy of many a hunter.

By 1972, Wayne, Joyce, and Ann were married. Alene was still at home. We decided it was time for another trip. We packed the pickup and camper and decided to follow the Mormon Trail from Salt Lake to Nauvoo, Illinois, then continue east to Vermont. We had a guide book written by our friend, Alma P. Burton, that we used for information and directions.

Allen and Alene at the Independence Bell in Philadelphia.

Allen and Ava with Jack and Nell Pearce, somewhere in the state of New York, 1981.

In 1981 we took a trip to New York with Ava's sister and her husband, Nell and Jack Pearce, where we attended the Hill Cumorah Pageant in Palmyra, New York.

Ava and Allen with Norma and Johnny Atwood, 1994.

In 1994 we traveled to New York with Ava's brother and his wife, Johnny and Norma Atwood, and visited many historic sites.

In 1997, Ava and I along with daughters Joyce and Ann spent a week in Hawaii.

Ann, Allen, Ava, and Joyce in Hawaii.

Allen loading shells in preparation for deer hunting, 1965.

Here is a brief recap of my career at Geneva. I hired on in 1946 as a Machinist's Helper and later made Machinist. In 1951, I became a spell-foreman (non-salaried supervisor) in the machine shop. Two years later I was promoted to regular foreman (salaried supervisor) where I stayed until 1959. In 1959, the foreman of the blacksmith shop retired and those duties were added to my job.

From the time I started at Geneva until 1959 I had always worked shift work. With the addition of the blacksmith shop to my duties, my schedule was changed to straight days (Mondays through Fridays) with weekends off. It didn't take me long to adjust to that schedule.

Shortly after taking over the blacksmith shop, Frank Dimmick, foreman of the tool shop passed away and I was asked to take on the job of supervising the tool shop as well.

Later, in addition to supervising several shops, I became the purchasing agent for all of the perishable tools and equipment used in the Central Maintenance Division at Geneva. I now had a private office, a secretary, and my own parking space. I guess, after 31 years, I had arrived. I enjoyed my years at Geneva, retiring in April of 1977.

Retractable Platform Reduces Hazard on Boring Mill Machine

A. M. Winterton, turn foreman — machine shop.

When the headstock of the large Ingersoll boring mill machine in the Central Maintenance building is backed away from the work table, a gap varying from one to three feet across is left. This gap places the operator in danger of slipping or falling into the pit.

Recognizing the potential danger, A. M. Winterton, turn foreman — machine shop, proposed the installation of a sliding platform which can be moved in or out to fill any size gap. The platform is moved by means of a rack and pinion operated by a hand wheel.

Simply by turning the wheel and placing the platform at any desired span, the operator may now move safely from the work table to the headstock platform.

From an article in a Geneva Steel Newsletter, 1968.

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The Golden Years

In January of 1977, I turned sixty-two. I had worked at Geneva for over thirty-one of those years, one-half of my lifetime. Ava and I were approaching forty years of togetherness. Our children were all on their own and doing fine.

Allen showing grandchildren Sheri, Jana, and Tami Winterton something in a mound of dirt. Albuquerque 1977.

There were a lot of things that Ava and I had thought about doing, but had never been in a position to pursue. These included travel to new places, serving a church mission, and other home and family projects.

I had said many times that people are foolish to work themselves into an early grave, and now it was time to see if I could follow my own advice. Ava and I sat down one evening and added up my retirement benefits to make sure we wouldn't starve. We decided that my benefits, although not plush by any stretch, would allow us to live comfortably and to have enough left to do some of the things we wanted to do.

A few nights later we listed the pros and cons of retirement. When we finished the list we were hard pressed to come up a single compelling reason why we shouldn't do it.

High on the list of pros was the fact that Ava and I were both in excellent health, and just as important, we were of the right frame-of-mind to enjoy a retired life-style.

We didn't look at retirement as the end of productivity, we looked at it as the beginning of a new independence. An independence that we believed we deserved, and one that would make our lives together even more fulfilling. U.S. Steel and its Geneva plant would have to figure out a way to get along without me.

Retiring from Geneva meant just that. Retiring from Geneva. I never intended to retire from life. Living and doing are one and the same. From when I retired at the age of sixty-two until I was in my late eighties, I was busier than I was before I retired.

Now that I'm approaching my 90s, I may have slowed down a bit, but I still believe that staying busy is the best way to stay physically and mentally healthy. So I stay busy, but these days my busy is more puttering than lifting; more thinking than digging.

During the summer following retirement (1977), Ava and I signed up for a tour into Mexico. It was sponsored by Brigham Young University. Our friends, Ava and Ray Stewart, took the tour as well. It consisted of a caravan of recreational vehicles and trucks and campers. We stayed in touch with each other with citizen-band radios. What fun!

Ava Stewart, Allen Winterton, Viola Roylance, and Ava Winterton relax at an overlook at Boulder Dam on their return from Mexico City, 1977.

When the tour reached Mexico City, the guided portion of the adventure was over. This was good because it left return options open. We returned with the Stewarts, going places and seeing things that weren't a part of the tour.

One of the things Ava and I had talked about doing, was serving a church mission. I hadn't been able to go on a mission as a young man because the death of my dad required my services at home.

Shortly after returning from our trip to Mexico, Bishop Howard Lewis asked if we would like to think about going on a mission. We told him no, that we didn't need to think about it, we had already done that, and we were ready to go.

Bishop Lewis and the Stake President interviewed us, asking if we wanted to go to a particular place. We said we would go where needed. The paperwork was submitted and we waited. We didn't hear anything for the longest time. We were anxious to get started.

We took a trip to Joyce and Lynn's place in Rexburg, Idaho, so we asked Ava and Ray to check our mail each day. After a few days we called the Stewarts to see if the envelope arrived. They asked, "Do you want to know where you're going?"

Since Ava and Ray were like family, it didn't surprise us that they had already opened the envelope. "You've been called to the Canada-Winnipeg Mission to serve as welfare services missionaries. We were instructed to enter the mission home in Salt Lake City on July 6, 1978.

We did have a concern about leaving home. It had to do with our daughter, Ann. The previous year she had been stricken with Hodgkin's Disease and we nearly lost her. Through good doctors and the prayers of those who loved her, she made a miraculous recovery although she never fully regained the strength she once enjoyed.

Before continuing with the story of our adventures as missionaries, I want to share the story of Ann and her fight for life, first with Hodgkin's Disease, then with spinal meningitis.

Ann was still recovering from treatments in her battle against Hodgkin's Disease, a form of cancer that mostly affects young people. It attacks the lymph glands, spleen, and liver.

Ann had made good progress against the disease and, although it had robbed her of much of her strength, the doctors were confident she was through the worst and on

the way to full recovery. Then, suddenly, she became desperately ill and was admitted to Cottonwood Hospital.

At Cottonwood, she was diagnosed with spinal meningitis. Her condition worsened rapidly. She was rushed to St. Mark's Hospital where it was hoped the disease and her rapidly deteriorating condition could be brought into check.

Ava and I drove to St. Mark's to be with her. Ann's husband, Richard, was at the hospital. Ann was in critical condition and had been placed in an intensive care unit. Wayne and his family drove up from New Mexico.

The nurses were taking blood samples at five minute intervals and the samples were blue from the lack of oxygen in the blood and her respiration was very poor.

She was placed on a life-support system with a host of monitoring devices attached to her body. There were wires, tubes, all sizes and shapes of instruments, and doctors and nurses everywhere. Ann was in and out of consciousness. I looked at her all wired to the system and thought to myself, "this is not an encouraging sight."

I placed a call to her bishop, an aircraft controller by profession, reaching him at the control tower at the Salt Lake airport. He arrived at the hospital in a matter of minutes, and he, Richard, and myself went into the life-support room. The bishop administered to Ann, giving her a blessing unlike any I have ever heard.

