

A Portrait in Words
of
GEORGE ALMON CLEGG 1870-1935

As told by Almon Giles Clegg 1903-1989

I never met my grandfather, George Almon Clegg, as he died prior to my birth. In January of 1977, my curiosity and desire to know something about him led me to write to my father, Almon Giles Clegg, himself being in his later years, and ask him to tell me about his father. He chose to do this by way of a tape recording which he sent to me and I have had it these many years. The value of this information has increased for me since Dad's death, realizing it would not be available in any other way. The reader may note that this provides insight into the personality of Almon Giles Clegg as well as that of his father. The following was transcribed directly from the tape recording.

*LaVar Clegg
Christmas 1991*

LaVar, at your request I'd like to make this recording and see if it covers some of the things you mentioned in your birthday card which I was thankful for. I'm sure that that is what impresses one as we go along, to have loved ones remember such and such things about their loved ones. I might say that this winter has been one of the most open winters in my life of 74 years. We are in a drought situation. We have four inches of snow on the ground now which we got yesterday, the first snow we've had. We haven't had rain since last April other than just a sprinkle. So we are in a serious condition, greater than I have ever seen.

I'd like possibly to go back a little bit before I talk about Dad, who is your grandfather. I'd like to talk about my grandfather, who is your great grandfather, Henry Clegg. Henry married my grandmother Margaret Griffiths in plural marriage. I never had the opportunity of seeing Grandpa Clegg but I have talked to many old-timers years ago who knew him and lived with him and knew all about him and they say that he was a wonderful man. He lived in Springville when he came from Salt Lake and later moved to Heber. Henry was a school teacher, a phrenologist (he read the bumps on people's heads to tell them fortunes), bishop of one of the wards here in Heber, a tanner (ran a tannery in Springville), and he ran a shingle mill in Daniels Canyon, where Clegg Canyon got its name. He was a very kind and considerate man and I think my father was a great deal like him as near as I can understand. I've never heard anyone say anything about him other than what the old folks have said and it has always been good. Jonathan Clegg and Henry Clegg were brothers and they were the only ones of their family that came from England. I can just imagine now as I grow older what thoughts came in his mind when he arrived here in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake. He knew that he would never see his brothers and sisters again in his mortal life because it was pretty difficult to travel back and forth across the water in that period of time. But I would like to read to you a few verses that he wrote and sent back to his beloved family he left in England. This is what he composed:

Dear Father, though I am far away I often think of you
And for your welfare daily pray and for my mother too.
It is not for gold or worldly pride I left my parents dear.
It was the gospel to obey and all its laws revere.
Then parents dear, mourn not for me,
You'll find that all is right,
Although at present things may look as dark as midnight.
Remember how old Jacob mourned when Joseph went away.
He thought that wild beasts had torn him
And made of him their prey.
But still you find that all is well.
God caused it to be done in order to prepare a way
When famine there should come.
Even so, the Lord has sent me here a savior for to be
Unto my father's household and all ancestry.
Then brother Thomas, turn to God and his commandments keep
And love your earthly parents dear
For soon in dust they'll sleep.
Be always ready to assist and give them what they need
And God will bless you in your store and prosper you indeed.
My sister, Betsy, she is poor and delicate in health
But still she's got an honest heart
Worth more than fame and wealth.
And so has sister Alice, too.
God bless her with long life.
May she and William rest in peace
And cease their cares and strife.
I love you all. You're more to me than all the world's wealth.
May God protect and keep you safe and bless you with good health.
And if you think the same of me, one thing I hope you'll do:
That is, look to my parents well and then I'll look to you.

You asked in your card what were some of the attributes of my father. I think that is one of the greatest attributes I can give to him, that expressed in Henry Clegg, his father, because he portrays my father a great deal.

