

## William Hans Oblad, Sr. (1871-1950)

### RECORD OF EVENTS THAT HAVE HAPPENED IN MY LIFE

Journal written mainly about childhood and young adult life. Typed by Nashelle Pearson Jackson a great, great granddaughter, and edited and “enhanced” by Gayle Oblad Brown, a granddaughter.

In writing this journal, I am recording some episodes of real facts that have happened in my life. I am not writing everything that happened for if I did, it would fill volumes. These facts may be of interest to my beloved children, and, in your reading them; you may get a kick out of them. *If not, well, they will make good reading anyhow.*

I happened to be born in a wonderful age, full of things coming and going, great changes in life from Pioneer Days up to these modern times, wars, famine, panics, depressions, and a whole lot of other changes.

I was born of Scandinavian parents. My father, John Frederick Oblad (1841-1904) arrived from Stockholm, Sweden, November 8, 1865.

Mother, Mary M. Larsen Oblad (1847-1931) arrived from Copenhagen, Denmark, Sept. 30, 1852.

I was born in Salt Lake City in the old home 534 So. 4<sup>th</sup> East, Ninth Ward on the 18<sup>th</sup> day of September, 1871, 9:00 AM. I was my parents’ third child.

During my first year, I was stricken with Cholera Infantum. They tell me I nearly passed out, but I came out of it apparently with only the results of a slightly deformed and partially blind left eye. It is an often fatal form of gastroenteritis occurring in children; not true cholera but having similar symptoms. Dr. Wm. J. Smith was the doctor.

### 9<sup>TH</sup> WARD SCHOOL 1879 -1884

Names of some of the students:

James Woods	Wills Wassamer	Alice Penrose	John Groo
Wm. Woods	Helen Wassamer	Teddie Marks	Bell Groo
Vern Woods	Jack Crockwell	Wm Russel	Nora Groo
Earnest Woods	Charles Crockwell	Jenie Russel	Vigil Groo
Mary Reese	Ray Crockwell	Annie Carter	Sarah Gillett
Lincoln Reese	William Crockwell	Mary Carter	Mary Gillett
Harry Reese	Annie Malquest	James Maxwell	Grand Gillett
David Reese	Mary Thornburg	Sarah Maxwell	Wm. Riter
Ollie Reese	Alma Thornburg	Magie Maxwell	Susie Riter
Earl Klinger	Wm Thornburg	Alice Maxwell	Chauncy Benidict
Cathrine Klinger	Emma Thornburg	Thomas Maxwell	Birdie Benidict
Mary Gray	Nora Thornburg	Wm Maxwell	Sandy Graves
Annie Gray	Tennie Buckholt	Wm Anderson	Jimmie Graves
Jack Gray	Annie Buckholt	Samie Anderson	Etta Webb
Albert Scheller	Henry Buckholt	Bertha Anderson	Effie Webb
George Scheller	Abbie Buckholt	Millie Berkershaw	Albert Webb

Omelia Scheller	George Darke	Charles Birkenshaw	Arthur Webb
Annie Scheller	Rosella Darke	Ben Birkenshaw	Joe Jacobinson
Lena Scheller	Joe Darke	Jacob Birkenshaw	Jack Killstrum
Bob Bates	Wm Darke	Tomie Birkenshaw	Maggie Jorgenson
Tiney Bates	Edgar Darke	Burt Harding	Annie Jorgenson
Link Bates	Wm Sterling	Frank Harding	Mary DeMont
Tom Ryan	Mary Sterling	Al Watkins	Mamie Evans
Mame Ryan	Jimmie Sterling	Sid Groo	Ella Evans
Jessie Ryan	Agnes Sterling	Rose Groo	Rhodie Evans
Art Ryan	George Penrose	Larence Groo	Effie Stoddard
Lula Rich	Eddie Penrose	Violate Groo	Essie Stoddard
Ella Snekiker	Will Hearter	Lizzie Shanks	Chick Gillett
Mary Taylor	May Kirby	Jack Shanks	Nell Howell
May Taylor	Will Kirby	Albert Hedburg	Mary Long
Wm Taylor	James Coult	Katie Gillispie	Nellie Reese
Wm Foster	Annie Lovesey	Florence Gillispie	Jabez West, Jr
Steve Foster	Rachel Lovesey	Charles Oblad	Blondie West
Jennie Foster	Art Sutherland	Eph Oblad	Albert Swenson
Katie Pettitt	Albert Fouch	Wm H Oblad	Anna Swenson
Myrtle Pettitt	Mark Mandlz	Carl Stiener	Nettie LaSall
Mamie Chapman	May Mandlz	Nettie Hatcher	Charles Berry
Jodie Chapman	Lonie Brown	James Mais	Hattie Berry
Zebe Chapman	George Brown	Chid Mais	Charly Madson
Herb Chapman	Mammie Brown	Georgianna Mais	Gus Stomburg
Nellie Walker	Vernon Brown	Tom Mais	Mary Stomburg
Sid Case	John Gillett	Nellie Vier	Irene Stromburg
Mammie Case	May Gillett	Mammie Vier	Winnie Robinson
Gill Cast	Maud Gillett	Wm Vier	Jack Robinson
Mark Melford	Densil Gillett	Art Vier	May Robinson
Nellie Melford	Nora Gillett	Albert Pendleton	Chick Robinson
Lottie Bivens	John Herrick	Chauncy Pendleton	John Hearter
Katie Case	Will Herrick	Mamie Pendleton	Mary Crockwell
Hyrum Case, Jr.	Levi Phillips	Ella Pendleton	Lon Crockwell
Carl Johnson	H.J. Smith	Andrew Pendleton	Amanda Olsen
May Johnson	Laura Smith	Mamie Williams	Ester Olsen
Lydia Knight	Millie Smith	John Williams	Bill Garrard
Amie Knight	Mary Smith	David Walker	Janie Brown
Walter Knight	Sabina Smith	Carl Gillett	Geo Riter
Louis Knight	Dan Smith	Libby Gillett	Mary Berry
Charles Holden	Archie Shanks	Hedy Gillett	Josephine Groo
Ernest Davison	Jonnie Doubenham	Will Emer	
Isobell Davison	Fred Wassamer	Mary Emer	
Pete Davison	Amanda Olson	Jack Emer	
Bill Hefern	Tom Morton	Charles Sterling	
Kate Hefern	Jack Morton	Wm. McKean	
Annie Nielson	Erick Morton	Tom McKean	

Carl Nielson	Frank Cutler	David Sofe
Marg Nielson	Ralph Cutler	Mary Sofe
Fred Kammerman	Harry Watkins	
Cathring Kammerman	John Woolley	
Leo Woodruff	Mary Woolley	
Julia Woodruff	Alf Sorensen	
Neils Anderson	Fred Sorensen	
Anna Anderson	Mary Sorensen	
Jim Anderson	Magie Thomburg	
Kate Rumell	Earnest Penrose	
Annie Holden	May Penrose	
Jim Holden	Jim Baxkly	
Tayler Wooley, Jr.	Wm Leonard	
Bulah Woolly	Jack Leonard	
Florence Woolly	Jim Paul	
Leo Woolly	Logan Paul	
Leah Woolly	Edgar Ure	
Nell Rush	Herb Ure	
Carl Erickson	Gurdel Ricketts	
Pearl Erickson	Delmo Ricketts	
Joe Scown	Eugene Willman	
Lucy Doubenham	Simon Scott	
Retta Doubenham	Mary Scott	

10<sup>TH</sup> WARD DISTRICT SCHOOL -- 1888 5 months J. J. Walton Principal.

This school was a new building which had three grades of learning. Mediate, Intermediate and Advance departments (situated 4<sup>th</sup> South and 8<sup>th</sup> East.) J. J. Walton was a teacher in the Advance department.

List of students that attended my class:

Lottie Paul	J. B. Smith	Lizzie James	Edith Brady
Hattie Paul	Alvin Smith	Walt Sloan	Jesse Higgs
James Paul	Jennie B. Smith	Eveline Thompson	
Elsie Paul	Comorah Smith	Ernest Crouch	Miss Taylor 1 <sup>st</sup> Grade
Nine Fuller	Mary May Smith	Wm Edwards	Miss Hedges 2 <sup>nd</sup> Grade
May Duncan	Steve Prosartis	James Edwards	J. J. Walton, High Grade
Elemmore Duncan	Well Prosartis	Joseph Edwards	
Don Duncan	Edith Prosartis	Herman Borgquist	
May Ashworth	Talman Hurd	James Procter	
Jermie Hicks	Saby Hurd	Will Procter	
James Hicks	Alice Roasiter	Amey Procter	
Hattie Simmons	Ren Gaynesforth	Geo Bradley	
Mary Trump	Jim Gaynesforth	Lizzie Livingston	
John Kedijgton	Mamie Harris	Dan Livingston	
James Reeves	Edwin Harris	Lizzie James	

Will Reeves	Edward Harris	Orsen Spiers
Wm. Loosey	Lucy Harris	Mary Spiers
Lucy Loosey	Wm. Spence	Frank Spiers
May Loosey	John Reeves	Nellie Spiers
Joseph Darks	James Pierson	Mim Spiers
Wm. H. Oblad	Martha Pierson	Etta Parsons
Joe Muser	Isadere Pierson	Mary Parsons
Berth Borgquist	Lizzie Livesey	George Brady

MUSICAL CAREER

1881 - 1891

Prof Evan Stephen -- Singing Class. Held in the Council House and Assembly Hall on Deseret News Corner. List of Stephen's Choral Society in Tabernacle.  
List of boy & girl students in both classes:

Dick Chamberlan	Nephi Morris	Dobeny Wilkens	Mark Clive
Gertie Peterson	Geo Q. Morris	Jim Iverson	Clarke Whitney
Gunell Peterson	John Morris	Emma Iverson	Alex Wade
John Blythe	Dick Morris	May Bernkizel	John Hilton
Tomas Ashworth	Laura Smith	David Bernkizel	Mamie Hilton
Millie Bassett	Millie Smith	Annie Barney	Orson Hewlett
Ruby Bassett	Mary Smith	Robert Brighton	Amelia Anderson
Henry Bassett	H.J. Smith	Robert Siddoway	Agust Anderson
Nora Bassett	Sabina Smith	Kate McMaster	Annie Anderson
Mamie Freeze	Clara Morris	Geo Hilton	J.G. Renolds
James Freeze	Fred Ensign	Irene Ball	May Taylor
Annie Freeze	Hod Ensign	John Ball	Stanley Taylor
Eliker Call	Ralph Cutler	May Ball	Nephi Taylor
Fred Davis	Frank Cutler	Annie Stromberg	Joe Durbage
Bell Groo	Geneve Hyde	Vick Stromberg	Katie Durbage
Rose Groo	Edna Hyde	Leda Stromberg	Minnie Durbage
Josephine Groo	Lon Hyde	H.S. Ensign	Charles Oblad
John Groo	Nora Clayton	Heber Goddard	Eph Oblad
Mable Johnson	Cal Bywater	Eliza Pascoe	Wm H. Oblad
Amy Johnson	Chick Chamerlain	True Pascoe	Brig Maycock
John Johnson	Ed Tolofsen	Lavinia Pascoe	George Maycock
Maud Friday	Ed Borgund	Annie Goddard	Lucy Maycock
Leona Friday	Teenie Campbell	Nellie Druce	John Hamilton
Kate Friday	Mary Campbell	Wm. Woods	Phillip Maycock
Sarah Smith	May Wilkens	Joe Woods	Sarah McMurrin
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Beckey McMurrin	Thomas Garrard		
Lizzie Thomas	Bell Garrard		
Agnes Olson	John Reese		
Joe Shelmerdine	H. M. Woolley		
Malands Pratt	Hyrum Case		

Maud Pratt	H. A. Tivekett
Winnie Pratt	W. H. White
Will Clark	Alvin Beesley
Effie Clark	C. A. Peterson
Bell Soloman	jack Williams
Parly White	Seth Williams
Bill Barrett	C. J. Thomas
Cal Summerhays	C. B. Anderson
W. B. Dougall	Ed Beesley
Hugh Dougall	C. Jenson
Dick Hapworth	Grant Andrus
Dick Papworth	Lucy Hardy
Wm. Anderson	John hardy
Camelia Anderson	Lon platt
Milt Sheets	Chick Platt
Elija Sheets	Geo D. Fyper
Ted Frost	Heber Alder
Mamie Frost	
Addie Careless	
Edith Migley	
E. P. Migley	
Arthur Witzel	
Earnest Wetzal	
John Morgan	

BASIL J. OBLAD Sr. 1<sup>st</sup> speech at the funeral of neighbor Alfred Tietjen

Neighbors, ladies and gentlemen. It has fallen to my lot to be requested to make a few remarks to our departed brother and neighbor, Alfred Teitjen, in behalf of the drill team, of which he was an active member.

Mr. Tietjen, or affectionately known as Alf in the team was an upright, good and conscientious man. You could rely on Alf to do his part willingly in anything that he was called upon. It seems strange, not more than a year ago we had an occasion like this, and Alf was sitting where he is lying in state now and made the remark to me that I would be the happiest man if they dispose of me in this manner and order. I dare say that if his spirit could reenter his body now, you could see a smile of contentment on his face.

Alf was a great lover of music and a jovial disposition. When we were drilling in lodge or on an exhibition, he would always say, "Now, boys, watch me. I'm your music man." and he would always be in the lead.

On several occasions when the team went to other towns to give exhibition drills, Alf was with us and accompanied by his beloved wife. They would be singing and harmonizing on the trip both coming and going.

What a wonderful harmonious life he must have had with his wife and family. It is hard to part with a friend like this and I sometimes wonder if we will meet again on the other side. In conclusion, I will read this little poem to express my thoughts and belief.

### Shall We Know Each Other There?

1. When we hear the music ringing  
In the bright celestial dome,  
When sweet angel voices, singing  
Gladly bid us welcome home  
To the land of ancient story  
Where the spirit knows no care  
In that land of light and Glory  
Shall we know each other there?
  
2. When the holy angels meet us  
As we go to join their band,  
Shall we know the friends that greet us  
In that glorious spirit land?  
Shall we see the same eyes shining  
On us as in days of yore?  
Shall we feel the dear arms twining  
Fondly round us as before?
  
3. Yes, our earth-worn soul rejoices  
And our weary heart grows light  
For the thrilling angel voices  
That shall welcome us in heaven  
Are the loved of long ago  
And to them 'tis kindly given  
Thus their mortal friends to know.
  
4. Oh ye weary, sad, and tossed ones,  
Droop not, faint not by the way!  
Ye shall join the loved and just ones  
In that land of perfect day.  
Harp strings, touched by angel fingers  
Murmured in my raptured ear.  
Over more their sweet song lingers  
We shall know each other there!

In behalf of the drill team, we all pour out our heart-felt sympathy and pray our Heavenly Father to heal the wound in their aching hearts of his loving family for the sad bereavement, is my humble prayer. Amen.

BASIL J. OBLAD (1904-1981)

Appointed to succeed Captain A. B. Anderson as Captain of Team by board of Managers

and Officers of the camp on Nov. 8, 1933, Camp #338, Salt Lake.

Camp 338 held an election of officers for the next 6 months Wed. Nov 2, 1933. Hy R. Kingdon, Consul Com. George H. Jenson, Advisor Lieut., David McHendricks, Escort, Claude Baum, Watchman, J. Sharp, Sentry, Ray Don, Clerk, F. A. Carter, Member of Board of Managers, Don P. Smith Banker, Basil J. Oblad as Captain of Team in place of A. B. Anderson (deceased)

All were voted on and sustained.

List of new members initiated this night:

Afton A. Anderson, Capt. Anderson's Daughter

Alice H. Anderson " " "

W. C. Barnery, F. S. Middleton, Bernice M. Middleton, E. H. Martinson

This was the first initiation with Basil as Captain.

Protem - Installation of officers. Old Guards Night Jan 10, 1834 Post Council

Commander

Hy R. Kingdon, Consul Com., Ray Don, Clerk

Geo. H. Jenson, Advisor Lieut, Don P. Smith, Banker

David McHendricks, Escort, J. Sharp, Sentry

Claude Baum, Watchman, F. A. Carter, Board of Mgrs.

Basil J. Oblad, Captain of Team

The following new members were initiated:

Ada Anderson, S. R. Abbott, C. H. Melmborg, G. A. Hatton, E. B. Taylor, W. F. Hunt, F. F. Abbott, Jennie Wellington, Gladys Oblad, Captain, Wife.

Memorial service was held for 30 deceased members. This was the first initiation with Basil Oblad as Captain installed.

The 1<sup>st</sup> Burial neighbor White was buried from the popular Ward M. House Basil Oblad as Captain during entire services.

## NINTH WARD

### LISTS OF DEACONS WHILE I WAS COUNSELOR

A member, and president of Deacon's Quorum:

John Maxwell	James Barrows	Joseph Darke
James Maxwell	Fred Barrows	Wm. Darke
Thomas Maxwell	Joseph L. Barrows	Chas. Berry
William Maxwell	Wm. H. Oblad	Charles Sterling
Charles Birkenshaw	Eph T. Oblad	William Sterling
Ben Birkenshaw	Albert Schellar	Jimmie Sterling
Jacob Birkenshaw	Geo. Schellar	James Mair
Thomas Birkenshaw	Vernon Brown	Charles Mair
Adolph Hoffman	George Brown	Sidney Groo
Edwin Johnson	Imeri Brown	Lawrence Groo
Clarence Merrill	John Killstrom	John Groo
Jeseph Jacobson	Arthur Webb	Mr. Fickstaff
Walter Knight	James Woods	Vernon Woods
Lonis Knight	Wm. Woods	Earnest Woods

Earnest Penrose	Geo. W. Darke	David Walker
Geo W. Penrose	Taylor Woolley Jr.	Wm Anderson
Eddie Penrose	Geo Woolly	Sammy Anderson
Frank Cutler	Alma Thomburg	Will Hearter
Ralph Cutler	Will Thomburg	John Hearter
Carl Gillett	John Crockwell	Wm. D. Riter
Ben Gillett	Charles Crockwell	Charles Oblad
Geo W. Riter	Wm. Crockwell	Geo Bowles
Wilford Woodruff		

Ninth Ward Philosophical Debating Society used to meet every Thursday night through the winter of 1884 until 1890. We would debate on religious and scientific subjects.

Name of debaters,		
Will Taylor	A. M. Woolley	Dr. J. D. M. Benedict
Albert Webb	Arthur Webb	W. W. Riter
O. H. Pettitt	Sidney Groo	Chauncey Benedict
L. O. Taft	John Taylor, Sr.	Imirie Brown
John F. Oblad	Geo. W. Riter	Geo. Brown
Wm. H. Oblad	Heber Case	Hyrum Case
Thomas Hold	A. H. Woolley	John Reese
Royal Barney	Jack Groo	Mose Evens
Joseph Darke	Geo W. Darke	John E. Evens

We would pair off into teams and select subject and debaters, 8 for and 8 against. Time limit was 5 minutes per man. We got radical on some church subjects after a while so the authorities requested us to confine our debates to scientific subjects only.

In the early days, a person had to make his own amusements, like F. J. P. Pascoe. He would make and furnish amusement at their home or out at other places. He would be the ringleader in making others happy.

Likewise, J. F. Oblad would do his best when the Ward took outings at Calders, Liberty Park, Fuller's Hill Pleasure Gardens and Lindsey Gardens\*.

\*FIRST PLAYGROUND This marker stands 90 ft. North of the gate to Lindsey's Gardens, first playground in Utah. In 1865 Mark Lindsey and wife Bothiah Savill Lindsey, handcart pioneers of 1859, homesteaded a quarter section; built a home, dance hall, museum, lunch arbors, a bathhouse fed from a spring in the ravine, planted gardens, made swings, giant strides, whirley gigs, greasy poles, croquet and baseball grounds, sold soft drinks, homemade ice cream and cake. Admission adults 10c, children 5c.

I would have to do the same in my school days. We would have secret alphabets, enigmas, charades, jokes, riddles and autograph poetry tricks, circuses, dancing, foot racing. In all the above things I was a leader.

I was a dramatic leader in the 9<sup>th</sup>, 2<sup>nd</sup>, 8<sup>th</sup> and 10<sup>th</sup> Wards entertainment. We put on shows in these different wards on several occasions. 1886 to 1892.



The players were:

Laura Smith, May Gillett, Millie Groo, John Reeves, Mamie Evens, Will Lovsey, Geo. W. Riter, John Brady, Etta Webb, Fred Paul, Effie Webb, Will Procter, Wm. H. Oblad, John Procter, Will Taylor, Burt Scheller, Violate Taylor, Tom Maxwell, S. B. Smith, Joseph L. Barrows, May B. Smith, J. B. Smith Alvin B. Smith, J. J. Walton, Lottie Paul, Joseph Dark, Joseph Munsar.

Names of some of the Plays that went over:

True Blue, The Wayward Son, Foxey Aunt, Henpecked Husband, The Flighty Wife, High Strung, Temptations, Imaginary, Trusty & True, Minstrels Review, Sam & Mack, The Vagabond Soldier, Prejudiced, Prospectors Daughter, Old Grumble Head, Soldier Pals, Love at First Sight, Sam Slick, Old & Young Heads, Disobedient Youth.

### PRIZES WON

My wife and I were married June 15, 1893 and on June 21, 1893 the Western Dry goods & Mercantile Co. gave an excursion to Calder's Park\*.

\*Salt Lake City in 1902 did not offer much "legitimate entertainment," Hoop wrote. He described Calder's Park as a resort with "a dance hall, benches, a little pond or two, several stands that sold beer by the bottle and sandwiches by the chunk, with a cop to keep order."

We won the following prizes that day:

A baby buggy for the latest newly-weds on the grounds. My wife won a vanity set in a beauty contest. I won a pair of \$3.00 shoes in a free-for-all foot race. Frieda, our baby, took first prize for the prettiest, heaviest and perfect baby at the fair (1894), then located at the 10th Ward square or now known as Car Barn.

In the early 1900's I joined the Commercial Club and Merchants and Manufacturing Club. They both had rented a hall or store and gave exhibits of goods, wares and manufactured articles to help stir up interest in them, from time to time. On one occasion when the Commercial Club gave a show, they charged admission to it. Every ticket had a duplicated number which was deposited in a box and at the closing of that show the ticket ends would be drawn out, one by one, the numbers called out would win a prize or prizes that were donated by different firms for the occasion. My ticket won a 5 gallon freezer of ice cream donated by the Crescent Ice Cream Company. Another time when the Merchant & Manufacturing Club gave an exhibition or show, they had tickets like the Commercial Club had. My ticket won a 5 gallon freezer of ice cream donated by the Crescent Ice Cream Company. Singular, ain't it?

I was Librarian of 9<sup>th</sup> Ward Sunday School from 1884 to 1895 - 11 years.

### OLD HEADS AND YOUNG

Old and Young Heads - Synopsis -- This play was based on the environments of two homes: The Browns and Jones. The head of the Browns home was an eccentric man who had gotten into a deep rut, did not like his children to play or sing the up-to-date songs, but to continuously play and sing church music. Much to the disgust of everyone, their home was unhappy and the children would go to other homes for their enjoyment. They flocked to the

Jones home where their up-to-date singing & playing was encouraged.

The meeting of the young folks at the Jones's had their happiness, their sorrow, romances and love affairs; some serious, some comic. It was a happy progressive home, while the Browns' home was not. Time went on, and the head of the Browns' home passed away. The younger heads took charge of it at the request of the mother, who seemed like she had come out of purgatory when the old head passed out. The Browns' home brightened up and was the home of love and romance and a general trysting place for the progressive young.

Moral: You cannot keep the young heads from progressing honorably.

Remarks: After this play was put on in different wards, the church authorities saw the point and commenced to remove the old heads, put them in the High Priest or Patriarch Group and replaced them by younger heads in the Bishopric. So now days, your ward dances and entertainments are equal to any "anywhere"!

### SOME GOOD FEED Mention his Father's mission

After surviving the sick spell as noted earlier, I was slow in gaining my health. My parents did everything to get me well, but it was slow. After my father returned from his mission of 1873-74, he took me to Dr. W. F. Anderson. He told father that I needed outdoor exercise, and to get me to eat, let me rough it. So father built up a chimney about a foot high with draft and ash holes in it. Then they would cook my meals on it and I seemed to pick right up from the start. As I got older I learned to cook myself. Mother would let me cook my potatoes with the jackets on and also give me a slice of home cured bacon, ham or sausage and let me cook them and eat what I wanted. Some of my boy friends would come over and partake of the outdoor cooking until they themselves got the fever. Then they had a cook stack or dug-out in their own yards and we boys would go first to one place then to the other place and have our feeds. Each one would furnish some potatoes or eggs, meat, chicken or what have you. It got to be a big fad amongst us kids. The food sure tasted different this way. In the dug-out, or Indian oven, we would take eggs and roll them in yellow clay, then throw them in the fire (everybody was his own cook) and when you heard your egg pop, it was the sign that it was done. Then you would dig it out of your place in the fire and eat it with some salt and pepper, butter and bread. We boys had all the milk we wanted, because everybody had their own cows.

Some of the boys would catch a stray chicken, kill and clean it, but leave the feathers on, then paste thick clay mud all around it, feathers and all. Then put it in the hot coals, then play around for about an hour and the chicken would be done nicely. We would crack the clay and off it would come, feathers and skin and leave the white meat, clean and juicy. Oh my, how nice it would taste. We kept this up for quite a while and finally the neighbors commenced to miss their chickens and we were forced to quit the business.

### EPISODES

In order to get a background of these early day episodes, I will describe the conditions that existed. The property owners as a rule owned property in the following dimensions: the lots were 2 ½ to 10 rods\* wide and always 20 rods deep except corner lots. They were 10 rods square as a rule. \*1 rod = 5 ½ yards

All property owners had a row of apple trees, another row of peach or apricot or green gage or egg flower trees and between each tree were bushes of goose berries, and deseret

currants. They had a table garden plot also a place for a colony of honey bees. Occasionally there was a patch of lucerne to feed their cows and horses and pigs.

The property line was generally fenced with 4 and 5 boards high 6 in x 1 in. The 20 rod line or otherwise the middle of the block had a fence consisting of closely planted potawatomi plum (or bastrop plum) and mulberry tree and an irrigation ditch running the full length through the middle of the block as well as around the outside of the block (according to the drop of the land). The shade trees on the street face were the locust and sweet locust with thorns, the mulberry and walnut. Years later came the poplar and box elder and other assortments. The face of the property generally had picket fences - some of ornamental design, others plain.

### HERE IS WHERE I WAS LUCKY

One of the boys who did the chicken stealing was Billie Emes, and I was told to keep him out of our yard. One day my two brothers and I were down beyond the barn having our rough-it dinners. Billy Emes came down the yard to the south of ours and wanted to come over. So I took a stick and defied him to come. He got mad and jumped up on the lower board of the fence and his elbows were clichéd over the top board. He held a twenty-two pistol and aimed it at me and let it go. I dropped just a split second before it shot. My two brothers ran to my side and picked me up thinking I was shot. But it missed me by a mile.

### EPISODES -- BEE STINGS

One day I was strolling down our yard, going to pick some currants and gooseberries, so mother could make some pies. The bees were present everywhere. I got caught in a bunch of them and they stung me below both eyes. I sure had a couple of big eyes for a long time. The doctor, J. D. M. Crockwell, thought I would lose my sight but the stingers were just about the cheek bone. The doctor pulled them out and in about a week or two the swelling went down, but even today I carry the puffs below my eyes.

Another time I had just finished cleaning out the barn and had stepped outside when a bee stung me on the tip of the nose. I had some nose for a long time. Every time I hear or see a bee, the tip of my nose tingles or smarts.

BEWARE OF THE HONEY BEE-- When you get in close touch with them, they last a life time.

### STOLEN HONEY

Dr. Crockwell (our neighbor on the north) and my father had Mr. J. Ball the neighborhood honey-man, with a centrifugal honey extractor, come and collect the season's honey. Johny Crockwell and I watched him in his work with his veil and bellows to blow burnt rags to stupefy the bees. We both asked him for some honey and he said, "NO!"

After he had completed his job and put his outfit up on a shelf, and went up to town, John and I wanted some honey. So we put on the head veil and used the bellows and we pulled out a frame of honey and put everything back in place and beat it down to the back end of their yard with the frame of honey.

We ate and ate until the frame was all gone. Honey, wax and all. When we got through, weren't we sick? I was so sick that mother sent for father. Father came home and asked me what

I had done to make me sick. I said, "Ah, nothing!" "Here is 50 cents. Tell me what you have done." "Oh, nothing." Father increased it two bits at a time until it got up to a \$1.25 and every time I would say "Oh, nothing". When it got to the \$1.25 mark, up it came, honey, wax and all. "Ha ha. Now I see what was the matter," father and mother said. So, by stalling, I lost the \$1.25, but WAS I SICK. OH ME, OH MY!

### SWIMMING HOLE

In the back end of our lot, we boys dug a hole 4 feet deep and about 10 feet square, then turned in the water from the irrigation ditch and filled it up. It made a swell old swimming hole. We used this all one season, then the next season, my brother Charley and I and Albert went down with typhoid fever\*.

\*Prior to 1900 doctors saw more typhoid fever than any other disease. They treated it in various ways. Some felt it was best to starve the patient; others felt hot water was the cure. Salt Lake City Cemetery records from 1850 to 1894 record 924 deaths due to typhoid, but the actual number was probably higher. Many deaths among typhoid-prone adolescents and young adults, who died in the summer and fall when typhoid is most common, were attributed to "diarrhea" or "fever." Many people realized the connection between typhoid and contaminated food and drink, but little action was taken until health boards were established. Even then, it was difficult to educate the public to take a few simple precautions.

The Dr. said we contracted it from this swimming hole. Charles & Albert died, so father had the old swimming hole filled up.

Before this happened, we tried to make some ice cream. Billie Kean, whose father was a candy maker, swiped some flavoring. When the cream was frozen, we found out it was flavored peppermint. We all got our fill of peppermint.

### ENTERTAINMENTS -- WARD

The ward shows we put on in the different wards were for missionary and ward benefits. We, the players, did not receive a cent. Our work was free gratis. A good many times we used our own money for current expenses. Just did our work for the good of the cause and the honor of being able to show our talent.

A good many of the plays that are listed were of our own origination. I, myself, contributed a good many of them.

The play, Old and Young Heads, had its effect in this way:

The deacons of the 9<sup>th</sup> ward of whom I was president, put dances on in the ward hall and nearly all of them. We would have to dig down into our own pockets to defray expenses. Our bishop being an old head, would not let us have more than one round dance. Some of the other ward bishops allowed two and three round dances. The young folks would patronize them instead of ours. I had asked my young friend why they did not patronize some of our dances. They said they would if I put on more than one round dance. So I, in order to make the dance pay, slipped in one or two more round dances and got the crowd. The bishop called me up on the carpet and reprimanded me for doing so. I laid the whole thing before him and tried to show him my reasons for doing so but the old head could or would not see it my way. So I just resigned from committee.

The next year, he saw his folly and asked me to take charge again. I accepted and our dances after that were a paying affair.

N.B. The reason I put down 'We and I' was, they were deacon affairs but when it came to dig down into your pocket, it was I that had to do it.

### ENTERTAINMENT AND EXCURSION - H.D. RIFLES

The Rifle boys drilled in the Denhalter Hall and Independence Hall. Both were west of Main on Third South. I had filled all of the Non Com officers but I did not fill any of the Commission officers because that was always filled by a certain clique. I could not get into that clique.

The HDR. gave several dances through-out the period I belonged to them in Independence Hall and Salt Lake Theatre with success. I was generally on all committees. We also gave excursions to Garfield\*, Black Rock, Ogden, Provo, and Castilla Springs\*\*.

\*GARFIELD AND LAKE POINT RESORTS From 1881 to 1893, Garfield Beach was the most famous and finest recreation resort on the shores of Great Salt Lake; with its railroad station, lunch stand, restaurant, bath houses and pier leading to the dance pavillion and the pioneer steamboat, "City of Corinne," exhibited at anchor. Lake Point was located 1 1/2 miles west. A three-story hotel erected there by Dr. Jeter Clinton became a stopping place for Overland Stages. The boulder used for this shaft was taken from the "Old Buffalo Ranch," one-half west.

\*\*The Utah landscape is dotted with hot springs resorts that have come and gone. Although a few remain, most are merely memories to aging Utahns. One such popular resort during the 1890s and early 1900s was Castilla Hot Springs in Spanish Fork Canyon, Utah County. The name Castilla was suggested either by the castlelike rock formations nearby or because the Spanish priest-explorers Escalante and Dominguez discovered the springs in September 1776 as they followed the Spanish Fork River down the canyon. They called it Rio de Aguas Calientes ("River of Hot Waters") because of the hot springs flowing into the river.

In 1889, more than 100 years later, William Fuller filed for a patent on the hot springs property with the U.S. government. On the land he built a small house which contained a wooden tub for bathing in the mineral water. Later, the Southworth family became interested in the property. Mrs. Southworth, the family matriarch, felt that her health had been improved by bathing in water from the springs. She urged her two sons, Sid and Walter, to buy the springs to "make a resort for people who have hopeless afflictions, that they may come and be cured." The Southworths obtained the land from Fuller and began to improve it. They filled the swampy area with gravel and built a three-story, red sandstone hotel. Other structures included indoor and outdoor swimming pools, a store, a dance pavilion, private bathhouses, several private cottages, and a saloon. Picnic areas, a baseball diamond, and stables were also provided.