It was given with strength and confidence, and he, through the power of the priesthood, commanded that the disease leave Ann's body

Richard and Ann Seely

and that she become well. It was the most direct prayer I had ever heard. As soon as he had finished administering to Ann, he left to return to the airport and his job.

The nurses were waiting for us to finish so they could take another blood sample, which they did as soon as we left the room. The blood sample they took at that time was the very first to show any traces of oxygen. It was the first sign of any kind of improvement since she had arrived at St. Mark's. From that point on, each successive five-minute blood sample showed improvement, and the improvement continued throughout the day and into the evening and next day.

The next day the bishop stopped at the hospital to see how Ann was doing. I visited with him, and he told me that after blessing Ann he had thought about nothing except the words he had spoken, agonizing over them as he was driving back to work.

Then, he said, as he approached the airport, a peaceful feeling came over him and he ceased his worrying. At that moment he knew that everything was going to be fine.

I had heard and read of recoveries such as the one Ann experienced, but I had never been witness to one before. Ann's improvement was almost as rapid as her deteriorating condition had been. The doctors didn't have an answer for the rapid change, from near death from a lack of oxygen in the blood, to what could only be explained as a miraculous turn of events.

I knew that what I had seen was a dramatic demonstration of the power of the Lord. As long as I live I will believe that Ann is with us today because of the power of the priesthood. There is no doubt in my mind that the Lord blessed her, and all of us that day.

Following Ann's hospitalization, it was not unusual for Ava to spend a day or two each week helping Ann with housework, errands, and other chores.

Accepting a church mission meant we would not be near if she needed help. We talked to Bishop Lewis. He said the Lord would bless Ann and that she would be fine. With faith in his words we accepted the call.

The bishop was right. Ann was fine, so fine in fact, that while we were away she gave birth to a baby boy with no complications.

The mission to which we were sent took us to an Indian reserve, the Canadian counterpart to American Indian reservations. Our reason for being there was to help the people of that area improve themselves by teaching them skills and better work habits. It was the perfect assignment for us.

Ava and Allen Winterton, Mission Picture, 1978.

We left Salt Lake for Winnipeg on July 13, 1978, traveling with another couple who were going to the same mission, Glade and Edna Taylor. After five days of travel, including a stop in Rexburg to visit Joyce and Lynn, we arrived in Winnipeg.

In Winnipeg we met the mission president and his wife, President and Sister Lund. There was a small group of us there. We had dinner followed by a testimony meeting. I was impressed with President Lund and felt he was a good mission president.

The following day, July 19th (Ava's birthday), we left for Kamsack, where we would remain for the duration of our mission. We replaced Elder and Sister Sharratt, who had completed their service.

We moved into an unfurnished apartment above a plumbing store. When we opened the door we were surprised to find no furnishings at all. We laid air mattresses and sleeping bags on the floor and went to bed.

Welcome to Kamsack.

The next day we drove around the reserve and met some of the people. We saw where Elder and Sister Sharratt had been holding services and we got a general idea of where we would be working.

We were to work with the Key, Cote, and Keesekoose bands of Indians, each with an elected chief. The three bands were located within a radius of about thirty-five miles from Kamsack. We could see that this was going to present travel and scheduling problems for holding Sunday services.

Mission President Howard Lund and his wife, Betty.

We lived in the apartment above this plumbing store.

We discovered we had other problems as well. Elder and Sister Sharratt made the mistake of loaning money to some of the local people. They had over $2,000 in outstanding loans when they left. Since we were replacing the Sharratts, we knew there would be similar expectations.

I know when money is loaned under these circumstances, the people owing the money will begin to avoid the lender. Thus, you've not only lost the money, but you've lost the ability to communicate with the person, and probably the person's friendship as well.

Sister Sharratt told Ava that money problems had just about ruined their mission experience. Another problem we inherited was that the Sharratt's had become a taxi service for almost everyone.

Before leaving the mission home we had been counseled about the dangers of loaning money. It was also suggested we avoid doing those things that the people could do for themselves.

The Sharratt's had driven their truck over 70,000 miles during the year and a half they were in Kamsack. We didn't feel we could do that because of the expense involved, and even if we could, it would be counterproductive.

We knew that some of the Indian people would expect us to do the same things that the Sharratts had done. We knew we would have to be firm about what we could do and sensitive to the people's needs at the same time. This balancing act between expectations of the local Indians and our need to help them would present some challenges.

The first thing we did was furnish the apartment. We bought a hideaway bed, a kitchen table, and some chairs. We were still without a refrigerator. I picked up some lumber and built a small desk in the back room for a work area.

One of the first families we met were the Keshanes. Bill and Lucy had thirteen children. Bill had a serious drinking problem. Ava spent time with Lucy, showing her how to be a more efficient homemaker and, among other things, how to crochet.

During our stay at Kamsack we saw the same problems over and over again. Drug abuse was rampant among the young people; alcohol problems were evident with all ages.

Kamsack, Saskatchewan, Canada


Allen and Ava dressed in their winter weather finest.

During our second Sunday in Kamsack we left early to conduct our first Sunday service on the Key Reserve. No one came. We then drove to Keesekoose for our second scheduled service. Fourteen people attended the service.

At this meeting, President LaFontaine, a counselor in the district presidency at Regina, set me apart as the Keesekoose Branch President. Raymond Shingoose, a local Indian fellow, was set apart as the Elders Quorum President. Then we drove to the Cote Reserve where we had twenty-two in attendance. This was our third meeting of the day.

At the end of this very long day, we sat down with President LaFontaine and talked about the situation and what might be done. I suggested that maybe we were trying to do too much without giving the people an opportunity to do for themselves. For example, the Sharratt's had picked people up, taken them to church, and driven them home.

We noticed that people didn't have any trouble getting to hockey or bingo games. It was obvious that transportation was more a matter of priorities than availability.

With President LaFontaine we came up with some ideas for a fresh start. We needed to visit with our families about transportation, and we needed to focus on conducting one meeting each Sunday at a central location. Trying to hold three meetings each Sunday at distant locations would spread us too thin.

I met with Raymond Shingoose, the new Elder's Quorum president, and the two of us talked about placing more responsibility on the shoulders of the people. He said if it had been implemented years ago we wouldn't be having this conversation, so he and I started visiting the families to tell them about the plan.

One of the real fine families we worked with was the family of Alex and Erma Cote. Alex is a cousin to the chief of the Cote band. He is a natural leader, well-respected, and he uses his skills trying to reduce the reserve's alcoholic problems.

Alex had been an alcoholic at one time, but he had not taken a drink for over ten years when we met him. He had a beautiful farm, a lovely home, and a boy and girl at home.

On one of our visits with the Cote family, Alex said he would like me baptize his son, Darwin. I told Alex I was pleased he felt that


Erma Cote and Ava Winterton, 1978.

Ava photographing the Cote Reserve Tribal Office.

way, but I wasn't sure it was a good idea. He was taken back by my comment and asked what I meant.

I said that if Darwin were baptized, he would be the only Mormon in the family. I suggested it would be better if he (Alex) were baptized first, setting an example for his family to follow. I went on to say that baptizing Darwin without his parents in the church would have the effect of leaving him out on a limb. Alex thought for a long time about what I said. Then he agreed, but said he wasn't ready to take that step yet.

At the end of the first month, after asking families to be responsible for their own transportation, church attendance was down. But we still felt we were doing the right thing. During that first month we learned a lot about the culture of the local people.

Among other things, we learned that appointments are largely meaningless. The people don't see appointments as a type of commitment. Time and again we drove long distances to keep an appointment, only to find no one home. This wasn't true of everyone, but nearly everyone.

We also learned that planning for the future, or even the day, wasn't considered as something important to worry about.

In addition to our work with the people, we were responsible for attending meetings and conferences. At a meeting in Regina, President Lund gave us the assignment of setting up some mobile chapels for the File Hills and Punnichy Districts.

They were 14 by 60-foot units, similar to mobile homes but built as small chapels. They had to be placed on concrete foundations and then the axles and wheels removed.

