THE FAMILY OF
CHARLES HENRY GIBSON
OF
VIRGINIA & COLORADO

COMPILED BY
BLANCHE GIBSON MATLOCK
A great man once lived with us. He wasn't a world leader, or a famous doctor, or a war hero or a sports figure or even a good business man. But he was a great man. He was my father.

He didn't get his picture in the paper for doing great things. He wasn't perfect but made a lot of mistakes. He did corny things - like paying his bills on time, going to church on Sundays and he got along well with his neighbors.

He always had time to put his arm around me and tell me a story, maybe nonsensical and maybe a real happening in his life. The only man that couldn't be replaced by someone else.

His daughter

-2-
TABLE OF CONTENTS

| 1. | Dedication and Table of Contents | 2-4 |
| 2. | Preface | 5-6 |
| 3. | Ancestor Chart – Gibson family | 7 |
| 4. | Map of Virginia and Nicholas Francis Gibson – Deed to his land to his sons and his will giving to his daughter, Anna | 9, 11-12, 13 |
| 5. | Tazewell Madison Gibson – Army record and will | 14-18 |
| 6. | Spotswood Nicholas Gibson and Charlotte Oiler – in the Colorado Section | |
| 7. | Anna M. Gibson and James M. Smith – genealogy and will | 19-20 |
| 8. | THE COLORADO YEARS – Map of the San Luis Valley | 21 |
| a. | Signing of the Peace Treaty with the Indians – Chief Ouray and Kit Carson | 23-26 |
| b. | Spanish and Mexican land grants | 27 |
| c. | Where did they get their water? | 28-29 |
| d. | Map of Mormon Settlements in San Luis Valley | 30 |
| e. | Why the San Luis Valley was chosen as a site for a colony and who chose it – John Morgan and Laurence Peterson | 31-34 |
| f. | Where did they obtain their land? | 35 |
| g. | Selection of Townsite of Manassa | 35 |
| h. | Incorporation of Manassa, Colorado | 36-39 |
| i. | How the Saints got to the Valley and Jack Dempsey. | 36 |
| j. | What was happening in 1883-1884 in the country when the Gibsons were converted to the Mormon Church in Virginia and came to Colorado to colonize? | 40-41 |
| k. | Opposition and Dissention in Manassa and Sanford and Sanford Silas Smith | 42-44 |
| l. | Sanford, Eastdale, Richfield, Morgan, Colorado | 45-49 |
| m. | Los Hermanos Penitente and the Mormons | 50-51 |
| n. | Law and Order in the Colony and the Railroad | 51-53 |
| 9. | Spotswood Nicholas Gibson and Charlotte Oiler | 55 |
| a. | The Beatitudes | 56 |
| b. | History, documents, genealogy and pictures | 57-64 |
| 10. | Children of Spotswood Nicholas and Charlotte Oiler Gibson, their history and genealogy | -- |
| a. | Elizabeth Sarah Gibson and Cornelius Hayes | 65-66 |
| b. | Pernelis Ann Gibson and James David Hicks | 66 |
| c. | Marion Nicholas Gibson | 66 |
# TABLE OF CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th><strong>Page</strong></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>d.</td>
<td>Andrew Jackson Gibson and Laura Etta Sprouse</td>
<td>67-69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>e.</td>
<td>Emma Hammond Gibson and Martin Brown Echols</td>
<td>70-71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>f.</td>
<td>Amanda Jane Gibson and William Thomas Dotson</td>
<td>71-72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>g.</td>
<td>Charles Henry Gibson and Bertha Hayes Carr</td>
<td>73-74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>h.</td>
<td>William Gordon Gibson</td>
<td>74-76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>i.</td>
<td>Robert Lee Gibson</td>
<td>77</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

11. Charles Henry Gibson and Bertha Hayes Carr  
History, deeds to land, documents, genealogy and pictures | 75-116 |

Children of Charles Henry Gibson and Bertha Hayes Carr, their histories, genealogies and pictures:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th><strong>Page</strong></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Chapter 1 - Charles Elias Gibson and Addie Hess; 2nd Mabel Bentley</td>
<td>Head - histories, genealogies and pictures</td>
<td>117-119</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chapter 2 - Elmer Paul Gibson and Velma Noland Warren; 2nd Elva Johnson</td>
<td>Moore. Histories, pictures and genealogies</td>
<td>141-148</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chapter 3 - Clifford Gustavis Gibson and Birdie Ann Wilson; 2nd Angela (Angeline) Bond.</td>
<td>Histories, genealogies &amp; pictures</td>
<td>159-191</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chapter 4 - Verna Odell Gibson and Loui Hess</td>
<td>Histories, genealogies and pictures</td>
<td>193-209</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chapter 5 - Newel Gibson and Mabel Martin</td>
<td>Histories, genealogies and pictures</td>
<td>211-229</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chapter 6 - Francis Marion Gibson and Willy Inez Langston</td>
<td>Histories, genealogies and pictures</td>
<td>231-255</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chapter 7 - Bertha Clarissa Gibson and Earl Sylvester Brown</td>
<td>Histories, genealogies and pictures</td>
<td>257-277</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chapter 8 - Blanche Haskell Gibson and Raymond LeRoy Matlock</td>
<td>Histories, genealogy and pictures</td>
<td>279-304</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Although we must start this history before the Gibsons came from Virginia to Colorado, the main part of the book will be the Colorado years. The first colonizers came in the Spring of 1878 and our family came on the train in March 1881, so much had already taken place.

This history will not deal with the first "white man" to see and explore the San Luis Valley that you can read about in history books of Colorado; but, hopefully will give us some idea of what it looked like when our grandparents, Spotswood Nicholas and Charlotte Oyler Gibson and family came to Colorado and what they found. Also many happenings that affected our lives in our growing up years.

Those of us who are descendants of the early pioneers of the San Luis Valley, and Manassa in particular, should appreciate the great efforts made to settle and colonize parts of the San Luis Valley. Beautiful as the area is at times, much of the history of the early settlers deals with the struggle to adapt to the harsh winters, the short growing seasons, the lack of sufficient rainfall and water for irrigation purposes and, in general, lack of an adequate means of gaining a livelihood. Hopefully it will enrich my own life and that of my family by knowing those who went before us or our ancestors.

1. What part the Indians played and when the peace treaty was signed with them - Chief Ouray and Kit Carson.

2. The Spanish Land Grants

3. Why the area near Manassa was chosen and some about the men who chose the site for colonization - John Morgan and Laurence Petersen.


5. Where did they get their water?

6. What was happening in the country at the time the Gibsons were converted to the L.D.S. Church in Virginia?

7. Dissension in the valley among Saints.


Since I was born and raised in the small Mormon community of Manassa, Colorado, this book has helped satisfy my curiosity about the events and circumstances connected with the establishment and development of the small Mormon community in which we were reared.

I have taken pains to leave something in writing that my children and grandchildren may have a good degree of information of the family affairs that have taken place in my time and in the times of my ancestors as far as I could obtain information, and I very much regret that my ancestors did not pursue a similar method. I should have considered such documents and notations as a very valuable legacy.
While doing family research, one meets a variety of personalities, as we all know. I'm also sure we all have one genealogist in mind who only claims kin to royalty, wealthy landowners and Patriots of the Revolution, ignoring dirt farmers in their lineage. Many times these same people forget their own shortcomings, and dwell on the achievements of their ancestors. If they do so, they help prove a statement by Thomas Paine, Revolutionary leader and propagandist, who said: "Virtue is not hereditary."

This quote is for the researcher, especially the family researcher who is scared to look too hard lest he uncover a "skeleton in his family's closet," or finds a horse thief or illegitimate child, which of course, none of us have! "It's not what we descend from, it's what we descend to, that we should be ashamed of!"

Though our lineage runs to the stately manor house of England, it also runs to the poorhouse, and neither of those origins is a detriment of success or happiness in life.

I want my children and grandchildren to know that the choice in life is not between fame and obscurity, nor is the choice between wealth and poverty. The choice is between good and evil. When we finally understand this lesson, thereafter our happiness will not be determined by material things. We may be happy without them or successful in spite of them. Do not equate money with success. The world abounds with big money-makers who are miserable failures as human beings. What counts most about success is how a person achieves it.

A special debt of gratitude is owed many people who helped this book to become a reality.

First - to my sons and their families for putting up with me at times as I was like a broken record full of history.

Second - To my sister, Clarissa Brown for her great efforts to help me collect the material I needed and wanted. Many things I would never have found without her help. She also helped to finance publication of this book.

Third - To my niece, Beverly Gibson for her great help in keeping documents, deeds and my dad's missionary journal just because they were old.

Fourth - To my brothers and sisters and especially nieces and nephews who helped with histories, genealogies and pictures.
**Ancestor Chart**

Person No. 1 on this chart is the same person as No.____ on chart No.____.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Father of No.</th>
<th>Date of Birth</th>
<th>Place of Birth</th>
<th>Date of Marriage</th>
<th>Place of Marriage</th>
<th>Date of Death</th>
<th>Place of Death</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Spotswood Nicholas Gibson</td>
<td>(Father of No. 2)</td>
<td>1 Apr 1830</td>
<td>Albemarle Co., VA</td>
<td>5 June 1853</td>
<td>Manassa, Conejos, CO</td>
<td>p.d.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>Charles Henry Gibson</td>
<td>(Father of No. 1)</td>
<td>26 Mar 1868</td>
<td>Near Hot Springs, Bath, Va</td>
<td>8 Oct 1897</td>
<td>Salt Lake City, Utah</td>
<td>5 July 1956</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Charlotte Oiler</td>
<td>(Mother of No. 3)</td>
<td>About 1832</td>
<td>Covington, Alleghany, VA</td>
<td>26 Nov 1913</td>
<td>Manassa, Conejos, CO</td>
<td>p.d.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Blanche Haskell Gibson</td>
<td></td>
<td>4 Jan 1918</td>
<td>Manassa, Conejos, CO</td>
<td>12 Oct 1938</td>
<td></td>
<td>p.d.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>William Galbraith Cobb</td>
<td>(Father of No. 3)</td>
<td>26 July 1839</td>
<td>Mt. Eaton, Wayne, Ohio</td>
<td>11 Sept 1869</td>
<td>Molino, Escambia, Fla.</td>
<td>p.d.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Bertha Hayes Carr</td>
<td>(Mother of No. 1)</td>
<td>7 Sept 1871</td>
<td>Randolph Co., Ind.</td>
<td>8 Feb 1949</td>
<td>Phoenix, Maricopa, Ariz.</td>
<td>p.d.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>Frances Jane Wallace</td>
<td>(Mother of No. 9)</td>
<td>20 July 1819</td>
<td>Parker, Randolph, Ind.</td>
<td>7 Feb 1922</td>
<td>Manassa, Conejos, CO</td>
<td>p.d.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>Nicholas Francis Gibson</td>
<td>(Father of No. 4)</td>
<td>About 1796</td>
<td>Albemarle Co., VA</td>
<td>About 1821</td>
<td>Bath Co., Va</td>
<td>About 1799</td>
<td>Manassa, Conejos, CO</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>Elizabeth Hinton</td>
<td>(Mother of No. 9)</td>
<td>About 1812</td>
<td>Covington, Alleghany, VA</td>
<td>p.d.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>Nathaniel Cobb</td>
<td>(Father of No. 6)</td>
<td>9 Mar 1800</td>
<td>Rochester, Plym, Mass</td>
<td>10 Aug 1827</td>
<td>Kingston, Plym, Mass</td>
<td>15 Nov 1878</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>Lucy Haskell</td>
<td>(Mother of No. 6)</td>
<td>4 June 1800</td>
<td>Rochester, Plym, Mass</td>
<td>7 Dec 1849</td>
<td>Rochester, Mass</td>
<td>15 July 1877</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>Gideon Blackburn</td>
<td>(Father of No. 7)</td>
<td>25 May 1806</td>
<td>Miami Co., Ohio</td>
<td>22 July 1828</td>
<td>Winsor, Randolph, Ind.</td>
<td>23 Feb 1854</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Mary Hayes</td>
<td>(Mother of No. 7)</td>
<td>10 Jan 1812</td>
<td>Miami Co., Ohio</td>
<td>19 Apr 1890</td>
<td>Parker, Randolph, Ind.</td>
<td>10 Jan 1822</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>Chart No.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td>Chart No.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>Chart No.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td>Chart No.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>Chart No.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>Chart No.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>Chart No.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>Chart No.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>Chart No.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>Chart No.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td>Chart No.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>Chart No.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>Chart No.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>Chart No.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Chart No.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31</td>
<td>Chart No.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Name of Compiler:** Blanche H. Matlock  
**Address:** 742 Ute Avenue  
**City, State:** Grand Junction, CO 81501
NICHOLAS FRANCIS GIBSON
OF
VIRGINIA

Western Part of Virginia

Map of Virginia showing the state's geography.
Nicholas Francis Gibson was born about 1796 in Albemarle Co. Virginia. I haven't determined who his parents were as yet. About 1820 he married Elizabeth Bowen. She was born about 1795 at Charlottesville, Albemarle, Virginia. In November 1850 he gave 100 acres of land to each of his two sons, Tazwell Madison Gibson and Spotswood Nicholas Gibson. He died in 1860 in Bath County, Virginia and his will was probated that year.

Elizabeth Bowen Gibson died June 27, 1856 in Bath Co. Virginia from a cold. Children born to Nicholas Francis and Elizabeth Bowen Gibson were:

   m. 1) Sophronia Thompson in 1843; m. 2) Sarah Jane Cleek; m. 3) Rachel Jackson.

2. Spotswood Nicholas Gibson was born April 1, 1830 in Albemarle Co. Virginia. He married Charlotte Oiler June 5, 1853 in Virginia. She was born about 1832 at Covington, Alleghany, Virginia to John Oiler and Elizabeth Hinton. They were parents of nine children.

3. Anna M. Gibson was born in 1832 at Warm Springs, Bath, Virginia. She married 1) James Madison Smith; 2) Alexander W. Johnson.

1850 Census Bath Co. Virginia

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Age</th>
<th>Sex</th>
<th>Occupation</th>
<th>Value</th>
<th>Location</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Gibson, Nicholas</td>
<td>54</td>
<td>M</td>
<td>Farmer</td>
<td>550</td>
<td>Albemarle Co. Va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; , Elizabeth</td>
<td>55</td>
<td>F</td>
<td>Keeping house</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; , Tazwell</td>
<td>28</td>
<td>M</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; , Spotswood</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>M</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; , Ann</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>F</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hemsted, Rebecca</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>F</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gibson, Lewis</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>M</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Bath Co. Va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; , George</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>M</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Bath Co. Va</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
In the name of God, Amen. I, Nicholas F. Gibson of Bath County and State of Virginia, now in my proper mind and memory do make and ordain this my last will and testament in manner and form as follows (Viz). I give and bequeath to my daughter, Ann Smith, one certain tract or parcel of land lying and being in the County of Bath and State of Virginia and bounded as follows:

Beginning at a red oak, running thence with Johnstons line to a forked white walnut thence running to the bend of the creek, Tazewell M. Gibson then running with the creek to the border line below the sawmill, from then to John Horrors line and with the same to the beginning.

It is my wish and will for James M. Smith to use, occupy and enjoy the above named land for the support of the children. Knowing the said James N. Smith to be of a reckless disposition, he is not to sell or dispose of said land in any manner or form whatever, should the said Smith be so garrulous as to try to sell, or dispose of said land, it shall be the duty of my administrator to stay on said land and "rent it out for the benefit of the children, until they become eighteen years of age when they may take the charge themselves. The children namely at present, Henry Nicholas, Virginia Byrd, and Sarah Ann. Also I give and bequeath for the benefit of the above named children, should there be any more it is my wish for them to share equally alike, the amount of one thousand dollars to be put to interest and the interest to be applied and used for the benefit of the children and their mother, until they become of the specified age of eighteen years old. My wagon, I wish for the benefit of Henry N. Smith. Should the said James M. Smith use said wagon and wear it out, he is to furnish the said Henry M. Smith with another. I also give and bequeath to Henry N. Smith my bay horse, and should the same James N. Smith, his father, make way or dispose of the horse he is to furnish the said Henry N. Smith with another to equal said horse. He the said Smith is to use and occupy the house that we all occupy now at this time and other articles in the house to tedious to mention.

Tazewell M. Gibson, having given him about one hundred acres of land, the privilege of timber or dispose of the same as he might think proper - also from him a possession for ten years without rent, or charge whatever. I also give and bequeath to him a bond executed to me for $72.61 cents bearing date on the 14th day of August 1848. I give and bequeath to Elizabeth Abigail Gibson, daughter of Tazewell M. Gibson, one bed and furniture, also one red cow — and after my last debts and funeral charge shall have been paid, I give and bequeath to Spottwood N. Gibson, one bed and bedding also all my debts due and demands. I nominate and appoint my friend, William Skeen as my executor. In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my seal this 10th day of February 1860.

Signed, Sealed and delivered in the presence of one
Barry T. Walton
James A. Clarkson

Bath County Court - June term 1860

This last will and testament of Nicholas F. Gibson dec. was presented in court and proven by the oath of Benjamin T. Walton and James A. Clarkson the subscribing witness thereto, was this day ordered to be recorded.

F-030604, Wills Bath Co. Virginia page 301

-12-

C. R. McDonald, Clerk
THIS INDENTURE made and entered into in the year of our Lord this 15th
day of November 1850 Between Nicholas F. Gibson of Bath County and State of
Virginia of the one part and Tazewell M. Gibson and Spotswood N. Gibson both
of said County and State of Virginia of the other part — Witnesseth that for
and in consideration of the support of Elizabeth Gibson for and during her
natural life whereof the said Tazewell M. Gibson and Spotswood N. Gibson
promises and binds themselves to comfortably support with the necessities
of life, Elizabeth Gibson, their mother, for and in consideration of a
certain tract or parcel of land lying on the western side of Cedar Creek
supposed to be two hundred acres, be the same more or less and bounded as
follows:

Beginning at a White walnut on a steep hill and running south along the
side of the hill to the bend of the creek and running with the creek to
Balles line where it crosses the creek. This is the dividing line then
the balance by Deacon's surveys to the foot of Collison's Mountain —

The said Nicholas F. Gibson reserved to himself the privilege of meadows
and pastures of all the cleared land and at anytime and all times have timber
to make rails to make fence or repair fence on the portion of land the said
Nicholas F. Gibson still holds cross the creek. Also firewood at any time to
these presents, the said Tazewell M. Gibson and Spotswood N. Gibson promises
and binds themselves their heirs not to deter the said Nicholas F. Gibson or
disturb him for using all the meadows or enjoying the same with all the cleared
land with pasture also firewood and rail timber for an during his natural life.

The said Tazewell M. Gibson and Spotswood N. Gibson is to have free
possession of all the land lying between the turnpike road and the creek
whereon his shop and sawmill stands also free privilege of timber or any
part or portion on the within named land without any molestation whatever.
It is further understood that the said Tazewell M. Gibson and Spotswood N.
Gibson shall not sell or rent or convey any portion of the within named land
during the life of the said Nicholas F. Gibson.

It is also further agreed that should any disagreement take place between
Tazewell M. Gibson and Spotswood N. Gibson after the death of Nicholas F.
Gibson, the within named land to be equally divided between Tazewell M. Gibson
and Spotswood N. Gibson — In witness whereof the said Nicholas F. Gibson have
hereunto set his hand and affixed his seal day and date as above written.

Nicholas F. Gibson (Seal)

Bath County Court Clerk's Office November the 15th 1850.
This Indenture of bargain and sale from Nicholas F. Gibson to Tazewell M. Gibson
and Spotswood N. Gibson was presented in the office aforesaid and being acknowledged was admitted to record.

Teste
S. A. Porter, Clerk

-13-
Tazewell Madison Gibson was born about 1822 in Albemarle Co. Virginia to Nicholas Francis Gibson and Elizabeth Bowen Gibson. By the Census of 1850 and 1860 he was a miller by trade and at one time had a lot of black slaves. In 1843 he married 1) Sophronia Thompson and they had the following children:


Sophronia Thompson Gibson died about 1848. Tazewell Madison Gibson and three children, John Lewis, George Washington and Elizabeth were in the home of his parents, Nicholas and Elizabeth Gibson in Bath Co. Va. in the 1850 census.

Tazewell Madison Gibson married Sarah Jane Cleek May 1, 1851 at the Mountain Grove Church in Bath Co. Va. Sarah Jane Cleek was born June 1823 in Bath Co. Virginia to James Hickman Cleek and Isabelle (Ibby) Freeman. The children of Tazewell Madison and Sarah Jane Gibson were:


2. Tazewell Madison Gibson Jr. born July 16, 1855 at Warm Springs, Bath Co. Virginia. married Jane ________.


Sarah Jane Cleek Gibson died about 1861. Tazewell Madison Gibson married Rachel Jackson Jan. 20, 1863 Alleghany Co. Va. Rachel was born in 1829 in Bath Co. Va. Her parents were Thomas Jackson and Jude. Tazewell Madison and Rachel were parents of the following children:

1. Margaret S. Gibson born May 2, 1864, Bath Co. Va. married March 15, 1881 to B. F. Defenbaugh.


In November 1850 Tazewell Madison Gibson received 100 acres of land from his father, Nicholas Francis Gibson so he had his own plantation.
Tazewell Madison Gibson enlisted in the Confederate Army but was never able to serve because of illness.


<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Co.</th>
<th>Reg't Virginia Inf.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>36</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Tazewell Madison Gibson enlisted in the Confederate Army but was never able to serve because of illness.

The following is an inventory of the personal estate of Tazewell M. Gibson dec. Appraised by the undersigned after first being duly sworn for that purpose with the value thereof annexed in the right hand column.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item Description</th>
<th>Value</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1 lot sawmill irons</td>
<td>$10.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 bench &amp; screw</td>
<td>.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 broad axe</td>
<td>3.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 hand axes $1.00</td>
<td>3.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 lot of fanning tools</td>
<td>3.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 footals</td>
<td>2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 box old irons</td>
<td>1.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 benches</td>
<td>1.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 lot Sundrys</td>
<td>2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 spook shave</td>
<td>.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 set carpenters tools</td>
<td>50.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 lot lumber</td>
<td>5.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 work bench</td>
<td>4.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 lot patums</td>
<td>1.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Mattock</td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 shaving horse</td>
<td>.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 crow barreres</td>
<td>3.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 lot sundry</td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 lot cooking utensils</td>
<td>2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Barow</td>
<td>5.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 sheet 1.50</td>
<td>3.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rag iron for sawmill</td>
<td>3.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Kettel</td>
<td>4.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 sleg Hammer</td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 wheal and real</td>
<td>6.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 buggy</td>
<td>20.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 cubbard and contents</td>
<td>$8.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 bed and stead</td>
<td>20.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 trunnel bed and close</td>
<td>5.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 lot bed close</td>
<td>15.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 filing leaf table</td>
<td>4.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 small table</td>
<td>1.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 looking glass</td>
<td>.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 picture frames</td>
<td>.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 clock</td>
<td>5.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Rifel Gun</td>
<td>10.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Navy Pistol</td>
<td>6.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thermometer</td>
<td>.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Bibel &amp; Books</td>
<td>.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 watch</td>
<td>10.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 bed</td>
<td>8.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 lot bead clothes</td>
<td>6.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 bead and stead</td>
<td>6.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 whit counterpins</td>
<td>3.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10 set charis</td>
<td>5.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 turning lathe</td>
<td>3.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 lot Sundry</td>
<td>2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 old stove</td>
<td>6.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 set blacksmith tools</td>
<td>3.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total: $299.00

Given under our hands this 10th day of October 1868.

Janet Williams
John A. Hoover
J. A. Clarkson

The foregoing inventory and appraisement of the personal estate of Tazewell M. Gibson dec. was returned to Court and ordered to be recorded.

Attest — William F. McDonnell, Clerk

The following is a list of the personal estate of T. M. Gibson dec. sold on the 10th day of October 1868.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Item Sold</th>
<th>Value</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Henry Gilmore</td>
<td>1 sale of sawmill irons</td>
<td>$8.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William H. Anderson</td>
<td>1 broad ax</td>
<td>4.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S. N. Gibson</td>
<td>1 hand ax</td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. H. Anderson</td>
<td>1 hand ax</td>
<td>3.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John J. Thomas</td>
<td>1 hand ax</td>
<td>.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mrs. R. Gibson</td>
<td>1 Mattock</td>
<td>.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William H. Anderson</td>
<td>1 foot als</td>
<td>.20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Item Description</td>
<td>Quantity</td>
<td>Price</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------------------</td>
<td>----------</td>
<td>-------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 hammer</td>
<td></td>
<td>$0.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 lot of chisels</td>
<td></td>
<td>$3.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7 lot of chisels</td>
<td></td>
<td>$3.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 lot of chisels</td>
<td></td>
<td>$1.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 lot of chisels</td>
<td></td>
<td>$1.60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 grindstone</td>
<td></td>
<td>$2.10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 box of irons</td>
<td></td>
<td>$0.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 box of irons</td>
<td></td>
<td>$1.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 lot Sundrys</td>
<td></td>
<td>$1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 lot Sundrys</td>
<td></td>
<td>$0.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Kittell</td>
<td></td>
<td>$5.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 hand saw</td>
<td></td>
<td>$1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 box of tools</td>
<td></td>
<td>$8.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 wood screw</td>
<td></td>
<td>$0.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 augers and 5 bib</td>
<td></td>
<td>$15.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 set of Brase Bibs</td>
<td></td>
<td>$6.20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 plains</td>
<td></td>
<td>$3.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 hand saw</td>
<td></td>
<td>$2.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 square</td>
<td></td>
<td>$1.55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 square</td>
<td></td>
<td>$1.60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 chisels</td>
<td></td>
<td>$4.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lewis Gibson</td>
<td></td>
<td>$1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. H. Anderson</td>
<td></td>
<td>$2.25</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Page 499**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item Description</th>
<th>Quantity</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2 planes</td>
<td></td>
<td>$5.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 lot sundries</td>
<td></td>
<td>$2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 drawing knife</td>
<td></td>
<td>$1.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 plaines</td>
<td></td>
<td>$1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 set tongs and grooves plain</td>
<td></td>
<td>$1.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Babbit Plains</td>
<td></td>
<td>$1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 lot plains</td>
<td></td>
<td>$1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Sash Plains</td>
<td></td>
<td>$2.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 lot plains</td>
<td></td>
<td>$1.35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 Plaines</td>
<td></td>
<td>$1.40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 Plaines</td>
<td></td>
<td>$0.35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Sundry</td>
<td></td>
<td>$0.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Sundry</td>
<td></td>
<td>$0.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 Plains</td>
<td></td>
<td>$2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 hand saw</td>
<td></td>
<td>$2.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Timber Saw</td>
<td></td>
<td>$1.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 square</td>
<td></td>
<td>$1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 lot sundry</td>
<td></td>
<td>$2.10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 lot sundry</td>
<td></td>
<td>$2.85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 oil stove</td>
<td></td>
<td>$1.40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 lot of plaines</td>
<td></td>
<td>$0.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 bench &amp; screw</td>
<td></td>
<td>$0.05</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Bevel Square</td>
<td></td>
<td>$1.80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Chisel</td>
<td></td>
<td>$1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 work bench</td>
<td></td>
<td>$1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 bench screw</td>
<td></td>
<td>$1.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Spoake Shave</td>
<td></td>
<td>$0.25</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Bath County Court, February Term 1870

The foregoing sale bill of the personal property of Tazewell M. Gibson was returned to Court and ordered to be recorded.

Attest: William H. McDonnell, Clerk
ANNA M. GIBSON

Anna M. Gibson was born in 1832 at Warm Springs, Bath Co. Virginia to Nicholas Francis and Elizabeth Bowen Gibson. On Jan. 21, 1850 she married James Madison Smith in Bath Co. Virginia. He was born 1822 in Rockbridge Co. Virginia. He was a miller by trade. Children born to this union were:

2. Sarah Ann Smith born Apr 1, 1859 at Cedar Creek, Bath, Va.
   She married William Hoover on Feb. 7, 1878.

Anna Smith and her family were named in the will of her father, Nicholas Francis Gibson in 1860. He left her some land and the plantation house where they all lived and was quite concerned that her husband would dispose of it and what he had left to the children. Nicholas Francis Gibson died June 1860 and James Madison Smith died Nov. 29, 1862 in Bath Co. Va.

Anna M. Gibson Smith married 2) Alexander W. Johnson (64) and she was 36. married Mar 3, 1869 Cedar Creek Bath Co. Va. Both parties were widowed.

The following is an inventory and appraisement of the personal estate of James M. Smith dec. made by us after having been first duly sworn for that purpose this 29th day of November 1862.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Value</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1 bed, bedstead and bedding</td>
<td>$10.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 bureau, 1 Sarge and 1 small table</td>
<td>10.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 china press $5.00 - 1 clock 2.00</td>
<td>8.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cooking utensils</td>
<td>4.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8 chairs and 1 looking glass</td>
<td>2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 bed bedstead</td>
<td>5.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 bed bedstead</td>
<td>10.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 hogs in pen</td>
<td>42.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 sow and 5 pigs</td>
<td>12.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 shovel plow and 1 large plow</td>
<td>2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 cows @ $20 each</td>
<td>40.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 box tools</td>
<td>$10.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 box old irons</td>
<td>20.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 old saddle</td>
<td>1.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 old harrow</td>
<td>2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 drum and some lasts</td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 pair steelgards &amp; 2 cow bells</td>
<td>1.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 plow 9/1 log chain 12/</td>
<td>3.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 anvil and bellows</td>
<td>10.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 set blacksmith tools</td>
<td>40.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 set wagonwheels</td>
<td>30.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Given under our hands the day and year above written Bath County Court July Term 1863. This inventory and appraisement of the personal estate of James M. Smith dec. was returned to Court and ordered to be recorded.

C. R. McDonald, Clerk

F-30604 Wills of Bath Co. Va page 352
Sale Bill of the personal estate of James M. Smith dec. made this 29th day of November 1862.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Purchasers</th>
<th>Property Sold</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Anthony Mastor</td>
<td>1 set wagon wheels</td>
<td>$20.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James C. Kincaid</td>
<td>1 set blacksmith tools</td>
<td>40.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moses H. Mann</td>
<td>1 bellows and anvil</td>
<td>7.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. Jackson</td>
<td>1 plow</td>
<td>1.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James C. Kincaid</td>
<td>1 screw plate</td>
<td>3.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>George Hively</td>
<td>1 screw plate</td>
<td>2.85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James C. Kincaid</td>
<td>3 augers</td>
<td>.40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Samuel Kincaid</td>
<td>2 saws</td>
<td>.40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. Snead</td>
<td>2 augers and square</td>
<td>1.20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Samuel Kincaid</td>
<td>1 lot planes</td>
<td>1.20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John McEliver</td>
<td>1 old saddle</td>
<td>6.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S. A. Porter</td>
<td>1 iron drill</td>
<td>2.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Samuel Kincaid</td>
<td>1 box old tools</td>
<td>1.45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James A. Clarkson</td>
<td>1 old cross cut saw</td>
<td>1.65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. Jackson</td>
<td>3 axes</td>
<td>1.80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S. A. Porter</td>
<td>2 single trees</td>
<td>.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T. Snead</td>
<td>1 pair studyards</td>
<td>.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. Jackson</td>
<td>1 cow bell</td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. Jackson</td>
<td>1 cow bell</td>
<td>.10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. Maustoe</td>
<td>1 old harrow $1.90 - 1 raed cow</td>
<td>$26.60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>28.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. Jackson</td>
<td>1 lot Sacts</td>
<td>.77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. Snead</td>
<td>1 drum</td>
<td>.60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ann Smith</td>
<td>1 dun cow</td>
<td>10.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Adminx of James M. Smith Dec.

Ann M. Smith
J. A. Hoover
Jared Williams
George Hively

Bath County Court July term 1863
This sale bill of the personal estate of James M. Smith dec. was returned to Court and ordered to be recorded.

C. R. McDonald, Clerk

F-030604 Wills of Bath Co. Va page 352
THE COLORADO YEARS

COLORADO

Alamosa
Morgan
La Jara
Sanford
Sunflower
Conejos
Antonio
San Luis

RIO GRANDE

San Luis

NEW MEXICO

Monte Vista
Ephraim
Los Cerritos
Manassa

Castle Creek
East durable
SIGNING OF THE PEACE TREATY WITH THE INDIANS

We need to know something about the participants to better appreciate the signing of the treaty. So, I'm giving an account of the men who took part in that signing. I'm giving more on Chief Ouray than is needed for the treaty of the San Luis Valley, but since we live on the Western Slope of Colorado and the Utes ended up here, I want my own children and grandchildren to have an account of this area too.

Chief Ouray was born in 1833 at Abiquiu near Taos, New Mexico, on the old Overland Trail. His father, Guera Murah, was a Jicarilla Apache that had been captured and reared by the Utes, later becoming a full member of the Uncompahgres and eventually became Chief. Ouray's mother was an Uncompahgre Ute who died not too long after Ouray's birth, so Guera Murah sent the young Ouray and his brother, Quench, to work on a hacienda near Taos. Growing up in this environment, Ouray learned to speak Spanish and English, and later added Apache and Ute to his languages.

Ouray and Quench worked near Taos herding sheep, gathering pinon wood for the many fireplaces in the adobe hacienda or packing the mules on the caravans traveling the Santa Fe Trail, with various wares for trade north, including the formidable "Taos Lightning." Ouray was brighter than many of the Indians working on the hacienda, so he attended Mass and received a basic education, living and dressing like a white until he returned to the Uncompahgres.

Ouray was partly a product of his environment of gambling, fandangos, religious parades and processions, brawling drunks and the casual Spanish culture of the frontier. Ouray was in Taos in 1846 when Col. Stephen W. Kearney came through with his dragoons on their way to California. The young Ute saw or heard about their number, witnessed cannons and equipment, then perceptively realized their total strength outnumbered all the Utes in Colorado.

In 1850 Ouray returned to his people and made his home with them for the next ten years until he became chief, putting on the buckskins and ways of the Uncompahgre Utes. Despite his mixed blood, he became a full-fledged member of the tribe; now his education turned abruptly in a new direction. These ten years between 1850 and 1860 were enjoyable for the young Ouray, also he quickly made the adjustment from Spanish to Indian culture, learning to love the mountains and meadows of the Uncompahgre country. Shortly after his return, Guera Murah died, leaving behind the expected inheritance of a dozen ponies for each grown son, a possession treasured more than anything by the Utes.

Belated puberty rites were held for Ouray; he was smeared with the blood of a Mountain lion to make him wise and quick, followed by a night in the tepee of a young Indian girl. In the spring of 1852 at the traditional bear dance, Ouray was paired with a young Tabequache maiden named Black Mare, whom he married shortly after. They had a son, Quesegut who was kidnapped by another Indian tribe when he was six and never heard from again. Black Mare died shortly after in 1859, so Ouray married Chipeta, who was sixteen years old — Ouray was 26. Chipeta was noted for her intelligence and beauty, moreover, these two remarkable Indians were devoted to each other. Chipeta never had any children of her own, so they adopted three orphans and reared them to adulthood.
Chipeta was a good wife and the typical condescending mate the Ute male expected — devoted, hard working, shy and quiet of mouth, keeping her temper and performing the multitude of tasks that kept the Indian household together, leaving time for her husband to partake of the male prerogatives such as gambling all night, resting late to prepare for a leisurely day of hunting and fishing or simply sitting around the campfires, fed with wood by the women, telling tall tales.

Ouray would sit around the council fires listening to the elders, absorbing as much as he could. Conejos was the Ute tribal headquarters where Ouray made many trips to councils to take part or listen in on the discussions that occurred.

Ouray fell into his new life in Colorado with great zest and soon became one of the most adept warriors of the tribe. This still was a warrior culture, where the only way a man could rise to the top was to prove his ability in this capacity. Chief Nevava and War Chief Benito quickly turned Ouray into a warrior of the highest type. He was a fine horseman, became a crack shot with a rifle and pistol and a calm quick man with a knife in a duel, surprisingly quick for his stocky build. Ouray loved to fight, both for ambition and sport, moreover he killed several Utes for Chief Nevava and, later for himself, to enforce tribal discipline.

More and more Ouray became a man of several worlds; he could live and relate with the Utes or Apaches, could speak English, Spanish, Ute, Apache and could get by in some of the Pueblo tongues.

During his second life with the Utes, Ouray learned their ways and came to love his people. When he became chief, it became his responsibility to guard them from their enemies and protect them from danger. The most serious threat came after 1860, with the gold rush, when the white encroachment on Indian land increased and there was more interest in the lands of the Western Slope of the Centennial State. Gold was discovered in the San Juans in 1859, bringing the whites closer to the Uncompahgres and their land.

In 1854, Kit Carson became Indian agent for the Muaches at the Indian agency at Conejos. Ouray and the well-known mountain man became close friends, frequently discussing problems between their two peoples. Carson was also a man at home in several worlds who understood the Indian and his culture better than any other white man in the region. Carson advised Ouray that the Utes should obtain a treaty that would confirm their holdings in Western Colorado. Ouray relayed this advice to old Chief Nevava in 1860, but Nevava said the Rockies would belong to the Utes forever, therefore, it was not necessary to obtain a treaty to confirm this ownership. "Did not Ouray realize the Utes had been safe and secure in their mountain sanctuary for 700 years?" Finally, Ouray entreated the old chief for permission to take a group of warriors to investigate the gold rush on the Front Range and in the San Juans. When the Utes witnessed the 100,000 gold seekers scrambling over both areas, they were alarmed and realized they were outnumbered by the whites.

Ouray returned to Nevava with the sobering news of the increase in white encroachment, but Nevava was still stubborn; he said, "The Utes could stop the soldiers with sticks and stones as they came through Ute or Mosca Passes."
It was at this time, in 1860, that Ouray seized command of the tribe and became chief of the Uncompahgres. It was not long until Ouray headed for Conejos to inform Kit Carson he was ready for treaty talks. Maybe old Nevava was wiser than Ouray realized, because when bargaining began, Ouray soon found he had to give up some of his land to gain a guarantee regarding Ute ownership of the remainder. However, the young chief soon became a wise and forceful negotiator for his people's interests. Ouray's first experience with treaty making came at Conejos in 1863, during the Civil War. The treaty was eventually signed in Denver, when the Utes gave up the San Luis Valley in return for a guarantee of their 16,000,000-acre holdings, mostly in Western Colorado. This was the first treaty signed by the new chief; moreover, he soon learned that when he went looking for something, he had to forfeit something else to obtain his goal. He signed this treaty "Ouray" or Arrow; the treaty was amended in 1868, when his name was changed to Ouray on the document.

The Hunt Treaty was negotiated in 1868 in Denver without any problems. It simply opened up the mining areas of the Front Range and legalized the activity of the past ten years. The Brunot Treaty was signed in Washington in 1873, after the gold and silver rush began in the San Juans, therefore, the towns of Ouray, Silverton, Creede, Telluride and Lake City soon resulted. Ouray and Chipeta and several of the other Utes made the trip to Washington to be impressed by the power and wealth of the "Great White Father." By the treaty, Ouray was given two homes — one at Los Pinos, on the junction of Los Pinos and Cochetopa Creeks, the other at Montrose. He was also granted a pension of $1,000 a year. (I won't go into what the Utes were given in this treaty).

Ouray's position as the chief of the confederation of Utes, recognized by the U.S. if not by all the Utes, was a great responsibility that weighed heavily on his shoulders, because his previous life made him aware that the future would inevitably bring changes for his people, whether they wanted them or not. He tried to follow a middle course and reconcile the differences between the two cultures, trying to preserve as much of their land and way of life as possible.

Ouray's persistence in opposition to violence and his friendly treatment of whites won him many friends among the whites, but frequently led to the "sell out" allegation among his own people. The following speech, given by Ouray in Denver in 1871, after the signing of the Brunot Treaty, eloquently portrays his wisdom and foresight in dealing with the white man:

"I realize the destiny of my people. They will be extirpated by the race that overruns, occupies and holds our hunting grounds, whose numbers and force, with the government and the millions behind it will in a few years remove the last trace of our blood that now remains. We shall fall as the leaves from the trees when the frost or winter comes, and the lands which we have roamed over for countless generations will be given over to the miner and the plowshare. In place of our humble tepees, the white man's towns and cities will appear and we shall be buried out of sight beneath the avalanche of the new civilization. This is the destiny of my people. My part is to protect them and yours, as far as I can, from the violence and bloodshed while I live and to bring both into friendly relations, so that they may be at peace with one another."

--A Story of the Centennial State by Dan Roberts

-25-
When Chief Ouray returned to Colorado, he was in great pain, critically ill with Bright's Disease. Doctors in Washington had informed Ouray that he had very little time left to live. On August 24, 1880, Ouray, attended by Chipeta and tribal medicine men, died.

It has been reported by various historians that Ouray's body was secretly buried near the Black Canyon fearing the warring tribes would despoil the grave if they knew where it was.

Two years after the death of Ouray in September 1881, General M. S. McKenzie enforced a government treaty to move the Utes from the Uncompahgre and Gunnison Valley. They had to obey but were rebellious and sullen as they departed for the Uintah Mountains. The Utes hated every day of it.

In 1886, Chipeta married the handsome Comequache and they had a good life for 22 years, at which time she was once more left a widow. She died in 1925 and was buried, with a monument erected to her memory, near Montrose. The Utes were disturbed because Ouray had no such monument so in 1926 his secret tomb was disclosed and his remains moved to Ignacio after 47 years of rest in his secret grave. He was buried among the mortal remains of his own people. The State Legislature appropriated $1,000 for a monument for Ouray to commemorate the great Indian chief who saved the lives of scores of white settlers.

In 1927, Chipeta's brother, Chief McCook, died at Fort Duchesne and, as he had requested when he attended his sister's funeral in 1925, his body was brought back to Montrose and laid to rest beside Chipeta.

Is it true the Grand Valley and Grand Junction in particular has a Ute curse? According to popular legend, two local areas were once considered "haunted" by the Ute tribes who used to inhabit the Western Slope. One spot was the LaSal Mountains of eastern Utah, the other was the valley where the Grand (now the Colorado) and the Gunnison Rivers come together, today known as Grand Junction. If the two locales were indeed considered haunted, no one knows exactly why.
During the early 1840's the governor of New Mexico granted several extensive tracts of land to Mexican settlers in an effort to stimulate colonization in Colorado and New Mexico. These grants were extended primarily to bolster the Mexican claims east of the Rio Grande, which was an area of dispute between Mexico and the newly-born Republic of Texas. The largest of these grants, the Sangre de Cristo, comprised almost the entire southern half of the San Luis Valley east of the Rio Grande. Another, the Tierra Amarilla Grant, extended north into Colorado on the western edge of the valley. The Conejos Grant, which included much of the southwestern portion of the valley that is the area we are most concerned with; was eventually declared void because of the non-compliance with its terms. (Hafen, Colorado ... pp 94-95)

The first known white settlers in the area later to become Conejos County arrived in 1842. They were holders of a Mexican land grant entitling them to settle in the vicinity of the Conejos River, which flows out of the San Juan Mountains into the valley a few miles north of the New Mexico border. This first attempt at settlement was short-lived, as the settlers were soon driven out by Indians who were resentful of the ill treatment which they felt they had received at the hands of Mexican authorities. (Frank Hall, History of the State of Colorado — (Chicago; Blakely Printing Company, 1889-1895, IV, 91-92)

The earliest permanent settlements in Colorado were established between 1851 and 1853, and were located in the San Luis Valley, east of the Rio Grande. San Luis, founded in 1851 along the banks of the Culebra River, is the oldest town in Colorado. San Pedro and San Acacio soon followed, being established in 1852 and 1853, respectively. (Hafen, Colorado, p 96.)
A second and more successful attempt at settlement on the Conejos River was made in 1854. Major Lafayette Head, a former United States Marshall for the Northern District of New Mexico, brought a group of approximately fifty Mexican families into the area of the Conejos River and settled the community of Guadalupe. This group also suffered from Indian attacks, but nonetheless gradually managed to grow and prosper. A few years later when Major Head built a new home on the south side of the Conejos River across from Guadalupe, a majority of the settlers quickly followed. This resulted in the development of a new community which was named Conejos. In 1861 the newly organized territorial legislature established, along with others, the County of Guadalupe. This name was later changed to Conejos County upon the request of territorial officials, who desired to avoid confusion with other "Guadalupe" place names in the territory. (Hall, op. cit pp 92-93)

WHERE DID THEY GET THEIR WATER?

The San Luis Valley is a large, unbroken plain, slightly depressed in the center. The edges rise more steeply on the east than on the west but the valley floor is extremely flat. Its flatness can be seen in the wide use of irrigation canals, some of which today stretch for more than twenty-five miles in straight lines, having branches and laterals which extend from them at right angles.

The Valley is completely enclosed by mountains. On the west it is bounded by the San Juan Range, with those portions of the range immediately bordering the valley being assigned individual names: La Garita, Sawatch, and Conejos. Viewed from the valley, the peaks of the San Juan Range do not appear as imposing as their altitude would normally warrant, owing to the high elevation of the valley floor. However, on the eastern side of the valley the rugged Sangre de Cristo Range stands guard, with her peaks frequently rising above 14,000 feet elevation, averaging 3,000 to 4,000 feet higher than those of the San Juan. There is a gentle westward curve at the northern and southern tips of the Sangre de Cristo Range, which results in the valley being enclosed in a slight crescent. Although the San Luis Valley is surrounded by high, snow covered mountains, it is not well watered.

Numerous mountain streams rise in the Sangre de Cristo Range, but flow only a short distance beyond the base of the mountain and are quickly lost in the sand and gravel of the valley floor. The two major streams at the northern end of the valley, the San Luis and Saguache Creeks, flow into the San Luis Lakes. The San Juan Mountains, in contrast to the narrow Sangre de Cristo, has streams flowing out less numerous but carry more substantial amounts of water. The larger of the San Juan streams, in north-south sequence, are the Saguache, the Rio Grande, Alamosa, La Jara and Conejos Rivers. These rivers together provide most of the water used for irrigation. As a consequence, the vast majority of the land under cultivation is located in the western half of the valley.

A factor of particular significance in the water supply of the San Luis Valley is the great number of flowing artesian wells that are to be found there. It is estimated that there are more than seven thousand of these wells, with flows ranging from a few gallons to several thousand gallons per minute.
The most pronounced characteristic of the climate is the year-round prevalence of sunshine, though it is closely rivaled in constancy by the winds which blow with gale force, often for days at a time.

The valley and surrounding mountains abound in a variety of natural vegetation. Pine, aspen, and spruce are found in abundance on the higher mountain slopes, with pinon and cedar being common on the lower levels. Cottonwood trees and willows mark the meanderings of the streams of the valley floor, while away from the water courses nearly the whole of the valley is covered by chico and greasewood which must be laboriously cleared away before crops can be planted. Much native hay grows in the meadows of the bottomlands nearest the valley streams.

Soil fertility is limited, owing chiefly to its coarse structure, sandy composition, and the presence of alkali. Limitations of the soil and the shortness of the growing season combine to preclude the raising of slow-maturing grains and some fruits. Thus, agricultural production centers around small grains, hay, and vegetables. Wheat ranks as the major product, with oats, alfalfa, potatoes, peas and barley being the other principal crops raised in the valley.

Mormon Colonization of the San Luis Valley by Judson Harold Flower Jr. 1878–1900.
Mormon Settlements
in the San Luis Valley and New Mexico

COLORADO

Mormon Settlements
Non-Mormon Towns
Mormon or predominantly Mormon Settlements
WHY SAN LUIS VALLEY CHOOSEN AS A SITE FOR A COLONY & WHO CHOSE IT

The most compelling factor which led to the establishment of a colony in the San Luis Valley was that missionary successes in the southern states had resulted in a large number of converts, many of whom desired to migrate west, and for whom a suitable location had to be found.

The most prominent figure in the success of the missionary work in the southern states was Elder John Morgan, who in 1875 had been called to missionary labors by Church President Brigham Young.

John Morgan was born in Indiana in 1842 and lived in that state until early manhood, when he moved to Illinois. He remained in Illinois until the outbreak of the Civil War, whereupon he enlisted in the 123d Regiment of Illinois Infantry, serving with that organization in the western theater of the war. Toward the end of the conflict he served as an officer under General William T. Sherman during the famous "March to the Sea." After being honorably discharged in 1865 he went to Poughkeepsie, New York, where he attended Eastman's Commercial College, from which he was graduated in 1866. Within a short time after graduating from Eastman's Morgan contracted a job to drive cattle from Kansas City to the Salt Lake Valley, arriving at the latter in December 1866. Determining to reside permanently in Salt Lake City, he established Morgan College, a business school which developed into one of the most respected schools of higher learning in the Territory.

In 1867 John Morgan was baptized a member of the Mormon Church, and the following year he was married to the daughter of a prominent Salt Lake City resident, Nicholas Groesbeck. Following his mission call by President Young, Elder Morgan left Salt Lake City on October 25, 1875. His labors took him initially to Illinois and Indiana, among the peoples he had known as a youth. His health soon failed him in the cold climate and he proceeded to the southern states, where he experienced considerable success in preaching the gospel. Within a short time he had organized three groups of church members totaling about sixty persons. Opposition to the Mormons soon developed throughout the vicinity which, combining with the desire of many of the new converts to be among the Saints in Zion, prompted the beginning of a search for a suitable location in the West where a settlement could be established for the southern Saints.

Elder Morgan wrote to President Brigham Young, informing him that many of the converts in the southern states desired to migrate westward, and asking advice regarding a possible location site. In reply, President Young advised Elder Morgan that the growth of Zion required an extension of the settlements already existing in Utah, and recommended western Texas or New Mexico as possible locations. He further advised Elder Morgan that the site to be selected should be healthy, with abundant water so as to make irrigation feasible at little cost, and that he preferred that it be among the Indians in order that the Saints might teach and exercise good influence over them. Also, through the friendships of these people would aid the settlers as they would have a knowledge of the country and its productions. President Young concluded his letter with a request for information regarding the probable number of emigrants and the proposed starting date of the migration.

(The Life and Ministry of John Morgan by Arthur Richardson & Nicholas G. Morgan Sr.)
A somewhat more definite determination of a location for the converts from the southern states was made through information supplied by Lawrence M. Peterson of Cebolla, New Mexico, who in 1854 had migrated from Denmark to the United States with his family, all recently converted to the Church. His father died just prior to their departure from Denmark, and his mother succumbed to cholera shortly after their arrival in the United States. Thus, Lawrence, along with an older brother, was left without parental guidance and was entrusted to the care of a company of immigrant Saints who were journeying to Utah. In Kansas City, Missouri, while the company was waiting to obtain teams and wagons for the remainder of the journey, young Lawrence strayed from the group and joined a caravan of Spanish traders, with whom he traveled to New Mexico. There he lived for approximately twenty years, becoming fluent in the Spanish language and he married a Mexican woman. In 1875 he traveled to Utah to visit his brother, Hans Jensen 1) whom he had not seen since their separation at Kansas City, and who was at that time living in Manti. While visiting with his brother in Manti, Lawrence was again brought into activity in the Church and was ordained to the office of Elder. Following his stay of two months duration, he returned to his home in New Mexico, where he preached among his Mexican neighbors, converting a group of about forty to the Church.

Lawrence Peterson was well acquainted with that portion of the San Luis Valley which lay in the vicinity of the Conejos River, having resided for some time at the Mexican village of Los Cerritos, which was located on the bank of the Conejos River seven and one half miles northeast of the town of Conejos. Much valuable information was obtained from him concerning the area of New Mexico and southern Colorado, and it was he who first recommended the San Luis Valley as a suitable place of settlement for the southern Saints. The information supplied by Brother Peterson was sent to Elder John Morgan, who was busily engaged in preparations for the migration of the recently converted Saints from the South.

Numerous factors contributed to the establishment of settlements outside of Utah. The most significant was an ever-increasing population. To the natural growth in population and church membership was added a constant flow of converts from many parts of the world immigrating to Utah to be with the main body of the Saints. In an economy that was essentially agricultural, this required a constant extension of settlements until they passed beyond the borders of the Territory.

In addition to the pressures of population, it is reasonable to assume that the ever increasing tempo of government prosecution of polygamists played a role in the development of remote settlements where plural families might take refuge.

1) The difference in names is accounted for by the fact that Lawrence adhered to the Danish custom of taking his father's given name, Peter as his own surname. His brother, Hans, adopted the American practice and retained his father's surname, Jensen.

(Mormon Colonization of the San Luis Valley, Colorado 1878–1900 by Judson Harold Flower, Jr.)
John Morgan wrote the missionary pamphlet "The Plan of Salvation." Also he had printed for the first time in Church history what today is a familiar part of a missionary kit, the missionary calling card with the elder's name on the front and the Articles of Faith on the reverse side.

When the Mormons came to the San Luis Valley to colonize, much had already been accomplished by others who had preceded them. Mining was a major economic development in the nearby San Juan Mountains and would prove a valuable source of employment to many of the Saints. There were sawmills built where many people worked including my father. I remember many stories of the days they worked at the sawmill. Agricultural development, too, was already under way, although it was to be in this latter area that the Mormons would make their most significant contribution to the further development of the San Luis Valley.

It was interesting to note how the first group of Saints came from the South to Colorado as told by John Morgan who brought them to the state. From Scottsboro, Alabama they left on November 21, 1877, the Saints started their journey to the west. The company consisted of approximately 80 people. From Scottsboro they traveled to Corinth, Mississippi on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. At Corinth they changed to the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad for the trip north to Columbus, Kentucky, where they crossed the Mississippi River on barges which carried the railroad cars with the passengers inside. From the western bank of the river they traveled on the Iron Mountain Railroad to St. Louis, Missouri, there changing to the Missouri Pacific Railroad which carried them westward to Kansas City, Missouri. They arrived at Kansas City late in the evening of November 22nd and remained aboard the train overnight. Shortly before noon on November 23rd, the company boarded the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad for Pueblo Colorado. Traveling in cold and windy weather, the Saints finally arrived at Pueblo on November 24th. As it was early evening, and no provisions had yet been made for lodging, the Saints were again permitted to remain overnight in the cars of the train.

The total adult fare from Scottsboro to Pueblo, Colorado was $29.80, with children under twelve traveling for half that amount.

The Saints spent the winter in Pueblo and then in the spring proceeded on to the San Luis Valley where they were to reside. Many of the people who came at this time were very familiar names to us and were always the stalwart of the colony and the church.

The Missionary Pamphlet above - The Plan of Salvation was written by John Morgan.

John Morgan was the one who started the using of the missionary calling card. The one above belonged to my father.
WHERE DID THEY OBTAIN THEIR LAND?

The Saints had first made application for the purchase of the lands upon which they were settling in 1879, but their goal of acquiring title to the land had met with nothing but frustration. It was generally assumed that the interests of land speculators were involved in the constant postponement by state authorities in fixing a value upon the land. It also came to light that the lands upon which the Saints were settled had been withdrawn from the General Land Office and returned as mineral lands to the Public Domain. This move had taken place at the instigation of petitions to the land board of the State by non-Mormons. Stake President Silas S. Smith had, almost from the first moment of his arrival in the valley, plunged himself into the task of acquiring title to the land occupied by the Saints. In this task he was repeatedly thwarted until the spring and summer of 1887, when the first indications of success appeared.

More than a year and a half lapsed before the Saints acquired title to the lands upon which Manassa and Sanford were located. In the meantime, however, Silas S. Smith directed his efforts toward the acquisition of land which was being put up for sale at public auction. During 1888 the Saints purchased over 10,000 acres through this source, at a price of $2.50 per acre. (San Luis Stake Manuscript History, 1888.)