During the summer months the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad ran excursion trains to Castilla. One of the most popular runs was the "moonlight excursion" from the Tintic Mining District in Juab County to Castilla. The train stopped at stations along the way to pick up passengers for an evening of dining and dancing.

Besides providing recreation for many Utahns, the resort area was the site of several enterprises, including a cigar factory and a quarry that furnished silica used as flux by the Columbia Steel Company in Ironton, Utah. Nevertheless, the warm, sulfuric water remained the principal attraction at Castilla. Bathers came from far and near for the relief they believed they would find for such illnesses as rheumatism and arthritis. The springs' water also became popular as a "cure" for other ailments such as alcoholism, chain-smoking, moral dissipation, and the "tendency to use profane language."

In 1912 Sid Southworth died. Noted sculptor Cyrus Dallin, a native of Springville, helped his sister Daisy (Sid's widow) financially with the resort. Eventually, he gained controlling interest in Castilla, but he had to rely on relatives to run it as he lived in Boston. The resort enjoyed a brief renewal of popularity in the 1920s, but by the 1930s it had fallen into disuse. Lack of funds and competition from other resorts contributed to its downfall.

In the 1940s a fire destroyed most of the hotel. What remained was eventually torn down. Today only a few ponds created by the springs mark the spot where the once-thriving resort stood.

The HDR Band would always go with us and that helped to make them a big success.

The band would give an open air concert and the Rifles, an exhibition drill and shooting. I ranked as a good marksman. My score was an average of 99. The best trip I remember we had was at Castilla Springs on July 23-24, 1890. There was a band contest with several large city bands. The HDR Band took all honors. The entire springs, hotel, dance hall, bathing pool, and other sports were turned over to us boys. We all had the time of our lives. A group of us boys went into the pool and had a contest. We pushed a beer barrel from the center of the pool to the end of the pool. Eight boys on the west side, eight on the east. Rules of contest: Barrel was placed in the center of the pool, the boys stood on the bank of the pool opposite to each other. At crack of the gun, all dived in and swam to the barrel and commenced to push barrel to opponents' goal (holding the barrel was barred). The sides of the pool were lined with spectators and they all saw a splashing good time. The score was a deadlock. No team scored. The next was a shooting contest. William Stockdale, Joe Goodsell and I were high men in standing, kneeling and prone shootings. In fact, I led with 1 ½ points.

There was a band of sheep that had passed on the opposite hill of the spring during the forenoon and some of the boys were shooting at a stray sheep. Captain Wm Webb called to me saying, "Oblad, show these boys how to get that sheep." I said, "Ok, but let me shoot once or twice to find the range." So I shot at 1200 yards and was a trifle low. Then I raised my sight to 1600 yards, then said, "All right, go and get that sheep." Bang! And it was a dead hit. When they brought it in, I was lifted on the shoulders of some of the boys and paraded around and the band played "Hail to the Chief". We turned the sheep into the hotel proprietor and the hotel was ours.

In the afternoon, a group of us boys went around the hills amongst the campers. A woman was lying on a blanket under a shade of some oak brush, asleep. We discovered a big rattle snake crawling over her breast. Ed Dickerson saw it first and he knelt down and took aim and let her go. Well, he picked the snake off just as pretty as could be done. Nobody hurt (lucky shot).

Afterwards, we struck an open place with a hole in the center filled with leaves. Some of the boys poked into this hole with their bayonets and disturbed a bed of rattle snakes. They came

crawling out and hissing and striking at everything. We boys backed away and circled the opening and all shot and shot again into this mass of snakes. It was lucky that none of us were hit from bouncing bullets. When the smoke cleared away, there was a bunch of dead snakes (some 18 or 20 snakes). I got 7 sets of rattles ranging from 5 to 13 rattles.

In the evening, the band had retired and there was a dance in the Hall. The music was furnished by the resort orchestra which was punk. Ed Hazelgrove, Joseph Sleater, Tony Costereson, and I strolled from the hotel over to the dance hall. We looked for awhile, then turned away disgusted, and came back to the hotel parlor. We opened up the windows and started to play. Ed Hazelgrove and I at the piano, Tony and Joe had a mandolin and guitar. It was not long before the crowd in the dance hall was out in front, dancing on the lawn to our up-to-date music. Until midnight, our playing broke up the dance in the hall.

We finally left for home on the midnight train 1:15 AM and arrived in Salt Lake about 2:30 AM, all tired from the effects of a perfect day.

### CELEBRATING THE 4<sup>TH</sup> AND 24<sup>TH</sup> OF JULY

In my younger days, I used to be a great one to celebrate these two days. I generally made a great big noise. I would take two anvils from the shop and would turn one upside down and fill the hole that was there with powder, place the second anvil face down across ways over the powder then touch her off with a piece of paper that was laid between the anvils. Sometimes I would use a long rod of iron that was kept hot in a bonfire. I made a cannon out of 3 ½ in dray axle, made a ¾ hole in one end for about 8 in deep, then a fuse hole from there insert a ¼ in. fuse and tap the powder in the hole and touch her off. Sure some noise.

### OUR 1<sup>ST</sup> HOME OF THREE ROOMS

We built our first home on the property known as 358 Oblad Ave.

It was a three-room frame. Two rooms 12x12, the kitchen was 8 ft x 16 ft. Basil and Wm. Jr were born in this home 1904-1906. We entertained Mr. D. L. Bathhurst of Denver, Colo., President of Denver Home Building & Loan Co. We entertained W. H. Pascoe, leading man in the play, The Palace of the King. We have had many gatherings in this home. The W.O.W. (Woodmen of the World) Silver Maple drill team, the W. O. W. Silver Maple Officers, and a good many family gatherings.

One of the best gatherings was at a wedding anniversary June 15, 1907. Whose? In the yard in front of the house we had 2 long tables 36 feet long. The ground was lighted by two Hydro Carbon lamps. Music was furnished by John B. Goodwin on Edison Phonograph with loud horn. He had over 200 records to select from. The Crowther trio had string instruments assisted by our piano (Leo Livingston playing). The home and grounds were decorated with the June roses of every color. Games and drinks and refreshments were served. A big open air supper was served to over 80 guests. It was a good all-night affair. We hired plates, cups and saucers, knives, forks, glasses and trays and collapsible chairs, spoons, ice cream and fruit dishes all from the Nebraska Furniture Co. We had wines, beer, soda pop, ice cream and all kinds of fruits, cakes and pies. Frank Shupp assisted in making the tables' hanging decorations. Eliza Shupp, Eph & May Oblad, Lena & Nellie Oblad, Lula Rich, Mamie & Katie Ryan, Jennie Hunt, Josephine Johnson, Mrs. Goodwin & Russel, Mrs. Prince, Mrs. Freese, Nora Obrien, Mary Johnson, assisted to make everybody happy.

The following persons were present: Mr. & Mrs. James Langton, James Ross and Lady,

Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Walker, Mr. & Mrs. Wm Longebacker, Mr. & Mrs. Joe Russel, Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Crowther, Mr. & Mrs. Jim Crowther, Mr. & Mrs. Dave Crowther, Mr. & Mrs. John Percy, Mr. & Mrs. Alf Percy, Mr. & Mrs. John B. Goodwin, Mr. & Mrs. Bill Goodwin, Mr. & Mrs. Johnson (Mary), Mr. & Mrs. Johnson (Josephine), Mr. & Mrs. Geo. Walker, Mr. & Mrs. Ed Davey, Mr. & Mrs. F. Shupp, Mr. & Mrs. Eph Oblad, Mr. & Mrs. Geo Hawkins, Ole Johnson and wife, Mrs. Russel, Nora Obrien, Mr. & Mrs. Art Wetzal, Mr. & Mrs. J. Norris, Mr. & Mrs. Geo Ryan, Mr. & Mrs. Jack William, Mr. & Mrs. Ted Pascoe, Mr. & Mrs. O. Oblad, Fred Oblad, Dean Oblad, Ren Oblad, Gertie Oblad, Fred Sheets, Mr. & Mrs. A. Cheshire, Mr. & Mrs. J. Cheshire, Eddesa Pascoe, Edward Pascoe, Mrs. French & son, Mrs. Frus & Marg, Mrs. J. Hunt & Helen, Mrs. J. F. Oblad, Nellie Oblad, Lena Oblad, Freida Oblad, Gladys Oblad, Basil Oblad, Billie Oblad, Edna May Oblad, Bertha Ryan, Jessie Ryan, Bobbie Cheshire, Bessie Craig, Charley Craig, Jessie Pascoe, Mae Pascoe.

The Crowther trio and Billie French violin music was everywhere, even music in the air.

Joe Russel was the Master of Ceremonies. Mrs. Russel was Master of pup stone séances.

The June rose was in evidence in all its glory and color and superb. All kinds of roasted meats, old style boiled New England Ham, with the favorite dishes of Boston baked beans, LGO favorite dills, English Chow and salads galore. Gifts were barred, but they surely expressed their wishes with the varied June rose. This surely looked a Rose Anniversary.

#### OUR SIX ROOM HOME

Lavinia Frieda Oblad's 16<sup>th</sup> Birthday, March 17, 1910. Sister Nellie assisted Lavinia and I in giving this party. We had the Lavinia Flats connected to the home with a plank walk, three feet wide. Both houses were decorated with green lights. Hired Orchestra - Big 4 orchestra and an extra piano for dancing in the new flats. Leo Livingston's Big 4 orchestra furnished the music for the occasion. A piano we had furnished music the new home to entertain in singing and music. Tables were set for our 90 guests. All dishes, cups and saucers and punch glasses, spoons, chairs, were hired from Nebraska Furniture. Plate lunch with pickles, salads, cake, pie and ice cream was served. The punch bowl was greatly patronized. A wonderful evening was spent in comics, singing, recitations and imitations of various characters and dancing and feasting.

The following were present: Mr. & Mrs. Frank Margetts, Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Glissmeyer, Mr. & Mrs. Otto Oblad, Mr. & Mrs. Alex Oblad, Mrs. John F. Oblad, Mr. & Mrs. E. T. Oblad, Fred, Edna May, Gerald, Ren & Gertie, Mr. & Mrs. Frank Shupp, Mr. & Mrs. Frank Forbush, Mr. & Mrs. Geo Ryan, Mr. & Mrs. Toma Ryan, Mr. & Mrs. Art Witzel, Mr. & Mrs. Earnest Witzel, Mr. & Mrs. Jack William, Mr. & Mrs. Jack Norris, Mr. & Mrs. Wm H Oblad, Mr. & Mrs. Harry Steadham, Mr. & Mrs. John Cheshire, Mr. & Mrs. M Williams, Miss Erma Austin, Vera Lundgreen, Dora Knapton, Jap Gibson, Mary Volualler, Kathrine Malin, Wilhelmina Austin, Gladys Oblad, Connie Jenson, Lizzie Livingston, F. W. Green, Emil Rinkenbadi, Lula Hawkins, Mrs. Leopold, Mr. Eardly, Mr. Bywater, J. Watson, Taylor Woolly, Jr. Buelah Woolly, Belle Woolly, Sabina Smith, C. Anderson, L. Larson, H. C. Gibson, Fred Glissmeyer, Harry Fuhrman, Leo Livingston, F. G. Kutmaunky, Zach Oblad, E. E. \_\_\_\_\_, J. R. Austin, C. C. Lewis, Forest Barney, \_\_\_\_\_ Oblad, Billie Oblad, R. Coulton, D. Smith, V. Brown, B. Sheller, Geo Sheller, Amelia Sheller, Lena Sheller

#### LAVINIA FRIEDA MARRIAGE TO ROBERT D. TAYLOR

They were married at Farmington, Sat. June 8, 1912, by L. H. Oviatt at his home 4:25 PM. When they arrived home they were greeted by a number of guests who sat down to a big



feed to celebrate the occasion. Drinks of all sorts were served. Fruits, ice cream, cokes, and pies. The affair was more of a private doing, but during the day the following came to offer congratulations and joined in the celebration: Mr. & Mrs. F. B. Shupp, Mr. & Mrs. Eph T Oblad, Mr. John F. Oblad, Mr. & Mrs. Wm Glissmeyer, Mr. & Mrs. Wm Oblad, Gladys Oblad, Ralph Plant, Basil, Billie, Fred, Edna May, Dean, Ren, and Gertie Oblad. They were divorced Tuesday Sept. 10, 1918, in S. L. City. Eddie, their son, was awarded to the mother.

#### Lavinia Frieda Marriage to George W. Gardner.

George and Frieda, after obtaining their license, took Lavinia and I and Aunt Leah in one car, Ralph & Gladys Plant, Mr. & Mrs. John Plant for a ride (in the second car). They wanted a romantic wedding, so they drove all over the county of Davis County, through Farmington, back through Centerville, and landed in Bountiful where they were married by Bishop Jed Stringham at his home Sunday, April 6, 1919, 4:20 PM. When the two cars arrived to our home 358 Oblad Ave., a group met us and showered the couple with rice & etc. as they entered. Supper was prepared for us all consisting of hot roast beef, leg of pork with trimmings to match, drinks of all sorts, ice cream, coke and fruit. Some of the persons present: Mr. & Mrs. E. T. Oblad, Mr. & Mrs. F. Shupp, Mr. & Mrs. Wm H Oblad, Mrs. John F. Oblad, Gertie Oblad, Leah Olds, Mr. & Mrs. John H. Plant, Mr. & Mrs. Ralph Plant & Virginia, Basil, Billie, Edna May, Fred, Dean, Ren Oblad, Eddie Taylor and others. The house was decorated in enchantress roses and carnations. Supper was served to 50 guests. Mrs. R. T. Plant was the Matron of Honor and Mr. R. T. Plant was the Best Man.

### MY LIFE

I was born in 1871. I have lived in a wonderful age. I have seen the coming and going of the oxen, burrows, mules, horses, locomotives, automobiles, and air planes. Also the coming and going of the tallow and wax candle, coal oil lamps, hydro carbon lamps, gas and electric lights. I saw the first electric light on a pole in front of Lipman's Clothing Store, near the corner of 2<sup>nd</sup> South on Main Street, just north of the Walker Bank building.

I have caught trout in the south fork of City Creek which flowed just east of Main Street, running in a general southeastern direction to the corner of Knutsford Hotel or Auerbach Corner thence turning west in the lower part of the next block south, thence flowed west above 4<sup>th</sup> South to the Jordan River. I have seen ducks (wild ones) killed on the sloughs in the southeast part of the City & County Building block known in early days as the 8<sup>th</sup> Ward Square. I caught frogs and pollywogs there, also killed many water snakes. I killed a rattler on the corner of Fourth East and Sixth South. I have killed a good many snakes, blow, bull, racer, garter, as well as rattle snakes through-out the section known as Section B, Salt Lake Survey. I had a bottle with some fifty rattlers from snakes I have killed in my days. I have seen the coming and going of the Mule Street Car, The Tram, Street Car, the Electric and Bus Street Cars. I have been through or to the top of all the eight canyons about the city, also have scaled the mountain tops from the Hot Springs to the Cottonwoods. My name or initials are placed on rocks or slabs on all the peaks in this district.

I am a lover of outdoor life and a firm believer in "If you want to be healthy, get out in the wide open space. Take your hikes and fishing & hunting trips and build up a strong physical constitution." I have taken in all the early day resorts namely Lake Point, Garfield, Black Rock, Lake Shore, and Syracuse Beaches and spent many an enjoyable time there.

After I got married, I made a pal of my wife. I would take her on my fishing and hunting trips. When God blessed us with our four babies, we took them with us, out in this wide open

space. We taught them to fish and hunt and made pals of them. It is a question today who is the best fisher and hunter of our group. We consider their health and strong constitutions are due to this outdoor life and back-to-nature doings. There is nothing like it. It beats all medicines. Our family has been with us to all the latest resorts and pleasure places. We have taken many a weekend or 1 to 3 weeks trips in the canyons. Feasting, resting, fishing and hunting and will continue to do it until father time says "Whoa". Lavinia and I are pulling with our grandchildren the same way.

### MY EARLY LIFE

When I was about 8 years old, I came home from the store with one of my eyes back and a badly bruised nose. My father saw me and asked me what was the matter? I told him a boy had licked me. "Why didn't you lick him?" Father asked. I said I couldn't. Father said, "Come here, I'll show you how to do it." Father was handy with his dukes. So he taught me how to handle mine. After that I licked every boy that held a chip on his shoulder and defied me to fight. I cleaned up many a bully and was rated as a good scrapper after that.

Father cautioned me to fight fair if a boy came to me with a chip on the shoulder, see that the chip is off first, but follow very close with a sharp blow, make it count and your battle is won. By following this and being the mighty smither's son, and later on, working and learning the smither's trade, I developed very powerful muscles and could and did deliver many a haymaker blow in my scrapping days.

This double reputation has followed me up to this day, and I have been kept out of many a scrap by it. When a scrap has been brewing some of the boys who knew me would say, "Be very careful because Bill is a dangerous man." I have never gone around with a chip on my shoulder, but when a fight has been brought to my door, I have tried to argue them out of it. If not, I have given what they wanted. I believe I have had less scraps than the average person.

I took dramatic and elocution lessons in the 80s from the following professors: John E. Evens, Moses Evens, Maud Babcock, J. J. Walton, and Prof. Whitely.

### INCIDENTS OF MY LIFE

After I had overcome that sickness mentioned earlier, and while my father was on his mission to Sweden, 1873-74, my grandfather on my mother's side, Hans Larsen, would take me with him on hikes or riding with ox team and horses. I remember when he took me to Warm Springs and let me bathe in that warm water. Then he would fill two or three molasses barrels full of that water and haul it to Brigham Young's home where the water would be reheated and used for bathing or soaking purposes as Brigham was a sufferer of rheumatism. He told me that one of those molasses barrels had a little "nigger" child in it. They found it after they had consumed the molasses. Molasses was one of the main foods in those early days. Years later, Grandpa Larsen and my father had taken me on several boat rides from Warm Springs Lake up to Hot Springs Lake. That section had all kinds of water on it in those days.

In my boyhood days, I have had all of the children sicknesses except smallpox and scarlet fever and diptheria. I had the measles three different times, the chicken pox, quimsay, mumps, scarletina and typhoid fever in 1883. Dr. Wm. J. Smith was the doctor for all these ailments. I came out of them none the worse for ware and tare. I am somewhat knock kneed but I came into

them honestly. Grandpa Larsen, being a sailor in Denmark, who used to climb the rigging of the sailing vessels so much that he was inclined to walk that way. My own Father also had them so I guess I got them by birth. But nevertheless they have stood up under me all my life.

While I have mentioned some of my ailments I will continue to write about them. My little finger on the left hand was chopped almost off by my brother Charles. He was swinging the ax foolishly while I was setting on the same log with my hands on the log, the aw fell over my way, blade down, and caught this finger. Dr. Wm H. Anderson did a good job in saving it. The next finger to it was split from the top down to nearly the second joint by a sharp butcher knife in my own hands cutting slivers for fire-making, as paper was scarce (Dr. J. D. M. Crockwell). My thumb and first finger on the same hand see page 159. I carry all the scars today. I had typhoid fever the second time in 1902, January, February, and March. Dr. C. C. Baldwin was the doctor. I had a nervous break down which ended up in the brain fever (second time) 1910. Dr. C. C. Baldwin. I had the flu in 1919. Dr. Allen was doctor. I had the ----- in 1927, almost passed out, but Dr. G. R. Light pulled me out of it. See page 161. In spite of all these early boyhood sicknesses, I became well, hearty, husky, more so than the average child due to the outdoor life that Grandpa Larsen and my father had give me. Or had taught me to indulge in. Which I have followed all through my life. I have carried many a bucket of water for the elephants of the circuses of John Robinson, Forepaws Circus and Barnum & Baily circus on the 8<sup>th</sup> Ward Square, known now as the City & County Building. I would carry this water from a big spring at the northeast corner of this square, to the west half of the square, where they held the circuses. The east half of this square was nearly all sloughs which was later filled in with dumping from the town districts. Later this was covered over with digging from cellars. The east side was then made into a ball park and bicycle racing track.

I have gathered sage brush with Grandpa and father on 7<sup>th</sup> East, 2<sup>nd</sup> to 6<sup>th</sup> South for fire wood. I saw the lynching of the negro named ----- who killed Andrew Burt and wounded C. Wilkins Aug 25, 1883. I saw the suicide of Dave Callifant at 328 So. State in 1907. I nearly got hit with flying bullets at his wife. I saw the two broad sword contest at the 8<sup>th</sup> Ward square between General Agrimontie and General Ross. I have witnessed a good many baseball games between the baseball teams Deserets and Red Socks on the 8<sup>th</sup> Ward Square ball grounds. I have been a baseball fan and promoter ever since my younger days up to late in the 80s. I captained a team called the Rough & Ready Ball team. We played all comers, 1884 to 1890 on the west half of the 8<sup>th</sup> Ward Square. Held the championship of ball players during those years.

I was a live wire in all my boyhood activities. Had oodles of friends by my square dealings. When I grew to manhood and went into business for myself, those boy friends would patronize me and they were rated as the best customers I had. You could depend upon their word - you got your cash when due.

The hardest baseball game we had 1889, our team played the brick Bat Nine, on 4<sup>th</sup> of July at the 8<sup>th</sup> Wd Square for \$5.00 and a 16 gallon keg of beer. In the 6 innings the score was 5 to 3 in their favor. It was a hot day. Their Capt came to me and requested to have the keg opened. I consented. We continued to play. Their batteries got pretty well tanked up. Ours did not. We held our head and poise, consequently the next 3 innings we found their offerings and beat them out (score 5-7).

We had no masks or catchers mitts in those days.

### DOINGS OF THE NORDEN MILITARY COMPANY

The Company was organized and in one article of its bylaws it reads: The Norden Military Co. shall consist of men of Scandinavian birth or decent. I was a person who believed in advancement and I always aimed to improve my standing. In this Company, likewise, the H. D. R. I had filled all the non com officers but it was impossible for me to advance any farther on account of clique or something else. It had come to pass that certain things were unreasonable so I got on my car. I had lost interest in advancement for my fellowmen. I figured right is right and wrong is no man's rights. Mind you, I was no sore head. The Com Officers and non Com officers, but one, were Danes. Of course, Capt Lund was married to the position as Captain but the other men were not. I asked Capt Lund if this was the Norden Military Co or the Danish M. Co. He asked why. I explained my stand and after subduing some bull headedness I finally convinced him he was wrong and later the Swedish members got some recognition. I said, "Let us forget this Scandinavian stuff. Let us all go and be known as American Citizens and be a credit to our Utah." This statement had a great effect. When the Territory of Utah organized a National Guard, I persuaded the company to go in as a unit which they did. Went in as Company "B", N. G. U., April 1894.

### SOME EARLY DOINGS IN PIONEER DAYS

In the early days of the Mormon religion, they had converts from all denominations and creeds. These old times, although converted to the Mormon religion, injected some of their mother religion into Mormonism. So there were conflicting opinions in regards to their belief.

The new generation has laid these all aside and are schooled more to the modern and original doctrine of the Church.

There were many fanatics in those early days. Some used their own ideas and taught them to their children and believers. They got so bad that they organized their own colonies and were known as the Morganites, Godbeites, Morrisites, Geomanseites, Josephites, Forsbergmites, and other ites. Bro Brigham, in order to suppress all these so-call Apostitates, used his influence and force to subdue them or had his flunkys (or some other name) wipe them off the face of the earth. Anything was fair in pioneer days to gain a leader's ideals and purpose.

### READ: PHILLIPS "KNOW UTAH"

In the early days, the people guarded their daughters very closely. They did not want them to marry outsiders and some of the old good brethren took advantage of this. If they saw a nice looking girl, they wanted her for their third, fourth, or fifth wife. They told them, as well as their parents, that they had a revelation or that it was God's will that they should marry them. Some of the girls fell for that bunk, others saw the hell that their other wives suffered that several committed suicide. Others again took to the soldier boys much to the dismay of their parents.

There are a lot of good boys in a military group as well as bad ones. Up at poperton or Bonneville on the hill or known now as Federal Heights there was a grove that nature planted as well as the non-Mormon cemetery, Mt. Olivet. These places were a trysting place of lovers. Our Mormon girls who stood upon their own integrity took this chance and met their lovers at these places, which ended in marriage with those soldier boys.

I have observed that these marriages, which were contrary to their parents wishes or desires, turned out to be successful. In proof of my statement, I made a list of soldier boys that

have become some of our best citizens after they have been discharged from service:

Tom Bates	Phil Neder	Bill Merrian	J. T. Blythe
Joseph Brown	Phil Klipple	Will George	Joe Carlos
Frank Montier	Sam Atkins	Cal Buckwalter	Frank Bevins
Geo Strickley	Sam Bates	J. W. Mathews	Wm. Drucher
G. H. Meyer	Joe Mullhelland	J. E. Woods	Joe Gemplier
Wh. H. Ross	J. T. Edwards	Jones Rice	John Walker
Fred Reibn, Sr.	Frank Leonard	Oscar Reese	Geo Walker
Rubin Clark	Frank Smith	Martin Nelson	Frank Walker
J. H. Robinson	Jim Walker	Herman Scholtz	Joe Smothers
Jack Fuller	Wm. Gollightly	Gotfre Edoush	Ollie Hanson
Dan Pounds	J. H. Allen	Otto Delki	Olif Sawank
Pete Brown	Angus McKellar	Charles Droyer	Art Schied
Pete Nystrum	Lewis McCarthy	John Shosts	Pat Goodsell
Ferdinand Kulsen	Neil Debentish		

I could enumerate scores of other soldier boys who have made good with their marriage to Mormon girls and are today our best citizens.

#### THE SHOT THAT KILLED BRIG MURPHY

This episode happened Jan. (Monday) 29<sup>th</sup>, 1883. I was an admirer of a soldier boy. If I could get a uniform or cap I would think I was it. I got a cap from a soldier boy which I appreciated very greatly and wore it every day. On this day, my mother, expecting to be confined, had Mrs. Elizabeth Murphy as her nurse. Mother sent my brother Charles, Brig Murphy and I down to Bishop Petersen's straw stack to fill the tick full of new straw. We had got it filled from the south side of the stack in order to get dry straw. N. B. (This stack was off the corner of 4<sup>th</sup> East and 8<sup>th</sup> South, about 10 rods from this point). Which we were finishing filling the tick, Bill Emes & Victor Petersen came through the field from the south where they had been hunting ducks on first canyon or second canyon creek. They met us kids and we kidded them about their kill. Bill Emes grabbed my soldier cap and threw it up in the air and shot it to ribbons. I said, "You dirty S. O. B." and he swung around as if to shoot at me and Victor Petersen did the same. I ran and jumped around the corner of the straw stack just as Brig Murphy stepped out to see what was the matter. Vick pulled his trigger and shot at me but poor Brig got the load right in his neck. He keeled over dead. We then took our full tick up home and broke the news to his mother. She left and mother was left alone. Father came home when he got the news and saw the dilemma that we were all in, went through the block and got Mrs. Nelson to help mother. Otto, my brother, was born that night.

#### MINUTES OF THE 9<sup>TH</sup> WARD Y.M.M.I.A. HELD WED., OCT 16, 1889

Wm H. Oblad Secretary

Meeting called to order by Counselor John W. Reese, Choir Sang "Hope of Israel". Prayer by John F. Oblad. Singing "Love at Home". Coun. John W. Reese said that this being the first meeting of the season, it would be in order to fill up the vacant officers and also sustain the old

officers. He said our former president had moved out of the ward and that we would have to elect another president. He also stated that he did not think that he could hold out with the meetings this season on account of a bad cold that he has had for several years. He tendered his resignation.

The meeting was left open for the election. Bro. A. H. Woolley was elected President. T. G. Tobiason and Geo Bowles were elected as his counselors. It was moved that we sustain P. J. Nielson as Treasurer and J. L. Barrows as Secretary and Millie Smith as assistant, which carried unanimously. Bro Reese stated that we needed an organist which resulted in the election of Wm. H. Oblad as organist with Elsie Barrows as assistant. It was moved and seconded that the program committee consists of the president and his two counselors and that they had the power to call to their assistants any aid that they wished. Carried. There being no time to make a program for the next meeting, so it was stated by Pres. A. H. Woolley that they would call for volunteers. Bro. Felt being present gave us a few interesting remarks and advice.

It was moved and seconded that we all return a hearty vote of thanks for the outgoing officers and our old War Horse, John W. Reese. Carried. Choir sang "Did you think to pray". Prayer by John W. Reese.

Wm. H. Oblad,  
Sect. Pro Tem

#### A MASQUERADE HELD IN OBLAD'S NEW HOUSE

526 So. 4<sup>th</sup> East, Wed. Jan. 27<sup>th</sup>, 1892. Committee: John M. Knight, Wm. & Eph T. Oblad. Fred Neilson, Joseph Hanson, Musicians

Those present: James Barrows, Elsie Barrows, Alice Barrows, Joseph Barrows, Mable Burton, John M. Knight, Lilly Knight, Addie Knight, Mamie Knight, Wm. Knight, Wm. H. Oblad, Charles Berry, Fred Barrows, Geo Weggeland, Wm. R. Pascoe, Eliza Pascoe, Lavinia G. Pascoe, May Pascoe, Florence Cornell, Blanch Conrad, May Howard, James Maxwell, Allice Maxwell, Maggie Maxwell, Eph T. Oblad, Hattie Barry, Ray Knight, Edith Weggeland, Sarah Maxwell, Thomas Maxwell, Laura Smith, Millie Smith, Hyrum Smith, Mary Smith, Mamie Stohl, Eddie Stohl, May Gillett, John Reeves, Joseph Darke, Florence Bone, Jack Killstrom, Annie Weggeland.

#### RELICS OF INDIANS

In my Natural History cabinet which I started in 1882, I have gathered several groups of Indian spearheads, arrow points, axes & tomahawks. I had some from the Bear River Tribe, Goshen, Utes, and other tribes. I had close upon 400 of them. I soaked the cabinet as it stood to mother for a loan of \$25.00. After I had paid this back, mother returned the cabinet to me. But I had found that my younger brothers and sisters took out whatever they anted, wherein I lost a very good collection of natural things. It disgusted me so that I discontinued my collections and now they are all over. This was a fine collection that went to ruin.

#### THE HAUNTED CEMETARY

The Mt. Olivet cemetery was a trysting place for the soldier boys and Mormon and other girls. Carl Steiner, a boy friend of mine, we used to go every other evening up to his sister (that married a Mr. Hawks who lived where the Hogle Gardens are) to get some milk and eggs. We

used to make this trip every other evening. On the Northeast corner of the cemetery was a reservoir that held the water that ran down some pipe leads to water the lawns in different parts. Carl and I would go in swimming and get over to these pipe leads and holler down them. "Oh, oh, oh, oh, get me out of here quick I can't breathe. Oh, oh oh. Caaa."

This weird noise would hold some of the lovers spell bound. Others would get scared and scamper here and there. They spread the news that a vault or grave had someone buried alive, or it was haunted. We kept this up for over a week, group after group would gather then scamper away. There was such excitement in the neighborhood that the sexton got the police to investigate and if necessary dig the person out. We had them all puzzled for a while until Carl spilled the beans by hollering down, "Nix comma rouse". Then we had to hurry to make a quick get-away. We took a round about way home and did not get caught. The police fathom out the haunted cemetery.

### HOW I GOT MY NAME

Prior to my birth, father was working for Naylor Brothers (Wm & Geo). William Naylor was so good to father while he was paying for his property. By keeping him at work, steady the year round, father thought he could honor him by naming one of his children after him. Which he did. So I got the name of William. My second name, Hans, was after my mother's father, Hans Larsen, who was a good, dear, old soul. He took a big interest in me and was a great companion to me in my early days, until he died.

*\*\*\*written in: Grandfather Hans Larsen got his first name from the fabled "Hans" who put his finger in a hole that was leaking water from a dam holding back the water that could have grown into a floor and destroyed the town in Holland.*

### ONE OF MY BEST AND DEAREST FRIENDS -- GEORGE WALKER

In the year of 1891, a young man came to Oblad & Knights shop of which I was floor man, which was wagon of the Peoples Forwarding Co.

When he drove up I stepped out to see what repairing he wanted done. I said, "Hello, George." He answered and said, "Hello, Bill." After he showed me what he wanted done and was preparing to go away with the team, I was left with a queer feeling. I said, "What is your full name? Your face seems familiar to me. I have met you some place or other." "Oh, I guess you are mistaken," he replied. "My name is George Walker, I have just come from Maine. This is my first day here in your town."

"Well, that is funny, I could have sworn I knew and have met you before." "Maybe you have, but I guess not," was his reply. "Anyway, I am George Walker from Maine and am pleased to meet you Billie Oblad." We met several times after that and I invited him down to our dances and entertainments which he accepted. We became good friends. While attending on of our dances, I introduced him to all the girls there and to one girl in particular. Miss Lucy Dubinham. This lady George took a fancy to, and after a period of courtship they were married with all honors and I was invited to their wedding as best man. Time rolled on, after that, and we met occasionally. See page 132. One day he approached me and talked me in to joining the Woodman of the World Lodge. Told me about the goodness and benefits of belonging to a good Lodge. He was no officer of the Lodge, but an active member of Camp #53. I joined the lodge on Tuesday, August 15, 1905. I was just obligated that night and would be initiated later, as the Degree Team had broken up after a trip they had to Los Angeles. By George's persuasion, the team reorganized. He told them to give me the both barrels as I was a husky lad and would show

them a good time.