After the meeting, Ava and I returned to Kamsack for my tools and work clothes. We set up the chapel at Punnichy first. It took us three days. The next week we set up the File Hills chapel. It was a miserable job because of the bitter cold weather and constant rain.

In August of 1978, we had a nice surprise. While loading children on buses to send them on their way to their Indian Placement Program foster families, we looked up to see Ava's brother, Royal, and his wife Ludean, watching us. What a surprise.

Royal and Ludean Atwood made a surprise visit to Kamsack.

We had twenty-one students, the largest number from any branch, participating in the Indian Placement Program. The Indian Placement Program places Indian children in LDS homes for the school year, giving the children opportunities away from the reserve.

While we were visiting with Royal and Ludean, Alex Cote drove up and asked to talk to me. It was 9:30 in the morning. Alex said his father had passed away and the family wanted me to conduct the funeral. I told Alex I would be honored to do so.

I asked Alex if he knew when the funeral would take place. He replied, "yes, at two o'clock at the Community Hall." "What day?" I asked. "Today," Alex replied.

The Cote Reserve Community Hall

When Alex drove off, only a few hours remained before time for the opening prayer. I had about three hours to do the needful, including notifying the Elders, arranging for music, and preparing my talk. The Lord knew I was looking for new experiences, so I thanked Him in advance and went to work.

The funeral was held at the Cote Reserve Community Hall. The Hall was filled to capacity, and as far as I know, the only Latter-day Saint people in attendance were myself, Ava, Royal and Ludean, and the two Elders.

I started a tape recording of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir singing an appropriate hymn, then I welcomed the people in attendance and asked Elder Pea to offer the opening prayer.

Before arriving at the Cote Community Hall, I had stopped and picked up our hymn books. I handed them to the attendees and gave them the page number for the hymn, *I Need Thee Every Hour*. I invited the people to sing along, but I noticed most were content to listen to the Choir.

I gave a short talk on our relationship with God, stressing the importance of the family and living good lives while on earth.

The tape recorder was started for another musical number, this time the Choir's version of *Oh My Father*. I didn't ask the people to sing as they're not familiar with our hymns, but I suggested they listen and find comfort in the words. The closing prayer was given by Elder Nelson of Pleasant Grove, Utah.

I announced that those who wished could pass by the casket and view the deceased, after which we would travel to the cemetery. I gave the dedication prayer at the gravesite, and in keeping with local Indian custom, each person threw a handful of dirt into the grave.

When it was over, the family members expressed their thanks and satisfaction for the way the funeral was conducted.

Since this was my first funeral, I felt the Lord had blessed my effort. I felt good about the services, but I was hoping for more lead time if I had to do it again, but I wasn't optimistic about anything being any different.

Three weeks after conducting Mr. Cote's services, I was asked to conduct a funeral for a member of the Shingoose family. Raymond Shingoose's brother, Danny, had died of a

drug overdose. It was his third, and final, attempt at suicide. The Elders administered to him, but this attempt to take his life would be the last decision he would ever make.

It is the local custom to hold a *wake* the night before the funeral. Danny's mother asked us to contact Reverend Braun, a local minister, and ask if he would conduct the wake. We contacted the reverend and he agreed. He came to our apartment where we discussed the wake and the funeral.

The wake was a new experience for us. We arrived at the Shingoose home early in the evening. There were about thirty people there, including Ava, myself, and the Elders. The coffin was in the living room, open and surrounded with lovely floral arrangements.

Sixteen-year-old Danny, arms folded, was dressed in a new suit. Resting on his chest were two items to represent his earthly life, a *Book of Mormon* and a package of cigarettes. It was a shock to see this because the family had been long time members of the church.

Reverend Braun and his wife arrived with guitars. They passed out song books and took requests. When they received a request, they played and sang and others joined in. After each song a prayer was said and packages of cigarettes were distributed to the mourners.

After the singing and prayers, Danny's grandfather stood and walked slowly to the casket. He pointed his finger at the deceased and, in very stern tones, said, "There lies Danny, dead! Dead because of drugs and for doing things he had no business doing!"

Although he was shaking his finger at Danny, he was directing his remarks to the young people at the wake. He gave a graphic lecture about Danny's behavior and the risks he had taken. It was impressive. When he finished, Ava and I excused ourselves, saying we needed to prepare for the funeral. The wake continued throughout the night.

The funeral opened with prayer, after which I gave a short talk, followed by brief talks from the two Elders. Brother Norman, an Indian evangelist spoke. He was followed by John Livingston, our District President. Next came a musical selection by Reverend and Mrs. Braun, followed by a closing prayer. It was definitely an all-faiths funeral.

After arriving in Kamsack, we wondered if a piece of land or existing structure existed in town that could host a permanent LDS chapel.

We found what we were looking for when we discovered a small grocery store for sale on the outskirts of Kamsack. It had two gas pumps in front that would have to be removed, but other than that, we could see a bright, new future for the building.

When we showed the store to President Livingston, he liked the idea about converting

Allen standing in front of the grocery store purchased by the church for renovation into an LDS chapel for the people of the Kamsack area.

Looking at the back of the grocery store purchased by the church for renovation.

it to a chapel, and said he would discuss the project with President Lund.

Shortly afterward, President Livingston called and asked me to get a 30-day option on the property, contingent on the approval of the church to buy the property. I obtained the option by giving Mr. Herbert, the seller, a personal check for $200. He agreed to hold the property. It was September, 1978.

The wheels turn slowly when it comes to buying property for the church. We had trouble getting the appraisal done when promised, then there was a mountain of paperwork to be completed and sent to Salt Lake. I kept the seller advised about our progress.

On October 10th, word arrived that the church had approved the purchase. I believe the Lord answers prayers, and I was glad to have this one finally answered, and that the answer was yes.

If I hadn't got stuck three times on my way to Mr. Herbert's place, I would have been there bright and early on the morning after we received approval from Salt Lake.

Two weeks later, October 30th, the title to the property cleared. President Lund advanced us $1,000 to begin the process of remodeling. Kamsack was on its way to having its own LDS chapel. We felt good.

We were anxious to begin turning the grocery store into a chapel, but we had yet another obstacle. The Herbert's weren't in any hurry to move out.

Ava was in constant demand. Sadie Cote, the wife of the chief of the Cote Band, asked her to come to their reserve and show the ladies how to make hats, scarfs, and other things. She also taught crocheting classes. Sadie, and her husband Tony, were among our best friends during our mission.

In October of 1978 we had a surprise call from Ava and Ray Stewart. They said they were heading our way and we could expect to see them on Friday, October 13th.

We took them on a grand tour. We drove to Badgerville and Keesekoose to show them where we held our meetings. We drove past the property the church had acquired for a chapel, and we visited other places with names

Ava Stewart and Ava and Allen Winterton, taken on the outskirts of Kamsack. Ray Stewart took the picture, 1978.

like Norquay and Pelly, before returning to Kamsack and dinner.

At midnight we received a call from Gerta Quewezance. She was stranded in Norquay, a place thirty miles away that we had visited with the Stewarts. Gerta wanted us to pick her up and bring her back to Kamsack. We did it. We learned how hard it is to say no, and we were in the taxi business that night.

Sun Dogs, the bright spots on either side of the sun, are visible in Kamsack when atmospheric conditions are right.

In thinking ahead, we thought it would be good to move a mobile home onto the chapel property to provide housing for missionary couples like ourselves.

On November 2, 1978, we received word the President Lund liked the idea and was going to relocate a vacant 12-foot by 60-foot mobile home from Punnichy to Kamsack. We were told it would need extensive renovating before it could be lived in. That was an understatement!

When the mobile home arrived I took one look and decided it would have been better to have left it in Punnichy. But it was too late and I added it to my list. It wasn't in bad condition, it was in horrible condition.

The same day as I was surveying the condition of the mobile home, we learned that one of our members, a girl by the name of Vicki Marion, had overdosed and was in the hospital. Unlike Danny Shingoose, she recovered.