The price paid by the Saints for these lands was considerably below that of adjacent lands which were appraised and sold for as high as $5.00 per acre. President Smith was credited with successfully persuading non-Mormons who were desirous of purchasing the land not to bid against the Saints, thus allowing them to obtain the land at very reasonable rates.

On February 12, 1889, the Saints finally obtained title to the lands which had been selected and settled ten years previously. This land was deeded to President Smith as land agent for the Manassa Colony, who, in turn, parcelled it out in individual families. At a total price of $2,304 (80¢ per acre) the Saints obtained title to 2,880 acres of land in two separate Townships, located in the vicinities of Manassa and Sanford, Colorado. (Colorado, State Land Patent Record, Conejos County, Book 9, Patent No. 575, p 29.)

SELECTION OF THE TOWNSITE OF MANASSA

At a council meeting held Sunday, February 3, 1879, it was decided to locate a townsit, to be named Manassa in honor of the eldest son of Joseph, of Biblical fame. From this "hub-colony" at Manassa, it was anticipated that numerous other settlements would later be established in the surrounding vicinity. A committee composed of Bishop Hans Jensen, John Allen, and Lawrence M. Peterson was appointed to devise ways to obtain the land desired and to determine the exact site of the proposed town. The selection of a site was made a matter of prayer by the members of the committee and it was felt that they were guided in their decision by the prompting of the Holy Spirit.

The location chosen for the new settlement was on State lands, approximately three miles northwest of Los Cerritos, lying along the north branch of the Conejos River and just north of a series of small knolls which interrupt the otherwise flat topography of the area.
In February, 1889, immediately upon receiving title to the land on which Manassa was located, the Saints proceeded to petition for incorporation. An official petition, signed by forty-three citizens of the town, was made to the County of Conejos on March 18th. To the petition was attached a census of the population of Manassa, showing a total of 138 families and 711 persons. County officials thereupon granted permission to conduct a special election on the issue of incorporation. The election was held on April 22, 1889, at which time, by a vote of 69 to 8, the incorporation of Manassa was passed. On May 8, 1889, by action of the County, Manassa was officially established as an incorporated town in the State of Colorado.

How the Saints got to the Valley and Jack Dempsey

Included among the number of Saints who arrived from Virginia in 1880 were Mr. and Mrs. John Dempsey, the parents of the future boxing champion who, as the "Manassa Mauler," would bring a degree of national prominence to the small town of his birth. The second group, from the south, arrived on November 20, 1880... totaling 117 souls. They had come under the leadership of Elder Matthias F. Cowley, one of the missionaries working in the southern states with Elder John Morgan. They had gathered from Virginia, Georgia and Alabama to their central point of departure at Chattanooga, Tennessee. While enroute they had picked up additions to their number at Huntington, Tennessee, and Columbus, Kentucky, the group at the latter point having come from their homes in Mississippi. (The Life and Ministry of John Morgan by Arthur Richardson and Nicholas G. Morgan Sr.)
At a Quarterly Conference Session held May 15, 1887 at 10:00 a.m. with the largest attendance of any meeting held in Manassa up to that time, the building committee was directed to build a San Luis Stake House in the town of Manassa.

On May 19, 1895, eight years of building effort culminated in the dedication of the Stake House at Manassa, only recently completed. Apostle John Henry Smith performed the dedication during the session of Stake Conference.

Under any circumstances, the erection of such a structure would have been notable, it seemed all the more so in view of the financial hardships experienced by the Saints in the San Luis Valley. The building itself was the largest of its kind in the valley. A frame structure, it measured 46 by 80 ft. with a vestry, 16 by 22 ft.

(The Life and Ministry of John Morgan by Arthur Richardson and Nicholas G. Morgan Sr.)
Grade School at Manassa, Colorado where all of us went to school as kids.

San Luis Stake Academy started in 1905. The school was held upstairs and a dance hall was on the ground floor. The building burned to the ground at 7:30 a.m. April 11, 1925 on Saturday morning. The school continued on in other buildings. The building was rebuilt for an opera house and dance hall. As near as I know, Verna was the only one of us who attended the Stake Academy.
Bishop's Office built in 1913, site of the monthly prayer circle held for over 60 years, it is now used for the Bishop's Storehouse. This building had a baptismal font as this was where I was baptized.

Old Manassa Ward Chapel built during the Depression. The Relief Society Singing Mothers provided music at many events. This was taken in 1939.
WHAT WAS HAPPENING IN THE COUNTRY IN 1883-1884, WHEN THE GIBSONS WERE CONVERTED TO THE MORMON CHURCH IN VIRGINIA AND CAME TO COLORADO TO COLONIZE.

John Morgan was president of the Southern States Mission but he was in Salt Lake City attending to affairs there. Elder B. H. Roberts was his assistant in charge in the Southern States Mission, when Elder Morgan received a wire that two of his elders in the Cane Creek Branch had been murdered. He was aware of mounting tension in some southern areas yet he wasn't prepared for this.

On July 21, 1879, an incident occurred in the South which reflected the situation of Members of the Church in that area and gave added impetus to the migration of southern converts to the San Luis Valley. On that date Joseph Standing, aged 24, one of several missionaries of the Church assigned to labor in the southern states, was shot and killed by a mob near Varnell's station, Whitfield County, Georgia.

Opposition to the Mormons in the South had been growing for some time. Elder Morgan was a frequent target of the agitators, who wrote threatening letters and tacked warning posters in areas where converts to the Church were numerous. The death of Elder Standing did not bring an end to such opposition, nor did it result in any positive action being taken by the government of Georgia to protect the Saints. Indeed, what governmental action did occur seemed to move in the opposite direction. In the fall of 1881, the Georgia state legislature enacted the following law:

Be it enacted by the general assembly of the State of Georgia, that from and after the passage of this act, it shall not be lawful for any person in this State, in any address to a public or private assemblage of persons, to counsel, advise, or encourage in any way the violation of the laws of this State forbidding polygamy or bigamy.

Be it further enacted that any person or persons who shall be guilty of the violation of this act shall on conviction be punished by confinement at labor in the penitentiary for any time not less than two nor longer than four years.

And from the citizens of Habersham County, Georgia, came the following notice to the Saints:

To the Mormons of the County of White and everywhere else: You are hereby notified not to make any more tracks on this side of the river (Chattahoochee), for you are not fit to pollute the air with false doctrine. We just give you this note of warning to keep from hurting you; but if you or anybody else comes over in Habersham, telling your Big Mormon lies any more, you will be dealt with almost unmercifully; that is, you will not get back with all the skin on your backs. You had better rake up your subjects and leave the State. A word to the wise is enough. (Mob Law in Georgia" Deseret Evening News Dec. 23, 1881)

The anti-Mormon sentiment in Georgia was typical of that throughout the South, and that of the South was in many ways only a reflection of the nation-wide wave of popular feeling against the Mormons which swept over the country during the years 1877-1884. The Mormon practice of polygamy was the central issue in this agitation, which received governmental, as well as popular, attention. Government action reached its high-water mark when, following
lengthy debate and passage in the Senate, the President of the United States signed the "Edmunds Law" into effect on March 22, 1882. This law, in effect, amended the 1862 anti-bigamy law by strictly defining polygamy and further declaring it to be a misdemeanor, punishable by fine and imprisonment. It also imposed restrictions which, in essence, disqualified all Mormons from jury service.

In the South, as elsewhere, opposition against the Saints continued to increase. On August 10, 1884, another act of violence occurred when Elders John H. Gibbs and William S. Berry and two others, friends of the Elders but not members of the Church, were murdered at Car Creek, Tennessee.

(Roberts - Comprehensive History of the Church VI, 89-92)

Elder B. H. Roberts, assistant to President John Morgan of the Southern States Mission. The left photograph shows him as he normally appeared. The right photograph was taken when he donned a disguise to secure the bodies of the two missionaries murdered in the South in 1884.

All of this terror and violence had a marked effect upon the rate of emigration by southern converts to the West, and the "spirit of gathering," which elder Morgan frequently mentions in his letters, was given a considerable boost by the threatenings of the populace. In an address before the General Conference of the Church in Salt Lake City, Elder Morgan stated that the situation had continued to grow progressively worse, "until we scarcely need to preach in the Southern States the principle of emigration, so anxious are the people to escape from their surroundings. Whatever the motivating force,
Saints from the southern states continued to pour into the San Luis Valley in regular spring and fall migrations for a full decade after that first handful spent the winter of 1877-78 in the barracks at Pueblo.

(The Life and Ministry of John Morgan by Arthur Richardson & Nicholas G. Morgan Sr.)

This history of the South at this time is important to us as the Gibsons were converted to the church in Virginia and were confronted by mobs and about a dozen years later my father was a missionary in the Southern States and met the same conditions with mobs as his stories tell us.

Meantime back at the ranch —

OPPOSITION & DISSENTION IN MANASSA & SANFORD & SANFORD SILAS SMITH

Early in 1881 it became evident that a bad feeling was growing between the Saints from Utah and those from the South. The root of this problem lay, not in disputes over doctrine or religious practices, but in the differing customs and culture backgrounds of the two groups.

A majority of the Saints from Utah were of Scandinavian birth or descent. In the same way that most immigrants coming to the United States from Europe found the society and culture of the North more conducive to their aspirations than that of the South, the Utah Saints felt more at ease among their own group than amid the southern folk. This in spite of the fact that they were commonly bound by the same religious views. Too, a great number of those from Utah spoke their native language with greater facility than English, and foreign immigrants in the United States everywhere tended to congregate with their own kind in isolated or semi-isolated groups. These factors contributed to a degree of separateness that could be readily observed from the fact that, in general, the Saints from Utah gathered to the newer communities being built away from Manassa, while Manassa itself became more and more a town comprised of southerners.

For the southern Saints, who found it much more difficult to adjust to their new environment than did those from Utah, there was the added irritant of finding themselves subjected to instruction on everything from church doctrine to farming and irrigation practices. Being native Americans, they found it difficult to accustom themselves to what was essentially a subordinate position under the Saints from Utah, who were generally of foreign extraction. Another point of resentment among the southerners was that, in the main, members of their group had been excluded in the selection of individuals to fill leadership positions in the various church organizations. This was somewhat remedied when, observing the discord which had been engendered, Apostle Erastus Snow and Silas S. Smith recommended a change in the presiding officers at Manassa. Soren C. Berthelsen was released from his position as Presiding Elder over his Manassa Branch, being replaced by William L. Ball, a southerner (who, it should be noted has resided in Utah for a time before coming to the San Luis Valley).

While some of the factors mentioned were of considerable significance in causing ill-feeling between the two groups, others clearly belong in the realm of trivia. Whatever the cause, the net result of the disagreement was a noticeable reduction in the rate of spiritual and temporal progress in the
Colorado settlements. The assistance which was intended to be the effect of sending experienced settlers to aid the newly converted was in substantial measure nullified by the lack of cooperation between the two groups. Although the immediate problems were soon resolved and harmony again restored, resentment continued to linger below the surface for many years. It remains to this day a subject requiring a cautious and tactful approach.

Former Bishop William L. Ball was angered at being excommunicated from the Church, he had endeavored to stir up opposition from without and dissension from within. In both, he was quite successful. He claimed that he had been excommunicated for not voting as he had been directed.

In 1864 Stake records show a total of 60 persons, the overwhelming majority of them southern converts living in Manassa, being excommunicated from the Church, most at their own request. Although some later rejoined the Church, the majority did not, and of those who remained outside the Church, most either moved to areas in the valley away from the Mormon settlements or returned to their former homes in the south.

In November, 1880, Silas Sanford Smith arrived to take up permanent residence in the San Luis Valley. A cousin of Joseph Smith, prophet and founder of the Mormon Church, Silas was to play the leading role among the Saints in the San Luis Valley for the next decade. In January, 1879, at the time the decision was being made to extend Mormon settlements into such areas as Arizona, Colorado and New Mexico, Silas had been appointed as President of the San Juan Mission, named for its location along the San Juan River in the "Four Corners" area of Utah, Arizona, Colorado, and New Mexico. Included in this mission were settlements at Bluff and Montezuma, both in Utah, Burnham, New Mexico; and Mancos, Colorado. His responsibilities were later extended to include the San Luis Valley, and at the conference held at Manassa in August 1879, it was announced that he would have general supervision over the Saints in the valley. In July, 1880, he made a trip into the valley for the purpose of looking into conditions there. While at Manassa he devoted most of his time to visiting among the settlers, giving them encouragement and advice. Observing the need for a grist mill to convert wheat into flour he, in partnership with Brother D. H. Elledge, purchased a flour mill in the town of San Luis, located about twenty miles east of Manassa in Costilla County. The rather considerable distance between the settlement of Manassa and the mill in San Luis proved to be a problem, but in spite of this handicap the mill operated successfully for five years before being moved to Manassa.


With the arrival of Silas S. Smith in the valley came a change in Church organization. Manassa Branch officials remained as before, but Silas was given specific appointment as the presiding official over all of the Saints throughout the valley. Platte D. Lyman was designated to serve as First Counselor to President Smith, and William Christensen received appointment as Second Counselor.
Not all that took place during 1884 was negative. Emigrant groups continued to arrive from the South, and material growth and expansion was generally observable throughout the Mormon settlements of the valley. Even in the more spiritual realm improvement was noted, despite, or perhaps because of, the serious difficulties encountered during the year. To a certain extent the dissension among the Saints had resulted in the elimination of a dissident element, and leaders of the various Wards indicated that there was a notable increase of faith and harmony among those who remained. The Deseret Evening News, in commenting editorially about the apostate members who had stirred up so much trouble in the valley, gave little indication of sympathy, stating that "the withdrawal of such a class of people from the Church is a decided benefit to the Saints," and such seems to be the judgment of history.

At the General Conference of the Church, held in Salt Lake City in October 1884, Elder John Morgan was called and set apart as one of the First Seven Presidents of Seventy. Though his new calling involved a broadening of his activities, he continued in his assignment as President of the Southern States Mission for another four years, and as such he continued to play an important role in the development of the Mormon colonies of the San Luis Valley.

Silas Sanford Smith, Jr., Colonizer, Statesman. He still has many descendants who live in the San Luis Valley.
Forty-one years of Sanford history are tied to this majestic stone church completed in 1907.

This church was built during a time when the members of the Church were experiencing extreme hardship as they struggled to survive in a new location. Their faith was truly evidenced by the fine building they provided for worship.

Many will remember the building with the double doors at the east entrance that were never locked. Inside the little vestibule, with its bare wooden floors, was a ladder on the south wall that went all the way to the steeple. At one time or another, nearly every child in town dangerously scaled the ladder and took a bird's eye view of the town. It was the town's only skyscraper, and was somewhat of a miracle that no accidents were ever reported.

There were north, east, and south walks all leading to a double water fountain that gushed cold, clear artesian well water in front of the building. By the north gate was a large blue-grey rock on which was chisled "Holiness To The Lord" with the names of Silas Sanford Smith for whom the town was named, the date of dedication, and other bits of historical information.

There are many fond memories of the Church - the three rows of benches, the aisles, the green curtains that pulled along division wires to form classrooms, double doors on the north used by the janitor for access to the coal house, the matching double doors on the south which accommodated caskets and pall bearers as, in the early days, the horse drawn wagon loaded and unloaded its sad burden or, in more recent times, the big black hearse parked ominously alongside. the two large black coal burning stoves that radiated heat as the janitor rattled the coal bucket and adjusted dampers on the black stove pipes that extended all the way to the ceiling, the bare wooden floors throughout, except for the official's stage where a "carpet runner" was provided through the courtesy of the Relief Society sisters, the coal oil lamps of early days, followed by the carbide light and finally the miracle of electricity, the platform where the Ward Clerk was seated, the white and gold railing near the Sacrament table, the stage proper where was located the seating arrangement for the Bishopric and others who were to participate in the meetings, the north and south ends of the stage which accommodated a piano and benches for seating graduation classes and others who took part in the various programs held there, the choir alcove with a pump organ in the center, behind the choir alcove, the entrance to the spiral staircase that circled around to the single classroom over the back part of the building, the cloak room, the music shelves, even the magic of the back steps where many a group of boys and girls enjoyed the afternoon sunshine and had a heart-to-heart talk or shared a treat from the store across the way, a kaleidoscope of never to be forgotten memories of that wonderful old church.
Named after the famous Tivoli Gardens in Copenhagen, Denmark the Tivoli Hall in Sanford was unique because its floor was set on springs.

THE TIVOLI - Following the example of President Brigham Young, who in 1861 had ordered the construction of the Salt Lake theatre in which historic building every great actor of America for more than a half century performed, a gentlemen from Sanford undertook the building. The popular, if improbable, building was the work of contractor Peter Andrew Morteman. While still in the planning stages, it was referred to as "Peter's Folly." Like many a "folly", it succeeded willy-nilly, drawing scores of people and oodles of money throughout its 30-year career under four successive owners, the last of which was the Mormon Church.

Constructed on several giant coil springs, the dance hall's circular floor was in constant motion as dancers whirled around on the hardwood surface. The floor danced with them. An attraction which drew bands and overflow crowds from all over southern Colorado, the Tivoli had the magical quality of answering both childhood dreams and adult fantasies.

A community center in every sense of the word, the dance hall was also used as a basketball arena, and somewhere along the way, housed a roller skating rink and bowling alley. When silent movies came along in the 1920's it became a cinema as well. But most of all it was a dance hall.

Murals painted by King Driggs bedecked the walls and stars and a moon adorned the domed ceiling. Those who wanted to skip a dance would seat themselves on an outer rim not connected to the dance floor. A not uncommon sight was a row of baby buggies along the sidelines where slept the babies of parents who couldn't resist the dance but had no one to look after the little ones. The circular seating arrangement beneath the windows provided sleeping space for the kiddies who fell asleep during the evening and were covered by their parents wraps.

Built to accommodate a variety of functions, the building served many recreational needs —
The townsite of Eastdale was surveyed in 1890. However, no homes were built on the site until the Spring of 1891, as the first dwellings in the vicinity had been built near the reservoir. The townsite itself contained 100 acres surveyed into twelve blocks, four lots to a block, with three tiers of four blocks each running east and west. Christen Jensen built the first house, located near the reservoir.

As in nearly all new Mormon settlements, work on an irrigation ditch was the first order of business. A reservoir was also constructed, as it was felt that water from the Costilla Creek, which ran along the north edge of the settlement, would not suffice for irrigation purposes through the summers unless some means were found to store the water for use during the drier months. The reservoir was located a mile or so northeast of the settlement, and the cultivated lands extended from the reservoir in a southwesterly direction continuing along the same line beyond the townsite.

The Saints at Eastdale purchased two thousand acres of land at $4.50 per acre from the United States Freehold Land and Emigration Company, which had gained control over a part of the original Sangre de Cristo land grant.

In 1891 a 60-foot well was dug on the property of Christen Jensen near the center of the townsite. This well served for several years as the chief source of water for both culinary purposes and watering of stock. The time and effort involved in raising buckets of water sixty feet to serve the needs of an entire community made the task a tedious one. It also meant a continual parade of thirsty people and animals past the front door of the Jensen home, and we are assured that they never lacked for company.

In 1892 most of the houses which had previously been built near the reservoir were moved to the townsite. Harvests, which for the first three years of the settlement's existence had increased with each year, suffered a setback in 1893, when a severe drought caused a crop failure. Water from the reservoir, which up to this time had not been required, could not overcome the effects of the drought.

Lack of water was the most persistent problem for the Saints located at Eastdale, and one which was further complicated by a conflict over water rights with the company from which they had purchased their land. This contest was eventually settled by the courts in favor of the land company, forcing the Saints to abandon the settlement a few years after the turn of the century. In 1900, there were 16 families at Eastdale, totaling 122 souls. (The Mormons - 100 Years in the San Luis Valley)
THE TOWN OF RICHFIELD, COLORADO

This area was immediately east of La Jara and approximately six miles directly north of Manassa. This area possessed good land, but had been previously overlooked as a possible town site because it appeared to be too high to make water from the Conejos River serve for irrigation purposes. However, Brother Thor N. Peterson, using a spirit-level, determined that a ditch could be constructed which would bring water to the new location. Non-Mormons in the area ridiculed the idea that irrigation was possible, saying that "Mormons thought they could make water run uphill." Undaunted by the taunts of their detractors, the Saints began work on a ditch in 1881, tapping the Conejos River at the same point as the Ephraim Canal, and running a north-west course of almost eight miles to the destination at Richfield.

During the fall of 1881, the families of Thor N. Peterson and Thomas A. Crowther, both from Utah, built small pioneer cabins in the Richfield area. The efforts of the Saints in constructing the Richfield Canal was rewarded when work on the canal was completed on April 28, 1882. With water from the Conejos River pouring through the ditch, the planting of crops began. However, owing to the lateness of the season, only a small harvest of wheat was realized in the fall.

In the autumn of 1882 it was decided that the initial location of the Richfield townsite was too marshy, and the decision was made to relocate the town, moving it a short distance further north. A new townsite was surveyed containing 260 acres, and several buildings were constructed on the site that same autumn. Church meetings were held in the homes of members until February, 1882, when work on a log meeting house was completed. On February 18, 1883, the Saints at Richfield were officially organized into a dependent Branch of the Ward at Manassa.

Our Spotswood Nicholas Gibson and his family came to this area from Virginia. They got off the train in La Jara in March 1884 and came to Richfield to the home of Ephraim Coombs where they rented rooms. They later settled in Manassa, the majority of the family, but some remained in this area. Ephraim Coombs was made bishop of this Ward in 1888.

(The Mormons - 100 Years in the San Luis Valley - 1883-1983)
The old Morgan schoolhouse where church meetings were held.

The settlement of Morgan occurred at about the same time as that of Sanford. Morgan was located in a flat, open area two miles north of Alamosa Creek, a tributary of the Rio Grande. The town was situated twelve miles northwest of Manassa and was named in honor of Elder John Morgan who had played such a prominent role in the Mormon settlement of the San Luis Valley.

The first Mormon settler in the vicinity of Morgan was John W. Hunt, who located there in 1885. He was followed by others in 1886, and work began immediately on an irrigation ditch. Water from the Alamosa Creek was easily accessible and the ditch was completed in time for crops to be planted and raised that same year.

The land at Morgan was open to preemption and homestead, it could also be settled under the provisions of the Timber Culture Act of 1873, which granted 160 acres of treeless land to settlers who would participate in reforestation programs. Capitalizing on the availability of free land, most of the Saints at Morgan obtained their lands through the provisions of such laws. Altogether, Mormon settlers in the area gained title to approximately three and a half sections of land.

Despite the inexpensiveness of obtaining land, the settlement of Morgan proved to be a difficult task. At the Quarterly Stake Conference in August 1888, Elder Samples reported that the general condition of the settlement was poor, and that a number of the inhabitants were heavily burdened with debt.

In 1893 the population of Morgan totaled 80 souls. No actual townsite had as yet been surveyed, and the Saints were desirous of having this task accomplished. However, it was 1899 before the official plat for the townsite of Morgan was filed at the county seat in Conejos. At the turn of the century Morgan was, and has remained to the present day, a sparsely settled community, scarcely meriting designation as a "town."

Martin G. Price was bishop of the Morgan Branch in 1896-1900. Some of his descendants are still in this vicinity.
The best known of the lay brotherhoods of the Southwest were the Los Hermanos Penitente and the Third Order of St. Francis. The Penitentes became quite popular from 1860 to 1920, then began to decline, but are still active in many communities of Southern Colorado. Some claim the brotherhood began in Mexico about 1600, but it probably started in Spain much earlier. The Franciscans were a dedicated austere order, with many of the brothers practicing asceticism and, although such practices were banned by papal decree in 1319, they continued and were probably brought to New Mexico by the devout Franciscans.

When the Franciscans were ordered out of New Mexico in the 1840's, the order began to perform the work of the Church on their own where priests were not available. The town of San Luis was without a priest for over ten years, others for longer periods of time, forcing priests who could to travel, leaving much of the work of the Church to the lay brothers.

Religious activity was the most important part of the life pattern among the Spanish American settlers of the San Luis Valley. At the town of Conejos they built in 1858 "Our Lady of Guadalupe," the oldest church in Colorado. It is still being used. These happy people with their religious festivals and many Saints days were at home in the so-called roof garden of Colorado before the gold rush had begun.

Juan de Onate was a Penitente who whipped himself in the presence of his friends, many of his men took up the whip and followed his rather painful example. Certainly for travelers who saw piles of crosses waiting for use on distant hillsides and heard lurid stories of self-torture with whips and cactus, the existence of the order isolated Spanish-speaking Colorado as alien territory.

Among the Penitentes the most important event of Holy Week occurs on Good Friday, when the Cristo carries his cross to Calvary to be crucified. During procession the brothers wear short trousers and hoods, but are otherwise bare of foot and body. Hoods are not worn in the Philippines where secrecy is not maintained. The Cristo leads the procession, followed by the new members, scourging themselves as they march - one blow for every two steps. The cross is erected for the Cristo to be tied in position. Sometimes the Cristo is so emotionally overwrought that he pleads to be nailed to make his suffering more meritorious. This has been done in the past in the Southwest, but is not done now. It is, however, still done in the Philippines.

The purpose of the order, as the name implies, is penance, not only for their sins, but for the sins of the world. Membership in the Penitentes is by invitation.

The Spanish culture brought into the Centennial State had undergone alteration and modification in the 300 odd years since it arrived in Mexico City. This culture which dominates the Southwestern United States had made its share of contributions. The cattle industry, the cowboy, over a hundred varieties of fruits and vegetables, place names, language, art, music, to name only a few remain as a reminder of this heritage.
When the Saints came to Manassas to settle, their prevailing poverty was a constant obstacle to the progress of the settlement, and one which could not be overcome solely by the injection of Mormon families from Utah into the community. Much credit for assisting the new arrivals through the first difficult months was due the Mexicans of the valley who rented homes, farms, seed, and other materials and equipment to the newcomers arriving in their midst. The Mormons were thus enabled to begin farming almost immediately upon arrival, thus lessening the burden which otherwise would have been thrown upon the growing colony in caring for them. In addition, the chance to begin almost immediately in working for their own improvement was an important morale factor. There was in general, and especially in the earlier years of the Mormon colonization, a kindly and friendly feeling between the Mormons and their Mexican neighbors. The Saints were grateful at finding a peaceful and even helpful welcome extended to them by the Mexicans, who, for their part, were equally pleased to encounter a group of Americans who did not rush to take advantage of their innocence in business matters.

LAW & ORDER IN THE COLONY

New settlements were built under a specific plan, which called for the establishment of a community on the most promising site in a given vicinity. From this "hub-colony" other settlements would gradually expand throughout the surrounding area. Towns were placed at intervals of from seven to ten miles. Each town was surveyed into large square blocks of several acres each, with the blocks subdivided into lots for individual families. Farms covered as much of the land as was feasible between towns, the land being divided into small plots proportionate to the size of the families which would work them. As a rule, no homes were built on the farm lands, and all of the settlers resided in the towns. This practice of having the people reside only in the towns can be attributed to several factors, of which the most obvious - defense against the Indian menace - was only one. Town life made possible the establishment of local governments which were entrusted with the conduct of civil affairs. In addition, it provided opportunity for recreation and formal education. Above all, it afforded a greater chance for religious and spiritual guidance and development than could be possible while living in separate and remote farm units. 1)

Local government in the colonies was relatively simple, and was accomplished with a minimum of formal governmental apparatus. The religious leaders of the community, who had been appointed by higher officials of the church, were likewise given the function of supervision over secular affairs at a level corresponding to their religious position. Both religious and secular appointments required the sustaining approval of the popular membership of the area concerned, which was somewhat automatically given. Little, if any distinction was made between religious and secular roles of leadership, and the possession of authority in both spheres was rarely questioned. Local tribunals were established, which performed their function without regard to the fine line which separates the affairs of church and state. 2)

1) Milton R. Hunter, Utah, The Story of Her People - Salt Lake City, Deseret News Press. pp 229-233

2) Brigham Young The Colonizer - Hunter pp 114-118
United States of America.

COUNTY OF Colorado.

STATE OF Colorado.

Greeting:

To Chas H. Gibson, Clerk,

I, Stephen A. Smith, Clerk, within and for said Town, do hereby certify that at a Special meeting of the Board of Trustees of said Town held on the 13th day of September, A.D. 1962, you were appointed to the office of Special Policeman in and for said Town for the two days of the fair as appears from the Record of said meeting in my Office.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and Official Seal, this 16th day of September, A.D. 1963.

Stephen A. Smith, Clerk.
United States of America  
State of Colorado  

GREETING:

I, Leva Harris, Clerk, within and for said town, do hereby certify that at a town Election held in said town on the 3rd day of April, A.D. 1917, Henry Gibson received the greatest number of votes cast for the office of trustee for one year in and for said town, as appears from the official canvass of the votes cast at said Election in said town made on the 9th day of April, A.D. 1917, and that said Henry Gibson is duly elected trustee for one year as aforesaid.

In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and Official Seal this 9th day of April, A.D. 1917.

Leva Harris  
Clerk.
Let us not forget so to live that those who come after us may feel that we, too, have been ancestors worthy to be cherished.

WARNING:
"Few people make their place in the sun by lying in the shade of family trees."

When you come to the end of your rope . . . .
Tie a knot there - and hang on.

Anonymous
THE BEATITUDES

Blessed are the grandparents who joined the L.D.S. Church in Virginia, sacrificed all to bring their family to Colorado to help colonize the Manassa Colony.

Blessed are the grandfathers, who filed every legal document, for these provide the PROOF.

Blessed are the grandmothers, who preserved family Bibles and records, for these are our HERITAGE.

Blessed are fathers, who elect officials that answer letters of inquiry, for – to some – the ONLY LINK to the past.

Blessed are mothers, who relate family TRADITIONS AND LEGENDS to the family, for one of her children will surely remember.

Blessed are relatives, who fill in family sheets with extra data, for to them we owe our FAMILY HISTORY.

Blessed is any family, whose members strive for the PRESERVATION of RECORDS, for this is a labor of love.

Blessed is a niece for keeping many of these things that belonged to her grandparents just because they were old.

Blessed are the children, who will never say, "Grandpa, you have told that old story twice today."

Blessed is anybody who will spend the time, money and effort to put forth a work like this for her family.

Blessed are the parents who teach their children to love and respect grandparents even when they died before their children knew them.
Spottswood Nicholas Gibson, son of Nicholas Francis Gibson and Elizabeth Bowen Gibson, was born April 1, 1830 in Albemarle County, Virginia. He had one brother, Tazwell Madison Gibson and one sister, Anna Gibson.

Spottswood Nicholas was a wheelwright by trade and was also engaged in stock raising, farming and carpentering. He married Charlotte Oyler, daughter of John Oyler and Elizabeth Hinton on June 5, 1853 in Virginia. She was born about 1832 at Covington, Alleghany, Virginia. She was the eldest of six children, Charlotte, Clarissa, James, John, Charles and Andrew.

Spottswood N. Gibson of Albemarle County, Virginia enlisted in the Confederate Army at "Jackson's River," Virginia, May 10, 1861 at age 31, in Company C. 27th Regiment Virginia Infantry, for one year, (but he served for four years). He was mustered into service as a Private. On September 25, 1864, he was captured at Harrisonburg, Rockingham County, Virginia and taken to Point Lookout, Maryland, where he was paroled on an unspecified date. He served under Stonewall Jackson and was badly wounded at Harper's Ferry. He carried a minit ball in his thigh for thirty years or until his death and always walked with a cane.

The Gibson family always tried to protect the Mormon Elders, as people were quite bitter toward the missionaries in those days. The elders held cottage meetings at the Gibson home. Charles Henry tells of an incident that happened while the family still lived in Virginia:

"Newel W. Kimball and his companion, James Smith, came to our house as missionaries to hold cottage meetings. People of the town were going to mob the elders, but my father told them to bring their caskets with them if they came to our house to get them. He would send my brother, Jack, down the road one direction and brother Marion the other direction, and he sat in the door with a shotgun across his lap. But they never did bother us at all."

Spottswood Nicholas and his wife, Charlotte were baptized in the L.D.S. Church on November 17, 1883, and part of their children joined the next year.

Spottswood Nicholas and his wife sold their land in Bath County, Virginia (which was part of 600 acres altogether) to his nephew Lewis Gibson. The family had joined the L.D.S. church and was sent to the San Luis Valley of Colorado to help colonize and settled in Manassa, Colorado. They came to La Jara, Colorado on the narrow gauge train in March 1884 and rented rooms from Ephriam Coombs.

All of the children of the Gibsons came west with them but two so I'm going to list them as you will recognize many of them in the process.

1. Elizabeth Sarah or "Lizzie", who married Alma Hayes

2. Pernelia Ann or "Neelie as she was known at home, but her own family called her Cornelia. She married James David Hicks and didn't come west with them as they lived in Nebraska.
Spotswood Nicholas and Charlotte (Oiler) Gibson

3. Marion Nicholas who never married as far as anyone knows, and didn’t come west with the family.

4. Andrew Jackson or "Jack" who married Laura Etta Sprouse.

5. Emma Hammond or "Emmy" married Martin Brown Echols.

6. Amanda Jane or "Mandy" married into polygamy with William Thomas Dotson.


9. Robert Lee or "Bob" never married.

The Spotswood Nicholas Gibsons went to the Logan Temple by train in October 10, 1889 and were married for time and eternity.

Grandpa Gibson lived to raise all his children to be grown and died October 17, 1894 and is buried at Manassa, Conejos, Colorado in the older cemetery.
This deed made this 30th day of December in the year 1870, between Spottswood N. Gibson and Charlotte, his wife, of the County of Bath, in the State of Virginia, parties of the first part, and Lewis N. Gibson of the County and State aforesaid, party of the second part, Witnesseth: That the said Spottswood N. Gibson and Charlotte, his wife, for and in consideration of the sum of Two Hundred Dollars to them in hand paid, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, do grant, bargain, sell and convey and by these presents have granted, bargain, sold, and conveyed unto the said Lewis N. Gibson, his heirs or assigns the one undivided half of a certain tract or parcel of land lying and being in the said County of Bath on the Western side of Cedar Creek, the whole tract containing five hundred acres, the same more or less and bounded as follows: Towit: Beginning at a white walnut on a steep hill and running south along the side of the hill to the bend of the creek, and running with the creek, to Boltons line, where it crosses the creek, this being the dividing line between the lands of the late Nicholas F. Gibson and Tazewell and Spottswood N. Gibson, there by Deacon's surveys to the foot of Collison's Mountain, it being the undivided one-half of the Tract of land conveyed by Nicholas F. Gibson to Tazewell M. and Spottswood N. Gibson by deed bearing date on the 15th day of December 1850 and of record in the Clerk's Office of the County Court of Bath County, and the said Spottswood N. Gibson and Charlotte, his wife, Covenant to and with the said Lewis N. Gibson that they will warrant the title in the undivided one-half of the said 200 acres of land hereby conveyed. Witness the following signatures and seals.

His
Spotswood xx N. Gibson (seal)
Mark
Her
Charlotte xx Gibson (seal)
Mark

State of Virginia ) To Wit:
Bath County )

We, A.C.L. Gatewood and John D. Bradley, Justices of the Peace in and for the County of Bath, in the State of Virginia, do hereby certify that Spotswood N. Gibson, whose name is signed to the foregoing deed, bearing date on the 30th day of December, 1870, personally appeared before me in our County aforesaid and acknowledged the same to be his act and deed. And we further certify that Charlotte Gibson, the wife of the said Spotswood N. Gibson, whose name is also signed to the foregoing deed bearing date on the said 30th day of December 1870 personally appeared before us in our County aforesaid, and having been examined by us privately and apart from her said husband and having the Deed aforesaid fully explained to her, she the said Charlotte Gibson acknowledged the same to be her act and deed and declared that she had willingly executed the same and does not wish to retract it. Given under our hands this 30th day of December 1870.

A. C. S. Gatewood J.P.
John D. Bradley J.P.

F-030611 Deeds Bath Co. Virginia, Book 12, pages 526-527

-59-
Spottswood N. Gibson of Alleghany County, Virginia, enlisted at "Jacksons River," Virginia, May 10, 1861, at age 31, in Company C, 27th Regiment Virginia Infantry, for one year. He was mustered into service as a Private. On September 25, 1864, he was captured at Harrisonburg, Rockingham County, Virginia, and taken to Point Lookout, Maryland, where he was paroled on an unspecified date.

September 11, 1974
Richmond, Virginia

Archivist

State Librarian
STATE OF COLORADO }  
COUNTY OF CONEJOS, 
IN THE COUNTY COURT.

IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF }  
S.N. Gibson, Deceased }  

DEGREE FOR SALE OF REAL ESTATE

Now on this day come Amanda J. Voncannon, administratrix of the estate of S. N. Gibson, deceased, the petitioner herein, in person and by E. S. Counselor, Esq. her attorney, and C. H. Gibson, in person, and Lottie Hicks, minor, by R. K. Brown, Esq., her guardian and litem, heretofore duly appointed, and this cause now coming on to be heard upon the petition for the sale of the real estate of said S. N. Gibson, or a portion thereof, and it now satisfactorily appearing to the Court from the records and files of said Court herein, that an order has been heretofore entered fixing the 7th day of June, A.D. 1920, as the day for the hearing upon said petition; that at least twenty days before the date set for the hearing said petition, notice of hearing the petition was personally served upon C.H. Gibson, that a copy of said notice was duly published in the Antonito Ledger, a newspaper published at Antonito, in the County and State aforesaid, of general circulation in said County, once each week for two successive weeks, a copy of which with the publisher's affidavit thereto attached has been filed herein, and more than twenty days have elapsed since the last publication of said notice; that a copy of said notice was duly mailed, properly stamped and addressed to each of the following named persons, to-wit: Mr. James Hicks at Axtell, Nebraska, Mrs. Annie Hicks-Godbey at Mitchell, Nebraska, and Mrs. Lula Hicks-Shafto at Kearney, Nebraska, G. W. Gibson at Telluride, Colo., R. L. Gibson at Telluride, Colo.; A. J. Gibson at Central, Arizona; Elizabeth Hayes at Alamosa, Colo.; and Emma E. Echolls at Central, Arizona that said notice and the service thereof are regular and in due form of law.

And now the Court, having examined the files and records of said Court in said cause, and having heard the testimony and examined the exhibits now here produced and taken in open Court, and having duly considered the same, doth find that proper and legal grounds exist for the sale of the real estate hereinafter described; that such is necessary or expedient or would be for the best interests of said estate or the persons interested therein, due regard being had for the rights of all; that said petitioner has executed and filed in said Court a bond with good and sufficient sureties, conditioned for the faithful accounting for any and all sums received from such sale, in a penal sum of not less than the appraised value of said real estate hereby approved by the Court; that an appraisement of said real estate has been duly made, returned into, and approved by this Court.

It is therefore ordered, adjudged and decreed that the said petitioner shall proceed to sell all the right, title and interest of said S.N. Gibson, deceased, in and to the following described real estate to-wit:

Eighteen (18) acres in the W\text{3/4} of the SE\text{3/4} of Section 14, and the W\text{1/2} of the SW\text{1/4} of the SE\text{1/4} of Section 13, also a tract of land described as follows to-wit: Commencing at the north west corner of the north east quarter of Section 24 and running south 27 feet; thence east 20 rods; thence north 27 feet; thence west 20 rods to the place of beginning all in township 34 north, range 9 east.
And it being the opinion of the Court that it would benefit the said estate to sell such real estate at private sale, due regard being had for the rights of all, it is therefore ordered that said property be sold at private sale, at not less than the appraised value of each separate lot or parcel thereof. It is further ordered that in no event shall the petitioner herein, either directly or indirectly, or by anyone for her, become the purchaser of said property or any part thereof; that said petitioner shall have power to adjourn such sale, from time to time, not exceeding three months; that upon making such sale said petitioner shall thereupon report her action in the premises to this Court with all convenient speed.

Done in Open Court this 7th day of June A.D., 1920.

By the Court:

Culver A. Green
County Judge.

STATE OF COLORADO, )
COUNTY OF CONEJOS, ) ss IN THE COUNTY COURT.

IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF ) ORDER CONFIRMING SALE
S. N. Gibson, ) OF REAL ESTATE.
Deceased.

Now on this day comes Amanda J. Voncannon, administratrix, of said estate, in person, and by E. S. Counselor, Esq., her attorney, and C. H. Gibson, in person, and this matter comes on to be heard upon the report of sale of real estate made under and by virtue of the decree of this Court.

And it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that in making said sale, the said Amanda J. Voncannon, as administratrix, has in all respects fully complied with the law in such case made and provided, and with the decree of this Court.

It is therefore ordered, adjudged and decreed that the sale made by the said Amanda J. Voncannon, as such administratrix, to the Jackson Investment Company of the following described lot or parcel of land, situate in the County of Conejos, State of Colorado, to-wit:

Commencing at the south west corner of the southeast quarter of the south east quarter of section 14, in township 3½ north, range nine east, N.M.P.M. and running north 80 rods; thence east 40 rods; thence south 62 rods; thence west 18 rods; thence south 18 rods; thence west 22 rods to the place of beginning, containing 18 acres more or less, for the sum of $1800.00 said sum being more than the appraised value of said described real estate, said sum is not disappropriately to the value of said real estate, a greater sum not being obtainable, be and the same is hereby approved and confirmed.

-62-
It is also ordered, adjudged, and decreed that the sale made by the said Amanda J. Voncannon, as such administratrix, to C. H. Gibson of the following described lot or parcel of land, situate in the County of Conejos, State of Colorado, to-wit: the W% of the SW% of the SE% of Section 13, and also a tract of land described as follows to-wit:

Commencing at the northwest corner of the northeast quarter of Section 24, in township 34 north and range nine east, and running south 27 feet, thence east 20 rods; thence north 27 feet; thence west 20 rods to the place of beginning, all in township 34 north and range 9 east, containing five acres more or less, for the sum of $500.00, said sum being the appraised value of said described real estate, a greater sum not being obtainable, be and the same is hereby approved and confirmed.

It is further ordered, that the said Amanda J. Voncannon, as said administratrix, make, execute, acknowledge, and deliver unto the said The Jackson Investment Company, and to C.H. Gibson, a good and sufficient deed of conveyance, conveying to said purchasers all the right, title, interest and estate in and to the said premises and property so sold to them which the said S. N. Gibson, had therein at the time of his decease, with the same effect as if made by said decedent during his lifetime.

And it is further ordered that said report so made as aforesaid be and it is hereby approved and that the same be and it is hereby ordered recorded.

Done in Open Court this 7th day of June A.D. 1920.

By the Court:

Culver A. Green
County Judge.
Charlotte Oiler was born about 1832 in Covington, Allegheny, Virginia. She was the eldest child born to John Oiler and Elizabeth Hinton. Her brothers and sisters were: Clarissa, James, John, Charles and Andrew.

As was the custom for southern ladies at that time, she didn't get an education and as a result she could neither read or write.

She married Spotswood Nicholas Gibson June 5, 1853 in Virginia and they were the parents of nine children: Elizabeth Sarah or "Lizzie", Pernelia Ann or "Neelie" as she was known at home, but her own family called her Cornelia, Marion Nicholas, Andrew Jackson or "Jack", Emma Hammond or "Emmy", Amanda Jane or "Mandy", Charles Henry, William Gordon and Robert Lee or "Bob".

In the Census for 1860 of Allegheny County, Virginia the Gibsons were evidently at the home of Charlotte's parents. I've wondered if this wasn't where she was while grandpa was fighting in the Civil War. She had a little flat iron she used to iron clothes but she took it and hid it in the woods to keep the Yankees from getting it and making bullets out of it. After the war when Grandpa came home, she went to get the iron and grandpa put a new handle on it and she went on ironing with it.

Since I didn't know my grandmother in life, the stories my parents have told me about her and my oldest sister, Verna remembers her very well is all I know about her. She was a tiny little woman, not weighing 100 lbs, but as her children said "she always looked as if she had just stepped out of a bandbox when she went anywhere.

My sister, Verna remembers her baking cookies cut with a five pound can and she would put raisins for eyes and nose and would give one to each of the children in our family. She taught Verna to piece quilts and she made a quilt for her doll. When she made a mistake she had to rip it out and start over as Grandma was very precise and it had to be right on line. She always took a nap after lunch.

Her family told the story of her cooking dinner for the threshers. She was a good cook and she had made chicken and dumplings. She lost her dish cloth and couldn't seem to find it. When she had fed the men and started to empty the kettle she had cooked the chicken in she found her dish cloth at the bottom of the pot. The threshers thought it was the best meal they had eaten.

After my grandfather's death on October 17, 1894, she remained in the little house they had built and her sons looked after her until her death on November 26, 1913. She always had a habit of fixing biscuit dough all but adding the milk the night before and she cut the bacon getting ready for breakfast next morning. She had done this and she went in to go to bed and must have had a heart attack as she had fallen across the bed and this is the way they found her. She is buried at Manassa, Conejos, Colorado.
ELIZABETH SARAH GIBSON

Elizabeth Sarah Gibson was born Feb. 28, 1851, at Cedar Creek, Bath, Va. the eldest daughter and child born to Spotswood Nicholas and Charlotte Oiler Gibson. She was known as "Lizzie" by her family and she came to Colorado with her family from Virginia as a young lady. She married Cornelius Hayes in 1885 at Manassa, Conejos, Colorado. Cornelius Hayes was the son of Edward Hayes and Catherine Cronon and was born May 1, 1850 on the ocean coming to America. The following children were born to this couple:

1. Ellen Hayes born July 21, 1886 at Richfield, Conejos, Colorado. She married Sherman Land in July 1905 and they were the parents of the following children:
   a. Zetta Almira Land born Sept. 29, 1906 at Manassa, Colorado and married Mar 24, 1926 to Joseph Parley Beecroft. Parley was born Dec 21, 1893 to Joseph Henry and Fannie Haynie Beecroft. The children born to this couple were: Frieda Annie Beecroft, Babe Beecroft and Ralph Emmerson Beecroft. This family lives at Santa Fe, New Mexico.
   b. Zella Hayes married John Hartley and they had one daughter but I don't have her name.
   c. James Land lives at Stayton, Oregon.
   d. Irene Land married a man named Sumoska and they lived in Oregon too at one time.
   e. Arvin Land lives in California.
   f. Velma Land married a man named Robinson and they did live in Oregon.
   g. Lettie Land married Bradley and they live in California
   h. Eugene H. Land also lives in Illinois.


4. Charlotte Hayes was born May 2, 1891 at Richfield, Conejos, Colorado. She married 1) Marion Price Dec 31, 1905, at Morgan, Conejos, Col. Marion Price born Aug 21, 1871 at Rutherford Co. North Carolina to Marion Goode and Jane Bird Price. He died May 17, 1919 at La Jara, Colorado. This couple had the following children:
Charlotte Heyes married 2) John Bridges and they had one daughter Marie.

5. Edward E. Hayes was born Apr 15, 1891 at Richfield, Conejos, Colorado. He married Rachel Land Hayes at the death of his brother Cornelius in 1913.


PERNELIA ANN GIBSON

Pernelia Ann Gibson was born Nov 2, 1855 at Cedar Creek, Bath, Virginia. She was the second daughter born to Spotswood Nicholas and Charlotte Oiler Gibson. Her family called her "Neelie" but her own children and husband called her Cornelia. She married James David Hicks Dec. 7, 1876 in Bath Co. Virginia. James David Hicks was born Feb. 12, 1843 at Mountain Grove, Bath, Virginia to John Hicks and Margaret Willis (Chestnut) Hicks. Children born to this couple were:


4. Lottie Gibson Hicks born Apr. 8, 1884 at Ceresco, Saunders, Nebraska. Married Harry H. Egelston Oct. 15, 1902. Harry Egelston was born Feb 8, 1877 at Castleton, Stark, Ill. to George D. and Phebe A. Woods Egelston. He died Sept. 26, 1944 at North Platte, Nebraska. Children born to this couple:

5. Harry Jackson Hicks born Jan 16, 1887 at Ceresco, Saunders, Nebraska. He never married.

MARI ON NICHOLAS GIBSON

Marion Nicholas Gibson was born Apr 24, 1857 at Cedar Creek, Bath, Va. the eldest son of Spotswood Nicholas and Charlotte Oiler Gibson. Marion never married. As the story goes he got upset at his dad for selling some sheep when they left Virginia so he went into mining in Colorado. When a younger brother went to Telluride, Colorado to work in the mines he saw this man whom he was sure was his brother Marion but the man denied it saying his name was John. Sometime later Marion's trunk was found in a hotel in Arizona where he evidently was staying before disappearing. The family never knew what had happened to him.
Andrew Jackson Gibson was born Oct. 19, 1858 at Warm Springs, Bath, Va. the fourth child born to Spotswood Nicholas and Charlotte Oiler Gibson. He married Laura Etta Sprouse Dec. 25, 1889 in Covington, Alleghany, Virginia. Laura Etta Sprouse was born Aug. 23, 1865 at Alleghany Co. Virginia, the daughter of Louis M. and Polly Ann Myers Sprouse. This couple came to Manassas to settle soon after marriage. Uncle Jack wasn't converted to the Mormon Church when the rest of the family joined as he and his brother, Marion were sent down the lane to protect the missionaries and weren't able to listen to the missionaries and weren't converted at the time. Uncle Jack and his brother, Henry went fishing many times in later life and talked all night and this is when he was converted and was baptized Feb. 1, 1931.

Laura Etta Gibson was burned badly when she tried to save her youngest child when her blanket caught fire too near the fire place. Her clothes caught fire in the process and she died three weeks later. Uncle Jack farmed in Manassas and after her death he went to Arizona and farmed in 1915.

Children born to this couple were:

1. Henry Willard Gibson born Sept. 10, 1890 at Manassa, Conejos, Colo. married Hazel Goodge Nov. 15, 1911. Hazel Mary Goode was born Sept. 19, 1895 at Fox Creek, Conejos, Colo. to Sidney Spencer Goodge and Mary Elizabeth Arminia Vance Goodge. Children born to this union were:
   b. Milford Glen Gibson born Nov. 5, 1915 at Manassa, Conejos, Colorado, married Ella Irene Hicks Sept. 27, 1943.
   e. Velma Gibson born Sept. 6, 1922 at Bruce, Graham, Arizona, married 1) Howard Lewis Price July 28, 1940; married 2) Elmer Cole.
i. Darrel "J" Gibson born Dec. 27, 1930 Manassa, Conejos, Colorado
   married 1) Mary Eleanor Johnson Sept. 5, 1953, married 2) Patsy
   Lucille Wilson Aug 7, 1962, married 3) Carol Johnson Nov. 9,
   1968.

j. Coralene Gibson born Sept. 5, 1932 at Manassa, Conejos, Colo.
   married 1) John Edward Graham, married 2) Melvin Eugene Bacon

This information was obtained from Margaret Bell of Gaston, Ore.

2. Clarence Herbert Gibson born Aug. 9, 1892 at Menassa, Conejos, Colo.
   He married 1) Carrie Clark, married 2) Ethel Miller at Norwood in
   March 1931. Children of Clarence Gibson were: Andrew Clarence
   Gibson, Alma married Eldon Patterson, Artie Gibson married William
   Trickel. Artie's children were: Carl Edward, Rita Kay, Francis
   Herbert and Cleland Troy.

   Clarence Herbert Gibson died at New Orleans, La. while visiting a
   son. He is buried at the cemetery at Norwood, Colorado.

3. Fannie Flossie Gibson was born Apr. 22, 1894 at Manassa, Conejos,
   Colorado. She married Cornelious Laurence Mortensen Feb. 3, 1915 at
   Manassa, Colorado. He was born Sept. 22, 1886 at Paraway, Iron,
   Utah to Lars and Sarah Vilate Decker Mortensen. He died June 22,
   1969 at Manassa, Colorado. Flossie Mortensen died Jan. 21, 1974 at
   Manassa, Colorado. Children born to Laurence and Flossie Mortensen
   were:

      She died Nov. 4, 1915.

   b. Laura Mortensen born Feb. 21, 1917 at Manassa, Colorado. She
      married Cecil Raymond Hess May 5, 1936 and she died June 29,
      1968.

   c. Afton Mortensen born July 31, 1919 at Manassa, Conejos, Colo.
      married 1) Elmer Matheson Oct. 22, 1937, 2) Donald Rickey

   d. Cornelious LaVere Mortensen born Aug 18, 1922 at Manassa, Colo.
      married 1) Rosalia Bagwell July 23, 1943, 2) Ella Nickerson,
      3) Elva Vaughn Nov. 4, 1982.

   e. Gaytha Mortensen born July 23, 1924 at Manassa, Colorado.
      Married Edward Kirby Carter June 21, 1942.

   f. Kenneth Laurence Mortensen born April 18, 1927 at Manassa, Colo.

   g. Herman Andrew Mortensen born June 25, 1929 at Manassa, Colo.
      Married Norma Louise Marvin Jan. 20, 1952.
4. Annie Maud Gibson born Oct. 12, 1896 at Manassa, Colorado. Married J. Evan Valentine in 1913 at Manassa, Colorado. Children born to the Valentines were:


g. Gary Grant Valentine born Aug. 16, 1936 at Miami, Gila, Arizona.
EMMA HAMMOND GIBSON

Emma Hammond Gibson was born March 25, 1861 at Cedar Creek, Bath, Va. the fifth child born to Spotwood Nicholas and Charlotte Oiler Gibson. She came to Colorado with her parents in 1881 and soon after she married a widower, Martin Brown Echols on October 10, 1890. Martin Echols was born Dec 18, 1864 at Talapoose Co. Alabama. Their children were:

1. Ada Jane Echols born Mar. 31, 1891 Manassa, Conejos, Colorado. She married Neil Joseph Roseberry Jr. Jan. 8, 1912. He was born Aug. 1881 at Pima, Graham, Ariz. Their children were:


3. Emma Ruth Echols born Dec. 31, 1894 at Manassa, Conejos, Colo. married George Riley Shurtz. Children born to this couple:
   a. Lawrence Riley Shurtz born Feb. 9, 1915 at Central, Arizona. Married Ruth Emiline Lamb who was born Oct. 20, 1917 at Blue Water, New Mexico. They were married Dec. 10, 1937 in the Mesa Arizona Temple. Their children were:
      1. Verlene Ruth Shurtz born May 6, 1939 at Mesa, Arizona.
      2. Arliss Lawrence Shurtz born Mar. 9, 1941 Mesa, Ariz.


   a. Melba Echols born Sept. 5, 1918
   b. Florence Vilate Echols born May 3, 1919 married Angus Busby
   c. Margaret Jane Echols born July 1921 married LaVar John
   d. Ruth Echols born Aug. 15, 1923 married Udell A. Nelson
5. Fred Echols continued.

Fred Echols married 2) Josephine Thomas in Arizona Temple Sept. 19, 1941. Children:

1. Clark Fred Echols born Mar. 25, 1944 at Manassa, Conejos, Colorado
2. & 3. Christine and Vince Echols.

A M A N D A  J A N E  G I B S O N

Amanda Jane Gibson was born May 6, 1866 at Hot Springs, Bath, Va. the sixth child born to Spotswood Nicholas and Charlotte Oiler Gibson.

My dad's sister Mandy was always one of our favorites in our growing up years. She could make the best chicken soup and sugar cookies.

Aunt Mandy was as close as our family came to polygamy. She came with her family from Virginia on the train as a young lady and soon married William Thomas Dotson who already had one wife. He was about twenty years older than Aunt Mandy. Each wife had their own home - one a block and a half from us and the other two blocks so we were around them all of our growing up years. Both of the Dotson wives were childless. Mandy was the only one known as Aunt and the other, Jane Dotson was known to us as Sister Dotson.

By the Census of 1900 of Conejos County, Colorado, William Thomas Dotson was born Jan 1816 in South Carolina and had been married 30 years; he was a carpenter, could read and write. Jane Dotson was born Aug 1813 in South Carolina and she could read and write. Amanda Dotson was born in May 1866 in Virginia and could read and write.