All set, and I was initiated October 10, 1905. Everything was done to scare the wits out of me. I was handled kind of rough, but I did some roughing myself, much to the pleasure of the members on the side seats. "Well, all over" and "Nobody hurt". George and I met quite often after that, in the meetings and socials with our wives. We went to card parties, dances, and other social affairs. Had a good, harmless time. George told me if I joined the W. O. W. I would never rue the day. That has proved true. I am now an old guard. My son, Basil, joined them and is now Capt. Of their Degree Team. Wm. H. Jr. also joined, is a member of the team and is the team's advisor. Basil's wife and two children belongs to it. So "Old George" was RIGHT!

George had a job collecting for the Freed Furniture Co and I would see him everyday. He would always call at my shop and say hello and arrange his cards for his collecting route. We became quite bosom friends and neighbors. Some days George would come into the shop and I would be up town or perhaps home sick. George, for devilment, would put a trussel or a piece of wood the shape of a cross then put my jumper over it and my apron in front and hammer by the side, cap in place, then get a piece of sheet iron and chalk these words on it: "Old Bill, Poor Kid, Gone, but not Forgotten".

George was a true neighbor to the core. When I had my financial losses in 1910 and was stricken with a nervous breakdown, he was the only neighbor that visited me regularly. Everyday, he would call to see what he could do to aid me or try hard to cheer me up.

One day when I was my worst, he called. My wife hesitated to let him in as I was sick. She finally consented, so he came in. He took a look at me then straightened up, threw his head back and blasted out, "Ha Ha Ho Ho Haw." I looked up, astonished at him and said, "What the hell is the matter?" He just repeated the Ha Ha-ing until I commend to get angry. Then he drew his chair up to me and took my hand and said, "You are too good of a man to carry on like this. Why in the hell don't you get up and shake yourself and snap out of it?" "I can't," was my answer. "I am completely lost and gone." "The hell you are. You tell these old S B's that are hounding you, to get out and leave you alone until you get well. Then you can try to settle with them in your way. If not agreeable, put the clamps on them by the Bankrupt route." He sat and talked to me for an hour or two, consoling me and explaining what my rights were until I commenced to see that I might be down but not out. By this interview, it was my turning point, I did come out of it. I saw things differently. My reasoning facilities came back and became stronger everyday until I got well completely. With the assistance of his daily visits and the nursing of my dear wife, things went under the hammer. I lost my wealth but regained my health which was everything. Thanks to wife and George Walker. George proved to be a jolly, honest, good man and neighbor. George raised and educated his family. They all grew up and got married. His wife got shiftless and stepped out so much that he called the halt which terminated in a divorce. He left all his property to her and beat it away. Has never been heard of since. Perhaps dead by now. Peace to his ashes.

Wm. H. Oblad, Sr. Mar 21, 1934

### TEACHING A GROUP OF SWISS SINGERS

For the years 1885 and 86 I would bring the ward song books home and on Thursday nights would have these singers come over to my father's home and we would practice all of the songs. I would play the organ while these dear souls would try to sing them in the American language. It was hard at the start, but by their determination, they accomplished them. They ere a



group of pure in heart and good people and I done my level best to help them accomplish their most heart felt desires.

They were: Mr. & Mrs. J. J. Schellar, Mr. & Mrs. John Diucher, Mr. & Mrs. David Gimpler, Mr. & Mrs. Wm Diucher, Grand old lady Gempler, who was a song bird, Mr. & Mrs. John Cammerman, Mr. & Mrs. John Weise, Mr. & Mrs. David Swenderman, Mrs. Louise Pouch, Mr. & Mrs. Ulrich Stiener, Mrs. Hachen, Nettie Hacken, Carl Stiener, Anna Stiener, Mrs. Zimmermann, John Zimmermann, Mr. & Mrs. Carl Klinger, Fred & Helen Cammerman, Willie & Louise Swenderman.

#### ONE PERSON I CONVERTED

Mr. & Mrs. Kilpack had come here for the religion. The wife and her children had joined the church, but Mr. Kilpack could not see into it. I happened to be their block teacher along with G. B. Mills, and during out visits I told Bro. Kilpack about the temple ordinance and having his wife and children sealed to him. After several talks with him showing him the goodness of it, he finally joined the church. *But I did not know of it at the time. Years later around 1934?* They moved into the 3<sup>rd</sup> Ward and while he was out block teaching, he called at my married daughter's<sup>1</sup> home on 3 East 7 & 8 South, and when we heard who her father was, Bro. Kilpack told her that I had converted him. He and his family are all church workers today, Mar. 15, 1934.

#### HORSE SHOE PITCHING

In the days of horse shoe pitching, before the official shoes were out, the parties would go to a pile of old horse shoes and pick out the size of shoe he wanted from #3 up to #6. Of course the party using a heavy shoe had the advantage of the party using a lighter show. They could knock the lighter shoe out of place, but if the party was satisfied with his choice, it was considered all right by all concerned. To eliminate this, I had a set of querts cast by a local foundry. Being cast iron they did not last a game, so I took some 7/8 round Bessemer steel and welded them up in rings 2 inches inside diameter. This drew the outside of them down to about ¼ inch leaving the underside flat and level, the top side beveled down by doing this, I had a set of equal weight. No one had the advantage of the other. The scoring in those days was a ringer counted 5 points, leaner 3 points. If the opponent topped a ringer, it counted double. The game was twenty-five points. In playing the championship games in 1906, 07, 08, 09, 10, we played with these querts. Each player had played with them a week or more so they were accustomed to them and were willing to play. In winning these games, I played a game of strategy. If it was my first throw, I aimed not to get a ringer but plant my ring, or show (as it was called), just in front of the peg. So my opponent struck it and glanced away. If it was my last throw, I would aim to flip him away or get a ringer. Those days I could make 3 ringers in 4 throws. In playing those men I had some tough umbras. The games were close, varying from 1 to 3 points all through the games. I won them by nerve and good luck. N. B. The pegs were 4 inches to 5 inches above the ground, 45 feet apart.

#### PLAYING WITH THE OFFICIAL SHOES

Score- 21 points to 50 as agreement of players. Ringers, 3 points, leaners, 2 points. Some

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<sup>1</sup> My daughter was Gladys Oblad Plant.

players don't recognize them as only a point. Width of shoe from peg doesn't count. Stakes are 10 inches out of ground, 40 feet apart. Ground around peg is spaded up and kept loose. Some courts have 2 x 4 place about 4 ft in front of pegs to stop scooping in throws. Nearly all cities of note have their horse shoe pitching courts or grounds of 5 to 15 sets of pegs. In the year 1923, I stopped at Redlands, California. Once a week they would have games between cities. I played with the Redlands group. They would play the St. Bardo, Colton, Pamona, Long Beach, Ontario, Chino, Uplands, Los Angeles, and other towns. Occasionally there would be a cash prize for winners, but the most games were losers pay for a big feed.

In the above mentioned towns, the players were of the rich or retired class of people who had nothing else to do but play horse shores. We had a championship game with the Long Beach group on one side and the cream of players of the Pamona and Redlands on the other. I was one of the players. The stakes were \$20.00. The Long Beach crew just nosed us out in winning. They had what you call a ringer expert from San Francisco. He could throw ringers every throw. The Redland crew spurned me on to challenge him, which I did, saying that I would play him several games at \$1.00 per game, eliminating the ringers. "Oh, that won't be official," he said. I retorted by saying, "You are a ringer expert and I am a spot player." After some balling out by the different groups, he consented to play. He took a close first game greeted by a cheering group, but I steadied down and I annexed the 2<sup>nd</sup>, 3<sup>rd</sup>, 4<sup>th</sup> and 5th games, also greeted by the cheering group. He came over and shook my hand and said, "Old top, you sure can place & regulate your shots." I have beaten a good many ringer experts by my spot throws.

#### HORSE SHOE PITCHING AT COMO SPRINGS

At an outing of Camp 338 W.O.W. to Como Springs Morgan County, Utah July , 3, 1933, they had a good many contests and games in the free for all Horse Shoe Pitching. Basil and I played. I played in the singles and was beaten the last of the 6 games by a Mr. Peaner. Basil and I teamed up in the doubles. We won all qualifying games and we played the finals. Basil playing Mr. Peaner., I playing his partner. We played the game. Basil would top Mr. P.'s ringers almost every time. The score stood 15 to 19 in our favor on the last throw down. Mr. Peaner got two ringers, but Basil did not succeed in topping them but he was mighty close. Missed out by a hair's breadth. So that ended the game. We lost.

I found out that Mr. Peaner and his partner were operators of the resort and that they have practiced daily on their own grounds which was somewhat of a soggy place. Their playing was not of the spot quality but of the scoop and slide them in kind. They were simply experts on their own grounds. I stepped over to them and flashed a \$5.00 bill in their faces with a challenge for a game 2 out of 3 on new grounds, but they did not have the guts to take it. They had used spur shoes. Basil and I had the plain ones. A person could use those spur shoes and hit the peg with a spinner and it would not or could not come off. I objected to their use, but they said they were the latest official shoe. N. B. I am not putting up an alibi but right is right. I know, Basil and I can beat them.

#### HORSE SHOE PITCHING

I took a friend of mine, Mr. Bill Gifford, who is an old timer at horse shoe pitching, down to the Liberty Park court and coaxed him to go into a tournament with me. He said, "Hell no Bill, this is no horse shoe pitching game. Look at them long pegs and those wide mouth shoes. It is

like throwing a hoop around a broom stick. If it was anything like the good old horse shoe pitching in our early days, I wouldn't mind playing with them."

During the summer months of 1933, I put in the pegs in my vacant lot and played a great many games with the neighborhood men. I got beat several times to make the game interesting. I like to feel how it is to get beaten once in a while. We had plenty of touch, close games. There are some good players amongst them. I find playing very invigorating, it helps to keep the muscles in your arms and body loosened up. It sure is a great sport. I have quit my spot throwing. I have practiced two to three other kinds of holds and nearly have mastered them. Anyway, I still can make a game interesting if I am losing my good sight as well as growing old.

Long live the grand old sport "BARNYARD GOLF".

Basil Oblad is a very good and hard man to beat. He ranks with the best ones. If not a trifle better. Billie Oblad, Jr. with a little practice will make another hard one to beat d put up an interesting game. So keep it up, My Dear Boys.

Daddy O.

### ORIGINATOR OF SKIS 1879 TO 1883

In the early days as boys did not have hand slays, like the boys of today, they were hand made. Daddy made a slay for my brother Charles and I, but Charles had a girl or boy friend and I did not get to use the ----- . I took two barrel stays and had daddy put some iron strips on them, also foot straps and I could coast down the hills as good anybody with slays.

### THINGS I CANNOT UNDERSTAND

I do not question the Divinity of the Mormon religion. But why is it that all of the high positions and lucrative positions are filled by a person that is kin to one another by their polygamous marriages, like the President and counselors, the 12 apostles and so on down.

Presidents & counselors of associations and societies, and even some bishops and their counselors. These are relatives to the Youngs, Taylors, Smiths, Woodruffs, Snows, Cannons, Wells, Kimballs, Grants, Clawsoms, Richards, and so on. One big family of what you might call the Chosen Few. Are we not all God's Children? Why not give some one else a chance (to get some of this easy money and fine clothes). Who are faithful to the religion? Where there is any pioneering to be done in a hostile country and there is a risk of life, they will appoint some one out of the Family to do it, then after it is smooth sailing and lucrative position, he is honorably released and one of the big family is appointed to take charge. Of course, you find some common person of a foreign country is appointed to fill certain positions that none of the big family can do. Namely, edit and publish some of the Church Books and doctrines in the Scandinavian, Holland, French, German and other foreign languages.

The church claims that Polygamy was a revelation given by God and was made part of the religion and even condemned persons who would not enter into it. I don't think that God ever wished or planned such an unnatural doing. I think it was manmade, to satisfy some lust of the flesh. In the first place, nature tells us that where there is love there is jealousy. You can't tell me where a man has more than one wife that there is no jealousy. If so, the person is not natural. Then what can you expect of their offspring? They would have an inferiority complex. In my days I have met many and many of these polygamous offspring. I can truthfully say that they were not of the best and most intelligent people. There has been something lacking. In reading

the church books, you see where there were hundreds and hundreds of those polygamous brethren arrested and sent to the penitentiaries. Some would get out of it by denouncing their wives and children - which was a nice thing to do to a wife or wives after they have given their all, and raised a family to such worthless fathers. What does the offspring of these polygamous marriages amount to? There are a few shining lights amongst them, but the majority of them are given some job by their parents or the church and still some are of the mooching, chiseling kind. Take them away from these inherited jobs and see how long they would last in their religion or community. They would apostatize and starve. Now if these Polygamous marriages were of divine revelation and was considered part of the religion and as we were taught that whatever God puts on this earth will exist, even if the gates of hell prevail against it. We find in the year 1890 President Woodruff put on the manifesto abolishing it.

In the year of 1893, I made up my mind to get married and as I had been raised and taught the when you are about to do anything in a business venture or think about getting married, you should go to your bishop to seek advice. On two occasions in March, 1893, I took my intended with me to see our bishop, and on both occasions besides giving us some very good advice he then preached polygamy to us. I said, "I thought that polygamy was done away with by the Manifesto." He answered and said: "Although the Manifesto was given out, we bishops have been instructed to still preach it." And he did preach it to us both on these two occasions.

This instance I will relate something that happened. While the bishop was giving this long, tiresome advice, in order to not prolong them whenever he approached any subject that needed an answer I would say, "Yes, yes, that's so." The same with the polygamy advice. Finally he got through with his talking. Sweetie and I had just left his door and I said, "The bishop gave us some good advice." She said to me, "Look here, Will. Now if you want to go into polygamy and want to go and see Brother Brown or Brother Smith's daughter after we are married, we can make the change right now. It is not too late. I will not stand for it." I put my arms around her and said that "I am satisfied with you and do not want no other woman. I do not believe and will not believe in Polygamy. I want you and only you, so lets forget it."

"Well, Will, I will take you upon your word. We will go through with our plans."

We got married on the 15<sup>th</sup> of June, 1893, and up to this writing and longer I am still true to my word. A man has all he can do to support a wife and the children that God blesses you with to take care of them, clothe, and educate them properly. All this I have lived true to the letter. I have given them all the above mentioned things to my best ability and will continue to do the same until Father Time says, "I want YOU".

### 9<sup>TH</sup> WARD AMUSEMENT HALL

In about 1889 the 9<sup>th</sup> Ward was going to build an amusement hall joining on the west end of the meeting house. All labor and material was voluntary. A crew of men had dug the trench for the foundation. Joe Barrows and I, who were the dance to amusement promoters, saw by the plans of the trench that the building would accommodate only 4 square dances. So Joe and I slipped over early the morning and dug the trench 10 feet further out so as to put on 6 sets in order to make the dances pay. Other wards were putting on 2 to 6 round dances, and we were allowed only one. Besides, other dance halls, like the younger Hall, Garnesforth Hall and several others, were putting on all-round dances. So Joe and I had a hard proposition to buck up against. The bishop had the Hall made to the original plans and when it was finished, Joe and I put on several dances but would have to dig into our own pockets to defray expenses. So we both quit.

### GRIS MILL THAT BURNED IN THE CITY CREEK CANYON MAY 22, 1883

My father bought several loads of this burnt wheat and dumped it beside the barn. We used it for chicken and pigeon feed. Part of it had laid there for several years and got mouse infested. They had holes that came out from under the barn, then they would dig down into the pile for some good wheat. One afternoon, I saw the bunch of pests so I decided to catch them with my bare hands. I caught about 40 of them, tied pieces of thread to their tails and went up and down the sidewalk scaring the kids. Finally I put the pile in a small truck, put a lid on it, and packed them into the house. You could hear them squealing all night. In the morning they had weaved a perfect mat with the thread until they could go no further then fought it out. About half of them got loose in the house. The rest were dead.

### A VERY RAW DEAL

In November, 1901

I had to have \$100.00 ready cash for my wife's operation. The best my father could do for me was to get \$50.00 from the Deseret National Bank for 90 days. Then I went to some of the good brethren in the ward and asked them for a long of \$50.00, offering them \$350.00 worth of household furniture for security. I was turned down flat. Then I went to the Ward Bishop and asked him for a loan, with the same results. I was turned down flat again. Now if I had been one of the families of the chosen few, they would have had a testimonial for me and passed the hat and helped me out. But I WAS NOT. Now I had been Asst. organist or Organist for the 9<sup>th</sup> Ward from the time I was 13 years old up to 30 years old and on a good many occasions I had got off on week days, sacrificing 3 hours pay, .25 cents per hour. 75 cents loss to play to some poor soul's funeral. This 75 cent sacrifice was considered good money those days. I also had paid my tithing in full. Also church building repairs, poor donation, and fast offerings and other donations when called upon. In fact, I was giving money first to one thing, and then another. Besides taking care of the meeting house during my deacon period. Many times bringing kindling from home to start the fires during the cold months two to four times a week. Anyway, I was turned down by the Ward saying it was impossible for them to help me. But at the same time, there was a family living across the street from me by the name of Anderson. They lived in this house for free. The owner living in Smithfield let them live there until he was ready to build. The father was a Parylete from Rheumatism, but the mother, 2 sons and 1 daughter 17, 19, and 21 years old - able bodied and could work but too lazy to do so. They were getting \$25.00 per month from the ward.

The only resource that I had then was to go to a money shark, E. E. Darling and got the loan of \$50.00 for 5% per month interest, mounted to \$2.50 per month. This was how I got my \$100.00.

The operation was performed on the same day at 3:00 pm. After my wife had revived from the anesthetic, I went to my home to get another night dress that we had forgotten. I was met at the corner of 4<sup>th</sup> east and 5<sup>th</sup> south by John Reese who said, "Well, Brother Oblad, why are you all dressed up?" I told him what had happened. He did not express any sympathy but said, "By the way, Brother Oblad, has Taylor Woolley seen you?" "No he has not." "Well, Taylor Woolley and I are appointed to canvas the south tier three blocks of this ward to solicit money

for the remodeling of the meeting house. We have you down for \$75.00. How soon can we get it?" I was dumbfounded by the remarks. I was hurt. I said, "Brother Reese, the ward turned me down in the time of need when I had to have money for this operation, which meant life or death. I am through with the ward, cut my name off. I will not give them a red cent." "Well, well, Brother Oblad, ain't you charitable any more?" "Yes, I am, but charity beginneth at home first with me from now on. I am through, no more donations from me."

When I had the operation performed, some of my supposed good friends spread the news around that the operation was performed so as not to have any more children. This hurt to the core. I gritted my teeth and said thank God, time will tell. When the wife got well and as time passed on, God blessed us with two sons at different years. These wise achers that had had their cruel little say pulled in their horns in shame and tried to be friendly. "It wasn't me that said it" and etc. But I said, "Nothing doing, I do not want any of your friendship." This episode was a big turning point in my life. I am still through with the Ward and some of my supposed to be friends.

#### A HORSES SENSE IN A BLIZZARD

In January, 1894, I took Bill, my father's horse, and drove over to G. C. Lambert's ranch (Granger) to get my heifer that was heavy with calf. In the morning when I left the sky was clear, so I thought I would be safe going after the cow. I traveled all around Granger before I found the place. By this time, it commenced to get cloudy. I go the cow out of the pasture and started for home. There were no roads those days, just drive ways with ruts. I had to go slow so as to not injure the cow. Pretty soon, a big blizzard came up. I could hardly see the horse. I said, "Here is where we are all lost, but not done for." I knew the characteristics of a faithful horse like Bill was. So I gave him the lines and let him find the way. Billie prodded along and when he came to a corner of a fence he would put his nose to the ground and smell and snort. If it didn't look just right to him, he did not turn in, but kept going. I was getting numb with the cold. I got out, took hold of the rail of the last and walked along. By doing this, I got warm, and was steaming like the horse and cow were. After turning here and going there, we finally got home. All was Okay. I was thoroughly convinced that a person cannot get lost when he trusts to horse sense and Billie horse had plenty of that.

Wife was worrying about our safety and when we got home and greeted me, she went and pet Bill. "Nice horse, nice horse. You can bring them home safely."

It snowed over a foot.

#### THE GRAVEL CARS -- 1883, 84, 85

Salt Lake City was laid out in two plats, A and B. A plat was higher ground situated west of main street. B plat was somewhat lower and considered able swamps, springs, and soft holes. This plat was east of main. A plat was settled first and as they settled plat B, the streets were impassable especially in spring and fall. To overcome this, they city fathers undertook to gravel those streets that were low. They took their gravel from the side hills at 1<sup>st</sup> South and 10<sup>th</sup> East. (April, May, June, July, August & Sept.) They had 4 sets of dump cars. 2 going and 2 loading. The loading was generally done by the chain gang.

These cars were operated by gravity and were pulled back by mules or horses. The cars came down in two connected together with the operator on the back end controlling their speed

with a pick handle in a round wheel that controlled the brakes. Antone Peterson ran 1 set down. Wm Bywater ran the second set down just back of it. Us boys, I, Albert Pouch, Jim Overson, Bill Emes, and any other boy that wanted to, would ride the two horses or mules down to where they dumped and the horses or mules would pull the empties back to a set of cars and us kids would ride in the cars and chin either Mr. Peterson or Bywater going back. The route was east of 1<sup>st</sup> South to 7<sup>th</sup> East, south of 7<sup>th</sup> East to 4<sup>th</sup> South, west on 4<sup>th</sup> South to 7, 6, 5, 4, 3<sup>rd</sup> East. They would go south on each of these streets to 9<sup>th</sup> South, when the roads were filled for about two feet and turned piked. They would move the track to the next street and so on until they had all these streets finished. Us kids would get out good and early to ride up and bring the horses or mules back. We had the sport of our lives. We did not get paid for it, but we felt big to know we were having gravel on our streets. Such was our early boyhood life. Many a pioneer's son has taken advantage of these rides.

### GEORGE WALKER

This writing shows the characteristic qualities and friendship of Geo. Walker.

Geo and I had formed a friendship better than two brothers. He used to call at my place of business occasionally. In the third week of April, 1903, he did me a good act. I was in a partnership with A. E. Edwards. He took a trip to Los Angeles under the pretense of proving heirship to the fabulous Edwards Estate. He was gone Jan and Feb of 1903. He returned about March 10, full of propositions and ideas. About the third week of April, I thought I would take a lay off and nurse my father-in-law who was sick with diabetes. While I was doing this, Edwards collected all he could and left one Sunday night for L. A., leaving his wife behind. On Monday morning the shop was closed and Geo drove past and seeing the shop closed drove out to 1224 Lake Street and told me to get back to the shop as soon as hell would let me. I took his advice and had not been there one hour before Mrs. Edwards had a van and was going to load up contents of shop but it was stopped. He saved me probably \$1,000.00 by this act.

June 1, 1903 -- When I moved and went into partnership with J. J. Haight at 341 South State Street, he would call as usual and fix up his collection route. Haight was at one end of the shop, I was at the other. Our forges were such arranged. Geo would get a piece of board and about the middle of the shop where the wheel block stood, he placed the board on that and did his work. J. J. H. was subject to epileptic fits and Geo did not know that. The morning in question, Geo was busy fixing his route. Mr. H. was seized with a fit. He came after Geo with hammer and tongs. He was raving and swinging the tools around saying "Say, Say" and moving over to George. George was scared and didn't know what to do. He turned around to me as he got close to him and said, "Bill, what shall I do, hit him?" I said, "No, he's got a fit just stand by and catch him before he plows the floor with his head." Haight fell, George caught him and saved H. from hitting the floor. George was scared.

### HOBBIES OF WM. H. & L. G. PASCOE OBLAD

In our early days, we had to make our own amusements. We had to do something to pass the dreary winter time away. So we resorted to hobbies. In my early days up to our marriage I hobbied with music, art, dancing, dramatics, National history, drawings, and military drillings. Fishing, hunting, and other outdoor sports. L. G. P. hobbied with music, dramatics, art, singing, oil and water color paintings, composing, poetry and song. Drawings, horse back riding and race

horse activities, fencing and all outdoor doings. Hobnobbing with the Indian kids over the mud wall.

After we were married, we continued our outdoor sports. Fishing and hunting and hiking. In the shut in months, we would collect fancy dishes of chinaware and cut glass. We would have our play dinner with one or the other china sets. On Sundays, we had our regular Sunday dinner but at night before retiring we would get one of our fancy sets out and have a little play dinner. Mickey (my wife's pet name) would make some dainty sandwich from the Sunday roast, make either tea, coffee or chocolate (whichever we selected) and have our feed. Believe me they sure tasted different. (Some of you children who have been in our company will verify this.) Wifey would do fancy work with needle and crochet hook. Also painting picture on sofa pillows. She has a fine collection on hand (right now). We would collect stamps or cigar wrappers and paste on glass dishes. We would do burnt work, each one had their own burning set. Make quilt blocks and finished many nice quilts. Take pictures and do our own developing. We have our collection of hiking sticks and canes. Wifey and I have done entertaining in our home as well as different Lodges, Ward Socials, Missionary Farewells, by Black Art, Lizerdemane, Card tricks and etc. Wifey has done hypnotic work and finding stolen or lost articles. Anyhow, wife and I have been great pals and our children and grand children are palling with us.

#### THE POWER OF SONG

These two episodes were related at Mother's last party as recorded on page 202. Given by Wm. H. Oblad, Sr.

1<sup>st</sup> -- Father was working for the Wells Fargo Express. He would travel from station to station repairing stages and shoeing horses. One night while he was at Boise Station, the station keeper named Patrick O'Gradie who was a dear friend of father told him they had got news that the Indians were on the war path and they expected them to swoop down any minute. No sooner said than done, you could hear the noise of their coming. Pat hid father amongst some baled hay and boxes. Picked up his Hymn book and commenced to sing some of the Mormon songs father had taught him. Swish! An arrow came through and knocked the lamp chimney off the lamp. Just then the big chief entered. He heard Pat singing "We Thank Thee Oh God for a Prophet". The chief stood dumb founded. He listened, then grunted and motioned to the rest of the murderous Indians to move out. When it was all over, Pat went over to where father was hid and called, "John, oh John, come on out, it's all over." Father crawled out and Pat stood motionless and speechless for a moment. Then spoke up, "John, I am ready for Baptism. You told me my singing of your Mormon's tunes would save me. They have, and I am now ready to become one of the Mormons. Baptize me tomorrow." Pat was baptized and lived a long time, true to his convictions.

Pat was an earnest listener to father who would try to convert pat every time he came to that station. But for some reason, pat wasn't ready. Father kidded him along and said, "Pat, I'll convert you yet." "Oh, you might, but I don't know so much about that." Father would say, "Pat, maybe the time ain't ripe yet." Maybe not, but when Pat's life was spared the time had ripened.

The other episode is on Page 162.

#### AUNTIE DALE

Auntie Dale, as she was known in the neighborhood, was not an Auntie but a good dear



Christian soul. I think she was the mother-in-law of shoemaker Bates as he had built a two-room house for her in the rear of his home. She kept this little home spick and span. Nice clean windows with colored curtains, no blinds. She was always dressed neat. She had light grey hair which hung in corkscrew curls around her neck. She wore a poke or crown bonnet always. This bonnet had decorations of peach blossoms on it. This combination and her naturally red rosy cheeks mad her a living picture of beauty. She did not have a watch but told the time by the sun or stars and never missed the time five minutes. She would get up and around before sunrise, busy doing something. You could see her leading off the church regularly 15 minutes ahead of time. She was a songbird but reticent. She would never lead, and if you requested her to sing, she would shy off and say, "I can't sing." But you lead out and before you have sung the first strain, she was right in singing to her heart's content. A wonderful singer.

Whenever there was sickness, death or trouble in a family, she would appear at your door step offering her assistance and she would pitch in and help wonderfully. I have seen her wait on an expectant mother, or wash and lay out the dead, give a willing helping hand wherever she could. She would be highly insulted if you offered her money for her goodness. She would say, "I do these things for the goodness of the will of our Lord." Occasionally, the benefited ones would slip the money in her pocket and when she found it she wanted to return it, but they insisted that she should keep it. Whenever there was any trouble, Auntie Dale was there.

At funerals she was always present offering her sympathy and help. She sure was a grand old lady. She led this life to my knowledge from the time I first remember until sometime in the nineties, when one morning she did not show up as usual.

They found her dead in bed all dressed and washed up as if she had expected the end to come. She must have had a fore thought of this event, as she had selected her own coffin and burial lot and had left enough money with sexton Joseph E. Taylor to defray all expenses. Some of the skeptical or curious ones that she had lots of wealth hidden in her home, that they wrecked the little white house and looked in every crook or corner and even dug around the home to find the supposed hidden wealth, but they found nothing. She was not of the miserly kind. She was always charitable in money and more charitable in her deeds and acts. When they held her funeral in the 9<sup>th</sup> Ward Chapel, people who had been benefited by Auntie Dale by deed and act, flocked to the services, which were so crowded that it would have filled a chapel three times as big. She had the biggest funeral that I have ever seen. She surely was respected and thought a great deal of by everybody. She laid up her treasures in Heaven and in this world with good acts and deeds. Was a noble, kind, charitable, pretty and happy-go-lucky grand old Lady. Long may her memory live in those dear old pioneer days as well as the newer generation.

I could write more on this grand old lady's life, but words cannot and will not express it. They are mere nothing compared to her grand, noble acts in life.

There were several good old souls like her in the ward. I cannot help but to mention them: Mrs. John Long, Mrs. Adam Rich, Mrs. Wm. Powell, Mrs. Lovesey.

#### OLD LADY GASS HOLE

In the early days, the settlers on Plat B Section could not have any cellars on account of the sloughy conditions. They had what you all a Gass Hole. When they gathered their vegetables in the fall, they would keep out enough for use and kept them in the house so they would not freeze. The surplus was put into a hole on top of a high place and covered over with straw and dirt (they called them Gass Holes). They would put the surplus vegetables in these and open

them up when their supply was used up.

There was an old lady of polygamy marriage who was always chiseling in or mooching. She would go to first on place, taking her knitting along and after being in your house for a while would say, "Have you opened our Gass hole yet?" "No, we haven't." Then she would make an excuse by saying, "Oh, I'll have to go over to brother Jones' home." She would take her knitting and go. She would repeat these mooching tactics until she found someone who had opened their Gass Hole, then she would beg a supply of vegetables. Every time us kids would see this class of people, we would say, "There goes Old Lady or Old Man Gass Hole."

These chiseling in or mooching class of people were plentiful. That's the way they made their living. If they owed you anything, they would owe it to you all of their life rather than cheat you out of it.

By coming in contact with such religious hypocrites with their chiseling, mooching, and cheating tactics, a person naturally grew up in a spirit of distrust.

### ARE WE FORWARDED?

Or

#### DO HUNCHES COME TRUE Also Visitations Comes True

No. 1. I was always in the habit of going up town Saturday nights along 2<sup>nd</sup> South from State Street to Main to meet some of my boy friends. One night before a certain Saturday I had a dream with a hunch in it. It was this: I dreamt that I was going along 2<sup>nd</sup> South and a madman stepped out and commenced shooting and I was shot in the pit of my stomach. It left a pain in my stomach when I awoke and it let me with the impression not to go up to town that Sat. night. I took that hunch, and it was lucky I did, for on that night a shooting did take place on the street at 7:00 PM, the time I was usually up there and a pedestrian was shot in the pit of his stomach by a flying bullet of a madman. I could have been me.

No. 2. I was going to a dance at Gainsford Dance Hall corner 6 East and 9<sup>th</sup> South on a Saturday night. I was warned in a dream to keep away that night as there was going to be a stabbing affair and I would be accused of it. I took this hunch and kept away. That night a stabbing took place. The assailant was unknown. In the round-up by the police of patrons of the dance hall, I was one of them. But I had a perfect Alibi, as I was home all evening entertaining a group of people.

No. 3. A visitation from the Angel of Death.

In the early part of April, 1926 I was at my place of work at the McIntyre Building. About 3:00 AM I was down in the basement resting up prior to start firing at 4:30 AM. I was reading the paper and my eyes became tired so I rested my head in my right hand to rest my eyes. I heard a bustling and I looked up and saw the Angel of Death walk down the corridor to where I was sitting and swing around to the front of me then disappear from sight. This was repeated the second time and when it came the third time I thought I would play foxy by not looking up too quickly. When it came and stood before me I said, "What the hell do you want?" "I have come in the family" was the reply three distinct times. I opened my eyes in a fright and it vanished again out of sight. I could have screamed, hollered or fainted it made me feel so haunted and peculiar. I was restless the balance of the morning and very, very blue. When I got home at 8:30 AM, the wife noticed my peculiarity and said, "Will, what in the world is the matter with you? You look so blue and dumpy." I told the wife of the visitation I had had. Then she become concerned. I don't see what is to happen like that. But time will tell. Time did tell.

On April 26, 1926, Marylena Glissmeyer died and as wife and I were at her funeral at Jenkins Undertaking Parlor in Murray, my brother Eph gave us a telegram stating my wife's sister Eliza had passed away in California. This news stunned wife and I that we could not follow the cortage to the meeting house. We went home quite blue and sorrowful. The next morning my sister Nellie, the mother Marylena Glissmeyer had passed away.