We had never seen drug problems like we were seeing here. After her close call, we met with her mother, the Canadian welfare agency, and Harry Smith of the LDS church placement program to find a foster home for Vicki. Everyone was in agreement that something needed to be done to help Vicki, everyone that was, except Vicki.

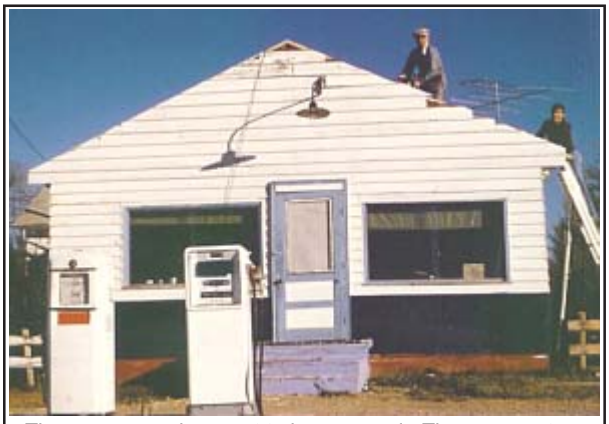
The problems that Indian people face on the reserve are overwhelming. The reserve is so remote and there is so little for most of the people to do, that they get caught up in a cycle of discouragement and hopelessness.

A month after we had closed the real estate deal, we were still waiting for the Herberts to finish packing and vacate the property. It wasn't as if moving were a problem, it was just that no one is in a hurry around here, quite a change from what we are used to.

Another month went by and although the Herberts had removed some things, there was still a lot to be done. I decided it was time to take the bull by the horns, as the old saying goes, and take possession of the building.

It wasn't as if the Herberts didn't have a place to put their things. They were living in town, but they just couldn't find the time to make trips to the old store.

On Saturday, December 2, 1978, Ava and I drove to the store, loaded the Herbert's stuff into the truck, and took it to their residence in town. The Herberts were all smiles, pleased that we cared enough to help them out with



The gas pumps have yet to be removed. The square store front has been trimmed to give the building a gabled, chapel look. Allen is on the roof, Elder Abner is on the ladder at the far right.

moving. We didn't say a word about how exasperated we had become.

That same day we moved a sacrament table, chairs, and a pulpit into the store, and the following day we held our first Sunday service in the building. There were seventeen in attendance.

Raymond Shingoose, the Elder's Quorum President, blessed the sacrament. It was the first time he had done it, and we let him know how proud we were of his accomplishment.

After a couple of months of asking people to be responsible for their own transportation, attendance at our services started to improve.

Things were looking up. I approached Ernest Keshane, one of our inactive members about helping me carry a new stove from my truck into the church. He did, and he told me that he had been wanting to talk to me. He said he wanted to start coming to church again and he would bring his family next Sunday. He also started helping me with renovation of the building.

Alex Cote, who is not a member of the church, stopped by more and more frequently to help with the renovation. He came as his schedule allowed. His presence was helpful as he was one of the most respected members of the community.

The work of renovation, as expected, took more time than anticipated. Ava continued with her sewing demonstrations and helping the ladies with other domestic skills.

Though not fully renovated yet, we now had our own chapel. With a new kitchen stove in place, Ava prepared cooking demonstrations.

Her first demonstration, scheduled for the Thursday after our first services, might have been considered a failure by some. Only one lady came, Paula Quewezance. Ava held the demonstration as if she had fifty ladies there. She showed Paula the fine art of making cinnamon rolls.

Even with our modest start, we were gaining support and respect. In December we started seminary classes for the children. We hired a driver for $70 to drive the bus on a sixty mile round trip to transport kids to and from seminary. The payment was for his services and gasoline. We were astonished

Ava Winterton bundled against the weather.

when thirty kids caught the bus for the first seminary class.

The bus driver approached me after his first day and said he wasn't going to drive the bus for $70, but he would do it for $95. To his surprise, I thanked him for his work and told him I wouldn't be needing him any longer. I drove straight to Bill Keshane's place, the fellow that helped me carry the kitchen stove, and he was thrilled to have the job!


The Kamsack LDS Chapel.

I worked long hours on the chapel putting up sheet rock, redoing the basement, rewiring, installing new door locks, removing rotten wood and replacing it with new, and hundreds of other things.

Shortly after midnight on December 14th, we had a call from Harriet Marion, Vicki's mother, telling us her two little boys, Kevin and Billie, had overdosed on drugs and were in the hospital.

Kevin was six and Billie was five. They are cute boys. They used to come to our place each Sunday so they could walk to church with us. They generally required a little touch-up cleaning, and when we got to church, they always wanted to sit on our laps or near us.

Fortunately, both little guys survived. While in Kamsack I was constantly reminded of how fragile our lives are, and how unconcerned these people seem to be about their existence. It boggles the mind.

Harriet, Kevin and Billie's mother, had a drinking problem. She is also a single parent with no one to help out when she goes on her binges.

I remember the first time we called on Harriet. We knocked on the door. She called for us to come in. When we entered the house, Harriet and two other women were on the sofa with three men. None of the women had much clothing on. The children, some in diapers, were running helter-skelter around the house, badly in need of attention.

Many of the children here are born with three strikes against them before they're old enough to play the game. I looked at Harriet's children and wondered what the future held for them, and the outlook wasn't bright.

We spent Christmas 1978, in Kamsack, sharing the holidays with the Elders. We opened gifts, talked about our loved ones, and felt the joy of being there. We truly felt this was where we belonged at this time. It was different for us not being around our families, but we enjoyed each other and just relaxed.

Our best Christmas gift came eight days after Christmas. Our daughter Alene and her husband Brent called to say they had a new daughter. Her name is Leslie. She was born January 2, 1979. Ava and I thanked our Heavenly Father for our many blessings.

The following day our former Relief Society president took a drug overdose. She had moved in with a man and they were not getting along. It seemed so obvious to me that

Winter time in Kamsack

when we fail to live in the way we should, we are inviting unhappiness into our lives.

Three days later, Alex and Erma Cote came to our place to tell us their daughter, Evelyn, had overdosed and was in the hospital in Regina. They asked to have the Elders administer to her so we called the District President in Regina. He said he would take care of seeing that Evelyn was visited and administered to by the Elders.

The drug and alcohol problems in this area were unreal. Ava and I never realized how devastating the use of drugs and alcohol can be until we came to Kamsack. The church had been working on a new alcohol intervention program. It has been given the go-ahead as a pilot program, and the Canada-Winnipeg mission eas one of the places where the program is to be tested.

Ava and I and twelve other couples were called to Winnipeg to receive four days of training on the intervention program. There probably isn't any place on earth that needs that kind of program more than here. The problem is staggering!

Why is it that furnaces break down during the coldest time of the year? That's what happened to ours on January 13, 1979. It was 34-degrees below zero when the furnace in the chapel quit working. I disconnected it in the freezing cold and moved it into the garage where I had heat to work on it.

Sunday, January 28th, was a good day. Adult attendance had been increasing almost every Sunday. On this day, in spite of bitter cold weather, we had our best attendance ever. Our friends, Alex and Erma Cote, came to church for the first time. It warmed our hearts.

In the evening we held a fireside chat with forty-five in attendance, including several families who had never come before. We showed the film, *A Chosen People*, which presents Indian people in a very positive light.

It was a very up day for us. Ava and I looked at each other and said, "We have good days and we have bad days, and this was one of the good days." The people here are good people with many challenges. We were loving and appreciating them.

A family by the name of Southwind live in Kamsack. Russell and Lorna are the parents of eight children and live about a half mile north of the church property.

The Southwinds, like so many families in Kamsack, have problems with drinking. Years before we met the family, Russell had lost an arm to frostbite. The term "free spirits" would be a kind way to describe the Southwind children.