William Thomas Dotson died and some time after Aunt Mandy married Von Cannon who was a widower that had some children by his previous marriage. They continued to live in the little house Dotson had obtained for her. On the other hand Sister Dotson didn't remarry and the church took care of her needs for the rest of her life and she lived to be 100 years old.

The church hired Clarissa and me to stay all night with Sister Dotson as she lived alone. We would go to her house after she was in bed and asleep. We had to light a coal oil lamp and we slept in a feather bed. Clarissa was always faster at undressing than I was and she would blow out the light before I was ready to get into bed and then she would always tell me "Something's under the bed." I always jumped into bed half dressed still. I don't remember of us ever waking Sister Dotson with our goings on.

Aunt Mandy always talked to her chickens and called each one by name. She and my dad were the two who were always quite close.

Marion remembers working for both ladies many times as a child. He would go clean Aunt Mandy's chicken house and was invited to stay for dinner with her and sister Dotson and the next day he would clean Sister Dotson's chicken house and was invited to eat dinner with Sister Dotson and Aunt Mandy. He was always given a pie to take home.
Aunt Mandy was a quiet and rather reserved sort of person. She was quite tall and slim always. Aunt Mandy died Mar 15, 1932, and is buried at the Old Manassa Cemetery. She died from anemia.

**CHARLES HENRY GIBSON**

Charles Henry Gibson was born Mar 26, 1868 at Hot Springs, Bath, Va. the seventh child born to Spotswood Nicholas and Charlotte Oiler Gibson. His history will be in a separate section as there is so much to his history.

**WILLIAM GORDON GIBSON**

William Gordon Gibson was born May 31, 1870 at Hot Springs, Bath, Va. the eighth child born to Spotswood Nicholas and Charlotte Oiler Gibson. He was but fourteen years of age when they came from Virginia. Uncle Gordon never married. I understood that he had fallen for some girl at one time and she had married someone else so he had never married.

Uncle Gordon had bought land in Manassa as did Dad and Uncle Jack. The description was:

24 Jan. 1896 Wm. G. Gibson from Wm. Helm, Warranty deed
Book 40 pg 21, Date of instrument Jan. 23 1896 Manassa.
Lot 1 blk 13.

Gordon and his younger brother, Bob had farmed for Dad while he was on a mission to the Southern States in 1895-1897. They knew Dad could talk them into staying there and they wanted to follow mining so they left before Dad came home. Gordon was in the Census of 1900 for San Miguel County, Colorado in Telluride. He was 30 years of age and a stamp mill foreman in the gold mines. The Census for that area for 1910 was the same but he was ten years older.

When Grandpa Gibson's estate was settled in 1920 Gordon and Bob were both listed as being in Telluride, Colorado. Sometime after this Uncle Gordon and Bob went to Paradox, Colorado and Gordon owned many mines of different metals but some of them were uranium ore. I'm going to list some of these and tell you some of them that were uranium ore.

Uncle Gordon, his dog and donkeys, one that was Smokey that he rode to the post office to get the mail.
Uncle Gordon was very proud of his donkeys. To the left is Uncle Gordon with some children riding his donkey Smokey.

Uncle Gordon Gibson died Jan. 6, 1940 at Paradox but is buried at Manassa Colorado. Since uranium ore hadn't really been used for much by this time I doubt that he made much if anything on it.

Uncle Gordon's Mining Claims:

DAN PATCH  Long Park Mining District

SE Corner running 1500' NWly to NE Cor No. 2 running thence 600' Wly to NW Cor No. 3, 1500' Sly to Cor No. 4 thence 600' to pt of beginning Cor No. 1. Said claim joins Standard Chemical Co. Claim Bluebell on the north. Dan Patch was an uranium mine.

Thru first quarter of 1953 it had produced 958 tons .30 grade U₃O₈ Rogers and Hunt were operators. (Uncle Gordon & Bob were both dead by this time.

(Standard Chemical Co. owned Bluebell on the north; Long Park Mining District. In 1903 Blue Bell produced 40 tons of ore; 1905 80 tons of ore at 1.1 U₃O₈ 2.2 V₂O₅.)
EQUINOX in the Mesa Creek Mining District dated Nov. 20, 1916 owned by Reed, Reed and DeLisle and produced by Rex Uranium Co. July 1, 1958 produced 2196 tons - grade .19 U₃O₅. Thru fourth quarter 1956.

These are the only two I sorted out as being uranium but he has many others that could have been uranium or not. Some was alabaster and vanadium.

SAGEBRUSH JACK and Jack Pine Mining Claims

W. side of Dolores River about one mile from the mouth of Mesa Creek and about one and one half mile from the mouth of Rock Creek located and dated on the Creek this June the 27th 1914.

DEER HORN MINING CLAIM

This claim located on the Rock Creek rim between the Paradox rim and the Rock Creek rim.

50-50 In the Mesa Creek Mining District

GAS BAY

W. side of Dolores River, one mile from Mesa Creek in Canon 300' above the mouth of Mesa Creek.

PRESIDENT Rock Creek Mining District

MAINE, NEW ERA, SMOKY, SKIDOO JANE, JEMISON, SHERIDAN, FRACTION, SMUGGLER, YACKIMO AND IRIQUOIS. All in the Rock Creek Mining District.

MONSTER, SMALL HOPES, BUDEKIN AND CARPENTER FLATS all in the Rock Creek Mining District.

ROBERT LEE GIBSON

Robert Lee Gibson was born Nov. 24, 1872 at Hot Springs, Bath, Va. the ninth and youngest child born to Spotswood Nicholas and Charlotte Oiler Gibson. Robert Lee Gibson never married and was a very shy man around women. He was but twelve years old when they came from Virginia. He didn’t seem to own any land in Manassa by the record.

Uncle Bob was in Telluride in 1920 when his father's estate was settled and went to Paradox with his brother Gordon where he kept house and raised a big garden. I don’t see any indication that he ever worked in the mine or mill at either Telluride or Paradox.

Gordon Gibson died Jan. 6, 1940 and Bob Gibson died May 5, 1945 and both are buried at Manassa, Colorado.
"He that careth not from whence he came, 
Gareth little whither he goeth."
Daniel Webster

"To forget one's ancestors is to be a brook 
without a source, a tree without a root."
A Chinese Proverb
Threshing grain on Henry Gibson farm at Manassa, Colo.

Threshing clover seed on Gibson farm at Manassa, Colo. 1925-1926

Mormon Hay Stacker at Manassa, Colorado
Charles Henry Gibson was born March 26, 1868 near Hot Springs, Bath, Va., the seventh child born to Spotswood Nicholas and Charlotte Oiler Gibson. He was a weak baby and didn't walk until he was two years of age. His older sisters would wrap him in a blanket and play like he was their doll.

When he was a small child he was cutting wood with an axe while barefoot. He cut his little toe until it was just hanging by the skin. His mother tried to dress it and see if it wouldn't grow back, but as she was dressing it one morning, she saw his toe wasn't going to make it as it was just hanging by the skin. She pulled it off and threw it out in the yard and the duck swallowed it.

Dad told the story: "When the Mormon missionaries came to our house in Virginia to teach us the gospel we lived in a two story house and we met in the upper rooms. Members of a mob sent word that they were coming up that night to kill the Mormon elders. Father said to Marion and Jack, "Marion, you take one end of the road there and Jack, you take the other and I'll sit here in the door with my gun and if anybody comes in I'll shoot them." Father told Brother Jack that if anybody came along on horseback and it looked like they had guns and was fixing to come to kill the elders, he would shoot them off their horse. But they didn't come and the elders were protected. If they had come to the Gibson home to get the elders, my father would have done what he said he would do. The Gibson family was converted to the L.D.S. church with Newel W. Kimball and James Smith baptizing them.

"I went a part of a year to school in the south and got two whippings a day, one at school and one when I got home. I went to school one term in Manassa to John A. Smith." I can't imagine my dad being so onery. He was sixteen when he came to Colorado.

The Gibson family was sent to the San Luis Valley of Colorado to help colonize. They came on the narrow gauge train in March, 1884, from Virginia. As Dad said "The wind was blowing a mile a minute at LaJara and the jackrabbits were jumping right on into Kansas." They got off the train in LaJara and went to the home of Ephriam Coombs at Richfield where they rented rooms. The first job they got was grubbing greasewood and rabbit brush that was so tall a cow could hide herself in it. We got $.90 an acre for grubbing the brush and it took five of us to grab an acre in a day and then we burned it at night in order to start a new acre the next morning. We paid $.80 an acre for the first land we bought and later paid $3.00 an acre for the 40 acres. Jack, Gordon & dad had 40 acres each. As Dad said, "That was sure hard to pay for" as they worked for $.50 a day. He said, "I've paid $100 an acre since and paid it off lots easier."

"There was an old darky on the train and she got up that morning and said to mom and them that the church was established in the tops of the mountains and she says, 'here it is way down in the valley.'"

As Dad said, "When we bought the old Gibson home place, we raised a few peas and we'd sit out on the stack at night and the jack rabbits would come down to eat the peas and we'd kill them. We lived several months on
Holiness to the Lord.

Missionary Certificate.

To all Persons to whom this Letter shall come:

This Certifies that the bearer, Elder C. H. Gibson is in full faith and fellowship with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and by the General Authorities of said Church has been duly appointed to a Mission to the Southern States, to preach the Gospel and administer in all the Ordinances thereof pertaining to his office.

And we invite all men to give heed to his Teachings and Counsels as a man of GOD, sent to open to them the door of Life and Salvation—and to assist him in his travels, in whatsoever things he may need.

And we pray GOD, THE ETERNAL FATHER, to bless Elder Gibson and all who receive him, and minister to his comfort, with the blessings of Heaven and Earth, for time and all eternity, in the name of JESUS CHRIST. Amen.

Signed at Salt Lake City, Territory of Utah,

January 4th, 1895, in behalf of said Church.

Wilford Woodruff
First Presidency.

Jos. F. Smith
jackrabbits and dried peas. Neighbors would come to see if we would let them have some jackrabbits and we would give them sometimes the last one we had to help them out. They sure made good chili. We hauled wood from the pinon hills to burn in the cook stove."

Dad's missionary experiences will be in his own words, since that is the way he told them to me —

"I was called on my first mission to the Southern States in 1894. I started in January 1895 and came back in 1897. When I was called on my mission, my father told me to go fill my mission and see to it I did it in honor. So far as we know those were his last words. I heard him struggling during the night and went in and raised him up and he died in my arms."

1895 - Stevens was my missionary companion in Coffee County, Alabama. We were having a meeting when about 20 armed men came in. So I offered a silent prayer and the head man cussed me and told me to go ahead and preach and they would get us afterward. So I went ahead and preached for about forty five minutes. Then Stevens and I sang a number and then he offered prayer. The mob told us it was alright, they could find nothing wrong, so they didn't take us, but they went on out into the yard and shot several times in the air and then went on without bothering us."

"One man came up to Stevens and told him to come to his house to stay all night and make another friend. I was the eldest elder of the two and should have said where we were to stay, but Stevens had told him we would go. I was impressed that it wasn't the thing to do, but we went anyway. We sang the family a song and read a verse from the Bible. We had prayer and went up a flight of stairs from inside a good sized room and I looked to see if there were stairs leading down from the outside and there were. Stevens undressed and got into bed but I just lay across the foot of the bed with my clothes on. I was facing the window. Stevens said, "Come on and get into bed, they won't bother us tonight," but I felt as if something was going to happen. I lay there about twenty minutes and I could see the light on the wall of torches coming. So I got up and looked out the window and saw them coming. I woke Stevens and told him they were coming after us, but he said, "Come on to bed, they won't bother us." So I said, "All right, you can stay if you want to, but I'm going." So I went down the outside stairs into an orchard and pretty soon Stevens followed and dressed in the orchard. We crossed the road and went into the piney wood and on the other side. We had no more than gotten there till we saw the torches going up the back stairs to where we had been. They came back down and searched the orchard, and went back down the road. We went back to the place where we had eaten supper and they were sitting up waiting for us."

"It was about 11:00 o'clock at night and we stayed in hiding until we thought it was safe maybe to get out. I looked around and could see just one light across the way. We went over to a man's house and I rapped on the door. He came to the door and I wanted to know if we could have a bed until morning and he cussed us and called us everything he could think of. He told us no, he didn't want to take us in. His wife came out in her night shirt and said, "Dad, we have all kinds of beds, why not give them a bed." So he agreed to give us a bed in a little room on the end of a porch. This was a wet country and the house was built on blocks about three feet high.
Stevens got into bed and I lay across the foot of the bed as usual, until we could see if the mob was going to come back or what was going to happen. This old man brought out a big long knife and the woman had a pine torch. When they got close enough to where I could hear what they were talking about, he said, "Mama, must we kill both of them?" She said, "Yes, Dad, let's kill both of them." So I didn't know what he meant, but I stayed there and waited to see and they went down under our room and got a couple of little chickens and cut their heads off and went back to the house. We thought we would get some chicken, but we didn't."

We all went into Brewton, Alabama to conference. There were 45 elders of us. Yates was my companion, an Englishman, and rather hard to get along with. Brother Elias Kimball told us as we were drifting away not to go in bunches, but for our safety to go a few at a time. About six of us were going up country canvassing as we went. There was a little house on the hill, a nice little house. I walked up to the steps and my companion knocked on the door. There was a negro family who lived there. We, of course, didn't have anything to do with the negroes unless they came to our meetings or asked us for literature. So, we had to think up something in order to get away from there. The elders said, "Elder Gibson what shall we do?" I said, "Ask them for a drink of water." They had to go down about eighty feet to get water and they had a bucket that went down in the well and brought up water with a windlass. The darky said, "Yes Sir, I have a fresh bucket sitting right there, I just brought up and there is a gourd in it." Elder Nelson didn't want to drink out of the gourd after the old negro, so he saw there was a hole in the end of the handle. He turned up the gourd and drank out of the handle. The little negro boy said, "Mama, that man drinks just like you do."
We came across some men who had a moonshine still. They had some double barrel shotguns and I can feel it yet and can feel it now if they had fired on us where the shot would have gone into my body. They wanted to know what we were doing there. We told them we represented the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. They said "where are your credentials?" Well, I said, I don't know if mine is in my pocket or in my grip but you won't let me put my hand in my pocket for fear I've got a gun or you won't let me get into my grip. One of you set your gun down and look in my pocket and see if you can find my credentials. They looked in my pocket and found mine and Elder Adair's was in his grip. They said "Well we won't bother you."

We went to one man's house and asked for entertainment and he wouldn't keep us. There were no more houses in that district, so we went into the woods and prayed to God for a place to stay. We just got up and the man we had just visited was coming after us to stay with them. His wife was sick and the boys were doing the cooking and were making bread. They had thrown bread dough at each other until it was all over the walls. About three weeks later, we baptized the family into the church.

We were at a family home by the name of Carroll. The woman was frying chicken and had made a cake. I was writing a letter home when I had the impression we shouldn't stay there. So I tried to get Stevens to leave, but he and Mrs. Carroll talked me out of it. I just got set down to writing again and the impression came stronger than ever, so I got up and got my valise and umbrella and told Stevens I was going, but he wanted to stay and get some chicken. But I started out and he followed. There was a path that led through the piney woods to the road on the other side. We went up the path away and saw the mob going to the house to get us. This shows that God will protect the elders if they will but listen.

We were holding a meeting at a family home by the name of Foster. We were just ready to sing "When There's Love at Home" and we were fired on with 21 rounds of shot. The mob was led by a man by the name of Drake. He had cursed us on the street several times. There is no doubt but what I'll meet the man in the spirit world and the evidence will be against him.

A man by the name of Drew used to call me the little preacher. He would sit in the door with a shotgun and tell me to give them hell.

Dad and Elder Jabez Faux were assigned to Escambia and Santa Rosa Counties, Florida. They each kept a journal so I'm going to quote excerpts from each journal - first from the journal of Jabez Faux, so we can see what it means to travel without purse or script.

"Monday, September 14th we started to go to the P.O. to get our mail. We had not received any for about three weeks and we was getting anxious. It was a new County for us and we did not know the roads so we got lost two or three times. We came to the river and had to pull our shoes and socks and wade, then traveling on did not know whether we was on the right road or not and we came to a log camp. There was some men there and we inquired the way. One of them said he was going that way and would go with us and show us the way. We had a conversation with him on the way and before we parted, we had made a friend out of him and he asked us to go and stay with him all night, which we accepted because we always wanted to make all the friends we can."
The next morning he told us to stay a week, or as long as we wanted, but we was in a hurry and excused ourselves, and he told us to call whenever we came that way. We left feeling good. Had our prayers as usual.

We traveled till about noon, called to a man's house by the name of Hall to get a drink. He invited us in and gave us dinner. We continued our journey. It was getting late and no place to lay our heads. We went to one place - could not stop with them. Went to a Mr. Abbot. He said he did not take in strangers, so we took the hint and went on, the next place was Mr. White. We asked him if we could stay with him all night. He said if we could put up with the fare we could. We told him we could do that, so you see the Lord always got a place prepared for his humble servants. The next morning September 17, we left Mr. White. He invited us back if we ever come that way. We walked down the railroad three miles. There was a train, we asked the engineer if we could ride and he said yes. It was a work train. We rode about eleven miles to where they unloaded the logs into the river. We got a darky to put us over in a boat. Then we had to walk about a mile through a swamp to another river and we got another man to put us across that. There we were in Molino, Escambia County, Florida and we went to the post office. Got our mail and walked eight miles to Bro. Zachriah Nelson, so that closed the day, after some singing, which we did lots of.

Monday morning Sept. 21st we went to Molino, went to the post office, never got any mail. Posted what we had, then went to Pine Baron, went to Mr. Adams where directed, found him all right. He never had any accommodations. He gave us supper then went with us to a ladies' house. She gave us her bed and went to her mothers. We got into bed and we both commenced to scratch. My companion said, "Is something biting you" and I said "Yes, and what is the matter with you". We struck a match to see and we did see chiggers (or bed bugs) running raids all over the bed. We thought that was pretty tough. We took a quilt and shook it good, laid it on the floor but that was as bad as ever. I could not stand it so I got up and laid on a lounge they had there and it was as bad as ever. We did not sleep a wink hardly. That is one of the nights that will never be forgotten.

Note: (My dad entertained us with this story by telling us that he got up and got a blanket and shook it good and put it in the middle of the floor and poured syrup all around it. The bedbugs woke him up at daybreak singing "Where's My Wandering Boy Tonight.")

The next morning October 10th it was raining. We went to Mr. Joseph Melvin, stayed there that day. His son went and seen Mr. Kelly and got the school house for us to hold meetings. The next day Sunday.

We had one of a Missionary's experience that night. They had a house with only one room in about 12 x 18 feet and only eight in the family and two elders, and low and behold there was a family of five came on a visit and I'll be blessed if we didn't all stay there. It looked like sardines packed in a can.

The next day, Tuesday, we walked 20 miles in a thinly settled country and the land is so poor that it won't grow anything. We went to one house to inquire the road. It was a small log house. There was two women there and
they acted scared of us which was very often the case. They had a patient stove and they were cooking dinner over it, but we never got any of it. The stove was made after this fashion - four sticks driven in the ground and a platform made on top of them, then covered with dirt about six inches. It stands about two feet high. Then they build a fire on top and go to cooking. We got sorta lost but found a place to stay all night.

October 14th, we started on our journey and got lost in a thicket and found ourselves after a hard struggle. We came to the Escambia River and got a darky to put us over in a boat. Then we walked a mile across an island to another river and there were some darkies fishing and we got them to put us across that so you see it is better to be lucky than rich.

Then we were in Molino, we got our mail and lots of it. We wrote a letter then started for Bro. Isaac Nelsons. Met Mrs. Williams on the way and she invited us to stay with them which we accepted. They are a very nice and good family. We stayed with them that night.

October 15th - we went to Bro J. Nelsons, went to the Alligator Creek and had a bath. We had a shave and dinner, then went to see Miss Bertha Kerr. She was anxious to see us and we spent a pleasant evening. She invited some of her friends and we was up till twelve o'clock singing and talking. The next morning, October 16th, Miss Bertha, her mother and brother applied for baptism and we set the time for Sunday the 18th. Miss Carr started to search the scriptures after she had heard the Elders to condemn their doctrine and she converted herself. Then she got some of our books and read them. She became thoroughly convinced and sent for us and applied for baptism. We went from Miss Carr's to Molino to get our mail, then walked about eight miles to Mr. and Mrs. Williams where they were grinding syrup. That was the first cane juice that I had ever drank, and I liked it very much. We stayed with Mr. Williams that night.

The next morning we went to the creek and fixed a place to baptize, had dinner and went to Brother Nelsons. We fasted 24 hours and prayed. On Sunday morning we went to Mr. Williams and the time soon came for baptizing. We went to the creek and found Mrs. Carr, her daughter and son ready and about 100 people gathered to witness and see what could be seen. We held a meeting and before we got through, we could see the tears in their eyes and before we got through with the baptism (which went off nicely) they were so full that they could not hold the tears back. After we got through baptizing and confirming, we went to Mr. Williams. We had a fine dinner after which we sang some songs. Then we went to Mrs. Carr's with them in their wagon and held meetings. This was and is one of the happiest days of my mission. It passed quickly and smoothly.

The next morning we took down their genealogy. (Little did he know then that this genealogy would be added to dad's and become our genealogy years later.)
From the journal of Charles Henry Gibson with the baptism of Bertha Carr, her mother, Frances Jane Carr, and George Blackburn Carr.
From the journal of Charles Henry Gibson with the baptism of Bertha Carr, her mother, Frances Jane Carr, and George Blackburn Carr.
Dad and his missionary companions in 1897 in the Florida area. On the left is Jabez Faux and next is Charles Henry Gibson. The other two weren't identified.

Missionary companions of dad’s Watts and Joseph Larson.

Elias S. Kimball, President Southern States Mission 1897
This is from the Journal of Charles Henry Gibson. His companion was still Jabez Faux. They were assigned to Escambia and Santa Rosa Counties of Florida - about 200 miles. (Notice the lack of mob activity in this area with the two records)

March 28, 1897 - This is the third record which I purchased at the City of Pensacola, Fla. We went to the Highland School House and held our meeting at eleven o'clock and had a nice time and went to Sister Carr's and rested until two o'clock and went back to the church and held meeting and came to Sister Carr's and held meeting in her house and stayed over night and we had to stay, it rained all day - made Sister Carr a churning machine and we had dinner and had a nice time.

March 31 - We went to Myrtle Grove and stopped with Mr. Parker all night. We had a big time with him. He was one of these sanctified old souls. He said the Lord told him in a vision that the Methodist and Baptist all would be just the same in heaven whether they were baptized or not. We told him what the Bible said about it. He said that did not make any difference, he had a vision to that effect. We bore our testimony to him and left thanking him for his kindness and bid him goodbye and started for the City of Pensacola.

April 1 - We arrived there about noon and we went to the store and purchased us a hat and a tie and fixed ourselves up and went to the photographer and had our pictures taken and went to the restaurant and filled ourselves with oysters and fruit and went to the Great Coast and took in all the sights and watched them load boats and unload. We spent the afternoon this way. There was about sixty boats at the wharf and they would average three hundred feet long. We came back to the city and went to the Divers Hotel and rented a room and had supper and we went out in the city to take in the sights at night. We went to the public C.E. Square and took a seat. We wondered to ourselves if this noisy crowd ever thought of their God that give them breath and - you proud stiff, how can you escape the calamity that the Lord says will come upon you. No way can you escape except you repent and turn from your transgressions, so iniquity will not be your ruin.

April 2 - We had to go on and fill our appointments. We went to the Florida exhibit and went through that large building. They had everything in fine shape. We came down and thanked them for their kindness and started for Bulo? We walked all day and came to Mr. Nathaniel Reeder and spent the night. It rained all day on us. We had no meeting on the account of rain. We had a nice time with them. We bade them goodbye and they gave us a lunch to take with us. We stopped long enough to administer to Mr. Reeder and then we went on to and from there to Brother Jack Nelson. It rained all day on us.

April 4 - Today is our fast day and we have to walk about six miles. We held a meeting at the Highland School House and we went to Sister Carr's and had dinner and went to Molino and baptized Sister Pruett and Brother Charles Carr and came back to Sister Carr's and had a meeting. I attended to the baptizing and Elder Faux confirmed Sister Pruett and I confirmed brother Charley Carr and we stayed over night with Sister Carr and today we are fixing our clothing to go home and Elder Faux is fixing to go to conference.

-86-
April 6 - And this morning we are going to start across the river to Santa Rosa County. We went to the office and posted our letters and went to Mr. Coopers. I got sad news from home. My sister-in-law had got burned to death on the 24th day of March. And we stayed over night with him and he taken us across the great Escambia Bay and we came to the river and we crossed the river and safe to the other side. I picked some nice leaves off the timber as we went across the bay and I am going to keep them to remember the trip.

April 7 - We got across and stopped and picked some huckleberries and I also took a twig off that bush. We came to Mr. Ouiller Halls after a long walk and stayed all night and we started on to Rock Creek.

April 8 - Went to Mr. Monroe Sullivan's and had dinner and went to Scot Cabiness and stopped and rested awhile and started on and crossed the Sweetwater most easily and came on and got lost and it rained and lightening and it seemed like the wind would blow us away and we could not find the road and we went up from the road and sat down on a log and prayed to the Lord to protect us and show us the road to a friend's house. We sat there until two o'clock and I got cold and began to shake with cold and Elder Faux was complaining with cold too, and we wondered if the Lord had started to scourge us for something we had done. But it seemed like the spirit told me to go to the left from where we was and we got up and started, but we had to stop once and awhile and wait for the lightening to flash so we could see the road. We beat along till we came to the road that lead to Brother John Kenedys and got there at twelve o'clock and woke him up and he made us a big fire and the girls got up and fixed our supper. We dried our clothes and fixed to retire and rest beneath the roof of the house of a friend. How thankful we was to think the Lord had protected us from that dreadful storm and we could not help but say 'think of the Lord's strength, he shows this world how he protects his servants.

April 10 - We had dinner and started on. It is cloudy and looks like rain and we are anxious to hear where conference will be held as we had to walk all the way. We expected to meet all the elders that belong to Florida and meet the president which is Elias S. Kimball. We went to the office and went to Brother John Kenedys and stayed over night.

April 11 - The day is cloudy and looks like rain. We will start as soon as we can. We went to the store and went to the barber shop and Brother Sims shaved us and gave us a shampoo and we came home with him and had dinner and he gave us a bar of soap and Sister Sims washed our clothes and we went to Dead Falls and stopped with Mr. Jimmy Turner. Elder Faux is giving him the gospel strange? He is a good old man and is good to us and willing to give us a chance to tell our side of the question and that is better than the world at large will do for us. We stayed over night and had a big talk with them on the gospel and we stayed all the forenoon and talked and read and wrote.

April 15 - Elder Faux has got the toothache and is in the bed. We are staying over today to hold meetings tonight. We had dinner and had Irish potatoes and even honey for dinner. The people are very good to us here and they are studying the gospel. We held meeting and had a nice time. We talked with great power and after meeting Mr. Turner applied for baptism and we told them we would baptize them.
April 16 — We went to the water at nine o’clock and I baptized them and
we came back to the house and confirmed them. I confirmed Brother Turner
and Elder Faux confirmed Sister Turner. We then administered to Sister
Turner as her health was very bad. We then sang some songs and bade them
goodbye and left them. They requested me to write to them when I got home.
We went to Mr. Bark Barrows and had dinner and sang them some songs and
bade them goodbye and left. Went to the road that leads us to Atchile? and Elder
Faux waited there till I went to the office and came back for him. I received
a card stating where conference would be held and we now are fixing to start
on Monday. We will hold meeting at Brother Ed Kenedy Sunday. We went to
Brother Ed Kenedy and stayed all night. Today we are writing home and abroad.

April 20 — We went to the ferry today and Mr. Chestnut put us across Yellow
River. We went on our way rejoicing. We went to a man by the name of Jordan
and he put us in the road that lead us to Pair Creek where we stopped and sat
down to rest and we traded watches and Elder Faux says we can have these to
remember each other. We came on and stopped that night with Mr. Brown. We
got in about eight o’clock. He was a very poor man but he treated us fine.
We stayed all night and went to Defuncke Spring and we was about give out
and very hungry. I had two bits and I spent that for cheese and crackers
and we went to the spring and ate it and went on our way rejoicing.

April 21 — We came to West Mill - all the way down the railroad. We got
there at nine o’clock and next to Mr. Curreys and spent the rest of the night
and we shaved and came to the Choctawhatchee River.

April 22 — And we started to walk the bridge and the watchman stopped
us and told us we could not cross there but he would take us across in the
boat for ten cents each. We told him we did not have any money. He told
us to go back and stay till we got the money. We told him we had some stamped
envelopes that we would give him to put us across. He told us he would do so.
We got in the boat and I think he was the worst looking man I ever saw in the
State of Florida.

We came to Brother Elises and stopped to rest a while. It is a nice
day today but a little cold in the shade. We had dinner and went towards
Orange Hill and travelled through the mud and sand till nine o’clock and
called on Mr. Isaac Shares and we spent the night and we was treated fine.

April 23 — We went on and tramped the sand till noon and came to Brother
Redrick Evans and had dinner. Brother Evans robbed some bees and we had some
new honey. We spent the afternoon here and stayed overnight and Sister Evans
fixed us up a lunch and we bid them goodbye and started for Shopola. Walked
all day and came to Brother Williams. We got there at dark and they was glad
to see us and we spent the night.

April 24 — And this morning Brother Williams gave us two bits to pay
our way across the river and we bade them goodbye and started. We went to
Shopola and Mr. McCleland sat us over and we went on our way rejoicing. We
came to the Apalachicola and a negro sat us across and charged us twenty
cents and we came on to Bristol and stopped with Brother Deason overnight
and went on to Caes Mills.

April 25 — And stopped at Grandpa Eiles and had dinner and went to
Brother Esit Eiles and spent the afternoon. We went to the river and had
a wash and came back and washed our clothes and dried them by the fire and shaved and fixed to pursue our journey towards Conference.

April 26 - We went on towards Conference. We went on to the Ochlockonee River and went on to Mr. Bradwell and he sat us across the river and we went to Mr. Gesies after a long walk of about 30 miles and refused entertainment twice. We was give out and we had a late supper and went to bed.

April 27-28 - We rested and we started for Brother Humphries. We got there just at noon and we had dinner and was resting when Elder Black and Combs came up the road and we spent the afternoon together, but the people in this County is very hostile. We heard they had a cowhide fixed to split the elders hides with the next time we came in this county. We are in Leon County tonight. Elder Black, Combs, Faux and myself are here tonight. Brother Humphries has gone to Conference with Elder Tanner and Randle. We spent the night here with Sister Humphries and had a nice time.

April 29 - Today is our fast day. Elder Black and Combs went to Lloyd and then to Monticello and went east from there and called on a man by the name of Ricket. He refused to take us in. We went to another place, they turned us away and we went on and used the road and camped under a tree all night. We took our grips for a pillow and the blue sky for cover. We stayed till 4:00 o'clock and we started on.

April 30 - We called on three families before we got breakfast and we called on a Mister Sparks and he said, "Come in, I am a poor man but I will give you such as we have." We ate our breakfast and went on. We was stopped and told by a lady she would join the church that we advocated but her husband would kill her. She told us she would not be satisfied till she was baptized by us. She has to keep the books she has of ours hid and she told us that her husband would kill her if he knew it. We bade her goodbye and went on. We came to Brother Hugano and had dinner and went to the Creek and washed and came back and shaved and fixed to go to Mr. Tracys. We went and stayed over night. We went to the bowery and met thirty seven elders, among them was several new elders. We met at eleven o'clock and had a nice time. Elder Stevenson was the first speaker. He talked on Faith and faith was the subject through the Conference. Wall on the forenoon we had a nice time. At twelve we closed till two o'clock.

May 1 - There was a feast prepared for all the crowd and we had a nice time. At two o'clock the crowd came and was settled and the elders spoke as called on by President Cutter. President Kimball spoke to us with great power. We closed at four o'clock. Elder Holtsclaw and I went to Mr. Harris and stayed over night.

May 2 - Came back to the bowery this forenoon, met the elders and the crowd. We had a nice time and we had dinner on the ground and there was plenty for all to eat and we had a nice time. Meeting took up again at two o'clock and we was all called on and especially the old elders. The Conference was adjourned for four months or till a set time. The crowd left and went to their several places and the elders went to their several places and Elder Facer and I went to Mr. Stanley and stayed over night.

May 3 - We came to the bowery and joined the elders in Priesthood meeting. The elders gave in their reports all day and there was a good
spirit in our midst. There was not any trouble but in the case of Elder Fisher and Nebeker. They had had some trouble with each other but was settled without any trouble. We had a nice time and taking in the whole day giving in our reports. The meeting was adjourned till next morning.

May 4 - Elder Tanner and I went to Mr. Stanley and stayed over night and we came back to the bowery this morning. Met the elders and we held meeting. President Elias S. Kimball stood on his feet five hours and talked to us and we received lots of good instructions and the elders was sent to their several fields of labor, but all went east of Jefferson County. President Cutter and Chriss J. Branon were sent to Jacksonville, Florida and some up there was sent to Georgia. Elder Larson and I went to Mr. Careys and stayed over night and had a nice time. We were released to return home together and I had been from home twenty nine months and Elder Larson thirty months.

May 5 - We went back to the bowery and the elders had a photograph man come there to take our pictures. We all had them taken in a group and several pairs had theirs taken together. Elder Larson and I bade the elders goodbye and we left them and as we were leaving they all sang "Adieu, my Dear Brothers, Adieu" and many tears were shed over the parting. We started for Tallahassee. We walked thirty two miles and came through the settlement where they had about a cowhide to whip us with and we was very careful and went to Mr. Bill Bradleys and we got there at twelve o'clock in the night and woke the folks up and they gave us something to eat and we sang till two o'clock and we went to bed and was woke up at five and was told that breakfast was ready.

May 6 - Mr. Bradley was going to the city and we could ride as far as fifteen miles, which we did. We came to Brother Humphries and had dinner and now writing home and abroad.

For the next several days Elders Larson and Gibson went back through the members bidding them all goodbye and still holding meetings and baptizing as requested.

May 13 - We had Sister Ludy to fix our shirts and we had dinner and had to run to Caraville to catch the train. We walked three miles in forty minutes. We just got across the bridge, the train ran on the other end. We took the train to West Mill. There we got off and went to visiting the members and friends. We went to Brother Houp Noes and stayed over night and we had a nice time.

May 15 - We went to Brother Simmons and Brother Houp Noes trimmed our hair. We went to Mr. Reeder and spent the forenoon and had dinner with them and came back to Swans and had supper. They gave us gofer to eat and it was good to me for I was hungry. We went to the church and held meeting and had a large crowd. Went to Brother Bosmans and stayed over night and a young lady applied for baptism. We attended to it at eight o'clock and blessed seven children. We started on homeward.

May 17 - We went to the mill foreman and baptized his daughter, Mary Jane and we went to Naseyhead? and then we went to Deerland where we was intending to take the train but it left us and we came to Crossview.
May 20 - We went to Slump Springs and had dinner with Mr. Sept. Cabiness and went on to Mr. Nachera and stayed overnight. May 21 - And went to Shumachers and had dinner with Mr. Jordan and went to Mr. Kelleys and stayed over night and went to the river and Mr. Ellis sat us across to Molino and we came to the post office and got our mail and went to Sister Carr's. We had a nice time.

May 22 - Today we held a meeting and went to Brother Wilson's and spent the night and had a nice time. We bade them goodbye and went to Mr. _____ and stopped to bid them goodbye and went to Sister Carr's and spent the afternoon.

May 24-25 - They killed the fatted calf for us and we had a feast. We spent the night with Sister Carr and we packed our grips and fixed to leave Florida. We passed through the great trouble of bidding the members and friends goodbye. Charles and George brought us to the depot and we left on the twelve o'clock train on the ele? and on we went to _______ and changed cars and went to Mobile - taken the mobile and a bus to Earol which takes us all night and all day.

May 26 - We passed the Apaio River on a steamer - the train ran on the boat and the boat took us across and another engine ran down to the boat and took us off. We came on in the St. Louis - arrived at 7:47. We checked our grips and went to the hotel and rented a room and spent the night.

May 27 - Came out on the street and went to a restaurant and had our breakfast and took a street car to Sparks Park at St. Louis and spent the forenoon - came back to the waiting room and took the car to the great Busch Brewing Establishment.

While we were at the park we saw deer, antelope, camels, elks, buffalo, chickens, rabbits and some elk from Africa. We went through the Brewing factory. There was a young fellow who took us through.

We went to the great elevator which drew us up over 170 feet. We could see all the city. We came down and took another car for the Union Depot and went out on Market Street and bought something to take on the train to eat and we came back to the Depot and we are writing our records. The Depot is crowded but the rush has not come in yet, it is now 5:00 o'clock. At 8:45 we took the train for Kansas City. We rode all night and until 8:00, we arrived at the city. We stopped two hours and took the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe train to Pueblo.

May 28 - Arrived here at 8:50; Elder Larson left me here and took the same train to Willow Grove.

May 29 - I had to wait for the train that went across the Rockies. At 11:00 o'clock tonight I had to take in the city all alone. Today is celebration day and the city is all in a hub with people and I am lonesome and missing companions but will get home tomorrow. It is a lonely time here in Pueblo in the depot among these strangers but the Lord is with his servants wherever they are. I went to the street and took in the sites.
SOUTHERN STATES MISSION

- of the -

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints

-----0-----

April 23rd, 1897.

ELDER CHARLES H. GIBSON.

Molino, Escambia Co., Fla.

Dear Brother:

This will notify you that you are honorably released from your labors in the Southern States Mission to return home to the bosom of the Church and the association of your family and the Saints, feeling that you have performed a faithful and honorable work, creditable alike to yourself and the great cause you represent.

Do not cease to be faithful and diligent. Throw not away the armor of righteousness and the sword of truth. Your future success and greatness all depend on your faithful activity in the gospel.

You have honored this mission and have honored God and can therefore return home with a joyful heart, with the assurance that you deserve our love and esteem and the blessings and favor of the Lord.

Praying the Lord to abundantly bless you and return you home in peace and safety, I remain,

Your brother in the gospel,
These pages are from the missionary journal of Charles Henry Gibson 1897 – on his way home.
These pages are from the missionary journal of Charles Henry Gibson 1897 – on his way home by train.
They had a flag day here and I took in the town all alone and at night. I sat around the Depot until 11:00 o'clock and then we took the train for Alamosa. We traveled all night and I heard that the Lord had showed his power that night. The lightening struck a freight train and burned two cars of coal and had a wreck just in front of us and killed three persons; and the day we left Kansas City, the train wrecked and broke all the cars all to pieces.

These things makes me thankful what the Lord says — he says, "His angels will be with his servants and his spirit will guide them, and I bear testimony that I know the Lord has been with me and kept me from harm and protected me from the hands of the destroyer."

Arrived at Alamosa at 7:00 o'clock and bought a ticket for Sunflower and got up and came to my brothers and had dinner and afterward I came to my home and found my old mother which I had not seen for 29 months.

May 30 - The friends and everybody came in to see me and they wanted me to go to meeting and I had the chance to speak to about 800 people and what a shaking of hands there was with me. I came back to the house and the friends came with me and we talked till 10:00 o'clock and I retired for the night for I was give out. This ends the work of 29 months. This is the 31st.

May 31 - My friends met here at my place and surprised me with the most grub I ever saw on the table since I left home. There was about 100 people there and we had a nice time at the Stake House for the elders and I went to Sanford to meeting and heard Apostle Taylor speak. I went with Brother Coleman and Miss Catherine Brady. We got back at 12:00 o'clock and returned and Sunday was past.

June 6 - We went to Sunday School and I was set apart as a teacher in the school. We went to meeting at 2:00 o'clock and heard Apostle Taylor speak. After meeting we was invited to Bishop's place to supper which we went and spent the evening. At 10:00 o'clock we came home and this ends my record of my mission at date of June 7, 1897.

All is Well
After Elder Gibson came back to Colorado after his mission was completed, he wrote back to Florida and convinced Bertha Carr she should come west to marry him. The latter part of September 1897, she came by train to Grand Junction, Colorado and stayed for a few days waiting for Elder Gibson to meet her here and go on to Salt Lake City to be married. Eventually Elder Gibson arrived and along with four other couples who were also going to Salt Lake City to be married, she joined the group. Brother and Sister John Hunt of Sanford, Colorado, Hugh Sellars and bride, Thales Haskell and Martha Smith and James De Priest and his family. The whole group was waiting to see Henry Gibson kiss his wife to be. Since he had never kissed her before, bet that was an awkward situation.

When they arrived in Salt Lake City, mother hadn't been a member of the L.D.S. Church quite a year and had no recommend to be married in the Salt Lake Temple. Elder Gibson had a recommend of his own. The church authorities told them to join a ward and after a year she could get a recommend. It was conference time in Salt Lake and several notable people were there from Dad's ward in Manassa and they saw that mother had a recommend and Charles Henry Gibson and Bertha Hayes Carr were married October 8, 1897 in the Salt Lake Temple.

When they arrived back in Manassa, Colorado on October 12, 1897 there had been a snow storm and the five couples were met at the train in La Jara with bob sleds and taken to a friend's home where there was a big feast prepared for them. There were young pigs roasted whole with an apple in their mouth. This was a highlight and a very happy beginning to their marriage. They were the parents of eleven children - six boys and five girls - of which eight lived to adulthood.

Dad was hauling lumber to build the stake house and the mules got stuck in the ravine where he had to cross. He had a big load of lumber. He got his feet wet and had no way of drying them and they froze. They had to cut his shoes off. The windows to the stake house were shipped in from the east to La Jara.

The Gibson family farmed, raised range cows and eventually bought a dairy herd and sold the milk to the cheese factory. Dad always had a number of hives of bees and he and mother always raised a large vegetable garden. He had an apple orchard and always had barrels of apples to eat every winter. In later years he bought a team of mules that he used to use on the farm as most of his horses had died off. We had a large flock of geese and turkeys they raised every year.

Many stories came about as a result of Dad working in the saw mills in the early days. He always spoke of Morg Valentine and their experiences in the mountains at the saw mills. He told of an incident when he and Morg Valentine went to the mountains together and this fellow went along just to be going as he wasn't hired to work with them. Morg had sore eyes (from the wind) and the fellow told him "chewing tobacco" would be good for his sore eyes, so he spit tobacco juice in Morg's eyes and this made it so he couldn't see at all but it healed his eyes.
Letter from Bertha Hayes Carr to Elder C. H. Gibson prior to their marriage.

Molino, Fla.
Sept 1, '97

Elder C. H. Gibson
Dear Brother,

I came home today and found two of your letters awaiting my arrival. One bore date of the 17th Ult., the other the 25 Ult.

I spent one week in Pensacola. I was real busy sewing while there. I enjoyed myself real well, except the time would drag some on account of my impatience to get home to read the letters that I felt sure was waiting for me.

I think you are going to have a real nice surprise on your friends in regard to your carrying a girl to the temple. I guess I will have about as good a surprise on my friends for no one except mamma knows anything about my intentions for the future. She does not object to the affair at all.

I have not yet learned what I can get "rates" for. I will let you know as soon as I do find out. Don't you think it will be a good idea for you to send enough money to Pres. Elias Kimball to purchase a through ticket with and let him buy the ticket for me, because I expect he will be able to get cheaper rates than I could. If you think this will be the best plan, I will just take good care of the twenty-five dollars that is in my possession and it will come in handy to pay hotel bills. I will also get twenty-five dollars from mamma if you think best. I am glad that you suggested stopping a few days at Salida for that will give one time to rest some and make some of the dust off before entering Salt Lake City. I like that plan splendidly.

I appreciated the flowers ever so much. In return I will send you a couple of rose buds. I have not had time to read the literature yet. Don't send your photo for it might get lost through the mail. Your letter of the 17 of Aug. came to Molino on the 23 but the "copper smith" did not let us have it untill the 30 of Aug. You may be sure that I did not like it a bit. It keeps me worried for fear I will have to put up with delays of that kind untill it will cause me to be too late and hinder our progress.

I am so glad that you are no longer bothered with the chills.

I want you to use your own judgment about sending the money, if you think best to send it to me, you can send it to Pine Barren instead of Molino, as I think it will be better.

I have made my white dress but I have a couple of dark dresses yet to make, but I expect to soon have them made. The hardest task that I will have is yet before me and that is to bid the loved ones "good bye" but it is useless for me to attempt to explain my feelings in regard to it,
Bertha Hayes Carr's letter con't.

for you understand what bidding "good bye," means better than I can explain. But I feel that if God is with me, there is nothing to hard.

I received a letter from Mrs. Brown today stating that Mrs. Wilson (Grandma Wilson) died on the fourth of Aug. She had been real sick nearly all the summer. I never shall forget her asking you if you were going to fix up a plan to save her after she was dead. Poor ignorant creatures. How little they know of the gospel of Christ! May they have the truth shed abroad in their hearts so that they will know the truth.

As it is late I must close. May the Lord bless and preserve you!

Bertha Carr

Motivo Ila.
Sept 1 '97
Elder C. A. Gibson.
Dear brother.

I came home today and found two of your letters awaiting my arrival. One bore date of the 17th Ult., the other the 25 Ult.

As it is late I must close. May the Lord bless and preserve you! Bertha Carr
Elder H. H. Gibson
Manassa
Colorado.

Nashville, Tenn.
Wed Sept. 29, '97
11:30 A.M.
I am just now
leaving Nashville.
I am feeling well.
I will try to write
again at St. Louis.
I am all right now
as I have passed the
quarantine lines.

Very truly
A. Barr

St. Louis, Mo.
Wed 29/1897 9 P.M.
Dear Sister: I shall
be arriving at Kansas
City, Mo. this morn-
ing between 10 and 8
o'clock. I am now
sitting in a Chicago
and Alton reclining
chair. I feel very
comfortable.

Very truly
B. C.
Southern States Mission.
Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.
N. C. Box 103.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Sept. 28th, 1897.

Elder C. H. Gibson,
Manassa, Colo.

Dear Brother:-

Carrying out your instructions regarding ticket for Miss Sertha Carr we issued her an order for a second Class ticket. When you return to your home let us know, and we will send amount due you. With best wishes,

our brother,

Elias S. Amnball.
This Certificate that:

COUNTY OF SALT LAKE

Charles R. Gable of Marina, in the State of Utah, and
Esther R. Carr of Escalante, in the State of Utah, were

hymn joined together in Holy Matrimony according to the Ordinance of God

and the Laws of the State of Utah, at Salt Lake City

in said County, on the 8th day of October, in the year of our Lord

One Thousand Eight Hundred and Ninety-seven

In the presence of

George Thunney

John W. Woolley

Wife of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints
Southern States Mission,
Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.
Chattanooga, Tenn.  
Oct. 27, 1897.

Headquarters

Dear Mr. Gibson,

Dear Brother:—Your favor of the 1st inst., stating your safe arrival home, also telling me of your marriage, is received.

We wish yourself and Sister Gibson a long and prosperous life.

Continue, dear brother, doing good, by serving the Lord and assisting others to do likewise, and your life will be a source of joy to you. Nothing gives much happiness than doing good to others. The more we do for our fellowman the more power to do good the Lord grants us.

We herewith enclose you $4.75, the amount you have here on deposit.

Your brother in the Gospel,

Elias A. Kimball

-102-
This Deed, Made this Twenty-first day of February in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-three, between Silas S. Smith, Agent for manaca Colony of the County of Conejos and State of Colorado, of the first part, and Charles H. Gibson of the County of Conejos and State of Colorado, of the second part;

WITNESSETH, That the said part of the first part, for and in consideration of the sum of Nineteen Dollars,
to the said part of the first part in hand paid by the said part of the second part, the receipt whereof is hereby confessed and acknowledged, has been granted, bargained, sold and conveyed, and by these presents do hereby grant, bargain, sell, convey and confirm unto the said part of the second part, to her heirs and assigns, forever, all the following described lot or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the County of __________ and State of Colorado, to wit:

The North West Quarter of the North East Quarter of the South East Quarter of the West Half of Section Number Twenty-Four (24) Containing Ten (10) acres more or less. Also Commencing at the South East Corner of the South West Quarter of the South East Quarter of Section Number Thirteen (13) Running Thirty rods North in the range Twenty rods west then forty rods North thirteen Twenty rods East to the place of beginning containing three and a half acres. Also Commencing at a Point Twenty rods East of the North West corner of the South East Quarter of Section Number Twenty-Four (24) Running South Forty-seven feet then East Twenty rods Thence north Twenty-seven feet thence North East Twenty rods Thence North twenty-seven feet thence West Twenty rods Thence South Twenty rods to the place of beginning containing one fifth (1/5) thereof one acre more or less in Township Number Thirty-four North of Range Number Nine East of the Midsixth Meridian with all visceral and second water rights for mining, agricultural and domestic purposes.
TOGETHER with all and singular the hereditaments and appurtenances thereto belonging or in anywise appertaining, and the
reversion and reversions, remainder and remainders, rents, issues and profits thereof; and all the estate, right, title, interest, claim
and demand whatsoever, of the said part...of the first part, either in law or equity, of, in and to the above bargained premises,
with the hereditaments and appurtenances. TO HAVE AND TO HOLD the said premises above bargained and described, with the
appurtenances, unto the said part...of the second part, heirs and assigns forever. And the said...of the first part, for
heirs, executors and administrators, do...covenant, grant, bargain and agree to and with the said part...of the second part,
heirs and assigns, that at the time of the ensealing and delivery of these presents, the
well seized of the premises above conveyed, as of good, sure, perfect, absolute and indefeasible estate of inheritance in law in fee
simple, and have...good right, full power and lawful authority to grant, bargain, sell and convey the same in manner and form
aforesaid, and that the same are free and clear from all former and other grants, bargains, sales, liens, taxes, assessments and
incumbrances, of whatever kind or nature soever.

...and the above bargained premises in the quiet and peaceable possession of
the said part...of the second part, heirs and assigns, against all and every person or persons lawfully claiming
or to claim the whole or any part thereof, the said part...of the first part shall and will WARRANT AND FOREVER DEFEND.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, The said part...of the first part have...herunto set...hand and seal the day and
year first above written.

Signed, Sealed and Delivered in Presence of

[Signature]

[Signature]
STATE OF COLORADO,  

COUNTY OF: [County Name]  

I, [Name of Notary Public], a Notary Public in and for the said County, in the State aforesaid, do hereby certify that

[Name of Person], Silas S. Smith, Agent for [Name], personally known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the annexed Deed, appeared before me this day in person and acknowledged that he signed, sealed and delivered the said instrument of writing as his free and voluntary act, for the uses and purposes therein set forth.

Given under my hand and Notarial seal, this [Date] day of [Month], A. D. 189[3].

My Commission expires [Date], 189[6].

[Signature of Notary Public]  
Notary Public
Dad told how they had planned to build a new home and had everything all figured out as to plans, cost, etc. and the President of the Stake and the Bishop of the Ward came and asked him to fill another mission. He was again called to the Southern States to work with President Charles A. Challis. Mother's brother, George B. Carr farmed for him while he was gone. They used the money for the mission and never did build the home.

He told the one experience of this mission: "Charles A. Challis told Westbrook and me to go to the station and meet the elders and for him to take Adair and me to take Taylor. Taylor and I went to the hotel to stay all night. He stayed up until midnight cursing the authorities of the church. So I called President Challis and told him to send me a missionary companion or a release, I didn't care which. So he told me to tell Taylor to come into the office. They gave him a dishonorable release and sent me another companion."

He was only gone eight months when mother gave birth to their ninth child, Irene and mother had blood poisoning. They called dad home as she was quite ill. They looked all over the mission field for dad and when President Challis found him he told him his wife would live, so not to worry about her. He received his release from the mission field and came on home to look after her.

When Irene was born mother had blood poisoning and couldn't nurse her so they had quite a time finding milk to feed her. I can still remember the big jars we had that had contained a formula of malted milk as it was called. She seemed to thrive on this and dad would talk of her being in the jumper and she had blonde natural curly hair and her curls would bob up and down as she jumped in the jumper. She died when she was two of diarrhea. She seemed to be something special to my parents as they couldn't speak of her years later without tears being in their eyes.

Dad was called to the High Council in the San Luis Stake in 1897 and worked there for 33 years.

Dad was a great story teller, whether nonsensical or real happenings in his missionary experiences in his life. I can still see him sitting in the little rocking chair in the center of the room at home laughing and telling us some tale of the drummers at the store or some principle of the gospel. I can also see him sitting at the kitchen table telling us stories of his life and missionary experiences.

We had a dog named "Rowdy" that followed dad everywhere. When he would go through the fields to the ranch to break ice at the artesian well to water the cattle or up town for a few minutes, Rowdy was always with him. We always knew when Dad was coming home as the dog would appear a few minutes before dad.

My father always shaved on Sunday mornings with a straight edged razor in preparation for Sunday Services. He had a strap on the wall and the razor was stropped to a sharp edge. As he was shaving his whiskers off he would sing and hum the song "Ere you Left Your Room This Morning, Did You Think to Pray?". I never hear the song but what I can still see my father.
Letter of Appointment

Southern States Mission
of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints

Dear Henry Gibson,

Beloved Brother:

This is to certify, that you are appointed to labor in the

Conference of the Church of Jesus Christ
of Latter-Day Saints, under the direction of Elder T. E. Holbrook.

It is your duty to preach the Gospel, and administer the ordinances thereof which pertain to the office of an Elder, and to assist your President in discharging any duties which he may require of you, for the welfare of the Cause where you are appointed to labor.

Dear Brother, keep the commandments of God, honor the covenants you have made with the Lord and your brethren, observe the counsels of those who are placed over you; live pure, be humble and prayerful, resist temptation, avoid the very appearance of evil, that the Holy Spirit may accompany your administrations—that the power of your Priesthood and calling may increase upon you—the hearts of the people be opened to receive your testimony and minister to your necessities; and you will then be instrumental, in the hands of God, of turning many from the errors and follies of the world to the knowledge of the Truth.

Chas. A. Callis
President of the Southern States Mission.

Chattanooga, Tennessee. Feb 20, 1917
MINISTER'S CERTIFICATE

To all to whom this may be presented:

This Certifies that the bearer, Elder CHARLES H. GIBSON, is in full faith and fellowship with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and that by its General Authorities he has been duly ordained a minister of said Church with authority to preach the Gospel and administer in all the Ordinances thereof pertaining to his office and calling. And we invite all men to give heed to his teachings as a servant of God, and to assist him in his travels and labors, in whatsoever things he may need.

JOSEPH F. SMITH

ELIAS NUMA

CHARLES W. PENROSE

First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Salt Lake City, Utah, January 19th, 1912
Dear Brother:

This will notify you, that you are honorably released from your labors in the Southern States Mission, to return home to the bosom of the Church and the association of your family and the Saints, feeling that you have performed a faithful and honorable work, creditable alike to yourself and the great cause you represent.

Do not cease to be faithful and diligent. Throw not away the armor of righteousness and the sword of truth. Your future success and greatness all depend on your faithful activity in the Gospel.

You have honored this Mission and have honored God, and can therefore return home with a joyful heart, with the assurance that you deserve our love and esteem and the blessings of the Lord.

Praying God to abundantly bless you and return you to your home in peace and safety, we remain,

Your brethren in the Gospel,

[Signature]

Secretary

President
My dad came home from church and took his dress clothes off and they were immediately hung up. His hat and coat were always hung up when he wasn't wearing them; he never laid them down anywhere. I never saw him dirty and he always wore overalls that were never washed as he didn't like his overalls laundered.