Dad was born January 4, 1870 and he died when he was 65 years of age. His mother was Margaret Griffiths and his father was Henry Clegg. My dad's name is George Almon Clegg. I'd like to mention here how we got the name "Almon". My grandmother Margaret and her sister Jane were the only two that were alive [of their family] out of the company that came across the wilderness and prairies to come to Salt Lake City in the Martin Handcart company, of which you know possibly the history. This sister of Margaret Griffiths, named Jane, married a man by the name of Almon Fulmer. When Dad was born, Margaret named him in honor of her sister Jane and her husband. And of course, that was passed on to me.

Dad was mild in temperament. I never heard him swear. He didn't like smutty stories. He was very emotional. He was very close to tears when anything disturbed him along the line of tenderness. In fact, my brother Elmo reflects his disposition a great deal. Elmo, when he gets up to pray or speak in public, breaks down and cries. He has that emotion. Well, he inherited that from Dad. I did to a certain extent, for I am emotional, but I have control of my thoughts and actions in fulfilling church positions.

I never knew Dad to hold any church positions particularly. I never saw him take charge of a class and teach. I do remember that he administered the sacrament. When I was growing up until I was 17 or 18 years old, all the old people administered the sacrament. I was the first priest in the Heber 3rd Ward to bless the sacrament and it nearly scared me to death. I've often wondered why Dad didn't ordain me to church positions and why he didn't confirm me and do a lot of things we do nowadays. Maybe it was just the way things were done in that particular time, I don't know. The only official thing he did was to baptize me, on my birthday when I was 8 years old, and to ordain me to the office of a deacon.

Dad filled two missions for the Church, one in West Virginia in 1905-1907, and another one in the northwest for 6 months just after I was married. I can see a great deal of strength in Dad when he could sit down and talk the gospel in family organizations and family gatherings and in conversing, but he could never stand up and preach a sermon very well, as I remember.

Dad had a tender heart for all people. He would give you the last dime he had and the shirt off his back, as would my mother in fact. You asked what traits he passed on to me. I don't know, outside of a little bit of emotion and perhaps honesty and a desire to be good. I remember often, in fact all my life, Dad never spoke ill of any man or woman that I can ever remember. But when he spoke well of a person it was always "he's a good man" and it meant a lot when Dad said that. That's what I can say about Dad. He was a good man. Also, patience; I don't know of a more patient man than Dad was. Mother was a quick temper, at least in one period of her life. Dad had a lot of things to consider, as I remember and reflect back on those times. I remember many times as Mother blew up in her temper to say many things she ought not to have said, Dad never rebuked. He just stood up, put his hat on, and said, "I'll go out and feed the horses." Again, I presume that quality has been given to me somewhat but not to that degree.

Dad never judged other people. And he was honest to the last cent. I don't know of anybody that ever said an ill word about him after he passed on. I remember one of the things that he requested at his funeral was a song to be sung that was entitled "Perfect Day" and I think it expresses some of the ideas and inclinations that Dad would think about in his everyday life. This was sung by Joe Jorgenson and his wife:

When you come to the end of a perfect day
And you sit alone with your thoughts,
While the chimes ring out with the care of gay
For the joy the day has brought,
Do you think what the end of a perfect day
Can mean to a tired heart?
When the sun goes down with a flaming ray
And the dear friends have to part.
Well, this is the end of a perfect day,
Near the end of a journey, too.
But it leaves a thought that is big and strong
With a wish that is kind and true.
For memory has painted this perfect day
With color that never fades
And we find that the end of a perfect day
A soul, a friend we've made.

Dad was somewhat entitled, I presume, a jack of all trades. He was a lover of horses and that was his pride and joy, to have a good team and wagon with which he made a living in hauling ore from the mines, going out in the desert hauling corn for the sheep men. This was before the days of the automobile. He did a lot of mason work. He was a good mason. He worked in the quarry up there and quarried the sandstone, he and his brother Herbert Clegg. I might mention some of the buildings that Dad laid rock for, chiseled and faced rock for. One was the old Heber Mercantile that burned down. All that sandstone (I presume you don't remember) frame and foundation was built and chiseled out, a portion by Dad. The old 2nd Ward Chapel, the mason work and laying the rock and foundation was a lot of Dad's work. In fact, I have a card here that shows a picture and a thank you from the bishop of the 2nd Ward for his donation and work on the building. The old hospital, although they have covered it now with another facing, is sandstone which was laid and chiseled out largely by Dad's hands. Doc (?)'s house is another one. The old tabernacle, all that sandstone that was faced and chiseled and laid was largely his work. So he was a good mason. He didn't do much bricklaying, although he did some. But in the sandstone he couldn't be beat. And that is one of the reasons that I keep that old sandstone walk from our house out to the street, in memory of Dad and his masonry work and the work he did in building with stone.