The Herberts, from whom we had purchased the grocery store, had warned us about the Southwinds. They cautioned us to

avoid having dealings with them. They said if we did, it would mean trouble.

When we started work on the building, Russell Southwind stopped to see if he could get water from our well. I told him he could. I also asked, since he lived close to the property, if he would keep an eye on it when we were away. He said he would.

The next time I saw the Herberts, they asked about the Southwinds. I told them everything was fine, and that I was having Russell keep an eye on the place when I was away. I told them he was doing a good job.

The Herberts were surprised. They could not believe I'd been foolish enough to do that, especially after the warning they gave me.

Before long, Russell was attending Sunday services, paying attention and asking questions. Perhaps all he needed was some encouragement and some responsibility.

We were unable to hold Sunday services on February 4th because of problems with our furnace. I didn't know what the temperature was inside the chapel, but it was 42-degrees below outside, and I can guarantee it was too cold inside to sit for services.

In March a young couple came to see if I would marry them in May. Their names were Irvin Paul Tourangeau and Shirley Ann Papequash. Shirley was a member of the church. Shirley and Paul had been living together and they had a two-year old son with a second one on the way.

They asked if they could be married in the chapel. I told them it would be an honor to have them as the first couple to be married in the chapel. They were so pleased. We found common-law arrangements, such as Paul and Shirley's, prevalent on the reserve.

I performed the marriage on May 26, 1979. It was a new experience for me, and it was a lovely wedding if I say so myself.

Ava and Allen with newlyweds, Irvin Paul Tourangeau and Shirley Ann Papequash, following their marriage, May 1979.

The bride and bridesmaids were lovely in their dresses and pink rose buds. The groom, best man, and one of the witnesses looked sharp in their tuxedos.

I've wondered what could be done to improve the looks of a man in a tuxedo. The groom provided the answer when he showed up in his tuxedo and a big cowboy hat. The hat definitely improved the look of the tuxedo.

Ava and I were invited to the dinner in the Band Hall after the wedding. We sat at the head table, a real honor, and I was asked to say a few words to the assembled crowd.

On March 17th, Phillip Keshane, a relative to Bill Keshane, stopped to visit. He and his wife asked us about the church's placement program. We explained that only members of the church were considered for placement.

They said they wanted their two daughters baptized into the church. We explained that if

a family wants their children to be baptized just to make them eligible for the placement program, it is the wrong reason for such a decision. They were disappointed so we told them we would stop by their house and talk further with them about the program.

On March 22nd, a 17 year old anglo (non-Indian) girl named Julie Griffits knocked on our door. We had a very pleasant discussion with her. She told us she was planning to attend a Bible school somewhere to learn about different religions.

A week later she once again stopped by. We visited for an hour and a half. Since she was only seventeen, we were careful not to do or say anything that would upset her parents.

On the reserve, children are allowed to become independent at far too early an age. Parents consider fourteen or fifteen as old enough to make adult decisions. Then, when a decision goes bad, they seem surprised that something is wrong.

Julie was very independent. She told us she liked the feeling she had when she talked to us. She said she gets a different feeling when she talks to others about their religion. She wanted to learn more and she asked to have the Elders meet with her.

A couple of days later as I was doing some painting, Julie and her friend, Caroline Perepiolkin, stopped by. They had just met with the Elders for the first time and they were excited.

In early April, Julie and Caroline came to be interviewed for baptism. Twenty year old Caroline had discussed her desire for baptism with her parents. She was old enough to decide on her own, but I commended her for

New mission president, T. Lavoy Esplin and his wife join Allen and Ava at the newly erected sign for the Kamsack LDS Chapel, 1979.

involving her mother and father in the decision. They didn't have any objections and she was overjoyed.

Julie, on the other hand, was seventeen and raised a Catholic by her mother. She was very apprehensive about what her mother's reaction might be when it came time to talk to her about becoming a Mormon.

I suggested she wait until she was older, but she wouldn't hear of it. She didn't want to wait, especially since Caroline was ready to be baptized. I gave her the forms she needed to have signed by her mother and she left. She just knew her mother would refuse to sign the forms.

At two o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, Julie called to say mother had consented to her wishes and had signed the forms. She said, however, that her mother did not want the Elders calling on her.

It was strange to me and Ava that a parent would allow a minor child to do something as significant as changing religion, when they weren't supportive of the change themselves. That's what I mean about the parents in this

culture, allowing children to make decisions without providing guidance to them.

On April 7, 1979, Julie Griffits and Caroline Perepiolkin were baptized at the LDS chapel in Yorkton. I can't remember anyone looking more radiant or glowing than those girls did that day. This was another of those up days for me and Ava.

Time was moving on. It was now May of 1979, and the weather had warmed up to freezing. Today was a balmy 32-degrees. Most of the snow had disappeared except for a few drifts in the shadows of the buildings.

We had been spending time with Tony and Sadie Cote. Tony, a cousin to Alex, had been the chief of the Cote Band prior to Alex's election.

Tony was the secretary of the Saskatchewan Indian Organization, a group that worked for the betterment of all Indians in Saskatchewan. Sadie was the president of a Saskatchewan's woman's organization. Although they were not members of the church, they had all of their children, except one, baptized into the church.

Tony and Sadie's oldest daughter had just been accepted to attend BYU in the fall. Their second daughter, Faye, was getting ready to attend school in Regina. She will stay in a home operated by the church. Their three youngest children, Joan, Robert, and Valerie are all in the church's placement program.

On May 28th, we attended a conference in Regina. The visiting General Authority was an old friend of ours from American Fork named Stewart Durrant. We knew him forty years earlier when we were in the chicken business. He worked at the Utah Poultry Feed Store and we purchased most of our chicken feed from him. It was great to see him again after all those years.

After renovating the store into a chapel, I turned my attention to renovating the mobile home that had been moved from Punnichy to Kamsack six months earlier. What a job!

I originally thought I'd have the mobile home ready for occupancy by July or August, but that wasn't going to happen. It was October, 1979, before we were able to move from the apartment above the plumbing store into the mobile home.

The mobile home was in far worse shape than the store had been, and the problems were compounded because mobile homes use so many non-standard fittings and parts.

I had to replace a good portion of the floor, many of the interior walls, all of the plumbing, overhaul and recondition the furnace, install new lights, construct and install new kitchen cabinets, put in a new water heater, replace the flat roof with a pitched roof, install and insulate the skirting around the base of the mobile home, replace all of the interior paneling, and paint the entire exterior. Other than that, it was in darn good shape.

The mobile home undergoing remodeling in order to serve as housing for Kamsack missionary couples

A Russian-Ukranian man shows off his garden to Jack Pearce and Allen. Nell Pearce and Norma Atwood look on. John Atwood took the picture. Summer 1979.

One of the nicest things to happen to us on our mission were the surprise visits from family and friends. In 1978, we had been visited by Ava's brother and wife, Royal and Ludean Atwood, and later by our friends, Ava and Ray Stewart.

In July of 1979, we were visited by Ava's brother and wife (John and Norma Atwood), and her sister and husband (Nell and Jack Pearce). The visits brought a welcome touch of family to our mission experience.

In October we moved into the mobile home. It was then that I discovered the chapel needed to have some more work done.

Allen repairing the basement walls of the chapel, 1979.

I started digging trenches to replace the water and sewer lines. They had to be eight feet deep to protect them from freezing. Remodeling is like dominos. Fixing one thing often reveals the need to fix something else. When I dug alongside the chapel I discovered that the basement walls were in bad shape. I had to pour new concrete walls on two sides of the basement.

The way things had been constructed I had to carry all of the material for the concrete walls into the basement by hand. After getting all of the forms into place, I had to mix the concrete by hand, pour it into place, mix another batch, pour it into place, and so on.

Fixing the basement walls in the chapel was a backbreaking, time-consuming process, and very difficult to explain. I had to cross-brace one wall against the other, take out a four-foot section of block, remove the dirt from under the foundation, and then pour concrete under the existing foundation to give it support. Approximately eighteen feet on the north and east walls had to be repaired.