We had a large flock of geese as far back as I can remember. They were in a field across the road from our house. One day Wayne and Neesie Rogers were going by in their Model A Ford and they ran off the culvert while watching the geese. They came in and visited awhile and then dad helped them get their car back on the road again and they went home.

In 1939 after all the children were grown and married, Dad had a heart attack and the doctor only gave him six months to live. My sister, Verna and I went home and my sister let him know he wasn't going to die as she had come to take him home with her. She proceeded to do just that. He and mother stayed with my brother Clifford in Durango under a doctor's care for a time and then they visited Verna and me in Mancos where we both lived.

While they were visiting us in Mancos, Ray and I took mom and dad to Paradox, Colorado to visit dad's two brothers, Gordon and Bob Gibson. They hadn't seen them for something like forty years.

Very soon after dad got better from his heart problem, he and mother went to Mesa, Arizona to work in the Arizona Temple where they spent ten winters until my mother's death in February 1949. In 1947 mother and dad celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary when all eight of their children came home to celebrate with them.

Dad's patriarchal blessing says, "that he would be the Savior of his father's posterity" so he was to live many years after the doctor had given him six months to live to do the work of many relatives before his death.

When dad was in Arizona working in the Temple, the authorities wanted him to go to the dedication of the first stake in the Southern States. He felt he couldn't go but afterward he wished he had as President Charles A. Challis was there to organize the stake. He was at the pulpit talking and his wife (who had been dead for several years) came and sat down in the front row. The other women pushed around and let her sit down in front. Everybody could see her. After the dedication, President Challis went to visit some friends and he died in the car on this trip.

After my mother's death in 1949 dad lived with his son, Elias in Alamosa for two winters and then with a son, Clifford in Salt Lake City, Utah until his death in 1956. Cliff's son David told me how it was when my dad died: "I was sitting on the couch with Grandpa Gibson July 6, 1956, I was fourteen years old. Grandpa tried to stand up, but he just sat back down, laid his head back and he was gone. He was a very lonely man who wanted to go home."

Cliff had promised Dad that he would go home with him when he went. So Cliff had the mortician in Salt Lake prepare Dad's body and he was put in his casket. Cliff got a permit to put his casket in the back of a station wagon and take him home by way of Durango where it would be cooler. Dad is buried in the old cemetery in Manassa, Colorado.
Children born to Charles Henry and Bertha Hayes Carr Gibson were:

1. Charles Elias Gibson born Aug. 9, 1898 at Manassa, Conejos, Colorado. He married Addie Hess May 18, 1921, 2) Mabel Bently Head

2. Elmer Paul Gibson born Sept. 11, 1899 at Manassa, Conejos, Colorado. He married 1) Celetta Glover (div) 2) Velma Lewis Noland, 3) Elva Johnson.


4. Verna Odell Gibson was born Nov. 5, 1902 at Manassa, Conejos, Colorado. She married Loui Hess June 5, 1920.

5. Charlotte Jane Gibson born Nov. 8, 1905 at Manassa, Conejos, Colorado. She died Aug 18, 1907.


9. Irene Gibson was born Sept. 12, 1912 at Manassa, Colorado. She died Aug. 21, 1914.


11. Blanche Haskell Gibson was born Jan. 4, 1918 at Manassa, Colorado. She married Raymond LeRoy Matlock October 12, 1938. (Div.)
Bertha Carr and Charles Henry Gibson at their wedding on Oct. 8, 1897 in Salt Lake Temple.


Back row: Marion, Newel, Clifford, Elmer and Elias Gibson
Fr. row: Verna, Clarissa, Mom, Dad and Blanche at the 50th Wedding
for our parents.

Mom and dad standing on the steps of the Mesa Temple

Grandma Gibson cutting weeds with the scythe.
Bertha Hayes Carr was born Sept. 7, 1871 in Randolph Co., Indiana. She was the third girl and youngest of a set of identical twins born to William G. and Frances Jane (Wallace) Carr. The Carrs lived in Randolph County, Ind. until the twins were nine years old and they moved to Blackford Co. Ind. for one year. When she was ten years of age the Carrs moved to Escambia Co. Fla. and took out a Homestead near Molino. Her father taught school in the winter and I'm sure the twins were in his classes.

When Bertha and Blanche were but sixteen years of age their father died on their birthday leaving their mother to prove up the Homestead and raise the children.

Bertha Carr attended the Tate's Select School at Cantonment, Fla. and Normal School at Pensacola, Fla. and then she taught school for six years in public schools there. Part of this time she would spend her winters with her twin, Blanche who had married John Nicholson and they lived closer to the school at Pine Barren, Fla. where she taught.

During this time the L.D.S. (Mormon) missionaries would visit the Carrs about every three months and they wouldn't invite them in but would have them remain on the front porch. They would really have a good time with them and when they were cornered on any subject, they would come back to polygamy. One time when the missionaries had been there, they left a Book of Mormon. After a time the Carrs read it and when they came to the part in the last chapter of the book where Moroni "exhorts you that ye ask God, the Eternal Father, in the name of Christ if these things are not true, and if ye shall ask with a sincere heart, with real intent, having faith in Christ, he will manifest the truth of it unto you, by the Power of the Holy Ghost." Grandma Carr and the twins decided to put this to the test. The twins went into a bedroom and Grandma Carr remained in the dining room to pray. After a time when the twins came out of the bedroom, Grandma Carr asked what conclusion they had come to and the girls said, "We hate to admit it, but I'm afraid it's true."

Grandma Carr wrote to Elias S. Kimball, the Mission President and asked him to send the missionaries to baptize them. The missionaries that were sent were Charles Henry Gibson and Jabez Faux. Grandma Carr, Bertha and George were all baptized at this time. The twin, Blanche Nicholson and her husband were Methodists and remained thus.

After Elder Gibson came back to Colorado after his mission was completed, he wrote back to Florida and convinced Bertha Carr she should come west to marry him. The latter part of September 1897, she came by train to Grand Junction, Colorado and stayed for a few days waiting for Elder Gibson to meet her here and go on to Salt Lake City to be married. Eventually Elder Gibson arrived and along with four other couples who were also going to Salt Lake City to be married, she joined the group. Brother and Sister John Hunt of Sanford, Colorado, Hugh Sellers and bride, Thales Haskell and Martha Smith and James De Priest and his family. The whole group was waiting to see Henry Gibson kiss his wife to be. Since he had never kissed her before, bet that was an awkward situation.
When they arrived in Salt Lake City, mother hadn't been a member of the L.D.S. Church quite a year and no recommend to be married in the Salt Lake Temple. Elder Gibson had a recommend of his own. The church authorities told them to join a ward and, after a year, she could get a recommend. It was conference time in Salt Lake and several notable people were there from Dad's ward in Manassa, and they saw that mother had a recommend and Charles Henry Gibson and Bertha Hayes Carr were married October 8, 1897 in the Salt Lake Temple.

On the return trip to Colorado they stayed all night at a hotel in Salida, Colorado. In the morning before they had gotten up, there was a knock on the door. Dad jumped out of bed to answer the door and couldn't find his pants — mother had hidden them under the covers. He was quite frustrated until she gave them to him.

When they arrived back in Manassa, Colorado on October 12, 1897 there had been a snow storm and the five couples were met at the train in LaJara with bob sleds and taken to a friend's home where there was a big feast prepared for them. There were young pigs roasted whole with an apple in their mouth. This was a highlight and a very happy beginning to their marriage. They were the parents of eleven children — six boys and five girls — of which eight lived to adulthood.

We were quite amused by a letter Grandma Carr received from one of mother's friends, a Lillie Barrow, who wanted to know if mother was dad's third wife or seventh wife, she had heard both stories. This was after mother had come west and married my dad and had her first baby.

Mother was always interested in current events, and whatever was going on around her. She got excited about the prospect of the tunnel thru the mountain (that became the Johnson-Eisenhower Tunnel about twenty years after her death). She always talked of them someday sending a rocket to the moon. On her 76th birthday she was given a flight in an airplane. "Guess I'm old enough now to go up," she told her friends at the Alamosa airport as she climbed into a plane. She was quite thrilled when they flew her over her home. Dad wasn't that excited about her going up as he was afraid something would happen to her and he personally wanted to keep one foot on the ground. Newel arranged this flight for her birthday.

She was interested in education, her church, genealogy and was a great historian. She spent most of her life trying to search and find the parents of her father, William G. Carr, but didn't succeed. This was found by her grandson, Jerry Lee Gibson, the fact that William G. Cobb had deserted during the Civil War and had changed his name to William G. Carr.

She read stories to us a great deal as a family or to Dad and the rest of us just listened. I can still remember some of those stories she read to us. We didn't have a TV or even a radio and we may have still had kerosene lamps.

After all of us were married and gone from home, mom and dad spent many winters in Mesa, Arizona working in the Arizona Temple. Mom died February 8, 1949 in Phoenix, Arizona as a result of a stroke, but she is buried at Manassa, Conejos, Colorado.
The Gibson home as it is today at 917 East Avenue in Alamosa, Colorado where Beverly still lives.

Elmer Paul Gibson Jr. (Sonny) and Clyde Gibson in front of the Elias Gibson home as it once was.

Our Life contains a thousand strings.  
And dies if one be gone,  
Strange that a harp of a thousand strings  
Should keep in tune so long.
"I REMEMBER PAPA'S HANDS"

When I feel burdened with my cares
From tasks that life demands,
I realize how small they are
When I think of Papa's hands.

Papa's hands were rough to touch
And calloused, here and there.
But, beautiful they seemed to me,
As he folded them in prayer.

These hands supported all of us,
And others who came in,
Who needed homes or counseling,
They, too, became our kin.

The hungry or the passers-by
Were never turned away.
There always seemed to be enough,
To feed us all each day.

The whistle of the train to him
Was music to his ears.
The welfare of the crew
Was as important as the gears.

The long, hard hours away from home,
He bore without complaints.
And shoveling coal to meet their needs,
Would test the faith of Saints.

When death came to his humble door
And left him in despair,
He never lost his faith in God
Nor ceased to serve with care.

He walked the way of humble men,
The path few people know.
And, cared not for the world's applause,
Nor glory here, below.

The Master Engineer then called,
The whistle sounded, clear.
He laid his earthly cares behind,
Left those he held so dear.

He left his wealth to each of us,
Though not the worldly kind.
But, by example, he bequeathed
A treasure from his mind.

And when he went to meet his God,
For praise or reprimands,
I'm sure that all he had to do,
Was show the Lord his hands.

By Hazel Atterberry

-118-
Charles Elias Gibson was born Aug. 9, 1898 at Manassa, Conejos, Colo., the eldest of eleven children to be born to Charles Henry and Bertha Hayes Carr Gibson. To his family he was always known as Elias, but was known as Charlie to the men he worked with later.

Elias S. Kimball was Mission President for the Southern States when my dad was on a mission in 1895-1897. Mother's family was converted to the church and baptized at this time so the name Elias S. Kimball meant a great deal to my parents. As a result, their eldest son was named Charles Elias for my father, Charles Henry Gibson and Elias S. Kimball.

When he was quite young Dad took Elias with him to the ranch to put in the crop. Mom had packed them a lunch. Dad found a cottontail rabbit for Elias to play with while Dad did the farm work. When Dad came to eat lunch he discovered it had already been taken care of and Elias was asleep.

Elias had a keen sense of humor and derived much pleasure from his ability to whistle like a train. You could hear the train chugging down the tracks and whistle into the station. One time he was at a silent movie when a train appeared on the screen as if it was coming toward him. He whistled like a train and, it was so realistic, it startled theater patrons who dived under their seats for protection.

He attended grade school and grew to manhood in Manassa. He learned to milk cows and work on the family farm. He learned to play the French harp at an early age. Sometimes his incessant playing would annoy family members, so he would retreat to the outhouse where he practiced to his heart's content —only the neighborhood dogs barked.

He was proud of the fact that he assisted in putting up the first street lights in Manassa when they finally had electricity installed in the town.

In 1921 Elias had a severe case of smallpox. He and Elmer both had it and were quarantined in Grandma Gibson's house in the field. Before they were put in their own pest house, Verna was exposed to the disease and she was pregnant with her first child. When she took smallpox too, the child was born prematurely. She was quarantined in the log house across the street from Dad and Mom to be away from the rest of us. None of the rest of the family had smallpox at this time. Since Verna's sister-in-law, Addie Hess had had smallpox, she came to take care of Verna and the baby. It was at this time that Addie and Elias met when everything was somewhat back to normal.

On May 18, 1921 Charles Elias married Addie Hess, daughter of Nels Paulson and Josepnhine Sorensen Hess in Alamosa, Colorado where he was later employed by McFee and McGinty Box Factory. The couple was sealed in the Salt Lake Temple on May 23, 1929.

In the winter of 1924 their house burned to the ground and almost took their eldest son, Charles with it but for Elias' eldest sister, Verna saving him and her daughter, Josephine from the fire. In June 1925 they bought the house and property at what later would become 917 East Avenue in Alamosa. It was just across the street from the home of Addie's parents, Nels Paulson and Josephine Kjirstine Sorenson Hess.
Elias started working for the Denver and Rio Grande Western Railroad October 20, 1921 in the Alamosa shops as a carmen's helper. During the great depression and periods of lay-offs, he engaged in any honest labor he could find. Several times, he unloaded train cars of coal (33 tons) by hand. The back breaking job would net one ton of coal to help heat his home. He also worked at the flour mill in Alamosa at times.

This was a time of great trials for my brother, Elias as he lost half of his family in one summer in 1930. His eldest son, Charles died on July 28, at eight years of age; a stillborn daughter arrived five days later on August 2nd; and on August 30th, his wife died leaving him with sons two and four years of age and deeply in debt.

Children born to Charles Elias and Addie Hess Gibson were:

1. Charles Nels Gibson was born Feb. 19, 1922 at Manassa, Colorado. Due to an injury at birth, Charles was unable to walk or use his body and was always in a walker. He was as bright as a new dollar and could sing like everything. Since he was only four years younger than me, we played Sunday School by the hour and could he ever sing, "Jesus Wants Me For a Sunbeam." Charles died July 28, 1930 at eight years of age. They said he had diphtheria, and that is what his death certificate says.

2. Roy Ralph Gibson was born Dec. 20, 1925 at Alamosa, Colorado. After the death of his mother and his father had remarried, he and Howard went to Manassa and lived with grandparents for a few years. During World War II, he joined the Army and served his time in Germany. After his discharge and return to the United States, he went to Salt Lake City and lived with his uncle Clifford and family for many years. He was called on a mission to Denmark and Cliff's family supported him and kept him there. Since Denmark was where his mother's people had come from to the United States, this was a real thrill to him.

   He married Eldora Venema in April 1952 in the Salt Lake Temple. She is the daughter of Albert Venema. Children born to Roy Ralph and Eldora Gibson are: Royce Albert, Kent Charles, Layne Ralph, Ladora, Rodney Ronald, Jerald Jay and Maurine.

3. Howard Glenn Gibson was born Jan. 7, 1928 at Alamosa, Colorado. He lived with grandparents in Manassa with his brother Ralph for a few years. The following is the memories of Howard:

   As my tears of grief hit the ground, they created miniature puffs of dry dust that held my fascination, briefly, as I sat on the curb, alone at two years of age, mourning the death of my dear mother. How well the adult spoken words, "He's much too young to realize what's happened," remain emblazoned in my memory! Although then, I couldn't possibly have fathomed the plight of a young child forced to survive without the love and guidance of a mother, I was to learn!
Dad, possibly stunned by the events of the past few weeks; the deaths of Mother, my newborn baby sister and older brother, Charles; . . plus the fire that had gutted the family home, a few months before, was indifferent to the needs of brother Ralph, four, and myself. So, in all aspects, at the time of mother's death, we were literally orphaned!

Within a few months of mother's death, Dad married a widow with two children about our ages. At this time, our small, three roomed house became crowded to the point that Ralph and I were relegated to a tent for sleeping quarters. This arrangement wasn't too uncomfortable during the summer months . . but the intense, below zero weather of the winter was almost unbearable. Had it not been for the faithfulness of the family dog in snuggling—up with us each night, we would have suffered frost bite more frequently, and quite possibly . . . could have frozen to death. I still can't understand how Dad could have slept in a warm house, knowing that his two small 'waifs' were out in the freezing cold, having to literally shake the snow out of their shoes each morning!

The happiest memories of my childhood revolve around the two years spent with my Gibson grandparents in Manassa. I have pleasant memories of helping Grandma in the garden; making honey taffy candy, popping corn and picking 'pigtail' apples. My Grandmother nursed me through a critical case of measles; and it was her eyes that first noticed the needle in the x-rays of my elbow, that I had been carrying in a sling . . . doctor diagnosed as being broken. I felt happy walking to church with her . . . and wanted the whole world to know that the lovely lady, holding my hand was MY Grandma. Also, Grandpa kept us enthralled with tales of his church missions. All too soon, my first and second grades of schooling ended and Ralph and I returned to Alamosa.

Again, we struggled with the chores; herding and milking the cows and feeding the chickens and rabbits. The chores did take a lot of time, both mornings and evenings . . . but I soon learned that they could be an evening asset! I did not have a fondness for school homework, so, then, I thanked my 'lucky stars' that while the other two children were being forced to do their homework (we could see them through the kitchen window as we trudged in from the pasture, burdened with heavy milk pails), we had our chores as an excuse! Needless to say, our school grades suffered . . . but, then, who was there to care?

As little half-brothers and a half-sister arrived, I was seldom allowed to play with or hold them, and although I loved them dearly, no strong sibling bonds were ever established.

On the cold, winter weekends, when we were told to "play outdoors and keep from underfoot," Ralph and I often found warmth through the kindness of an elderly neighbor man, who let us melt the chill from our bones around his blazing pot-bellied stove. Also, the tantalizing flavor of his always abundant supply of succulent, 'welfare' (dry-skinned, wizened) oranges was a treat to savor! We also spent many hours in the 'outhouse' . . . the atmosphere wasn't too great, but the building did shield us from the biting winter winds. On nicer days, we retreated to the adjoining city dump and spent hours looking for discarded 'treasures.'
Other memories of this era, include running home from school at noon to be handed a slice of bread and jelly at the door, then back to school on the run. Maybe this 'training' was responsible for my winning first place ratings in 9th and 10th grade track! Also, I felt cheated that Ralph and I had to herd cows, Saturday afternoons, while the other kids got to go to the movies.

At age nine years I started hanging out at the Alamosa Bottling Company where the employees were kind to me. I was soon sorting bottles and placing pop in cases, and from this time on, I earned enough money to pay for my own clothing. Three years later, Ralph and our motherless cousin, Paul (Sonny) Gibson, both fourteen, and myself, tackled the janitorial work at the Bain's Apartments, receiving a two bedroom, furnished apartment as our pay. Oh, what joy to have a solid roof over our heads and a warm bed. We were absolutely thrilled over having a bathroom.. and took several baths a day. No more of that Saturday night, only, ritual of third or fourth hand-me-down water! Clean at last. In addition to attending school and the janitorial work, Ralph worked at a laundry, and Sonny and I, both worked at grocery stores. Dad had accused us of being lazy and not wanting to do the chores when we left home. He never once checked on our well being or gave us a dime in support. Actually, we were to have few encounters over the years.

World War II broke up our cozy threesome, with the arrival of draft notices for Ralph and Sonny enlisted. (Sonny was killed in service). Left all alone at fifteen, I tried my best to do all the janitorial work, attend school, and hold down jobs and I became quite ill. After two days of absence, the theatre manager came checking on me and became quite agitated over my state of affairs; parental neglect and over—taxed work schedule. He, then, obtained room and board for me at the home of an elderly widow, Mrs. Darling. I later lived with the Earl Maggard family. I quit school in the tenth grade and earned a good living continuing on with the grocery and theater work.

I will always carry the 'trademark' of my youth; stooped shoulders, caused by a too heavy workload..too young, according to my doctor.

I became an apprentice lineman for the Public Service Co., shortly after my marriage to Verda Kay Fingado in 1945, and held this position until we purchased a grocery store in Ordway, Colorado in 1953. We have lived in Pueblo the past twenty four years where I am employed as a Safeway meat-cutter.

Howard married Verda Kay Fingado Aug. 19, 1945 at Taos, New Mexico. Verda Kay is the daughter of Francis and Dola Galbraith Fingado. Children born to Howard and Verda Kay Gibson are: Frances Lane, Patricia Dawn, Howard Bryan, Shelli Sue and Erik Scott Gibson.

4. Baby Girl Gibson born Aug. 2, 1930 to Elias and Addie Gibson at Alamosa, Colorado and she was stillborn.

Charles Nels Gibson and Grandma Hess's dog
Howard Glen Gibson standing by wagon and Roy Ralph Gibson sitting in wagon beside their home in Alamosa, Colorado

Roy Ralph Gibson as a missionary to Denmark

Roy Ralph Gibson during World War II on the Austrian and German border — in the Army

Roy Ralph Gibson in Army uniform during World War II in Germany
Howard Glen Gibson as a meat cutter in Safeway market at Pueblo, Colorado.

Addie Hess as a young lady. Her sailor friend could be one of her brothers.

Verda Kay, Erik and Howard Gibson in Pueblo, Colorado.

Howard Gibson while at Grandma Gibson’s.
**Ancestor Chart**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Born</th>
<th>Where</th>
<th>When Married</th>
<th>Died</th>
<th>Where</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1.</td>
<td>Addie Hess</td>
<td>1 Jan 1897</td>
<td>Sanford, Conejos, Colo.</td>
<td>18 May 1921</td>
<td>30 May 1930</td>
<td>Alamosa, Alamosa, Colo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3.</td>
<td>Josephine Kjirstine Sorensen</td>
<td>16 Nov 1861</td>
<td>Fredericia, Vejle, Denmark</td>
<td>21 Feb 1852</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4.</td>
<td>M. Paul Peterson</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5.</td>
<td>Maren Nielson</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6.</td>
<td>Mads Sorensen</td>
<td>14 Apr 1826</td>
<td>Nebel, Ribe, Denmark</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7.</td>
<td>Kjirstine Hanson</td>
<td>25 May 1826</td>
<td>Holding, Kansgaard, Denmark</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Nels Paulson deserted from the Danish Army and added Hess to his name and came to the United States.
ADDIE HESS was born Jan. 1, 1897 at Sanford, Conejos, Colorado, the sixth of eleven children born to Niels Paulson and Josephine Kjirstine Sorenson Hess.

Niels Paulson was born Aug. 18, 1854 at Hesselager, Svenborg, Denmark to M. Paul Peterson and Maren Nielson. He had an older brother, Peder who came to the United States in 1875 with his wife, Marie Sophie Agnete Paulson and one year old son, Paul. Peder's wife's parents, Paul and Anna Paulson also came with them and they all settled in Minnesota, first near Pinnock, Minnesota and, later at Belgrade, Stearns, Minnesota where they bought a farm that is still in the family.

Niels Paulson was in the process of serving in the army in Denmark, which was compulsory for all males. In 1879 he deserted from the military and added Hess to his name and came to the United States where his brother was located. His girl friend, Josephine Kjirstine Sorenson came to the United States from Denmark in November 1882 and she and Niels Paulson were married in Minneapolis, Minnesota Nov. 25, 1882. So his brother, Peder raised a large family under the name of Paulson and Niels raised a large family under the name of Hess.

Josephine Kjirstine Sorenson was born Nov. 16, 1861 at Fredericia, Vejle, Denmark to Mads Sorenson and Kjirstine Hanson. She was one of five children born to this couple: Saverien Sorenson, Ana Marie, Johanne Dorothy, Orson Friels Rudolph Sorenson and Josephine Kjirstine Sorenson. Her parents were very active in the L.D.S. Church in Denmark, so Josephine was a Mormon when she came to America. She came to the United States with a group of Mormon Emigrants and married Niels Paulson Hess Nov. 25, 1882 in Minneapolis, Minnesota. They had four children born in Minnesota with Loui being the youngest — Paul, Maggie, Rudolph and Loui. When Loui was just nine months old they were sent to Sanford, Conejos, Colorado to help colonize the San Luis Valley. Niels joined the Mormon Church after they came to Sanford. This area was colonized by Mormons.

The family spent some time in Sanford, Colorado where Clara and Addie were born. Then they went to East Dale, Costilla, Colorado where they farmed and Albert, William Kingley, Glenn Edward and Josephine Amelia were born there. The town of East Dale failed because of a lack of water. The Hess family then moved to San Luis, Costilla, Colorado where Harry Ralph was born and Niels did a lot of carpenter work building the flour mill in San Luis.

The Hess family moved around a great deal during Addie's growing up years and finally, after Gallup, New Mexico for several years, and then Manassa, Sanford and Alamosa, Colorado. They were always looking for employment for the big family they had.

Addie's older brother, Loui met and married Verna Gibson. Verna was exposed to the smallpox when she was expecting her first baby. Her two older brothers had smallpox — Elias and Elmer and she was exposed to it too. She took the smallpox and her baby was born early. Since Addie had had smallpox she came to take care of Verna and the baby, Josephine who were in the log house across the street from the Gibson family. It was at this time after the smallpox was over that Addie met Elias Gibson.

Film 041943 Frederica, Denmark L.D.S. Membership records
Film 041945 Kolding Branch Denmark L.D.S. Membership records
Film 002717 East Dale, Colorado L.D.S. Membership records

-129-
Elias and Addie lived in Grandma Gibson's house in the field and Elias helped Dad on the farm. Their eldest son, Charles was born while they lived there. Addie wasn't very big and she was having quite a time in labor with a rather difficult delivery of the baby. They had a doctor and he braced himself on the foot of the bed and pulled on the shoulders of the baby. As a result, the baby, Charles didn't have the use of his body. They took him to various doctors and the L.D.S. Children's Hospital in Salt Lake City, but nothing could be done.

Charles was as bright as a dollar but couldn't roll over or ever walk. He was always in a walker especially built for him.

Addie's father, Nels Paulson Hess, worked for the Box Factory and then eventually for the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad in Alamosa. Addie and Elias moved to Alamosa and Elias worked also for the Box Factory and then this was the beginning of him working for the railroad. They rented a house close to her parents and across the street from Loui and Verna. After their house burned and Verna saved Charles and Josephine from the fire, Addie and Elias bought a place across the street the other way from her parents and it was here that Ralph and Howard were born.

Addie taught Clarissa to make Danish Dumplings out of bread crumbs that they cooked with chicken. She always thought they were delicious but we don't have the recipe for it.

Elias and Addie had a little red rooster that would attack Addie when she would go outside. One time she took a stick and hit it in the head, but she didn't kill it. He came staggering out, kinda dazed like, but went right on.

Addie was a very sweet person, very happy and always laughing. She had bad teeth and when she was pregnant the last time, they were filling her teeth and taking care of them. When Charles developed diphtheria, they gave Addie the shots too, and it was too much for her system to take, so the little girl was stillborn and Addie died Aug. 30, 1930 and is buried at Manassa, Colorado.
History of Charles Elias Gibson Cont'd.

Elias married Mabel Bently Head on June 3, 1931. She was recently widowed and had two children of her own by Heber Head — Jack and Barbara Head. Mabel was to be his companion for nearly fifty one years and to help him pay off his debts and to raise a second family.

About this time Elias developed stomach ulcers that almost took his life many times in the years ahead.

Elias was my big brother and always very kind. He had a dry sense of humor and I never remember him losing his temper or raising his voice. Maybe this was the reason he had ulcers.

He was a great hand to try to help us all in his quiet way. In 1936 when I graduated from high school, he somehow came up with the money to buy my graduation dress. When I wanted to go to Denver to business school, Elias took me on the train to Denver and stayed overnight at Aunt Laura's. He paid my tuition and made many trips to Denver to see that I was all right. He could ride a pass on the train, but I couldn't; but at Christmas and other times he somehow came up with the money for me to come home. These were still depression times and he had a young second family by now.

Elias kept his cows in a pasture a couple blocks from their home. He would haul hay to them there in the winter time and go over there twice a day to milk the cows. Even after he could no longer drink milk, he kept the cows so his grandchildren would have milk.

He would haul fertilizer those blocks in a wheelbarrow to put on his garden and they still have good soil there for his daughter, Beverly to have a good garden long after his death.

Mom and dad were quite sick at one time thinking they had cholera and wouldn't let anybody in. Elias took off work and went down to Manassa and took care of them.

He made several trips to Arizona on the train to see Mom and Dad. When mom got sick before she died Elias went to Mesa, Arizona on the train and when Dad wouldn't fly home, Elias brought him home on the train. Verna and Marion flew home with mother's body.

Elias worked for the Rio Grande Railroad for 42 years altogether before he retired. He started as a carman helper and eventually became a carman. He remembered when the roundhouse in Alamosa was a busy place with three and four passenger trains running out of Alamosa every day, all narrow gauge, except the runs to Pueblo and Creede which were standard gauge. He was given a fishing pole from the railroad employees when he retired. He went fishing with many family members for years. He always had cows, chickens and seems as if I can remember some rabbits too. They always raised a big garden.

A proud and frugal man, he fed multitudes from his large garden and every grandchild looked forward to going with grandpa to milk the cows.

-131-
One story I forgot to tell about Elias as a young man so I'm going to insert it in here.

One night Elias was coming home from the show by himself and the street was mighty dark where he was walking as there were no street lights. All of a sudden he saw something white following him - it was real eerie. When he stopped, it stopped, when he ran, the white light ran too. Finally he discovered it was a white lamb following him.

Following a lengthy illness, he passed away June 1, 1982 at Alamosa Community Hospital and is buried at Manassa, Colorado in the new cemetery beside Addie and their two children.

Children born to Elias and Mabel Gibson were:


2. Vernal Clyde Gibson was born May 22, 1935 at Alamosa, Colorado. He married Sue Bailey and their children: Cynthia Clare, Timothy Clyde, Roger Dale, Jessie Nel, and Susan Elizabeth. They were divorced and Clyde married 2nd Bobbeye Campbell Johnson.

3. Beverly June Gibson born May 23, 1937 at Alamosa, Colorado. Beverly was born with cerebral palsy and later developed diabetes. She graduated from high school and worked for years as a bookkeeper. At her parents death, the property at 917 East Avenue was left to Beverly so she would have a place to live.

Ancestor Chart

1. Mabel Bentley
   BORN 20 Sept. 1901
   WHERE Sanford, Conejos, Colo.
   WHEN MARRIED 2) 3 June 1931
   DIED 23 May 1982
   WHERE Alamosa, Colo.
   NAME OF HUSBAND OR WIFE

2. Fredrick Bentley
   BORN 19 Jan 1865
   WHERE Chester, Chestershire, Eng.
   WHEN MARRIED 29 Dec. 1897
   DIED 27 July 1942
   WHERE Alamosa, Alamosa, Colo.

3. Mary Aquilla Wilson
   BORN 23 Jan. 1878
   WHERE Pike Co. Alabama
   DIED 10 Mar. 1912
   WHERE Sanford, Conejos, Colo.

4. Fredrick Bentley
   BORN 20 Sept. 1834
   WHERE Salford, Lancashire, Eng.
   WHEN MARRIED 23 Nov. 1912
   DIED Parowan, Iron, Utah

5. Mary Evans
   BORN 20 Dec. 1834
   WHERE Chester, Chestershire, Eng.
   DIED 16 Oct. 1874
   WHERE Chester, England

6. John Leonard Wilson
   BORN 5 Aug. 1839
   WHERE Fayette Co. Ga.
   WHEN MARRIED 23 Dec. 1854
   DIED 5 Apr. 1919
   WHERE Sanford, Conejos, Colo.

7. Martha Jane Wilkins
   BORN 6 June 1836
   WHERE Fayette Co. Georgia
   DIED 14 Feb. 1920

8. John Bentley
   BORN WHERE
   WHEN MARRIED
   DIED WHERE

9. Elizabeth Middlefield
   BORN WHERE
   WHEN MARRIED
   DIED WHERE

10. Thomas Evans
    BORN WHERE
    WHEN MARRIED
    DIED WHERE

11. Margaret Slone
    BORN WHERE
    WHEN MARRIED
    DIED WHERE

12. George Washington Wilson
    BORN WHERE
    WHEN MARRIED
    DIED WHERE

13. John W. Wilkins
    BORN WHERE
    WHEN MARRIED
    DIED WHERE

14. Agnes Rainey
    BORN WHERE
    WHEN MARRIED
    DIED WHERE
MABEL BENTLEY was born on Sept. 20, 1901, in Sanford, Conejos, Colorado to Fredrick Bentley Jr. and Mary Aquilla Wilson Bentley. She was the second oldest of eight children. She attended school in Sanford, and was a member of the L.D.S. church. She was a good student, and when she was in about the sixth grade, the teacher would have her stay after school and tutor some of her classmates in math and spelling. Grandpa Bentley was the janitor of the school, so mother would walk home with him when he was through cleaning the school.

Mabel's mother died when she was eleven years old, leaving Grandpa with seven children, the youngest wasn't quite a month old. A good friend of theirs had a baby boy about the same age, so she took baby Stella and nursed her on one side and her son on the other. After Grandma Bentley died her parents, Grandpa and Grandma Wilson came to live with them, to help with the children. Mother says that Grandpa Wilson was a little thin man; he didn't weigh much more than ninety pounds, and he had quite a temper. When the wind would blow, it would blow his hat off; and it would make him so mad that he would chase it with a pitch fork, and stick it down in the middle of it.

Grandpa and Grandma Wilson only lived with them a short while and then Grandma Wilson took sick with what mother said she thought was high blood pressure. But in those days they didn't know what it was. They moved back up to Alamosa to stay with their son and to be near a doctor. Mother quit school in the eighth grade to stay at home and help with her brother and sisters. The neighbors helped them a lot and taught her and her sisters to cook and they would go help the neighbors with their housework and they learned to keep house and cook. Mother read a lot in the evenings and on Sunday. She and her girl friends traded books.

When Mother was seventeen years old she went to a dance one Saturday night and a neighbor of theirs, Buck Canty brought his cousin to the dance. He and his cousin, Haber Head just sat and didn't dance. Heber was real shy. After the dance Buck introduced his cousin to mother and two of her sisters. The next afternoon they came over to mother's and they talked about some books that she was reading. A while later, he came and asked Grandpa if she could go to a dance with him. After that they started dating regularly.

About a year later they came to Alamosa on the train and were married by the Justice of the Peace. They stayed all night at the Victoria Hotel, and went back to Sanford the next day. They lived east of Sanford for a couple of years. While they lived there mother's sister, Florence (whose right hand was deformed from birth) had her third child. She had had St. Vitus's Dance as a child and was unable to take care of three children. She asked mother if she and Heber would take her son, Eldon and care for him. They trapped beavers and muskrats for a while, then Heber and his cousins heard that they were hiring men to help build bridges in New Mexico. So they went to Farmington where Heber had lived. They built bridges from Farmington across northern New Mexico into Colorado. They would sit up construction camps and live in tents. One night they had just moved into a camp and about time for the men to come home to eat and one of the men came to mother's tent and asked her if she would come and cook supper. The cook had gotten mad and quit and they didn't have anyone to fix supper. So mother went and cooked supper that night and was cook from then on. Cooking for about 30 men, and she had never cooked for that many people before.
Mother and Heber were married for six years before their son, Fredrick Jackson Head was born. One night while mother was doing the dishes, Jack was about two years old, and three of the men put him up in the middle of the bed and gave him a bottle of whiskey and got him drunk. Mother was so mad she threatened to quit, but there was no one that could cook, so she had to keep cooking for them. A daughter, Barbara Lee Head was born to them July 10, 1927. She was two months premature, and didn't have any fingernails or eyelashes. She was born in Farmington, New Mexico, and her Grandma Head would hold her in the oven and rub her all over to keep her warm. Jack couldn't say Barbara Lee, so he called her Bobbyee. She later came to be called Bob, but Jack still calls her Bobbey.

On Christmas Eve 1929, mother and Heber and their two children were coming to Sanford, Colorado from Farmington, New Mexico. Just outside of Antonito they were stopped by a patrolman who was disgruntled because he had been chasing some teenagers in a car that he hadn't been able to catch. He asked Heber for his driver's license and as Heber reached into his back pocket to get his wallet, the patrolman (Joe King) pulled out his gun and shot him. He claimed that he thought Heber was reaching for a gun. They had a trial but the patrolman was acquitted. Mother took Bob and Jack on into Antonito, where Aunt Florence and Uncle Victor lived, and left the children with Aunt Florence. Uncle Victor brought mother to Alamosa to see about Heber. He died December 27, 1929.

Mother took Bob and Jack back down to Farmington and got her things and moved back to Colorado. By that time Aunt Ellen was married and lived in Alamosa. So she moved in with her and Uncle Jesse. She got a job cleaning house for people. One woman she worked for, she and her husband were bootlegging during prohibition. One day a man came and asked Mother if she ever served drinks or drink herself. She said, No. He said "Don't come to work tomorrow." The place was raided by the "feds" the next day. A couple of weeks later, there was a picture of a man in the paper whose body had been found outside of town. Mother recognized him as the man that had warned her not to come to work at the house that was raided.

While they were living with Aunt Ellen, Mother would be out hanging clothes or bringing them in, and there was this young widower who would pass by and talk to her on his way to town. His name was Charles Elias Gibson. She said that he used to come to the dances in Sanford with his brothers, but he would never dance with her as she was too young. He used to dance with and date Aunt Ellen. They would come home after a date or he and Uncle Elmer and Uncle Clifford would come over on Sunday afternoon and talk. They usually had a cake or cookies baked, and they would have cake or cookies and milk. But Elias never paid much attention to her.

His wife had died in August 1930, leaving him with two little boys, Roy Ralph who was four years old, and Howard Glen who was two years old. Grandma Hess was taking care of the boys in the day while Dad worked. He and Mother dated for a while and one night they were talking about how hard it was to work and leave their children with someone else. Grandma Hess wasn't well and wanted to go to California to be with her daughter who lived out there. So Mother and Dad decided to get married. Dad told her if she would marry him and stay home and take care of the children, he would make a living and take care of her and her children.
They were married on June 3, 1931 at the Courthouse in Alamosa, Colo. by the Justice of the Peace. They went to his house and stayed all night, and the next morning Mother went over to Aunt Ellen's and brought Bob and Jack over. They didn't like it here at first. They sat on the back step and cried and cried. But Mother talked to them and finally convinced them that this was their new home.

On March 9, 1932 Bertha Loraine was born. She was a premature baby and only lived nine days.

When Mother, Bob and Jack first moved to the house where Dad lived, they didn't have any water on the property which Dad was buying. They had to haul water from the railroad shops about a block away. When Ralph, Howard and Jack got old enough they had to carry water to drink and for mother to wash with; and enough on Saturday for everyone to take a bath. I don't know what year the city piped water into the houses, but Bob and Jack recall how happy mother was when they finally got water. But Jack says she wasn't half as happy as he and Ralph, because they didn't have to carry any more water.

When they first came here the yard was full of old car bodies, cans and bottles, both broken and unbroken. When Jack got old enough, he and Ralph hauled in dirt from down in the refinery pasture, and filled the yard all in. When Jack was about fourteen, he started working for a man named Gammon, who ran a nursery. He gave Jack starts of iris, gladiolus, and other plants. Jack brought them home and planted them in the front yard. Then he and mother started planting gardens, so we had fresh vegetables in the summer. Mother canned all of the vegetables she could, and was later able to get peaches and pears and can them. Although Bob and Jack say they don't remember having much fruit when they were little.

Vernal Clyde Gibson was born May 22, 1935 and two years and a day later Beverly June was born. She was born with cerebral palsy. Mother and dad both spent many hours rubbing her arms and legs; and for years much time and money was spent taking her to Denver to the Children's Hospital and to cripple children's clinics. Which all turned out well in the end, as she is a healthy woman today. She was able to attend elementary school, with the help of Clyde holding her up and at times practically carrying her. She learned to ride a bicycle during the summer between the 6th and 7th grades, to be able to ride a mile and a half to junior high and high school. She graduated from high school and went to college for a year and a half. She dropped out because of sickness due to diabetes.

Laurence Dale Gibson was born on March 31, 1931. Mother and Dad helped first one brother and sister and then the other. They brought nieces and nephews into their home and took care of them, feeding and clothing them and paying for their education. At mother's seventy fifth-birthday party, we counted 36 children that they had had in their home from one month at a time to twelve years. That didn't include seven of their own.

As you may guess, there was never a dull moment at our house. Kids threw oranges through the living room window, ran through the house fighting and kicked the screen door down - and everything. Every Saturday morning two of our aunts from Manassa and one aunt from Sanford would load all of
their kids into their cars and come to Alamosa to do their weekly shopping. They would drop in on Mabel and she would have a pot of beans on. She would babysit all afternoon while they shopped. When one of the aunts would have a baby, they would usually come and stay during delivery; or a day or two before delivery and about a week after they got out of the hospital.

I look back and marvel at how they fed and cared for so many, but Dad always kept cattle, pigs, chickens and rabbits and he always had a garden. Mother would bake as many as 15 loaves of bread a week. She taught all of us, boys and girls alike, to cook, wash dishes, sew, and keep house. She told the boys that one day their wives may be unable to cook and wash dishes and they were going to learn how.

In March 1961 it was discovered that Mother had diabetes. After that every time she got a thorn in her finger or cut herself, she had an infection. In September 1981 her arthritis was bothering her. She took some arthritis medicine and rubbed on her foot. The next morning her foot was badly burned. She called the doctor and he was out of town for a week. So instead of going to see the doctor that was caring for his patients, she waited for Dr. Nichols to come back. When she went to him, she had blood poison in her foot; she was hospitalized and gangrene set in. On October 12, 1981 they had to amputate her right leg. She was ill for a long time and started improving. About the first of May 1982 the surgeon talked of fitting her with an artificial leg. Three weeks later she caught pneumonia and died May 23, 1982.

(This was written by Beverly Gibson).
Elias Gibson, grandson Tim and Mabel Gibson beside their home in Alamosa, Colorado

Elias with Beverly, Dad and Mom Gibson in the grove beside the Gibson home

Clyde, Dale and Beverly
The Elmer Gibson residence at Manassa, Colorado. The boys with the wagon are his sons, Ronnie and Leland. They later put shakes on the house that changed it some.

"A people, who take no pride in the noble achievement of remote ancestors, will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered by remote descendants."

-- Thomas B. Macaulay
History of England,
Vol. III
Elmer Paul Gibson was born Sept. 11, 1899, the second son born to Charles Henry and Bertha Hayes Carr Gibson. Mother always described him as a very bright child and quick to learn.

As kids we always had to churn cream into butter and buttermilk. We had a churn where the dasher went up and down hundreds of times before we had butter. How we hated that job. We still had kerosene lights and it fell Elmer's lot to churn butter. He wasn't much taller than the churn. He made quite a game out of it and kept jumping up and down making shadows on the wall.

Verna told the story - "I remember once Elmer crawled down under the granary and got stuck. An old hen had crawled under there and laid her eggs and he was going after them. I went to get Mom and she looked under there and showed him which way to move his feet and that to get him out."

Elmer and Elias would go out and sit on the hay stacks waiting for rabbits to come in to eat and they would shoot them and we would eat them. They came in one time with their feet frozen. Mother put their feet in snow and put hot towels on their knees and upper leg above their ankles. She said if you thaw them from the toes up it closes the blood vessels and blocks the circulation. It took a long time to get their feet thawed out.

The first time my mother's twin sister, Blanche Nicholson, visited us from Florida - I'm sure mother knew she was coming but we kids didn't. They were identical twins still and wore each other's clothes and we couldn't tell which was which. Aunt Blanche brought three of her own children with her, Ethel, Jim and Ed and did our mothers have a good time with us. They wore each other's clothes and we couldn't tell which mother was ours.

Elmer had come in ahead of the other boys with the wagon and team and Aunt Blanche came over there with a big arm load of lettuce. She was wearing mother's dress that we all knew. All of the boys had rabbits. She came across the street where Elmer was and told him she had brought some food for the rabbits. Elmer said, "Well Mom just put it there on the wagon. So she put it on the wagon and stood there a minute and she said, "Elmer, aren't you going to say hello to Aunt Blanche. He said, "Aunt Blanche hell, Mom what are you trying to pull on me?" After he unhooked the team and went over to the house, Dad said, "Did you meet Aunt Blanche?" He said, "Aunt Blanche, hell, what are you folks trying to do?" Mother walked out of the bedroom then and was Elmer embarrassed. But they were happy days at least.

Elmer was a very generous person to all of us. The first Christmas I can remember much about Elmer brought a doll for both Clarissa and me. The only dolls we ever had. One Christmas several years later, Clarissa and I received little cedar chests of our own full of hard candy. We both still have them minus the candy of course.

When I was quite small I had the whooping cough and Elmer would hold me on his knee to sing for him and I would really get mad when I would whoop in between my singing.
Dad would send Elmer and Elias to hoe the weeds out of the corn. Elmer would always tie a bandanna handkerchief around his neck and he would really hoe corn to the end of the row. Then he would take the bandanna off and when they asked him why he did that, he said, "It's so cool when I get to the end of the row and take the handkerchief off."

One night Elmer went to the dance and it was an affair where the girls wore dresses with long sashes in back and her date wore a tie made of the same material as her dress. Elmer didn't have a date so he didn't have a tie. He stood outside the door and as couples arrived he used his pocket knife to cut a sash from one of the girl's dresses so he would have a tie. Later in the evening the girl whose sash he had borrowed was amazed it matched her dress.

Elmer and his sister, Verna wore the same size shoes. One time she had new shoes (high heels) that weren't broken in good, so she asked him to wear them for her. He was still wearing them when he appeared at the dance that evening.

Elmer and Elias would go work for Mattocks in the summer and help them put up their hay. While he was up there putting up hay he met Celetta Glover. They were later married and they moved into Grandma Gibson's house. They were there for quite a while and he worked different places with Celetta's father. Her father would always take advantage of him in his wages - he wouldn't give him what was due him and finally that fall, Elmer and Celetta had some trouble and her father and mother took off to another state and she went with them. Elmer didn't ever see any more of her.

Elmer planted a crop of potatoes one year and when he dug them the price was low and he bought the sacks and put them in them. They were selling these potatoes on consignment. He loaded them on the car and sent them to another state and they sold for such a small price that they didn't even pay the freight on them. He had to dig up money and pay the freight on them and then he had the sacks to pay for and he lost his entire crop.

He became very discouraged after that and he finally moved to Denver looking for work. After a certain length of time he found work at the Denver Steel where he worked for some time. He met and married Velma Lewis Warren Mar. 9, 1925. Velma was born Velma Lewis Noland April 5, 1905. Her parents were Lewis Noland and her mother's surname was Stafford. Velma had been married to Wayne Warren and had one little girl - Roberta LaVon born Apr. 15, 1923. She later divorced Warren.

Elmer had lived in Denver for quite a few years and they had a girl and boy of their own. In 1927 Elmer was begging somebody to come over to visit him. So Marion and dad went over on the train. Dad had thought it would be all right to go as it didn't cost too much on the train.

Elmer took them to Lakeside and Elitches and Marion threw baseballs at the little wooden figures and eventually won an Indian doll for Velma.

The next year, Mother took Clarissa and me to Denver on the train to visit Elmer and family. I was about ten and Clarissa fourteen. Mother also visited her sister, Laura Rabesco.
We were also taken to Elitches Gardens to ride on the roller coaster, ferris wheel - just name it we rode on it. I'm sure it cost Elmer a pretty penny before we got home again. Velma was going to take Clarissa to a night club but when I wanted to go too, that fell through, much to Clarissa's disgust. We went to Fort Collins to see the university too.

Mother took me with her to see her sister, Laura Rabesco for a day. We went on the street car and we got lost but finally found her. I was fascinated by their arguments as Aunt Laura claimed to be an agnostic and mother tried everything to convince Aunt Laura that there is a God. She got as far as convincing her somebody run the universe, it wasn't just by chance. Aunt Laura would admit Mother Nature run it. Mother didn't care too much about any of us having that much to do with Aunt Laura for fear we would accept her philosophy and ideas, but she needn't have worried as she had taught us well before we were around Aunt Laura.

We didn't know Velma too well but Marion tells of an incident that happened while he was at Elmers one time:

Elmer had a little bunch of chickens and there was an alley cat that kept coming in there and getting him a chicken now and then. We went to the show one night and we were coming back and coming down the alley getting ready to put the car in the garage and we heard the chickens squawking. Velma said, "That cats in the chickens. Take me around to the front and I'll come between them two buildings. They are only about two feet apart, and it will be in the dark and that cat won't see me and I'll put one of those baskets over it and we'll get that cat. Well it sounded pretty good, so Elmer let her out and came around to the back. She grabbed her up a basket. (The baskets were used to put clothes in to hang out). Anyway, she grabbed that basket and went up there and the cat came down in the shade of the buildings where it was dark and Velma threw that basket right over that cat and jumped on the basket. That alley cat ran his paw through the wooden basket, tore out part of the basket and began to paw her legs. I'll tell you, of all the screaming and cussin you ever heard from one woman, she sure was laying it on.

The cat run its head through the basket and Elmer grabbed up a hammer and was going to hit it in the head and Velma said, "Elmer, you leave this damn cat alone, it's my cat. I'm going to kill it." She grabbed that cat and choked it to death.

Elmer bought this place from a man named Baalsman who was supposed to be a bonded land agent but he didn't record the contract and the guy came in there and brought a fellow and wanted to show him. Well this guy had a mortgage on the place and Velma kept telling this guy it wasn't on this place as they were buying it. He said, "Oh, yes it's on this place." This place was at 220 Inca and Elmer had started building a porch on the back and he had enlarged the basement. He eventually lost this place.

One of the things that always fascinated me about Elmer was the fact that he chewed snuff, would drink a beer any time and eat Limburger cheese. He could also swear like a Dutchman.

Velma died Feb. 10, 1930 in Denver, Colorado. Elmer had a housekeeper for the children for a while but eventually they ended up at our house. They came to our house where they had never been and were very insecure with all those relatives around them.
By this time Elmer was working for the Denver Pickle Co. as the delivery man. He always delivered the specials and then he'd sort pickles a big part of the day. He would sort into four or five different kinds and prepare the specials and he would run them. He'd go out about 11:00 o'clock and deliver until sometimes it would be 12:30 before he'd get back and then he'd sort pickles for a while and along about 4:00 he'd run the evening specials to the special customers, the special cafes and the pickles drew a special price too.

In 1931 I went back to stay with Elmer, but I didn't find a job. While I was there we went out into Indian Hills and I noticed Elmer was complaining of his eyes. He had been complaining for a while. He said it looked like he was just looking over a fire and the smoke and he could see me back there but he didn't see me plain and he had the doctors checking his eyes. This time in the Indian Hills, he drove over a pile of barbed wire that was laying there and didn't even see it. We had quite a time getting the car off of that. We finally got it off and he said, "Marion, I think you better drive home." He had crowded some of the cars off the road. I said, "Elmer, your not driving worth a hoot."

He worked for the Denver Pickle delivering pickles until fall and his eyes got so bad that he had to quit his job and he finally came home and stayed there with mom and dad. He was very unhappy and was having a lot of problems. (Remembrances of Marion Gibson).

These were now depression years and plenty rough. Dad owned his farm and was able to feed the whole family or we wouldn't have made it. Dad was 63 years old that year; Newel and Mabel lived across the street and were farming for dad. They had the dairy cows and milked them and sold the milk to the cheese factory that helped too. Inez and Marion had gotten married and moved in for the winter at our house too.

They were very difficult years for Elmer as he was used to being very active, so it took a period of great adjustment.

Children born to Elmer and Velma Gibson were:

1. Leona Maxine Gibson born June 18, 1925 in Denver, Colorado. She married Howard M. Treft Apr. 12, 1947 and was killed in a motorcycle accident in Feb. 1950. Pat is buried at Manassa, Colorado.'

2. Elmer Paul Gibson, Jr. (Sonny) was born Aug. 22, 1926 in Denver, Colorado. Sonny was such a cute little boy when he came to our house. He sucked his thumb. He wore overalls and would put his hand through the suspenders and suck his thumb and put his finger up his nose. He wouldn't drink milk from the cows, we would have to put it in a bottle and put it on the front step for him to see. Sonny was killed during World War II on Guam in a trucking accident Dec. 25, 1944. He is buried at Manassa, Colorado.

Since Roberta was with the other children, I must tell you some of her history too. Roberta LaVon Warren was born Apr. 15, 1923 in Denver, Colorado. She was the daughter of Wayne Warren and Velma Noland Warren. She and Patty went to Denver to visit their aunt Harriett Snook and were put in the Denver Orphanage where she grew up. She married a man by the name of Reed and he was killed in service at the time she was pregnant with a baby and she lost the baby. We don't know where Roberta is now.
Elmer and Elva Johnson Moore were married Aug. 4, 1934 at San Luis, Costilla, Colorado. Sonny went with them to get married. Elva's parents are Duggar Johnson and Eliza Jane Campbell. Elva had been married and had two boys of her own, Leo Moore and Leslie (Shorty) that were just like Elmer's own children.

Elmer tried farming and raising cattle; they were moving from one place to the other. Finally my dad couldn't stand it and bought Elmer a home and half a block in Manassa that once belonged to our Aunt Mandy Von Cannon, so now they had a home of their own.

Elmer had collected on an insurance policy that gave him something like $2,000 and then Aid to the Blind and Aid to Dependent Children came into being which helped a bunch with his family.

Elmer's two daughters, Roberta and Pat went to Denver to visit their Aunt Harriett Snook, (their mother's sister) and they were put in the Denver Orphanage where they grew up. But Sonny became his dad's eyes and worked right with him as did Elva's two sons. Sonny became very dear to grandparents.

Elva's brother, Bill Johnson became a right hand manto Elmer at times. Bill had lost one leg in a logging accident at a sawmill and had a wooden leg. He would help Elmer haul hay and wood for the winter; he was a good friend to Elmer during the last years of his life.

Newel would take the milk to the cheese factory and bring home whey to feed the hogs. Elmer took his buckets and went to Newel's to get some whey for his pigs. He just got the buckets filled and started back and he heard a bull bellowing down the road. He set his buckets down and crawled over the fence and climbed a tree in Lett Hunnicutt's yard. When he didn't come home after a time, Elva began to wonder where he was and sent the kids to look for him. When they found him he was still up in the tree, so they helped him find his way home with the whey.

Elmer was a short, stocky build and he was a good worker. He would go out and shock grain in the fall for people before we had combines. One year Glen Gibson (our cousin) went out to help Elmer picking up the shocks that didn't end up in the wind row. They'd set up twenty acres a day. Glen worked so hard trying to keep up with Elmer, he didn't want to go again.

After being blind for many years, Elmer went to a young eye doctor they had in Del Norte. The doctor had told him he had cataracts on the back of his eyes. He said, "We are doing miracles with eyes anymore; we could operate on your eyes so you could see something." So they operated on one eye and he could see quite a bit better. When my sister, Verna visited him he could see the design in her blouse. (This was still during the time they used sand bags on your head and you didn't dare move.)

It went on for a while and Elmer had a stroke. He would be up and around for a while, then back in the hospital and in Evergreen Rest Home in Alamosa.

He was always cheerful and telling his little jokes. It wasn't too long before he had another stroke that eventually took him. One time I visited him in the Evergreen Nursing Home and he told me about a man in there named Matlock and thought it would be a good idea if I went to see him to see if he looked like our Matlocks. I did go see him but he didn't look like anybody I know.
Elmer died Apr. 20, 1966 and is buried at Manassa, Colorado.

Children born to Elmer and Elva Gibson were:

1. Doris Jean Gibson was born May 26, 1935 at Manassa, Colorado. Doris married George M. Bobst. Their children are: Audena Kay, Melody Ann, Jonathan Wayne and David Lee.