Wife said to me, "Will, there is the meaning of the visitation of the Death Angel and his words." 'I have come into the family' repeated three times. It has come true to the very letter. How strange. There is something wonderful in these inspirations and it behooves a person to take notice of them.

Proof of this see page \_\_\_\_\_

### DO DREAMS COME TRUE?

One I had about my mate and family.

I dreamt one night in 1887 that I met a young girl a little smaller in height than myself. She was nice looking, had browning gray eyes and lovely black, curly hair. I tried to get acquainted with her but she had so many admirers, I could not get a chance. So after apparently giving up that idea, I met her by chance, coming up a lonely street with two other girls. We got acquainted and after several years passed by we began courtship which ended in a record marriage. Our first baby was to be a girl with fair skin and flossy white curly hair. A great blessing to us both. Our second baby was to be a girl of darker skin and dark brown heavy head of hair. We were told that she was to have a spirit of an ancient Nephi Prophetess and was going to be a leader amongst her lady friends and demand great respect from them all and get it. There seemed to have come a stopping place, because of too much love to this second girl or some other reasons which caused sickness to the wife for several years.

Our third. He came after all of this set back of sickness and was to be a strong, husky boy after the likeness and stature of my wife's father. Was to have his spirit and disposition.

Our fourth was to be another boy the likeness of myself and must have my name in full. He had a hard time to arrive into this world as the elements seemed to balk or stop his coming but they did not succeed.

Copied for M. S. Decoration Day, 1887

I do not believe in all dreams to come true. Some dreams are foolish and ridiculous, but when I have a dream that leaves a deep impression like these dreams listed, I sure will take notice of them. They have come true to the very letter.

Wm. H. Oblad, Sr.

### DO DREAMS COME TRUE

One about building and destruction of a resort out in the lake built on piers.

In 1886, I dreamed that I was married and was taking my wife and family on a pleasure trip to a resort that was built out in the lake on piers. The train track led from the shore on piers out to this resort. I was cautioned not to take them out on certain days. I said, "How will I know these dates?" "I'll influence you not to go when these things happened." "What is going to happen?" First to happen -- I went out and took my family and as we were about half way out, a big fire had burnt the tressels from under the track just at the beginning of the resort. The train fell through into the water and I woke struggling to get my wife and two children out of the train

in the water.

2. Another time I said, "Let's all go to the lake and have a swim." We went and as we got to the lake resort, two of my little boys said, "Daddy, look! We can't swim there. There ain't no water, See, it's all dry! Let's go down and play in the sand."

3. Another time we were planning to go there and mamma was sick so she could not go. She said, "Daddy, you take the two boys and go." I said, "I have a feeling that I should not go, so we will stay home. Something is going to happen out there this windy evening." We stayed home and we could see the sky out in that direction was black with smoke and red with fire.

4. I dreamed that wife and I and one son and his girl went out to look at the new resort. We did and the resort was made of stone and I said to them, "That sure is fire proof now." I looked to the south of the resort and I saw a structure that looked like a giant spider web. As I stood viewing the many crooks, corners and falls to it, I could see the words "Keep off, Keep off. Tis not safe for your family to go near it." When I had this dream, I told my mother about it. She said, "You must have had a nightmare." I said, "It was too real for a nightmare." She then said, "Maybe so. It may

??? Missing something ???

### DO DREAMS COME TRUE

The death of my father foretold - Jan. 1<sup>st</sup>, 1904.

George Channel was my neighbor on the south of my home. He was a good friend of mine. He had died. I dreamt that I had been down town and was returning home via his yard. As I was coming through I saw him and my father talking and nodding their heads as if in answering yes. When I came upon them they started to walk away from me hand in hand and seemed so pleasant that it puzzled me because when I met father he generally would stop and talk with me. But this time he acted like he wanted to avoid me. So I called out, "father, what is the matter? Why don't you speak to me?" "Oh, I am going away with George." "You can't go with him, because he is dead." "Oh yes, I know it. But I am going with him anyway." "Why, Father?" "Because I am sick and I am dying." "You're sick and dying? What is the matter with you?" "Oh, I have just got the same thing that my cow died with." "You mean to tell me that you have pneumonia?" "Yes, I have got Pneumonia and have it bad and I can't last long. So goodbye, Willie, good bye." They both walked off hand in hand and disappeared in the distance leaving me standing there crying and sobbing. With this crying and sobbing, I woke Wifey up. She said, "Daddy, what is the matter?" I told her the dream and she replied, "Don't worry daddy, you can't stop it. What is to happen will happen and you can't prevent it. So now, daddy, don't cry and sob any more." (Father died June 17, 1904 of pneumonia).

Copied from M. S. Jan 1, 1904

### DO DREAMS COME TRUE

Soon after my father died in 1904, I worried over the loss of him and this was my dream: I heard a great roar and shaking. I was in bed and it awakened me. I got up to see what it was all about. My father called out: "Willie! Oh, Willie!" I looked around but could not see him. "Here! I am up here." I looked up to the northeast and there I saw him standing on top of one of the peaks of Twin Peaks. He said, "I promised to speak to you when you were nearly my age when I passed away and I have come to keep my promise." I said, "Wait until I get the phone." He said, "Listen, you don't need a phone. I am talking through the air. Do you hear me?" "Yes, father, I

can.” He said, “Now whatever you hear or see, don’t get excited and become alarmed as you know what your job has done to your heart and it may go bad with you.” He said again, “Now listen.” I did and I heard a score or more rumblings accompanied with shakings. I said, “What are you doing?” He said, as he pointed to the northwest, “Go there and see.” I said, “Father, it is too far for me to go.” “Well, stop there and I’ll show you.” He brought me a picture about 18 in square. I looked at it. I saw there was a big crack in the earth then I said, “Father, is the end of the world coming?” He answered, “Not yet, but you be very careful about getting excited for the next two years, or your time will come.”

He then vanished from view leaving me feeling queer and sickened and puzzled.

Copied from M. S. July 4, 1904

### DO DREAMS COME TRUE

This dream was in 1890. I dreamed James Maxwell came to my home and said, “Bill, let’s go out and see some girls.” “All right, Jim, shall we go serenading?” “No, Bill, we will go with out.” Jim and I walked out to the front of my home and was greeted by plenty of music. I said, “Shee, Bill, there’s music in the air.” And it sounded all around different tunes. The best tune I heard and liked sounded like it was up at Thomburgs corner. I said, “Jim, let’s go up and see who the guy are.” We did and there was nobody up there. Jim said, “That’s funny, where do you suppose they went?” “They didn’t have time to go, they are around here somewhere as I still hear them playing, Jim.” “So do I. Let’s find them.” We both looked around and around but could not find them, but could still hear them playing. Finally they quit. Just then we heard a put, put, put. Jim said, “What is that?” I replied, “Oh, that’s only the exhaust at the Salt Lake Brewery.” “Maybe so, Bill.” Just then the noise came closer and closer. Jim said, “Look Bill, it’s a flying bird Machine with two drug store lights on.” “The devil it is Jim, I don’t see it flopping its wings.” It passed over our heads and vanished out over the west. Jim said, “The damn town is haunted. I think we hadn’t better go out tonight. What do you say, Bill?” “All right, let’s go back home Jim. I’m haun swaggled.”

Copied from M. S., Sept. 1, 1890

### DO DREAMS COME TRUE

This was May 30, 1909 the first night we slept in our new remodeled home.

I dreamt I had built a two-story house close up to the home and as it was nearly finished, I was standing between the two places and I heard a rumbling like an ice wagon coming down the alley. I stepped over to the shaking wall and I could see dust coming out of the cracks of the bricks.

My wife came running out saying, “Daddy, what has happened?” “Oh, this wall is going to fall down before it’s finished.” We both stood by the wall clutching it with both hands and a big gust of wind took it right out of our grip and it vanished. I started to cry and rave and hollered, “I am ruined, I am ruined.” A tall, raw bone man came up to us both smiling and said, “Why the hell worry? You’ll see the day you both will be glad it is gone. It is a white elephant.” Then I awoke with a splitting headache.

Copied from M. S., June 1, 1909

### DO DREAMS COME TRUE

Burning down of the Walker Opera House foretold.

I have been asked why did I dream of the Walker Opera House and no other place of amusements? The reason is this: The Walker Opera house was the place where I had attended

plays, tableaux and etc of St. Mary's group and met my intended long before we got acquainted. Also had acted with the Henry Denhalter Rifles in there. In 1884-85, I had attended the St. Mary's shows. In 1886-87, I played with H. D. R. with St. Mary's. in May, 1888, I met my intended and during our talks we referred to those doings and had recollections of seeing each other perform in there. So naturally it was foremost in my mind. One night late in 1888 I had this dream:

I dreamt that I had stayed late at my sweetie's home that I missed the mule car service which stopped at 11:00 PM. So I had to walk home. On approaching the town, I saw a big fire so I ran to where it was and I saw it was the Walker Opera House. As I stood in front of the building, I could see the big fire raging in the back part traveling toward the front. I could see the front center tower which held the flag, slowly being consumed by fire until it took the American flag and it burned. I turned around to some people who stood and saw this silhouetted with the roaring flames approaching and I remarked, "What a shame to see Old Glory burn down on the early hours of our national holiday."

This dream came true to the very letter and time 1:00 AM, July 4, 1890.

Copied from M. S. December 1, 1888

### DO DREAMS COME TRUE

Before father died, he could call home and set and talk over his and my business and compare earnings.

In February, 1907, I dreamt that he called as usual and I was busy working on a book, writing. Daddy said, "I thought you had your bookkeeping done?" "I have. I am just writing some receipts and formulas and drawing mechanical plans so that when my boys grow up they can use them in the blacksmithing business." "It's no use, Willie. It's no use." "Why, Father, what is the reason for saying that?" "Oh, before your sons are old enough, the automobiles and welding with electricity and gas will send the village smithy to the great beyond." "Do you think so?" "I do. Yes, the autos will be as thick as ants in a hill. The streets will be lined with them standing still and running helter skelter. A person will be kept busy dodging them in order to save his life. They will be terrible. You will see them in gutters, ganged up in fences and poles, tipped over, smashed and in every shape and form." "Well, if that is so daddy, I had better go into the auto repair business." "no, they will have their own repairing business and you won't even get a look in." "Well, that is hell. I have planned, like you did, to teach my sons a trade so they can have an independent livelihood." "Too bad, Willie, the smithy s going in the discard so deep that there will only be a seed left. You all better start in right now and learn something else as that grand old art is doomed. I am sorry, so sorry."

I awoke from this dream very blue and despondent and full of disappointment.

Copied from M. S. Feb. 20, 1907

### DO DREAMS COME TRUE

#### Conclusion

I could write hundreds of dreams like these, but the nine I have written will prove beyond a doubt that DREAMS DO COME TRUE. Like I have said before, Everybody as dreams. Some foolish, some ridiculous, some good and bad. But when I have a dream, when I have gone to

sleep unworried and have not eaten things that will disturb my sleep, and these dreams have made an impression on me, I sure will take notice of them and record them. I have been somewhat careless in my life, but not heeding some of these dreams of warnings and I paid dearly for not taking notice of them. We all know that there is a supreme being and each and every person has a guardian angel about him and their only means of communication to you is by dreams and hunches. So my advice to you all is by all means heed them. If you don't, you will be deeply sorry for your neglect. Some people may call you a dreamer or that you have a diseased mind and so on. Let them have their little say. It doesn't make it so. Profit by them and avoid disaster that is in store for you. But if you are warned in you dream, don't figure your dream by the so called dream books because there are so many conflicting ones. Interpret them by natural instinct and your hunches and you will figure them perfect. Of course, the dream books define certain animals, varmints, reptiles, and so on meaning certain traits. Example: Dream of a snake means an enemy and so on. It would be well to take some of these points into consideration, like a snake impersonating a certain person will show to the dreamer the person who will be deceiving you. In closing, I will honestly advice that if you have a dream with a warning or a suggestion in it and it leaves an impression upon you, HEED IT, BY ALL MEANS.

NUFF SED.

A PATRIARCHAL BLESSING JAN 22, 1880

Recorded in Book A Page 234, No. 225, Church Record.

A patriarchal blessing given by Patriarch Wm. Joe Smith, Sr. upon the head of Wm. H. Oblad, Son of John F. Oblad and Mary M. Larsen, born Salt Lake City, Utah, Sept. 18, 1871.

Brother Wm, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ of Nazareth, I lay my hands upon your head as a patriarch to seal the blessings and the fullness of the everlasting Gospel upon you. For thy life has been spared by the miraculous power of God for a good and wise purpose in the Lord. To be servant of the most high God. To be a preacher of righteousness and to build Zion. The Lord will be with thee with mighty power upon the earth. Like Elijah of old, you shall have power to turn the hearts of the Father to their children and the children to their fathers and bring salvation and redemption to many. You shall have power to bind up the laws and seal up the testimony, have power to save the righteous, the wicked to condemn. The gift and graces of the Holy Spirit shall rest upon you in the time and season thereof and the power of the mighty God of Jacob shall be with you in all thy administering and labours upon the earth. I bless you with the blessings of heaven above and the blessings of the earth beneath and seal strength and power upon you. Thy arm may be made to revenge the blood of the prophet and assisting the redemption of Zion and be gathered to the center stake, assist in building up the temple there on that consecrated spot and administering the blessings to the lost tribes of Israel for they shall be brought back according to the word of the Lord. Thou art the seed of Israel of old and the blessings and covenants of thy father will bestow every blessing upon you as one of his faithful sons. I seal you up unto eternal life and the sanctified ones by the holy anointing in the name of the Father and the Son and The Holy Ghost, Amen.

A PATRIARCHAL BLESSING BY C. W. HYDE MARCH 31, 1889

Upon the head of Wm. H. Oblad, son of John F. & Mary M. Oblad born Sept 18, 1871 in Salt lake City, Utah.

William, beloved Brother. I lay my hands upon thy head and I saw thou art one chosen to come here upon this earth to do a great and a mighty work and to proclaim this Gospel from land to land and from sea to sea. And shall do a great and mighty work for the living and the dead and

then shall proclaim the Gospel in the day of the coming of the Messiah, and shall set down at the supper of the Lamb. And thou shall proclaim the gospel before Kings and rulers and thou shall speak with mighty power and great shall be your blessings. For thou art of Ephraim and a lawful heir to the covenant which God made with Abraham. And thou shall have a companion who shall be a great honor and blessing to you. And thou shall see the redemption of Zion. Therefore I bless you with life, health, peace and enjoyment and with eternal life. I seal upon you eternal life with all they Father's household forever and ever in the name of the Father, son and Holy Ghost.

Amen and Amen

Recorded in Book J., Page 222

Church Patriarchal Blessings

These Patriarchal blessings as on pages 150 and 151 are good, if I had only the chance to help make them so. But the odds were against me. I was called to go on a mission in 1894 to New York with B. H. Roberts, Geo Pyper and A. M. Woolley, but could not go because the parents on both sides could not guarantee the upkeep of my wife and child and I would not go and leave them to the mercy of the world. I don't think God will punish me for that. I laid the facts before the authorities and they honorably released me. In March, 1897, I was called to go with John Holly to tour Utah on an experimental trip for the Y. M. M. I. A. to travel without purse or script to prove to the world's religious denominations. Challenge: (You send your missionaries out into the world to travel without purse or script and you cannot do it in your own country). At this time, the finance of both families had not improved and I also expected a new baby in a month or so. So I was honorably excused. So at this writing at my age of 63 and my finance N. G. I cannot see where in my blessing can come true. There is one item in Patriarch W. C. Hyde's blessing that has come true to the very letter and deed. "And thou shall have a companion who shall be a great honor and blessing to you." Every word of this is very, very, true. God did bless me with a companion (my wife Lavinia Gertrude Pascoe Oblad) whom has proven to be a great honor and blessing to me in word and deed, body and soul (God Bless Her). She has been a comforter, a wife, a mother, an advisor, a companion, a help mate and a true, loveable woman FROM THE GROUND UP.

William H. Oblad, Sr.

#### HOROSCOPE READING BY JOHN REESE - ASTROLOGIST

Your last birthday, 1906, thou mayest expect an active year and on the whole, a favorable one for thy business which will be increased and be profitable.

The next one, 1907, thou art threatened with sickness of a long duration, but not serious. Be careful of your actions.

The next one, 1908, thou mayest expect to travel with success and happiness to all. Thy business is very favorable, successful and prosperous. Your speculations of this year will be successful. Thy domestic affairs will cause you trouble.

The next one, 1909: Birthday will be a very unfortunate one. There will be a great loss of unrepairable loss to thy business. By all means, avoid all speculations as they will prove disastrous. You are threatened with sickness both mentally and physically, a very unfortunate one.

John Reese. Told in 1906.



## INTERPRETATION:

1906 to 1907 as in the rule of astrology was a successful year. My business was good. On Feb 21, 1907, I bought my partner out. Business boomed, everything I attempted turned out successful.

1907 to 1908. On Oct. 8, 1909, I was taken down with blood poison and was partial disabled until March 15, 1908.

1908 to 1909. We took a trip to Teton basin Sept. 5, 1908 and came back Sept 24, having the time of our lives and best of health. Business was good and profitable and successful. Our domestic troubles were somewhat stormy in Aug, 1909, but turned out alright.

1909 to 1910. In Oct, 1909, we started our 2 flats and everything look booming. In Jan. 1910, the bottom of my business fell out by Langston Lime having to move and I being unable to find a location near them to attend to their work. All vacant land suitable on West 3<sup>rd</sup> South or thereabout was held subject to sale or lease. Could not get any suitable lease, so I lost their business and their followers which amounted to over two-thirds of my blacksmith work. As I had already the flats, I was caught, pants down. The winter Jan, Feb, Mar 1910, the boom fell out and everything looked bad. I worried about my business and speculations until I went down with mental breakdown and exhaustion. I had to sell the flats for little or nothing in order to save our home from the rascals. Lost the land, money, time and materials that I had put into them. I was sick from May 1 to Dec 1910 and slowly regained my health the next two years. My birthday was the 18<sup>th</sup> of Sept, 1871.

## OWNERS OF HORSES I HAVE HIRED

Mulloy & Paul  
Nancy & Nig, Sleighing

Tom McCoy  
Babe & Kate, sleighing

Jim Foote  
Bill & Nig, sleighing

Bob Wickele  
Kate & Prince, riding  
Nellie & Baldy, riding

Mark McKimmons  
Saiter Gray, Riding  
Hy Thompson  
Bally, 3 fishing trips

Anthony Miller  
Jim & Wagon, 2 trips

Tom Davis, Sugar House

Con Jones  
Babe, 2 trips  
Black Prince, 3 trips

McHenry  
Fannie, 3 trips  
Bay Demon, 4 trips  
Black Jack, 3 trips

Doc Treman  
Babe, 4 fishing trips  
Babe, 1 canyon trip, city creek

Will Jones  
Pete & Don, sleighing  
Wm. Westfall  
Prince & Wagon, 4 trips

Gillian Bros Lovendahl St.  
Bay Demon, Canyon

Ralph Darling

Fannie, Fishing Trip  
Tom & Jerry & wagon  
Trip to Hy Forbush with  
Berl Mecklin & rest

Farmers Exchange  
Fannie, Mushrooming  
Kate, Mushrooming  
Crist

Langton Lime Co.  
Ned, 2 trips  
Baldy, 3 trips  
Rachel 1 trip

Kate & rig, 3 fishing trips

Hopgood  
Thistlelow  
Tom  
Nig

John Debenhem, Surveyor  
Nellie & Rig, 4 trips

LXL Livery South Temple St.  
Dick  
Sorrel  
Starlight

These horses were used for fishing, hunting, mushrooming, canyon trips and trips around the country in our many trips.

#### EARTHQUAKE WHILE WE WERE IN REDLANDS, CALIF. JULY 21, 1923

We were living at 824 E. Colton Street. This earthquake happened at 11:00 PM. We were all in bed in our six room frame house. Our bed was in a room. The head of the bed was against the south wall about 18 inches away from the east wall. The house shook terribly, window weights rattled, creaking all around, a deep rumbling sound preceded the quake.

When this was on the wife woke up first and shouted, "An earthquake, An earthquake!" At the same time she jumped or rolled out of the left side of the bed onto her feet, ran through the door into the other rooms where George and Frieda and children were sleeping and helped rustle them all outside. I was laying on my back. I could not get out of bed, the bed was rolling and jumping across the room to the north. I was like a tipsy cat. I rolled about like I was in some waves. When the bed struck the north wall it stopped so I finally tumbled out and made for the outside to the lawn in front where the rest of the family was. We got our mattresses and bedding out on the lawn and waited until the next two light shocks were over then moved the bedding on the front porch and stayed there until morning. I was so darn tired and scared, I went into my room and slept on my rocking horse bed. The mocking birds and other birds and chickens all around also the bats and owls were making queer noises all the while. Wherever you looked you could see people in their nighties and BVD's on their lawns or porches. When morning came we went down town which was eight blocks from our home. Firewalls, plate glass, and wreckage was all over State and Central Street. The other streets were hardly touched. The Studebaker Auto Co. Building was on a corner, the west wall was pushed out eight inches out of line. The autos on the second floor were all piled to the north end of the building. The firewall of another two-story building was shook down through the roof of a one-story store used as a furniture store. The debris was strung all through and over the nice furniture on the display window or show room. Sure was some mess. The east all of Wheeler & Allen, hay and grain store, on State and 6 street was all pushed out on the side walk.

The three-story Fraternal Hall, the front wall was cracked from the center entrance arch clear up to the roof, diagonally. If it had not of been that the building was flanked by two 2-story

buildings, it would have fallen down. Over at Patten, the Asylum Town, about five miles north of Redlands, had four 3-story buildings filled with inmates. All four buildings were so badly shaken you could go any place and pick a brick out of the walls. They moved the inmates out and herded them around like cattle until morning, then the S.O.S. call was answered and the dozen or more busses took them to different county buildings that were not in the quake zone. Redlands and Patten suffered more than the other towns, although the quake was felt all through the valley clear down to the beaches. Nobody was killed, a few slightly injured, but everybody was good and scared. Believe me, you can have all the earthquakes you want. But no more for me! This one sure put a yellow streak down my back. On Colton Street to the west of the Town all telephone and electric light poles were tipped out of line to 45 degrees for about five blocks.

### SOME MORE EARTHQUAKES

In the summer of 1876, we had a severe earthquake in Salt Lake City. It did considerable damage through the town. It shook down a brick chimney on the outside of our wash shed. Our barn was built on stilts or blocks. It pushed it off on the ground. It did likewise damage through the neighborhood. Brother Brigham Young told the people it was the vengeance of god upon the people for their ungodliness. They should repent and mend their ways if they did not want to be destroyed.

We have had several light shocks at different periods since then (Jan. 30, 1934 was downtown). In April 1910, we had quite a severe quake in the city. It broke plate glass windows in several stores down town and shook several buildings out of plumb. No lives were lost.

The earthquake in Long Beach and southern California happened on March 10, 1933. Did several million dollars worth of damage, also about fifty lives were lost.

We had quite a quake in Salt Lake, Monday, March 12, 1934 at 8:05 Am. Four more shocks at 8:32, 10:30, 11:14 and 11:21 AM. It sure put the scare into the people. Lots of them had sick stomachs and many moved their belongings out into their yards. You could see several families having their meals out in the opening. There was a big rumbling at 1:15 AM the same morning. I heard it while working my night shift at the McIntyre Building. The building creaked considerably that whole morning until I left for home. In going to work the next night I did not see many people and autos on the street as I usually have seen on other nights. It seemed that the quake had scared them. All schools closed at Monday noon. Would not open until Wednesday if the inspectors say the school buildings are safe. It broke two steams pipes and threw the big bottle of bluing all over at the Troy Laundry where Basil works. During the last two shocks, people ran out of the business blocks for safety as those tall buildings swayed badly. Court was adjourned and the offices in the City & County building were deserted, the lawn around the building was filled with people who had run out of the building for safety. The images and flagpoles on this and other tall buildings rocked furiously. There were no lives lost, but plenty were scared. School was opened on Wednesday as the inspectors had found all school buildings safe. No buildings were wrecked, occasionally a crack or two in the walls or plaster work after being caught in an earthquake such as we experienced in Redlands, Calif., July 21, 1923. It was pretty nice to be able to go up town after our severe shock was over and see our building all safe and sound. By reports from places 75 or more miles away from here on some desolated places with very few inhabitants, you see pictures of dried up wells and springs. New wells and springs opened up. Big fissures opened up through out that section. If these places happened to have been business sections, the loss of life and property would have been serious and great.

The effects of a severe earthquake in Calif.: Mr. Robertson, proprietor of the St. Berdo Furniture Co. where I had bought \$60.00 worth of furniture, was a man of 265 lbs in weight. He also had a store in Fullerton. While Geo Gardner and I were on our country trips, we dropped in to Fullerton and called on him. We were surprised instead of seeing a big man, we saw one of about 159 lbs. He said that quake of July 21, 1923 scared the hell out of him and made him lose over 100 pounds.

#### ACCIDENT OF CUTTING THUMB AND FIRST FINGER, LEFT HAND

On Nov. 23, 1916, I met with an accident by chopping my thumb and first finger on my left hand with an ax while chopping some wood from two poplar trees that I had felled in mother's yard and had moved them in front of our home in the vacant lot north. Had sawed them into blocks (stove length) and was cutting up these blocks when the accident befell me. I had been chopping several days on these blocks and was just finishing up on the afternoon of Tuesday, Nov 23, 1916.

I turned around and chided my son, Basil, for not helping his brother William take the chopped pieces around to the back of the house as it was cloudy and a threatening snow storm was approaching. I wanted to finish the pile up. I had a dozen blocks left and it was getting dark. I placed the block to be cut upon the receiving block. I took hold of my ax in the center of the handles as the block was an easy one. Basil passed again upon his bicycle and I shopped and chided him again about helping his brother. Then I turned and picked up a block of wood and started to chop, the end of the handle caught into the pile of chopped wood and it swung the blade over and caught my thumb and finger at the base of the hand hanging down beside me a little to the front of me. It being a sharp ax (I had sharpened it at noon on an emery wheel), it cut the artery and all of the ligaments of the thumb and some in the first finger. This happened at 5:40 PM. I bled profusely before we were able to get a doctor. I lost more than two quarts of blood. Finally we got Dr. Wm. Ward, Nellie's Doctor. He stopped the flow of blood and wrapped my hand temporarily because I had to go to the hospital. Dr. Ward took me and my dear wife to the LDS Hospital at 8:30 (in his automobile). I was too weak to take anesthesia so the Dr gave me a hypodermic injection about the elbow of the left arm. I was on the operation table two and ¾ hours. The Dr. sewed up the artery and all the ligaments, then sewed up the cut and bandaged up my arm, took us home at 11:30 PM and put me to

*\*\*\*line missing???*

Fred Oblad made me a splint out of a piece of sheet iron to hold my hand in a position bent backwards. The wound healed up nicely. I had to carry my arm in a sling for a month. I got a job at Jury work on the first of the year for the January term. I could attend to that with my arm disabled. After I got through with the Jury work on the 15<sup>th</sup> of April, I was able to get other work. The hand bothered me for a year or two as it was very tender at the base of the thumb.

Words cannot be found to do justice to the following persons who did all in their power to lend a helping hand in this hour of trouble: My dear wife, Mr. Larson, Sister Nellie, My own dear mother, Mrs. Carey and her phone, my brother Eph and his wife and son Fred., Gladys, Basil and Wm. Oblad, Jr., my daughter Freida and her husband Bob Taylor and son Eddie and Ralph Plant, Wm. Langebacher and Fred Bassett. The last two persons got me the Jury job. I write this as a memento and as a token of thanks to each and everyone of the above mentioned persons for their kind assistance. I ask the blessings of our Eternal Father and our God to rest down upon each and every one of them.

From your Loving Husband, Father, Brother, Son and Friend. "GOD  
BLESS YOU ALL"

William Hans Oblad, Sen.

#### ERYSIPELAS, 1927

I contracted this ailment first of June 1927. Sick for two weeks. While firing the boiler at the McIntyre Building, the 18 inch water gauge blew up while I was within eight feet of it. Splintered glass flew all around, several splinters penetrated my nose. When this gauge blew up, I had to climb up amongst hissing steam from 65 lb pressure on to shut off the top and bottom valves. To do this, I placed an old overcoat over my head and put on arm half-way in one sleeve so I would not get scalded. Several days after this, my face and especially my nose seemed to bother me as I went about my other work. I would put my little finger in my nose to ease up that funny feeling and would have traces on blood on the finger. By doing this, I picked up the cause around the building that gave me the Erysipelas in my nose. I went up to my right eye, closed it, and was down to my upper lip. It traveled over to my right ear to a point about 3 inches on the side of my head then traveled up over my forehead over to the other side of my head to 3 inches on the left side, then back over my face to the nose. I was an awful sight. Both eyes swollen shut, both ears ½ thick. Dr. Light gave my wife who was nursing me some black grease which she painted all over my face. Also some pills to regulate my heart and stomach. It lasted two weeks and when I got well, the Dr. said I sure had a bad case of it. I am lucky to be alive.

#### TYPHOID FEVER

Second week in January.

When I had typhoid fever in January, February, and March, 1902, I was working for Studebackers. I was off for three months. C. A. Quigly was good to me. He held my job open for me when I got back, he told me to take it easy until I got my strength back. I had the first fire and had all the important jobs to do. Frank Beatie, my foreman, was very good to me. He would send the jobs out that he thought were too heavy for me to handle.

When my wife was operated upon Nov. 26, 1901 and was brought home from the hospital Dec. 16, 1901, she had hardly time to recuperate until I was struck with typhoid fever as on page 161. She had to nurse me through it all. "Bless her heart". Our friends and some relatives seemed to have deserted us. When my wife had to give me a sponge bath, several offered to help, but when the agreed time was set, no one showed up. She had to do it herself. They had to feed me sterilized milk and occasionally some fresh celery. I had milk three or four times a day for eight weeks. I have seen so much milk I have not been able to look a cow in the face even up until now. Through her, my wife's careful nursing and attention, I am here today. Thanks to the doctor and many and many thanks to her. I will give credit to my dear old Dad. He wasn't much of a nurse, but he supplied the eats to us all and never mentioned the cost to a soul. He sure was a grand old man to us in time of need.

#### THE POWER OF SONG -- Cont'd from page 134

When Don, Frieda's baby boy had broken his hip and was taken to the hospital, Frieda went around with a smile on her face much to the astonishment of those around. Frank Shupp in

particular, wrote to us. He said, "I cannot understand why Frieda goes around with a smile on her face at such a time as this. She must be nuts." We were puzzled as such a letter and knowing the amount of her other troubles we were almost convinced that such may be the case. We wrote to her about it and this was her reply:

"Dear Daddy. You remember the time when dear Grandpa came to your home and had a new song and you played it on the organ while Grandpa, Gladys and I were learning it? If there is sunshine in your heart is the name of it. Well, I have made that song my keynote or key word in all my troubles and have found it to be very beneficial to me in my darkest hours of trouble. Frieda."

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1. You can make the pathway bright<br>Fill the soul with heaven's light<br>If there's sunshine in your heart.<br>Turning darkness into day<br>As the shadows fly away<br>If there's sunshine in your heart today.      | 3. You can do a kindly deed<br>To your neighbor in his need<br>If there's sunshine in your heart<br>And his burden you will share<br>As you lift his load of care<br>If there's sunshine in your heart today.           |
| 2. You can speak the gentle word<br>To the heart with anger stirred<br>If there's sunshine in your heart<br>Tho it seems a little thing<br>It will heaven's blessing bring<br>If there's sunshine in your heart today. | 4. You can live a happy life<br>In this world of toil and strife<br>If there's sunshine in your heart.<br>And your soul will grow with love<br>From the perfect light above<br>If there's sunshine in your heart today. |

#### CHORUS

If there's sunshine in your heart  
You can send a shining ray  
That will turn the night to day  
And your cares will all depart  
If there's sunshine in your heart today.

HELEN DUNCAN

J. M. DUNCAN

#### CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE -- Accused of Murder

In the early part of December, 1902, a Mr. McNeice, a traveling spectacle vendor who was a great friend of Mr. A. E. Edwards and I, came to our shop and had us rig up a 4 spring wagon and shod his team preparatory to taking a trip to the California Coast in company with a lady friend selling spectacles.