On October 28, 1979, we had another wonderful surprise. We learned that our daughter Ann, and her husband Richard, were the parents of a new baby boy. They named him David. We're thankful that Ann had been fine without us. We knew that the Lord would bless them and their family while we were away.

There is no end to the problems in this part of the world. The week before Christmas, a young lady that had joined the church during the past year, became pregnant. The father of the child was a married man in Kamsack.

The girl's family had convinced her to have an abortion. We tried to talk to her about

such an option, but she was very depressed and refused to see us. That evening we learned that the abortion would take place Christmas eve. We were hurting for our friend. She was a wonderful young lady.

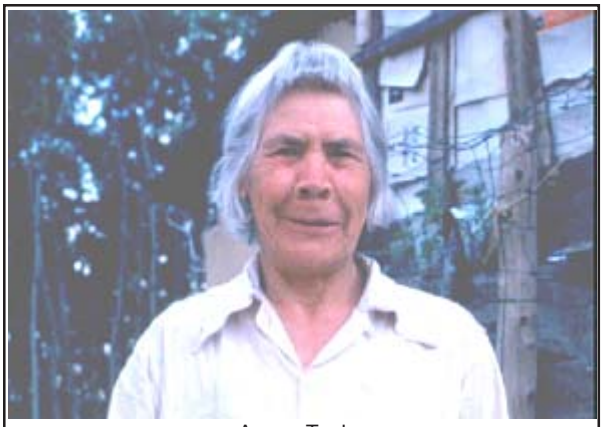
We spent Christmas with Tony and Sadie Cote and their family. There were twenty-seven family members present. We felt honored to be included in the gathering. We also talked to Wayne, Joyce, Ann, and Alene and their families on the telephone.

December 30th was the last Sunday of 1979. We had a nice service with very good attendance. We felt good about the way the people had taken responsibility for getting to and from church. We saw a lot of growth in the people while we were there.

During this final service of 1979, an unusual lady visited our church. Her name was Agnes Tucker, but to everyone in Kamsack, she was known as *the goat lady*. She lived eight miles east of the chapel in what is called *the bush*.

I had met the goat lady the previous summer when she was hitchhiking outside of town. Hitchhiking is a way of life here, and it

Agnes Tucker, the goat lady, holding one of her young goats at the entrance to her home.



Agnes Tucker

is the only way some people, like Agnes, can travel long distances. On the day I gave her a ride, she was going to Regina, a large town 175 miles away.

On another occasion, Ava and I saw her as she was walking along the road carrying a large bundle. It was late in the summer and starting to get cool, so we put the bundle in the back of the truck and told her we would drive her home. I had told Ava about my earlier encounter with Agnes and we were interested in learning more about this unusual woman.

The road only went so far before it just disappeared. Agnes directed us along six miles of barely visible trail before we ended up in front of her tiny house. We learned that she lived alone without running water or electricity. She had no neighbors. She chopped trees for fuel for her huge, black stove, which served for cooking and to heat her home. She kept goats for milk and meat.

She invited us inside, which was barely large enough to hold the three of us. The stove took up most of the space. Boxes along the walls took up the rest.

Ava spotted a quilted potholder and asked Agnes if she had made it. From that

The three of us holding up one of Agnes's beautiful quilts outside of her home. This was the first one she showed to us on our visit. She called the quilt, *Couple Sleeping*.

potholder, Ava learned that Agnes made quilts and the rest of the visit was spent in talking about quilts and quilting. Agnes showed Ava some of her handiwork, which were examples of a unique form of true folk art. Agnes never thought of them as folk art. They were just homemade quilts to her, but the quilts were unlike anything Ava had ever seen. The quilts were fascinating in their simplicity.

Out of this chance meeting came a love and friendship that continued after we left Kamsack. For over a dozen years, Agnes and Ava exchanged letters and packages. Agnes would send Ava quilts and potholders; Ava would send Agnes warm clothing, knives, and other useful domestic items.

Back to the story of our final church service of 1979. We had no idea that Agnes would leave her home that morning and walk six miles of snow-covered trail to the highway, and two miles of highway to the chapel. It was 20-degrees below zero.

The walk had taken three hours. After church we invited her to dinner, then we drove her as far as we could to help her get home. The snow and lack of a visible trail made it impossible to take her to her front door.

The following Sunday Agnes made the walk again, but this was a much nicer day. It was only six below zero. Agnes told Ava that she had never been interested in religion, but she liked what she heard the previous Sunday, and she had looked forward all week to returning to the services.

Our mission assignment was drawing to an end. On January 8, 1980, I had the truck checked out by a mechanic before starting our return trip to Utah. The outside temperature that day was 38-below zero.

The couple who would be replacing us in Kamsack were on their way. Ava and I closed our checking account and took care of other tasks connected with moving away.

We were officially released on January 17, 1980. We had been in Kamsack for a year and a half. It had been hard work, but as we look

Downtown Kamsack.

Ava with one of many burlap sack packages received from the goat lady (Agnes Tucker) over the years. Each contained a letter, a quilt, and other homemade gifts.

back on what we had accomplished, we felt good about our experience.

We had learned a great deal from our days in Kamsack. We certainly became more tolerant of people from other cultures. We may have benefited more from serving than did those we served. We had never before lived among people different than ourselves. It is something everyone should do.

Ava and I gained an appreciation for the difficulties and hardships that these people endure daily. As harsh and unforgiving as the climate can be in Kamsack, the poverty, drugs and alcohol abuse is worse. If anything, Ava and I left Kamsack with an even greater appreciation of what we had, and we left a part of our souls in that little town.

As we pulled out of Kamsack and headed back to the states and our home in Utah, our thoughts were often with Agnes and her way of life. After arriving home, the first thing Ava did was to write to Agnes.

About a half year went by before we heard back. When we did, it was in the form of a burlap sack package containing a letter, a quilt, and other homemade items. A few months later Ava sent a box of warm clothing and a letter, and so it went, year after year. In 1994, one of Agnes's friends, Betty Rollo, wrote to tell us that Agnes had died.

Ava had to have cornea transplants after we returned from our mission. In a letter to Agnes, she talked about the operation and how thankful she was that someone had donated their corneas.

Betty Rollo wrote that before she died, Agnes had contacted the Canadian National Institute for the Blind, asking them to accept her corneas after her death. Betty went on to say that the Institute had accepted the corneas.

One of the more ambitious projects I undertook after returning home was the construction of an underground storage room under the front steps of our home.

The storage room is accessed from the basement and is unnoticeable from the outside. The room is approximately 12 x 18 feet with a sand floor and concrete walls and roof.

The underground storage room I built is directly beneath the front steps of our Orem home.

A person cannot build an underground room of that size without removing a lot of dirt. After the walls and roof were completed, I replaced the topsoil to a depth sufficient to sustain plant growth and covered it with sod.

You should have seen the looks on the faces of the neighbors when I started digging up the front yard. It wasn't a little hole and it wasn't shallow. Before long the hole had become so deep they had to walk to the edge and look down to see if I was in there.

I suspect the neighbors thought that Geneva had made a wise decision in letting me retire, or that I had returned from the mission field a little off my rocker.

Here I am, preparing the chute for pouring concrete into the partially formed walls of the storage room. As you can see, it required excavating a pretty good-sized hole, in very rocky, hard to dig ground.

"Whatcha doin' Allen," they'd ask, shading their eyes to peer into the hole when they visited, "diggin' for gold, fixin' a water leak, puttin' in a swimmin' pool, installin' a sprinkler system, lookin' fer Chinamen, buildin' a bomb shelter?"

Cutting through the original basement wall to create an inside the basement access into the storage room.

The ribbing was good-natured so I just smiled and kept digging without saying much.

I'll admit I looked a little nutty, standing in a hole too deep to see out of, with my African safari pith helmet firmly attached to my head, and surrounded with tools that had hard work, callouses, and sweat written all over them.