3. Leland Lloyd Gibson was born Jan 1, 1943 at Manassa, Colorado. Leland married 1) Sharon Barker and they were later divorced. Their children are: Marnie and Alan Gibson. Leland married 2) Cecil Gowers. Their children are: Paul, Tashia and Mike.

4. Ronald Lee Gibson was born March 4, 1944 and his wife is Jeanette Lewis. Their children are: Dieni, Loren and Dienelle.

5. Bruce Gibson has never married and is working in Denver and looking after his mother. Donald Bruce Gibson was born June 14, 1948 at the Alamosa Hospital.

The Set of the Sails

One ship drives East, another drives West,
With the self same winds that blow.
'Tis the set of the sails, and not the gales
 Which tell us the way to go.
Like the waves of the sea are the ways of fate
As we voyage along through life.
Tis the set of the Soul which decides its goal
And not the calm or the strife.

For life is the mirror of King and Slave.
'Tis just what you are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have
And the best will come back to you.

Anonymous
Leland, Elmer, Ronnie & Bruce Gibson at the Gibson home in Manassa, Colo.

Elmer Paul Gibson, Jr. (Sonny)

Ronald Lee Gibson, wife - Jeanette, Dieni, Loren and Dienelle

Elmer with Marilyn and Doris Gibson in front of their home at Manassa, Colorado
Marilyn Gibson as a young lady at Manassa, Colorado.

Leland Gibson as a missionary in North Central States

Leland Gibson, wife Cecil, Paul, Tashia, & Mike

Doris Jean Gibson at home in Manassa, Colorado
Ancestor Chart

1. Elva June Johnson
   BORN: 25 Mar 1910
   WHERE: Manassa, Conejos, Colo.
   WHEN MARRIED: 4 Aug 1934
   DIED: 
   WHERE: 
   NAME OF HUSBAND OR WIFE: Elmer Paul Gibson

2. General Duggar Johnson
   BORN: Sept. 16, 1866
   WHERE: Cranberry Co. N. Car.
   WHEN MARRIED: 
   DIED: July 7, 1938
   WHERE: 

3. Eliza Jane Campbell
   BORN: 12 Aug 1881
   WHERE: Montbella, Nelson, Va.
   WHEN MARRIED: 
   DIED: 
   WHERE: 

4. James Wesley Johnson
   BORN: Dec. 1830
   WHERE: North Carolina
   WHEN MARRIED: 
   DIED: 
   WHERE: 

5. Jesminia Catherine Franklin
   BORN: July 1830
   WHERE: North Carolina
   WHEN MARRIED: 
   DIED: 
   WHERE: 

6. Leroy Campbell
   BORN: 3 Apr 1851
   WHEN MARRIED: 
   DIED: 19 Feb 1933
   WHERE: 

7. Aurilia D. Hatter
   BORN: 
   WHERE: 
   WHEN MARRIED: 
   DIED: 
   WHERE: 

8. 
   BORN: 
   WHERE: 
   WHEN MARRIED: 
   DIED: 
   WHERE: 

9. 
   BORN: 
   WHERE: 
   WHEN MARRIED: 
   DIED: 
   WHERE: 

10. 
    BORN: 
    WHERE: 
    WHEN MARRIED: 
    DIED: 
    WHERE: 

11. 
    BORN: 
    WHERE: 
    WHEN MARRIED: 
    DIED: 
    WHERE: 

12. Wyatt Campbell
    BORN: 
    WHERE: 
    WHEN MARRIED: 
    DIED: 
    WHERE: 

13. Louisa Ramsey
    BORN: 
    WHERE: 
    WHEN MARRIED: 
    DIED: 
    WHERE: 

14. 
    BORN: 
    WHERE: 
    WHEN MARRIED: 
    DIED: 
    WHERE: 

15. 
    BORN: 
    WHERE: 
    WHEN MARRIED: 
    DIED: 
    WHERE: 
My grandparents on my mother's side, LeRoy Campbell and Armilla D. Hatter Campbell had joined the Mormon church in Virginia and came to the San Luis Valley with their children to help colonize the area. They settled in Manassa, Colo. Their children were: Thomas Henry Campbell, John Herbert, James Wyatt, Joseph R. and Eliza Jane Campbell.

I was the third child and first daughter to be born to General Duggar Johnson and Eliza Jane Campbell. I was born on March 25, 1910 in Manassa, Conejos, Colorado. My family consisted of four brothers - Rudolph Duggar, Melvin John, Alvin Lee (Buster), and Thomas Randy. I also had two half-brothers - William Howard (Bill) and Randall. My sisters were Nola Mae and Bessie Louise. (Buster was my favorite brother because he was always kind and thoughtful. My sister, Nola, I think I liked best because she was closer to my age).

My father, I remember was a very tall man who liked to chew tobacco and believed in being very strict. My mother on the other hand was very gentle and easy going. She had many friends and often they would come to our home to quilt. Mother always kept chickens, cows, pigs and we had a garden with which she had us children help. She was a very good cook and made wonderful bread.

When I was born it was a small town with a population of 850 people with only one hardware and two grocery stores. It was a time when you could go down to the store and exchange goods for money. One dozen eggs brought 25c and a pound of butter brought 35c. Cars were called jalopies then and such modern conveniences as dishwashers and garage door openers were unheard of.

Our family spent most of our time during the summers in the Colorado or New Mexico mountains in the sawmills. Father was a logger who hauled logs from the forest down to the mill which was about ten miles away.

One of my first memories in my childhood is leading one of Grandpa Campbell's big horses that pulled logs and the fear that he might step on my foot. They were big draft horses, I believe Clydesdales. I was about six years old at the time.

At the sawmill we lived in little houses built up on skids because they were moved from one camp to another on flatbed cars. Two of these mobile units were pushed together to make our house. There was a little door in the middle to go in between them. Inside was a wood and coal stove for cooking and heating. At night we used oil lamps and lanterns to see by. A community water tank provided us with our water supply and outhouse in the backyard was our bathroom.

We children loved to hunt snakes in the woods around the logging camp. We would carve forked sticks to catch them. Holding the snakes heads we would remove their rattlers to add to our collection.

Oftentimes Indians would come to trade wares for my mother's baked goods. They especially loved her famous bread. It was a special treat to them. We would often play and make friends with their children. I remember, in particular, two little Indian girls. They loved to run and jump and would make marks in the dirt to see which of us could leap the farthest. They would always win for they were more athletic than we were. Some of their favorite games, and mine
too, were follow-the-leader and hide-and-seek. Whenever they would hide, though, it would be impossible to find them. They always seemed to know how to blend in with the wooded areas in which we played. Although we never learned each others language, it didn't seem to matter. We understood one another from our sign language (motioning to each other what to do).

In the winter, we would return to Manassa to go to school. The classes were all held in one building but in each room there was a different grade. I liked school and was one of the best spellers. Many times I spelled down the whole class in spelling bees. At recess I loved to jump rope. Other favorite things I enjoyed were sleigh rides and horse back riding. As I grew older I loved to read—mainly westerns. I completed my sophomore year in school which was the average grade people finished during that time.

Each of us children were always assigned certain chores to do around the house. As I grew older, mine was to cook and tend the children. One of my favorite things was to make shirts for my brothers and blouses for my sisters. I also enjoyed to embroidery.

When I was around fourteen years of age I was given missionary lessons. My two sisters and myself were baptized that same year on Sept. 6, 1925, in the Little River near Manassa. I remember how icy cold it was as we stood shivering on the river's bank while we were confirmed a member of the L.D.S. Church. My mother at the time already belonged to the church. My father was not to join it until he was in his seventies (just shortly before he died).

I started to date boys when I was about sixteen. Before then I didn't pay much attention to them. We would attend dances in Manassa and Ladora. We drove over to the other small town in cars. There we would dance the foxtrot, polka, and various other dances to live orchestras. Other times we would attend school or church plays in the opera house. Sometimes there would be even professional actors and actresses passing through with plays.

One day I noticed a nice young man with my brother. When I inquired who he was I was told he was a friend of my brother Bill. He came home every weekend with him to help cut wood or to haul hay. I found out he was blind. It seemed to make no difference to this man named Elmer Paul Gibson. He was always full of fun and we would find ourselves talking and laughing for hours together.

In the spring while we were having such a conversation (along with some wooing in a corn field) he proposed to me. My Dad said if I married him, "You would be driving ducks to poor market," so Elmer and I decided to run away to get married. On a beautiful summer day on August 4, 1934, one of his friends drove us over to San Luis, Colorado. There we were married in the Court House by the Justice of the Peace.

Arriving home that same day, both of us returned to our own homes. Somehow Dad caught wind of the marriage and came to me and asked, "Why didn't you bring your husband home with you? You could have the back room here." I answered, "Because I'm scared." "What are you scared of?" Dad replied. So I ran over and told Elmer and he came home with me.
It proved to be a very happy marriage. Elmer always made me laugh and was helpful around the house. He loved pies and would say if I didn't have any around the house, "Just get me a piece of apple and wrap it in a slice of bread." He loved to tease and at first it was hard to get used to. My first response was to say nothing and he would think I was mad. I never was, and soon I learned to tease him back.

I remember one time he talked me into letting him wheel me home in a wheelbarrow. I said, "If you promise you won't dump me out." He gave me his word, but halfway home, I guess Elmer couldn't resist and out I tumbled. "It was an accident," he said and told me to get back in, but I said, "No way." I wasn't taking any more chances with his mischievous personality.

Elmer was a very romantic husband (too romantic I thought sometimes). Often he would bring home bouquets of flags from the fields for me. Through our love we had five children of our own and he helped me raise two sons and I helped him raise one of his.

My first son, Leo W. Moore (Hoot) was born on May 5, 1928. He was a lively child, full of energy, who liked to skip school and go down to his Uncle Tom's instead. He enjoyed especially his pup. His grandmother gave him the name Hoot because she said when he was a baby he sounded just like a little owl.

My second son, Leslie Johnson (Les) was born in Manassa. He was a chubby little baby and I wondered if he would ever walk, but he did at the early age of eight months. As a child he was very persistent and had a great deal of confidence. If I wasn't paying attention to him he would say, "I'm talking to you." Often he would get in his Grandma's setting hens and steal her eggs to exchange for money at the store. It did no good to flog him. He had a mind of his own. Even at two he would take off and go see his grandpa that lived a couple of blocks away. He could disappear faster than any kid I've seen.

Elmer's son, Elmer Paul Gibson, Jr. was quieter than my two boys and seemed to be more serious. Still, he loved to wrestle with Les and many times my furniture was arranged by them.

On May 26, 1935, a daughter was born to our family. We named her Doris Jean. She was a small girl with big blue eyes and blonde hair that grew more and more red as she got older. She walked quickly and was a regular jabberhead. Doris was always afraid of the old turkey gobbler for some reason, and we could never get her to go near him even when he was penned.

Marilynn Yvone was born next in our home in Manassa on March 28, 1938. She was also delivered by a nurse. Marilynn was good sized baby (kinda chubby and rolly-polly). She walked soon and always loved to get in the bread dough when I was kneading it.

Leland Lloyd was born on January 1, 1943, near midnight by a nurse too. The child almost gave me a nervous breakdown because no milk seemed to agree with him. Elmer and I were afraid he might die and took turns staying up at night with him. I've never cried so much over a baby. One of the Relief Society sisters of the church offered to take him for a while to help me out. We eventually found out that Carnation milk agreed with him and he soon became
very healthy. At eleven months he walked. He loved to talk so much that I said, he took after his Dad. Lee also liked to play in my pots and pans. He made drums out of them by banging spoons on them. I said that he never walked only ran.

Ronald Lee was born next on March 4, 1944 in the Alamosa Hospital. He was delivered by Dr. Anderson. He was a slow walker and much quieter than my other children. (They said he took more after me). Ron always loved to tinker with cars and things when he was older and as a little boy wasn't frightened by anything.

Donald Bruce my last child was born on June 14, 1948 at the Alamosa Hospital. He was delivered by Dr. Robert Bruce Bradshaw which I named him after. He was larger than any of my other babies and weighed nine pounds. I remember our old goat and Bruce never got along. Bruce was forever having to watch out for him so he wouldn't get bunted. Lambs were another thing. He loved the little one named Susanna that we had raised and bottle fed because her mother had rejected it. Bruce was the only one that didn't cry when we killed it for meat. But when we sat down at the dinner table and all enjoyed the lamb dinner, he refused to eat any. He walked out the door singing the song "Oh! Susannah, Don't You Cry For Me."

I think my children were the joy of my life.

As You Think

If you think you are beaten, you are,
If you think you dare not, you don't.
If you'd like to win but think you can't,
Its almost certain you won't.

If you think you'll lose, you're lost.
For out in the world we find,
Success begins with a fellow's will,
Its' all in the state of mind.

If you think you're outclassed; you are,
You've got to think big to rise,
You've got to be sure of yourself,
Before you can win the prize.

Life's battles don't always go,
To the stronger or faster man,
But soon or late, the man who wins,
Is the man who thinks he can.

Anonymous
"Let us not forget so to live that those who come after us may feel that we, too, have been ancestors worthy to be cherished."
Haying time at Gibson farm at Manassa, Colorado

Clifford Gibson as a lineman for the Public Service Co. at Alamosa, Colorado
"A man on the run" could well be the description of my father. At 76 years old he was still going strong. The day he had his stroke, he had been out doing some electrical wiring. When the nurse removed his "bib overalls" and folded them in the middle across her arm, out fell two screwdrivers, a pair of electrical pliers, a pocket knife, a six-foot-steel tape, and dozens of screws, bolts and wiring parts. I don't know when he started his going at full steam, but from my earliest recollection he was running.

When I was about four or five years of age I recall that he had an "Indian" motor bike which he rode at near neck breaking speed. He said the old washboard roads were not nearly as rough at 40 mph as they were at 20 mph. I recall riding astraddle the gasoline tank and can still see where he poured in the eight cents per gallon white gasoline. Near the cap for the gas tank was a small hand pump, which he would pump air into the tank to cause a pressure feed of the fuel to the engine. The gear shift was a lever strapped to the side of the gas tank. The clutch was a small foot lever on the left side of the bike. The bike had a kick start, but he usually just put the bike in a low gear, ran along side of the bike giving a strong push until the motor started and then jumped astraddle of it. Off in the distance he would go, shifting the motor into the proper gear for the speed he was going and leaning to take the curves without having the bike turn over; a cloud of dust with the magical sound of the putting of the motor becoming more faint as he disappeared into the distance.

My dad had the most beautiful curly hair one could ever wish for. He never had to worry about making it lay straight or decide how or where to part it. He merely had it trimmed. He brushed it daily. I don't think a comb could possibly have ever gone through it. Needless to say, among his peers he was called "curly" until those locks fell from the top of his head and the fringes turned gray, then to snow white. Like his father before him, he would comb some of the long side hair over his bald spot to reduce the showing of his baldness.

My dad was a doer. He was always reaching for the next rung up the ladder. He wasn't satisfied with just "what we have is good enough." He wanted to progress, to build for each one of us. This was a trait he inherited from both of his parents. They both were active thinkers, active doers all of the days of their lives. He wanted to have enough so that we didn't live in the squalor that seemed so common around us. Although he completed only the eighth grade of formal school and never went back for any formal schooling, he continued to read and learn. Even at the age of 78 years he would amaze us by running a series of numbers through his head to add them or do an algebra problem. The accuracy always astounded me.

His early years were spent in a small Mormon community in Southern Colorado. Manassas comes from the Bible but is also found extensively in the Book of Mormon. This town is known the world over, not because of the Mormon people, but because of one man, THE MANASSA MAULER. Jack Dempsey, one of the
greatest and best known heavy-weight prize fighters spent his youth in this town. As he rose to prominence, my dad followed his progress. He cheered as we listened to the radio. As the blow by blow accounts of each of the Dempsey fights were chattered out by the rapidly speaking announcer, dad would bob and weave as though he were in the ring. A knock out would bring a slap on his leg or the smashing of his fist into the open palm of his other hand. He would give a cheer of "I told you he would do it." He would read the newspaper account of the event when published. Dad was several years younger than Jack Dempsey, but he remembered him.

Early in his life, after dad had been married about three or four years he joined a power line construction gang installing power lines out of Alamosa, Colorado. His first two years was as a "grunt." This common expression was for the laborer who dug the holes, lifted the pole upright until it dropped into the hole, tamped the dirt back into the hole around the pole to hold it in place, carried the cross arms and handed the linemen their tools. But the day finally came when he was allowed to strap on the pole climbing hooks to his legs and feet. He placed the safety belt around his waist and climbed his first pole. He often told me that as he got higher and higher his legs got closer and closer to the pole until the hooks could no longer hold him up and "cut out" of the pole. Down he went. As he fell, he tried to slow the speed of his descent by grasping the pole with both arms hugging the pole with all of his might. This merely gathered a rafter of slivers and tore his shirt sleeves and trousers. "Burning the pole", as this type of accident is called must be followed by going straight back up. Unless, of course, you have a broken leg. Dad went straight back up, this time concentrating on the direction the "spurs" were digging into the pole. He reached the top of the pole with the cheer of everyone. When he climbed down, he was doused with water from the canteens of each of his fellow workers. Becoming a Line Man, was the beginning of his life work as an electrician. That beginning influenced two sons to follow his work as professional skilled journeymen electricians and two others to become electrical engineers. Four out of six is pretty good influence.

Before Dad was married, he was busy doing farm work in and around the Manassa-Antonito, Colorado area. One night at the County Fair, his sister, Verna introduced him to a cute girl from Antonito. Now this cute girl was engaged to be married to George Jacobs, a Frenchman who had a brand new Model ‘1’ Ford with side curtains. Dad was at the dance dating a local girl. When the dance was over, George invited them to go for a drive in his new car. Somehow, this cute girl from La Jara sat in the back seat with Dad and his date for the evening. Bells and whistles blew loudly, but only for Clifford and Birdie. He whispered to her that he would like to date her. She gave him a silent nod that she would like that too. Again bells and whistles, but again the music was only for Clifford and Birdie. The next day Birdie contacted George and returned his engagement ring. That night was the beginning of more than 50 years of companionship. After dating for six weeks, they decided to waste no more time, so they decided to elope to Albuquerque, New Mexico to get married. As they approached Santa Fe, the train broke down. This was a Saturday night and since it was impossible to get a marriage license until Monday, they got rooms in a hotel. One for Birdie, and one for Clifford and his older brother Elmer. The week-end was wonderful. They did some sight-seeing in the quaint, tiny streets
of Santa Fe. They did window shopping. They looked at the wares that the street merchants were "peddling."

Then came Monday morning. As the application was made to the County Clerk, an officer stepped up and arrested them. You see, Birdie's father had learned that she was not at work. After he learned that they had eloped, he was in a rage. This terrible heathenistic Mormon was stealing his little Birdie. They were taken to a large home where the sheriff lived. He had the jail cells on the upper floor and he lived in the lower area. He took them upstairs and showed them the cells. He stated that if they didn't try to get away, he would not lock them up, but if he even so much as suspected that they might try to run, he would lock them up for sure.

His wife was out of town at the time, so the sheriff had Birdie cook the evening meal for all persons. Late that evening he made contact with Birdie's father and convinced him that the "kids" were going to get married anyway. Locking them up would only keep them from getting married so long as they were in jail. He convinced her father that the kids were not bad. They appeared to be very much in love with each other. He argued that they should not start off a marriage with a bad experience that jailing would surely bring. His main argument was that such action would bring resentment from both his daughter and her intended husband. Reluctantly, Matthew Wilson gave his consent. Again it was too late to get the marriage license, so they went back to the hotel room for another night. The next day, on Tuesday, they obtained their marriage license. The Sheriff suggested that they get married at the local Methodist Church. Here, with the Minister's wife looking on, with tears in her eyes, and the Sheriff and his wife acting as witnesses, they were finally married.

The train was now repaired so they went on to their original destination of Albuquerque, New Mexico to find work. Dad found work in a garage, parking cars and Mom worked in a cafe, waiting on tables. After thirty days of this, living from "hand to mouth," they saved up enough money to buy a return train ticket on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad and back to the San Luis Valley they went. Two young kids, very much in love, who were determined that no one could ever break up this marriage which they were sure was covenanted to be so in the heavens.

My dad couldn't get the country out of his blood. When he was able to buy his first home, it had to be one where we could have cows, pigs, chickens and a garden. Although the success of the garden depended more on the planning and work of Mom and us kids, the success of his livestock was another story. Of particular interest to him was his pigs. He took care of them almost as if they were part of the family. Now I don't mean to imply that we, the family, lived like pigs. What I do mean is that the pigs lived more like people. He would talk to them, feed them, scratch their back and floppy ears. Whenever they would hear his voice, like Pavlov's dog, they would immediately start to move toward the feed trough, grunting and squealing, sometimes pushing their flat noses through the fence so they could see him. If he didn't come, they would start up a squeal and a grunt until he gave in and brought them some feed. He would stand there and talk to them. They would grunt back their response while eating. There were times that I thought that they might be understanding everything he was saying to them. Each one had a name and as he would call it out, that pig would raise its head or respond with a grunt.

-163-
After fattening them up, we would butcher out what we needed for our winter's food and sell the rest to the local meat packing house to raise cash for school clothes. It was under his direction that we would do the slaughtering, butchering and curing of the ham and bacon. I can still see the set up. A hot fire heating water in an old steel barrel, a large wooden barrel of at least 50 gallon capacity laying on its side tilting up at about a 20 degree angle with the opening to the barrel laying adjacent to a well secured wooden platform. The wooden barrel was carefully and securely blocked on the sides with wood blocks to assure it would not move from this position. All of this was made very sturdy since the pig's carcass, weighing up to 400 pounds, was to be dipped down into the wooden barrel. Here the hot boiling water was poured over its body. The carcass was then turned around and around in the barrel until the hair could be easily scraped from the tough outer hide. The carcass was then removed to the platform where, with sharp knives we would carefully shave off all of the hair. We called this process the "scraping of the pig." Overhead was our swing set. It was made of two large electrical power poles. The top crosspiece was also a part of a power pole tightly secured to the tops of the two upright ones. This top pole was about 20 feet in the air. The swings would have been tied back out of our way before we started the process, and a large block and tackle connected to the center of the crossbeam (also a part of a power pole). A strong round hickory pole, about three inches in diameter, was placed between the outer tendon and the leg proper of each hind leg, the legs being spread apart as far as possible. The hickory pole was securely tied to the pigs legs to prevent it from slipping out or slipping further through the gap. The pig's carcass was then pulled upright until it was suspended in the air at about the height of a man. The remaining chore of removal of the internal organs was begun. Care was taken to save such organs as the liver and the heart. After we completed the "cleaning" process, we allowed the carcass to hang there overnight to cool down and set up. The next morning we could complete the process of "cutting up" the meat into steaks, roasts, spare ribs, bacon and hams. The latter two to be cured with "Morton's Smoke Flavored Curing Salt."

Mom directed the curing phase. We would rub the salt and its smoke flavor seasoning into the meat until all the surfaces had been carefully and totally covered. These were then placed into a large 50 gallon wooden barrel to cure. Once each week they would be taken out, inspected, recoated with salt, turned over and placed back in the barrel. Mother made head cheese and cooked the pigs feet to be eaten as a delicacy. There was one other delicacy from this product, but Beth won't allow me to include it in this story.

Now pigs were not his only specialty. He treated his cows with equal care and concern. Each cow would come to the barn if he called her by name. We had one cow, a registered Jersey (Old Pet) which was his pride and joy. Her milk was deep yellow in color, having a very high cream content. He could milk Old Pet from either side. Yet, if for some reason I was required to milk her, I had to put shackles on her back legs to keep her from kicking the milk bucket over or playing some other mischievous trick on me. Not one time did she ever play tricks on Dad. But let me tell you that her favorite trick with me was to simply suddenly raise her rear leg and place that dirty cloven foot right into the bucket. Mind you it was almost always after I had nearly completed the milking process. I can still see that dirty cloven foot.
with milk splashed up all sides, soaking in the warm white milk. She would just stand there paying no attention at all to what was going on around her. She would ignore all of my efforts to remove her foot from the bucket. She would just keep standing there switching her tail at some imaginary fly. I must admit that she controlled me until I learned to shackle each leg together before I started the milking process. I hated with a passion, the pouring out of that hoof tainted milk for the pigs to eat. I hated to go back to the house where I had to admit my defeat again. I can still hear dad say "I don't know what you do to that cow, she is as gentle as a lamb. Maybe you should trim your finger nails."

In his early parenting years, my Dad was quite a stern disciplinarian. Times were very tough. Good jobs were scarce and those available didn't pay very much. He worked so very hard at his job and expected those of his children who were old enough to carry their load. He wanted us to learn to do our chores without being reminded to do so. He was trying to teach me the principle of responsibility and the resultant consequences for not having carried out my assigned task. I must admit I got my full share of his stern discipline for being negligent. I learned early what consequence of not doing the chores really meant. I had the flat belt off from our electric washing machine appropriately swatted across my hip area many times. I must admit all for good cause.

Although, like most young men, I wasn't sure at the time that the consequence for the bad deed warranted the punishment. But, now that I can look back, I can see that I really needed something to get my attention and hold it for more than 30 minutes.

How vividly I recall my summer months when I was eight years old. We were living in town. Our home was on LaDue Avenue in the southeast part of Alamosa, Colorado. We were right at the edge of the city limits. There were no houses to the south of us as far as one could look. It became my job to herd "Old Pet" and the other cows along the ditch bank and the roadway south of town leading to the city cemetery. On several occasions I would get so interested in playing boy games that the cows could wander, unattended, back into town and start to eat the neighbors flowers and gardens. The police would be called and the cows would be driven by the police to a "Stray Pound." This was a large corral the police used for just such occasions. They made a feed and pick up charge to get them out. The first time I was suitably punished. At eight years of age I should have been old enough to be responsible, but that responsibility gave way to a swim, a game of ball, or a game of mumble peg with the Sexton's son. Each time responsibility broke down on my part, and it was at least five or six times, the strap popped a little louder. The duration and intensity of the consequence became more evident until I finally got the message. I don't know if it was the thickness of my head or the toughness of my bottom that required so many lessons in responsibility/consequence.

My Dad was very popular among his peers. He was intelligent. He remembered every detail of a joke and always had a new one to tell. He was handsome and very responsible. His word was his bond. He was implicitly honest in all things. He was always the first to help someone in need. This was especially true with his peers. The construction crew was essentially a
rough and very hard working bunch. They worked hard and played hard. Most often taken to drink (usually beer). Dad became a beer drinker. (He was not a heavy drinker, but a social drinker). This was in the days of prohibition and beer was not available unless from someone who "brewed up his own." Dad began to "brew up his own." I can still see the large crock pot alongside our old black kitchen wood stove. It bubbled and foamed as it brewed. Dad would skim off the foam daily and feed it to his pigs. (I wonder to think of it maybe this was why he was so popular with those pigs). He would taste it each day until he determined it was just right for bottling. Then the whole family would get into the act; washing and filling bottles, capping them, labeling them with the date, and storing them away in a cool place to further age out the "brew."

He was very proud of the quality of his beer. It was clear and bubbly. Now mind you, it was not brewed for sale, but for consumption by his friends and himself. This was during the years of serious prohibition, so there was some risk of arrest and jail. I recall the last year we brewed up a batch. It was during the mid 1930's. We were then living on a small 60 acre farm approximately seven miles east and slightly north of Alamosa, Colorado. This was in the depths of the depression years when his salary had been cut from $180.00 per month to $120.00 per month. This was a 33% reduction in pay.

Our home on LaDue Avenue in Alamosa was nearly paid for. He found a lady who owned a farm but did not want to live there. She wanted a house in town. This trade was made to order. This was a place where we could raise a garden, have a place for our cows to pasture, and even raise some of our own feed for the cattle. The owner of this farm had been renting it out over the years. The last several families wanted it because they were making their living bootlegging both beer and hard liquor that they were brewing up on the place. It was well known that the place had been raided on several occasions. Well, Dad didn't think about this. We had some beer in three stages: A batch ready for drinking, a batch bottled and stored in the basement cellar aging out, and a crock pot full brewing up a storm.

Well, someone whom dad knew tipped him off that we were going to get a raid on our place. My Mom's brother, Elmer Wilson, was staying with us at the time. He and I took the beer that was bottled and carried it about half a mile north of the house alongside of the ditch bank. Here we buried it in a large sand pile. The brewing beer was fed to the pigs, much to their delight. Boy what a party they had. No squeals, only grunts of happiness and contentment and an occasional very large "burp." Well, we waited and waited, expecting the sheriff to come at any time. He never did come. We didn't dare remove any of the "stuff" until we were sure it was safe to do so. Finally, just before the cold weather set in, Elmer and I went back out to the sand hills to dig up some of the beer. Every bottle had exploded. It was probably due to the intense heat of the day, absorbed by the sand and transmitted to the beer bottles. Obviously, we didn't bury them nearly deep enough to get to a stable temperature base, down where the sand was still moist and cool. Never again did Dad ever brew up a batch of beer.

Somehow, Dad decided to become an active member of his church again. It was probably due in part to Bishop Rulon Hansen. He began to work with Dad to encourage him to take Mom and his kids to the temple and be sealed in accordance with the teachings of the Mormon Church. As Dad tells it, the way was opened up by a Catholic friend who lived in La Veta, Colorado. This man, an Italian who ran a restaurant, was talking to Dad one day and when Dad told him what
he wanted to do, the man recognized the great worth in such an undertaking. He handed Dad a roll of bills and said, "Pay me back when you return. I want you to do this good thing for your family."

Well, in the fall of 1935 with six children he drove to Salt Lake City where Mom and Dad took their endowments and were married for time and eternity. They then had their six children sealed to them. I don't remember how long we were in Salt Lake City. I do remember clearly the very kindly matrons who took care of us in the basement nursery until the time to go up for the sealings. I recall the sealing room very clearly because it was up a set of stairs from the Celestial Room. Each time I go into the Celestial Room and see those steps, I remember the day we were sealed to our parents. While we were in Utah, Dad drove us to Ogden, Utah where we visited his uncle, George B. Carr and their family.

The Carrs had a couple of acres of ground in North Ogden. They lived in a basement house (this was the first basement house I had ever been in). It was cool and comfortable in the heat of the summer. I had fun visiting with my cousin LaVern, whom we still hold as dear family to this day. Her brother Bert had a horse on whom he did riding tricks. He was really quite good. He would slide off the back, then spring back onto the horse, while the horse was going at full speed. He would flip from one side of the saddle to the other as the horse ran at full speed. He also stood up in the saddle, holding the reins, or would do a head stand, his head in the center of the saddle, legs straight into the air, while he held the two leather rope straps on the side of the saddle cantle.

After a few days in Salt Lake City we headed for home. Early in the morning, after driving for some ten or eleven hours, we were approaching the town of Saguache, Colorado. Suddenly, a steer who was feeding on the side of the road decided that he needed to be on the other side before our car passed. He ran right into the side of the car, his head catching the windshield on the passenger's side. This was in the days before shatterproof windshields. Needless to say, the windshield shattered into thousands of small pieces, spraying the inside of the car. Fortunately, all except Dad were sleeping. We were covered over with blankets to keep warm. That covering saved us from a single cut from the glass.

The remaining distance home was with cold November wind blowing straight into the car from the broken windshield. Yes, the steer was killed. The only major damage to the car was that the windshield was smashed and the upright holding the windshield was bent requiring it be straightened up.

During the 1930's times were tough. Dad had been working for the Public Service Company, a local electrical power company. This is the same group he had started to work for years before as a "grunt." He had now progressed to lineman, trouble shooter and meter reader. This latter job was suited just right for him. He was on the run all day long covering the route. He had the ability to cover more territory than any man on the company's crew. His ability to quickly do arithmetic was of great aid since he would subtract the reading taken last from the reading just taken to determine the kilowatt consumption since the last month's reading. He could do this on the spot very accurately and quickly, then go on to the next house. But, as I said, times were tough. Unemployment was on the rise. The company cut his paycheck from
$180 per month to $120 per month. At that point, he said, "Stop! No more cuts."

He had a friend who was in the potato chip business in Alamosa, Colorado. This friend was doing better than average wages. He sold Dad some large aluminum cookers, a gasoline burner, a food slicer and scales (these were surplus items that he had originally used to start his business). He showed Dad how to prepare the potatoes for cooking. He went through the whole routine of peeling, rinsing, slicing, soaking, deep frying, draining, salting and bagging for sale. Early in the spring of 1936, Dad resigned from the power company and moved us, bag and baggage, to Durango, Colorado. This was a small farming and mining community, of about 4,000 population, nestled along side of the "Animas River." There was no potato chip company in this area. The Gibson Potato Chip Company was started with a flair. Dad did the selling and the buying of potatoes, cooking oil, bags and fuel for the cooker. He also did all of the delivering and collecting. We peeled, cooked and bagged. I know now, as an adult, that I did not appreciate the problem we were faced with. We had practically no working capital when we moved there. Dad was not one to discuss finances with the family (except, of course, with Mother). So we just assumed that somehow he would come up with the necessary funds to live on. I did not appreciate what a key role, as the oldest son, I could have played in that crises of our lives. I did most of the cooking. (Mom helped some of the time, but she had family to tend, dresses to make, beds to make, clothes to wash and food to can for the winter months ahead. The girls all helped with the peeling, slicing and bagging (these tasks were probably much worse jobs than the cooking).

During the winter months we found our business dropped off to an unlivable level. Dad traveled the countryside over, but merchants knew that in hard times, and wintertime potato chips did not sell, so they would not include them in their inventory. We closed the Potato Factory and Dad found other work to keep us living. He mined coal, dug ditches, loaded and unloaded trucks and freight cars. One winter he was the fireman on the steam boiler for the local electrical power company. He did some work in construction and eventually found work as an electrician. This was the trade he knew best and it was a natural to fall back into it as soon as a job was made available. By 1938 he was going strong with his own electrical contracting company using us boys to do the "grunt" work for him. As construction became more plentiful, he got his share of work.

Dad was a natural born salesman, but didn't know it. As the old saying goes, he could have sold refrigerators to Eskimos or coal to the devil himself. But, he had one drawback — he loved people so very much that he spent all too much time at each sale. He would spin yarns, visit and simply enjoy the companionship of new found friends of the day. He was also a soft touch. If someone needed a dollar and he had one, he would give it to them.

I recall one such friend of his (an old beer drinking construction buddy from Alamosa, Colorado). Don Moss, was now working as a meat cutter for Safeway Stores. Don had been transferred to Durango. He and his wife had separated again. Don got on the bottle again after his wife left him again, and was fired from Safeway after many years of service with them. They could not put up with
his continuous intoxication. Dad put Don to work, trying to help him out. Don worked pretty hard when he was sober, but somehow had bottles stashed away in lots of places. He would just get going on a job and then would disappear to find a bottle. Dad just couldn't depend on him. He tried, he talked, he pleaded, he cursed him, he showed compassion, he showed anger, all to no avail. Don was an alcoholic and needed professional help. Dad had too much compassion to solve his problem, but couldn't put up with the unreliability any longer. So, sadly, Dad finally had no choice but to lay him off.

As the 1930's passed their midpoint, business under President Franklin Delano Roosevelt began to improve. We were able to get jobs wiring houses which paid enough for us to live on. We moved around a lot in Durango. I often suspected it was due in part to not being able to pay our rent on time. Dad never did discuss this or any of his finances with the family. He would simply announce that next weekend we were moving. So we all helped to move the "stuff" in a pickup or a larger truck that dad would borrow from someone for the occasion.

We started our own Electrical Contracting Company. Dad would bid out the jobs for a fixed amount for each outlet, switch, or overhead light. The fuse box and meter box were also a fixed amount. Where we could, we would put plugs back to back through the wall into the next room, thus saving both time and material in the job. At a fixed amount it was necessary for us to work very fast to ever make much money. As each of us boys were old enough, he had us doing something; carrying tools into the house or back out of the house to the truck, or carrying material out of the truck. We helped "fish" the wire through various crawl spaces, down walls, across ceilings, or under basements. After quite a bit of this we learned how to install light switches, outlets, light fixtures and finally power panels. We each learned how to "make up" circuitry for various combinations of switch and light arrangements.

A great day happened for us. The government announced that they were going to bring power to the farming community. A local co-operative was formed with the aid of the government. The local power company installed high voltage power lines under the auspices of the REA (Rural Electrification Association). This opened up a great new vista for electricians. For two years we wired homes across the areas south and east of Durango (the bonded farming community), then to the south and west of Durango to the Red Mesa/Kline area. These were all existing houses, so the work was much more difficult to handle than a new dwelling where everything is open. Some of the houses were houses built onto houses that had been built onto houses. We became very proficient in "hiding" the wiring. This neatness became our trademark. We obtained a lot of additional work because our customers were pleased at how neatly the wiring was installed. These installations were just like they would have been in a new house before the wallboard was installed. The attic area, where most of the wiring was installed, was always very dirty with black soot from the wood or coal burning stoves used to heat the homes. None of the homes had any insulation in the attic or the walls. The smoke from the stoves just filtered right through the plaster and an occasional hole or crack. Needless to say, we went home each night looking like black men in a minstrel show. Black soot would filter into our noses and around our mouth. We developed quite a variety of tools to aid in the "fishing" process to make our trademark known.
I remember Dad bought an old black 1929 "Model A" Ford panel truck. It had been essentially worn out by the local laundry as a delivery truck. It had in excess of 100,000 miles. I remember it had large balloon tires mounted on 15 inch wire wheels. In the back of the truck he placed cardboard and wooden boxes to keep material in. He had his own filing system. I never did learn it, but he could remember what he had in each box. I considered the components in some of the boxes to be just a lot of "junk" parts, parts which had been salvaged from some previous job we had done. But, you know, he had a way of turning this "junk" into useful material at any given moment. When we were working at the Red Mesa area, he traded the old black truck in on a newer International Harvester panel truck. It had a longer bed and was more reliable than the old Ford. It was long enough to hang a stepladder on the inside.

In 1939 the war clouds in Europe began to be more ominous. Germany began their campaign to acquire other countries, one at a time. Our government began to prepare for war. Material, such as copper, fittings, and pipe became "strategic material" and required a priority before any of it could be purchased. Wiring of the farmhouse brought the necessary priority, but any work done in Durango did not have a priority. We stocked up as much of the material as we could possibly buy while we were working on the country jobs. The farm work was almost completed now but jobs were beginning to open up right and left in Durango. Our material was running out fast.

In 1941, Dad loaded up some tools and clothing into the International Harvester truck. He and Clifford Junior (who was about 15 years of age then) headed for Denver, Colorado area to seek work. After going to the Union Halls for several days, Dad found that only the long term existing union members were getting jobs. He had never been a union man. He looked the Denver area over very carefully for a place to live, but finally decided that Denver wasn't a place where he wanted to work or to bring up his family. He and Cliff drove to Salt Lake City where Dad obtained work at a large ammunition factory being built. The government had given The Remington Arms Company a large cost plus contract to build the facilities and install the machinery necessary to mass produce 30 and 50 caliber ammunition. Three very large production line buildings were erected. They were made of heavy reinforced concrete structure on the outside, high ceilings with steel framed beams overhead, and high intensity light fixtures which lit up the inside with an eerie brilliant daylight blue texture. In addition to the production areas, there were storage bunkers built off to the west to store the ammunition until it was shipped to the war zones. Several office and support buildings also surrounded the area.

Dad had begun to repair electrical appliances at home in the evenings and on weekends. He would buy up old appliances that anyone had, working or not. These would be rebuilt, and cleaned up using steel wool to shine the chrome plated sides. It was easy to find buyers for the appliances since new ones were very scarce. As time went on, he established a rule that to buy one from him, you had to have a unit of some kind to trade in. He didn't care what it's condition was, so long as it was something else he could repair for sale, or take parts from to repair another unit with. He found non-working units at the Salvation Army, appliance stores, and garage sales.
He eventually went into other retail selling. He sold such small items as razor blades, soap, toiletries, combs, and brushes (all from Gibson Products, now known as Gibson Discount Stores). He was working most of the time trying to support a family, now consisting of eight of his own plus a raft of nieces and nephews who would drop in for a day, a week, a month or even longer.

When Dad and Cliff first arrived in Salt Lake City, they just rented single rooms. When Beth and I arrived from Durango in the fall of 1941, we rented a one room bedroom with kitchen cooking privileges from a Mrs. Grantham. Dad and Clifford took one of the beds in the room and Beth, Aldine and I the other bed. Boy, what an experience. I don't remember how long this lasted. I am sure that it was not for more than one month. We were cramped up in that small room at night. Aldine was a tiny baby still crying at least half the night. Mrs. Grantham did not want us in any other part of the house except our bedroom and the kitchen (only for as long as it took to prepare our meals and then get out).

I took a job with a small electrical contracting company (Felt Electrical), while Dad continued to work at the Arms plant. Dad managed somehow to make a down payment on a house out in the west part of town not too far from the Arms Plant (the house was located on Indiana Avenue). It was a two bedroom house with one bathroom. It had a large back yard with a shed that Dad used to do his appliance rebuilding in. There was a place for rabbits and a small garden (that Mom took care of). Soon after Dad closed escrow on the house, I took a few days off and drove to Durango to bring Ho and the rest of the kids to Salt Lake City. During the next several years, Dad and Mom had a constant string of people coming to live with them in that little two bedroom house. Norma and Baby Gwen, since Leland had been drafted into the Navy, and Marjorie and Gladys Himes were there for awhile. (Just to name a few).

It was during these years that his older sons went off to war; Clifford to the Marines, and Marvin and I to the Navy. In years to follow, Ronnie and David served time in the U. S. Air Force. After the war ended, Dad went back into the electrical contracting business where first Ronnie, and then Russ and Dave worked with him.

His next home was a lovely old brick home at the northern end of Sorensen Park: 704 Emery Street which was just east of the Indiana home about one mile. It was here that Russell developed his love for sports. He spent untold hours in the park with every form of ball made. Softball finally won out as his pastime sport. This home had a large kitchen, dining room, living room, and two bedrooms with a bathroom separating them. Upstairs were three smaller rooms and a bath. In subsequent years he converted the upstairs into a one bedroom, kitchen, living room apartment with an outside stairway. I don't know how many of the kids lived in it or for how long. But I do remember Ronnie and Karen spent some of their early married life there while Ron was attending the University of Utah. I believe Ralph and Eldora also lived there for a short period of time after their marriage. He rented this apartment out for a long time until Mom became ill.

I mentioned Ralph and Eldora above. Roy Ralph Gibson is our cousin (his dad, Elias, was our dad's oldest brother). Ralph came to live with Mom and Dad when he was in his mid-teen years. After Ralph's mother died, his dad
remarried. For some reason, unknown to me, Ralph and his new stepmother just didn't get along. These details have no bearing on this story other than to point out that Dad and Mom became very close to Ralph. What does matter is that Dad and Mom took Ralph in as though he was their own son. They sent him on a mission to Denmark. They helped him when he returned and even after marriage. I am sure that Ralph looks at Dad as a second father and Mom as his adopted and loving mother. No one but your father can be a real father, however, I know that Dad almost filled this role for Ralph, because I can see in Ralph's expression and looks, that he has great love and respect for his Uncle Clifford, and his Aunt Birdie.

I need to reaffirm that Dad was a (workaholic). He was always repairing something, selling something, doing night work as a custodian or a guard somewhere. It was hard for him to "play" as some men do. He did occasionally take a trip in the summer. Sometimes he would go fishing, but he was restless — his fishing fun was more often in a stocked reservoir with some of his grandchildren. He would laugh and shout like a kid each time a fish was caught. To go to a lake and sit for hours waiting for a fish to bite, or go tramp a river bed for hours had long ago lost its appeal to him. He did very much enjoy sitting with an old friend spinning stories, telling about some recent or not to recent experience. Some of these stories got better with each telling. He had a remarkable memory. He could actually recall details of an event which would escape most persons.

After all the family had married and moved on to make their own World, Dad and Mom took in young women as foster children (still doing their parenting). These young women needed help for a week, a month or in some cases several months. I am sorry I haven't retained any of their names or don't have much of the details on these young women. I can recall one situation. I met one of these young women during one of my business trips to Salt Lake City. The story Mom told me was so stark I could never forget its basic facts. She was in her midteens and pregnant. The thing that shocked me was that it was her own father who had molested her and caused the pregnancy. She was a quiet, almost defeated person. I am sure that it was Mom rather than Dad who helped her the most, but knowing Dad, I am sure that he gave her some esteem building experiences by asking her to do things for him and then thanking her for having done so. Mom taught her how to sew, cook and how to clean the house. Mom was always such an excellent homemaker. She really knew how to clean a house and make it sparkle. She talked to her about how to tend the baby, when it arrived, how to give it baths and how to put soft baby oils and powders on its little body to make it comfortable. Years later, they received a very sweet, heart touching letter from her telling of her new life. She was married, using the things she learned from Mom. She expressed her love for both Mom and Dad for the boost she received in this very traumatic period of her life. She had kept the baby and was now raising it.

Shortly after we moved to Durango, Colorado the full time missionaries were sent to the area. A Sunday School was started in the home of the Clifford Evensen family. We became a Dependent Branch of the Kline Ward (a Ward on the Redmesa farming community). After about one year, a Branch was organized, with Clifford Evensen as the Branch President and Dad as one of his Counselors. This was the first formal position Dad had ever served as a member of the L.D.S. Church. After moving to Salt Lake City and into their new home at 1633 Indiana Avenue, he served as the Ward Sunday School
President for a long time. He also served in the Ward High Priest Group leadership for several years. His favorite job, however, was as the Ward Welfare Square Representative. He scheduled all of the canning projects, called for people to help with the canning, ordered the produce to be canned and supervised the entire canning project for the Ward. He was a very strict supervisor. No one was allowed to just buy the canned goods unless they had worked on the project. After each canning project, he always had several cases left over to be distributed to the needy widows and families with small children. He enjoyed doing sealings in the Salt Lake Temple and did quite a bit for this work until Mom became so ill that she couldn't go anymore. He always enjoyed his Home Teaching assignment and rarely missed visiting his assigned families. After the folks moved to Emery Street, Dad bought a snow blower to keep his corner lot clean of snow. Boy, did he have fun keeping all the neighbors walks cleaned as well. He would get up early in the morning, after a good snow fall, and have all the walks cleared before 8:00 a.m.

As time took its toll, Mom began to have difficulty in remembering things. Dad could not leave her by herself. She would wander off, or start to cry, thinking he had deserted her. She began to imagine that people were plotting against her. She would accuse Dad of all kinds of things. Her greatest fear was that he would leave her and find another woman to live with. Barbara lived nearby and was called upon often, by Dad, to help out. She did great things to help and comfort Mom, but there was a limit to what she could do. She had her own family to care for and was not well herself. Dad began to take Mom with him to work. He would have her hand him tools or material to keep her busy. For a period of time, this had the positive effect of making her mind work as to keep her from personal traumatic stories. She also got some exercise, which she would not get while at home. At home, she preferred to just sit and vegetate. I know that as time went on, Dad had to be more and more careful about over tiring her. The three saddest days in his life were: 1) when Mom became so violent and unmanageable that we put her in Midgley Manor for three days until the Doctor returned from a trip; 2) Shortly thereafter, he committed her to the hospital in Provo for treatment. Her body just deteriorated every day until, 3) she died peacefully in her sleep at the Hospital in Provo.

Now the lonely days began to set in. While Mom lived, he had someone to occupy his time. But even then he got very lonely and hungry for someone to talk to. I suspect my story about this period could be repeated by each of his children. He would call and talk to me for an hour on the phone, or ask me to come down to help him cope with some problem. Sometimes they were real problems, many times, however, it was obvious the problems were imaginary, just a means to have someone come to talk to him. He was starving for companionship.

Then I noticed that the calls became less frequent. His telephone conversations would only last for 15 to 20 minutes. I thought that he was beginning to cope with the problem at last. One day he called me and confided in me that he was courting again. He wanted to know how I felt about it. He asked how I thought the other kids would feel if he got married again. I must admit I was not quite ready for this, but had no serious trouble with it. I
told him he should call each of the family members personally and discuss it with them. The one I felt might have the biggest problem might be Dave, since he was the youngest, and his very tender heart had a special affinity to Mom. Dad called him next and reported back to me that he was pleasantly surprised to have Dave encourage him to remarry.

The day came when Dad brought his new "lady friend" over to introduce her to us. Angeline (Angie) Bond was a lovely widow. Her first marriage had ended early with a divorce after only twelve years of marriage. Her second spouse died after they were married for several years. She had two children by her first husband, but none by her second husband. However, she became Mother to two of his children. The girl, Joyce, was twelve and her brother, Steve was four years old when she married the second time. She was neat and clean. She had a cute sense of humor, which would have been a requirement to date Dad for very long. She was short, about five foot one inch tall and had a smile that put you at ease immediately. The families were invited to attend the wedding in the Poplar Grove Ward. Bishop Cal Brown officiated with the wedding. The ceremony was short but lovely. The Bishop talked to Dad and Angie as well as the family about accepting each other without reservation. Angie's older sister "Vi" was not sure that Angie was doing the right thing. She was very protective of her little sister. She felt that this "gentleman" friend was really rushing Angie. It wasn't that she didn't like Dad, it was just that it was "all so sudden."

Initially, they planned to move into Dad's home on Emery Street, but changed their plans and moved into Angie's lovely home on Blair Street. We helped Dad move. Initially, he took only specific pieces of furniture to fill out their needs. He took such things as his chair, a sofa, the china closet, some lamps, the refrigerator, bedding, etc.

The biggest problem was moving his electrical supplies and old stoves. OLD STOVES!!! What an important part of his life. He had become very proficient in the repair of these electrical ranges. I showed him how to use my Multi-tester "Ohm meter." He had a "blast" using this instrument. He got so he could quickly test the elements to eliminate any bad ones. He used it in tracing open and short circuits in the range. He would fix a stove, clean it, and then advertise it for sale. I don't know how much money he actually made, net, but at least on the ones he did sell, he usually had a good profit margin. My only doubt was related to the knowledge that he had - three garages filled with old stoves. These were stoves he had bought. He probably had in excess of $5,000.00 plus the accrued storage charges tied up at all times. Yet, I now know the important factor was his personal satisfaction in repairing and being able to sell those which had been repaired. That backlog of repairable stoves probably gave him a sense of security, knowing that if a depression hit, he could sell all of them for something. This would give him productive work to do for a long time. Often he would find a buyer for a specific stove. At that point he would repair it before delivery. He occasionally picked up a used refrigerator, for which his friend Dave Edgar would do the repair work. I often wondered if Dave had garages filled with used refrigerators, like Dad with his garages filled with used stoves. Yes, Dad was the STOVE KING OF UTAH.
On many occasions, I helped him deliver a stove, or haul to his storage garages two or three that he had purchased from someone. I suspect that both Russ and Dave were also involved in this specialized salvage business. Dad was now in his 70’s and still did some small wiring jobs to keep busy. As a matter of fact, it was in doing a small wiring job for Angie that they met. I believe Russ was able to give Dad a lot of help during those last few productive years.

Dad and Angie took a few trips, some of which was to Denver, Colorado to visit his granddaughter Aldine and her husband, Larry Allen, as well as Angie’s son, Byron. But he got to the point in his life where he did not enjoy travel. The last trip he took was with me to the Grand Junction, Ouray, Colorado areas. I had some business over there and prevailed upon Dad and Angie to go with me. We visited his sister-in-laws Josephine Wilson just out of Montrose, and May Himes in Cedaredge. We also stopped in Grand Junction for a long visit with his youngest sister, Blanche Hatlock. It was a fun trip, not too long to be exhausting. We went at our own pace. We saw the beautiful sights at Ouray and had an enjoyable visit with each of the family members we visited.

The family then started to encourage Dad and Angie to take a trip to Seattle to visit with Ron and Karen. Although Dad kept saying he wanted to go, and that he planned to go, we couldn’t "jell him." We just could not get him committed. It was about this time that we received a frantic call from Angie saying she thought Dad had just experienced a stroke. She stated that his eyes had gone blurry. He had lost his speech and could not stand up. She told me that the paramedics were at the house and were going to take him to the hospital. Word got to most of the family in town and we met him at the LDS Hospital emergency room. It became obvious that he had suffered a major stroke. He had lost all control of his right limbs. He could not talk, only point and gesture. I remember how frustrated he was when he was asking for a drink of water. I understood, but had been told by the nurses not to give him anything. He would motion to the water and demonstrate that he wanted a drink.

I told him he couldn’t have water. He then motioned he wanted a cold wet rag for his head. I got a wash cloth. I soaked it in cold water and placed it on his forehead. In just seconds he had that wet cloth in his mouth sucking for all he was worth to get some relief from the terrible thirst he had. He had tricked me. He had satisfied his need for water.

How vividly and distinctly I recall administering to him as a priesthood bearer. I wanted to bless him that he would get well, but those words would not come. As hard as I tried, I could not say it. I was the one that was now frustrated. I had the right to bless him and say those things that were in my heart, and it was my humble desire that he be made well and whole once again. He still had much to give in this world. I did promise him he would get relief that night. I promised him he would be cared for professionally and adequately. Also, that a quick and proper diagnosis would be made by those medically trained and that they would provide him with good care. Oh, how often I have thought of that administration. It was almost a repeat of the experience I had as a Bishop when I administered to a tiny baby dying from a rare and incurable disease which caused water blisters on its tiny body. That day was a day of total frustration. Sometimes it is hard to understand that our wish and desires are not what will be done. It is "as Thy will be done."
I wanted to tell my brothers and sisters who were at his bedside giving encouragement and comfort. I wanted to tell Grandma Angie, but could not do so. He lingered for seven days during which time he developed pneumonia and finally passed away in the early morning hours of August 30, 1977. I was happy to be at his side holding his hand when he peacefully stopped breathing as he passed to the other side of life. I had the sensation that he was with Mom and others who had preceded him.

In retrospect, Dad must have had some kind of premonition that this was going to happen. You see, his marriage to Angie was a civil marriage before Bishop Brown of the Poplar Grove Ward. A few months before his death he began to pressure Angie to go to the Salt Lake Temple where they could be sealed for eternity. When Angie agreed, he didn't wait for any of the family to go with him. He didn't take any chances that some of the family might not be in favor. He just loaded Angie in the car one day and stated that they were going to get that job done. This was in June before he had his stroke in August.

IN SUMMARY, when Dad is mentioned, I quickly think of these memories, memories of a curly headed young husband, memories of a very mature man with snow white hair around the fringes of his head.

Of a motor bike, a Model A Ford pickup truck, bib overalls, with a pair of pliers in one of the pockets, slips of paper notes in his shirt pocket, a stubby pencil over his ear. Of his being a friend to everyone. Of a basement workroom with boxes and boxes and boxes of electrical repair parts for every conceivable type of electrical apparatus imaginable. Of panel trucks, also having boxes and boxes and boxes of electrical repair parts, of curly hair, of a bald spot partially covered over with hair from the side. Of a bald head and snow white hair around its edges. Of a nervous cough, and happy laughter; Of his work at the welfare square; of his love for farm animals; of his ability to let everyone know where they stood with him, no matter the consequential personal feelings. Yes, and even of his old crock pot by the side of the kitchen wood stove with its beer brewing up a storm; of his change in life and full support of the church and its principles. Of his complete about face change in life and our trip to the Salt Lake Temple where we were all sealed to him and Mom. Of his tenderness to Mom when she became ill and unable to reason out even the simplest of daily problems; of his bright outlook on life and people; of his ability to instantly be a friend of every person he met, large or small, old or young; of his few, but happy years with Grandma Angie and still, vividly recalled, his last seven days of mortality.