In the spring of 1903, the body of a spectacle vendor was found on the Cottonwood stream and 9<sup>th</sup> East. It was in a clump of brush covered over with a mattress. It had laid there for a week before found and was unrecognizable. His team was strolling around the neighborhood. When the sheriff got the news, they trailed first one clue then another. They had a clue that trailed to me at my new place of business. Rear 341 So. State. The sheriff and two deputies called on me and asked me what I knew about it as Mr. McNeice was last seen in our shop at 558 So. State. Mr. Edwards had skipped to Los Angeles and I was the only other person seen with

McN. I thought they were kidding and kind of skoff them off. At the same time, my face was all a flush (a peculiarity that I have had all my life). Finally, I told them about meeting McNease and his lady friend, but did not know the lady and about rigging up their outfit last December. They put question after question to me and got me all balled up. At the same time I was worrying that they

Might convict me on circumstantial evidence and about being executed and all that. I was just shaking like a leaf. I had a job that I had to get out and every time I left my ----- and went to the wagon I was repairing, they would be right on my heels. I said, "Are you sure it is McNeise?" "Yes, we are because he was the spectacle vendor in this neck of the woods." I was thinking good and deep, everything was flashing through my head, when all of sudden I got a thought. I said, "Why don't you go up to the home of Mrs. Sheppard, 3<sup>rd</sup> N. and Center street?" They held a consultation amongst themselves so the sheriff said he would go to this address and would leave his two deputies to watch me. Minutes were hours to me. Whenever I would move around, these two were following. Pretty soon the sheriff returned and said Mrs. Sheppard showed him a postal card received today from McNeise stating all were well and happy. Then he called his men off. It was a great relief to me as I had imagined everything in the world could happen to me (I was honorably released). They finally traced it down that the vendor was an eastern man traveling with a lady fried by the name of Aurora Dodge who had slain him for his money and beat it away back east and was located at Aurora, Ill. She was brought back for trial and while in county jail was stricken with appendicitis and rushed to the hospital. The night after she was operated on and while alone in her cot, she tore the incision loose and bled to death before found.

#### GETTING STABBED -- 1879

Old man Anderson had just finished white washing our house and his pretty boy August had to bring up the hand cart to wheel the empty cans home. He was peoed and sulky because he had to do this. I passed him and saw his funny disposition and called out "August, Oh August, Sore head August." Then ran away as he was a much bigger boy than I. He wheeled around and threw his open pocket knife at me and struck in a hard blow at the bottom of my spine. The knife stuck there. It took Dr. J. D. M. Crockwell some time to get it out, so as not to injure my spine. I have a round hole there now. Sometimes it bothers me at my present age, 62 years.

#### INGROWN TOE NAIL - 1904

I had suffered for years with a bad ingrown toe nail on my big toe, right foot. It was good and sore. Had ----- flesh in it. I had several Dr's take care of it. I wanted it pulled off but the doctors said it might be fatal with me. They said it would harm my stomach and other hooley stuff. Of course, I was convinced to a certain extent that they were telling me the truth because when they did work on it there would be shooting pains in my stomach. One day, a chiropodist (who had been a black smith with Ringling Brothers Circus) came into my shop, 341 So. State Street, and asked if any one of us had corns, bunions, or ingrown nails. He could cure them permanently. (Dr. Stillman) I saw the nice set of tools he carried and showing him toe, he said that it was in bad shape, but he could cure it all right. After explaining his method I was convinced that it was reasonable as I had a finger that the nail was cut as he described to me and did not grow out again. So I made a date to go to his office at 135 South main and have it done. I

was somewhat scared, but I was willing to take the chance as it was awful painful the way it was. My wife went along with me to be handy if anything went wrong with me. He was very skillful. He took a small, sharp chisel and cut down the nail about ¼ in away from the inside of the toe. He cut the full length of nail clear into the root and with a small handy pliers, pulled it away. It hurt quite a lot, but I got over it. After this was done, he soaked it in hot water with Bimurcur tablets in solution. Then wrapped the toe nail with Colodion then put Adhesive tape to hold this in place. The job was done. Price \$5.00. This was money well spent. It got well and have not been bothered with it since. N. B. I did not have to loose any time at my work either.

### TREES - 1881 and on

In the early days, the principal trees were the mulberry and locust. Brigham Young had secured some locust seeds and planted his 110 acres with them and was known as the Locust Farm. They grew so thick and fast that B.Y. was unable to dispose of them. So they grew too big to be transplanted. It had grove after grove of these trees when B. Y. turned it over to the city or rather was purchased by the city in 1881 and later became known as Liberty Park. In 1881 on Decoration Day, E. Stephans took his singing class to City Creek Canyon. While up there, I got two young box elder trees about 18 inches high. I packed mud tightly around their roots and brought them home, planting one at each corner of the west end of our home. They grew and are nice looking trees today with the exception of the south one. After Otto had the south house practically given to him, he had mother trim this tree so it would not obstruct the drafts to the chimneys. He and his wife were all the time growling about it. One limb in particular, which extended to the west and was high up, better than 45 degrees. They claimed it shut the light out of their window. Mother called me to see what I could do in trimming it. I told her it was a piece of babyishness on their part. I would not trim a limb to satisfy them as it would destroy the shade of the back yard where she was out enjoying it. It was not trimmed nor cut back. But Otto and wife kept on jeopardizing mother even to the end. And this is what happened: On the very night mother died (April 23, 1931), a big wind storm came up and slapped this long, heavy limb along the side of their house and in its falling, it struck the forks of Otto's favorite tree in his back yard. Totally stripped it.

Revenge is sweet even at the time of death. This episode has a great meaning to it. Otto and Lill and family had pulled mother's leg for everything they wanted. She was blind to it during life, but at the passing out of the spirit to unknown regions, she had her eyes opened to their treachery and deceit and made it known by this incident. See photos.

### CAMPING IN LOCUST GROVE

The trees were planted in groves 20 X 40 rod. The space between the groves were patches of lucern. All through the park were big springs, some considered bottomless. These were fenced around or had clumps of wild rose bushes growing around the edge. The groves were littered with dead wood and a big undergrowth of willow or wild rose. It was a veritable forest. One first of May, 1882, Jack Crockwell, Wm. Crockwell, and I, my brother Charles was a pretty boy and did not care to associate with us. On this day, us three boys took a May walk. Had our grub in a bucket and went to the locust Grove. It was a cloudy day and looked like rain. Us boys built a teepee in an open space close to a spring. We lined the teepee with bark and brush. Pretty soon it commenced to rain and rain. We crawled into our teepee and were dry. While we were eating our lunches, snakes, mice, frogs, and toads came into our teepee and we had to fight for supremacy in it. We cleaned them out and finished a perfect day in our teepee.



### SOME GOOD EATS

When I was a boy, I used to take my father's dinner to him at 115-117 East 2<sup>nd</sup> South Street. It always fell to my lot to do this errand, as my brother Charles was too high strung to take Daddy's dinner. I was tickled to death to do it. On several occasions, daddy would look into his dinner pail which was one of the high ones with a compartment on top that held the grub. The lower section held the coffee, tea or milk. I remember on several occasions, mother did not have any meat to make sandwiches with so I took what they had. Father would look into the dinner pail and see nothing but read and butter. He would send me to the corner butcher shop to buy some hamburger and one or two onions. Daddy would cook this on his blacksmith shovel and always gave me a sandwich. Oh, my, did they taste good? I'll say so! I have eaten many a meal like this. I would have my wife, kiddies and some friends come to my shop and we would have a hamburger feed, galoor. Sometimes when Daddy had his regular dinner, he would leave a crust or two in the pail. On the road home, I would open the bucket and find them and they surely tasted good.

### LOCK JAW - 1880

In our early boyhood days, we had to make our own amusements. When the 4<sup>th</sup> of July rolled around, we boys would save our nickels for this occasion. We would buy fire crackers and a pistol with two or five boxes of giant caps and shoot them off. One 4<sup>th</sup> we were playing on the 9<sup>th</sup> Ward school grounds with Johnny Gillett playing wild west stunts. Shoot and shoot. I got my thumb burnt with the explosions of these paper caps. Johnny Gillett did the same. His burns developed into lock jaw and he died within three days. We all felt sorry for him as he was such a good boy. On the day of the funeral, we six boys that were playing with him acted as pall bearers. It was a sorrowful affair to have a companion snapped out of life like he was. After this affair and several similar happenings, there was a ban put on the sale of these caps and pistols and they were dangerous. Many a young boy had died with this terrible Lock Jaw. I was lucky my powder burns did not turn into lock jaw but a mighty sore hand for a month.

Pall bearers: John Crockwell, Wink Bates, Wm. Crockwell, James Sterling, Will Oblad, Link Millford.

### BAKED BREAD FOR RED CROSS CALL

For San Francisco earthquake

The first week in April, 1906, L. G. Oblad, my wife, made and baked two dozen loaves of home made bread which was recognized by the users as perfect. Mary wrote asking her formula. She put her name and address on each loaf. This was our donation to the distress call.

### THE KILLING OF GEORGE CHANNELL

In the early part of January, 1902, first week, George took his hand sled to bring his carpenter tools home for the winter from a job on the alphabet streets near 9<sup>th</sup> East street. On his road back home, he stopped to see his sister, Mrs. Murphy, on 1<sup>st</sup> South, 6 & 7 East. While there she told George that her husband Frank Murphy had bought one of the new automatic revolvers. "Is that so? I would like to see one." The young boy heard what she said and said, "I'll go upstairs and get it and show it to you." "All right." The boy reappeared at the head of the stairs and

playfully pointed it at him saying, "Look out, Uncle George, I'll shoot you." Burr, it went off and two bullets entered the side of the top of his head. George fell dead. He was brought home and the undertaker did his work and left the body home as per Mrs. Channell's request. He being my neighbor, I offered to set up with any body at nights. It was accepted. On the second night, I was setting up with two of his church brethren. Mrs. Channell had bought a new pair of slippers for him with the instruction that one of the church members put them on. We all three went into the room which was dimly lighted. The brother lifted up the leg to put the slipper on. At the movement of the leg, a big moan came out. He dropped the leg and the two liked to have broken their necks to get out of the house claiming he was alive or the place was haunted. They beat it for home leaving me there along to stay the balance of the night. I had figured the cause and was not afraid. They held his funeral services at their church 8<sup>th</sup> East and 9<sup>th</sup> South which was largely attended. Pall bearers were: James Skillhorn, Frank Lewis, Joseph Berry, Charles Jones, John Haevy, Wm. H. Oblad.

#### TENTH WARD SQUARE -- FAIR GROUNDS

The territory put buildings and fences around this square and held the fairs there for several years. It was also a polling place for the first precinct. At one of the fairs, I watched Dr. Carver do some fancy shooting at glass balls. He missed several of them, but he could not account for it. On the next no. on the programme they put on a wild west show with Dr. Carver on the stage coach which was being pursued by outlaws on horseback during the shooting some of the outlaws would grab their faces, arm or legs and holler. We thought this was part of the programme, but it wasn't. Dr. Carver got his shells mixed up. He was shooting the ones loaded with bird shot instead of blanks and the outlaws were getting hit. The City Doctors were busy the day picking them out.

#### BILL BINGLY

During one of the political meetings, I proposed that they give Bill Bingly a job. Judge Kinney took the matter up and ----- Bill. He said, "I have a man whom God has seen fit to disable him by losing his arm and leg and I propose we give Bill Bingly a job of game warden." He was elected. Bill was game warden for several years and this is how he repaid me for my goodness. Basil, my son, was out at becks lake shooting duck. Within the allowed time that the Radio Hdware Store man told him, Bill sat out on a box with gun in hand and when a flock came over, made believe he was going to shoot. When they came Basil's way, he shot. Then Bingly came over and placed Basil under arrest, compelled him to go with him to Murray and there I court Basil was fined \$25.00. "SOME GOOD TURN"!

#### MY BIGGEST SCARE IN LIFE

About 1882, I was milking the cow and doing chores of brother John Brown living at 454 East 4<sup>th</sup> South. In his home at the rear of his property was the farm with a hay loft. I went up there as usual to do the chores, milk, and feed his cow. I was a good milker and could make any cow give down her milk. One evening I went up to do the chores, I had finished the milking and went up into the hay oft to put down some hay for the evening. Oh My! When I got up into the loft I saw a gray haired man with his knees doubled up, hanging by a clothes line attached to one

of the rafters. I got awful scared at the sight. I grabbed my pocket knife and cut the rope and the body fell down, pinning me underneath. I yelled and yelled. George Brown came to see what I was yelling at, lifted the body off from me and I jumped up and was shaking like a leaf. We got some help and notified Joseph E. Taylor. Also Mr. Herrick's family who lived next door west, what had happened. They took his body to the undertaker J. E. T. Believe me, there was no more milking done by me for Brother John Brown.

### DRIVING OUR FLOWING WELL

In 188-, father got John Wassamer, a neighbor, to build a scaffold about 18 feet high and 6 feet square with landings every three feet for a platform. Had his pipe 1 ¼ in all lengths. Fred Hefern used a 10 and 12 lb sledge to drive with and I held the blocks of apple and mulberry wood 8 in long so as not to bruise the pipe. We worked about 10 days and got to 75 feet down and no water. Pipe brought a good many people from far and near came to see what we were doing. Amongst them was a little sawed off man who said, "What are you doing?" Father said, "Driving a flowing well." Stranger, "How do you know you will strike water? Have you had anyone to locate the underground streams?" Father, "No, I haven't, but I am willing to hire such a man." "Well, I can locate them." "Okay, go ahead." "Have you any peach trees?" "Yes, several down the yard." The stranger goes down the yard and cuts off a fork about 18 in high, takes hold of each end with forks pointing up, walks about the lot then says, "You won't strike water where you have tried within a 1,000 feet. But over here you will find it (15 feet west from where he had tried)." He tried out for depth. "You'll get water at 65 feet deep enough to show up over the pipe. You strike a bigger stream at 82 feet but at 108 feet, you'll strike a stream about 10 gallons per minute." It was funny w this stranger could locate the water. After he spotted the stream, he would take out his match and place it where he could see the seconds then hold the peach fork up and as it turned down he would look at his watch. Then call out the depth. Father had Brown & Ensign make a derick for a slide weight of 50 lbs to work in. Also some wooden guides to hold the pipe in place. He got two Swedish old men to operate it and they struck water at the above depths. When they struck the 108 feet depth, they got 9 ½ gallons per minute. They topped at this. The water was good, a slight iron and sulfur taste, but not enough to notice. We used it for all house purposes and the cow and horse liked it. The life of this well was about 20 years when the 1 ¼ pipe had rust webs all through the pipe. Father tried to brake these webs with the churn process, but did not succeed so it was abandoned. We got city water after that.

### MY HARDEST MARBLE GAMES

In playing marbles I beat all comers. In order to get a game with the boys, I would have to shoot from a ring the width of the side walk and play a game of spin. Let the opponent have a ring half that size and they play knock out. I would get a regular game on some Sundays and mostly holidays with Tom Ryan. His father, George Ryan (an ex-soldier) who was a good player. We would play knock out in a ring the width of the side walk twenty to -----. Now, there would be sixty marbles in the ring. We three would lag to a given line. The closest to it would have first shot and so on. In playing this game, the rules were: the first one up would shoot and continue to shoot until he missed or did not knock the marble out and if his taw stayed in the ring on the shot. The next one up was to shoot and try to knock the taw out. If he succeeded, he could pick up 0 marbles for that shot or leave him out of the game. (It all depended how many marbles were

left. Say there were 28 in the ring at the shot. He could take only 8 marbles or still leave him out of the game. It was optional with the shooter). If it happened that I was the shooter, and knocked George out, I would leave him out, as the rest would be easy picking playing with Tom. If either George or Tom knocked me out, they would have the game all to themselves as they were partners and it made no difference who was the best man between them. Many a good hard game I have had with them and when it was over I would have thirty to fifty marbles ahead. They are two honest, good, hard players to beat. Game would last 3 or 4 hours.

### HEED THIS ADVICE

If any of my children happen to belong to any Military, Civic or Religious group where they give out or sell the uniforms to you, do not sign up for them until you get everything. I have been the goat in several occasions, especially in some Military group. They gave me everything but legging or belt and etc. promising me they would give them time when some came in stock. I took their word, but did not get the goods and when I resigned and asked for my refund, they had a uniform complete charged to me so in the final settlement I had to pay for something I did not receive. So be wise, don't sign up until you get everything complete.

Beware of a gun that is supposed to be unloaded. I had a .22 pistol that shot seven shells. We were down to Calder's Park on a Sunday School Picnic. A group of us boys were shooting at soda bottles with this gun. I had just finished shooting and was so sure that I had shot 7 shots when Fred Kammerman came up and said let me shoot. I was going to poke my gun in his stomach and snap it, but something said to me, "DON'T". I did not snap it, but in reloading the gun there was one live shell in the barrel. I was tickled to death I did not snap the gun as I might have killed my best friend. It was a lesson to me.

### W.O.W.

After I had joined the Woodmen of the World, I was coming home from a Lodge meeting feeling good in meeting my friends. I met Taylor Woolley who said, "Well, Bro. Wm, why are you out tonight?" "Oh, I have been to Lodge, Bro Woolley." "I am surprised at a Mormon joining a secret organization. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Bro Oblad." "Bro Woolley, there is nothing done in the W.O.W. that is degrading or undoing anything in our religion. If my dear old Daddy had belonged to an order like that and left Mother with two or more thousands of dollars when he died instead of paying the church all his tithing and donations, he would have been better off. How many of you good brethren ever called on Mother after Father died to see if she had a crust of bread or was comfortable? Not one of you have called. Nor even cared. I am going to look after my family's welfare. Church or no Church. So get that in your crop, Bro Woolley." Taylor Woolley has not spoken to me since. But who cares.

### THE POWER OF A W.O.W. LETTER OF INTRODUCTION

In 1923 when we went on our trip to Calif., I got a letter of introduction from the clerk thinking it would help a stranger out in a strange land. While we were in Redlands, the W.O.W. Lodge had discontinued meeting during the summer months. I showed my letter to several Woodmen and I met Capt Green of Redlands Fire Dept who treated me swell and expressed his regrets that they were not holding meetings so I could meet the rest of the boys. He helped me

get several repair to autos jobs in Redlands and did everything in his power to help me get acquainted while there. About the first of the year 1924, I had a fallout with my son-in-law over the division of \$90.00. Instead of giving me my half, he wanted to give me \$5.00 or \$10.00 when he got it, but we got loger heads. I paid up my bills and had \$3.00 left and with our two cars, Billie, Wife and I left for Alhambra. We stopped at sister Eliza's home and they made us comfortable. On the following Thursday, I went down to the W.O.W.'s hall to their meeting. I showed them my W.O.W. letter and within five minutes I had over two hundred good friends asking me if I wanted a job and what I was working at. I told them I was a rough carpenter and I wanted a job. Olly Carlton told me to show up at 8:00 AM at Garfield and Curtis Ave. with my tools. I did and I worked for Mr. Carlton five weeks at \$8.00 per day, then worked for John Peterson a month with same pay. Then worked on Mrs. Cook's job, a W.O.W. with Frank Schupp. By this and other jobs secured by W.O.W. friends, Mr. Oglesvic and Laurie, I got enough money to come home on and paid all my expenses while in Alhambra.

Words cannot express the kindness and hospitality that was shown to me by the W.O.W. and my letter.

Wm. H. Oblad, Sr.

#### HIKE OF W.O.W. JUNIORS # 18 CAMP

#### HIKE TO ENSIGN PEAK & MUNICIPAL BATHS, APRIL 29<sup>TH</sup>, 1933

Six autos took us from Eagles Hall to the Capitol. Autos furnished: H. Heagran, don Smith, Basil Oblad, Darling, J. A. Fredrickson, Ray Don. Guides for trip: A. B. Anderson, Wm. H. Oblad, Sr.

Sights pointed out to the children: Inspiration point, Suicide point, Miners Will O the Whisp, Natural Bridge Cave, long Ridge Trail, Hell Hoolow, Collins Murder Cave, Red Gulch, Pasco Lime Kiln, 1<sup>st</sup> Kiln & quarry in Utah, Look out point, Warm Springs cave, Spring Wash, Liberty Trail, Jump-off Place, Burns Dog, Blackies Grave, Utah's most intelligent dog, K.K.K. Signal light, West Hight Signal W, the Mormon's raised first U.S. flag in Utah, Ensign Peak. There were 50 boy and girl hikers. Loretta Oblad was my side hiker. Capt A. B. Anderson took several pictures of some of the groups.

Light shower came up as we were on the downward trip to the Municipal Baths. None got wet. While we were on top of Ensign Peak the group sang, 'Hail, Hail the gangs all here'. The Echo Song and other Lodge songs. When we reached the springs, they all took a bath. The six waiting autos took us home from a good, grand trip. Everybody happy but tired. Through the carefulness of the two guides, none of the children were hurt - only one strong-headed girl tried to run down the hill and fell, skinning her knee but not serious.

Next junior and regular 338 meeting a vote of thanks and analogies were give the two guides for their careful and interesting help.

#### CHILDHOOD DAYS

We children of early days always tried to imitate things like the circus, Wm. Tell, Wild West and etc. Joe Darke, Will Sterling, Geo Penrose, Bert Scheller, Hen Weggeland, Wm McKean and I were up to all kind of doings. We would give circus in our back lot. We would dress like clowns, acrobats, monkeys, Indian and cowboys, parade around the street beating tin cans advertising our circus or wild west show, Saturday PM Admission 10 pins (as pins were at a

premium those days). Our tent and dressing room was made of old carpets and gunny sacks. Our suits were made of any color cloth. We would paint our faces red, yellow, black and white. We had boxes, barrels, and planks for seat. We would give all grades of acrobatic stunts, bicycle riding, tight rope walking, singing and dancing much to the delight of our customers who would flock in to see Billie Oblad's Circus. I was given a rough rider act. I got our new cow and jumped on her back with no rope to guide it. She jumped and snorted and took me for a wild ride, when she tossed me off, swung around, picked me up on her horns and flipped me over a high fence much to the joy of the kids, but scared the H--- out of me and nobody hurt. We had an old stage coach with side rockers that father got us boys. We staged a holdup by Indians with bow and arrows and bow guns. Had pickets for our horses, turkey feathers in our hats and looked a bad Indian. Our arrows were blunt and was not allowed to shoot near the head. During one of these holdups, Gus Stomburg ducked and got an arrow just below his eye. This put the end to our stage holdups and bow and arrow with my home made bow gun I could shoot good. I could hit an apple placed on top of a pole. I wanted to play Wm Tell, but I could not get a boy to stand with an apple on his head, so I did some fancy shooting anyway. We had some tricks done by trained dogs, cats, pigs, and horses. Our flying trapeze acts were hair raising. The monkey (Geo Penrose) on the tightrope was a scream. Everything we had seen done in a circus we would do with success. We had some bad falls once in a while but did not break a limb. We had to make our own amusements and got out and did it. After we got in our teens, our Circus days were over. Joe Darke and Will Sterling - acrobats and dancers. Bert Scheller and Hen Weggeland - acrobats and clowns. Wm McKean and Geo Penrose - Tight rope acrobats.

All did one thing or the other as well as singing and dancing. A bunch of good kids. Would trade pins at the store and have a big outdoor feed for the actors.

### ARE TURKEYS WILD?

Father had a gobbler and three hens. He kept them in an enclosure that year out of 36 young he had only 8 birds. They did not seem to thrive in captivity. A young one would seem all right, then the next moment it would be on its back and would die. Next year, father did not keep them in the enclosure, but let them roam at will. When the young were hatched, the mother would take her brood out early in the morning in the alfalfa while it was still wet with dew. I saw one or two chicks all wet and took them into the store to dry out and they died. Father told me to let them alone. The mother would take care of them. That year he lost about 3 of them. The Gobbler and three hens with their brood would roam around and live on bugs, insects, grasshoppers, leaves and seeds. I have seen them come home to roost with their crops sticking way out with their feed. Next morning, bright and early, they would be on their way out.

The gobbler would apparently strut around like on guard. The hens with the brood would be scattered around feeding. Sometimes a prowling cat would come out into the alfalfa and if either saw the grass waving and things looked suspicious, Mr. Gobbler would make a noise and would be answered by one of the hens who would be on the alert, then spot the cat's position and in a few short leaps and flies would rout out Mr. Cat. Can they count? I'll say yes. I have seen them coming out for the trip to roost. The hen would look over its brood and if any are missing she would go around calling until they are found. Once they are all together, they leisurely stroll home. None missing. One day, I happened to go down into the yard with a red apron on. Mr. Boggler was strutting around in all his glory. When he spied me, he came into battle, flew at me and scratched with all his energy until he chased me all the way into our house.

### A THUNDER MUG

When I was young I was somewhat modest. Mother sent me up town to buy a chamber. She told me if a lady waited on me, ask for a thunder mug. I went to S. P. Teasdale on this errand. A young lady came up to me and asked what I wanted. I said, "I want a thunder mug." "A thunder mug, a thunder mug, I don't know what you mean, sonny."

After turning a dozen different colors and somewhat embarrassed, "A thunder mug is a polite name for a bed room chamber. I want a bed room chamber." "Well, sonny, go over and ask Mr. Needham to wait on you. It is his place to handle things like that." I got it and it was wrapped up nice but I took the back streets home so some of my friends would not see me packing it home. 'SELF CONSCIOUS'.

### HORRORS, WARS & PESTILANCE

Ever since I can remember, I have heard these things preached, besides the end of the world. The second coming and etc. I have seen and heard these fanatics and supposed learned men tell of these things and prove them by their different charts. Godbe, McDonald, Prof J. Ward & John Burroughs. Priest Froggreen & Miller and several others, standing on street corners or lecturing in halls and meeting houses telling about all these horrors. The end of the world, the 2<sup>nd</sup> coming, the lake of hell, fire and brimstone. They have even figured out the dates and years when they were to happen. The wars of Gog & May gog, downfall of the Unicorn. Bear and other nations and a whole lot of other tommy rot like earthquakes, floods of the entire world. Things like these used to take the happiness out of life and compel a person to live a life of fear and trouble. TOO BAD! Nuts like these are allowed to live and preach such nonsense. But time will tell as it has on the figures given out by the above fools. If these things are to happen, nobody knows how, when nor where. So let's lay aside all fears and lead a clean and God fearing life. What is to happen with happen and we poor mortals cannot say when, so let's make the best out of life. Be hopeful and cheerful and pass it along to our fellowmen. Then take what follows. We will all have to go the route some day. The best things in life always come last. So!, why worry over death.

Nobody ever gets out of this worry world alive.

Wm. H. Oblad, Sr.

### I WAS SLOW BUT MADE THE GOAL

Of all my brothers learning the blacksmithing trade, I was the dullest and the slowest one. Both Eph T. and Alex O. could weld long before I could. They were encouraged by father. When I attempted to weld and made a failure of it, I was ridiculed by them all. But I kept my courage up and kept on trying until I mastered it. Otto learned the trade after I had left the shop. But how did he learn it? He is only a do at it right now (1934). If he has anything particular to do, he has to hire a man to do it for him. Eph and Alex did not master the trade, as it was too hard work for them and found something soft to work at.

I kept pegging away at it until I learned both the blacksmithing and woodworking trades. I have even surpassed my father although he was a good mechanic, but when it came to new work like building buggies and wagons from blue prints, he was stumped. My own mother even

blocked or cursed me, saying, “As son could and will not surpass his father.” But I have surpassed him in spite of all my handicaps. The trade is part of my nature, although I laid it down in 1910. I have worked at it several times since that year and am still mastering it. If I could get a job today at it (but the wonderful art has been killed by the autos and gas and electric welding), I could work rings around any mechanic both by speed and craftsmanship (bar none).

My greatest and only regret is that I cannot teach my two sons this trade and see them pass me as I did my Daddy. To bad this wonderful art has or is going into the discard, FAST.

Wm. H. Oblad, Sr.

### MY FIRST TRIP TO KAMAS

The second week of July, 1879, Father took his family to Kamas or Rhodes Valley. Father, mother, Charley, William, Eph, Jacob and Albert. Had Joe Walker’s bay horse and surrey. Left home after 2:00 PM, stopped the night at half-way house. Father caught three trough a foot long. The Chinaman cook cooked them for our supper. Father took along some blackberry brandy. Treated the proprietor and china man cook. Next morning, Bro Charley swiped some blackberry and he was good and sick. I nearly shot the cook. A man had left a six shooter on a table. Bro Charley handed it to me and dared me to snap it. I snapped it and it shot through the kitchen door and missed the cook by inches. Was the china cook scared. He was, but not half as scared as I was. We had sage brush fire, ham & eggs and coffee for breakfast and dinner. It sure tasted good. We got to Aunt Sina Lambert that night.

On the trip, father killed three rattle snakes that laid in our road. Just before we got to Kamas, a big bear and cubs came out of the brush and were walking down the road a little ahead of us. Father took a shot at them with his revolver to scare them away. They scuddled away up in the side brush. We came across a freighter along the road cooking some flap jacks. Father stopped and talked to him about the road and etc. The Freighter gave us kids some of his flap jacks. Didn’t they taste good! We met the Packs, Michies, Woodwards, Youngs, Whites, Montgomery, Lemons, Wards, Joe War and Murphys. They had married some of the Lamberts. We met uncle John Lambert, Aunt Sina, Mercy, John Jr, Sarah, Mary, Eph, Joe, Dan, Elizabeth, Lena, Cornelia, Benjamin, and Parley Lambert.

Sarah married Joe War  
John, Jr. married Joe Woodward  
Eph married a Michie  
Joe married a Murphy  
Lena married Rob Michie  
Benjamin married M. Lemons

Mercy married a Ward  
Mary married Sila pack  
Dan married a Young  
Elizabeth married Robert Montgomery  
Cornelia married A. White

Father went into Lambert’s blacksmith shop and fixed up some logging chairs and single trees. Us kids caught some fish in the stream that ran past Lambert’s shop.

Father took us on a hike. He cut us all a hiking stick. I still have my stick.

We kids had the time of our life for several days. Fishing, hiking, chasing jack rabbits, horse back riding. Drank all the milk we could hold.

This was our first trip away from home and were awful sorry when it was over.

### Our second trip to Kamas 1881



The same bunch of the family went with the exception of Jacob, who died. But we had another brother, Alex, who was born June 15, 1880. In getting ready for this trip, uncle John Larsen got us some nice willow fishing poles. I had made mine fancy by cutting rings around it. I had the line and hook all wrapped around it for the trip. Bro Charley was sore at me for having the nicest pole. He grabbed it by the butt and tried to jerk it away from me, but he got the fish hook stuck in his finger for his pains. Father had to take him to Dr. W. F. Anderson to have the hook cut out. This delayed us several days, finally we got started. We left on the third week in July. Had Mr. Vigleni's white horses and a 4 spring wagon with top on. We stopped at Cluff's place the first night. Daddy and I slept on the front porch. We had some more ham & eggs & coffee on a sage brush fire. All the milk and cream we wanted. We stopped in Park City the next day for ½ a day as father had some business with the Kimballs. We left park City after noon and took a road or trail that went over the seven one-mile hills. Our horses balked going up the first one. Father tried to coax and persuade them to pull but they wouldn't. Father saw some freighters coming down a dug way and got one burly man with a mule team to come up and pull him up. After they got up the first bad hill, father plugged the keg of beer he had and gave him several good drinks. "Thanks and many thanks" was the man's reply. No other charges. Just then, Joe War came along and he picked brother's Eph, Albert and Alex up in his wagon and drove on towards Kamas. We hitched up the white team and went down the hill and part way up the next one, then stopped to let them puff. Charley and I put rocks under the hind wheels to hold her. Then, by repeatedly short pulls, we got up the second hill. We all got thirsty and no water around. Father gave us a small drink of beer. Oh, my, it tasted good. By repeating these tactics, we got over this hilly road and the rest was easy sailing. We got to Kamas at sundown, had supper, then went to bed all tired out.

#### JOE LAMBERT'S CLOSED FISTEDNESS

After breakfast, I was playing around the house and, with Parley, ran into a shed near the house and there I heard Cousin Joe say to his mother, "There, I have got you a ¼ of beef and that Oblad bunch has come to eat it up." This hit me pretty hard as Father always paid his way and every conference the Lamberts would flock to our home and never brought in anything to eat while they stayed a week or two.

The next day we drove out to Woodland to Eph L. home. Father and cousin Eph caught a big mess of trout in the Provo river. Cousin Eph shot several wild chicken and we all had a fine big feed at their home. During that afternoon, cousin Eph shot a big eagle that was stealing a suckling pig out of the yard. I had the claws of this eagle in my cabinet. Us kids made shuttle cocks and arrows with its feathers. I got quick sick from eating chock cherries and then drinking milk. The next morning, Father, Mother, Cousin Eph and wife drove over to Heber to see Montgomery. Us kids cut hiking sticks and hiked around. We did some fishing in the Provo and I caught nice big trout that surprised Daddy and cousin Eph. We went back to Kamas and after spending two more days in horse back riding, fishing and hiking, we started for home. We took a different route home and did not have any more balky horses. When we were nearing the summit, a big rattler struck at the hind wagon wheel, got caught in the spokes and was being whipped around. Us kids hollered for Father to stop. He got out and with a couple of sticks, worked the snake out. It was all cut to pieces. It had 9 rattles on. Father cut them off and wrapped them in paper and gave them to me for my cabinet. I brought my hiking stick and fish pole back home. Charley threw his away, saying, "I don't want to keep such junk as that."

The end of another enjoyable time.

### FIRST TRIP TO SANTEQUIN -- First week in July, 1880

Took 8:00 AM train at Utah Central. Got to Santequin at uncle Bennett's home, 10:00 AM. His home has a log home on S.E. Corner of a block. There was a big ant hill a little from the house. I, like a dummy, kicked the hill around and got the ants all over me. Before they got all the ants out of my clothes, my body was pretty well bit up. They were the large, red ants.