But an underground storage room was the perfect project for a guy who had just honed his construction skills by converting a grocery store into a chapel and rebuilding a dilapidated mobile home into liveable space for missionary couples.

What better outlet for my energy and the need to keep busy, than creating a unique storage room deep under my own front yard. I kept a canteen handy and Ava threw me a sandwich once in a while. Life doesn't get any better than that.

When it was time to do the finish work, I painted the concrete, installed lighting, and lined the walls with shelves. The room, insulated by yards of dirt and concrete,

Allen, with paint roller in hand, makes a few finishing touches to the underground storage room.

maintains a constant cool temperature, making it an excellent place to store fruits, vegetables, and our two-year supply of staples.

With inside access, the room is convenient to use, and besides, who knows what lurks in the future, and I already have my bomb shelter.

Near the basement entrance to the storage room exists the Winterton Family Memory Wall. This section of wall in our home has become a family shrine.

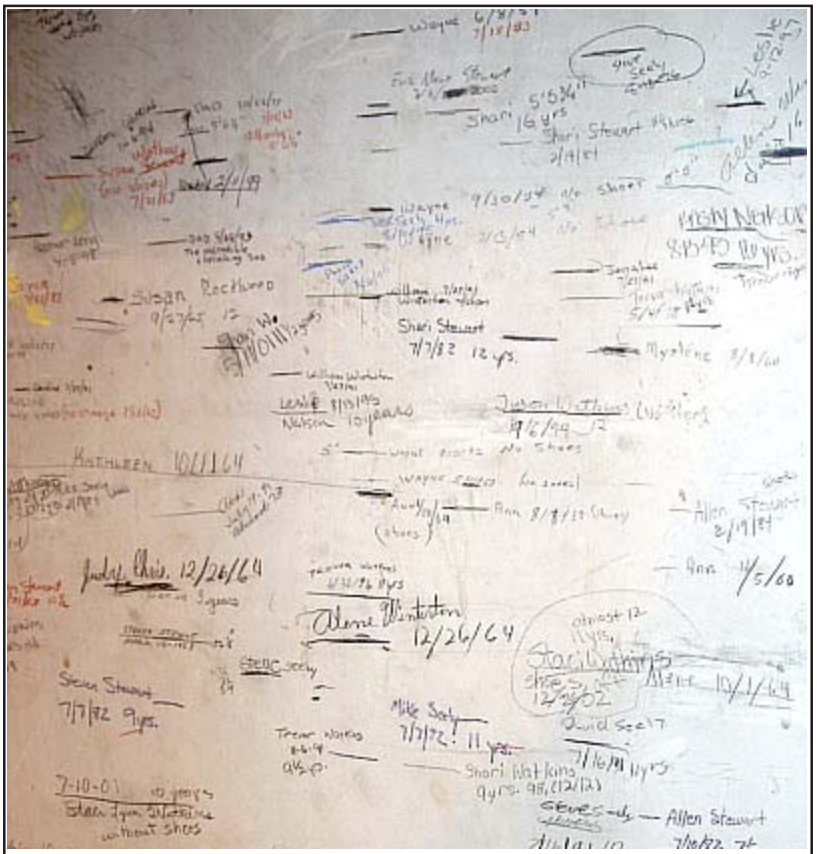
The wall is an 8-foot high by 30-inch wide section that shows the growth (height) of our children and their children for the past fifty-plus years.

The earliest records are those of our son and daughter, Wayne and Ann, dated the same day, May 10, 1953. Wayne would have been 14 years old; Ann 6 years old. Wayne probably measured his little sister, then himself, made the notations on the wall, and the rest is history.

The most recent entries on the wall (as of this writing), are those of granddaughter Leslie Neilson and great granddaughter Mackenzie LeDuc, who left evidence of their visits on April 10, 2004.

The distinction of being the tallest person to write on the wall goes to grandson Greg Stewart. Greg measured in at 6-foot, 4½-inches. The date is missing on Greg's notation, but he's always been 6-foot 4½-inches so it doesn't matter.

The shortest person to remove their shoes and back into the wall was our great grandson, Richard Michael Seely. He would have been about 18-months old when his height was recorded as 28-inches on November 20, 1997.



A section of the Winterton Family Memory Wall.

Allen Winterton in his workshop.

When I finished painting the storage room, I thought I would continue the paint job to include the badly marked-up wall, giving the entrance to the storage room a nice clean look. Ava quickly put that idea on permanent hold.

I cannot describe the looks my kids and grandkids gave me as they learned of my ill-conceived notion to paint the Memory Wall. That darn Ava! You would think I had just suggested that world hunger is a good thing.

I would have removed the section of wall and replaced it with sheet rock, except the wall is plaster over lathe, and there's no way the section can be removed without crumbling and falling apart. The shrine still stands, and will stay in place as long as the house remains in Winterton hands.

Another project I had long wanted to do, was to enlarge the garage. Our garage is called a garage because it sits at the end of the driveway and looks like a garage. But it has never been anything but a workshop filled with workbenches, power tools, garden tools, an acetylene torch, and cabinets and drawers.

The old one-car garage was small by any standard so I decided to convert the original 14 by 20-foot building to a spacious 20 by 24-foot workshop. I left the original garage in place and built the larger structure around the smaller one. This idea saved me a lot of work because it meant I didn't have to relocate any of my tools and machinery.

When I finished the work of the larger structure, I removed the walls and roof of the smaller building. I never had to move the contents. I declared the project complete when I hauled the last old brick away.

The new shop, with it's double-wide garage door, high gabled roof, windows on the workbench side, and storage attic, was much nicer than the old shop, to say nothing about how much it improved the looks of our property. It was a lot of work, but well worth the investment and time.

Provo LDS Temple

In July of 1980, Ava and I were asked to work in the Provo Temple. We were set apart as ordinance workers, but when we arrived to begin, we were asked to work in the baptistry. Ava worked at the temple for about three years. I worked there until the Timpanogos Temple opened in October of 1996.

My friend, Melvin Beckstrand, was the supervisor of the baptistry when I started. When Mel left in 1984, the temple authorities ask me to serve as supervisor. In 1996, I

Ava and Allen, shortly after Allen's radiation treatment in 2001.

transferred to the Timpanogos Temple and worked there until 2000.

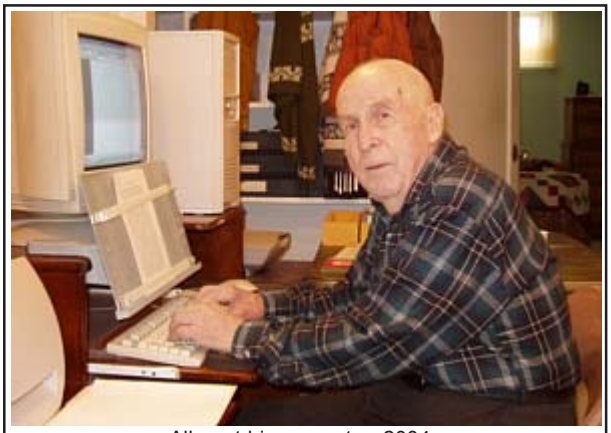
In February of 2001, I began having health problems that needed immediate attention. Several tests revealed that I had prostate cancer. Of all of the words in the English language, *cancer* has to be one of the scariest.

The doctors started radiation treatment on the cancerous gland, completing the process on June 28, 2001. The treatment went well and I felt good for quite a few months before the side effects of radiation caught up with me. The radiation sapped my strength and left me feeling uncomfortable and unable to do some things I once did with ease.

I'm gradually becoming stronger, but I know that the combination of radiation and my advancing age make it unlikely that I'll fully regain the vitality I once knew. But, I also know that without the skills of my doctors, advances in medical technology, the love of my wife, and the prayers of family and friends, that my life would not be what it is today, and for those things I am thankful.