Thank goodness for the Gospel of Jesus Christ with its teachings and knowledge of eternal life and our belief that we can again meet and continue our families as a "whole family." I believe that today Dad and Mom are together enjoying the fruits of blessings well earned in this life before death.
Children of Clifford Gustavis and Birdie Ann Wilson Gibson are:

1. Wallace Eugene Gibson born Mar. 30, 1921 at Chama, Rio Arriba, New Mexico. He married Elizabeth Amy Stevens Nov. 12, 1940. Children born to Wallace and Beth are: Aldine Marie Gibson, Arlea Rae, Renee Gibson, Jayna Lee, Rosanna and Matthew Charles Gibson.

During Second World War, Wallace served in the Navy. After the War he went back to school and graduated from Utah University as an electrical engineer.


Lloyd Mae Harris came to live with Norma and Leland when she was about sixteen years old and she became a part of their family and like their own daughter.


Cliff served in the Marine Corp during World War II. He died on Feb. 12, 1970.


Marvin served in the Navy during Second World War and they now live in Roosevelt, Utah.

5. Barbara Ann Gibson born July 21, 1928 in Alamosa, Alamosa, Colorado. She married 1) Donald Orin Tracy Nov. 12, 1947. Children born to Barbara and Don are: Janice Ann Tracy, Donald Orin and Cheryl Tracy.

Donald Tracy died Dec. 13, 1981 in Salt Lake City. Barbara married 2) Harold A. Mangum who is now deceased.

6. LaVina Joyce Gibson born May 1, 1931 in Alamosa, Alamosa, Colorado. She married Parley Poppleton Gunnell June 22, 1949. Children of LaVina and Parley are: Gary Lee, Brant Leon, Kary Jay and Brad LaVon.


Ronnie served in the Air Force and returned to Utah University after the War and graduated as an Electrical Engineer.

9. Russell Henry Gibson born April 11, 1939 in Durango, LaPlata, Colorado. He married 1) Sheila Hardy May 25, 1960. They were divorced and he married 2) Sharon Burbidge. They have one child – Michelle Gibson.

10. David Lynn Gibson born Oct. 13, 1941 in Durango, LaPlata, Colorado. He married Connie Kay Vincent. David and Connie have a daughter, Jody, and a son David Gibson. Connie also had one daughter, Crystal.

David served in the Air Force.

Marvin in the Navy
Clifford in the Marine Corp
Wallace in the Navy

Ronnie Gibson in the Air Force
David Gibson in the Air Force.
MEMORIES OF MY FATHER

By Ronald Wilson Gibson

Some of the earliest remembrances of Dad was one day when I was out in the yard and I heard a loud flapping noise. I looked up to see dad driving up with the right rear tire flat and flapping as he drove it home flat. Dad also brought home bananas which I ate with great gusto.

At 1633 Indiana Avenue, dad had an old semi-trailer van without the wheels which he used as a coal storage shed. We kids got the privilege of hauling in the coal from the shed to the house.

Dad was always concerned for the welfare of his father and mother. Dad often made trips to Colorado to visit Grandma and Grandpa and his brothers and sisters. After Grandma Gibson died, dad waited for some time and then drove to Colorado and convinced Grandpa Gibson to come and live with him in Salt Lake. Grandpa lived with Mom and Dad for some time. Dad knew Grandpa liked his tobacco and would buy Grandpa a cigar on occasion which Grandpa would cut up to chew. Grandpa would occasionally dribble tobacco juice down his beard which Dad would wipe off. Grandpa Gibson would sit in Dad's rocking chair for hours. One day Grandpa Gibson quietly passed away sitting in the chair. Dad Gibson had Grandpa taken care of by the mortician and then took Grandpa in the casket to Colorado to be buried next to Grandma.

Dad was also concerned about his neighbors. Often on winter mornings Dad could be observed shoveling the snow off the Hartman's or Sister Lambert's sidewalk. He often made trips over to a neighbor's house to take some homemade bread that Mom had made as a present.

Dad Gibson was a frugal man, who when he made trips to Colorado to visit relatives, would stop at farms on the way back and buy sacks of pinto beans and wheat for storage. He always had a supply of food in the basement. Many times he would bring home 20 or so live chickens for us to kill on the chopping block, toss them out into the field until they died, and then us kids got the "privilege" of plucking off the feathers after dipping the chickens into a tub of boiling water. On a couple of other occasions, Dad brought home some rabbits he bought for us to kill and then skin them by hanging them from the clothesline (which Mom Gibson didn't appreciate).

One thing Dad could never understand as us kids grew up was how quickly the back tires of the Oldsmobile would wear out. It was years later that Russ confessed that he was using the Oldsmobile to compete at the drag races west of Salt Lake.

Dad was a light sleeper, often he could be seen looking out the windows of the house observing a car that had stopped near the house which caused Dad some concern until he determined that all was well. One night, Dad was awakened by a noise at the window to the bedroom. It was a burglar prying open the window to get in. Dad, with great presence of mind, hollered over to Mom, "hand me my shotgun!" With that, the burglar dropped to the ground and took off. It was the long barreled shot gun that I remember us kids playing with for hours on end. I remember Dad's stories of how when he was younger he would go goose hunting with that shotgun. He said he would level that shotgun a long way off from the geese and nail them before the geese knew they were even close.
Dad had high blood pressure, and to self-medicate himself, he would eat garlic. I remember his famous garlic sandwiches. He would slice the bulbs and put them on slices of bread. Needless to say, it made it hard for Mom to sleep next to him with the odor. Dad finally found the antidote. It was Spanish peanuts which he would eat on the way back to work in the afternoon after his garlic sandwich lunch. Of course, on a warm day, in the Black Maria Chevie it made it hard on the passenger (me) until either my nose got used to the odor or it really did go away. I also ate my share of peanuts.

Dad also liked to sing church songs as he drove along. One of the songs was "Scatter Sunshine." Another was "The World Has Need of Willing Men." I think it was another way he had of providing a teaching moment. He also would teach by telling some incident of his life or someone else's. One I remember was the story of a fellow in Durango who used to laugh at Dad for having all us kids. Later in life the man came up to Dad to tell him how sorry he was for not having children. He said he and his wife were the loneliest people in the world because most of their friends had died and no one ever came to visit them.

Dad was also firm of mind (spelled hard-headed). One incident I remember was a man who had a house moved to north Salt Lake and then had it brought up to electrical code by having Dad do some wiring. The man was a process server and was used to pushing people around. He kept changing the contract by asking Dad to do this and then that and claiming it was in the original contract. One day, the man was standing at the bottom of a ladder that Dad was working in a closet changing some wiring. The man kept talking to Dad about something that he wanted Dad to do. Dad finally told the man to shut up or he would pack up his tools and not come back. The man kept talking, so Dad packed up his tools and left. Dad told the other electrical contractors in the town about the man, so that when the man tried to get someone else to do the job, no one would. Some weeks later, the man greatly humbled called Dad to apologize and asked him to please finish the job.

Another incident related to being firm of mind was when a mechanic who was changing the oil kept asking Dad if he wanted to have his engine overhauled. Dad refused, and after driving the car home noticed that the engine was making more noise than usual. When Dad checked the oil, he found the mechanic had added grinding compound in the oil which almost destroyed the engine. Dad ended up having the engine overhauled somewhere else than the mechanic's place.

Dad had some discussions with the city who wanted to buy Dad's house and land so that they could expand Sorenson Park to fill the whole block. Dad argued with them on several occasions until finally, the city gave up. Some years later, when Dad sold the house the new owner tried to claim that Dad had agreed to paint the house as part of the sale. Dad disagreed and finally compromised by agreeing to pay for part of the paint.

Dad was also a sharp man with figures and often could outguess the people who were trying to cheat him out of his just wages. On one occasion, he was being contracted to do the electrical work on some motel units being remodeled in Heber City. Dad had worked for the owner previously in Salt Lake. Dad knew that the man would try to cheat him out of some of the money
at the end of the contract, so Dad worked up a way to protect himself. Dad overbid the contract knowing that he would get the contract and he would still be cheaper than any other contractor. As Dad did the work, he kept the money collected fairly current by asking for money to buy more supplies to do the work. When the work was done, Dad still was owed about $1,000. Before Dad could file a lien on the property, the bank in Heber City took over the property and there was nothing for Dad to attach his lien to. In this way, dad protected himself from a large loss. Some of the other contractors on the job lost a good deal of money. Dad Gibson was a visionary man. He would have a dream which would either forewarn him of events to come, have a deceased family member visit him, or have an instant vision of some event which had just happened to someone in the immediate family.

A couple of incidents he related to me were indications of his being forewarned of something he needed to watch out for. I remember one where he told of having a dream that occurred to him twice. It was a dream where he was traveling down the street in his work truck. As he approached an intersection, he was passing a truck on the left side of him and as he came to the intersection, a motorcyclist with a rider on the back made a left turn in front of him. One day he was traveling down the road and passing a truck at an intersection to his left. Instantly, he recalled the dream and pulled his foot off the accelerator. Just at that moment, a motorcyclist with a rider made a left turn in front of him. If he had not let off the accelerator, he most certainly would have killed both of the people on the motorcycle.

Two events of dad knowing of events as they happened were one where I called home just after having rolled Mom's Oldsmobile at Soldier's Summit on March 22 one year. I had come over the rise to find the road downhill completely covered with ice because the road crew had not sanded it due to the holiday. With power brakes and power steering, there was little else for me to do but hang onto the steering wheel as the car slid to the side of the road and rolled over once into the snow. When I called Dad he told me what had happened and what do do. I followed his advice and had the car towed back into Price, Utah where the next day they drained the oil out of the car and pushed the top of the car up so I could drive the car home. The only damage was pushed in doors and the top. No glass was broken since the snow had cushioned the roll.

Another incident as I recall it was when Norma was coming up to Salt Lake with Marvin's Ford. Gwen was at the wheel and apparently was very tired. Gwen claimed she saw a woman in the middle of the road and swerved to miss her and rolled the car, knocking out most of the glass in the car. There were some bruises and cuts on the occupants, but no major injuries. Needless to say, the car was totalled. When Norma called dad, he knew exactly what had happened and was able to advise Norma.

The first incident of someone coming to visit dad was shortly after the death of my brother Cliff. Dad said that Cliff came to the foot of his bed in the middle of the night and indicated in some way his great concern for the little family he had left behind. Dad indicated to Cliff that he would not let the family suffer. There are some who know that Dad Gibson was true to his word.
The second incident of visitations was shortly before dad was to marry Angie after the death of Mom. Mom Gibson was a jealous woman, as was dad. After dad had proposed to Angie, Mom Gibson came to the foot of dad's bed and indicated by her smile that the second wife had her full approval. With that, dad had no further concern. He did, of course, contact each of the children to get their approval. As we all know, he made an excellent choice (and Angie did).

An incident of observable jealousy was when Mom Gibson got a job at the Echol's Nursing Home on 9th East. Dad would make trips by the home at various times of the day to visit Mom. They often had very warm discussions over Mom's working and the non-need of Mom making money for the family.

All in all our dad was a stern man, but one with a great love for his children and others. He always liked to make a joke and told his stories over and over even though he knew you had heard it before. It is with love that I submit these remembrances to the family hoping that each of you will write some of your memories so that we may each get your piece of the picture of our father.

THE BOOK OF LIFE

No matter what else you are doing . . . .
   From cradle days through to the end,
You are writing your own life story . . .
   Each night sees another page penned.

Each month ends a thirty-day chapter,
   Each year - the end of a part,
And never an act is mis-stated,
   Nor even a wish of the heart.

Each morn when you wake, the book opens,
   Revealing a page - clean and white.
What words and what thoughts and what doings
   Will cover it's surface by night . . .

God leaves that to you - you're the writer,
   And never one word will grow dim.
Until one day, you'll pen the word "Finished"
   And give your life's book back to him.

Quoted by Sister Jessie Evans
Elmer, Verna, Elias and Clifford Gibson as children.

Clifford Gustavis Gibson as a young man.

Birdie Wilson as a young lady.

Clifford and Birdie Gibson.
Front: Ronnie, Lavina, Barbara, Clifford & Marvin Gibson
Back: Wallace, Norma and Edith Gibson by waterfall in Durango

Front: Edith, Barbara, Birdie, Clifford, Lavina and Norma Gibson
Back: David, Wallace, Ronnie, Marvin, Clifford and Russell Gibson
Angie and Clifford Gibson after their wedding

Clifford and Birdie on their 50th Wedding Anniversary party.
Ancestor Chart

1. Birdie Ann Wilson  
   - Born: 8 Feb. 1903  
   - Where: Venus, Johnson, Texas  
   - Married: 4 Nov 1919  
   - Died: 18 Feb 1974  
   - Where: Provo, Wasatch, Utah

2. Joseph Matthew Delaney Willard Wilson  
   - Born: 25 Aug 1861  
   - Married: 13 Sept 1889  
   - Died: 12 July 1932  

3. Lucy Marian Caldwell  
   - Born: 30 Oct 1873  
   - Where: Mesquite, Dallas, Tex.  
   - Married: 13 Mar 1937  
   - Died:  
   - Where: Chama, Rio Arriba, N.M.

4. Elcane Lock Consula Tubier Wilson  
   - Born: Abt 1806  
   - Where: Tenn.  
   - Married: 11 July 1860  
   - Died: 28 Feb 1893  
   - Where: Mesquite, Dallas, Tex.

5. Sarah Edna Willard  
   - Born: 4 Mar 1841  
   - Married: 18 Nov 1904  
   - Died:  
   - Where: Venus, Johnson, Tex.

6. Hugh C. Caldwell  
   - Born:  
   - Where:  
   - Married:  
   - Died:  
   - Where:

7. Lucy Ann Penic Breeze  
   - Born: 30 July 1828  
   - Where:  
   - Married: 1893  
   - Died:  
   - Where: Gordon, Tex.  
   - (as Lucy Putrell)

8. Matthew Wilson  
   - Born:  
   - Where:  
   - Married:  
   - Died:  
   - Where:  

9. Julia Ann Arney  
   - Born:  
   - Where:  
   - Married:  
   - Died:  
   - Where:  

10. Delaney Willard  
    - Born:  
    - Where:  
    - Married:  
    - Died:  
    - Where:

11. Caroline  
    - Born:  
    - Where:  
    - Married:  
    - Died:  
    - Where:  

12. Caldwell  
    - Born:  
    - Where:  
    - Married:  
    - Died:  
    - Where:  

13.  
    - Born:  
    - Where:  
    - Married:  
    - Died:  
    - Where:  

14.  
    - Born:  
    - Where:  
    - Married:  
    - Died:  
    - Where:  

15.  
    - Born:  
    - Where:  
    - Married:  
    - Died:  
    - Where:  

NAME OF HUSBAND OR WIFE
BIRDIE ANN WILSON – born Feb. 8, 1903 at Venus, Johnson, Texas. She tells her own story of her life.

My first home after we moved from Venus was in Shawnee, Oklahoma. This was a big two story frame home. We moved from there when I was one year old. This town is where Dad had a grocery store. He became ill and was flat on his back and his partner sold the store out and left town with the money. Dad sold his home and went to Stella, Oklahoma and bought a big farm. On this farm was one large room – a wooden building and a dugout – like a basement house which was apart from the one room. This dugout had a clay dirt floor and this is where we lived the eight years we were there. The girls slept in the lumber building and the boys and mother and dad slept in the dugout. We had a stove and a big fireplace and sometimes we cooked on the fireplace and sometimes we cooked on the stove. Joe, Fred and Ben were born here. May must have been born in Shawnee, Oklahoma. We moved from Venus to Shawnee and from there to Stella. Hugh, Pinkney, Celia, Edna and Robert were born in Mesquite, Texas and Callie was born in Venus, Texas.

From Stella, Oklahoma, we moved to Weleeka, Oklahoma. Dad lost his farm at Stella. In Stella we lived two and one half miles out in the country and we walked to school and someone gave Edna and Celia a coat made out of heavy felt and had a big cape that hung down the back. These were the heaviest coats and I remember after they outgrew them, they handed them down to Callie and me. They were so heavy we usually ended up carrying them because they were so hot.

The first part of October in 1908 Celia got Typhoid Fever and the doctor said the only thing that would save her was some whiskey and peppermint. Dad went all over trying to find some and just couldn't find any. Celia died Oct. 17, 1908. She had a baby whose father was unknown, who died a few days before of typhoid. The baby was very small – only a few months old. Papa and some of the neighbors made the casket and I remember him lifting us little children up so we could see the baby in the casket as it lay there ready for burial. It (a boy I think) was buried at the side of its mother, there in Stella, Oklahoma after graveside services. I had this dreadful disease too and papa got some whiskey and my life was spared, but I was so extremely ill that I believe I actually left this life and returned. I was already to go to Celia's services – even had my Sunday bonnet on and was on the wagon ready to go and I began to feel so dizzy and sick that the folks left me with a neighbor while they went to the services. I remember them trying to give me a big long pill and how I hated it. I wouldn't take it and after they left, I threw it over behind the bed. This is all I remember until after I passed the crisis and began to recover. I remember being extremely ill and my mother and father standing over me putting cold packs on me. The doctor was there too and Edna told me the doctor said, "Oh, she's gone." It seemed that there was no feeling and I felt I was somewhere else and I could see a long table and it seemed part of it was blotted out or in other words, I didn't see the whole thing, but I was standing away from the table and could see two men and one said, "What are you doing here" You're not supposed to be here – you have not finished your work yet." I was suddenly semi-concious again and my Mother and Dad and the Doctor and Edna were standing by my bed and the doctor said "She's all right now." It didn't take too long to recover after that. I never mentioned this to anyone until last fall (1960) when Edna and I were talking about it. I was afraid no one would believe me or would
laugh at me. Edna said, "You know what I was doing that time - pumping water like mad to keep cold packs on you!"

We didn't go to church or Sunday School during these years. Our only transportation was by wagon and Papa always felt that the horses needed a day of rest so they rested on Sunday.

My mother was a Methodist and Dad was a Presbyterian. He was a religious man and often he read to us from the Bible. He was a good man and well educated. He graduated from the Kingsley Seminary at Arcadia, Tennessee. He and his brother, Tom were very good singers and would often go about singing solos. From an old program from the Kingsley Academy his name appeared as having been one of the speakers. He spoke on "The Education of the Young." While he never did run for a political office himself, he was quite a politician and was always giving speeches at political rallies. He was a strong socialist. I remember in Oklahoma seeing him walk across the floor - back and forth through the room practicing his speeches.

After my parents were married - papa decided he wanted to be a physician and started to study - but one day he heard one of his fellow classmates make the remark that he would sure be glad when he got through with his studies so he could start practicing and collecting the money from the people. This was too much! He decided if this was the attitude of a doctor - he didn't want it, so he threw his books down on the table and never went back to his studying medicine again. He was a man of many trades and experiences - some of the things he worked at were - a druggist, a miller, a carpenter - a storekeeper and finally took farming as his life's vocation.

In the three short years we lived in Weleeka, he built a barn, granary, a well which was eight feet in diameter and about 50 feet deep, besides fences, pigpens, etc. His only serious illness was when he had inflammatory rheumatism (what we know as arthritis now). He was in bed for a year. He had his first heart attack in Antonito, Colorado. He was in swimming at the time and was very difficult to get him out of the water. It took a long time to get over this and he was never really well again. He died after what was apparently a series of strokes on July 2, 1932 in Pagosa Springs, Colorado. He had been seriously ill and in a coma most of the time for about six weeks before his death. He was buried the following day as his body was so badly deteriorated.

My mother was Lucy Marion Caldwell, daughter of Hugh C. Caldwell and Lucy Ann Breeze born on Oct. 30, 1873 in Mesquite, Texas.

When they left Weleka, Oklahoma, she had an auction sale to sell all their farm implements and furniture and everything except the sewing machine which they shipped to Rocky Ford, Colorado. She had the responsibility of making all the arrangements for the move. Papa and Hugh had gone a month or so before in a covered wagon. She was eight months pregnant with Elmer. She and the children traveled by train. She was a hard worker and always raised a big garden, as well as working out in the cotton fields right along with men and children. When Ben was due to be born, Jess Capshaw was courting Edna and was there at the house one Sunday. By the next Sunday the baby had been born and Mother was up working around when Jess returned to see Edna. He just couldn't get over this as women in those days nearly always stayed in bed nine or ten days.
Papa worked with his team for wages then for several years, then moved again to the San Luis Valley in Colorado. By then my sister Callie and I were old enough to go away from home to work, so we both got work in private homes. It was here at Antonito, Colorado, that I met a fellow and we became engaged to be married. He had just bought a Model T Ford car with side curtains and all to make it real nice. We went to the County Fair at Manassa, Colorado and at the fair we became acquainted with a blonde girl who invited us to come back in the evening to the dance that was being held in town. We did, and the girl in turn introduced us to her two brothers. We had a lovely time and after the dance we offered to take Verna and her brothers and their girl friends home. As it so happened, I found myself in the back seat with Verna's brother Clifford. He asked me for a date and I went out with him. The next time George came over I gave him his ring back. Six weeks later we eloped to Santa Fe, New Mexico to get married. The train on which we were traveling broke down and by the time we got to Santa Fe it was too late to get a license so, it being Saturday, we got rooms. His brother, Elmer went along with us and they got a room and one for me. They were very nice to me and I felt perfectly safe.

My mother and father found that I was not at the place of employment and sent out an alarm to have us picked up. They did just that as we gave our names for a license to be married. The arresting officer took us to a large home. It was his home where he and his wife lived, but they had cells on the upper floor. He took us up there and showed us the cells, then said that he wouldn't lock us up if we didn't try to get away. His wife was away so I had to cook dinner for ourselves and him. By evening we had contacted Papa and explained that we were getting married so he gave his consent and we were released, but it was too late then to get a license so we had to go back to the hotel again. Next day we were married in the Methodist Church and went on to Albuquerque and stayed there thirty days. Cliff worked in a garage parking cars and I worked in a cafe waiting on tables.

I was baptized into the LDS Church on Jan. 4, 1920 by Cliff's father, Charles Henry Gibson.

My mother was a wonderful hard working woman, gentle and kind and long suffering. She was always willing to help. After Papa died and the properties divided, she was with me a lot for which I will always be thankful. After she got her money she went back to Texas on a visit for six months. On her way back she stopped at my sister's home in Chama, New Mexico and there suffered a Cerebral Hemorrhage and died suddenly. She passed away on March 13, 1937 and is buried beside Papa at Pagosa Springs, Colorado.

Wilson home in Mesquite, Texas.
People who have little interest in their ancestry will have little concern about their posterity. People who are indifferent to the past will care little for the future.

Sir Henry Maine has well said that the roots of the present lie deep in the past, and without a knowledge of that past we can not understand the present nor prognosticate the future.
Verna Odell Gibson was born Nov. 5, 1902 at Manassa, Conejos, Colorado. She was the fourth child and first daughter in this family and needless to say she was a welcome addition. She was a pretty little girl with blonde naturally curly hair, and I'm sure she was the "apple of my dad's eye" all of her life. She always got along well with her older brothers, but she and Elmer were always buddies; if one got into something the other was always on hand. She told me many stories of her childhood and thru her life and these will be told in her own words.

"I remember Grandma Gibson piecing quilts and I always wanted to do some blocks, so Grandma let me make some and taught me to sew. If I didn't do them just right, she had me rip them out and start over. She taught me to quilt and I made a doll quilt."

"Cliff and I were watching mother get the churn ready and Cliff said to me, "Lets be sick and we won't have to churn," so we went and laid on our beds, Mom came in and said, "What's the matter with you kids" and we told her we were sick. So she went and got the castor oil bottle and came in to us and we got up and went in to churn."

"One of the most frightening things I did was when I fell down thru the straw that spring astraddle of the bull's neck. When I was a little kid I liked to climb up on the shed and slide down on the straw. I was doing that and the straw had been eaten out during the winter by the cattle. I fell down the straw and was astraddle of the bull's neck. The rails were behind me and his horns in front of me and I couldn't get out. It nearly scared him to death and he bellered and bellered and pulled on me. I screamed and screamed and finally we both calmed down enough that I got off of him, but boy where he pulled on me, my hips and groins were just black and blue."

"One time Dad sent me up to get the milk cows out of the herd of cows. I had just crawled under the fence and got inside to round them up. Here came this bull just pawing and scraping and I ran and scooted under the fence, the barbed wire caught the back of my dress and tore it and cut my back. I went home crying and I said to Dad "That bull chased me out, he really was after me." Dad said, "Ah, that old bull wouldn't hurt a flea. I could sit between his horns." So Dad went up to get the cows and he didn't come back and Mom came out pretty soon and he was up on a tree limb. Dad had been up there quite awhile. Mom said "Did you see something up in that tree?" I started giggling and said "It's Dad." So Mom and I went up and the tree wasn't too far from the fence. So we teased the old bull until we got him away from Dad and he had a chance to run clear. The next day Dad got rid of the bull.

I remember when Clifford, Elmer and I decided to make us a playhouse in the chicken coop. We tore out all the roosts and nests and put in a table and bench for us with other trinkets. It was getting late and the chickens were cuddled outside in the grass. Mother finally noticed what we had done. We had to switch real fast and put the roosts back in and the nests. Mother really scolded us for that one."
"I remember once Elmer crawled down under the granary and got stuck. An old hen had crawled under there and laid her eggs and he was going after them. I went to get Mom and she looked under there and showed him which way to move his feet and that got him out."

"Elmer liked to throw rocks and make them dance on the water. One day one bounced up and cut the side of my nose. He rushed me to mother and she stopped the bleeding."

"I remember the time that the girl from Sanford caught her foot in the wheel of the buggy and the horses panicked and drug her down the bumpy road. They took her into the house and she bled all over the bed and then died. I remember Elmer going outside and vomiting; he couldn't stand the blood. Mother stuffed the pillow into the heating stove because it was soaked with blood beyond hope of cleaning it."

"When I was young, Dad was out teaching the boys to shoot the double barreled shotgun and I howled and moaned. I wanted to do it too. So Dad handed me the gun and said, "All right, shoot it." He just sat down and watched me as he was mad at me. I put it right in front of my face. When that thing went off it knocked me flat. So, from then on I was scared of a gun."

"I remember Elmer and Elias going out sitting on the hay stacks waiting for rabbits to come in to eat and they would shoot them for us to eat. They came in and their feet were frozen. Mother put their feet in snow and put hot towels on their knees and upper leg above their ankles. She said if you thaw them from the toes up it closes the blood vessels and blocks the circulation. I remember it took a long time to get them thawed out."

She always liked to wear shoes with high heels. One time she had a new pair that "wasn't broken in" yet. Elmer wore the same size shoes so he put her shoes on and wore them to break them in. I always heard that he wore them to the dance, but I don't know that that was true. She grew up during the "flapper era." She was a very high spirited girl who was always very sharp and full of life.

One time Rulen Sego asked dad if he could take Verna to the dance that night and dad said yes. Rulen came and sat in the living room waiting for Sis to get ready but she and Elmer had gone out the bedroom door and had gone. About 11:00 o'clock Rulen asked Dad if she was ready yet and Dad told him she had already gone.

She started going with Loui Hess and I've heard there was some joking about her always going with the boys who had a new car. Loui was in service for a time during World War I and they corresponded for a while. When he returned "We ran away to get married. We went to San Luis to get married, but couldn't find anybody to marry us; so we came back to Alamosa and were married by a Justice of the Peace. Kit Carson was one of the witnesses." (This is a grandson of the Kit Carson, Indian agent). She always said Dad objected to her marriage but in looking at the situation thru Dad's eyes - Loui was ten years older than she was and she was just barely seventeen. I don't think anybody was good enough for her to my dad either.
CERTIFICATE OF MARRIAGE

I, Fred C. Carson, Jr., a Justice of the Peace, residing in Alamosa, in the County of Alamosa, in the State of Colorado, do hereby certify that, in accordance with the authority conferred by the above license, I did on this 5th day of June A.D. 1920, at Alamosa, in the County of Alamosa, in the State of Colorado, solemnize the rites of matrimony between Fred Hess of Alamosa, in the County of Alamosa, in the State of Colorado, and Verna Odell Gibson of Alamosa, in the County of Alamosa, in the State of Colorado, in the presence of Kit Carson and Mrs. Jeffrey Hanson.

Witness my hand and seal at the County aforesaid, this 5th day of June A.D. 1920.

[Signature]

Fred C. Carson, Jr.
Justice of the Peace

The marriage certificate of Loui Hess and Verna Odell Gibson. It was witnessed by Kit Carson, grandson of the Indian agent, frontier scout and guide Kit Carson.

Kit Carson III was born June 30, 1883, at Fort Garland, Colorado to Billy and Pascuella Tobin Carson. He was raised by his maternal grandfather, Tom Tobin, another well-known western pioneer. He died at 91 years of age at Alamosa, Colorado.

Kit Carson, American mountaineer, trapper and guide, born at Madison County, Ky. Dec. 24, 1809; died at Fort Lyon, Colorado May 23, 1868. In 1853 he was made Indian agent in Conejos County.
"I went over to visit Mom and Dad and when I got there Elmer and Elias had the smallpox and I caught it from them. It was about the time Josephine was to be born and she came prematurely. Elias and Elmer were in Grandma Gibson's house and they put me in the log house across the street so we would all be away from the other little kids. Loui's sister Addie Hess had had the smallpox so she came to take care of me and the baby. This was when Addie met Elias and they eventually married."

"When we lived in Alamosa, Loui and I were throwing little rocks at each other and he was chasing me. I had jumped up on the porch and a salesman came by and Loui bought me a tablecloth. The salesman said to me "Now you be good to your husband, he bought you a table cloth." Then I wrote this poem "The Row"

**THE ROW**

Ma chased pa round the house one day,  
Looked like a fight but really twas play  
Pa stomped on the porch with a mighty roar.  
There stood a peddler knocking on the door.

Pa grabbed ma and sat her on a chair  
For one lone purpose of looking at the wares,  
Some lovely linen from which my ma chose  
A table cloth & napkins patterned with a rose.

When the peddler left them he to my ma said:  
"Now he did buy you linen so love him till you die"  
Then and there my ma and pa made just one solemn vow  
To never more jump on that porch when they had a row.  
(A true story by Verna Hess)

"Also in Alamosa, we lived across the street from Elias and Addie and also Loui's parents lived close. "One morning about eleven o'clock I went out to hang up the clothes on the line. Josephine was over at Addie's with Charles and I looked up and there was smoke coming out from under all the shingles and the rest of the houses still had snow on them. I panicked and thought: "Oh, its the Holidays and I thought Addie and Elias were still laying down asleep as they had been working hard. I ran over there and when I opened the door, it knocked me right out with the blaze. The divan was right by the door, and the opposite end of it was on fire. It took me a minute to get the door open. I called, 'Josephine, where are you.' First thing I knew she had hold of my hand. But she had also held onto the walker Charles was in. I turned loose of her to get him out of the walker. Remember the round walker? He doubled up his little legs and I couldn't get him out. I finally got him to relax enough that I pulled him out and she started into the blaze. I can see her yet with her hand up over her face trying to ward the fire off. I yelled at her."

"There was about a foot of snow on the ground. I ran to the door and tossed Charles out on the snow. I ran and grabbed her and brought her out. When I came out my hair was ablaze. I took my arm and run it over the top of my head and put the fire out. I grabbed up Charles - I was scared to death that maybe Addie and Elias were in there. I ran over to Grandma
Hesses. What had happened - Addie's vacuum cleaner had quit her and she thought it was something wrong with the vacuum and she went over to get Glen to fix it for her. It wasn't the vacuum at all, the wiring had shorted out. I laid Charles in her lap. I said, "There is your baby, but your house is gone." They ran over, but couldn't save anything. It burned my hair off, my back, inside of my nose and the top of my lungs. I still have scar tissue."

"Josephine had on a cap on her head. She was playing like she was going to Sunday School. She had on her coat and cap and had a cap on Charles. He had gone against the wall and had burned his arm from his elbow to his little finger. She had pulled him away from the wall. The inside of her nose was burned. She was about five years old."

"It took a long time for the roots of my hair to heal - about two years before my hair would grow again and then it looked like a fox tail. My shoulder blades were badly burned. It took a long time to get over that. Right after this, we went to a show one night and they showed a big fire. I got up and went home as it was so real to me."

"It was at this time that Loui had a recurrence of tuberculosis and I had a miscarriage and wasn't able to carry a baby until I had Joan about twelve years later."

Not many years later Verna and Loui moved to San Luis, Colorado where Loui found work building houses and later a dance hall. As usual, Verna did a lot of sewing for all the Mexicans in town it seems. Most of the town was Mexicans and not many Anglo at all.

"When we lived in San Luis we were Godparents to a Mexican baby. I had put my baby's wash on the line and went to the grocery store and when I came back, part of the wash was gone. That evening the Mexican man came over and tried to explain to me that they wanted us to be Godfather and Godmother of the baby and it would be the next day. When we went over to do it, it was the shock of my life, it had on all my baby clothes. We were supposed to furnish the clothes and they couldn't speak good English to tell us, so they just took them."

"One time my three older kids and I were throwing water snakes at each other. A salesman came up and Josephine threw a snake at me and it went right around his neck. He left and we never knew what he was selling."

"We would go to mom and dad's to visit and it was rabbit country all the way from San Luis. I was scared of guns, but Loui had gotten me this .410 and when I would shoot it, I couldn't aim right. I would tremble. We would go cross country hunting rabbits. Loui would make fun of me with "Afraid of a little gun like that." When he would go back to work, I would take the car and drive out and shoot rabbits. So we went to a turkey shoot at Thanksgiving time and I got the turkey. (I also remember her bringing in more rabbits than Loui on many occasions)."

My sister, Verna was always wanting to learn something new. I'm sure the words "I can't" or "I don't know how" weren't in her vocabulary. If it was something worth while, she would work at learning to do it.
Verna and Loui were a great hand to go fishing on weekends—Verna told this story of their fishing trip one weekend:

"We had gone fishing one time when Vernal was but six years old. He picked up a wood tick and we didn't find it. A female tick shoots poison into the system and then drops off. Vernal broke out all over his stomach like blood clots under the skin and red splotches. He had a high fever and was bitten on Sunday and died on Thursday, July 11, 1928. He had Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever and there was no shots or cure for it then. Several died with it at about that same time."

HOW DID THEY SURVIVE THE DEPRESSION?

My dad had gotten up in years and the boys had all left the farm pretty much. About the time the depression came, the Hesses came to farm for Dad. They lived in the little log house across the street from our house. Dad had the range cows and he bought some milk cows and they would sell the milk to the cheese factory in Manassa. This gave the family some cash flow. They did very well in farming during those years. They also raised garden peas by the acre and we would help pick peas and sell them to the cannery.

During this time Clarissa, Mom, Dad and I had smallpox and they weren't sure but what Loyd had it too, although he had very few pox.

Verna and Loui lived in Manassa for four years working for Dad, then Newell came to farm for Dad so the Hesses family moved on to the Mesa Verde area where Loui found carpenter work again. They lived first at Hallarville in a little log cabin. Josephine and Loyd went to school in Mancos. But eventually they were able to rent a house in Mancos across the street from the school house. At this time there was a lady who would take Verna each day out in the country and this is when she learned to paint pictures in oil. She painted several pictures of scenery.

It was while they lived at this place that Joan was born—eleven years after Loyd. She was born May 22, 1934. Josephine and Loyd just went across the street to school. They later moved across the river and rented part of the Sowens house. It was about this time that Loui was in a terrible auto accident. He told me what happened then:

"When I worked at Mesa Verde in the carpenter shop, we were coming home one night when we met a truck coming right at us. We almost ran off the road trying to avoid him but he hit us head on. I was scalped in the accident, my hair was all laying on my collar. I was taken to the hospital in Cortez where my scalp was sewed back on. I was sick for about a year unable to work. I was very nervous. Jack Wade, and Fred Trotter were also injured." It was Medra Carpenter who ran into them. They didn't get any compensation for the accident, all they could have done was get Medra Carpenter fired. After this accident and Loui was home, Verna cut his hair as he wouldn't go to a barber shop as his head is full of scars that are still very tender.

While the Hesses lived at the Sowens' house they raised a big garden as usual, and Verna sewed for anybody who needed any sewing done. Eventually as Loui got better and was able to work again, they bought a house on Main Street at a tax sale. It was a big frame house that needed a lot of work
done on it. So they set about trying to make a house into a home. They raised a large garden and had a flock of chickens that helped with food. They had coal stoves and no refrigerator. There was a cellar under the house and after it was thoroughly cleaned, Verna did a lot of canning that kept them going. They would charge meat and staples at the grocery store and, at one time they were really behind on the bill. Joe Picconi had Loui do some carpenter work for him and eventually Loui found work in Durango, Mesa Verde or Cortez where they could catch up again.

Verna was doing sewing as usual and they were making it. They would pick fruit for fruit, so they had raspberries, peaches, pears, cherries and apples. They bought milk from the Swartz dairy and there again, they would get behind on payments and Verna would sew for Mrs. Swartz or Loui did carpenter work, and I can even remember Verna doing washing for them to get caught up again.

Josephine and Lloyd were in school and played in the school band; Josephine the clarinet and Lloyd the trombone. Verna was president of the Band Parents and of the P.T.A. It might be added here that Verna was a doer; you always found her involved with anything that would help her kids.

Loui worked as carpenter at Mesa Verde National Park and built a lot of the Indian hogans and the museum. Josephine graduated from high school in Mancos and went on to Fort Lewis College at Hesperus (near Durango). Lloyd went to Durango High School for one year and then to Fort Collins to college. He also served in the Navy during World War II aboard the ship U.S.S. Shipley Bay in the Pacific theater. Joan started school in Mancos and went the first couple of grades there.

When work became scarce at the beginning of World War II, Loui went to Utah to work and they finally moved to Ogden, Utah where he did a great deal of contracting and worked steady until he retired. Verna went to work at Hill Air Force Base. She built the curtains for the planes and put the linen-like material on the wings of the plane.

Verna went to the County Library and got books on tailoring and learned in this way. Eventually she went into business with a man in a trailer shop and they run this for a while. She made Loui's suits as well as Lloyd's. She made me a very nice suit also. This particular tailor shop eventually folded but Verna worked in one tailor shop or another until she retired and she then quit working. But she went right on sewing for other people—mostly adjustments.

Loui and Verna made many trips to Flaming Gorge to fish. They would make a tour most every year to see her brothers and sisters and some of Loui's who were still living. Their youngest daughter, Joan did most of her growing up in Ogden, Utah; she married and still lives in that area with her family.

Verna was always doing fancy work—she did a lot of embroidery, especially cut work and crochet. Loui's sister, Addie taught her to tat and she did some knitting also. If she sat down to rest, she many times had something in her hands that she was working on. Many times she entered fancy work in the County Fair and won many blue ribbons. Once she and Josephine both made a lemon pie and entered them in the fair at Cortez, and Josephine got First Prize and Verna second, so she was also a good
teacher. She taught both daughters to sew and they could also sew up a storm. Verna was also a very good cook; Loui's mother was Danish and taught her to make many dishes from that country.

When Verna and Loui went anywhere in the car they sang duets — many of them I remember were "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles", "My Buddy" and "There's a Long, Long Trail A Winding."

Sis was very good with children; she really spoke their language and they knew right off that she loved them. When Clarissa and I visited them in Ogden a few years ago, kids for blocks around would come to the door to see her and she would ask them if they wanted a snake, skunk or muskrat — or whatever animal she had for the day. They would always name the animal they wanted and she would get candy or cookies whichever she had and give to them. Sis said that one Halloween the kids came to her door for Tricks or Treats and she told them she didn't have any treats, all she had were these strange animals. Some of the older kids got onto what she was doing and they asked for one of the animals and it was a game they had played every since.

She was still sewing for other people — I'm sure they had gotten used to her doing their work and didn't know anybody else that would do the work the way they wanted it and knew she could and would do it.

Verna developed heart trouble and died Feb. 4, 1985. She had gone to bed and died in her sleep.

Children born to Verna and Loui Hess were:


2. Vernal Albert Hess born Aug. 20, 1922 at Manassa, Conejos, Colorado. When he was about six years old he was bitten by a tick and had Rocky Mountain spotted fever as a result. He died July 11, 1928.


4. Carol Joan Hess born May 22, 1931 at Mancos, Montezuma, Colorado. She married 1) Leonard John Meckler Dec. 1, 1950 and they were later divorced. They had two children: Tony Raymond Meckler and Terry Meckler. After she was divorced she came back to Ogden and went to business school and got a job and worked — I should say she is still working at Hill Air Force Base. She married 2) Dewayne Guthrie and they have two boys, Flint and Jeffrey.

One of the things I was the proudest of Joan for was her work with her sons in the Boy Scouts and she received the Silver Fawn for her efforts. Her husband, DeWayne received the Silver Beaver also.
Loui Hess in Army uniform

Verna Gibson as a young girl.

Vernal, Josephine and Loyd Hess with their mother Verna and old car.
Josephine, Vernal and Loyd Hess as children.

Verna Hess and baby is Josephine Hess.

Carol Joan Hess at 18 months

Terry, DeWayne and Joan Guthrie Fr. Flint, Tony and Jeffrey. The family of Carol Joan Hess
Loyd, Loui and Verna Hess and Josephine and Jess Baker

Verna Gibson Hess

Clarissa Brown, Blanche Matlock and Verna Hess

Loyd Hess in Navy uniform during World War II
### Ancestor Chart

<p>| | | | | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<p>| | | | | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1.</td>
<td>Loui Hess</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>BORN 4 Nov 1892</td>
<td>WHERE Belgrade, Stearn, Minn.</td>
<td>WHEN MARRIED 5 June 1920</td>
<td>DIED</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Niels Paulsen deserted from the Danish Army and added Hess to his name and came to the United States.*

<p>| | | | | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2.</td>
<td>Niels Paulsen Hess*</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<p>| | | | | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>3.</td>
<td>Josephine Kjirstine Sorensen</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>BORN 16 Nov 1861</td>
<td>WHERE Fredericia, Vejle, Denmark</td>
<td>WHEN MARRIED 21 Feb 1852</td>
<td>DIED 16 Oct 1938</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<p>| | | | | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>4.</td>
<td>M. Paul Peterson</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>BORN</td>
<td>WHERE</td>
<td>WHEN MARRIED</td>
<td>DIED</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<p>| | | | | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>5.</td>
<td>Maren Nielson</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>BORN</td>
<td>WHERE</td>
<td>WHEN MARRIED</td>
<td>DIED</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<p>| | | | | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6.</td>
<td>Mads Sorensen</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>BORN 14 Apr 1825</td>
<td>WHERE Vester Nebel, Helsinghøj, Denmark</td>
<td>WHEN MARRIED 21 Feb 1852</td>
<td>DIED</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<p>| | | | | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>7.</td>
<td>Kjirstine Olsen</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>BORN 25 May 1826</td>
<td>WHERE Holding, Kansgaard, Denmark</td>
<td>WHEN MARRIED</td>
<td>DIED</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
LOUI HESS was born Nov. 4, 1892 at Belgrade, Stearns, Minnesota, the fourth child of eleven children born to Niels Paulson Hess and Josephine Kjirstine Sorenson Hess.

Niels Paulson was born Aug. 18, 1854 at Hesselager, Svenborg, Denmark to M. Paul Peterson and Maren Nielson. He had an older brother, Peder who came to the United States in 1875 with his wife, Marie Sophie Agnete Paulson and one year old son, Paul. Peder's wife's parents, Paul and Anna Paulson also came with them and they all settled in Minnesota first near Finnock, Minnesota and later at Belgrade, Stearns, Minnesota where they bought a farm that is still in the family.

Niels Paulson was in the process of serving in the army, which was compulsory in Denmark. In 1879 he deserted from the military, added Hess to his name and came to the United States where his brother was located. His girl friend, Josephine Kjirstine Sorenson came to the United States from Denmark in November 1882 and she and Niels Paulson Hess were married in Minneapolis, Minnesota Nov. 25, 1882. So his brother, Peder raised a large family under the name of Paulson and Niels raised a large family under the name of Hess.

Josephine Kjirstine Sorenson was born Nov. 16, 1861 at Fredericia, Vejle, Denmark to Mads Sorenson and Kjirstine Hanson. She was one of five children born to this couple: Saverien Sorenson, Ana Marie, Johanne Dorothy, Orson Friels Rudolph Sorenson and Josephine Kjirstine Sorenson. Her parents were very active in the L.D.S. Church in Denmark, so Josephine was a Mormon when she came to America. She came to the United States with a group of Mormon Emigrants and married Niels Paulson Hess Nov. 25, 1882 in Minneapolis, Minnesota. They had four children born in Minnesota with Loui being the youngest - Paul, Maggie, Rudolph and Loui. When Loui was just nine months old they were sent to Sanford, Colorado to help colonize the San Luis Valley. Niels joined the Mormon Church after they came to Sanford, Colorado. This area was colonized by Mormons.

They spent some time in Sanford, Colorado where Clara and Addie were born. Then they went to East Dale, Costilla, Colorado where they farmed and Albert, William Kingley, Glenn Edward and Josephine Amelia were born there. This town of East Dale failed because of a lack of water. The Hess family then moved to San Acacio, San Luis, Costilla, Colorado where Harry Ralph was born and Niels did a lot of carpenter work in the town of San Luis, Colorado.

Loui remembered working on a ranch in San Acacio, Building barns and a house for a man by the name of McIntyre, then to San Luis for a time. Then they were in Manassa, Sanford and Alamosa.

Loui remembered them going to Gallup, New Mexico where he and his father worked at the DeMiracle Store for several years. Loui had just started working at the store and didn't know anything about Indians. But one time a group of Indians came into the store and wanted five cents worth of sugar and he had a terrible time figuring out what they wanted. Finally a clerk came over and showed him what they wanted.
Loui would work during the week at the store and would go get drunk on Saturday and then go back to work on Monday morning, but as he said "I finally figured it out, that wasn't how we should do."

Loui used to ride a motorcycle for several years. He went into service during World War I but he didn't see active duty as the shots they gave them weren't purified and many of the men contracted tuberculosis as a result and were sent home. Loui was one of those who had pulmonary tuberculosis and was in the hospital for close to a year. After Verna and Loui were married, he had a recurrence and was hospitalized again when they lived in Alamosa. He got out of the hospital two days before Thanksgiving and Verna saved Josephine and Charles from the burning house just before Christmas.

Josephine told of experiences when they were in the mountain fishing: "We were in the mountains fishing and we were around the campfire when we heard this noise and mom ran for us. We were between the bear and her cubs. I can remember that - scared the tar out of me. I remember she shoved us in the car."

"Mom and I were out for a walk and Dad always told us not to run, you know. We were walking down beside that log and this bear got up on the other side and walked along the log with us. When we got to the end, we turned one way and the bear turned the other. But we didn't run."

Josephine described her father as "a very honorable man, a most honest man, a gentle man, very kind, and a hard worker."

Some of the things I remember about him were that he was always a big tease and we never knew when to take him seriously. His chief swear words were "Ah! Foot!" and sometimes it would be "Ah! Hell!"

Film 041943 Frederica, Denmark L.D.S. Membership records
Film 041945 Kolding Branch, Denmark L.D.S. Membership records
Film 002717 East Dale, Colorado L.D.S. Membership records
Family records of Verna Hess, Ogden, Utah
People who care nothing for the past usually have no thought for the future and are selfish in the way they use the present. When there is proper regard for the past and its people, we enrich the present as well as the future.

—Spencer W. Kimball
Newel Gibson as a youth at Manassa, Colorado

Newel Gibson grinding grain at Manassa, Colorado

Gerald and Alvera Gibson at Manassa, Colorado
Newel Gibson was born August 26, 1908 in Manassa, Colorado, the seventh child of Charles Henry and Bertha Hayes Carr Gibson. This is where he grew up and holds many fond memories of his childhood.

Newel K. Kimball and James Smith were the missionaries who went to the Spotswood Nicholas Gibson home in Virginia that helped convert them to the church and finally baptized them. I'm sure Newel Kimball meant a great deal to my father - as a result they named one son Newel after this missionary.

At the age of two years, Newel decided to see what bees were. His mother looked out the window and saw him playing in a beehive. Even though she was very allergic to bee stings, she ran to rescue him. She picked twenty five stingers out of his head and a lot more from his hands and arms. She was blessed in not having any bees sting her, and Newel has been immune to bee stings since then.

When seven years old, Newel climbed a tree as young boys do. He slipped and fell, catching his foot in the fork of two branches. This caused him to hit his head on the trunk of the tree, knocking him out for about six hours. A prayer circle was held around him. The faith of those praying for him brought him around.

He recalls that the whole family all went to the mountains fishing and for a picnic. The kids picked berries along the way and ran beside the wagon. Newel became engrossed in berry picking and when he looked up the wagon was out of sight and he was alone. He began to panic and started to run down the hill to try and find the wagon. He didn't know where he was going. As soon as his mother missed him, she sent someone to look for him. He was running and crying, so he couldn't hear anyone call. He thought for sure they had left him. How very glad he was to be found and taken back to the wagon.

At the age of eight, when he was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, he became afraid. This ordinance was to be done in the Little River and he was afraid he would drown. He finally got his brother Elias to go in with him and this made everything all right.

One day while working in the field, his mother came and brought his lunch. She said she was Aunt Blanche, mother's twin sister from Florida, but he wasn't too sure about that. Some of the other boys knew it was their mother. Later they found out that it really was Aunt Blanche wearing mother's dress that they knew. They were still identical twins.

Much of his learning and knowledge has been gained outside of a school classroom. He quit school after the eighth grade to help his dad so the other kids could go on with their schooling.

He traded for his first motorcycle when he was thirteen years old. He overhauled it, but couldn't get it timed. Buster Weston helped him and then wanted him to work in his garage, which Newel did when he wasn't helping with the planting or harvesting. In those days they worked on Model T Fords.
The Gibson family had a pump organ in their home and Newel taught himself to play "America the Beautiful." He claims that his sister, Verna was the one who excelled on this instrument. However, he loved music and enjoyed hearing her play.

He went to Sunday School and Primary when he was a boy and was ordained a Deacon when he was twelve years old. He used to go on Saturday each month to gather fast offerings on a burro. People paid in kind then and they were given flour sometimes when they gathered fast offerings. Two boys went together.

At age twenty, he met a girl from a neighboring town, Sanford; Mabel Martin, daughter of William Leroy Martin and Vesta Hostetter Martin. Mabel was born Feb. 9, 1908 in Sanford and was raised there. Her parents helped settle the area, coming from Wisconsin. She lost her mother at age ten years; her father and sisters raised her. She is the eighth child out of eight children.

Newel and Mabel were married on December 25, 1928 in Sanford, Colorado. They were sealed in the Arizona Temple on February 13, 1929.

He didn't want to be a farmer, so he worked in a cheese factory for two years in Sanford, Colorado. They made their home there during this time. While they lived there they had a Halloween party and Newel dressed as a girl and we couldn't tell who that was and Mabel passed around grandma's eyeballs (a grape) that really threw us all into a tizzy.

Newel's patriarchal blessing says "Thou will be a joy and a comfort to thy parents, thou will cheer and comfort them in their declining days." This bothered Newel considerably as he felt he would be taking care of them and he didn't know how he could do this and take care of his own family.

After being in Sanford for the two years, dad talked Newel into coming to farm for him. He was getting up in years and Verna and Loui had been there but they went to Mesa Verde National Park and found work. They had been there for four years working for dad. Newel and Mabel moved in the house across the street from his parents and moved to Manassa. They later bought this property.

He and Mabel raised a family of good children; Gerald Leroy was born the summer they moved to Manassa. Their second son, Donald was stillborn. Then came Alvera, Warren Newel, Alan Hugh and Louana.

Getting into bees seems to run in the family. When Alan and Louana were small, they took sticks and poked at a yellow jackets nest. The bees got mad, of course, and began to sting them both. Newel grabbed them and headed for the house. He had them pull covers over them to keep the bees from attacking more. Several bees managed to get under the covers stinging them. Alan received more stings than Louana. We discovered that even the dog got stung on the tail.

We all enjoyed Grandma Gibson's lilacs. They were across the front of her house. She didn't have watering methods as we know today, so she watered them by hand. Then in the spring when the lilacs bloomed, she would give us a bouquet for our table. It made our whole house smell good.
Newel and dad kept the milk cows at the ranch in the summer time and would go down to milk them twice a day. Dad would always come home through the fields with his dog, Rowdy. Newel had a motorcycle with a side car and this is the way he would come home. He had a hard time getting dad to ride with him, but he finally did talk him into riding in the side car and then he would come home that way.

In the summer time, we would go to the mountains for the day. We liked to fish, read and play games. Usually they were games we made up and we always enjoyed this. When he came home from work, we kids would ask what he had brought us. Sometimes, in his pocket, there would be a piece of gum or candy for each of us.

Sometimes our family would go to the ranch with him. He would take a picnic lunch or watermelon. There were days we would go swimming in the canal, then we would ride home on the hay which was fun. If the wagon was empty, it made the ride hard and bumpy. In the winter, after a snow, he would hook the mules to the wagon and take us to school picking up kids all along the way.

For years we didn't have a television, so nearly every night was family home evening. Again we would make up games, read or tell stories and discuss gospel principles. We remember mother making fudge and daddy popping corn. This helped our family to be a very close family.

We always had a big garden. When Newel would plow and prepare for planting, he would work the ground - picking up worms along the way. Then he and the boys used the worms to go fishing with. The boys didn't always have the patience that he had to sit and wait for a fish to bite so he always caught the most fish.

Newel and Mabel saw to it that each of their children learned some music. They played the piano, organ, accordion or clarinet. Their children still all enjoy good music today.

One evening our family went to the movies in our Model A Ford. It was pouring down rain. As we came home and stopped in our driveway, we kids were afraid to get out of the car and go into the house. We felt that if the lightening struck, the car was the safest place to be because of the rubber tires. While we sat in the car, the lightening hit a big tree in Grandpa's yard. It wasn't near his house but directly across the street from us. It scared us kids half to death.

It was hard to get the grain ground for livestock as they had to take it to the mill and wait for weeks sometimes for it. Finally Newel bought a roller from the Cullers Brothers so he could roll or grind his own grain and have it fresh anytime he needed it. Other people heard about him having this roller and asked if he would grind for them. Soon he was going from one granery to another all over and everyone was so pleased he would come right to their place and they didn't have to haul it to the mill. He ran this roller with a tractor for twenty years.

Besides farming, Newel was always busy doing many other things. He ground grain, as mentioned, fixed bicycles, milked cows and took care of other animals and livestock he owned as well as helping care for the ones his parents owned.
There was a time that he worked drilling for water, worked in the perlite plant and even served as the town sheriff. He was always willing to help others. Many times he would give a helping hand to other farmers. He would run a combine or help them stack their hay. He also helped pave the "Gunbarrel" road to Monte Vista when they were first married.

Although this was not an easy time for him, there was love in his home and they received many blessings. The following example is one of the ways they were blessed. It was nearly harvest time and Newel was in the field when he heard a hailstorm pounding towards him. He had just cut six or eight rounds in the hay field. He thought, "If it keeps coming, it will beat our crop into the ground." He unhooked the mules from the mower and turned them away from the storm. Then he knelt down and prayed that their crops would not be damaged too much. All at once the wind changed, the storm had come to the road, but very few hail stones hit our farm. It seemed to turn and go the other way, then cease altogether. Out of forty acres, only about one acre was ruined. Again he knelt, this time to thank Heavenly Father.

When his mother had her 75th birthday, Newel took her to Alamosa for a plane ride. (Since the article from the newspaper sounds so much like mother, I'm going to quote part of it.)

"Mrs. C. H. Gibson of Manassa isn't one to let the youngsters have all the fun. But she knows it's wise to let the young folks try out a new thing for a while. Then she's willing to give the novelty a fling. To celebrate her 75th birthday anniversary, which was Saturday, spry Mrs. Gibson gave in to this modern whim about flying.