He never cared too much for cows. His horses were his pride and joy. I remember him doing chores. We'd have three or four cows and Dad would feed those two old horses all the hay and skimp the cows. After he'd get done I'd sneak out and swipe some of the hay from the horses to give to the cows. One day Dad caught me and asked about doing this and I said, "Dad, you think the horses do a lot of work to pull the plow and the wagon but what about these cows that have to manufacture a bucket of milk twice a day. They have a lot of work to do." He never criticized me too much after that.

Dad was never too much mechanically inclined, and I have been. I remember one time that he had the mowing machine that he'd bought. He hadn't used it very long. He was cutting hay and it broke down. He brought it down home and sent for a new part. They hauled it across the road to Andrew Mair's blacksmith shop. When the part came Dad and Andrew Mair worked all one day trying to get the old part out and the new one in. It couldn't be done! Andrew finally gave up and said, "George, that's an impossibility. That part has been put in at the factory and it can't be taken out." Well, that was a lesson Dad learned and one that I received, too. When we pulled the mowing machine back over to our lot, he felt pretty blue that day. He had to go water the next day and irrigate the hay. I said, "Do you care if I try to put that part in?" He said, "No, go ahead, it is no good the way it is." Well, I took it apart. There was a long shaft that went from the gears at the rear wheels down to the gear that runs the knife back and forth on the sections. I knew it could be done because it had to be. I sat and puzzled and I took it apart. When Dad came home from dinner he saw his mowing machine with both wheels off and cogs and parts scattered around. Did he ever get sore! Almost out of patience with me. He said, "It will never run again. All the lawyers in the United States couldn't put that back together again (his old saying)." Well, I put it back. I took the old part out and put the new one in. The next day I said, "Go and try it. I'll bet a dollar it will run." I was only about 14 years of age then. The next he went up and cut his hay, came home with the biggest smile on his face, "my", he said, "that machine cuts better than it ever did." The old machine is still up in my farm, beside the fence, although it's dismantled. That part is still in the machine, that I put in, after serving many many years in cutting hay.

Now, Dad had an appreciation but he never came out and said so in so many words, that he appreciated this or loved that. But it was always, "Well, that's good enough for so and so." When Mother would paper up a room while he was gone, fix the curtains up, and wash and clean as they used to do every year, he'd come in, look it over, his lips would quiver, and he'd say, "Well, that's good enough for the president of the United States." That was the way that he expressed his appreciation and love for things. When in the fall we threshed, we used to build big stacks of grain, then the thresher would come and thresh it. It was my privilege and opportunity, although they almost had to force me to do it, to take the old ticks (we never had mattresses on our beds, it was straw ticks), pull the old straw out and put nice new straw that had just been threshed into the ticks, as much as we could pounce in there, and put it on the beds. I always remember, every time Dad had these new ticks filled up he'd get up the next morning and say, "My, that was a good sleep. The finest bed. The King of England couldn't have anything better than that. That was the way he would express his appreciation.

Dad worked in sugar beets, hauled coal, went to the canyon and got load after load of wood in the fall. That was my job, to stand and saw with his old crosscut saws roll after roll of wood because we would go months in the winter time just burning wood because we didn't have any coal or money to buy it. I always rejoiced when Dad could get a few dollars to get a ton or two of coal so that I wouldn't have to cut so much wood. Dad picked up a lot of work trading back and forth with other people. One of the big jobs he had that I think was a highlight in my life and also in his was when the Strawberry Reservoir was built. You must remember that it was built with teams and horses, scrapers, manpower. Daniels Canyon had no highway like today, it was just zig zag dusty road when it was dry, and ruts and mud when it was wet. It crossed the creek a dozen times going up Daniels Canyon.