Father, mother, Charles, Wm., Eph, Albert and Alex were in the group. The next day was the baptismal day. Uncle Bennett got a farm wagon and drove us to a grove where a baptismal box was built in a stream. There were 18 members baptized that day. We visited the Rhuemells and Samualsons, some of father's friends. One day we visited John Allean, a blacksmith friend of the family. There was a block just south of Allen's place covered with sagebrush and other brush. Bro Charles, I and Allean's red headed girl went on a rabbit drive through this block and chased them through their gate into the corral and blacksmith shop. The girl's name was Anna, pretty looking and had thick braids of carrot red hair. She was about 16 years old and strong as any boy. When we got the jacks corralled she waded right into them with a pitch fork and killed about 15 of them. After they were cleaned, Mrs. Allean roasted some of them, flavored with onions, which sure tasted good. We left for home in a day or two having a good time on this trip. In 1885, this red headed girl was killed with a pitch fork during haying season. We all felt sorry for her as she was a strong, happy-go-lucky girl.

### 2<sup>ND</sup> TRIP TO UNCLE BENNET'S AT MONA, JUAB CO., UTAH - 1882

Before we took this trip, uncle Bennett had written to us and told us of his talking pet magpie. This trip was taken on the 3<sup>rd</sup> of July, 1882. Father, Mother, Cahrley, Wm, Eph, Albert and Alex were on this trip. We took a train at 8:00 AM, Utah Central Depot. We got there about 11:00 AM and when uncle Bennett came home at noon from his work, carpenter and section gang, we asked to see this pet talking magpie. His home was on the NW corner of the block. He had a cow shed and other sheds back of the home. We went down to the coop where Magie was and uncle Bennett said, "Hello, Magie." "Hello you long, lankd xxxx xxxxxxxxxx xxx." "Oh, OH, Magie, you shouldn't say those swear words. You must be possessed with the devil." N. B. (Uncle was a clean, moral, religious man and this lingo that Magie called out made uncle feel deeply hurt). The bishop's boys across the street had taught Magie these cuss words. Magie kept up these swear words, so uncle Bennett took and killed it saying he would not have anything around the place that blasphemed like that. The next day was the 4<sup>th</sup> and there was a big celebration on the public square. Kitty corner from uncle Bennett's home. Both Father and uncle Bennett got up and talked to the crowd, after that the bishop and council talked. Then there were ball games, horse racing, fireworks. A real good day.

On the fifth, uncle Bennett got the bishop's team and four spring wagon and drove us over through blue creek canyon to Morton Olson's home at Goshen. On the trip through this canyon, uncle Bennett got out and shot some jack rabbits with his muzzle loading shot got. He first let me have my first shot a rabbit. The gun nearly kicked me over but uncle called out, "Well, William, you wounded it," so uncle chased it about fifty feet and knocked it over with a stick. Uncle got five jack on the trip and took them over to Olson's home. We had a fine feed with them, but only got a taste of them as they were sixteen folks and kids to eat them. They

were stewed and had thick white gravy over them. Mrs. Olson had roasted a leg of home cured pork with onions and dressings so we got our bellies full. But I have longed for another taste of rabbit. The next day, us kids gathered a lot of mussels on the banks of a big dam. We caught a good catch of chubs and suckers that morning. A little after noon we started back for Mona via Payson and Santequin. Stopped and visited friends there, finally we got back to Mona at dusk. All tried out, but happy.

#### THIS WAS ANOTHER GOOD TRIP.

These trips as recorded on pages 184 to 190 were the first four trips we had taken away from home. We saw some country away from our city life which was quite a change.

#### BIOGRAPHY OF AND SOME INCIDENTS OF DAVID VANHORN BENNETT

He was born in Virginia of English and part Indian parentage. He embraced the gospel and came to Utah some time in the fifties. He fought in several of the Indian wars in Utah. He could talk the Indian language fluently. He married a Miss Neff of east Millcreek in the early sixties. They had two daughters, Annie and Emma. Mr. Bennett was a carpenter and after the railroads came to Salt Lake in 1870, he worked on it while laying track and building bridges coming to Utah. Later he worked extensively for the Utah Central construction and maintenance. He was away from home during the 6 days but would spend Sunday at his home. He found his wife untrue to him so they got divorced, she taking the two girls. Sometime in the late seventies he married my Father's sister Amanda. They had no children. Aunt Amanda died Aug. 23, 1883. Uncle Bennett died March 27, 1895.

Uncle Bennett was a good, clean, religious man but no fanatic. He believed in doing good to everybody. He did considerable temple work in the endowment house and the different temples. He was a willing worker and helped many a person build their home for little or nothing. He was very charitable and a good tithing and donation payer. He has donated considerably of his time in building different wards, meeting houses and amusement halls. He was a star gazer. He could tell the time of night by the stars and the time of day by the sun very accurately.

He was a good weather prophet. He could tell the weather 30 days ahead of time and never miss it. On occasions when the ward planned for the regular summer outings to Lindsey's Garden, Fuller Hill or Calder's Park, the place was selected and the date was set by some of the wise guys of the ward and Uncle Bennett would say, "Brethren, I am afraid that if you go on that day, you'll come home like drowned rats." They scoffed at him and called him foolish or simple. They took the excursion on that set date. The morning was lovely, a forerunner of a good day, but at 1:00 PM a big shower came up and the picnickers were like drowned rats. They ignored Uncle Bennett on their next trip which turned out about the same. After that, all dates for the ward excursions were selected by Uncle Bennett and always turned out good. He could not be beat for a weather prophet.

Uncle Bennett was troubled occasionally with the tape worms. He had take medicine from Dr. Greenhalgh and got rid of part of them. On one occasion when the attack came back, he got some more medicine and took it on July 3, 1894. On the 4<sup>th</sup>, my we and I with our baby, Frieda, and wife's Brother Will and family went to Wagener's Brewery in Emigration Canyon to spend the day with Chrissy's folks who worked for Mr. Wagener. Early that morning, I killed a blow snake 6 feet long and put it into a box to take home for my cabinet. That night when I got home, I put the snake in a two-quart bottle and put alcohol over it and let it stand on the back

porch until morning. Through the swelling of the bruised part of the snake, the bottle cracked. I took it and threw it in the shall dunigen out in the backyard. The medicine commenced to work on uncle Bennett and he went out to the dunigen. When he was through, he got up to see what the results were. In the darkness, he spied the snake. He hollered and exclaimed, "My Goodness, Did I ever have a tape worm that big? No wonder I felt so sick." He hurried to the doctor's office and had Dr. Greenhaulgh come down to see the tape worm. When the dr. came, the place was lighter and at one glance he saw the results and calmed Uncle Bennett by showing him it was a snake. About six months before Uncle Bennett died, he worked at Mr. William's Tannery over in popular grove. Being a wet place to work and a damp sleeping place, he went down with rheumatism. He came home and was doctored by J. D. M. Bennidict. His home was at the rear of 538 So. 4<sup>th</sup> East. IN the first part of March he was able to get out of bed and hobble about with a cane. Just when he appeared to be getting well and better, he was found dead in bed. The rheumatism had struck his heart.

I have heard uncle Bennett and my father talk over the assertion that uncle Bennett was sole heir to some property in Washington, D.C. which some of the building were to occupy. When the were looking through uncle Bennett's trunks for the papers, they were gone. They concluded his first wife had swiped them. She had died, but the papers were still missing. Annie, the older girl, also had died in 1884. I met her at Aunt Amanda's funeral, 1883. She was a pretty brunette with Indian features, a typical Indian maiden. In 1891, I met a young lady at our dances by the name of Emma Jeffs who had told she was heir to this property but could not find her papers to prove it. In 1895, when uncle Bennett had died, he carried a small insurance in the Mutual Aid Society. In order for my father to get this claim settled, had to advertise it, calling in his heirs. This lady Emma (Jeffs) or Neff, came to Father's home to answer. She said her mother and Annie were dead. I was there at the time and we both recognized each other. She asked about these papers and insurance. But the papers were not found (probably destroyed by the first wife). The insurance called for \$300.00. She relinquished her rights to it and turned it over to Father to pay as part of doctor and funeral expenses. Father stood the balance.

Uncle Bennett was 6 ft 3 inches in height. Weight about 185 lbs. He was husky and brave. On night he was to a meeting in the 14<sup>th</sup> Ward meeting house. On his road home, he was held up at e point of a pistol and little money and his key winder watch was taken. Uncle Bennett was stumped from a moment and readily submitted to the hold up. After he had gone about 50 feet from the holdup, his courage came back to him. He wheeled around and gave chase and overtook the holdup and beat him down and then took the money, watch and gun away from him. Uncle Bennett was not a quarrelsome man, but while working on the U.C.R.R., a small man was all the time razzing uncle Bennett so much it became unbearable. Uncle Bennett slapped him down. L.M. jumps up and says a big man slap a little man down like that-- U.B.- Yes, a little man should talk like a little man then.

#### TRIP TO MILLCREEK CANYON WITH H. T. PASCOE & FAMILY

Eph & May and Family and Eliza Pascoe

First week in September, 1898. Henry and wife, Wilbur, George, Irwin, Eph, May and Fred Oblad and Eliza Pasco, Wm, Vin., Frieda and Gladys Oblad. Henry furnished the team and grub for his family. Eph and I furnished a farm wagon with 3 spring seats and bows and canvas coverings. 1 tent 12 x 14, 1 tent 18 x 30, and our grub.

We left our home Sunday morning all set for having a good time. When we got up the canyon about 3 miles, the team balked and we all piled out and walked up a mile further, struck a camp in a flat covered with brush. There was a clear place close to the creek where we put the team and wagon. Then we cut a place in the brush for our two tents, made a bowery between some trees and covered the top with some of the surplus brush. This made a shady place for dining room, kitchen and fire place. We made a rustic table and side benches. Had a nice ham and egg and coffee breakfast. About noon, stewed chicken and cream peas, turnips, carrots, and potatoes for dinner or supper. Night came, a pretty moonlight night. We put our mattresses on the ground. Eph, May and Fred, Eliza, Vin, Frieda, Gladys and I had the big tent which was opposite Henry's tent. A path going to the creek and horses between them. We were all good and tired but could not sleep because worms were crawling all over us (they had fallen off the brush we cleared). We were chasing worms all night.

After breakfast, we cleaned the tent ground off and brought slate slabs from across the creek and built a place for our beds. Henry drove down the canyon and got some hay for the horses and milk for the children. We cleared a place across the creek to play horse shoe pitching. The women folk were busy fixing the meals and cleaning camp and spent their spare time doing fancy work and reading. Us three men just rambled around, also played horse shoes. We caught several good messes of trout. The next night, we slept very comfortably. Were disturbed by some wild animals who had knocked loose one corner of our tent. We took a pot shot at it and it scampered away. We found bear tracks around in the morning. The snorting of the horses gave us the alarm. We spent our time in playing with the children, rustling fire wood, water, fishing, hunting, strolling around.

One morning, Henry and I went over to play horse shoe. Henry was taking the lead. All of a sudden he jumped back and hollered. A big snake was right by one of our pegs. I ran to the tent and got my 45-70 rifle, came back and finished Mr. Snake. I put it on a stick and took it to camp and showed it to the women folks. My wife spoke up and said, "Where you find a snake you'll find its mate, so lets all be on the lookout." About noon that day we had lifted the walls of our tent to make it cool. Gladys was asleep on the bed. Eph left the tent and he saw a big snake crawling over towards Gladys He spread the alarm. I ran out with the rifle, jumped between Gladys and the snake, ran it into a clump of brush and shot it. That finished up the pair of snakes. They were both over six feet long (blow snakes).

We men were doing some target shooting when Eph spied a bird in a dead tree. Took a shot at it and missed. The bird flew over on a cliff about ½ block away. I took the rifle and said, "Watch me get it." Eph said, "You can't" "Well, will you go and get it if I hit it?" Eph, "Yes." "All right here goes." Bang. Bird fell over, Eph went after it and brought it back. The head was knocked off. Eph was all scratched up by the brush going after it. Henry said, "Hell, I'd hate to let you take a shot at me."

One night we were all in Henry's tent playing cards on the bed (on the floor). The horses commenced to snort. Henry jumped up and went out to investigate. In walking down the lane towards the horses, Henry's foot caught in the loop of one of the nose bags (they were both looped together). It made a noise as it was dragging. Henry got scared and commenced to run. The faster he went, they kept along with him, until he got out into the moonlight and could see what it was. So he stopped running and kicked them loose. On his return to the tent, he picked up these bags and stealthily came to the opening of the tent and threw them into the center of the group. You should have seen us scatter, babies, folks, cards and all. It was sure some fright for us but it was soon over -- Ha ha.

We could hear something around his tent so I got my rifle and looked around both sides of the tent. Henry put his hand out through a slit in the wall of the tent and wiggled the brush. I up with the rifle ready to shoot as you could see eyes in the dark through the brush. My wife saw me take aim at the same time she saw Henry's hand. She called out, "Will, for heaven's sake don't shoot. That's Henry's hand." It was a good thing she spoke as I was ready to let it have it, and wouldn't that have been awful?

The last day we were there, Eliza cooked the ham bone with cabbage. Henry had taken a stroll up the canyon and was so long in coming back, that we decided to eat. Eliza dished us all up a helping. My helping was all fat. I asked Eliza to give me some lean pieces of ham bone. Eliza said there was none. So I finished my meal up quite disgusted. We were all through with dinner, left the pot of the fire to keep hot for Henry. There was a storm coming and everybody was excited about being caught in the canyon in a storm and Henry not back, so we all pitched in, took tents down, rolled them up, also the bedding, packed everything into the wagon and hitched up the horses, ready to go. About an hour later, Henry showed up all scratched up with brush. Lillie, his wife, laced him good and plenty for staying away so long. Henry got mad and when Eliza gave him his dinner in the pot, Henry threw it away and there were plenty of lean pieces of ham hock in it. It made me feel bad to see such nice food wasted through a plain piece of cussidness. Henry drove the wagon down the canyon amongst clouds of dust, then came the rain. We all were walking down until it rained too hard, then we got into the wagon under the covering out of the wet. We got home at last, all tired out, but in spite of it all we had a wonderful time. All sunburned and ...??? *missing a line*???

### TRIP TO OLD MAN MEYERS & SON

#### Mining claim in Millcreek Canyon

Old man Meyers (a Dutchman) and his son Billie had a mining claim south of Porter's Flat in Millcreek. They had repeatedly given me an invitation to come up there for a week's trip as they had a bear and several rattle snakes herded for me. So I took a trip the first week in Sept. 1893 with my brother Alexander. We drove up there with our Billy horse and wagon with bedding and our grub. They gave us a hearty welcome. I took a 45-70 and a Mexican rifle, also two .22 rifles and fishing tackle along. They had an ideal camp of two tents and a nice cooking place.

The first day up there, Mr. Meyers said, "Gum on Beel, I show you der rattlesnakes." We went up a gully to where his claim was. After inspecting the workings, we started back to camp down through some cliffs on the left of the gully. "Now go careful, Beel. He is right in there somevare." I had only gone about 10 feet before I heard a rattle. I stopped and listened and looked around. There I spied it. Just even with my head on a ledge. I took my long horse pistol and held it across, even with my nose, took aim and let her go. Mr. snake made a straight lunge for my head, but I had ducked and it fell on the side hill about six feet away shot through in several places (being coiled up.) After it was good and dead, I took off the rattles (14 in number). We got another one (Billy Meyers did) on the road down. 8 rattles on it.

We went fishing and hunting in the afternoon, got a good catch of fish and shot a hawk and two owls and some doves. Next morning we went up Thaynes Canyon north of the flat where Meyers had seen a bear. This place was a fine hiding place for any animals. The timbers had fallen and stuck up about 4 feet from the ground. We could walk and climb under it in a stooped position. All of this was covered with a growth of brush and was a partly shady place.

We had grouped through this for a block or two, finally we came into a opening to the left of us. We were going up a small gully, Meyers a little to the left and ahead of me about 150 feet. At my right , I spied the bear and let him have it - struck him in the shoulder. The bear wheeled around the rock and came bouncing down towards Meyers. He stood dumb-founded. I hollered "Let him have it". The bear was coming closer every jump. Meyers shaking like a leaf and hollow ring or muttering something. Meyers placed his gun against his hip and fired; the bear about 6 feet away. It sure was a lucky shot. Hit the bear in the mouth and tore the top of his head. After it was over, Meyers was that nervous he had to lay down, saying, "My Hymel! My Hymel! Vas I lucky? I didn't know I could do it." We skinned the bear and Meyers kept the hide and had it a good many years.

The next afternoon, I was the cook. I made a pot of cabbage, potatoes and a piece of salt pork, put it on the hot ashes and we all went out on a hunt. We were gone about 1 ½ hours and coming back to camp, we could smell that cabbage and pork all the way. It was cooked to a mush - all we fend whale was the piece of pork. We ate and ate. It sure tasted good. I told them better not eat too heavy as you might get the stomach ache. After watching a forest fire that was two ravines away, we went to bed. Billie and Alex in one tent, Meyers and I in the other. In the wee hours of the night, Billy and Alex awoke with the cramps. I got up and gave them a dose of Jamaica Ginger, at the same time offering Meyers some. He said, "No, no, I don't vont eny." "All right," so I took a dose myself as I could feel cramps coming on. In about an hour, they hit Meyers but he wouldn't let on. He laid there grunt, grunt, and grunt, finally they got bad and he poked me in the side and said, "Beel, oh Beel, you better give me some of dot ginger." I got up and gave him a dose, then we fell back to sleep until morning.

The forest fire had worked up to the ravine where our camp was, but the morning breeze down the canyon changed the fire's course and we were all in safety. We spent that day laying around as we were all weak from the effects of the cramps. We caught a nice mess of trout and had them for supper. We slept good that night. About 10:00 AM, Alex and I hooked up and drove for home after having one of the best trips of our lives.

Old man Meyers and son Billie were good sports and entertainers. They treated us royally while we were their guests.

Occasionally I have come across them and the old man would say: "Vel, Beel, dot vas a close escape for me, vas it not? No more bears for me, Beel."

#### LAST PARTY AT MOTHER'S HOME -- March 11, 1928

This party on Sunday evening was given by her five sons: Wm. H., Eph T., Alex H., Otto O., Zack J. and one daughter Lena Forbush and their families in commemoration of her 81<sup>st</sup> birthday. Mary E. Oblad, a pioneer of 185---. The evening was spent in music, talks and feasting. W.H.O. Sr. gave a biography of dear old Dad and Mother's life in pioneer days, also gave an illustration of The Power of Song. A. H. O. gave a talk on his missionary experiences in Sweden. Otto O. And Zach eulogized Mother. Musical selections and songs were rendered by Leona Mina, Basil and Wm. Jr Oblad all through the evening. The other grandchildren took the background, had nothing to offer. Lunch was served to all present which was donated by the in-laws. Orast meats and pork, fruits of all kind, cakes and pies of L.G.O.'s Tamera's Baking. Ice cream was served to all. The occasion was spent very pleasantly except for the health of Mother which has failed considerably the last year. In spite of this handicap, she enjoyed it. There were 21 present: Wm. H and wife L.G.O. - Wm J - Basil & wife, Eph T & wife, M.P.O., Fred, Ron &

wife, Otto & wife and Seymour, Alex and wife and Leona and Goldie, Frank Forbush and wife Lena, Zach Oblad and aunt Mary Larson.

### MOTHER

When Eph and Alex consented to have mother's foot taken off, I objected and spoke thus: "Mother has lived to over 80 years without losing a limb and I will not consent to an operation. If she is going to die, let her go to her grave whole. I will not railroad Mother off."

Wm. H. Oblad, Sr., April 10, 1928

She was taken to LDS hospital Mar 14, 1928. Her two last toes on right foot were taken off Mar 29, 1928. About two weeks later, Dr. Brown called at Otto's shop and told him that gangrene had traveled up Mother's foot and he thought it best to cut the foot off. I said, "Let us go up and investigate." So Eph T, Alex H, and I were a committee of three. We went to the hospital and saw the conditions. Eph T and Alex H said, "Yes, take it off." I said, "Wait a minute. Say, Dr. Brown, Will it save mother's life to amputate the foot?" "No, not exactly. She may not come out of the anesthetic or she may die from the shock." "Well, Dr. Brown, can you save her without the operation?" "It is this way: she will linger from 1 to 3 years with her ailment before she dies. But really, her case is hopeless." "I will not consent to the operation. (See page 202.) Mother has lived until she is 81 years old and has not lost a limb. I will not consent, Dr. Brown." "Well, I won't do any operations unless you three consent." "Ok, Old Bill says No." page 202. Poor mother lingered on. We changed her from a ward where she made herself obnoxious then we got a private room. After being there for ----- weeks, Otto said, "Let's take her to her home." She was taken there and Otto's wife did the nursing for 2 months. Mother became unbearable. She hobbled out to the kitchen and said an angel wanted to talk to her out there. I packed her back to bed two times. Otto also packed her back, so we decided it was no disgrace to send her to the County Hospital as the Oblad's interest was paying some 6 to 7 hundred dollars in taxes, so she was taken there. I will say this much: The County hospital did more to help dear Mother than the LDS did. I am not prejudiced, but facts are facts. After being there until her allotted time was up, she finally went to the great beyond. All seven heirs contributed to her hospital, doctor and funeral expenses.

### GENEALOGY

Marriages of the Oblad Family:

John F. Oblad and Mary M. Larsen were married in the endowment house,  
Saturday, Jan 19, 1867 by H. C. Kimball

Wm. H. Oblad married to Lavinia G. Pascoe  
Thursday, June 15, 1893

Ephraim T. Oblad married to Emily May Pascoe  
Thursday, Dec. 19, 1895

Alex H. Oblad married to Louie Brewster  
Wednesday, June 27, 1906



Otto O. Oblad married to Lillian McCallister  
February 19, 1908

Nellie M. Oblad married to Wm. E. Glissmeyer  
Wednesday, Oct. 2, 1907

Mary Elena Oblad married to R. Frank Forbush  
Saturday, Nov. 30, 1907

Zach J. Oblad married to Eva Ludlow  
Tuesday, April 25, 1911

John Frederick Oblad (ABLAD in Swedish)  
Born in Osteraker, Soken, Sodermanlande, Sweden, Wednesday, Nov. 10, 1841

His Father's name Lars Peter Ablad  
His Mother's name Sarah Petronella Lundberg

Mary Magdeline Larsen Oblad  
Born in Copenhagen, Denmark, March 11, 1847

Her Father's name Hans Larsen  
Her Mother's name Elena Dorothea Benson Stromberg

N. B. There may be a discrepancy in the day of the week in these records as Mother called the day from memory -- date of month and years are correct.

#### GENEALOGY

Births of my Father's family:

John F. Oblad, born in Sweden, Wed. Nov. 10, 1841  
Arrived in S. L. City, Wed. Nov 8, 1865

Mary M. Larsen Oblad, born in Denmark, Thurs, Mar 11, 1847  
Arrived in S. L. City Sept 30, 1852

#### Children

John Frederick Oblad, born in the 2<sup>nd</sup> Ward, S.L. City, Sat. Nov 23, 1867

Charles Leenock Oblad, born 9<sup>th</sup> Ward, S.L. City, Thu. Oct 14, 1869

William Hans Oblad, born in the 9<sup>th</sup> Ward, S.L. City, Mon. Sept 18, 1871

Ephraim Tobias Oblad, born in the 9<sup>th</sup> Ward, S.L. City, Thu. July 30, 1874

Jacob David Oblad, born in the 9<sup>th</sup> Ward, S.L. City, Fri. May 12, 1876

Albert Andrew Oblad, born in the 9<sup>th</sup> Ward, S.L. City, Mon. May 27, 1878

Alex Huge Oblad, born in the 9<sup>th</sup> Ward, S.L. City, Tue. June 15, 1880

Otto Oak Oblad, born in the 9<sup>th</sup> Ward, S.L. City, Mon. Jan 29, 1883

Mary Elena Oblad, born in the 9<sup>th</sup> Ward, S.L. City, Thu. April 30, 1885

Petronella Melvena Oblad, born in the 9<sup>th</sup> Ward, S.L. City, Sat. Oct 1, 1887

Zachariah James Oblad, born in the 9<sup>th</sup> Ward, S.L. City, Fri. Oct 3, 1890

GRAND CHILDREN OF MR & MRS JOHN F. OBLAD

- |  |                                  |
|--|----------------------------------|
| 1. Lavinia Freida Oblad, Born Mar 17, 1894         | 538 So. 4 East                   |
| 2. Frederick James Oblad, Born Sept. 25, 1896      | Jenkins House                    |
| 3. Gladys Virginia Oblad, Born April 12, 1897      | 347 E. 2 <sup>nd</sup> So.       |
| 4. Edna May Oblad, Born Mar 8, 1899                | Houton Home E 3 <sup>rd</sup> So |
| 5. Geraldine Claudius Oblad, Born Feb 11, 1901     | 538 So. 4 <sup>th</sup> East     |
| 6. Basil John Oblad, Born Jan 26, 1904             | 358 Oblad Ave                    |
| 7. Ephraim Lorenzo Oblad, Born May 24, 1904        | 1222 Lake St                     |
| 8. William Hans Oblad, Jr. Born Nov 4, 1906        | 358 Oblad Ave                    |
| 9. Gertrude Mary Oblad, Born Jan 16, 1907          | 342 Oblad Ave                    |
| 10. Leona May Oblad, Born Sept. 19, 1907           | 921 Blair St                     |
| 11. Nellie Marylene Glissmeyer, Born Nov. 18, 1908 | 360 Oblad Ave                    |
| 12. Briant Otto Oblad, Born Feb 3, 1909            | 351 Oblad Ave                    |
| 13. Alexander Golden Oblad, Born Nov. 26, 1909     | 921 Blair St                     |
| 14. Lurnece Burnett Forbush, Born Feb. 15, 1910    | So. Cottonwood                   |
| 15. Seymour Mack Oblad, Born Feb. 21, 1911         | 351 Oblad Ave                    |
| 16. Violet Iola Oblad, Born Feb. 27, 1911          | 342 Oblad Ave                    |
| 17. LeRoy Chusten Glissmeyer, Born May 7, 1911     | 360 Oblad Ave                    |
| 18. Donald Oblad, Born Mar. 19, 1913               | 921 Blair St                     |
| 19. Wm. Wallace Forbush, Born Aug. 2, 1912         | So. Cottonwood                   |
| 20. Robert Henry Glissmeyer, Born Aug 18, 1913     | 534 So. 4 <sup>th</sup> E.       |
| 21. Sidney Pascoe Oblad, Born Jan. 2, 1915         | 349 So. 10 <sup>th</sup> E.      |
| 22. Sherman Ross Oblad, Born Aug. 5, 1915          | 921 Blair St.                    |
| 23. Herold Delwin Forbush, born Dec. 16, 1915      | So. Cottonwood                   |
| 24. Bernice Ludlow Oblad, Born Feb 23, 1917        | Park City                        |
| 25. Dorthy Isabelle Forbush, Born Nov. 9, 1917     | So. Cottonwood                   |
| 26. June Pascoe Oblad, Born Sept. 24, 1918         | 1326 Green St.                   |
| 27. Helen Louise Glissmeyer, Born May 29, 1919     | 360 Oblad Ave.                   |
| 28. Rufas Francis Forbush, Born Nov. 29, 1919      | So. Cottonwood                   |
| 29. Lucille Elsie Oblad, Born Jan. 11, 1920        | 921 Blaine                       |

30. Melvon Ludlow Oblad, Born Oct. 6, 1920	Park City
31 Eugene Herbert Forbush, Born May 23, 1886	So. Cottonwood

NAME OF PARENTS THE GRANDCHILD BELONGS

1.	Wm. H. and Lavinia Pascoe Oblad	Girl
2.	Eph T. and Emily May Pascoe Oblad	Boy
3.	Wm. H. and Lavinia Pascoe Oblad	Girl
4.	Eph T. and Emily May Pascoe Oblad	Girl
5.	Eph T. and Emily May Pascoe Oblad	Girl
6.	Wm. H. and Lavinia Pascoe Oblad	Boy
7.	Eph T. and Emily May Pascoe Oblad	Boy
8.	Wm. H. and Lavinia Pascoe Oblad	Boy
9.	Eph T. and Emily May Pascoe Oblad	Girl
10.	Alex H. and Louie Brewster Oblad	Girl
11.	Wm. C. and Nellie Oblad Glissmeyer	Girl
12.	Otto O. and Lillian McCallister Oblad	Boy
13.	Alex H. and Louie Brewster Oblad	Boy
14.	Frank and Lena Oblad Forbush	Boy
15.	Otto O. and Lillian McCallister Oblad	Boy
16.	Eph T. and Emily May Pascoe Oblad	Girl
17.	Wm. C. and Nellie Oblad Glissmeyer	Boy
18.	Alex H. and Louie Brewster Oblad	Boy
19.	Frank and Lena Oblad Forbush	Boy
20.	Wm. C. and Nellie Oblad Glissmeyer	Boy
21.	Eph T. and Emily May Pascoe Oblad	Boy
22.	Alex H. and Louie Brewster Oblad	Boy
23.	Frank and Lena Oblad Forbush	Boy
24.	Zach J. and Eva Ludlow Oblad	Girl
25.	Frank and Lena Oblad Forbush	Girl
26.	Eph T. and Emily May Pascoe Oblad	Girl
27.	Wm. C. and Nellie Oblad Glissmeyer	Girl
28.	Frank and Lena Oblad Forbush	Boy
29.	Alex H. and Louie Brewster Oblad	Girl
30.	Zach J. and Eva Ludlow Oblad	Girl
31.	Frank and Lena Oblad Forbush	Boy

Aunt Amanda Bennett, papa's sister, died Thu. Aug 23, 1883 at 11:00 AM at #60 East 7<sup>th</sup> South in the third ward, Salt lake City, Utah. Buried Saturday Aug 25, 1883 at the 9<sup>th</sup> Ward meeting house at 10:00 AM.

Uncle Jacob Oblad, Father's brother, died in 1919, Stockholm Sweden.

DEATH OF THE OBLAD FAMILY

1. John F. Oblad, Jr. Died in Salt Lake City, 9<sup>th</sup> Ward (Summer Complaint) Nov. 9, 1868 - Age 1

year

2. Jacob David Oblad Died in Salt Lake City, 9<sup>th</sup> Ward (after Dr. operation swallowing a plum) Feb. 11, 1880 - Age 4 years
3. Charles Lienock Oblad died in Salt Lake City 9<sup>th</sup> Ward (Typhoid Fever) August 21, 1883 (Tuesday) Age 14 years
4. Albert Andrew Oblad Died in Salt Lake City 9<sup>th</sup> Ward (Typhoid Fever) Sept 6, 1883 (Thursday) Age 5 years
5. John Frederick Oblad, Sr. Died in Salt Lake City in 9<sup>th</sup> Ward (Pneumonia) June 17, 1904, 9:00 PM (Friday) Age 63 years
6. Petronella Melvena Glissmeyer died in So. Cottonwood (Lingering Sickness) April 30, 1926 - Age 39 years
7. Mary Madeline Larsen Oblad Died at hospital (Disability Condition) "Old Age" April 23, 1931, 9:40 PM Age 84 years

#### DEATH OF GRAND CHILDREN OF J.F. AND M. M. OBLAD

1. Wm. Wallace Forbush                      Died Aug 24, 1914
2. Herold Delwyn Forbush                Died April 20, 1919
3. Nellie Marylena Glissmeyer        Died April 26, 1926

#### BIRTH OF MR. & MRS. WM. H. OBLAD, SR

Wm. Hans Oblad, Sr. Born in Salt Lake City, 9<sup>th</sup> Ward  
Monday morning, Sept. 18, 1871  
His parents are John F. and Mary M. Larsen Oblad

Lavinia Gertrude Pascoe Oblad Born in Salt Lake City, 17<sup>th</sup> Ward  
Thursday, Nov. 16, 1871  
Her parents are Francis James Polkinghorn Pascoe and Marie M. Husbands Pascoe

#### OUR CHILDREN

1. Lavinia Frieda Oblad was born at 538 South 4<sup>th</sup> East, 9<sup>th</sup> Ward, Salt Lake City, St. Patrick's Day, March 17, 1894 at 1:30 PM Weight 9 12 lbs  
Dr. S. E. Newton, Eliza Pascoe, Nurse
2. Gladys Virginia Oblad was born at the rear of #347 E. 2<sup>nd</sup> South, 12<sup>th</sup> Ward, Salt Lake City, Utah on Monday, April 12, 1897 at 5:25 AM Weight 12 lbs  
Dr. S. E. Newton, Mrs. R. L. Woodward, Nurse
3. Basil John Oblad was born in 358 Oblad Ave. First child born in that Ave. 9<sup>th</sup> Ward, Salt Lake City on Tuesday, January 26, 1904 at 3:45 PM

Dr. C. C. Baldwin, Mrs. Thompson and Martha Williams, Nurses  
Basil contracted pneumonia third day due to carelessness of Nurse Mrs. Thompson

4. William Hans Oblad, Jr. Second child born in Oblad Ave #358 9<sup>th</sup> Ward, Salt Lake City, Utah, Sunday morning 7:30, Nov. 4, 1906 Weight 9 ½ lbs  
Dr. C. C. Baldwin, Mrs. Ellen Brown, Nurse

*Written in later:*

- #1 LFO was born 541 So 4 C in a log cabin where Lillian and Otto Oblad later built their frame house. Uncle David Vanhorn Bennett used to live in the log cabin previous to 1894
- #2 Vin & Will lived at 347 E 2 So, the rear, during 1897

#### TEMPLE WORK DONE BY MR. & MRS. WM H. OBLAD, SR

December 21, 1894, my wife and I did work and received endowments for my brother Charles L. Oblad and Mrs. Winters, one of Mother's relations. We also stood proxy for grand parents Hans Larsen and Elena Dorthea Larsen and had six children sealed to them. 4 dead and 2 living.