The best decision I ever made was asking Ava to be my wife, and the happiest day of my life was the day she said yes. What a fun and wonderful life we've shared together.

I appreciate my children. They've never given me or Ava cause for concern. Of course we worry about them as all parents do, but they've been good kids and they were easy to raise. As I put the finishing touches to my story, Wayne, Joyce, Ann, and Alene are 65, 63, 57, and 51 years old respectively, each with families of their own.



Allen at his computer, 2004.

As I sit at my computer, reflecting on the nearly ninety years I've been on earth, I have no regrets. My parents and my early life molded my character, the tough times tempered me and made me strong, and the good times have left me with a wealth of memories that I'll take with me when I leave.

My Closing

I have come to the conclusion that some of the things in life that we think are important, are really not important; and some of the things we take for granted are the important things.

I have come to understand that the most important things to me are my wife, my family, my heritage, and the memories I have of my parents.

I look forward to the day when I will once again be reunited with them. Of course, I'm not in a hurry for that day to come, but neither do I fear the time. To me, one of the things that makes life worth living is the belief that we will one day return to the arms of those who have gone before.

Ava and Allen on their 65th wedding anniversary, September 17, 2002.

I'm proud of Ava and what she has done to guide the lives of our children as they were growing up. I have always admired her desire to pursue and achieve a college education. She has always been there for me, and I have always tried to be there for her, and I will always love her.

I appreciate the fact that Wayne earned his doctorate, but his skill in helping me learn to use the computer is appreciated beyond my ability to express. It has been a wonderful tool for me during my retirement years. I also admire Wayne's writing ability and I'm thankful for his help to me and Ava in writing our biographies, a record of our lives that will live long after we are gone.

Joyce and Ann have achieved significant national recognition for the quilting books they've published, the informative magazine articles, and countless seminars and classes they've held. What a great talent to be able to share that avocation with others. And what fun they've had with Ava as the *star* of their well-received quilting presentations.

Alene, like Ava, started work on her college degree many years after having started a family. It's not easy to juggle raising three energetic girls, taking care of a household, and going to college full time, but Alene did it without missing a beat. She can now add a successful teaching career to her titles as terrific wife and super mom.

I have a testimony of the truthfulness of the gospel of Jesus Christ as taught through

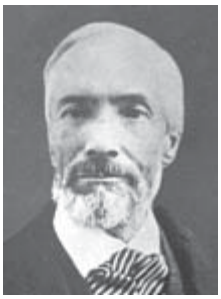
the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I have a strong testimony that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God. I believe he saw what he said he saw, that he received the things that he said he received, and that the Lord spoke to him.

I feel blessed to have been born of the parents I have and to have the heritage I've been given. I'm thankful for my wife, for her help and encouragement, and for her strength. We've shared the same goals and standards, and through those we have enjoyed a good life together. Without her support, I could never have achieved or become what I am today.

I know I'm loved by my Heavenly Father and that he has answered prayers and worked miracles on behalf of my family. I have been a witness to the power of the priesthood and I'm thankful to be living in these days.

Thanks to you, the reader of my story. I hope you've found it as interesting and worthwhile to read as I've enjoyed living it.

My Winterton Heritage



My Grandfather
William Winterton
1846-1929

My Grandmother
Ellen (Nellie) Widdison
1849-1889

My Giles Heritage

My Grandfather
Heber John Giles
1857-1892

My Grandmother
Mary Susanna Witt
1861-1940

My Father
Moroni Winterton
photo taken in 1905.
1882-1929

Allen M Winterton
taken in 1937, the year he
married Ava.

My Mother
Susa Mabel Giles
photo taken in 1940.
1886-1967

Our Family

Family #1

Wayne Allen — August 13, 1938
Barbara Rae Bush — July 29, 1944
Married: May 29, 1963 (Divorced 1970)

1 **Tami Lyn** — December 1, 1964
Ronald Long — August 21, 1961
Married: July 30, 1982 (Divorced 1987)

- **Heather Nicole** — November 15, 1983
  Daeton Shafer — June 28, 1985
  Married: May 31, 2003
  - **Veronykah Leann** — November 12, 2002
- **Weston Shane** — August 28, 1986

2 **Tami Lyn** — December 1, 1964
Clint Sandlian — September 5, 1969
Married: December 14, 2001

- **Sheri Ann** — July 20, 1967
  Robert Dailey — September 19, 1966
  Married: March 28, 1992
  - **Morgan Elizabeth** — August 5, 1994
  - **Adrian Gabrielle** — May 27, 1998
  - **Jackson Anthony** — September 15, 2000

Family #2

Wayne Allen — August 13, 1938
Caroline Susan Finley — March 21, 1949
Married: December 19, 1970 (Divorced 1996)

- **Jana Lee** — November 19, 1973
- **William Wayne** — June 6, 1978
  Darcy Ann Willhoit — July 26, 1976
  Married: April 27, 2002

Wayne, William, and Allen Winterton - 1994.

Joyce — January 4, 1940
Lynn J Stewart — June 14, 1940
Married: January 29, 1960

- **Susan Joy** — January 24, 1963
  Ronald Hansen Watkins — June 22, 1959
  Married: December 21, 1982
  - **Trevor Stewart** — May 25, 1985
  - **Tyson Ronald** — June 22, 1987
  - **Shari Sue** — September 18, 1989
  - **Staci Lynn** — January 29, 1991
- **Gregory Lynn** — October 10, 1965
  Lisa Ann Harward — July 7, 1965
  Married: December 17, 1988
  - **Brandon Gregory** — November 9, 1989
  - **Ryan Glenn** — January 2, 1993
  - **Jason J** — February 5, 1995
  - **Analisa** — July 4, 1996
- **Shari Jo** — July 7, 1970
  Jimmy Charles Shirley — March 27, 1967
  Married: June 23, 1990
  - **Scot L** — May 17, 1992
  - **Robert Thomas** — March 5, 1994
  - **Jameson Russell** — January 11, 1997
  - **Benjamin Wayne** — March 27, 1999
- **Steven J** — March 15, 1973
  Erin Marie Baker — August 20, 1971
  Married: August 10, 1999
  - **Bryn Elizabeth** — July 2, 2001
  - **Christian J** — August 28, 2002
- **Allen Glen** — October 4, 1974
  Karen Renée Russell — June 11, 1975
  Married: January 16, 2004

Allen M Winterton

Allen M Winterton
January 31, 1915

Ava Atwood
July 19, 1918

Married: September 17, 1937

- Ava Ann
  December 29, 1946
  Richard Dale Seely
  August 14, 1947
  Married: September 1, 1967
  - Michael Scott
    June 21, 1971
    Jennifer Bryce
    October 7, 1971
    Married: June 2, 1994
    - Richard Michael
      May 29, 1996
    - Katherine Elizabeth
      November 2, 1998
    - Miriam Christine
      December 21, 2000
    - Andrew Bryce
      February 13, 2003
  - David John
    October 28, 1979
  - Steven William
    March 13, 1981
- Alene
  May 24, 1953
  Donald Brent Neilson
  June 22, 1954
  Married: September 8, 1973
  - Kristina Lee
    January 2, 1979
    Austin LeDuc
    August 7, 1978
    - Mackenzie LeDuc
      September 29, 2003
  - Karen Lynn
    November 1, 1981
  - Leslie Ann
    December 29, 1984

Wayne & Barbara Winterton and
Tami and Sheri - 1967.

Front row: Lynn and Joyce Stewart
and Allen, Shari, and Steve
Back row: Susan and Greg - 1975.

Richard & Ann Seely and
David, Steven, and Michael - 1981.

Wayne & Caroline Winterton and
Jana and William - 1978.

Brent & Alene Neilson and
Karen, Leslie, and Kristy - 1986.

Index

The index contains all of the proper names in the book, with some exceptions. The main exceptions are the omission of proper names that appear so frequently that inclusion would be of no value as a reference.

Allen and great-granddaughter Morgan Dailey, 1998.