Well, he'd haul hay and grain out for these horses working on the dam and I went with him a time or two. One of the times we went up, I remember, we camped in Daniels Canyon by the creek for dinner. Dad says, "Well, why don't you go catch a mess of fish for dinner." There was a log across the creek, making a little dam. Dad got me a green willow and a fishing line that we had taken with us and a fish hook, and we got a worm. I sat there as a young fellow, I was just maybe ten years old, and I fished in that creek. How I loved to pull those fish out. In that one incident I caught 14 fish. I'll never forget it. Dad fixed them and we had fish for dinner. Then, too, when we got out to the dam and unloaded the hay and grain, and started back, we'd stop and camp by the Strawberry River. At times the fish were spawning and Dad would reach under the banks here and there in the willows and pull out big salmon. We'd put them in a box we had and salt them down and come home with a big box of salted down salmon fish. They would be 16 to 18 inches long, a lot of them. They were really nice. I know we got so many that Mother used to say, "Well, I wish you wouldn't get so many fish, I'm tired of cooking them and preparing them."

And so working with Dad in the hay, going with him out to the reservoir, thinning beets with him, topping them in the fall, doing chores with him, I guess is the highlight of a boy growing up. My parents had three sisters ahead of me and Dad never thought he would have a boy. I guess I was a pride and joy for at least awhile in my early life. I might express here how he felt about it. When I was married and Dennis was born, I went across the road to where Dad lived and said, "Well, Dad, we got a nice baby boy." To show the timidity Dad had, the love and appreciation he had for things

that he thought about, he broke down and cried. When he controlled himself he said, "Well, that's fine. Now my name will be carried down in history." I thought about that a great deal, because there are some in my family and the family of the Giles people, Grandpa Giles for instance, whose name will never carry on any further. Mont Giles is the last descendent who will carry the name of William Giles down on the pages of history. I think that's a nice thought and I have always thought of Dad as we have boys in our family, knowing that my line and his line will still continue to go forward.

You asked what Dad thought about his posterity, what he wanted them to be. Well, you must go back 70 years, when times were much different than they are now. There was no influx of money, there was no way of getting the things you'd like to do. If it were, I think Dad would have been a lot different than what things worked out to be. Dad had some musical abilities. He played the dulcimer and he thumped the piano a little bit and the old organ we used to have. And he enjoyed, years ago when he was young, dances, the old family dances they used to have in the early period of this stake in Heber City. I think he wanted his children to be good. I think that was his highlight and if it had been possible, I'm sure he would have given money to have some of us trained in some particular field of activity or vocation. But he never had the money and we never could get it ourselves particularly.

I remember when I went on a mission Bishop Crook had asked Dad if he could send me on a mission and Dad turned him down, didn't have the money. He never realized that I had been saving for years to go on a mission. When Mother heard about it, Mother says, "You send him and I'll see that he stays in the mission field." Well, Dad's faith wasn't any weaker than Mother's and Mother's wasn't any weaker than Dad's. It was just that he could see the necessity of these things and what it would take to be in the mission field because he had had an experience about 15 years prior to that of going on a mission. Mother had been home. She knew how it was to sustain a missionary because she took in washings and work, papered rooms for other people, and done everything under the sun while he was on a mission. She had the faith and courage that she could keep another missionary. I always loved Mother for that.

Dad is a sixth child in his family. Grandma Clegg (Griffiths) and Grandpa Clegg had 11 children. In her writings she says that Dad was born at 1:40 am two blocks east of the meetinghouse and weighed 9 pounds, in Springville, Utah. His brother Charles, born two years later, July 21, 1872, on Main Street just at sundown in a tent next to a lot north of the meetinghouse in Heber City and weighed only 4 pounds and yet he lived the longest of any of the children. I had the privilege of speaking at Uncle Charles' funeral two or three years back. He died in his 90's.