John R. Winder, Officiating

#### GRANCHILDREN OF MR. & MRS. WM. H. OBLAD

1. Edward Daniel Taylor, Born at 753 Snow Ave. Monday morning, Aug. 16, 1915
2. Virginia Evelyn Plant born at 1600 Hot sp St. Minday 11:40 AM, Jan 20, 1919
3. Fern Ella Garner born at Lone Star Road Fairview, Utah near Nampa, Idaho Wed. Sept 29, 1920, 2:00 AM Pacific Time
4. Ralph Thomas Plant born at 1600 Hot Spring Street Feb. 26 1921
5. Raymond Lloyd Garner born 358 Oblad Ave., Oct. 17, 1921
6. Nola Ruth Gardner born in San Bernardino, Calif., 1164 Rialto Ave. Christmas Eve, 11:25 Pacific time or 12:25 S. L. Time, Dec. 24-25, 1922
7. Lavinia Grace Gardner, Ludlow, Calif. Mar 14, 1925
8. Laretta Claudia Oblad, 1701 N. Chicago St. Oct 19, 1925
9. Lucille Wanda Plant, 2909 South State Street, Dec. 15, 1925
10. Donald
11. Pauline Lavon Plant, 2909 South State Street, Sept. 11, 1929
12. Basil John Oblad, Jr. 1701 N. Chicago Street, Aug. 2, 1930

#### MARRIAGES OF WM. & L. G. OBLAD'S CHILDREN

1. Lavinia Frieda Oblad was married to Robert Daniel Taylor, Sat. June 8, 1912 at 4:25 PM by L. H. Oviatt at his home in Farmington, Davis Co. Obtained their license at Farmington Court House from clerk Hyrum O. Pack, June 8, 1912 4:00 PM

Lavinia Frieda Oblad Taylor was divorced from Robert D. Taylor Tuesday, Sept. 10, 1918. Their son, Eddie was awarded to the mother.

Lavinia F. Oblad Taylor was married to George Westly Garner, Sunday, April 6, 1917 by Bishop Jed Stringham at Bountiful, Davis Co. at 4:20 PM at Bishop's Residence

2. Gladys Virginia Oblad was married to Ralph T. Plant, Feb. 8, 1917 at 358 Oblad Ave. by Bishop I. O. Horsfall
3. Basil John Oblad was married to Gladys Fay Anderson by bishop Jed Stringham at his residence in Bountiful

*\*\*\*written in later to 'update by the computer'*

4. *B.J.O. mar. Marjorie*

5.

#### NAMING OF OUR CHILDREN

Lavinia Frieda Oblad was named and blessed on Easter Sunday, Marcy 25, 1894. 538 So. 4<sup>th</sup> East, at 12 PM -- Blessed by Bishop S. A. Woolly

Gladys Virginia Oblad was named and blessed on Easter Sunday, April 18, 1897 at 4:30 PM at 347 E. 2<sup>nd</sup> South -- Blessed by Francis J. P. Pascoe

Basil John Oblad was named and blessed Sun. Feb. 7, 1904 at 358 Oblad Ave. 8:00 PM -- Blessed by Bishop J. W. West

William Hans Oblad, Jr. was named and blessed on Thanksgiving Night, 9:20 PM Thursday, Nov. 29, 1906 at Mother's home 538 So. 4<sup>th</sup> East -- Blessed by A. H. Woolley

#### BAPTISM OF OUR CHILDREN

Lavinia F. Oblad	15 May 1906
Gladys V. Oblad	5 May 1906
Basil J. Oblad	4 Mar 1916
Wm. H. Oblad, Jr.	4 Mar 1916

Wm. H. Oblad, Jr. was ordained a deacon Mar 4, 1923, by Edward O. Platt High Priest and Bishop Heber K. Aldous 12 and 13 Wards.

#### MY WAR GARDEN

In 1917, president Wilson request all who had a vacant lot to plant a war garden to help the food supply. I sent to congress and got several packages of seed. The vacant six rods north of 358 Oblad Ave. belonging to Mother and Zach. I got the loan of it by paying the taxes. This piece of land was low at a time. Mother had it filled in with diggings from the cellar of Col. Wall's home on 4<sup>th</sup> East and Brigham Street. They dumped some 200 loads in that place. I dug this piece 6 rods frontage and 4 rods and 2 ½ deep. I gut it 18 in. deep and sifted the cobble rock out of it and had the neighborhood boys carry off the rocks after school hours and put them in a long pile on the east side. They were all of 10 wagon loads of rock taken out. Every evening when we got done, the wife and I would make a batch of candy and give the boys their fill for their work. They were always anxious to help the next evening. We finally got it all done. I did

the digging after my working hours. I planted rows and patches of Com. Beans, peas, potatoes, cabbage, carrots, turnips, beets, cucumbers and etc. I had piped the water from our home 258 Oblad Ave. under the right away over to the center of the land then piped it indifferent directions on the land. Had a perfect watering system. People thought I was a nut for trying to get a garden in such bad soil, but when the things came up and grew and they saw the results of my hard work, they changed their minds. I grew the best of everything. Wife, Basil and Billie helped me water and weed and cultivate the garden. Everything planted grew and produced the finest results. The schools encourage the garden enterprise. They gave exhibits and prizes for the best showing of all class of vegetables. Basil and Billie drew 1<sup>st</sup> prizes for perfect wormless sweet corn, perfect potatoes, beets, carrots, turnips, cucumbers and etc. in their different grades in the summer school. See: Picture of war garden.

Next year we did the same and got prizes. The third year, owing to the jealousy of Otto and his wife, Mother let them have the use of the land after I had worked so hard to get it into first class condition. Mr. W. Childs, a relative of Lill, rented the east end of their duplex house and he took the land and worked half of the entire piece but he got no results. It looked like the place had been cursed. I took my pipe line up and Mr. Childs watered it with a spray hose, but got no results. Everything he planted burned up. You can't spray a vegetable garden, you have to irrigate it.

#### TAYLOR WOOLLEY AND GHOSTS

The night father had died and was laid out, Taylor Woolley offered the use of his horse and buggy. He drove me up to sixth Ave. at Brewster's home to get my brother Alex who was at the Salt Palace with his sweetie and had not yet gotten home. We drove from that home down town to put the death notice in the Tribune and Herald.

Here's the Ghost Story. While driving up on the street west of the City Cemetery, it was a pretty moonlit night. The moon was over in the Western sky. Taylor Woolley spied something white moving in the cemetery. He whipped the poor horse and it was going up that hill on a gallop. "Do you see that? There's another one, and get up, there's some more." The faster the horse went the more croppped up. When he reached 6<sup>th</sup> Ave., he turned to the left, beads of sweat were running off his face. "My, Oh, There's lots of them out." "Lots of what?" was my reply. "Brother Oblad didn't you see them ghosts?" W. H. O. "Ghosts your foot. That's only the glistening of the moon on the polished monuments." "Not on your life. I saw them move about." I wanted to go back and prove it to him, but I could not induce him to do it. He sure was scared.

Wm. H. Oblad, Sr.

#### DOES GOOD ACTS PAY? -- I'LL SAY THEY DO!

In 1906, Lewis Astler came to Salt Lake from Denver to look over the prospects of locating here. He called into our shop, Haight and Oblad, 341 So. State Street on a Thursday PM in June, asking for a job. We gave him work. I invited him to our home for his first Sunday dinner in Salt Lake. He seemed to enjoy it very much. We gave him employment for several days, then I got him a job with Halloran and Griffin, Contractors, laying cement walks along 5<sup>th</sup> South. It was not long after that that he sent for his family and located here. I gave him several jobs in 1907-1908, 1909, 1910 and was a good reliable man. He raised and educated his children here and as time passed on one of his sons became a teacher in the West High school. He was

Billie's Teacher in Mechanical Arts at the West High. Billie learned to be a proficient printer under Mr. Astler who gave Billie jobs after school and Saturdays which helped Billie pay his way in school.

After Billie graduated from West High 1927, Mr. Astler asked him if he had a job to go to. Billie said no. Mr. Astler then hired Billie to work for the Board of Education printing their paraphernalia. While thus engaged, Mr. Halton phoned to Mr. Astler, for a man who could run a Tri Multo Press and do printing work. Mr. Astler replied, "I have just the kind of man you want." Mr. Halton -- "All right, Send him up." Billie called on Mr. Halton at Z.C.M.I. and landed the job and has been working there ever since.

Wm. H. Oblad, Sr.

May 7, 1934

#### SOME FISHING TRIPS

In 1913, I had permission to fish in Liberty park Lake from Nicholas Byhouer. Frieda, Basil and I went down on Sunday morning in the early all. We caught over a hundred lbs of carp. We cleaned and cut them in half and salted them down like you do mackerel. We had fish all winter. I caught three 8-lb carp on one line. Basil, a mere boy, caught several big ones that nearly landed him in the lake. Frieda caught a real big one and in her eagerness to land it quick, she pulled hard. The line snapped and Frieda turned a complete cartwheel in the air. Landed upright. The jerk she gave the fish stunned it and it sailed to the edge of the lake. Frieda jumped in and tossed it out. It was a 12 lb and Frieda got all wet.

In the summer of 1913, Frieda got her hubby, Bob Taylor, to go fishing in the lake. Bob had seen the big catch we had made and we were all sure of getting another big catch. Bob told his mother not to get any meat for their Sunday dinner as he would bring lots of fish home. This Sunday morning, Bob, Frieda, Basil and I went good and early. We fished and fished but did not even get a nibble from the big ones. The reason was this: On Saturday PM and night, the park concessions had dumped some condemned pop corn into the lake and the big ones were not biting. Basil and Bob caught about a dozen sunfish 4 and 5 inches long. Bob took these home. They had fish for dinner but were disappointed.

#### SOME FISHING TRIPS

Geo. Hilton and I drove out in our utility cart with Billy, the horse on Saturday night in June, 1897 to North Salt Lake, west of the stockyards to the Jordan river. We fished and fished and did not land any. It was a pretty moonlit night when we got tired, so we made our bed out on the road. We staked Billy out in some lucern. Geo was a pretty boy and in order that the morning dew would not mar his face, he pulled the cart over the bed. So we fell to sleep that way. In the wee hours of morning, I was wakened by a rip, rip, rip, against the spokes of the wheel. I looked out over my shoulder and there I saw two big bright eyes, big horns and a snorting bull between me and the big moon. I was scared breathless for a moment before I could figure out what it was, it looked so big and monstrous. It started to repeat its tactics and nearly lifted the cart from over us so I hollered, "Scat, scat, scat." The blasted thing scampered away. There was no more sleep for me. George awoke and said, "Bill, what the devil is the matter?" I told him. He grunted then turned over and was dead to the world. In the morning we fished for several hours and caught three fish (small ones).

That bull sure looked big and furious between me and the moon. I was sure scared.



### SOME FISHING TRIPS

A Saturday night, June, 1898

Roy Knight and I took the Bamburger out to the stockyard and went fishing in the Jordon. We were packing our blankets and outfits through a big field adjoining the stockyard. We spied a bunch of cattle grazing in the upper end of the field. I had a feeling of fear possess me that I said, "Roy, hadn't we better go down closer to the fence as some of those cattle may get into a stampede and make after us?" "All right, Bill, I was thinking the same." So we mosied over towards the barbed wire fence. We then came across two calves who commenced to bleat. They were answered by some in the heard. In looking around, we saw a cloud of dust and they were coming Hell bent for election. Roy and I scampered over and climbed the fence none too soon for they were there on our heels. We ran over and climbed a boxcar on a spur track just as soon of the cattle broke through the fence. Roy had dropped a red blanket in his hurry. The cattle stampeded and hooked that blanket into ribbons. A keeper saw our predicament, came to our rescue and drove them off. We continued our trip down the road until we got to the river. We fished until dark, then retired and fished again at daylight. Our catch was 44 good sized carp and 105 chubs and suckers. This night was a new moon. Roy and I went to the same place two weeks later. A full moon night and did not catch a half dozen fish.

### SOME FISHING TRIPS

On June 15, 1910, wife and I went down to Millcreek in the early evening and caught a good mess of trout. (some 28 fish) We took the car back to Main Street and got off the street car at 2<sup>nd</sup> South. Went east to state Street then south to our home. We were proud of our catch and we displayed them to many whom we met on the street. As we were passing Keeley's Place we met Charley Robins, who took us in the store and showed the men our catch. Right then and there a trip was planned for the next night. Wife and I were to be the guides. Charley robins, his brother, Mr. Keeley, Mike Schavis and Jack Norris and wife were in the group. I had prepared (the next day) some shorts much for bait. The others took their outfits together with several bottles of good wine. We all met at the agreed place, caught the street car, got off at Wandamere and walked down to the stream. Mike Schairs planted himself where the spring of clear water runs into Millcreek and fished with a spinner. He caught an 8 pounder. The rest of the group were strung down the creek. After having a drink or two I went along to see how many they had caught. None was the reply. They were whipping the stream. I took their pole and put the bait on and lowered the line over a water cress bed and soon jerked out a 12 inch trout. I did this with each one except Jack Norris and wife, who were catching plenty. We fished and drank until it got quite dark, then made for home.

A HAPPY, JOLLY BUNCH OF FISHERS.

### A TRIP TO UNCLE JOHN LARSEN -- FAIRVIEW, BEAR RIVER FLAT

Last week of July, 1884. The following took this trip: Mother, Father, I, Eph, Alex, and Otto was the baby. WE took the 10:00 AM train to Brigham City. Arrived there 1:00 PM> Visited around the city for two hours. (This was Saturday) Hired a team with 4 spring wagon and driver from Brigham City Livery who drove us over to Bear River City. We arrived at Aunt Sina Anderson's place about 5:00 PM. Aunt Sina was not home but we put our bedding and valises on

her front porch. We all went fishing with a Mr. Johnson in the Bear River, which was about a block away. We caught a few fish, then some of us went in bathing (we had left Mother with Alex and Otto at Mrs. Johnson's home). We did not care to go in bathing as we had our bath before leaving home, but a roaming bull came upon us so we had to get into the water until he got a drink and wandered back. Mr. Johnson said the bull was a bad one and had chased many out of his pasture. After getting dressed we started fishing and caught a few more fish. While I was standing near a bank, I heard a frog groaning mournfully just about my head. I stepped up and saw that a snake had it by the rear end trying to drag it into its hole. I took a good aim with my pistol and shot down the frogs back bone into the snakes mouth, killing them both. I took snake and frog and put them into a bottle of alcohol and have them in my cabinet.

Aunt Sina came home before the sun set and made us all welcome. Father then took us two blocks away to John Holmgreen house and met his family. We also met several other neighbors and their families. After supper was over at Aunt Sina's a group of young people came with a big hay rack and wanted Eph and I to go with their crowd to the Alkali Flats for a open air dance in the moonlight. John, Dave, Lydia and Mary Holmgreen, with some Johnsons, Petersons, Almquists, Hansons, Jergensons and Andersons were the crowd. Almquist and Hanson took their accordion and guitar along. All aboard, off we went. Had a wonderful dance of round dances and a few square dances. The Alkali flats were east of Bear River city. Made a good, slippery, hard floor to dance. It looked like a cement floor. All had a good time. Got home a little after 12. Those country boys and girls can sure show you a good time.

Sunday PM we went to church. They have a large triangle on a high pole which the bishop rings one half hour before church time. It was quite amusing to me to hear those good Scandinavian brothers and sisters get up and bear their testimonies in their broken tongue. I enjoyed it very much. Lydia Holmgreen requested me to play their organ during the services, which I did.

Monday morning, Father got John Holmgreen, Sr. team and 4 sp wagon and drove us out to uncle John Larsen's Ranch at Fairview or Roweville. Now Tremonton. Mr. W. H. Rowe was building canals throughout the Bear River Flats so they called it Roweville after him for a while. Uncle John's house was a two-room affair. He had a wagon box put on stilts, close up to the north side of the house. The children slept in that. We fished in the Malad river which flowed through Uncle John's ranch or section. The water was milky white. We caught several small crawfish. We went in swimming and dove down and got a good many clam shells that had hard water formation all over them. We would break this off then get the clams out. I killed and skinned a sheep of Uncle John's flock to help out the eats. It was the first I had killed, but I made a good job out of it. I gathered a score or more black flint arrow points on the place.

That night, Father, I and Eph slept out by the haystack upon some straw. We had a round, long bolster made of straw for our pillows. I slept in the middle. I did not or could not turn over. So when I awoke in the morning I had a stiff neck, which lasted two to three days.

Tuesday morning we drove out to a deep well out near Point Look Out. We filled two 50-gal barrels full of drinking water. While out there, we went to Point Lookout which had three big springs coming out of its base. One hot water, one salty, the other fresh water. Amongst the rocks between the salty and fresh water was alive with crawfish. They were shy or wild. As soon as they saw you, they would shoot back under the rocks. I caught 86 of them averaging 4 inches. I could have caught more, but the kink I had in my neck made it hard going. We brought them home in a gunny sack but left the sack untied. The next morning they were crawling all over the yard. I picked them up with my 12 inch tongs (which I had used in catching them), and placed

them in an empty 5 gal oil can. We built a sagebrush fire in a wash stove that was outside, put a clean 5 gal can ½ filled with water on the stove, brought it to a boiling point, then dropped these green crawfish in the boiling water. They would make a sound like between a buzz and squeak when they hit the boiling water.

After they turned good and red we took them out and had a big feed on them. Uncle John was kind of scared to eat any, but after seeing us eat them, he finally ate some then said, “all the time I have been up here I did not know they were good to eat, but I will eat them from now on. They sure taste good.”

While we were at Point Lookout, Father and uncle John caught several trout. While I was digging around for arrow points I came across an Indian skeleton and other trinkets. We spent the next two days horse back riding and hunting sage hens, ducks and jack rabbits. We got a good supply of them. I killed three rattle snakes while up there with 3 to 8 rattles and buttons. Went down to Aunt Sina’s Friday PM then went over to Corrinne to dance that night with the Holmgreens. Uncle John drove us over to Brigham City Saturday morning. Caught the train for home, got in Salt Lake 5:30 PM all tired out but refreshed by the trip.

On May 17, 1884, Father took us all up to Logan to attend the dedication of the Logan Temple. While up there, Dan Walgren and I went fishing on the Logan stream near Thatcher’s Mill. Caught 8 nice trout but got heck from Father for fishing on Sunday. There was a big crowd at the Temple. Everybody was elbowing here and there so Dan and I slipped away from the folks and went fishing. If we had not brought the fish home, nobody would have known but that we were at the Temple being good boys. BUT, like almost any live wire boys, we wanted to fish and did.

#### ALASKA WOLF DOG

In 1900 when Geo Langdon returned from Klondyke, he brought back two dogs. One he gave to Hapgood, the other he gave to me. Also their complete harness. I rigged up a wagon, made from a baby buggy. Also made a pair of shafts to pull it by. The dog was a good puller. I would rife the babies around town in this outfit. I had to have a tight chain leash on the dog and hold him close because if a dog came along the same street, it was a quick jump by Wolf and there would be a dead dog. Wolf was always good to the children and would not harm them when they played with him. I have loaded most everything in this wagon and Wolf would pull it. Never balked. Wolf was a steel gray and part black dog. Was a husky, massive and beautiful looking specimen, admired by everybody. Was a fierce fighter. Charley Powell was a keeper of fighting dogs. He had two champion fighters. A bull dog and a shepherd dog. One day I was passing his place on State Street above 4<sup>th</sup> South with Wolf pulling a load of hard wood. These two dogs flew out at Wolf and tore into him. Wolf wheeled around, spilling the load, and made a lunge at the bull dog. Had it down and the shepherd jumped on top of Wolf. Mr. Bull dog was sent to its happy hunting ground in a split second and shepp followed a few seconds later. Wolf did not show a scar from this 2 to 1 battle.

As summer came along and the days were getting hot, I let him loose one evening about 9:00 PM for a little exercise from being chained up. I went into the house and told the wife what I had done. She said, “You had better et him and chain him up as he may do some harm.” I went back out and whistled for him and he came running to me and so I chained him up. He had been

loose less than five minutes. In the morning when Father went to his coal shed where some of his chickens roosted, he found seven or eight of his best fowls gutted.

Nobody knew who or what did it as Wolf was chained up. This quick act of Wolf made us afraid of him. Besides people telling us the hot weather may turn him mad any moment. So we gave Wolf away. Later, I saw it mounted in the show room of Cehessie's Fur Shop.

THE LAST MILE-STONE -- By Pearl Rivers

Sixty years through shine and shadow,  
Sixty years, my gentle wife.  
You and I have walked together  
Down the rugged road of life.  
From the hills of spring we started,  
And through all the summer land.  
And the fruitful autumn country,  
We have journeyed hand in hand.

We have borne the heat and burden,  
Toiling painfully and slow.  
We have gathered in our harvest,  
With rejoicing long ago.  
Leave the uplands for our children,  
They are strong to sow and reap,  
Through the quiet winter lowlands,  
Now our level way we keep.

Tis a dreary country, darling,  
You and I are passing through.  
But the road lies straight before us,  
And the miles are short and few.  
No more dangers to encounter,  
No more hills to climb, true friends.  
Nothing now but simple walking,  
Till we reach our journey's end.

We have had our times of gladness,  
Twas a proud and happy day--  
Ah!, the proudest of our journey,  
When we felt that we could say.  
Of the children God had given,  
Looking fondly on them then.  
Lovely women and our daughters  
And our sons are noble men.

We have had our time of sorrow  
And our time of anxious fear.  
When we could not see the mile stones

Through the blindness of our tears.  
In the sunny summer country,  
For behind us, let them lay.  
Then darling, do not grow weary  
As we hasten on our way.  
Are you looking backward, mother?  
That you stumble in the snow?  
I am still your guide and staff, dear  
Lean your weight upon me so.  
Now our road is growing narrow,  
And what is it wife you say?  
Yes!, I know your eyes are dim, ear  
But we have not lost the way.

Cheer thee!, Cheer thee! Faithful hearted  
Just a little way before,  
Lies the great eternal city.  
Of the king that we adore.  
I can see the shining spires,  
And the king, the king, my dear!  
We have served him long and humbly  
He will bless us, do not fear.

Ah!, the snow falls fast and heavy  
How you shiver with the cold.  
Let me wrap your mantle closer,  
And my arm around you fold.  
We are weak and faint and weary,  
And the sun's low in the west.  
We have reached the gates, my darling,  
Let us tarry here and rest.

Taken from the speakers Garland  
Number VI, Page 62

THERE IS NO DEATH - By Lord Lytton

There is no death!, The stars go down  
To rise upon some fairer shore,  
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown  
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread  
Shall change beneath the summer showers.  
To gold grain or mellowed fruit,  
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize  
And feed the hungry moss they bear.  
The forest leaves drink daily life,  
From out the viewless air.  
There is no death! The leaves may fall  
And flowers may fade and pass away.  
They only wait through wintry hours  
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form  
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread.  
He bears our best loved things away,  
And then we called them "dead".

He leaves our hearts all desolate,  
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers.  
Transplanted into bliss, the now  
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones,  
Made glad these scenes of sin and strife.  
Sings now an everlasting song,  
Around the tree of life.

Where'er he sees a smile too bright,  
Or heart too pure for taint and vice.  
He bears it to that world of light  
To dwell in Paradise.

Born unto that undying life,  
They leave us but to come again.  
With joy we welcome them the same,  
Except their sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,  
The dear immortal spirit tread.  
For all the boundless universe,  
Is life, there is no dead.

Take from the Speakers Garland  
No. V Page 99

Why should I worry about death?  
The best thing always comes the last.  
So why worry? (Anonymous)

## POLLY

Mrs. Christensen had a poll parrot that was a nice talker. Her daughter Gladys taught the bird to sing do-rae-me-fa-sol-la-ti-do.

My brother Otto, lived next door. When he came home from the shop he would call me over to his barn and ask me about how to do some different kind of jobs and their prices. He did this several times. His wife Lill would get impatient and call out, "Oh, Otto, Oh Otto. Briant wants you." She repeated this time again whenever Otto was talking to me. Polly picked it up and all day long you could hear Polly saying, "do-rae-me-fa-sol-la-ti-do." Then it would call out in exactly the same high squeaky voice, "Oh, Otto. Oh, Otto, Briant wants you." Polly kept this up much to the dismay and humiliation of old Lill.

When we were on our trip to Calif. in 1923, we came to a station about sunrise. West of Goff. There was a dance hall, hotel and gas station. There was a big crowd at Goff waiting to get their fill of gas and oil at a one-man station. We figured it would take too long to wait our turn so we decided to drive to the above station that was 10 miles away. When we got there, there place looked like the dance hall had just closed (an all night affair). They all had retired. I went up to the station house that had a kind of lattice porch with vines growing. I knocked and knocked. A voice spoke up, "What do you want?" The folks in our car spied that it was a parrot that was speaking. My wife spoke up and said, "Polly, Oh, Polly, where do we go from here?" Polly's answer was: "To hell for all I care, to hell I said."

## MY FIRST RABBIT DRIVE

Cedar Valley, Jan. 1889

One hundred shooters of the H.D.R. challenged a like number of shooters from Utah county for a rabbit hunt. It was accepted. Date set for the drive. The Utah Co. group was headed by sheriff Ed East. WE left Salt Lake about 2:00 AM in a dozen bob sleds with double teams and bells galore. We arrived at the meeting place east end of Cedar Valley. The Utah boys were there. We lined out in a ¼ circle and started the drive towards the west.

After being out three ours we had the jacks corralled in a combination fence enclosure. Ed East proposed that we go in with clubs and knock them down. I opposed the proposition saying that it would not be true sportsmanship. I proposed that we form a circle around them with our backs toward the Jacks, then let several horse riders go in and scatter them and let the Jacks have a chance to get through the line and make a get-away if they could. This proposition was taken by a hurrah and saying that was the only way to do a hunt. We al fell back into the described circle. Tossed up a coin for position. H.D.R. won and chose the south half. The jacks were scattered and fled through the circle. Bang, Bang, Bang and etc. If a jack got out of shot gun range it was picked off by rifle from some of us sharp shooters. A very few jacks got away on the H.D.R. position but on the Utah Co. side scores got away. H.D.R. bagged over 1,500. Utah Co. got less than 1,200. Wagons and sleds took them to the different counties and were given over to charity. No mishaps to any of the shooters.

TRIP WITH A. E. EDWARDS TO JORDON RIVER NEAR THE STOCK YARDS  
NORTH SALT LAKE

The third Sunday, June, 1902. A. E. Edwards, wife and Mrs. Skonns. Wife and I drove out in Edwards' surrey all set for having a good time. After we passed Beck's Hot Springs, I told Edwards to take the short cut, starting just north of a powder magazine building. We got very nearly there when we came across a place where a slaughter house was. They had fenced the place and a big locked gate over the road. I got out and saw the chain had a split link. I forced it and got the gate opened. Edward drove through. While I was repairing the chain, Fred Popp came running and swearing at me. He had a long butcher knife in his hands and threatened to cut me up. Edward got scared and drove away. My wife saw my predicament, jumped out, and come to my rescue. The both of us bawled Mr. Popp out. Called him a big brave man with a knife. Throw it down and we will settle it by fists. The coward would not take the offer. A little more cussing from me and arguing from my wife tamed him down. He told us about his loss of \$40.00 steer through the open gate and etc.

He said, "Next time you come this way there is a key hanging by that east post of that shed. Climb over and get it and unlock the gate, then lock it up again and everything will be alright." We walked about a block and a half and got into the surrey and drove to our fishing hole. Spent the day fishing, feasting and reading. Had a good time.

Wife and I would bust out laughing every once in a while about what happened and the cowardly way Edwards acted and the way we calmed the enraged Mr. Popp down.

SOME OF THE SENTIMENTS THAT APPEAL TO ME

Laughter is sometimes called the safety valve of the human heart.

Remember, a good laugh is as essential to the human race as sunshine is to cabbage.

Don't be a drone, be a live wire.

If you are amongst a religious or fraternal crown or otherwise, be able to tell a yarn.

Tame or untamed, Get a laugh out of them.

N. B. I was once on a jury that had 6 bishops and counselors on it and believe me, they could tell em. They are only human beings.

Don't take too much stock in things you hear. There's a whole lot of Bull Con floating around.

Take what your stomach & constitution will allow or what is agreeable to them. But what is obnoxious to them, leave it alone.

If a highpower salesman approaches you and wants to sell you some stock that will pay you such wonderful dividends and so on, just turn him down with this answer: "Why don't you buy it yourself?"

If you want to succeed, don't try to run some one else's business. Spend all your time to attend to your own.

If anything is worth doing at all, Do it well!

Don't play second fiddle to anybody except in an emergency.

Brains originates, Monkeys imitates.

When I read the horoscope reading that John Reese gave me, Page 153, I said, "Are all those calamities going to happen to me?" "Yes, this is what the stars say." "Well, how can I



avoid such doing?" "Remember the scriptural test. A wise man ruleth his own home. A fool doeth not."

A man is like a car. Just so much mileage in him, whether he runs out in 40 years or 80. Now snow falls lighter than the snow of age, but none lies heavier. For it never melts.

--Anonymous

The relative value of health and wealth always depends on what you've lost. If its only wealth, well, you're lucky. H.G.P.

An educated person is one who has the ability to combine that which he knows with that which he can do to bring about maintenance and happiness.

Why worry? The sun has a sinking spell every night but shows up every morning, Okay? Prize slogan, San Francisco paper, Mrs. L.F. Gardner, Mrs. Lavinia Freida Oblad Gardner

#### SENTIMENTS THAT APPEAL TO ME

Never destroy your wife and children's confidence.

If you are asked to accompany them to a dentist, don't tell them all that hooey, "Now be brave, It won't hurt you", but tell them, "Now this may hurt a whole lot, but be patient and brave. Make up your mind to have it out. Perk up your courage and when you feel the tooth snap out, say unto yourself, You S. B. You won't hurt me anymore." They will feel lots better towards you. You have not given any false misrepresentations.

Remember there is an almighty God and always reverence him. Be true to your God and fear Him. Be true to yourself, your wife and the children that God gave you. Be true blue. Do not destroy their confidence. Nothing is too good for them. Lead a good clean life. Live the good old Golden Rule. Do unto others as you wish to be done by. Be honest, true, loveable, and charitable and unselfish. Be charitable in the right place, not to organized charity. Use your own eyes, you can see amongst your friends and neighbors who need charity. But always remember that Charity beginneth at home first and after that has been taken care of, then act.

If a person follow these above, thoroughly, he'll get as close to heaven as anybody.

Daddy O.

Don't be selfish. Make others happy and you'll be happy. Then everybody's happy. Fear God and honor the President.

Give, give, until it pinches and then do it unbegrudgingly.

You will never lose a thing by being true, loveable and charitable.

God loves a cheerful giver but not too cheerful.

Be optimistic. Your attitude of mind will bring you prosperity.

Mark Twain termed a mining promoter "A Liar" with a hole in the ground.

#### SENTIMENTS THAT APPEAL TO ME

Everybody gives advice. Some listen to it, few, if any, apply it.

Everything is lovely when the goose hangs high.

All is well, that ends well.

Don't bet a man at his own game. You're beat before you start.

There is none so blind as a person who could see "but will not see".

Never worry about what is going to happen. Because it might not happen and then you'd be disappointed.

As the ivy twines around the oak, so does misery and misfortune encompass the happiness of man.

## BIOGRAPHY OF JOHN F. OBLAD

Born Nov. 10, 1841 in Osteraker, Sodermanland, Sweden. Baptized by Gustof A. Olson, April 1, 1859. Ordained to the lesser Priesthood in 1860 and called unto the Local Ministry. Ordained an Elder Aug 23, 1862 by Nels C. Flygare. Labored as a missionary in Stockholm conference about four years. Emigrated to Utah, arrived Nov. 8, 1865, Salt Lake city. Married Mary Magdalene Larsen, a daughter of Hans Larsen and Elina Dorthea Bensen who were among the first fifteen baptized in Copenhagen, Denmark in 1867 (or 1850??). He was ordained a Seventy Oct. 15, 1873, and has for several years past, acted as president of the tenth quorum of seventies. Filled a mission to Sweden in 1873-74. Laboring first as a traveling Elder and later as president of the Stockholm conference. Crossing the Atlantic in the ship B.S. Kimball and crossing the plains in Miner G. Atwood's co. Father learned the blacksmith trade in Sweden. He worked in several cities in Sweden, also Hamburger, Germany. In Salt Lake City he worked for Barney Adams, Cuthbert, John Hawkins, and Naylor Bros. He was traveling Rep Man and horse shoes for the Wells Fargo Express Co. which had stage lines and stables throughout Utah & Idaho. See page 134 telling of the conversion of Patrick O. Grady, Barnman at Boise, Idaho. He with Joseph Walker, John Reese and John A. Knight, organized the Desert Carriage and Wagon Shop, Oct. 1, 1877. Organized Oblad & Knight, Dec. 23, 1882. Was in this business until his death June 17, 1904. Father was a progressive and ambitious man and believed in outdoor sports, fishing, hiking & hunting. He always patronized all kinds of shows in the Social Hall, Salt Lake Theatre and Walker Opera House. He saw many a show in these places. He took Mother and some of us children with him. Always patronized the Hack Drivers to take us to and from the show. He was easy to spend money to help things along. On all excursions that we took in the early days to the Lake & Calder's Park, Fuller's hill and Lindsey Gardens, Father would do all in his power to make amusements, games and sports for us all so we all had a good time. Father was trustee on the 9<sup>th</sup> Ward District School, 1889, 90, 91, 92, 93. He saw the necessity of having larger school houses so he had caused to be built the new 2 room brick school house in 1891. In 1892-03, he was on the School Trustee Board that caused the larger school house to be built. "The Oquirrah". Religion was always first with father. He never missed church on Sunday and would tent to his work during the rest of the week. He was a big tithing payer also all donations to church building and charity offerings he was liberal. He assisted a good many Scandinavian emigrants by giving them jobs to do and paid them liberally. He would make work for them. Father maintained a good home and had many a gathering there of friends. Also had many a big time for the family there. Father was interested in Mining and other kinds of business. Helped promote many a mining claim, and bought and held stock in the Lehi Sugar Co. and several other concerns. Father promoted and partially financed many a ward socials and other gatherings. He associated and attended all Scandinavian's Meetings and Socials. He was part owner with F. Fernstrons in the Svenska Harolden, a Swedish newspaper.