'Guess I'm old enough now to go up,' she told her friends at the Alamosa airport Tuesday as she climbed into a plane piloted by Ray Wellington of the Kramer flying service.

After three-quarters of a century of life, in which she saw the progress of transportation from canal boats and wheezy locomotives and prairie schooners to luxurious silver-winged flight, Mrs. Gibson was circling her home at Manassa and looking down on the rooftops of houses where live her friends all over the valley.

Mrs. Gibson came back from her first airplane ride with big smiles and a good word for the Air Age. There hadn't been any fancy parties to celebrate her 75th year, but she had satisfied her wish, to enjoy the third dimension of flight."

I'm sure dad stood in the yard in Manassa and watched for fear something would happen to her as he would never fly. He always said "I'm going to keep one foot on the ground."

His parents worked in the Arizona Temple every winter for ten years. He would send them money every month to help support them. Newel certainly did fulfill his patriarchal blessing where his parents were concerned and he was helping them do the things they most enjoyed.
For many years there were holes in the roof of my parent's home and it leaked like a sieve. We had buckets to catch the water when it rained. During the Depression they put new shingles on the roof of the school house with the help of the W.P.A. They tore the old ones off. Newel asked them if he could have the shingles and they gave them to him. He hauled them home and put them on his parent's home so the roof didn't leak any more.

Newel was coming from town in his car after dark one night and he noticed a State Patrol car following him. He turned off his lights and drove home and into his yard quite speedily. The patrolman stopped in front of their house and it was our cousin, Roy Pruett. He was a big man and in his uniform. He visited for a few minutes and let Newel know his tail light was burned out (or whatever was wrong). Sure pays to have a cousin who is also your friend.

In November 1960, Newel and Mabel moved to San Bernardino, California and bought them a home and this is where they now reside. They have 21 grandchildren and seven great grandchildren. They have been married 58 years on December 25, 1986. Newel and Mabel are happy as they have lived a very full and rich life. Newel died January 19, 1987 at San Bernardino, California.

Children born to Newel and Mabel Gibson are:


2. Donald Gibson born Apr. 15, 1933 at Manassa, Conejos, Colorado. He was stillborn.

3. Alvera Gibson born Nov. 8, 1931 at Sanford, Conejos, Colorado. She married Lyman Carlyle Barber Feb. 9, 1954 and they were later divorced. They had one son, Steven Alan Barber who died Sept. 24, 1979 and one daughter, Pamela Kay Barber. Alvera married 2) Buster Ray Price Dec. 31, 1965. Their children are: Michael Warren and Eugene Ray – who was Buster's son by a previous marriage and adopted by Alvera.


5. Alan Hugh Gibson born Dec. 20, 1941 at Manassa, Conejos, Colorado. Alan served for four years in the National Guard. He married Phyllis Joy Smith Dec. 20, 1963 and their children are: John Alan, Daniel Alan and Scott Alan Gibson.

Louana, Alvera, Gerald, Alan and Warren Gibson beside their house in Manassa, Colorado.

Newel, Mabel Gibson, Buster & Alvera Price, Alan & Phyllis Gibson, and Paul and Louana Woodland. Taken at the Fiftieth anniversary party for Newel and Mabel Gibson.

Back row: Blake, Sylvia and Gerald Gibson
Front row: Diane, Bryan, Jeff and Debbie

Mabel, Gerald and Newel Gibson taken in 1980
Pamela Kay Barber graduated from San Diego State

Steven Barber in 1973

Gene Price in Coast Guard

Alvera Gibson Price & son Michael
Harren Gibson as a missionary in Rialto, California

Warren Gibson in the Army as an assistant Chaplain

Warren's wife Judy
Sharla Gibson
Leanne Gibson

Alan Gibson
Tim Gibson
Eric Gibson
Alan's boys Christmas 1982 - Dan, John and Scott Gibson

John Gibson as a missionary in Denver Colorado Mission

Back row - John, Alan and Daniel.
1st row - Scott, Phyllis and her mother, Mrs. Lawson

-223-
Front row: James and David Woodland
Back: Alice, Chris, Heather and Cary (granddaughter and daughter-in-law)

Alvera Price, Mabel Gibson and Louana Woodland
Taken in 1980
L to R - Michael Price, Alvera and Pam Barber, and Gene Price

L to R - Gerald, Alvera, Warren, Alan and Louana
(Taken Jan 22, 1987)
A FAMILY

A Family is the greatest thing
That God has put on Earth.
No matter how much it is used,
It will never lose its worth.

A Family can be relied upon
When no one else is there;
When hard times load you down,
Their help they gladly share.

A Family can be great fun
To share a laugh or two,
To find the joy and happiness
That life provides for you.

A Family is a smile, a tear,
A touch or tender word,
A dirty sock, or unmade bed,
A child's prayer softly heard.

A Family is an organization
Planned to perfect detail—
Tho not always running smoothly
Its purpose never fails.

A Family is life itself,
The good, as well as the bad
Yes, it is the greatest thing
That I have ever had.

Anonymous

-228-
I was born and raised in Sanford, Colorado. My birth date was February 9, 1908. My father's name is William Leroy Martin and my mother's name is Vesta Hostetter Martin. I am the youngest of eight children; Duff, Orra, Verna, Greta, Victor, Daphne and Leroy are my brothers and sisters. My father had an accident in a sawmill when he was a young man. The saw caught his coat sleeve and pulled his arm into the saw and cut his left elbow out. His hand was crippled, his fingers were drawn up against his palm, but he made a good living for his family.

Mother had a bad heart and spent a lot of time in bed. She died with the flu when I was ten years old. Daphne and I were left alone as father worked away from home making bridges all over the valley, and the other brothers and sisters were married. Wherever Daphne went I went too, it seemed. She was a very good sister, made dresses for me, cooked for me and taught me how to live, by example. All of my brothers and sisters were good to me.

I stayed in the mountains a lot with Verna. Ed, her husband owned and ran a sawmill. Duff also owned and run a sawmill and I stayed with them. One time I stayed a week with Duff and Etta and on Saturday Duff asked me if I wanted to go home. I told him "No, I'd like to stay a little longer." Well, on Monday I got homesick. Duff shut down the mill and took me home, he never complained. I went on sunrise breakfasts whenever I got a chance; Daphne and I went a lot and Gladys, a niece and whoever would go with me.

My friends and I went swimming in the Conejos River; first one and then another would take a car, gather up the rest and go to the river. We had a certain honk and when we heard that, we'd grab our swim suit and run. We had such fun.

When I was younger I was told there was no Santa. I said, "I know better, because I've shook hands with him." When I got a little older I used to play Santa for all my nieces and nephews who lived close. I'd go from Duff's house to Orra's, to Verna's and to Greta's. It was so much fun seeing the little ones eyes light up.

I've given readings and skits all my life and been in plays and enjoyed it all. I've been teacher in all the organizations of the church, have been Primary President and Relief Society President twice. Newel, my good husband, has supported me in all my callings and I love him very much.

We were married on Christmas Day 1928 and went through the Arizona Temple the next February 13. We have had six children; Gerald Leroy, Donald, (stillborn), Alvera, Warren Newel, Alan Hugh, and Louana Gibson.

We taught our children the Gospel in the home and each was baptized when they were eight years of age into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints as we were when eight years old.
"Hold me not boastful that I take a pride
In what my forefathers have achieved,
I honor, not myself, but them, who gave
A priceless heritage on which to build.
Not selfishness - for they knew sacrifice;
Not cowardice - but courage for the right;
Not boldness - but a quiet dignity;
Not false pride, but a love of high ideals
And reverence for things to be revered.
Heir to these qualities, so may I prove
More worthy of the blood that flows in me.
The great foundation of my life today,
Which by the toil of patriots has been formed."

- Author Unknown
Marion Gibson and his oxen team in the parade at Manassa, Colorado.

Marion's donkey on his farm at Manassa, Colorado. Riders are Tom Matlock and Leon Gibson.

Driving the cattle home.
It all began in the wee hours on the morning of June 20, 1910 in the town of Manassa, Colorado, a little Mormon town in Southern Colorado. It was on this date that my mother gave birth to her eighth child and sixth son. Yes, it was Bertha Hayes Carr Gibson and her son, Francis Marion Gibson. Edith Christensen was the nurse. A few days prior to this time my mother had gotten her feet entangled in binder twine and had fallen and broken her shoulder and I, the son, was born prematurely. One of the advantages was that it was warm weather, and another was that we lived on the same block with the nurse in the town of Manassa (block three). My mother and I were administered to by the elders and were promised that we would live, and we did.

The earliest thing I can remember was when my mother was trying to teach me to talk. I was lying on the bed on my back and my mother was leaning over me and trying to get me to say "papa"; she would say "papa" and I would kick and try but the words would not come out.

This I do not remember but when I was two I used to slap the heat stove to hear it ring. One day in the fall someone built a fire in the stove and when I hit it, I burned my hands and I left the hide sticking to the stove, the palms of both hands were severely burned. Mother said I screamed constantly and she was at a loss as to know what to do. Someone went and got Sister Mariah Harrison and she came and bandaged my hands with a bread and milk poultice and I was quiet and went to sleep.

I remember when I was in the first grade and Edna Willis was the teacher. The bell had rung and I ran to be first in line to go into school. I ran into Doris Manning and bumped my nose and did it bleed. Haze Harrison took me to the wash basin and washed me in cold water and got the blood stopped. I went in my room and the boy behind me kept asking me what was the matter, and I turned around to tell him, and when I turned around I caught an eraser squarely on the nose and did the blood come again. I went and knocked on the door of Mr. Harrison and again he took me to the wash basin and stopped the bleeding. He was about to send me home when I told him that the teacher had thrown an eraser which hit me on the nose. He sure did tell that teacher off and he told her that if she threw anything again that he would send her home, and that she would not teach any more that year.

In the sixth grade we went to Emily J. Dunn - Mamie as she was called by some. It was during this winter that Lloyd Christensen and I set ourselves aside from the others. We had some traps set under an old house belonging to J. F. Haynie - between Manassa and Romeo. It was on a cold morning we caught a big broad striped skunk. We didn't have a gun to kill him with or any water to drown him in; the only way we had to kill him was to hit him on the head with a club. We took him to the gate and pulled him up to the gate and I hit him with the club. I didn't kill him and I knocked one of the jaws out of the trap and turned the skunk loose. Lloyd grabbed the skunk by the tail and I hit him again and killed him. Boy-O-Boy did we have the odor. We went home, washed up, changed our clothes and went to school. Well, the kids couldn't stand that because of the awful smell!!! Mrs. Dunn sent us home and gave us an hour to go home and bathe and change clothes again. I was not as lucky as Lloyd as my folks didn't have modern conveniences, not even hot water, so I bathed in cold water and met Lloyd at the corner and we went to school still carrying plenty of the essence

-233-
of skunk. Mrs. Dunn told the other children that they would have to bare with us as you don't wash skunk off, it has to wear off. It was several days before we were presentable.

One spring morning before school some of us boys were playing mumble-peg and one of the boys gave me a chew of tobacco; since it was my first, I got sick and turned white. When I went into school the teacher asked me if I wanted to go home. I told her that I would be all right. The teacher kept watching me as she didn't know what was wrong with me. She started to explain a problem which she was working on the blackboard. Lloyd also was watching and laughing at me, and when the teacher wrote her answer 08 instead of 80 I asked Lloyd if he had given her a chew. He fell out of his seat with laughter. She thought that he was making fun of her and she got the yard stick and she sure worked him over.

At the age of seventeen and in the year of 1927, I started high school at Manassa, Colorado. At this time I was a strong boy and very determined in what I did; so my father could have well used me on the ranch and he did not press me to go to school, and I was well on my own. That fall I helped with the threshing and worked for the neighbors threshing grain. I was two or three weeks late in starting school, but with a bit of extra study, I soon was back in place in my classes. I was only an average student. It was only a few classes that I was an A student, such as mathematics, which was always easy for me. Edison Mason taught chemistry and woodworking. Mr. Mason was a small man but a wonderful man. He would even help us with any of our lessons, even the ones that he didn't teach.

Mr. Mason had a Dodge touring car, which he used to take us boys on field trips. With a little persuasion we could get him to speed the thing up to fifty miles per hour, which was something else for cars in those days. Mr. Mason would line us up to march us over to the grade school for woodworking. Taller boys would break and run over to the other building and be waiting for him to get there. He soon got tired of this and one day he gave us a good talking to and he told us that when he said march, he didn't mean run. When we lined up and he said march, he saw a house on fire. We broke into a run and went to the fire. The home was Romero's; one of our classmates lived there. We helped to carry out the furniture, but the house was completely destroyed. When it was all over Mr. Mason lined us up and marched us back to school and he didn't do any of the things that he had said he would do if we ran again.

Mr. Mason had each of us boys have a farm project. I had a poultry project, and the teacher saw to it that I learned how to make capons and how to dress both poultry and turkeys. He also taught us how to raise cattle, swine, sheep and all kinds of livestock. He also taught us how to plan and grow crops and especially gardening.

Even as a child I've always loved animals whether it was a dog, rabbit, lamb or kid goat, or donkey or pony. I remember once as a small child when Faye Reynolds came by riding a mother donkey with a small donkey following. I wasn't old enough to go to school but I rode off with her and mother knew not where her little boy was. We rode for awhile, I rode behind her on her donkey. After while she said, "Would you like to ride the small donkey, he's never been ridden, but I don't think he'll buck." So she helped me on him and I rode him awhile and came home riding him. My mother was amazed, surprised and she was happy to see her boy again.

-234-
Another time we had a young donkey and I was playing with him and working with him. He would buck and I'd get on him and catch him by his long hair with my fingers and hang on and I could ride him. Roy Pruett said, "Cowboys don't ride that way, they ride by the surcingle." So he improvised a surcingle out of a piece of rope and got me to hang onto that and the burro went down the road a bucking and he jumped the ditch and I wound up in the ditch. I don't know whether I hit a telephone pole, a rock or what but I hit my face and it swelled up until I could see it from the side of my face and my baby sister, Blanche said, "Marion, did you break your kisser?"

One time I traded Raymond DePriest a rabbit for a two year old Jenny. She wasn't broke too well and I had to work with her some. I'd feed her little bits of grain out of my hand and pet her. My folks didn't want me to have her at first and finally in a few days I had her where she would go anywhere I wanted her to go. I'd ride her to the ranch two miles away and drive the milk cows. I'd go to town if they wanted something from town or wherever. She was always ready to go. I'd go across the road to the pasture to get her and I'd holler at her; I always had a little bit of grain in my pocket and she'd come running to me and I'd give her a little taste of grain, put my bridle on her and down the road we'd go. She became a really nice donkey.

One day my father was at church and I was over at the place where the donkey was. A couple of fellows came up in a buggy and they told me that was their donkey and if I didn't give it to them, they would call the sheriff and have me thrown in jail. Of course being a small boy I was scared and I let them take the donkey. In the back of their buggy was some coyote traps. When my father came home I told him what had happened and he said "Which way did those guys go, do you know who they are?" My father was really upset because he knew they were going to take that donkey out and make coyote bait out of her.

One time I went to a field with the Haynie boys and we got some donkeys; there was quite a herd of them there - twenty or more. We put them in a pasture and divided them up with the kids around town. I picked out a big donkey that was quite gentle and he rode pretty near like a horse. He was really broke to ride - a nice donkey. I rode him all over the place, took the cows to the mountains on him - some thirty miles away. I was really enjoying him and, one day I went to the Fairgrounds; it was on the 24th of July and they were having a donkey race. A man by the name of Solomon Maestas was there - he had a big black mustache and a great big mole on one of his cheeks. He was a really nice man - always good to the kids. He called me over to where he was in the bleachers and wanted to know about the donkey. We talked a little bit and he asked me if I was going to win this race. I said, "You bet I am." So I ran the race and he just simply ran off and left the other donkeys - him being a big tall donkey. I came back to talk to my friend again. He said, "Marion, that's my donkey." He said "That's my brand, my ear mark and that's my donkey.

"Well," I said, "Where do you want me to put him?" He said, "You go ahead and ride him. It's too late to take him to sheep camp this year, but whenever you get through riding him why you bring him and put him in my corral and you go to the house and my wife will give you 50¢ for bringing him home. I said, "No, I've used him all summer. Do you want me to take him home now?" He said, "No, you go ahead and ride him and when you get tired of riding him, be sure I get him. I said, "Okay." So I rode him then until school started then I took him home back to the man that he belonged to.
The next donkey that I remember was one that I got from the Huffaker boys. They were moving from Manassa and they had a donkey that had been wounded — someone had shot him with a shotgun. I don't remember what the deal was, but I ended up with him. I doctored him and he was a little bit tricky, a little hard to catch, but with the grain trick, I could catch him. We became real friends and I used him to trap awhile and I used to go and tend my traps of a morning with this donkey. He would cross the drain ditch or whatever I wanted. He would stand in the drain ditch with me on his back. I would set a trap and he was always ready to go when I would catch him.

I had a dog that I called "Rowdy" and the three of us would go to tend the traps. Now Rowdy was quite a dog; he was part bulldog and part Airdale. My dad said, "The rest was just plain dog." If there was a muskrat out on the bank, Rowdy would get him and break his back and I would have another one. If I was catching skunks, Rowdy would drown them for me. If I would drag them to where there was water and he would be whining and begging, waiting for me to say, "Get him, Rowdy." He would push his head under and hold him under with his paws until the skunk was dead and then drag him out on the land for me to take home and skin.

When I was a small boy I used to like to raise mean orphan lamb or two. One day I saw a herd of sheep go by east of us, so I struck out. I got over there and it was Mr. Maestas' sheep. He had several bunches that he was driving to another field and he had one little bunch of stragglers that kinda lagged along behind. He said, "If you will drive them over to the ranch for me, I'll give you a pinko. That just made me happy. He knew what I wanted. So I drove them over — they were the stragglers, ewes with small lambs, the cripples and whatever — not too many head maybe 30 or 40 head. I followed them over to his ranch and he told me that the herder would give me dinner when I got over there. The herder had a pot of beans and mutton. I ate my fill and we went out to butcher sheep and he was from Old Mexico and the only thing I guess he knew in English was "No, No, No, No." He taught me the proper way to dress a mutton that day. You open the hide with your knife and then you skin it with your hands. That way you leave the lanolin on the hide instead of on the meat and that's proved to be very very valuable to me as I really dress a mutton.

Finally here came Mr. Maestas and he had a Dodge car that he had made into a kind of pickup and he had some pinkos in the back. He took me home and I had a little corral there that I had made out of wire and some stobs. So I got out and he picked up a lamb and it was very very weak — it was so weak it couldn't even stand up. He said, "Well, will this pay you?" And I said, "Oh, you bet." I was tickled to get it." So he just set there and I packed the lamb in and put it in the little corral. He hollered at me and he said, "You know, I think there's another lamb here I ought to give you. So he gave me a little bit better lamb and I was really happy about that. He did this several times and wound up giving me five or six lambs and one of them was really a good lamb, pretty nearly big enough to do without milk. He really enjoyed giving me the worst lamb first and ended up giving me really a good lamb.

Matt and John Kaneaster were hog raisers and they would raise quite a few hogs and then they would buy hogs from the neighbors and wind up sending one carload or two into Denver. They hired us boys to drive them. In those
days there wasn't much woven wire on the fences and the hogs would go across the field. Some of these hogs were raised in pens and they would turn their head to you and they are awfully hard to turn around and get to go. They would keep turning their head to you and then they would have to fight. We started over to the DePriest ranch and they bought quite a bunch from them. We would be driving down the road and here would come some boys from down that road and they would add a few more hogs to the bunch and they would go to fighting again and we would be at it again too. We chased them hogs all day long and we were tired. We finally got them to Romeo, got them to the stockyard. We had the gate open ready to put them in the corral. Now a hog is a curious animal, he is careful where he goes. he don't ever want to get cornered. They were bobbing their heads and looking at the corral gate. We were crowding them the best we could. The train came along about then and it whistled for the station and the hogs went home. I do mean home. They took off - their backs looked just like an ocean wave. They were on the run.

I was a small boy and I rode in the back part of the buggy where they normally put the suitcases; me and another boy and I cried because I was afraid I wasn't going to get my quarter - that was all for a quarter if you please. We went on home and a day or two later they came and got us again to help take the hogs. Well that time the hogs had been together some and they didn't do quite as much fighting and the dogs had been together and they didn't fight as much and us kids had been together and we didn't fight so much and we had a little better luck and we got in there ahead of the train and we finally got them into the corral. Well I knew I was going to get my quarter so they helped me up in the back of the buggy and Matt came along and gave me two quarters and that night I went home happy. He paid us for both days. In those days if they hired you to do something they wouldn't pay you unless you got the job done.

My brother had traded for a black mare from Neph Christenson and Neph had warned us boys that she was a bucking horse that she had bucked in the rodeo. Some people from Oklahoma had brought her in here with a bucking stock for the Stampede and they had too many to take back, so they left her with him. He sold her to my brother, I think it was $8.00 he gave for her. She was with us most of the winter and along in the spring, my brother decided he would like to get him a second hand radio and he had one spotted that he could buy and he was trying to raise the money. So one morning at breakfast he suggested he would sell me Gypsy. So I got him his $8.00. I went over and caught her - she was broke to lead, but she was a bit skittish. I was working with her and she would jump this way and that way. Finally I gave her a little taste of grain out of my hand which always was a miracle with an animal. I worked with her all day. My mother kept watching me, she came to the door, "Marion, please turn that horse loose." But I kept working with her. It came time to go get the cows and I had to go a mile to the twenty acres. She soon learned where I would want to go and she would be eager to go get the cows. She would throw her head in the air and I would take off on the run.

Gypsy got so she would win any race I run her. She learned how to bow and she would rare. We'd go down to Dripping Rock and play on Sunday and we'd give the boys about five minutes to hide and they would take their horses and hide, but they couldn't stay hid - Gypsy didn't play fair - she'd take me wherever they were. Just put her on a lope and she'd be with them in just
a minute. They had gotten to where they wouldn't play if I wouldn't play her. But Gypsy stayed with me for several years.

It was on the 27th of March 1926 that my horse Gypsy fell with me and banged up my left ankle and made me crippled. I suffered with a stiff ankle for many years.

Lloyd and I had horses now so we trapped on horses instead of the donkeys. We trapped muskrat, skunk and we also trapped the weasel or the ermine he is called in the winter when he turns white. They were quite valuable. We didn't catch too many but we did catch a few.

One time we were threshing grain with the old steam engine and we had ours stacked over in this field just out of town. We hired Walter Huffaker to help us. I was throwing the bundles to him so he could throw them in the machine. He wasn't working too hard; he was just kinda moping along and we wanted to get thru by noon. The man that run the machine kept telling him, "Hurry up Walter, lets get some in there." He said, "Oh, I ain't a working for you." They were quarrelling back and forth. But I was throwing up the bundles to him where he could feed them in the machine. There were lots of rats in that grain, they would always come and get under the stacks.

So my mother and sister came over to see what was the matter we hadn't come for dinner. It must have been around 1:00 o'clock. So we were getting down pretty low and a rat ran up Walter's overalls. I saw it jump out his collar. It ran clear thru him. Boy did he come out of his overalls and he looked up and saw my mother and sister and he went back into them just as fast as he came out - the only real movement he had made all day.

I remember one time Cliff and I were cutting hay, that was on the Camp ranch - the 20 acre piece there east of Manassa. It was alfalfa. We each had a team of horses and we could see that it was going to rain. So we unhooked our team and tied them to the wagon and we went on the run over to Leroy Campbell's - which was about a quarter of a mile from there and went in there to get out of the rain. Clifford went in one of the rooms there with Tom, Leroy's boy, and they were playing on an old cylinder disc phonograph and they were playing "Scissors to Grind" and some other silly songs. Then Tom would play on his violin and he'd play "Listen to the Mockingbird" and sing, he would step dance and different things. Leroy called me in there where he was. He was sitting at the table and he said, "Come here my boy, I want to show you something." Now Leroy wasn't educated, he could barely read, but he was good at figures. He could tell you a lot of things. But this day he wanted to show me something; and we sat there at the table and he drew a map of the section lines and divided them all up and taught me how to give the numbers on land in the valley. He even gave me a number on a piece of ground and I can study it a little bit and draw you a map and you can go right to it no matter where it is in the valley. Or you can give me a piece of ground and I can study it a little bit and give you the legal numbers to that. That was a pretty good education for one afternoon and I've always appreciated Leroy for that.

In 1927 Bernarr DePriest and I started running around quite a bit together. Bernarr's father had a car and mine didn't. We were going to borrow his car and take our girls to the Stampede but his stepmother wouldn't let him have it unless he took her sister and friend. Well we had other plans so we had

-238-
quite a feud about it with the whole bunch of us. Bernarr and I had raised some calves together - of course we had divided up and I had mine at home and he had his there. Well his dad had sold one of his calves to buy his stepmother a new spring outfit and that kind of rubbed Bernarr again the grain.

Things went from bad to worse in every direction. Finally Bernarr sold his dad's best heifer. She was a Holstein heifer. We were trying to get the money together to go to Salt Lake where Bernarr's aunts lived. I had a Model T Ford that we were going to take, but that didn't work out as it wasn't in that good a running order.

Bernarr and his stepmother really had a set too and she worked him over pretty good on his bare back with a studded belt and Bernarr was hurting. She had him down on the bed, he got up from there and he hit her and knocked her just as flat on the floor as he could go; he was only a boy of fifteen. We went out and sat on the bridge and his little brother James and baby sister, Donna sat there with us. They were crying, they wanted to leave with us. It was a terrible thing; it was one thing that really hurt me at the time to think of leaving them poor little kids with a stepmother that was very abusive.

We took the dad's heifer and went by and got my steer and we took them down to Jimmy Dick Sowards; he butchered cattle and sold the meat. So he readily bought my steer for $30.00 but he didn't want to buy the heifer and butcher her. So he said, "Why don't you sell her to Parley Haynie. Now Parley Haynie was the Sheriff, so when we drove her away Bernarr laughed and said, "That's the thing to do, go sell her to the Sheriff and then my dad calls the Sheriff for me stealing his heifer, the Sheriff will know right where she's at. So he sold her to the Sheriff for $30.00.

To take my old car didn't work out, so we struck out afoot down the road. We had sent our suitcases home — we didn't take any clothes with us. We stayed all night in Monte Vista with a cousin of mine, Leslie Pruett and then we went on up the road. We separated thinking we could catch rides better on the road if there wasn't two of us. He got ahead of me and went on into Saguache. As I came into Saguache there Bernarr was sitting on the top of a fence a puffing his pipe.

We stayed all nite at Poncha Springs; then the next morning we separated as we started over Monarch Pass. Bernarr and I planned to meet at the first filling station going into Montrose, Colorado. I got as far as Sapinero and a farmer fed me supper and let me sleep in the hay in his barn all night. They fed me my breakfast and I took off. I went on up the road and I got into Montrose and there Bernarr was digging up the lawn at the first filling station. We both got jobs working in Montrose for quite a little while. But Bernarr and I had a little plan; we knew that whenever we'd leave if one of us was ahead of the other one, we'd pile up a little pile of rocks beside the road kinda on the shoulder and that would give the other warning that we had gone this way and that we were ahead. The day I got laid off - it had rained and I could see a little pile of rocks, so I knew he had taken off for Salt Lake City.

My uncles (my father's brothers) Gordon and Bob Gibson lived at Paradox, so I had made up my mind I would just go to Paradox and see them. I really had a good time. Uncle Gordon had several mining claims back up in that area. He had his old donkey, Smokey that he would go prospecting with. He lived out
of town about a mile and we'd get on his donkeys and ride into town. Uncle Gordon bought us each a bottle of pop—imagine how we looked riding donkeys down the road drinking pop.

He took me over to Tom Talbreth's and the peaches were ripe there and he said, "Now Marion, just eat all you want." I thought that was odd for him to tell me to eat Tom Talbreth's peaches, but Tom didn't raise any objections. So I filled up and Oh, they were good. We visited with Tom and he said, "Well now Gordon, I'll have some money for you this fall when I sell those peaches if you will carry the mortgage a little longer.

Uncle Gordon wanted me to stay and go to high school there. He was president of the school board—and here he was an old bachelor and president of the school board. They had a big garden and fruit trees of their own. I enjoyed my visit with them.

After while I decided it would be a good idea for Marion to go home. I started in hitchhiking again, I caught a ride into Gunnison and spent the night sleeping in a man's printing shop. The next morning I caught a man at breakfast that was going up over Cochetopa fishing and then I caught rides on into Alamosa about dark. I went to Cliff's, as he was still living there then. When I showed up Cliff said, "Well, we got to take you home immediately. My mother was worried stiff. When I walked in she and dad threw their arms around me and told me how glad they were that I had come home. That was my first experience hitchhiking.

The next spring when I got out of school, I decided I better go to Salt Lake City and see Bernarr; he had stayed in Salt Lake with his aunts. So I hitchhiked into Salt Lake partly by car and partly by freight train. When we got into Salt Lake I went over to where Bernarr lived and his aunt told me he had gone hunting for work. I knew I wouldn't see him so I spent a day in Salt Lake and I had spent a couple days with my shoes on and I had tender feet. My feet were blistered and I had a hard time walking. I came over to the track and was waiting there for the train to come along and I'd hitchhike and come on home. I lay there—I was tired—and I went to sleep. The train came flying thru there and blew its whistle about the time it got even with me and it sure did wake me up in a hurry. I was too late I didn't catch it, it went on thru. So I spent the night there in a little building and the next morning I got on the highway and hitchhiked. When we got into Green River, Utah, I got on a freight train and came on in. I was afraid I'd miss the train so I rode all day without anything to eat. When we got into Salida the bulls came up there and pulled us off, lined us up and marched us over there to a little office. I had on a cowboy hat and the old boy they were trying to catch also had a big cowboy hat. After questioning they decided I was telling the truth but they threw us all in jail for the night.

The next morning the deputy sheriff came and let us out. When I hitchhiked on home I don't think I ate that day either and when I got home my poor mother was always afraid that Marion would wind up in jail because I was just getting into about everything and I was always on the go. I got home and my mother asked me where I had stayed last night. I told her I stayed in jail in Salida. She said, "Oh, Marion, What had you done?" I said, "I rode a freight train." She began to laugh to think I'd been thrown in jail for riding a freight train.
I began to realize some of the things and I was a different boy than what they had previously known. I did my work better, I took more interest in a lot of things than I had previously. But by this time I had acquired the habit of smoking; I was kind of an onery kid. I had the habit pretty well formed; I hadn't smoked too long or too many cigarettes. There was a man that lived on the same street where I lived - he never did complain about me smoking. He did talk about smoking a time or two and the harmful effects. I had a lot of respect for that man - he was a friend; he would always stop and talk to me a little bit. One evening I just walked around the fence at Daltons. It was a high fence and I cut into the sidewalk and there was Wren DePriest and I was smoking. I didn't want him to see me smoking and I put the cigarette to the back in my hands and stood there talking to him, and the cigarette burned clear up and burned my fingers and I dropped it before he let me go. Well he didn't say anything about cigarettes and I felt that he was a friend and, as I walked on home, I said, I'm going to quit them things. I'm not going to let Wren DePriest catch me with another one.

It was about that time that my cousins came from Florida, Jim and Ed Nicholson came again to visit and I was taking them to catch the train. We took out a pack of cigarettes and there were just three in it. We took a cigarette apiece and we'd been talking about quitting. Jim and I had; Ed was the younger boy and he said, "No, I'm not going to quit, I like them too well." Jim said, "Marion, the next time we meet I won't be smoking these things." I said, "Jim, I promise you I won't." So I quit, and I didn't see Jim for more than 50 years and I was in Florida at a family reunion more than 50 years later and the first question Jim asked me was "Marion, did you quit smoking?" I said, "I sure did." He said, "I quit too."

One Sunday we were at church - it was when we were going to church in the grade school building. We were in front of this school waiting for church to start, and up came John Boice. He said, "You boys wouldn't steal a good old brothers chickens while he was in church would you?" He just said the wrong thing. We got down off those steps and went right straight to Brother Boice's and gathered up some of his pretty Rhode Island red pullets and we were coming down the road and we picked up some more boys and they didn't have any chickens so we slipped over to Penny Jensens and got a few white leghorns. We went on down to the DePriest ranch which was a mile north of Manassa, where Bernarr had lived. His folks were gone and the place was vacant. Us kids would have a party there occasionally. We took the chickens down there and we were frying chickens; some of the boys came from Sanford that had been down there to church with their girls. We must have had 20 kids in there and they stole chickens all over that town.

We had a big party anyway. So I was helping my father hay and we pitched hay and worked together all week long. My father didn't say one word to me about it. Sunday came and I was in the bedroom dressing to go to church. My father came in and said, "Marion, are you going to go to church or are you going to go steal some more of Brother Boice's chickens?" He had known about it all the time.

For three summers I went to Denver to look for a job and stay with my brother Elmer. The first summer he got me a job working for a Mr. Miller in Granby on a dairy farm; one summer I worked for the Denver Steel and one for the Denver Pickle Co.
One summer after working in the Denver area, I drew my check and hitchhiked home and cashed the check in Manassa. I had saved that for my school. Now my brother-in-law, Loui Hess was farming with my father. Frink Creamery was running and we had been shipping a little bit of milk. We had a few Durham cows and we'd milk them. So we talked dad into buying two Holstein cows that gave more milk.

Loui was selling cars at the time, Chevrolet cars and he worked with McDermott who had a garage where Woolworth Store is today here in Alamosa. He brought me to Alamosa to see about a car. Of course cars in those days weren't too high; and I bought me a Chevy that was two years old which was in the neighborhood of $400. I paid part of the money I got from my last job and this left about $14.00 a month to pay. That was sometimes a little hard to handle. My half of the milk check sometimes didn't reach $14.00

I pulled into the garage in Manassa and some of the men were talking about the stock market falling. They said they were laying off the people in the steel mills and different places and there was a lot out of work and they were having problems. One of them said "It'll never hit here." If that so called Depression will never cross the Mississippi River. It'll be over before we know anything about it. But I guess they were a little bit wrong.

I started paying on this car and doing the best I could but sometimes I'd get behind and I had a sneaky way of getting a little more money. I'd go play Black Jack. Now Lloyd was my trapping partner and if we had a few hides we'd sell them and then we'd get to playing a little bit of Black Jack. He would also be my partner in playing cards. One night Lloyd and I left the game with fifty some dollars and this helped with my car.

In the fall of 1929 Alvin Schofield was only 15 and he came to my place and wanted to borrow an old single barrel shotgun I had. He and Leo Brady were planning on going duck hunting with Millard Brady and Millis McKenzie. They were old enough to carry a gun but the other boys weren't and I hesitated letting him have my gun but I finally let him have it. He struck out and they went over there to Jensen's ranch duck hunting. Millard and Millis had gone on ahead and they were running across the meadow to get over to where Millis and Millard were. Dewayne Brady was following along behind. They had their guns over their shoulder and, of course they had them loaded. One of the guns went off and killed Dewayne Brady - shot him and I always felt bad about that.

The next spring Bernarr went back to Utah to visit with his aunts and then went on to Yellowstone and got a job in the park. I went to Denver again and stayed with Elmer. His wife, Velma had died and he was batching. Mother was taking care of his children. I went to work at the Denver Pickle Co. as that's where Elmer worked. We'd make pickles, sauerkraut, stuffed olives and catsup. I came home that fall and went to school. Brother Bennett was still the principal.

In the late winter we were going to Monte Vista to the basketball tournament. I'd gotten a girl to go with me in my car. Another girl wanted to go and I told her it would be all right. She wanted to drive, so I sat in the middle between the two. It was the 6th of March 1931. Esther Smith was driving and Verla Bagwell was the other girl. We got into LaJara and we saw a Model A pickup pull out of a small filling station there. He pulled out into the road and instead of getting over on his side, he came right down the middle of the road. When he got right in front of us he turned right in front of us.
Esther just threw up her hands and screamed. I grabbed the steering wheel and gave it a yank and just the front wheel caught his wheel and jerked it off and, of course, our fenders bent up some. The other car turned and the front spring went right through a light pole there taking off about a third of it and came to a stop. Verla's head went through the windshield and knocked the windshield out. We didn't have the shatter proof glass then, it was just plate glass. So I went across the road to talk to Frank Brady and Orson Keel and people that were with them as they had seen the accident. They told me that I wasn't in the wrong, just to go on and we'll be a witness for you if it goes to court.

I told the boy, "I better pull you out of the road." "No Sir," he said, "I'm going to leave my car setting right here, I'm going to call the sheriff." "Your going to pay for fixing my car." We went on to the ball game, but I felt nervous about the whole thing. We weren't there too long when Bill Jackson came in to tell us that Ned Holman had been killed. They had run into a car in LaJara that was in the middle of the road.

Ned Holman and Lucy DePriest were in a soft topped Chevrolet car with Leo Brady and his girl, Lorraine Jackson. Both couples were planning on marriage. Ned Holman was always kind and good to everybody; this was a great loss to me.

We finished up our school that year and I got to going with a girl named Inez Langston. She had come in there from Georgia. Her mother had died in Arizona and her aunt Harriett Thomas had talked her father into coming to Colorado. He came and worked for her Uncle Frank Thomas at his dude ranch. I would go up to the Thomas ranch with this team of mules and haul wood when I could have hauled wood a lot closer than that. I'd go up there with the car and see her.

Then Bernarr and I decided we'd take off as soon as school was out and go to Yellowstone and get a job in the park. We caught a freight train and went into Salt Lake City and to Yellowstone. We were in there three days looking over the park and looking for work. These were depression days and one night we slept between mattresses and almost froze and we didn't have much food either. I caught rides to Cheyenne, Wyoming and then into Denver and stayed with Elmer. I didn't find a job so I came home.

Inez was staying with Rita Jackson and she and I went to the Stampede in Monte Vista. We got to talking that night and decided maybe we'd get married. We started making preparations to get married. They had passed a new law in the State of Colorado; you had to give a five day notice before you could get your license. It had just gone into effect the first of September. I thought I'd just pull a good one and go to San Luis and make application for the license and tell them to mail them to me and the time wouldn't be up until Saturday and they agreed to drop them in the mail Saturday nite so I could get them Sunday. So they came in the mail on Sunday and that night we went over to Bishop Brady's and asked him if he'd marry us. Inez was only seventeen, so he said to bring her father and come after church. So we just got in the car and went to Sanford and went to Bishop Alma Crowther's home and he'd had a big meal there that night; the house was full of people. It was just before church but he performed the ceremony with Bernarr and Winona as witnesses.

We were afraid they were going to Shivaree. us so we stayed at aunt Mandy's for a few days and Newel was going to Sanford to see his wife's people and we
stayed at his house one night and watched them look for us. They never did catch us. That was Sept. 20, 1931. That fall and winter I hauled wood out of the hills with Willard and Glen Gibson. We moved in and lived with mom and dad all winter. In January, 1932 I had pneumonia. They used muster plasters then as they didn't have antibiotics.

My brother, Cliff had traded his place in Alamosa for a ranch out in the area that is now called Closed Basin. He wanted me to go up there and stay on it. He worked for the Public Service and he said, "I'll furnish your groceries if you will stay there and take care of that place and do what you can on it. So in the spring I moved up there. We had to reset a lot of posts as the people that had been in there the winter before chopped off the posts and burned them for wood and I had to replace them. We planted a garden in the spring and our first child was born while we were there. She was born May 29, 1932 and we named her Ellen Frances. Inez went to Clarissa and Earl's where she stayed until she could return home. Ellen Frances was very small - you could put her in a shoe box full of cotton. She died June 4, 1932 and is buried at Manassa, Colorado.

I went on thru the summer and I made $86 in cash that summer. I worked for several people in the hay and took it in hay and I ended up with a few head of cattle that I herded the cattle for and they paid me in cattle.

Clifford then decided he'd move to the ranch and I moved to town and spent the winter. I rented a two room house near Elias. His cows were all dry and I had a heifer that had just freshened that furnished Elias and us with milk for the winter and enough milk to pay the rent on the house from Ike McShay for his son, Dofie. Elias was working for the railroad some and he paid for the hay at $3.00 a ton. He paid for the hay and I hauled it. That's the way we got by that year.

In the spring I moved to a ranch that belonged to a man named Fisher. He was a baker and run a bakery. He had this 160 acres that we moved on. I tried to get work on the road and did a little bit of work here and there. I finally got a job digging up trees, big cottonwood trees.

Our first son was born while we lived on this ranch - Doyal Marion Gibson was born May 2, 1933 and Inez was at Elias and Mabel's until she was well enough to go back to the ranch. We then moved back to town.

One day I was in Manassa in 1934 and I ran into Lorenzo DePriest and he asked me why I didn't come back to Manassa to farm. He told me there was eighty acres of land - the Dalton Ranch was for rent. He said he was sure I could get it on a share crop basis. So I wrote to the Daltons and they referred me to young Joseph Thomas, the lawyer. He sent me a contract on the place and I moved back to Manassa. I moved into the old home of my grandparents just a block west of my parents. I had to clean up the place and put in some glass, as most of it was broken out of the building. I had to put some of the roof back on as some of the shingles were gone.

That spring I plowed with this little team with a walking plow to get my crop in. I finally got some crop in but I didn't raise too much that year as it was really dry and I didn't get much water but I did cut some hay. There was quite a bit of it in clover. I didn't get a full load of grain after we
had threshed. When we sold our grain that fall we got 30¢ out of the barley, 35¢ out of the oats and we got 40¢ out of the wheat. There was no profit there, it was still depression days, nobody was making any money.

I pitched bundles that fall. I think it was $3.00 they paid us for man and team. I shocked grain and I traded work with the DePriest boys, Lorenzo and Heber. I had to buy some wheat that year to take to San Luis to trade for flour.

Carol Marie Gibson was born Jan. 5, 1935 at Manassa, Conejos, Colorado. She was blessed Apr. 7, 1935 by Charles Henry Gibson. My wife, Inez Gibson was baptized into the church April 7, 1935 by Marion Gibson and confirmed a member by Charles Henry Gibson.

I farmed the Dalton land for six years and I had a bunch of sheep that had grown to about 30 head in number. I got hold of an old sulkey plow, a riding plow and I traded for enough ponies to plow and I got more plowing done and did better.

It got down to the year 1939 and there was a Campbell ranch there that was for sale. I was going past there one day and I saw the sign - "This Ranch is For Sale," see Frank Hartman, Jr. with an address in Monte Vista. I thought, "Boy, I'd sure like to own that." It was under the drain ditch and would have a little more water than what I was farming. So I went to Monte Vista one day to the auction sale and had a little bit of money and I bought a whole bunch of little pigs at the auction for 50¢ a piece. I went over to see Frank Hartman about the Campbell place. The next Wednesday he came to my place and I went to the bank and mortgaged my sheep for a down payment of $115.00 and bought the ranch.

Three old bachelors had owned the ranch and lost it and they had better equipment than I had and bigger horses. I hauled my stuff in on my wagon and unloaded it; I backed up to the horse tank there that wasn't far from the kitchen front door. I started throwing on wine and whiskey bottles and I had better than half a wagon load by the time I had them gathered up around the horse tank and over by the fence and under the tree to haul them to the dump. When I got up of a morning I might go out there and get me a drink but it wouldn't be alcohol, it would be water and I went to work.

Before we moved to the ranch we had another son, Jerry Lee Gibson who was born Jan 11, 1938. He was blessed by his father, F. Marion Gibson Feb. 6, 1938.

Inez and I lived on this ranch we bought for 25 years. We raised our family there. There were years when it was really rough. We always had a few milk cows to milk and we'd have a few pigs to sell.

We farmed the land and kept on with the sheep and, of course, World War II came along, the prices went up and five years later we owned that ranch and had started buying another down by Sanford, 160 acres of brush. I turned the sheep in on the pasture and the only trouble I had was with the coyotes or more often the dogs.

We came to a time when we took two of our little boys, Leon and Gene to the hospital along in March with pneumonia. My wife was expecting a baby and she
said, "I'm going to stay with my little boys." I went on back to the ranch. That was on Saturday night and the next day was Easter Sunday. They had a sunrise service at the church. Bishop Haynie came out and he said, "Marion, I didn't see you out at the sunrise service, what's the matter?" I told him I had taken my wife and two little boys into the hospital last night and left them there with pneumonia. I came home here to take care of the other children, I had the milking to do and I just didn't get around. He said, "They called from up there, you have three boys in the hospital. That night Willie was born. This was March 27, 1918. We brought them home and Inez had phlebitis (commonly known as milk leg) and the boys took down with yellow jaundice. We had to take them back to the hospital.

Then Gene took down with rheumatic fever. The doctor told us when he gets to feeling better and wants to get up, you keep him in bed. He told of others who let their child up thinking they were better and in a few days they died. That scared me and we really kept Gene in bed. We had this donkey and the kids took turns riding him around the house and Gene would look out the window and watch them and when it came his turn he was very congenial and would tell them which one could have his turn.

Another time when Gene was a tiny baby Carlton and Gene had whooping cough. Daisy, one of the work horses had a colt and we heard that mare's milk was good for whooping cough. So we'd pen up her colt and milk the mare and get a little bit of milk. It would only take about a tablespoon full. Carlton would get to coughing and we'd give him about a tablespoon full of Daisy's milk and he'd cough up the phlegm and he'd be all right for a little while. But Gene was a tiny baby, only about six weeks old. We really had a time with him. He'd get to coughing and choke up and Inez would run her finger down his throat and get a string of that phlegm and then he'd have spells where he would just pass out and gasp like a chicken that had been smothered. We were really having a time. Inez would always holler at me and I'd go and rock him back and forth in my hands and he'd finally come around.

One day I was out working with the bees and Inez yelled at me to come up there and James Mullins had just driven up there in the yard, so I run to the house with my veil, gloves and stuff and picked Gene up and started rocking him back and forth and sometimes it would take as much as thirty minutes to get him around. Inez would leave the light on in the house all night long and sleep with her hand on him. If he moved it would wake her up. She was a nervous wreck but we didn't know what to do. We went to Alamosa to see Dr. Hurley. We told him about Gene and he said, "That's temper spells, you'll have to spank that out of him." While we were talking, Gene had one of these spells and Inez passed him over to me and I rocked him back and forth in my arms and he was just gasping for breath and in a little bit he came around. The doctor told us he didn't know what that was, that's not temper. He said if we saved that baby it will be a miracle. I don't know what to do.

We stayed with it and we saved him, he's with us yet. Anyway, it shows that things can work out pretty well. The main thing in life that I find when things get desperate - it's a good idea to call on the Lord to help and he'll generally respond.

The Seventies came there one spring and plowed all the land I had that I wanted to farm. I worked it down and planted it in oats. I raised the best
crop of oats that I had ever raised. It weighed 44 lbs. to the bushel. I sold it to some people who were taking the oats to the Kentucky Derby.

Carlton was quite a character; he would get into everything and I had problems with him. Along in the summer we had a milk cooler there, it held three cans. When the milk man would come and flip the lid back, Carlton would throw rocks in it and when you would get a few rocks in the bottom of it you couldn't get the lid to go square down. I'd been after the boy and I told Inez, "I'm going to have to do something a little bit severe to that kid to get his mind changed away from throwing rocks in that milk box." One day I came out there and here the rocks were going. The water that ran through it was just off an artesian well and it was cold. I grabbed him and stuck him down in that feet first in that cold water. "Whoo" he said, and he began to cry. I'd push him clear down to the bottom. I said, "Are you going to throw rocks in my water box?" "Oh, no, no," and I said "Oh yes you are and I shoved him up and down two or three times. Inez heard him screaming and came out to see what the fracas was all about. I stood him out on the ground and he never did throw any more rocks in that cooler.

It was about this same time that I was cutting wood there one evening and the horses were in the corral. I told Willie (he was a small boy) to let the horses out. So he opened the gate and they started through. Old Blue Boy was kinda onery, he'd kicked Gene once. He would play with you, he wasn't really dangerous. I could pick up either foot and he wouldn't raise a foot but if he got to playing, he would whirl and kick at you. I looked up just in time to see Willie hit him with a bailing wire. He hit that kid and threw him about six or eight feet up in the air. He came down cold as a wedge. I ran out there and picked him up and there was no sign of life in him. I tried to holler at Inez and I couldn't even squeak, I was so excited. I took him to the hospital in Alamosa and we couldn't find a thing on him. He was just scratched a little bit under one arm on one side. They released him and sent him home. When he lost some of his teeth in front one didn't come back in and we had him examined quite a while after that and they found the horse had broken the bud on that one tooth and it had grown out in five different directions. It was growing along side of his other teeth. So he had to have that taken off.

In December 1955 Inez and I took our family to the Mesa Temple to be sealed to us. Carol was in Grand Junction and didn't go and we left Jerry to take care of things while we were gone. We drove down in our car and had a good trip.

I worked for Howard Price drilling wells; then I went to work for Dale Sowards in the slaughter house for six years. Then I got a chance to go to work at the Perlite Plant in 1957, 1958 and 1959. I was screen man and was in the dust. They would let a screen man work there for a while and then lay him off when he'd get his lungs too full of perlite. We called it high
grading. During this period that building caught on fire and burned and they called me and told me not to come back to work, that the building had burned. They built the building back and called me back to work. It was a steel building. Carlton was working there too.

In the year 1964, I had a bad year and couldn't get my crop in; the guys kept flooding me on the patch I was trying to plant. It was June before I got it in. Inez had trouble with one of her eyes and went to Pueblo to have it operated on. She wanted me to go with her but I didn't think she was as bad off as she was. She was there for several days. She had been working at one of the cafes in Alamosa and driving back and forth.

When she came back she decided to move to Alamosa for the summer. So we decided we'd sell the ranch. We talked to Darrel Vance and told him we'd sell to him just as soon as the crop was off. He came back and paid some money down and bought the ranch and we moved to Alamosa.

We rented a place and had a chance to buy one, the man wanted $6,000 but after while we got the house for $4,500 and we moved in and lived there for several years. I had a chance to buy a couple houses that had been torn up by the kids. They were adobe houses. Jerry was working in Denver at Gates Rubber Company and he bought the houses and I fixed them up and we went halves on them. We bought the two of them for $1100.00. The kids would tear them up at night with me working on them. So I moved in one of them and lived there. This was the beginning of using pumice around the windows to repair them.

When I first moved to Alamosa I got a job as bailiff of the District Court for about seven years. We had a lot of rough trials. I was living over here in one of my rentals and my wife and daughter, Valerie were in Denver. Valerie was going to school.

I worked for Home Lumber Co. and for Art Brown at the dump for many years.

I was ordained a Seventy in 1937 and was in the presidency of the Seventies for twelve years and Senior President for three of them.

In June 1969 I went to the Carr Family Reunion in Florida. Valorie flew down with me as far as Summerville, Georgia and she visited her uncle Vernon Langston and family and I flew on to Pensacola, Florida and stayed with Jim and Thelma Nicholson. We had a very enjoyable time.

I've taken several trips with the Senior Citizens and in 1985 Inez and I went to Hawaii on a trip with them and enjoyed that.

When I was about six or seven years old, Earl Pruett and I were pushing a buggy (horse drawn) backward, I slipped on a rock and fell and cracked one of my front teeth. I sure could shell pinon nuts with the snag. When I was about fifteen I had earned enough money (about $154.00) and Gen Wilson hitchhiked with me to Antonito to Dr. Myers and he capped the tooth in gold. So I had a gold tooth until I had my teeth pulled years later.
Children born to Marion and Inez (Langston) Gibson are:

1. Ellen Frances Gibson born May 29, 1932 in Alamosa, Colorado. She only lived a few days and died June 4, 1932 and is buried at Manassa, Colorado at the newer cemetery.

2. Doyal Marion Gibson was born May 2, 1933 at Alamosa, Colorado. He was in the U.S. Army in 1953 in Fort Benning, Georgia. Doyal married Sharon Midge Gold Feb. 7, 1958 and their children are: Cindy, Marylynn, Jackie, Cherryl and Craig.

3. Carol Marie Gibson was born Jan 5, 1935 at Alamosa, Colorado. Carol married Michael Sullivan Feb. 15, 1956 and they were later divorced; she married 2) Frank Carey. Her children are: Vernon Lee, Lannie and David.

4. Jerry Lee Gibson was born Jan. 11, 1938 at Manassa, Conejos, Colo. Jerry was released from the Army as a result of a heart murmur. He married Nellie Coleen Wilcox Sept. 8, 1960 and their children are: Sandra, Jodie (adopted), Marla, Shauna, Jeffrey, Stephen, Linda, Aaron and Sarah.

   Jerry works for Gates Rubber Company and they live in Denver.

5. Carlton Ryan Gibson was born Nov. 19, 1939 at Manassa, Conejos, Colo. He was in the National Guard. Carlton married Vickie Sue Westcoat; one child – Wyman. Carlton married 2) Leona Ann Smartz who had one son, Tom when they were married. Children born to Carlton and Leona are: Carol Ann and Steven Gibson.


7. Leon Desmond was born Jan. 27, 1946 at Alamosa, Colorado. Leon also served in the National Guard. He married Faye Moore Nov. 6, 1965 and their children are: Nancy, Lonnie and David.


L to R - Marion, Blanche, Newel and Clarissa

Marion, Roberta and Dad in front of Elmer's house in Denver.

At Carr reunion in Pensacola, Fla. L to R - Clifford, Clarissa, Marion & Blanche

L to R - Leon, Jerry, Willie and Gene.
Gibson reunion in Provo, Utah.
L to R - Marion, Blanche, Verna, Clarissa and Newel

L to R. Duane Matlock, Doyal Gibson and Tom Matlock
I was born November 6, 1913 in Chattooga County, Georgia. My parents were William Canada Langston and Ellen Ann Vernon. I was the oldest of four children - Inez, Vernon, Susie and Eugenia.

We lived in Chattooga County, Georgia until I was ten years old; then we moved to Chattanooga, Tennessee. My first school was Perennial Springs, Georgia, then in Tennessee I attended school at East Lake, Clifton Hills and Pineville.

When I was a teenager we moved to Phoenix, Arizona to a dryer climate for my mother's health. My father couldn't find work in Arizona so he went back to Tennessee where he had work.

In Arizona I moved my birthday to 1911 instead of 1913 and I went to work for the Telephone Company. I worked there until after my mother died in 1929. My father did some farming but mainly he was a carpenter. He still couldn't find work in Arizona so my father's sister, Harriett Thomas came to the funeral and they talked my father into coming to Colorado as she and her husband, Frank Thomas had a dude ranch where he built cabins and did general carpenter work.

I attended high school for one year in Manassa, Colorado. I met Marion Gibson in high school and married him one year later. We are the parents of nine children, eight of them are still living, we lost our first baby.

I joined the L.D.S. Church in 1935; Marion baptized me and his father, Charles Henry Gibson confirmed me.

In 1955 Marion and I took seven of our children to the Mesa Arizona Temple and had them sealed to us. We have 34 grandchildren and 13 great grand children.
Brown home in Alamosa, Colorado.

Brown Palace was a restaurant run by the Browns in Alamosa.

BERTHA CLARISSA GIBSON

"God gave us memories, that we might have June roses in the December of our lives."

John Barrie, The Scottish Poet
I was born in Manassa, Colorado Sept. 15, 1911, the tenth of eleven children born to Charles Henry and Bertha Hayes Carr Gibson.

Manassa is a mile square; it was built with farm families in mind. We had about a fourth of a block. These were large blocks eight to make a mile. We had room for a big garden, fruit trees, shade trees and chicken coupes etc. Our house was one log room and several rooms of adobe. Mother bought a pump organ and we learned to play it. My sister Blanche still has it. I remember when we first got electricity; I was in grade school. My brother, Clifford wired our house. It consisted of a drop light in each room.

I remember one time I went with mother to a church meeting in the school house before we had electricity and I went over on one of the desks and went to sleep; and, everyone went downstairs and took the lamp and mother had to come back and get me.