I would like to read a tribute given by my sister Bertha Clegg Yeates at a family reunion at Lagoon, June 8, 1963 about my mother. I think in this you'll see Dad's part because a mother and father work together in raising a family and what she says about Mother is just as true of Dad as it is of her.

I don't know how to say it
But somehow it seems to me
That maybe we're in our stations
Where God wanted us to be.

That the little niche we're filling is the reason for our birth
And just to do the things we do
He placed us here on earth.
As I grow older and more fully realize the complications of life
I sometimes wonder if its all worth while.
I think perhaps Mother felt the same way.
If she did, and had been privileged to look into the future,
And see this gathering today
She would have felt gratified and content
That the little niche she filled wasn't so small after all.
For the pay for being parents comes
When the children honor their names.
Any one of you could have fulfilled this assignment better than I.
But I deem it an honor to share some thought with you.
I would like to say something about Mother's hands.
In the latter part of her life, when she was staying with me,
I would see her hands lying in her lap.
I would shake my head and say
"It was not always been like that."
Her hands were soft and warm
And held great satisfaction for me.
And I would hold them and caress them, the long tapered fingers.
I couldn't help giving them an extra squeeze
For the service they had rendered for me,
Not only for her own,
But for neighbors and towns people as well.
Many times my thoughts have flown to the menial tasks they performed.
Those hands were not afraid of work.
They toiled ever so hard over tedious washings and ironings
Without any modern conveniences.
They beautified the homes of many by applying
Pretty wallpaper with skill.
They spent many hours weaving rugs and carpets
To bring revenue to the family budget,
To help keep the missionaries in the field.
At the death of a loved one or a neighbor
Into whose hands would slip a dollar bill as if to say,
"I sympathize with you at this time."
Those hands had washed a newborn babe
and likewise laid the dead to rest.
Those hands were apt at making fine cheese and butter
And curing hams to perfection.
They have prepared meals fit for a king
And have fed many at her table in the spur of the moment.
Those hands have done all kinds of chores,
Milking cows, carpentry work, whenever needed,
The art of knitting and quilting,
Which blue ribbons were pinned on the finished product in county fairs.
There was a green thumb on each hand
That could make anything grow, given half a chance.
No one was ever turned away from her door,
Regardless of time, day or night.
Those hands prepared food for the hungry
And beds to lay the weary traveller to rest.
They eased pain and suffering, sewed fine articles of clothing
The family could wear with pride.
Through it all those hands struggled to make a house a home.

The house we lived in had its share of sun and shadows,
Sorrrows and joys, laughter and tears.
It heard the cries of newborn babes and
Heard the silent weeping of loved ones
When the angel of death made its call.
Yes, that mother of mine plodded and struggled
In the hopes when day was through that somehow
She was necessary to the things God wanted her to do.
And there wasn't any service she rendered that we should scorn
For it may be just the reason God allowed her to be born.
It takes a heap of living in a house to call it home.
Mother's hands made a home and we children had a heap of living in it.

Dad was just as much a part of this reading expressing the life of Mother,
his wife, as she was. It would not have been possible for her to do the
things she did without her husband, George Almon Clegg.

I might tell you an incident about how much Dad loved his horses. It's kind
of comical and yet I know its true because I was a witness to it. When the
pea cannery down here below the railroad tracks (you know where that is) was
built, Dad was hired with his team along with several other men and their
teams to do work down there. Some of the others took their lunches with
them but Dad being so close, he just tied his horses to a post, fed them a
little bit of hay, and he would come up home to eat his dinner, which was
just a block and a half away. Pratt Hicken, knowing how Dad loved his team
and how he hated some things to be done with that team, while he was gone to
dinner one day, took Dad's team and a pair of shears and cut their manes off
and bobbed their tails. When Dad came back to hitch up, I think he knew who
did it, but he controlled his feelings and showed how not to explode over
this thing which he hated. He told me later how he hated that thing done to
his team. He always liked to have a team with a nice long mane, nice
forehead bangs, the tail nice and long and curried. He took a great deal of
pride in his team and now they were with manes cut off, foreheads trimmed
up, and tails cut and bobbed. But Dad just walked over to Pratt and said,
"Pratt, somebody stole my team while I was to dinner." Now you ought to have
heard Pratt laugh along with some of the others. That was the way Dad
controlled his feelings. If he had been like a lot of men, perhaps if he'd
been like me, I'd maybe have sworn a little bit and expressed my feeling I
sure hated what he did, but not Dad. He had the right way to control and I
admire him for it.