### BIOGRAPHY OF FATHER -- An episode

In Father's early days when he went to the different shows, he always had one of the other hack drivers come and take him and mother to and from the shows. Father learned the language very quick but it was kind of broken. Phill Margetts, one of the early day actors played this on Father.

The show was over, the hackman came to the theatre doors to get Father and Mother. Phill spied him first. He slipped up to the door and said: "Mister Hackman, ya tenk ve shall volk

hem tonite. Da nite vas so nice.” The hackman left. Father and Mother were standing waiting and wondering why the hackman did not come. So they walked home. Next day, Father gave the hack driver the devil for not coming to the driver told him what he said at the door. Father was puzzled, but old Phill Margetts came and told him what he pulled off and everything was explained. Such were the tricks of the good old pioneer days.

There’s other things I can write that happened in Father’s life, but in reading this book, you can see other acts and deeds of Father. Father was teacher in the parents teacher class and some of the sore heads in the ward wanted his place so they made a law. Those who do not keep the word of wisdom in all details are not fit to teach. So father sent in his resignation. President Joseph F. Smith called father in to explain his cause of resigning. He told Pres. Smith that he had to use strong drinks and tobacco in moderation on account of his health, also it was the doctor’s orders. Pres. Smith said, “Bro Oblad, you have acknowledged your faults. That is more than a good many good brethren have done. You, Brother Oblad, go back and take charge of that class. We want you and we won’t accept your resignation.”

#### MORE ITEMS THAT HAPPENED IN MY DAYS

Brigham Young died We. Aug. 29, 1877. Buried from the Tabernacle Sunday, Sept 2, 1877.

O. Porter Rockwell died Sunday, June 9, 1878. Buried Wed. June 12, 1878.

John D. Lee was executed at Mt. Meadows, Friday, March 23, 1877.

Annie White and Mercy Robinson were burned to death at the Insane Asylum near S.L. City, Monday, Dec. 9, 1878.

Joseph Standing was shot and killed by a mob in Varnell Station Whitefield Co. Georgia, Monday, July 21, 1879. The body arrived in Salt Lake in charge of Rudger Clawson, Thursday July 31, 1879. Buried Sunday Aug 3, 1879 in Salt Lake.

I attended the first meeting in the Assembly Hall, Sunday April 4, 1880.

The ceremonies of laying the corner stone of the St. Paul’s church, 4<sup>th</sup> South and Main St. Monday, May 3, 1880 by the Mason Fraternity.

Saturday July 3, 1880, John F. Turner, son of Sheriff John Turner of Provo was killed with an ax by Fred Hoft (Welcome) at Park city, Utah. He conveyed the body to Echo Canyon. Was found Thursday, July 10, 1880. Fred Hoft had several trials and was finally executed, Thursday, Aug 11, 1887.

This episode broke Sheriff Turner in heart and purse. Sheriff Turner was a good hearted man. He took this Fred Hoft into his home and treated him as his own. One day he got a contract to furnish two teams and men to haul ore for a mine in Park City. He equipped his son and Fred Hoft with the outfits and started them off from Provo to Park City to fill his contract. They did not show up on the agreed time, so the mining company notified Sheriff Turner. He started to investigate the trouble and found out that Fred Hoft had killed his son with an ax as he slept in a camp just a mile or two away from Park City. Had hid the body in Echo canyon and sold both teams and wagon and beat it away with the money. He was traced down and finally arrested with the above results. Page 276/

#### EXPLANATION

The reason I write this is because I had read in the papers about it and on the date of the execution I happened to be down town and saw a crowd around the Skews Undertaking Parlors,

east of Main street on third South. (Where the Judge building now stands) On that corner it was Druel and Franklin Drug Store. Next, River Bros Wallpaper Co., next to the alley was Skews undertaking Parlor. I went inside, where the coffin was in the front and I gazed at the occupant. I saw four punctures over the heart on the coat. I asked, "Who is this?" and a man said, "It is Fred Hoft. He was just executed at the Penitentiary." This was the first corpse of an executed person I had seen.

Wm. Oppenshaw of the 16<sup>th</sup> Ward was killed on the Utah and Nevada RR Wed., May 25, 1887. The train was carrying lumber. He was climbing down front of the box car just as a piece of lumber fell off on the car ahead and pinned him against the car.

#### HISTORICAL ITEMS

On February 16, 1888, John F. Linck, a real estate speculator from Colo. Alma H. Winn of Salt Lake and other land jumpers tried to take the Arsenal Hill 10<sup>th</sup> Ward Square and other property. Were finally ejected by the City Marshall, Police and citizens. Took it to court.

Judge Zane decided against land jumpers.

The 10<sup>th</sup> Ward Square was accepted as the Fairgrounds Mar 9, 1888 by Territorial Committee.

Governor C. W. West and Mayor F. Armstrong and committee from the Legislator and City Council selected Arsenal Hill as the sight of a Territorial or State Building, Feb. 29 (Wednesday), 1888.

July 4, 1887 -- Tabernacle roof took a fire from a toy balloon but was put out without much damage.

#### CELEBRATING THE DEDICATION OF ST. GEORGE TEMPLE

April 6, 1877. All the different wards in the city met in different sections of the city. All the Sunday School children formed into marching order. Smallest in front and the rest formed in according to size and in that order marched under their own ward banner up to the tabernacle square. There we had signing by the entire city wards in commemoration of the St. George Temple.

Lo, a Temple, long expected

Here in St. George's land

By Gods Faithful saints erected

Helped by heaven's angel band. & etc.

These are some of the words to one of the songs we all sang, as I remember. I held one of the balance stringers to the 9<sup>th</sup> Ward Sunday School banner. There were speeches by Brigham Young and other church dignitaries, some of the other songs we sang:

Oh, The rock of our Salvation

The Hive of Deseret

Zion, Beautiful Zion

Levi Phillips and L. O. Taft took turns in packing the banner. It had on the front silk banner these words: "9<sup>th</sup> Ward Sunday School of Israel" in bright gold letters. There were 4 balance stringers on it held by two girls and two boys: John Crockwell, Wm. H. Oblad, Mamie Evens, Nellie Millford, all dressed in white.

I sure felt proud that day. Ninth ward took first honors for best and prettiest formation and marching order.

#### STRICKLEY'S FIRE, JUNE 21, 1911

11:30 PM Strickley's barn just back of Nellie home caught fire. Resulted in burning 4 houses and set fire to Nellie's home and by me playing the garden hose on our roof saved the home. The burning embers after the firemen arrived went as far as 4<sup>th</sup> South and 2<sup>nd</sup> East. It was some fire while it lasted.

#### BIG FLOODS

In 1912, the 3 foot water mains blew and caused a big flood of 5<sup>th</sup> South and 2<sup>nd</sup> East and the lower streets.

In 1913, another break in the 3-foot main blew at 5<sup>th</sup> South and 4<sup>th</sup> East and flooded 4<sup>th</sup> East, 6<sup>th</sup> South, 3<sup>rd</sup> East, and 7<sup>th</sup> South. There was a hole made on the 5<sup>th</sup> So. And 4<sup>th</sup> East corner. You could set a house in it. 24 feet square. It took some time to stop it because after it was shut off at 10<sup>th</sup> East and 5<sup>th</sup> South, all the gravity water had to flow out. All cellars in the above district were flooded.

#### PERSONAL HISTORY

First met and got acquainted with my sweetie L. G. Pascoe in the 9<sup>th</sup> Ward, 561 East 6<sup>th</sup> south 1888. Moved to 360 West 2<sup>nd</sup> North (Godby House) fall of 1888. Lived there until Feb. 1891. They moved to Walker's Home 115 W. 5<sup>th</sup> South (in the fall of 1891). Moved to King's Home 559 East 3<sup>rd</sup> South (in the spring of 1892). Moved to Waterloo, Waterstreet, 3-4 East. She had typhoid fever Oct. 1892, Married her June 15, 1893.

We entertained a government man at our home who came from Washington, D. C. to get data on pension due Eliza Shupp for being the wife of Harry Craig who died and left about \$2,000.00 pension money which was being claimed by another woman who claimed to be Craig's wife. Eliza was to be heir to this claim because she and Craig were not divorced. Owing to the red tape the government had to go through, Eliza died and nobody knows who got the claim.

First to slip roses. In 1897, I got the idea that I could grow roses by the slip process. I got a box of sand and put the slips in and watered them often. A florist saw what I was doing and said to me if you can accomplish that you have a fortune in your hands. I watched my slips very closely. They all dried and died out but a good many of them had sprouted roots. Being very busy with my other work, I gave it up. Did not have the time to find out why I failed. Later on, others tried my process by having the box full of good soil, with sand around the small hole surrounding the slip. They succeeded. When the slips sprouted out through the sand into the good soil, they grew and they made a success out of it.

#### WIFE AND I NEARLY GOT SHOT

We were down to Mr. Cook's farm, fishing and also getting some eggs and fries. We were standing at a corner of his house talking with Mr. Cook when Mr. Kelley came up with his shot gun which he was using to shoot some fish hawks. Mr. Kelley stood the gun up against the house and joined into our conversation. Hi small boy came around the corner of the house, and,

spying the gun, commenced to feel around it and his baby fingers touched the trigger and the gun went off. The same time falling between wife and my head's. We could feel and hear the shots sing past our heads. Wife looked at me and I looked at wife and was greatly surprised that neither was hit. It sure was some close call.

### HISTORY OF THE 9<sup>TH</sup> WARD SUNDAY SCHOOL

The first session of the 9<sup>th</sup> Ward Sunday School was held on April 1, 1855, in the adobe house of windows 5 ped square, corner of 5<sup>th</sup> East and 4<sup>th</sup> South. At this time it was under the management of Seth Taft, who was bishop then. But a few months later about September, 1855, there was a regular Supt. Appointed. Issac Groo, Supt. Catherine Woolley, Asst. At this year Sunday School was held in the afternoons. After coming from meeting in the bowery, the people would go to the Sunday School in their own wards. In 1867, A.B. Stucklin, Supt. S. A. Wooley, Asst. It went over in quite and prosperous condition until about 4 years later, 1871.

In 1871, John Taylor Supt. Geo Groo, Asst. About 1872, John Taylor retired then Geo Groo, Supt with J. H. Crockwell, Asst. In 1874, John Taylor appointed Supt with J. H. Crockwell Asst. But the year following 1875 John Cutler took John Taylor's place with J. H. Crockwell Asst. This year the school had collected quite a library and Levi Phillips was appointed to act as such. In Oct. 1878, John Cutler resigned and James Woods took his place but still retained the other officers. In 1879, there was a complete change all around. John Taylor, Supt. Thos. Garrard, Asst. John E. Evens, Sect., A. M. Woolley, Librarian. We followed it up under these officers until Aug. 1882. When John Taylor and John Evens retired, leaving the school without Supt. Or Sect then Thos. Garrard acted as Supt. In 1887 Thos Garrard Supt., John Reese, Asst. L. O. Taft, Sect., A. M. Wooly, Asst. Sect. Geo Brown, Librarian. In 1884, John Reese was called on a mission to Mexico and A. M. Woolley was put in his place. When John Reese returned home he was made 2<sup>nd</sup> Asst. Wm. H. Oblad was appointed librarian. This official crew has remained the same up to 1895. Wm. H. Oblad retired and Jos L. Barrow took his place as librarian.

### HISTORICAL ITEMS

Utah Territory occupies an area of nearly 6,500 square miles. In 1890, Utah had 250,000 inhabitants, 240,000 Mormons. Utah extends from 37 to 42 parallel of N. Latitude and from the 109<sup>th</sup> to the 114<sup>th</sup> Degree Longitude. Two hundred thousand acres of land in 1880 is under cultivation. The yearly cost of irrigation in 1880 is \$300,000.00

Salt Lake City in 1880 had population 50,000. Covers 9 square miles.

Pioneers numbering 143 men entered S. L. City July 24, 1847. Brigham Young born June 1, 1801. S. L. Tabernacle 150 wide 250 long, 90 ft high, seating capacity, 12,000.

S. L. Theatre 80 x 174 feet is capable of seating 1,260.

S. L. City is 4261 feet above sea level.

Great Salt Lake 100 x 40 miles, altitude 4218 feet and 22 percent salt located 20 miles from Salt Lake City.

First telegram across the overland Oct. 18, 1861.

First passenger from Denver over D & RG RR arrived in Salt Lake City April 7, 1883.

Explosion of Powder Magazine Capitol Hill 1876

First electric light in front Lipman's Store, 1881, Main St. north of 2<sup>nd</sup> South, East side of

street.

Dr. J. D. M. Crockwell first imported the carp fish 1882. Planted some in Utah Lake, some in a lake in Seviere County. I saw this shipment and helped change water in the cans, even handled some of the fish. There were fifty cans, a foot high, had 8 in. fish.

My father, while trustee, tore down the old adobe school house and had a new brick adobe lined 2 room school home built in 1891.

Hans Lindhardt and I bored a 25 ft well with a 12 in auger. It was galvanized sheet iron lined. A pump was put on to furnish water for the schools.

### HISTORICAL ITEMS SALT LAKE CITY TEMPLE

Ground was broken for the temple Feb 14, 1853. The corner stone was laid April 6, 1893. Wife and I were the third couple married there, June 15, 1893. Description of the temple: Length 186 ½ ft, Width: 99 feet. There are 6 towers, 3 on the east, 3 on the west on each end of the structure. Other measurements may be summarized as follows:

	<u>(end of rock work)</u>	<u>(top of spires)</u>
Height of Central East Tower	210 ft	222 ½ ft
Height of Central West Tower	204 ft	219 ft
Height of Side East Tower	188 ft	200 ft
Height of Side West Tower	182 ft	194 ft
Height of Walls:	167 ½ ft	

Thickness of wall at bottom: 9 feet

Thickness of wall at top: 6 feet

Thickness of wall at buttress: 7 feet

The whole is built of granite, part of which was hauled by team 22 miles, one stone at a time. The structure resting on a footing wall 16 feet thick and 16 feet deep.

The building covers an area of 21,850 feet.

### OTHER HISTORICAL ITEMS

Joseph Smith was assassinated June 27, 1844

Brigham Young died Aug 29, 1877

John Taylor died July 25, 1887.

S. L. City founded July 24, 1847

First Governor of Utah was Brigham Young.

S. L. Tabernacle dedicated Oct. 6, 1867.

The Kirtland Temple dedicated Mar 7, 1836.

The Nauvoo Temple dedicated April 10, 1846.

The St. George Temple dedicated April 6, 18--.

The Logan Temple dedicated May 18, 1884.

The Manti Temple dedicated May 21, 1888.

City & County building was built under R. N. Baskin, Mayor of S. L. City 1902-3-4-5.

Occupied about 1895. Corner stone was laid July 25, 1892 by Mason Maternal Society, Shillings Grand master.

J. & J. M. Knight, Pete Buller, Charles Slade, Fat Schuler, Wm. & Tom Pritchard, Steve Witzel, Sam Lee Chinaman, Mr. Lund, Mr. Oberg, Hans Lyndhardt were in the group that had the first ride in the electric street car leaving 1<sup>st</sup> South and main running east to 7<sup>th</sup> east.

An amusing incident: This chinaman Sam Lee, looked out at the front and then the back and hollered: "No Pushie, No pull it, but go like hellie all the same it."

Titanic steam ship sunk after hitting an ice berg April 14, 1912, 1,500 lives lost. Robert Hitchens was at the wheel.

S. L. Tabernacle dedicated Aug 6, 1867: 250 ft long, 150 ft wide, 80 feet high. Roof rest of 44 piers of cut sandstone supports the roof. Seating capacity: 1,000 to 1,200 people.

Utah Battery left for Mexico, June 26, 1916. Returned Dec 16, 1916.

Aug. 15, 1906, Salt lake had a bad electric storm.

Oct. 20, 1906, great windstorm uprooted trees, center image on C & County building blown to an angle of 45 degrees. Statue on North end blown completely off.

First week in April, 1906, San Francisco had a big earthquake.

### PERSONAL HISTORY

I have done considerable jury work (criminal and civil cases) in my days. I have been on thirteen jury panels.

### JUDGE OF ELECTION

At the Nov. election 1924 in the 8<sup>th</sup> Ward meeting house over seven hundred ballots were cast. We started Tuesday morning 7:00 AM to 7:00 PM. After 7:00 Pm we opened the ballot boxes and commenced counting which took us three judges until Thursday morning 9:30 AM without a wink of sleep. It was a state and county election - 91 names on the ballot. The three judges were William Dahl, William Tobias, William Oblad. (Dern and Maby were for Governor.)

I started my Cabinet of natural history, 1882.

I played on the stages of 1, 2, 3, 8, 9, 10 Wards 1863 to 1890.

I took part in festivals of Prof. E. Stephon 1881 to 1888.

I took part in festivals choral society Prof E. Stephens 1888 to 1891.

I joined the Henry Denhalters Rifles 1886 to 1892.

I joined the Norden Military Co. 1892, 1894.

Norden Military went in as Co. B, NGU, 1894 - 1896.

I was in the Deseret S. S. Band E flat Horn 1881 to 1884.

I was in the N. G. U. Band B flat Clarinet 1904 to 1908.

I was in the S. L. Guitar and Harmonica Band 1885 to 1890.

I was in the Peoples Drum Corps 1890 to 1892.

I was a member of the Y.M.M.I.A. Manuel Training Class 1893.

I joined the W.O.W. Camp #53, Aug. 15, 1905.

I was one of the first day students LDSU, Nov 15, 1886.

I graduated from this school last of May, 1888.

I was assistant and organist 9<sup>th</sup> Ward 1884 to 1901.

I was assistant and organist LDSU 1886 to 1888.



I played on the Walker Opera House Stage with the H.D.R. and St. Mary's Academy in 1886-1887.

I played on the stage of the S. L. Theatre with H.D.R., Columbus day programme Oct. 11-12, 1892.

John White and I scaled the center towers of S. L. Temple with ladders.

We lifted from walls to different landings in May, 1890.

I and L. G. Oblad were the third couple married in the S. L. Temple June 15, 1893.

I took the part of Old Imaker, 4<sup>th</sup> July Parade, 1888 Prize.

I and James Maxwell as two clowns, 4<sup>th</sup> July parade, 1889 - Prize

My first rabbit drive Cedar Valley, 1890.

We went to Kamas in 1879 and 1881

We went to Santequin, 1880 Uncle Bennett's home.

We went to Mona, Uncle Bennett's home, 1882

Wife and I went to the opening of Saltair In 1893 the Mormon church built Saltair on the south shore of the Great Salt Lake, about sixteen miles from downtown Salt Lake City. They also built the railroad connecting the resort with the city. The church owned the resort until 1906, at which time it was sold to a group of private Mormon businessmen. The architect of Saltair was Richard K.A. Kletting, perhaps Utah's foremost architect at the turn of the century and the designer of the Utah State Capitol building.

In building Saltair the Mormon Church had two major objectives: in the words of Mormon apostle Abraham H. Cannon, they wanted to provide "a wholesome place of recreation" under church control for Mormons and their families; and they also intended that Saltair be a "Coney Island of the West" to help demonstrate that Utah was not a strange place of alien people and customs. This was part of a larger movement toward accommodation with American society that had begun in the early 1890s as church leaders made a conscious decision to bring the church into the mainstream of American life. Saltair was to be both a typical American amusement park and a place that provided a safe environment for Mormon patrons. Those goals were somewhat incompatible, and in less than a decade the second had clearly triumphed at the expense of the first. Nonetheless, initially Saltair signified the Mormon Church's intention to join the world while at the same time trying to minimize its influence and avoid its excesses.



*Saltair bathers*

Saltair opened on Memorial Day 1893, and was officially dedicated on 8 June. Its main attractions were always swimming in the Great Salt Lake, where people could bob around like corks, thanks to its 25 percent salt content, and dancing on what was advertised as the world's largest dance floor; but the resort always had a wide range of other attractions. They included a roller coaster, a merry-go-round, a ferris wheel, midway games, bicycle races, touring vaudeville companies, rodeos, bullfights, boat rides on the lake, fireworks displays, and hot-air balloons.

Saltair reached the peak of its popularity in the early 1920s when it was attracting nearly a half-million people a year. However, in April 1925 it

burned to the ground. Raymond J. Ashton and Raymond L. Evans designed a new pavilion along the general lines of the original one, and it was built the next year, but the resort never regained its former popularity. During the 1930s it had to battle the effects of the Great Depression; high maintenance costs as winds and salt spray ate away at wood and paint; a \$100,000 fire in 1931; and receding lake levels, which in 1933 left it a half mile from the water. Saltair closed down during World War II. It reopened with high hopes after the war but continued to struggle, and it closed for good after the 1958 season. During the 1960s efforts to save it failed, and it stood forlorn and abandoned until fire destroyed it in November 1970.

Beach, July 4, 1893.

Wife and I went to John M. Knight and Florence Cornell Wedding, Dec. 21, 1893.

Wife and I went to dinner Thanksgiving Day, 1893 to residence of Mr. F. J. P. Pascoe, 513 So. 2<sup>nd</sup> East

Wife and I went to dinner Christmas to J. R. Oblad's home, 534 So. 4<sup>th</sup> East, 1893.

I went to Logan with the S. L. Airman, July 24, 1884

I went to Uncle John's at Richmond and Bear River City 1884, 1885.

L. G. Oblad, my wife, was operated on at Holy Cross Hospital by Drs Baldwin Mayo, Mickelsey and Whiting, Room #9, Tuesday of Nov. 27, 1901.

I started to work for Studebaker, Sat. Oct 9, 1897. I quit work at Studebakers April 30, 1902. I started with A. E. Edwards at 552 So. State Street in Blacksmith Business, May 1, 1902. Quit May 1, 1903. Started business with J. J. Haight at 341 So. State May 1, 1903. Bought Haight out Feb. 21, 1907. Ran shop as Wm. H. Oblad and Co., 341 So. State street Feb 21, 1907 to last of May, 1901. Started at 555 So. State, Dec. 8, 1910 to Mar 31, 1913. Worked at City Barnes April 1, 1913 to Nov. 8, 1916. Worked for Langton Lime and cement Co., April till Oct 31, 1917. Worked for Sweet Candy Co. Nov 1, 1917 to July 1, 1920.

Started our first 3-room house April 9, 1900. John Brown contractor -- Price 250.00.

Remodeled at home to 6 rooms April and May 1909. Sam Cotton contractor. Price 1,100.00. Moved into the home from tent May 30, 1909.

Started to build two new flats Lavinia and Gladys, Nov. 20, 1909. Completed July 1, 1910. M. M. King Contractor. Price \$20,000.00. Sold June 9, 1910. Cleared \$1,500.00. I borrowed \$10,000.00, used my own money labor and furnishing some material and lot 4 rod wide 4 ½ rod deep to the total of another \$10,000.00. Everything was balled up by Contractor and E. E. Darling and other money lenders. Was sold out under the hammer. Lavinia flat sold for \$6,800.00. Gladys flat sold of \$6,500.00. I got about \$1,500.00 out of it. Through mother's or rather wife's shrewdness, she also saved our home out of the deal. I went down with a nervous break down and wife rasted it all alone and came out pretty good, considering the bad mix up.

#### DEMISE OF SOME VERY DEAR FRIENDS

Isaac Groo died Thursday, Jan. 24, 1895 - buried Sunday, Jan 27, 1895.

Julia Spencer Woodruff died Fri., Feb 1, 1895 - Buried Sunday, Feb 3, 1895.

Elizabeth Agnus Vincent died Wed. Feb 6, 1895 - Buried Fri, Feb 8, 1895.

Uncle David Vanhorn Bennett died Wed. March 27, 1895 - Buried Saturday, mar. 30, 1895.

Adam A. rich died August, 1895.

John W. Reese died Tue., March 5, 1912 - Buried Sunday, March 10, 1912.

Thomas Garrard, My 1<sup>st</sup> Sunday School Supt died 1912.

John Wassamere died May, 1912

Frank Gray died June, 1912

Geo B. Mills, my teacher partner, died of walking typhoid fever at 12:00 midnight, Sept. 3, 1894, at his residence No. 431 E. 6<sup>th</sup> South. Buried from 9<sup>th</sup> Ward Meeting House, Wed., Sept 5, 1894. Presided over by Bishop S. A. Woolley. Singing Page 172. Prayer by T. H. Woolley. Singing page 193. Speakers were T. G. Webber, A. M. Cannon, C. W. Penrose. Singing shall we meet in yonder city. Prayer by Thomas Garrard. Pall bearers were Alex Wade, T. H. Woolley, S. H. Woolley. H. J. Smith, Jr., Ed Wright, and G. T. Tobiason. Grave dedicated by John Brown.

Dr. Clekbach died 1927.

A. Cooper died 1927.

Wm. McIntyre died 1927.

Wm. Mayfield died Nov, 1927

Isadore Meyers died 1927.

C. A. Quigley died Nov, 1927

Lula Rich Hawkins died Feb 12, 1928

Wm. Davis died Feb 26, 1928

Eph Lambert's Daughter

Cousin Pack died Mar. 16, 1928

Fred Gillett died Mar 16, 1928

#### WEIGHT OF TROUT OF NORMAL DEVELOPMENT

<u>Inches</u>	<u>lbs</u>	<u>oz</u>	<u>inches</u>	<u>lbs</u>	<u>oz</u>
9	0	5	18	2	8
10	0	7	19	2	15
11	0	9	20	3	7
12	0	12	21	4	0
13	0	15	22	4	9
14	1	3	23	5	3
15	1	7	24	5	15
16	1	12	25	6	11
17	2	2	26	7	8

President Rutherford B. Hayes and wife visited S. L. City, Sunday, Sept. 5, 1880.

An explosion of gas in the S. L. Brewery killed Louis Boersig and Jacob Kraut Wed. Nov 11, 1885.

Tent of John E. Forsgreen, a religious fanatic, was burned down situated on 11<sup>th</sup> East 4-5 South. Jan 20, 1886.

Glass factory in North Salt Lake was opened up Feb 26, 1886. F. J. P. Pascoe, Hugh Watson and Hy P. Folsom Promoters.

5- Signing of Armistice Nov. 1919

6- Lindbergs Atlantic Flight to Paris, 1927

3- The Johnstown Flood was in 1889, 2,200 dead.

1- Great Salt Lake was incorporated January 11, 1851.

2- 9<sup>th</sup> Ward meeting house erected 1882 - 1883.

4- 9<sup>th</sup> Ward new 2 room school home erected 1891.

#### HISTORY I REMEMBER

Sunday, Nov. 7, 1880, Bingham had a big fire it destroyed a big part of the town.

Liberty park -- The old Mill, locust Farm or Locust Grove of 110 acres was purchased by S. L. City for public Park., Wednesday, May 25, 1881. Saturday, June 17, 1882 it was called Liberty Park and was opened to the public.

Walker Opera House - cost about \$130,000.00. Built by Walker Bros. Thursday, Aug 4,

1881. The corner stone was laid Monday, June 5, 1882. It was opened up by a concert given by Prof Geo Careless, orchestra. In 1890 it burned down 12 midnight July 3-4.

William Jennings elected Mayor of S. L. City Mon. Feb 13, 1882.

Prof. Joseph L. Barfoot died Sunday April 23, 1882

J. D. Farmer ax merchant was lost on Great Salt Lake, Sunday, Aug 6, 1882. On October 11, 1886 (Monday) his body was found 8 miles west of Garfield.

Assembly Hall was dedicated Sun. Jan 8, 1882. 120 ft x 68. Cost \$150,000.00 Seating Capacity 2,500.

Friday, Jan 19, 1883, the thermometer recorded 35 degrees below ZERO.

Grist Mill in City Creek Canyon burned down Tuesday, May 22, 1883. My daddy bought some of the burnt wheat.

Richard Fowler was shot down by Dave Gallifant, Mon. May 28, 1883. He died may 30<sup>th</sup>.

This happened in Oblad & Knight Shop, 115-117 E. 2<sup>nd</sup> South.

Council house and other property on South Temple and Main were destroyed by fire of an explosion of powder in Clawson Imp. Co. bldg. Thursday, June 12, 1883.

R. S. W. Andrews, a street car driver, was accidentally shot and killed Saturday, July 28, 1883.

### HISTORY

The capstone laid April 6, 1892, S. L. Temple. The temple was dedicated April 6, 1893.

First Railroad to S.L.C. completed Jan 10, 1870 - Utah Central RR.

First car of sugar made in Utah received by Cumminston and Co., Oct 17, 1891. Spencer Clawson bought the 1<sup>st</sup> 100 lb. sack.

First silver ore shipped from the Emma Mine, Cottonwood, May, 1868.

The harvest moon is the full moon nearest to Sept. 21<sup>st</sup>.

Easter Sunday is the first Sunday after the fourth full moon, after Christmas.

The planets, Jupiter and Saturn, can be seen all night during March.

Bishop Andrew Burt was killed by a Negro, Saturday, Aug. 25, 1883.

I heard Harry Ward Beecher lecture in the Salt Lake Theatre Tue. Sept 11, 1883.

Dr. J. D. M. Crockwell died Feb. 17, 1885.

Free Mail Delivery system was introduced in S. L. city Monday March 2, 1885.

April, 1885 flowing wells were sunk in S. L. City, also part of 1886.

Samuel Ensign fell from the walls of the Temple, Wed. June 24, 1885 which was fatal.

My first cow was born Aug 27, 1891 - Jersey Gernsey.

My heifer was born (2<sup>nd</sup> Calf), July 29, 1895.

My heifer was born (1<sup>st</sup> Calf), Feb 14, 1894.

Bought the land and built the shops for Oblad & Knight Jan 16, 1893. Shops were built Jan and Feb. 1893. Moved into the shop, March 28, 1893.

Side seat Police Patrol was built by Oblad and Knight in Sept, 1894. Put into use Jan 4, 1895. I had the first public ride in the patrol. I had been sent over to the station to adjust the chains from the tugs to single trees on their new slip-over harness. Chief Bywater and Mike Sullivan put the horses in place and slipped it on. All ready to go. I jumped in thinking they were going around the shop, but instead they drove south on State to 2<sup>nd</sup> South, thence West to Main thence North on Main thence East to Police Station. Sullivan was driving and clanging and gong. Bywater was in the back end pushing me over and around, making it look to the public that they had a desperate criminal on board. I was somewhat embarrassed on account of my reputation

might get notoriety, but it was all in fun.

The seven new wonders of the world are wireless telephones, aeroplanes, radium, antiseptics, anti-toxins, spectrum analysis and X-rays.

Sound travels 4,708 feet per second in water.

A cubic foot of air weighs about 1 3/10 ounces.

My Jersey cow died Nov 3, 1895.

Bought another cow Nov 18, 1895

### THE PUZZLING EPITAPH

#### Interpretation

0 4 1 2 8	Naught for one to ate
0 4 1 2 0	Naught for one to sigh for
0 2 80 4 128	Naught two weighty for one to ate
0 2 45 4	Naught to fortify for

Sign of the 4 and 8 - Oct 9, 1909. Interpretation wars and Famine or Worlds War 1914-1918.

There were two comets in S. L. in 1910 - First Jan 24 25, 1910; 2<sup>nd</sup> Sometime in April.

18 amendments came into effect, Jan 16, 1920.

First cremation in S. L. City, July 31, 1877(Tuesday) - Dr. Chas F. Windslow was cremated in a built-to-order furnace back of 1<sup>st</sup> South where Z.C.M.I. has their overall factory now. This was stipulated in his will.

Saltair was open to the public, July 4, 1893.

Saltair was burnt down. Saltair was rebuilt.

Sunday, Aug 10, 1884, Elders Wm. S. Berry of Kanarra, John H. Gibbs of Paridise.

Martin Condor and John Riley Hudson of Tenn. Were murdered by a mob on Cane Creek, Lewis Co., Tennessee.

Friday 22<sup>nd</sup> 1884, Berry and Gibbs body arrived in Salt Lake City. There is a monument in the S. L. Cemetery telling of the affair. The church claims this tragedy was brought about by lies circulated by the Tribune, an anti-Mormon paper.