I'd like to say a word about love, a sentiment which I think fits Dad. What
does love compel us to do? We have seen that love compels men to commit
murder, suicide, and acts of folly, to write poetry, compose great music, to
elope, quarrel, to rule wisely, and to give up thrones. But love also
compels men to live lives of quiet fulfillment, happy and faithful to their
wives and children, content in their work, confident in the future. Such
men as these, unfortunately, do not appear in history books as great lovers.
But they are, in fact, the greatest lovers of all. I think that was Dad's
sentiment, the way I looked at him.

I might give a few things that I've collected over the years that can be
attributed to some of the things Dad liked and that express some of the
characteristics of a good man who tries to raise a good family and be what
he should be, a husband, a father. These are quotes I have collected
throughout my life and I'd like to read them to you.

Gratitude is one of the most sacred secret doors through which we may pass into the presence of the Lord.

Jesus came to earth to provide mankind with teachings and example of perfect living.

Whatever comes from the heart carries with it the heat and the color of its birthplace.

He who has not forgiven an enemy has not taken one of the sublime enjoyments of life. (And that certainly was Dad, he forgave everybody)

We crucify ourselves between two thieves, regret for yesterday and fear of tomorrow.

Service is the rent and pay for our room on earth.

If human beings are not perfectible, they are improvable. (That was Dad's theory in life)

God has two dwelling places, one in heaven and one in a meek and humble heart. (That is Dad over and over)

If you leave footprints in the sands of time, you had better wear work shoes. (Dad, again)

The difficulties of life are intended to make us better, not bitter.

An eagle passes thy door at first as a stranger, then it enters as a guest, then it installs itself as a master.

When you educate a man you educate an individual. When you educate a woman you educate a whole family. (That's my parents, Mother was a whole family to us)

Three ways of giving: grudge giving, duty giving, and thanks giving. Grudge giving says, "I hate to." Duty giving says, "I ought to." Thanks giving says, "I want to." The first comes from constraint; the second from a sense of obligation; the third from a full heart. Nothing much is conveyed in grudge giving since the gift without the giver is bare. Something more happens in duty giving, but there is no song in it. Thanks giving is an open gate into the love of God.

Criticism, like rain, should be gentle enough to nourish a man's growth without destroying his roots.

Habit is either the best of servants or the worst of masters.

We make a living by what we get. We make a life by what we give.

Character is the sum total of all the choices we have made.

Most of us carry our own stumbling block around with us. We camouflage it with a hat.

Even the God of Heaven, the Prince of Peace, walked unknown and unhonored by his own servants in the dust of his own footstool.

Have patience. All things are difficult before they become easy.
(I don't know of a man in all my life who had more patience than my dad, your grandfather)

Usually the first screw that gets loose in a person's head is the one that controls the tongue. (Dad never spoke ill of a person)

Be somebody. It's just as important now as it was when Abe Lincoln's mother said it to him. (That was Dad, too)

Woman was made of a rib out of the side of Adam, not out of his feet to be trampled upon by him, but out of his side to be equal with him, under his arm to be protected, and near his heart to be loved. (Perhaps that was Dad, too, although in growing up I don't remember of Dad ever being too emotional in showing his love toward Mother or embracing or carrying on such as on TV today. His was a quiet, unobserved sort of appreciation and love that he extended. It was just in his way of walking, talking, and acting that he left these fine attributes to us as kids and I'm sure we all remember them)

To express a little more of the qualities I saw in Dad that I think are qualities we lack today:

A danger sign can't talk but it's not as dumb as the guy who pays no attention to it. (You can apply that wisdom to Dad)

Nature seems determined to make us work. The less hair we have to comb the more face we have to wash. (Dad had curly hair, wavy hair like his mother. He always took pride in his hair, washing it and taking care of it. He never did go bald. It thinned out a little bit in front but he still had his hair combed down with curls in front as you notice, possibly, in some of his pictures. I remember when we'd kill a chicken, he'd always say to mother, "Sarah, mill out some of that chicken fat to make me some hair oil." He always used a little chicken fat, milled out into an oil, to put on his hair. Maybe that's one thing that kept his hair in such fine lively condition and always looking good on a wonderful man)

More people commit suicide with a fork than with any other weapon. (I have often wondered if Dad ate too much of things he ought not to have. Dad would always raise a pig. We would kill it in the fall, dress it out, and cure it in a barrel or put it in brine in the cellar. That was our meat for the winter. Now I don't think in our modern day age we live in now that that would be a good thing to do but it's all we could do in those days. There were no refrigerators or ice boxes to keep meat. Dad loved his bacon and pork and mashed potatoes with heavy gravy. I think that was one of the reasons he got high blood pressure and hardening of the arteries and helped him to die at an early age. Eventhough I thought he was an old man at the time he died, he was only 65. They couldn't do anything for that disease when Dad had it. I have the same thing now. I have to take medicine for high blood pressure and hardening of the arteries. If I take my two pills a day I get along pretty well. If Dad had had those pills and with his physique, I'm sure he would have lived many years longer. Dad was a large man, not too tall but stout. He weighed 180-200 pounds all his life. He

had a fine physique, was strong, could lift almost anything he wanted. His work was a lot of heavy work; lifting rock and chiseling it, hauling hay. During this heavy work he developed a hernia which he carried all his life. I remember him wearing a steel truss for years and years. Finally for his last few years he threw the truss away and said he didn't have to wear it any longer, but there was a big hole in his stomach where that truss pushed in. He went through a lot of misery. He tore ligaments in his arm and went through a three hour operation to cut from his shoulder down to his ribs and his back to splice a cat gut into his ligament that he might be able to use his arm again. That was a trial that he had to go through and he felt timid. I used to think, "Poor ole Dad", but he never complained or said anything wrong about why it happened. It was just one of those things. He accepted things in life as they came. I remember just before he died, he loved Jonathan Golden Kimball, I took a book down to him and said maybe you'd like to read this on your birthday, January 4, 1936 [1935 is the correct year]. He just puckered up and nodded his head with his eyes full of tears. He never got a chance to read the book and so when he died mother brought it back to me. I've always cherished that book because of Dad's love for Jonathan Golden Kimball)

A lot of people can talk but to say something is harder. (That was Dad. Dad was silent but when he said anything it was worth listening to)

There is really no substitute for brains, but silence does pretty well.

A man is like tea. He never knows his real strength until he gets into hot water.

The road to success is dotted with many tempting parking places.

The grass next door may look greener, but it's just as hard to cut. (That applies to Dad very, very much. He never looked at the other fellow's wealth and coveted that for his own)

Difficulties of life are intended to make us better, not bitter.

Be true to your teeth or they will be false to you. (Dad was always telling us kids to brush our teeth, take care of them, so we wouldn't have to wear false teeth like he did)

A good way to prevent bleeding of the nose is to keep it out of other people's business. (That was another trait of Dad's. He never stuck his nose in other people's business. It was their business but if he could go in kindness and help them out, that was his way of doing things)

Keep your words soft and sweet. You may never know when you may have to eat them.

Go often to the house of a friend, for weeds choke the unused path. (I think Dad had more friends, real friends, pals, in his life because of that very one thing. He did a lot of visiting, and I always think that if Mother had cooperated more with Dad he could have had a lot more enjoyment in going to reunions and meeting with people, when Mother would never go)

Jesus spoke of the ox in the ditch. But if you get an ox in the ditch on every Sabbath, you should either get rid of the ox or fill in the ditch. (Another tribute I pay to Dad because he never tried to put things on the Sabbath day that would infringe on the keeping of the Sabbath holy)