When I was six, Blanche and I had chicken pox real bad. We were quarantined for smallpox; but Elias, Elmer and Verna had smallpox. In fact, Verna's first baby was born while she had smallpox. Elmer and Elias were put in a pest house as it was called to keep other people from getting it.

The summer I was six I went to visit Verna and Loui and she had her daughter Josephine who was a few months old. They lived in San Luis, Colorado. We went to Alamosa where Loui's folks lived and my brother, Elias was married to Loui's sister, Addie. We started to Manassa and had a flat tire, so we went back to Alamosa. By then I was so homesick I had never been away from home before. I climbed up in Elias' lap and cried myself to sleep. But when I did get home I had the whooping cough and gave it to Blanche, Marion and Newel. What a time mother had with us. I had gotten it from a neighbor of Verna's in San Luis.

Blanche and I were across the street from our home where we had a few acres and we kept the milk cows, pigs, etc. We had followed our brothers, Marion and Newel as they were riding burros, but they didn't want us tagging along, so they shut a big wooden gate. Blanche climbed up on the gate and I caught hold of her hand and pulled and her arm came out of the socket. Another time, mother had taken Blanche to the garden with her and when mother was ready to go back to the house Blanche didn't want to go, so she sat down with mother holding her hand and her arm went out of the socket. Blanche was sorta on the chubby side as a small child.

On Sunday I was walking home from church and I had seen Verna doing the shimmy, a very popular dance at that time - I must have been about five years old. So some young teenagers saw me and said they would give me some money to dance for them. I was pretty shy, so I told the girls if they would hold their coats around me so nobody could see me, I would. But along came my cousin, Iva Pruett and picked me up and took me home. She was the age of my sister, Verna. That was terrible to dance on Sunday.

The day I cut my arm, Marion and James Land were fixing a chicken coup and they were wrestling, but they sent me to the house for some nails (a certain size) and I hurried so I could see them wrestle again. So I poured out a bucket
of nails and stooped over to sort them out and I guess the blood rushed to my head and when I jumped up to run outside, I hit the window instead of the door facing. Poor mom she held a pan under my hand to catch the blood and Marion tied a rag around my forearm to stop the bleeding and there was a gash there and it opened up and started to bleed worse and Marion just left. He couldn't take it. Newel got on his motorcycle with a side car and went to town to get a doctor and old Dr. Van Fredenburg was a little leary of riding with Newel but he did. He came and sewed my arm up. I don't remember him giving me anything for pain, so later that night when the feeling came back, I almost climbed the wall. Mother was right there with me. I missed six weeks of school. I was twelve when this happened. I held my hand bent at first and when they took the stitches out the doctor had to put a board on my wrist to hold it straight. It cut the leaders in my two small fingers, so my smallest finger was always weak. But I have been able to use my hand without much trouble — sure was lucky.

During my growing years I stayed with Verna and Loui — she was almost like a second mother. I stayed with Verna and went to the eighth grade — Jerry Morris was my teacher. This was in San Luis. There were three Anglos and the rest were Mexicans. Jerry's son, Maurice F. Morris, my niece, Josephine Hess and myself.

One time we had some Danish Beer brewing in the south window behind the stove at home. I remember the bees going up and down as it cured. I was about seven or eight years old and they gave me a taste of the brew. The boys came home from the field and were unhitching the horses — either Dick or Dolly that were great big black horses that dad had. I wanted to ride so they set me up there, I guess things started turning around and around and I fell off. Didn't hurt me as there was straw there that I fell on.

Another time in San Luis somebody came by I think with a keg and they put a little instrument on there and it would make the wine. Loui and his dad drank it.

At home our kitchen stove sat out away from the wall and with wooden floors it was pretty noisy when Blanche and I would chase each other around the stove and down through the house, and it kinda got on mom and dad's nerves. One time mom set me in the chair and tied me there and I knew I couldn't have any supper. When supper was ready Newel picked me up chair and all and set me up at the table. I was so small my feet didn't come to the end of the chair when tied in it.

We would always pick turkeys at Thanksgiving and we could have the money to buy clothes etc. They had learned to put a weight in the top of the turkey's bill and this would make him turn the feathers loose. The turkey wasn't killed first. Dad had said to me "If you help me pick the turkeys you can have enough to buy a new dress." So I picked turkeys and we took them out to Berkins Store in Romeo. Sis was with me and I bought this red flannel for me a dress. I think we got 20¢ a pound for the turkeys. We didn't have to dress them all, we just had to pick the feathers off them. We took them out there and he bought them right off. We went hom and Verna made this dress for me. I went in to show Dad and he said "I wouldn't be caught dead in red." (This was the time that Clarissa picked all the feathers off the turkey and it sat up and looked all around and she was upset over it and cried)
I went to Manassa High until my junior year and married when I would have been a senior. The summer before I married I stayed with Birdie and Clifford Gibson as they had just had a new baby girl, Lavina. This was their sixth child. I started dating Earl Brown while staying there and, so when it came time to go back to school, we decided to get married. Of course, we were both too young, so our parents had to sign for us.

Earl and I were married October 10, 1931 at 1122 LaDue, Alamosa, Colorado. My brother, Clifford and wife, Birdie lived there and were witnesses to our marriage. We were supposed to get married on Sunday and on Friday night before Earl sneaked his suit out and at noon on Saturday we were married by L.D.S. missionaries. Our folks were pretty put out as we had done this trick. I was seventeen years old and Earl was eighteen. We stayed with Earl's folks until just before Christmas and we moved to an apartment on State Street. We rented from a Mrs. Wes Cole, Mrs. Robert Dudley's folks. Earl worked for the Stop and Shop Grocery at $72.00 a month and with a $30.00 car payment and $16.00 rent etc. we couldn't make it, so we moved back to his folks - but in May we moved to an apartment and it was summer - we were on our own.

One time we went to the San Luis Lakes with George Bisby and Golda Christensen and we took a couple row boats and rowed to a far side of the lake. The wind came up and Golda and I walked back to the car. The boys had to take the boats back, so they rowed back and fought the waves - we walked around the lake back to the car.

Earl decided to run a store of his own so we moved to Star and had a grocery store and we sold gas. We took in potatoes for groceries and the neighbor man, Mr. Hall had a good cellar where we could store them, and when prices were good, we sold them for a small profit. Then we moved the store to Del Norte with a man in a butcher shop, but we didn't stay very long - we moved back to Alamosa and Earl worked for the ice house. Then Earl decided we should go to California.

We had a Model T Ford we had taken in on a Dodge sedan from his folks. We bought a 1929 Model A Ford for $65.00. It was a one seater with a rumble seat. Earl made a little truck-like in the back instead of a seat and we put all we owned in it, clothes, bedding, cooking utensils etc. in the back and we traded the Model T for a set of new tires and with $14.00 we started to California. We stopped at my sister, Verna's and Earl worked for the Telephone Company for awhile. We lived in an old abandoned house for a month near Hallarville. Then we went to Earl's sister, Ruby and Joe Verzani on the desert between Needles and Blythe in California. We lived right out of doors. We had an oil barrel for a stove. It worked quite well. It had a stove pipe and was half filled with dirt, so it didn't take too much fuel to keep it going. We had a lot of fried pies. We had a brush wall by our bed and four cans with those coil springs on the cans and a tarp over the top to keep us dry in case of rain. There was no place to rent as it was during the time they were building the Packer Dam for the water supply for Los Angeles.

After we left the desert in California, we went to Prescott, Arizona and were thinking of going back to Colorado, but we hit snow and cold weather and we went back to California to Los Angeles and took the coast highway north.
to Eureka, California and with all the rain and fog there, we decided to go inland so we ended up in Redding, California. We had $1.75 and would have money coming as soon as we let people know our address. But we were sitting on the street and a man that had lived in Alamosa, came by and Earl started talking to him and we went home with him and had lunch at his folks house. Then Earl went with him to Safeways where he worked and Earl worked part of that week and got on steady the next week.

We rented a garage and the lady we rented from said she would have to get us a bed, so that night after dark, we went to a dairy nearby and got a bed out of the barn. We found out later it was her ex-husband's dairy and we had really stolen the bed. So when we got settled in this garage, it started to rain and for three weeks we didn't see the sun and it rained and rained.

The man that run Safeway was a Mormon and wanted Earl to become a manager. But he didn't want that, so we were there only until fall and we went to Durango, Colorado. Earl worked for a grocery store in Durango for a Mr. Bentley. We lived up over the store. Then we moved to an apartment and Earl worked for a dairy - Walls Dairy and we paid $6.00 a month rent. It was a big house and another couple rented it for $15.00 furnished and we rented part of it for $6.00. This was 1933-34.

We bought a Chrysler car for $15.00 and Earl put a homemade bed on it. We didn't have a top but we put all our stuff on it and moved to Alamosa. On the way from Durango we had brake trouble and we came over Wolf Creek Pass with only the emergency brake.

We rented an apartment behind the Rialto Theater and Earl worked for Safeway again for $11.00 a week; but he quit and worked for Home Public Market and a man told him about a job in Monte Vista in a meat market, a Mr. Ladd. So Earl went down and got the job. We bought a house and lived there until 1936 when we moved back to Alamosa.

Earl started doing carpenter work for a Mr. Hinkle and then he got his first job on his own for a Dr. Howell. He bought ten acres of land from Bill Sheeley and started building houses in what is now Riverside Addition north of Adams State College. Earl built our first house on Berkeley Avenue - it was an adobe house. We didn't have the land surveyed before we built this house, so when we did have it surveyed, we were only a few feet from the road. We had to change the plans and turn the house facing east instead of west - no problem as it wasn't finished. We moved in in October and we didn't have all the roof on and only kerosene lamps. Through the cracks in the roof the millers came in and went up and down the windows all night, but in the morning, the millers went up on the roof to get in the sun and the magpies came and ate them. Sure was a lot of noise with the fluttering and picking. But it wasn't long until Earl got the roof on and we lived quite good. Earl built houses and sold them as he cut the ten acres up into lots and got it in the City of Alamosa with city water, lights, etc. But when we first moved out there it was pretty much raw land, chicos and sagebrush. We named several streets - Berkley, Sunset, Brown and Franklin. Sometimes that section is called Brown Addition.

We lived in five new houses in that area. In 1937 I worked for Warner's Variety run by Paul Henry. Pauline Forsythe and I worked during the Christmas
rush. Then in March I found out we would start our family. After six years of marriage and a lot of gadding around, I was so happy to finally feel like we were settling down. Janice was born Dec. 15, 1938 in this first house we built. She has been such a joy to us always. I had her at home and Dr. Osborn was our doctor. When Janice started to walk, we had moved to the house next door and she had a little trouble walking on the hardwood floors. But as Earl built more houses and sold them, we lived in several as it was easier to sell them if someone was living in them. We lived in the house where Tony Babicki lives. It was a nice big four bedroom house, fireplace, large living room, kitchen and bath. We got part of the logs for that house from the town of Bonanza, as it was part of a building Wallrick Lumber Co. had to sell to get their money. The building was to be a nite club but was never finished. Then Earl built Dr. Bradshaw's house, also log out of part of the logs and then he had to haul some from up on Wolf Creek Pass.

During World War II material was hard to get so we went to an old mining town near LaVeta and tore down old buildings which had good 2 x 4's etc. and hauled it to Alamosa. We took a nice trip to Silver Lakes up on the Alamosa and Earl tore down a fireplace and rebuilt one out of native rocks outside and wire cut brick on the inside. We stayed a week. The cabin was Tom Fees. Earl also did some work on the telephone cabins up near Stunner. We took everything out of the cabins and Earl put in a cement floor. So while it dried, we went down to Elwood Pass to another cabin and stayed all nite and came back the next day and put everything back. These cabins were used for linemen to stay if they had to repair the lines over Elwood Pass. There was bedding and groceries etc. up there. Sure was in pretty country.

On Oct. 9, 1941 our second child, a girl, Joyce Earleen was born. She was born six weeks premature and only weighed a little over four pounds. She was born around 1:00 o'clock and at 3:00 o'clock the doctor and nurse went home and at about 8:00 o'clock my neighbor, Hazel McLean came over and we looked at the baby and her navel cord had come untied and she had bled quite a lot. The doctor, Dr. Osborn came right out and retied it. It was touch and go for quite a while for her, but she seemed to gain and grow and was like a normal child. She was my constant care for several months after birth. She used to suck her thumb.

In 1949 she became ill sometime in August and when school started she still wasn't well, so I took her to Dr. Anderson and he wasn't there so we saw a Dr. Bradshaw. He said she had mononucleosis, but by Thanksgiving her legs hurt and she had a few nodules on her neck and back. So we took her to Del Norte and Dr. Killeman said he wanted to take out one of the nodes and see what was wrong - or have one doctor do it. Dr. Bradshaw said no, and so we asked Dr. Anderson to send us to a specialist which he did - to Dr. Snyder in Colorado Springs, and that was the first thing he did was take out one of the nodes and it was malignant. She had leukemia. This was in December, so from then to April we were back and forth to Colorado Springs and Alamosa. They operated on Earleen and found she was full of cancer. We finally took her to Denver Children's Hospital for a new treatment, but it didn't do any good. On April 26, 1950 Earleen died.

Before Earleen got sick we had our third child, William Ronald Brown Feb. 5, 1949. He was just a baby all through Earleen's illness. Several neighbors and relatives kept him while I was gone to take Earleen to the hospital. Sometimes I took him and got a room where Earleen was taking her
treatments. Hazel McLellan kept Bill - also Lorraine Milyard, and Verda and Howard and Newel and Mabel. He was 15 months old when Earleen passed away. How the girls did love their baby brother. Sometimes in the morning if Billy woke up, Earleen used to take him and rock him and play with him. When I was gone with Earleen, Janice would come home from school and go see how Billy was wherever he was staying and when Earleen died, she went with Emily Warwick to Manassa at Newel and Mabel Gibson's to get Billy and bring him home. They were at Verda and Howard's when Earl and I got home with Earleen with the Funeral Home driver.

What a time we had adjusting after our loss. Of course, Billy was too small to know what really happened, but Janice was old enough to really miss Earleen.

In 1962 we started a business called the Surplus Store. We had all sorts of used merchandise. It was located across from the Alamosa National Bank, 420 State Avenue. We sold everything from pianos, clothing, furniture and appliances. We sold out in May 1975, Earl retired then and I worked at the Alamosa Inn in the salad bar making salads and filling the bar. I only worked there a few months and I got a job at Fashion Fabrics as a clerk. I worked there for nine and one half years for Lora and Jack Hill until they sold in July 1985. Then I worked part time out at the Villa Mall in a clothing store for Bob and Vella Owens.

In June 1969 Blanche and I went to a family reunion in Florida. Clear up until the night before I wasn't going to go. I had the money - some bonds I could use so I thought 'why not.' So I met Blanche in Salida and we went to Dallas, Texas where we stayed all night at a hotel that was across the street from where John F. Kennedy was murdered. The next day we got into New Orleans. We stayed with Lulu Lovelly (our cousin) and she took us to the old plantations, cemetery, French Quarters. We also went to see some antique shops and Lulu knew exactly what to ask for that they didn't have so we could look around. I remember the old books with the gold gilding on the edges with pictures in them.

Then she took us to Pensacola, Florida by way of Mobile, Alabama so we could see the old home of Jefferson Davis where he spent his last years. We then met cousins in Florida - Ed, Jim, Fillmore, Lizzie and Ethel. They had a big dinner for us one evening that was Marion's birthday. We had pecan pie, fish of different kinds, hush puppies and the works.

One day Fillmore Nicholson took us out to the Officer's Club for lunch - he was a retired Naval Officer. We went to the beach where Blanche and I didn't swim. We got to see where the Nicholson family had grown up, Grandpa Carr's homestead and his grave in Florida.

When I was a teenager I stayed nights with a neighbor lady, Sister Dotson. She was a widow and old in her 70's. About once a year she would have my sister, Blanche and me to eat with her. She would fix hash and raisin pie. She and my Aunt Mandy were married to Mr. Dotson; then when he died, my Aunt Mandy married Jim Von Cannon, a widower with several children.
In June 1969 we went to a family reunion in Florida. Clear up until the night before, I wasn't going to go. I had the money - some bonds I could use so I thought why not. So I met Blanche in Salida and we went to Dallas, Texas where we stayed all night at a hotel that was across the street from where John F. Kennedy was murdered. The next day we got into New Orleans. We stayed with Lulu and she took us to the old plantations, cemetery, French Quarter. We also went to see some antique shops and Lulu knew exactly what to ask for that they didn't have so we could look around. I remember the old books with the gold gilding on the edges with pictures in them.

Then she took us to Pensacola, Florida by way of Mobile, Alabama so we could see the old home of Jefferson Davis where he spent his last years. We then met cousins in Florida - Ed, Jim, Fillmore and Ethel. They had a big dinner for us one evening that was Marion's birthday. We had pecan pie, fish of different kinds, hush puppies and the works.

One day Fillmore Nicholson took us out to the Officer's Club for lunch - he was a retired Naval Officer. We went to the beach where Blanche and I didn't swim. We got to see where the Nicholson family had grown up, Grandpa Carr's homestead and his grave in Florida.

When I was a teenager I stayed nights with a neighbor lady, Sister Dotson. She was a widow and old in her 70's. About once a year she would have my sister, Blanche and me to eat with her. She would fix hash and raisin pie. She and my Aunt Mandy were married to Mr. Dotson; then when he died, my aunt Mandy married Jim Von Cannon, a widower with several children. Aunt Mandy used to come to our house and get vegetables, milk and wheat for the chickens. Sometimes Blanche and I would help her carry things home and she had a few chickens and about a half block from her house she would start calling them and they would come to meet us. She always said, "Come on, baby." They were all different colors - blue and buff colored, some black and white or we called them dominecker.

Aunt Mandy always had sugar cookies and we asked her for the recipe and she had a hard time telling us as she used a water glass to measure with. I think she just put in what she thought it would take. We used to love to sit by her in church as she had cloves in her handkerchief. Aunt Mandy would come to our house and she would ask dad, her brother, how he felt and they would both complain awhile and then they would tell about things that happened when they were kids.

One story dad and Aunt Mandy told was - They were in the corn crib getting corn for the hogs and the corn crib was built on stilts and the hogs ran under the crib. Aunt Mandy was sitting on a pile of corn and it started to roll and she went out the door in the corn and a hog underneath ran out just right for her to fall on him; so Dad said she rode the hog. Then they would laugh. They had forgotten all their ails.

Aunt Mandy would tell us kids jokes and even if we didn't get the punch line we would laugh and she would laugh so hard it was really funny. One night Sister Dotson had a real bad nose bleed and when I found her she was sitting with a wash pan holding it to catch the blood and her feet hanging off the bed. I had to get her propped up and her feet back in bed and get

-264-
her warm before we got it stopped. She was quite a lady - she lived to be 95 years old. She stayed with Oscar and Ida Holtsclaw until she died - several years. Mrs. Dotson's chicken coup burned as she had dumped hot ashes from the stove near the coup. She had a few chickens and should have known better.

Children born to Earl and Clarissa Gibson Brown are:

   1. Rebecca Dawn born Aug. 27, 1956

   They lived near us for several years, then in 1967 they moved to Idaho Springs and then to Georgetown, Colorado. Dexter worked for the Public Service Co. as a welder. He helped to put together the hydro plant at Georgetown which is a water powered plant. Then they moved to Greeley, Colorado where Dexter helped put in a nuclear plant; he still works there. Janice and Dexter later divorced. Janice moved to California and Dexter remarried.

   Rebecca, after a divorce from Rob Rawson, went to California and married David Riley and they have a little girl, Nicoli born Feb. 7, 1981.

2. Joyce Earleen born was born Oct. 9, 1941 at Alamosa, Alamosa, Colorado. She died April 26, 1950.

3. William Ronald Brown was born Feb. 5, 1949 at Alamosa, Alamosa, Colorado. Bill graduated from high school in Alamosa and played in the band. He went to Seattle and enrolled in the university there. Later he joined the Coast Guard and was in the medics for four years. He was on the West Wind and went to Nome, Alaska, to Greenland and Iceland. After service he came back to the University at Seattle and married Kathy who has Kay's Quilting. They were married Oct. 10, 1975. They were later divorced. They have one daughter - Jennifer Lynn Brown born May 17, 1977.

   Bill graduated from the University of Washington with a degree in Public Relations.
Verna holding Clarissa as a baby

Marion, Clarissa and Newel Gibson as young children.

Clarissa and Earl Brown as they were wed

Janice and Earleen Brown as children
Bill Brown as a child

Front row: Mickey, George and Becky Bates
Back row: Clarissa Brown, Bill Brown and Earl Brown, Janice Bates

Bill Brown in the Coast Guard

Bill Brown, Kathy and Jennifer Lynn Brown, Rick is standing.
I was born March 26, 1913 in Okemah, Okfuskee, Oklahoma to Wesley Holmes and Martha Mae Lee Cole Brown. I was one of five children: Ruby, Earl, Gladys, Ruth and Edward.

Dad sold out in the summer of 1918 when I was five years old. They had a big sale as he raised mules, horses and had cows and did regular farming. One mule - they hadn't broke him yet. They tied a rope on him and by golly he drove about five guys through the corral fence. He was going backwards. He was a lot stronger than they were. He would run them right on through that fence. They sold out and did pretty good on that sale. We shipped all our stuff to Sapinero, Colorado. We got off the train there and there was about two foot or more of snow. They didn't bother to shovel the snow out of the path, you just walked on it and it packed, but if you stepped off of it, you went clear in.

My uncle came down and loaded us all up with our belongings. He had a sled and a team. I don't remember whose sled he borrowed but, nonetheless he had it there as his car wouldn't work in that snow. We were back up the canyon there about three miles. They unloaded us there and mother was steaming and fuming, "It's so desolate."

We stayed there that winter and ate what deer meat there was left. We went up there the early part of winter, but they had so much snow in those days. We had a great big wood box. You would just open up a door in the kitchen and you could walk right down into that wood box of wood. Sometimes the snow would get so deep you couldn't get out and we were boxed up there for the winter. Sure was nice to see spring come. Dad built us a house the next spring. They had a sawmill with lumber to build a house. My uncle had his house built and one bedroom was right out over the creek. You could go to sleep there and hear the water running.

The canyon right there was so narrow it wasn't big enough for a road to go around it. We went down the creek a hundred yards or so and found a spot there and we had the wood to build a flume. I don't know what they wanted electricity for but they made a ditch from the creek around our house and down and they made the water wheels and filled in. The water wheels were to make electricity but they never did work. They never thought that the water might wash out underneath there and I guess it was Ruth was down there. She, of course, was my uncle's pet and she walked out there toward that thing and went in clear to her arms, just dropped thru. Talk about scrambling to get her out of there.

We had our garden down across the creek from there. We had a log across a small creek. We were down there one evening working and one of my sisters started to walk across that log and fell into a little pond. Of course Dad just waded out there and got her.

Another time they had a team and was going down the canyon and they just had made a bridge. I don't know why grown men can think you could lay logs like poles on top of logs - green and a team pull a wagon across that. They were going like this you know. It rolled all the logs up against the front wheels and the horses fell into the creek. The one old horse wouldn't do
much so he lived through it. Dad reached down and cut the tugs. The tugs was all that was keeping them from going under the main beams and on down the creek. He cut the tugs to let the mare under there and she just washed down there a ways. He yelled at her and he yelled at her. Pretty soon she raised her head up, shook her head, got up and walked back to them. They had a load of ties that they sold to the railroad at Sapinero. They started back up the Canyon and that old bay horse named Bill; if he thought he was tied to anything he would quit, he would stop right there. Dad unhooked the harness on him and rolled him over the edge. Hell, he made a couple rolls, got up, walked back up to them.

Us kids would once in a while go up and pick raspberries as there was a patch up there- about two acres of wild raspberries. We'd go up there in the fall—sometimes we wouldn't get there in time— the bears would go in there and eat the raspberries and waller in them.

They would set three of us kids on a horse and he'd go along just like a dog. If he would come to a limb where it would knock us kids off, he would walk around; if he had to go down a slope into the creek, he would go just like he was balancing with us.

We had a mare whose name was Belle—my Sis went out there in the barn and it wasn't high enough to clear her head, but she got up on the manger where the horses had eaten around and she got up on old Belle. She kicked her and naturally she went out the front door. Mother looked down there and saw Ruby on that horse and she liked to died. She told her to "Whoa" and she slid off. She could have hurt her in that barn.

I was on the other side of the little road that came into the circle drive and there was a branch or draw down a ways and some brush and trees. Us kids got a new wagon for Christmas and we went over there to get some wood— over across the road was a wolf that came up right close to us. We didn't want to leave our wagon so we took the wagon and made a run for the house. We told dad about it, he went over there and sure enough the old wolf was going back down toward the trees.

Down across the creek we had a garden and we went down there one evening. I don't know where dad was but mother and us kids walked down there and worked in the garden that evening and by golly when we went back, there were lion tracks in ours. It had followed us clear down there where the clearing was.

One time dad had ordered us a bunch of stuff from Sears and they had to go into Iola to get it — about five or six miles. We had to go in a wagon. Well, I had asked to ride with them down aways and when I got off I started back and when I got back up to where there was a draw that came down through there, it was all dark in there, and there was a bear in that little clearing. Instead of going on home, I ran back and caught them and they was just a mile from where I got off but I caught them. If I hadn't caught them, I hated to think of going back past that bear. There were lots of animals in those days. I think now, mother must have really sweat blood when I didn't come back, but then she probably came up with the same idea, that I talked dad into letting me go. I did, after I outrun them but they were just jogging right along. I had to run like heck to catch up with them.
When we first came out here from Oklahoma I had a nose bleed real bad. We would go down the creek fishing and my nose would start bleeding and they would get me to lay down and they put dad's knife down my back. I've always heard that you can take an ordinary case knife and put it down their back, but dad just put his knife down there and I held a dime up in the roof of my mouth, and a cold cloth on my head. They did everything and eventually it would stop. That went on for a couple of years - every so often.

We went to school in Iola, Colorado in a one room school house. There were seventeen of us - that is the most kids they had and that was everybody from the first grade through the ninth.

There was a big girl who sat across the aisle from me. They had the desks that you raise the lid up and she would raise the lid up and since I was just across the aisle from her, she would talk to me and I would talk to her and the teacher could see me talking. She would just give me hell but she wouldn't say anything to the gal, as she was bigger than the teacher and she was afraid to. So she said, "Earl, the next time I see you talking to Kay, you are going to have to sit with her." The next Monday morning she caught me and I had to sit with her all week. If course I didn't mind as she had candy and everything. When the teacher saw I wasn't hurting and it didn't make anybody mad, it made her mad. She was sitting there on Friday and she said, "Earl, you move back to your desk." So I moved back over to my desk, then we had our spelling and she had Catherine write and she was left handed and you couldn't read it. I look back at those things and that wasn't the kids fault. Why did she have her write them when she knew nobody could read the writing. I asked her what the last word she wrote up here and the teacher just wanted some excuse. She came up there and I'd turn my head this way and she would slap that side and I'd turn the other and she would slap that side and she would bump my head on the desk. It got monotonious so I called her a son-of-a-bitch. I didn't even know what the word meant - I wasn't that old. Of course she expelled me and my sisters left; Catherine and her two sisters left and Lewis and Chetta left; Freddie and his brother (the one that lives up here in Salida now). Boy, there was half of the school out. It went on for about a week or ten days. Of course, it didn't hurt us any as they had three Shetland ponies, so we were riding ponies and having a heck of a time. They had a school board meeting with the parents and the teacher. She got up and said what she thought - they wouldn't let me talk. We went back to school but all the work we put on paper she wouldn't grade them. Her contract wasn't renewed for the next year.

There was another gal I think her name was Wright - they had a big dance and there were people from all over. There was a young couple up from Powderhorn. She was a good looking teacher and the man was down there making a play for her and, of course everybody saw it. He took her hat when they came in at night and the next morning the guy's wife went out by a big pine tree by the house and shot herself. It wasn't but about a week when she received her hat back in the mail. They had a fire in the furnace. She took it over and opened the furnace door and threw it in the furnace so everybody could see. That was the reason she didn't renew her contract.

Another time, it was Christmas time and we had a play going and Dad had gotten a Christmas tree, which wasn't the prettiest of all of them and then somebody else got a real nice one and they used the nice one. It made dad mad, so he said "All right you ain't a goin." That would have ruined everything. Some of us was in all the plays. I forget who came up to the house
and just begged him and cried; so he finally said "Well all right." This fat
gal I was telling you about - she was the same age as my sister. In the play
she was my girl friend. About three days before that play, mother had gotten
into a bunch of stuff in the trunk and she gave me one of those big old marbles.
I had that in my pocket, when I sat down that damn thing stayed on top of my
leg. That gal sat on it. I pretty nearly forgot my lines. We were supposed
to have a box of candy. I brought it over to her and we sat down there and
while I was holding her on my knee, that marble took your mind off everything
else. I just wonder what she thought. We would have a piece of candy and
we were talking - it was a regular play. Then here comes some little kids
in there and we jumped up and run. Was I ever glad to jump up and run and
get her off my leg.

It was along in the fall, about the 11th of October, we left Iola (twelve
miles west of Gunnison) and we took off in a covered wagon for Oklahoma. We
would do 25 to 28 miles a day in the covered wagon. We went to Gunnison and
came over Cochetopa Pass and one night we stopped in there near Flying M Ranch
and came on over the Pass to Saguache, and it took us five days to come through
the San Luis Valley. We stopped there at Moffat and Hooper and we pulled off
to the side of the road and the water up there, you couldn't even make coffee
with it. There were some old folks there and they brought us kids over a
gallon of milk. Boy, that was the first milk we had after we left home. We
came on in from Hooper to Alamosa and we stopped all night near the Eastside
School - just across the road. There were some sloughs there and dad stopped
near one of them where he could stake the horses out to eat. That was before
they straightened the road going east from the radio station. We went around
that slough and you had to go up on the railroad tracks and the next night
we stayed there at the Indian Creek, I think it is.

The next afternoon up there was when I saw the canons at Fort Garland.
There were six of them, three of one size and three of another. Since then
they have run the highway through that particular hill. Before that the road
went on the south side of the railroad tracks - way up where they unloaded a
bunch of buffalo and they had buffalo on the Trinchera Ranch. At that time
the old Creek was still there. We crossed on the north side of the creek
and we went on up and stayed where the two roads divide now, where the old
one was, and they have now cut the new one around at that fork. We stayed
all night there and then went around Ojo- that was a mining town down near
the pass. The next day we went on into LaVeta and Mother did the washing
there and then from there we went on into Walsenburg, and
then turned south and headed toward Trinidad. That country is flat in
there and I don't remember where we stayed.

Before we got to Elkhart, Kansas, Dad stopped and bought some milamaize
to feed the horses. A guy was leaving there the next morning with a big load
on his Model T of milamaize to take into the grain elevator at Elkhart, and
he would break down; so for three days we bought milamaize from that guy in
that old Model T. We would catch up in about 25 miles - thats about what
we had covered every day. Then most generally the roads would follow down
the railroad track and dad would get out and walk down the railroad track
and pick up coal and they could use this in their stove to keep warm.

We stopped at this farm house to stay all night. Dad and this farmer
were out there watching the tornado coming. We were about four miles out
of Kingfisher, Oklahoma. They watched it and it missed us and went right
thru town. The next morning when we went through that town we had to zigzag
around big trees that had been twisted right out of the ground that were laying in the road and we had to drive around them to get through the town.

When we got into Oklahoma City we stopped there as dad had an uncle who lived there. When we would get to a town or farm house, us kids would have to go ask if we were on the right road to wherever we were going.

That's where I caught my first catfish. I had been used to catching trout and when you throw one of them, you just jump up and grab them. I had set my line and left it. Mother hollered for me to come and eat. I just fastened the pole and line there and I went back after supper and I had one on the line. I pulled him off the hook and I jumped down on my knees and I grabbed, and you know they have those big needles out to the side with points and he grabbed me everywhere there was before I could turn loose of him. Dad could have told me that if he would have. I caught that one catfish there and the next day Dad walked into Oklahoma City and his uncle told him that his Dad had been dead for a month and there wasn't any way to get hold of us.

We were only seventy-five miles from Oklahoma City at Okemah, Oklahoma and it took us three days to get in there. We got in Christmas Eve and it had rained the biggest part of the two days. After we turned off, that was the only pavement there was that we hit in all that distance. All the holes were full and we finally hit the holes that matched the wagon and we were stuck and it was so slick the horses couldn't get a footing to pull, so Dad had to walk on in to Okemah and get my uncle with his big team and they came out. Dad had put the horses behind the wagon and had tied them. He put a lantern on the tongue so somebody couldn't run into us.

There was a colored couple came up to go to the dance that was just across the railroad track from us. He pulled up there and he couldn't see how he was going to get around us, so he thought he would jump down and he lit right in one of those holes of water. He said, "Lawd, Lawd." I was sitting up in front of the wagon watching and I never did forget that. He finally got back in the buggy and they went on over to the big dance. When dad and my uncle got there with the team of big horses (our horses weren't that big and they were tired) so they put our team on the wagon and they couldn't move it so they switched teams, putting our team back on the wagon and put the big team up in front and they finally jerked it out of there.

We got on into Uncle Joe and Frank's house that night and it was Christmas Eve. We each had one present, whatever that was. That was one long trip.

Dad worked hauling pipe out of Okemah, at a place that had just opened up called Bow Legs. Finally we got ready to come home - back to Colorado. We got back to Kingfisher on that team and wagon. Well, Dad stopped at a place there and this guy had a dairy and he gave us all the milk we wanted and Dad went to work in the wheat harvest. Mother, Gladys (my younger sister) and I hoed cotton. We went clear through it and when we got through it one time, the damn weeds were up knee deep again, and we had to go back through that patch of cotton - weeding. We made good money doing this. Dad made good money so we got nigger rich.

Dad went in and traded that team and wagon, harness and extra horse for a Model T truck. We pushed that darn thing back to Colorado. The
first two days out, he put a big old grub box that we had on the wagon. He didn't realise how much that team was pulling. Anyhow, he had it full of groceries and he put that on that Model T and in those days they weren't any bigger than our trucks now. The first two days out we blew three tires. The big ones were 32-6's for the rear wheels and then the front tires were a 30 by 3 1/2, the old Pitcher type spoke wheels. Boy that really took a lot of money. All that time mother was just a cussin and fuming "We'd been better off with the team" and all this stuff.

Anyhow, we came on home and we got up LaVeta; that was when you had the three pedals on the floor and low gear - you would get it to going good and you would think it was going to be all right, so you would let your foot off the pedal and it would jump a couple of times and back into low, and that's the way we came. We came on through and started up Cochetopa and we weren't doing any good and finally there was a big logging truck. He pulled us clear on up to where he turned off back down into Iola. Damn hill like you would never believe. When the truck unhocked and we turned off, this is where the pushing began. We got on over and got down there almost two or three miles of the Flying M Ranch and we ran out of gas. Dad walked on in. He fixed us kids under a blanket and just our feet under it; and he fixed the lantern over there so we would be warm. We kept our heads out so we could breathe. By golly, he went on in to the Flying M Ranch and it seemed like he was gone forever but he came back with some gas. We got it to going again and we were on a downhill go then. We went on home. That was sure a nice thing to see. This was in 1923 and I was ten years old.

That was when the change was coming from horses to trucks and cars. My uncle had an old 1913 Studebaker and you could just about go like this and reach over the hood as the big part of them then was the fenders. Now days they did away with fenders and made a big hood. It wasn't so bad then, you didn't know nothing else.

My uncle was bootlegging and he would come up and get me from school Friday and I'd go down with him to Iola. I'd help him run it off Saturday and Sunday - we'd run off the liquor or whiskey. He was good with a soldering iron and he would make his own still. He never did get caught as he was pretty shrewd in the way he would sell it; lots of people from Gunnison would go down there and buy that stuff. Talk about your fire water - I could drink it and it didn't have that bite you know. He'd let me taste it. I'd just get it down and it didn't choke me or nothing; pretty soon those big swallows would take care of the little ones. No, he never would let me drink that much, just taste it. To color it he would put brown sugar in it - that's what made it look like whiskey - the rest looked like plain water. If you didn't know you could drink it and you wouldn't know until it hit - looked just like water, wouldn't bite or smart. Now I take a drink of that stuff and it gags me the stuff you get now days, but that went down pretty good.

We moved to Gunnison and we were there about three months or more. Dad was working at the school house there building the new school building. He mixed the mortar for the bricks. That was in the early part of 1926. We moved to Alamosa in the fall of 1926 with the strength that Dad might get to work with McFee and McGinty Box Factory. He did and they bought some property out on the CO-OP Road about a mile down the road from where the CO-OP station is now.
Dad and my uncle built a house out there and we moved out there. We lived at some cabins - they are motels now - until they got the house built and we moved in.

While we lived near Gunnison - up the Canyon on east Elk Creek (there where my nose bled real bad because it was too high) - I would go hunting with Dad and the horses would get away and take off and I would go walking with him; climb up the mountain and down on the ridge; and, one time I was walking along there and I was behind him and I don't know why that grouse didn't fly up when he walked that close to her. She was setting right beside of the trail. She waited until I got there and my leg jumped up and down there for five minutes before I could get going. They make a heck of a noise you know. It touched the ground and bounced back up and I couldn't move an inch.

When we moved to Alamosa, we had two 1923 Model T Trucks all loaded and my uncle was ahead and he had his gallon jug of bootleg liquor. He would have to get it out and sample it every so often, and coming down this side he got to going too fast and he made a turn and the Model T had a short coupled steering wheel and steering gear in it; he started around the curve and it caught, had a flat tire and run him into the rocks on the inside. It's a good thing it didn't go the other way. It threw my sis out on the road and she rolled quite a ways. Didn't hurt her but skinned her up a little. He and I stayed all night but the folks went on into Saguache. My uncle built a big fire under a big rock that was the hottest night I ever spent. After we raked the coals off, the rocks under there were hot; try to sleep and lay on those hot rocks. We had tarps on there but it was hotter than all get out and then that big rock leaning out over us there was reflecting down that heat.

When we came over here, we moved out there in that house dad built. I was out rabbit hunting and I found a still out amongst the chico brushes. Somebody had hid it out there. I came home and told mama about it. She told me "My God, you get right back out there and you shoot that thing so full of holes." I did. I hated to do that as it meant a lot to somebody. It was all copper too.

I went to school in Alamosa and my first job was working at Snodgrass Food Store. At that time they hauled lettuce in and packed it in ice at one of the lettuce sheds. They sold out to McMar Inc. and eventually it sold to Safeway and that was in a short period of time. Then I went to work for Woolworths. I worked as Assistant Manager in Woolworth for quite a little while. I then went to work at Stop and Shop and this is where I was when we got married October 10, 1931.

(Earl's uncle who lived at Iola was John Potter married to his dad's sister, Kate Brown Potter)
He who does not fully appreciate the importance of events which have gone before, will never place proper value upon the work which he himself is doing today.

Gibbon

"Life is like an onion - you peel it off one layer at a time, and sometimes you weep."

Carl Sanburg
I was born Blanche Haskell Gibson on Jan. 4, 1918 at Manassa, Conejos, Colorado. My parents were Bertha Hayes Carr and Charles Henry Gibson. I am the youngest of eleven children. I was named for my mother's twin sister. I was born at home but Edith Christensen, who lived on the same block, was a registered nurse and she came to help bring me into the world. As I've heard it said, my parents traded her cabbage for helping with my birth. Quite a fair exchange, but just think of the kid they got. Nothing on the "Cabbage Patch kids" only I ended up without a birth certificate.

I had whooping cough when I was still quite young. I can remember one of my older brothers coming home to visit and setting me on his lap to sing for him. I would sing and whoop in between and it sure would make me real aggravated.

I had nightmares as far back as I can remember. When small I must have cried out in my sleep as I can remember many times in the night my father would come and get me and put me in bed with he and my mother.

At any time when I was sick my parents were always concerned. My mother would do everything possible to make me comfortable. My father would go to the store and bring me grapes, oranges and such that we didn't have ordinarily. I can also remember a few times when he would go get the queen bee from the hive of bees to entertain me. He would bring her and put her in my hand for a little while. Then he would always say "I better take her back before the bees miss her or they will swarm and leave the hive."

My mother would send me to the store with a small bucket of egg to trade for bars of soap. One time in particular I remember the eggs were worth more than the soap and I got a few pennies back. As I skipped on home, I sat down in the grass to count my pennies and went on home without the bucket and soap. I was very promptly sent back to get the bucket and soap from where I had left it.

Since my birthday was in January and we didn't have a kindergarten in our school, we started in the first grade. The teacher was Mary Van Fredenburg and she would let me start in the fall when I was just five. Mother could never get it across to me that I wasn't to go home at recess, so she finally gave up and started the next year. The thing that contributed to my delinquency was the fact that Aunt Blanche Nicholson was visiting us from Florida. She had brought her grandson Billy Nicholson with her and he was close to my age. We both had the red measles this time when she was visiting. Billy really aggravated me at times as he lisped when he talked and he would always say, "I'm going to 'kith' you," as he lisped.

In our rural area bathtubs were uncommon; galvanized washtubs most often were used. Besides the scarcity of bathtubs, most country homes lacked running water in the house. Water was carried in from an outside pump and heated in a copper boiler set on a kitchen range or in a reservoir connected to the wood/coal cookstove. As you have probably guessed, we only had a bath on a Saturday night just before going to bed. Our hair was washed and sometimes my mother would roll our hair up on strips of rags and tie it. This would make beautiful curls.
Mother always kept my sisters hair in long curls but I was tender-headed and she had a hard time getting my hair combed much less curled in ringlets; so very early in the game my hair was cut short and a big ribbon put on top of my head.

Back in the days before radio and TV mom used to read stories to us of an evening and some of them I can still remember yet. I wasn't very big as we still had the coal oil lamps. One time I was sitting on the organ stool and Clarissa was sitting on a chair next to Dad. We got rather fidgety and giggly and Dad got irritated with us, so he slapped Clarissa and she knocked me off the stool in the process — then we really were giggly.

I can remember every time Dad paddled me and what it was for. One morning we were sitting at the breakfast table, I wasn't very old. We sat around a large table and Clarissa and I sat on a big bench next to Dad who sat at the head of the table. We had hot biscuits and gravy. Clarissa was putting gravy on my biscuit and she left the spoon in my plate — sure did make me mad. I reached over and bit her on the arm. Didn't take long for Dad to grab me up and set me in the middle of the floor; he spanked me until I wet my pants. That's the first time I learned a hard lesson.

We always had family prayer of a morning when I was a kid. One morning we were in the process of prayer when in walked the man who lived in the next block (who wasn't L.D.S.) He was afraid of our dog but my parents immediately made him feel at ease.

When we were kids at home still, each summer the Chautauqua came to town for a week. They tried setting up a tent in the town square but that didn't work very well and was too expensive as the artists were paid. Thereafter it was held in the Stake House. This group was real culture; they would have games for us and teach us little songs and then they would perform for us. They were real artists who would perform for us. I can still remember the lady who played the violin and the man with the rich tenor voice who sang "My Wild Irish Rose." I wasn't very big but I sure was impressed. This was one of the things that was on the yearly budget ticket that Dad paid the church each year.

I attended school at Manassa, Colorado graduating from high school in 1936 and I also graduated from Seminary. As you can see I was raised in the church and baptized at eight years of age.

Dad would raise acres of garden variety of peas and sell them to the canning factory. This meant we had to pick them and we kids were paid so much a pound for this task. This gave us money to buy school clothes each fall. My dad was very conscientious in paying his tithing. One summer I was out in the field with dad when the hail hit. It roared across the sky for some time before it hit. It skipped over dad's field and hit some of his neighbors. One year there was so much hail we used it in an ice cream freezer to make ice cream.

Clarissa and I used to stay nights with Sister Dotson. She was an older lady who lived alone and the church took care of her and paid Clarissa so much a week to stay there. We went over there after she had gone to bed and we had to light a coal oil lamp and we slept in a feather bed. Clarissa
always undressed faster than I did and then she'd blow out the light. She would always say "Something's under the bed." Boy, would I dive into that bed clothes and all. I was about nine or ten years old.

Since I was the youngest child in our family, my elder brothers and sisters were married soon after I was born and have children close to my own age.

The worst time I can remember was when Elmer came home from Denver blind and his three children were already there at our house. Clarissa and I were still at home when in September Marion and Inez got married and moved in for the winter. Clarissa and Earl got married in October 10, 1931 and moved to Alamosa to live. There wasn't enough room for that many people in that little house, so I went to Newel to sleep. Newel and Mabel had come to farm for Dad. Before the winter was over I had a severe case of tonsillitis or quinsy as the old timers called it. My parents friends would tell them what to do for me and I think they tried it all and I never came so near dying, but didn't.

Sometime later Marion and Inez moved to Alamosa; Elmer married Elva Johnson and moved into a place of their own. I graduated from high school in 1936. That fall I went to Denver to Success Business College where I graduated in 1938. Elias paid for part of my tuition and I worked for my room and board.

I'm sure one of my mother's chief worries was the fact that her sister, Laura lived in Denver and she was not only an agnostic, but a Socialist as well. Mom had a fear that Aunt Laura would influence me with her way of life. She needn't have worried as I had been taught a way of life that Aunt Laura couldn't influence.

Since these were Depression days, jobs were practically nonexistent, so I went to Mancos, Colorado to visit my sister Verna Hess and family. Eventually I started going with Ray Matlock. I met him the year before when I visited the Hesses. He was going with a girl friend of mine at the time. One time Ray took me down this winding lane in Mancos that didn't seem to go anywhere, but at the end of the road his grandmother Campbell lived in a little log house. It was obvious Ray dearly loved his grandmother. By this time I knew he was serious about me when he introduced me to his grandmother.

She made a fruit cake that Ray liked real well but when he would ask her for the recipe, she would say she used a pinch of this and a pinch of that. But one time Ray said "Grandma one of these days you will die and that cake recipe will go with you." She sat down and gave him the recipe cup by spoon — no more pinch of this and pinch of that.

Ray and I were married Oct. 12, 1938 in Farmington, New Mexico and we lived in Mancos, Colorado for two years. Our first child, Clinton Thomas Matlock was born June 21, 1940 in a two room cabin south of Mancos. I had a one armed doctor — Dr. Trotter and my sister Verna in attendance.

We lived west of Mancos first as Ray had been farming for Bill Menefee but then we moved up south of Mancos on the School Section in the two room cabin where Tom was born. We were just beneath Mesa Verde. There were all
kinds of animals up there that I had never seen before. Ray ran seven deer up in our yard one day and wouldn't kill one of them. They had been protected up on Mesa Verde and weren't afraid of us.

We had a garden down the hill where Carl and Elgie Bauer lived and our little dog would always follow me down the hill. I would crawl thru the fence and at one place I always heard a rustling and the dog would really raise a ruckus. One time Ray and the dog went down thru the trees and at that same spot he killed a rattlesnake with ten rattlers.

When Tom was a tiny baby I was going to walk down to the road about a mile away and ride back up with Ray when he was coming from work. That afternoon I heard coyotes out at the corral and then a cry like a small child who was worn out from crying. I didn't know what it was at the time. I went ahead and walked down to ride back with Ray. I had to lay Tom down to crawl thru the fence, as I walked down thru the wheat field on my way to the road. That night after we had gone to bed the neighbors just below us came up and woke us up to see if we knew of any child that was lost. They had heard the crying too. It was a cougar or mountain lion that had evidently followed me down through the wheat field to the neighbors. Carl Bauer went out the next day and tracked it down and killed it. (It wasn't against the law then).

After we were married Ray worked for the Bureau of Roads and on the cement of the water tank at Mesa Verde. We took out a Homestead below Carl and Elgie's place and nearer the road. Ray was building us a house there and had a good time getting the irrigation water to go around the hill to water our garden.

By this time jobs were quite scarce in the Mancos area where they had been seasonal any way. Several of Ray's family had gone to Leadville and were working at Climax in the molybdenum mines. They talked Ray into moving to Leadville too. So we moved to Leadville (the highest incorporated city in the world). So we spent two years in Leadville.

Duane was born in Leadville, Colorado in July 19, 1943. The doctor didn't think his organs worked or that his food agreed with him. So when he was a couple months old, Dr. Easton brought us to Clarissa's in Alamosa to the care of Dr. Best. Dr. Easton felt if we took him down out of the high altitude gradually and took him to sea level, he would be ok. Dr. Best didn't turn out to be that great. In the meantime, Newel came in to Clarissa's as Mabel was in the hospital at Del Norte and Clarissa had been taking care of Louana also. Newel suggested we have someone administer to Duane. So he got Leonard Haynie and they administered to Duane and promised him he would live and preach the gospel to the nations of the earth.

Earl came back from wherever he was and we took Duane to Dr. Anderson who told me he was in his last stages, if he lived it would be a miracle. So he gave me some medicine that made Duane gag, as a result, I held him in my arms all night.

The next morning we put him back on his formula and took him back to Dr. Anderson. He said, "You did wonders with that baby. I expected him to be gone." Duane gradually improved and we moved to Grand Junction, Colorado. We put Duane's basket on the bus and Ray met us in Salida and we came to Grand Junction, Colorado.
Ray had found a job working for the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad as a carmen's helper and eventually a carman. Dr. Easton who took care of us in Leadville, went to Fairplay, Colorado and committed suicide – he was a drug addict.

Ray made just half as much money working on the railroad as he had made at Climax, so he was tempted to go back many times. We couldn’t find a house to rent so Ray found this house on Seventh and Ute that they wanted to sell quite badly. So he had saved some bonds and we still had some cows and such in Mancos we could sell, so we could manage a down payment and then take over the payments. So we bought the house at 742 Ute Avenue. This was to be until the war was over and we were going on to California but we didn’t make it.

Duane continued to improve, in fact I took him to Dr. Groom a baby doctor, in Grand Junction. He looked him over and told me he was perfectly normal and he couldn’t find anything wrong with him. He changed Duane’s formula and he got along find from then on.

By the time Duane was five and Tom eight years old, I could see where my marriage was falling apart. So I went to Mesa College for one quarter to work on my shorthand again. My first job was at the Chamber of Commerce working for W. M. Wood as Director. I hadn’t much more than started working there when my mother died Feb. 8, 1949 in Phoenix, Arizona. The railroad had transferred Ray to Salida, Colorado to work, but he came home to look after the kids and the house and I went to Alamosa and stayed with Clarissa and Earl who had a new baby, William Ronald Brown. They had flown mother’s body home but Elias brought Dad home by train as he wouldn’t fly.

When I came back after a few days, Ray had gone back to Salida and the boys were farmed out to friends and the neighbors were taking care of the house (wood stoves and such). I went on working at the Chamber of Commerce until spring came and I knew I couldn’t direct the tourists who came in because I didn’t know the country that well. So I went to work at the Boy Scouts of America that had started here not many years previously. I worked for Ed Mc Ardle and Earl King. I worked there for two years while Tom got into Cub Scouts and I was den mother for five years to include Duane too. Ray was transferred back to Grand Junction and he was Cubmaster for a time too.

After a couple years at the Boy Scouts, I went to work for the Welfare Department where I stayed for six years working for Lew Wallace as Director. I had a terrible inferiority complex when I went to work there but when I left I no longer had it, as I had left it there and I had a better opinion of myself too.

Tom went to the Boy Scout Jamboree at Irving Ranch in California in the summer of 1953.

My dad died in 1956 (July 5) and the boys and I went home to his funeral. In 1957 I went to work for the Atomic Energy Commission where I was to work for sixteen years. Duane went to the Boy Scout Jamboree at Valley Forge, in July of 1957 and turned 14 years of age while he was gone. We always teased him about sending him to Scout Camp or the Jamboree to keep from giving him a present.
While I worked at the A.E.C. both boys went on missions - Tom to South Brazil to learn Portuguese and Duane to the Gulf States Mission to talk like a southerner. They both graduated from college and were married and on their own when there was a Reduction in Force at the A.E.C. and I was let out of my job. I received severance pay for one year and Unemployment Insurance for another year.

Ray and I had been separated for many years and were finally divorced when Tom was in Brazil. I kept the house and Ray bought property at 782-26 Rd that he called "The Rancho."

By this time I had two years where I didn't have to work, so I got out my genealogy and decided it was time we found some of the answers we had been wanting to know, as the parentage of my grandfather, William Gustavis Carr.

I went home to visit my parents one summer when Duane was still in diapers and I stayed for one month. Mother helped me write the history of her life and of her parents histories; and Dad helped me write the history of his life and of his parents. At this time I also copied mother's genealogy notes and all, on both families, hers and my Dad's.

So later when I started looking in Ohio for a Rev. John Carr who was a Presbyterian minister there; I looked into every home in Ohio by the name of John Carr and my grandfather, William Gustavis Carr, didn't fit into any of them. I had literally turned Ohio inside out looking for Carrs and Uncle Billy Haskell, where grandpa had lived from the time he was ten years old when his mother, Lucy Haskell had died.

About this time I started working in the genealogy library here in Grand Junction and finally was set apart as librarian and the blessing was I was promised my working in the library "Would be the greatest missionary work I would put forth in my lifetime." Of course, I thought it would be the people coming into the library for me to help, but that was just the tip of the iceberg, it would be my own people.

About this time my nephew, Jerry Gibson called me from Denver, Colorado to see what I knew about Rev. John Carr. The only thing I had that he didn't was the history my mother had helped me write for her father which included some about her grandparents. I xeroxed the history of William G. Carr and sent it to Jerry. In a couple days Jerry called me and said, "I found them, Aunt Blanche." I thought to myself, he's got to be kidding. But he wasn't.

Jerry had gone into the library in Denver and pulled the book off the shelf of "Vital Statistics for Rochester, Mass. before 1850" and the book had opened to the page that gave my great grandmother's death in Meigs Co. Ohio in 1849; her husband was a Presbyterian minister in Ohio. She was Lucy Haskell Cobb. Everything was perfect except the last name was wrong. They had come from Massachusetts originally. Jerry sent me copies of what he had found and it threw around the house for a few days, as it was unbelievable. Finally I picked it up and came to the conclusion Grandpa Carr had changed his name, but I didn't know why.
I called Jerry and asked him how he had found that and he said, "No matter what he went to the library for that book ended up in his hands." I said, "Jerry, you had my mother breathing down your neck." He said, "I know and she gave me no peace until I got that into the hands of someone who could decipher it." Jerry had found the key to our problem. Jerry had also sent me the census of 1850 for Rochester, Mass. and William Cobb and his sister, Lucy Cobb were in the home of Uncle Billy Haskell.

Finally I came to the conclusion Grandpa Carr had changed his name from Cobb to Carr, but I didn't know why until much later. I made a trip to Salt Lake to the library and found William Galbraith Cobb was sealed to his parents Rev. Nathaniel Cobb and Lucy Haskell along with seven brothers and sisters by a fifth cousin six times removed.

My mother had always wanted to join the Daughters of the American Revolution (DAR) as she thought she might find some of the answers on the parentage of her father if she could get into their records. So Lucy Haskell Cobb's father was Lot Haskell and he had been in the Revolutionary War. So I sent to the DAR and got the record of whoever had sent in to join under his name and it turned out to be Cobb cousins. I wrote to the name on the pedigree chart and it went from one to another until it came to Lucile Benner Craig and she sent me Bible records and pictures of the Cobb and Haskell families. She was a great family historian too and knew a great deal about them all.

One time she wrote and said, "We have a cousin who lives in Boulder, Colo. why don't you write to her?" So I did, and as soon as she got my letter, she called me as she knew who my grandfather was. She had a terrible time convincing me that my grandfather had deserted from the Union Army. He knew he had disgraced the family and was afraid of being shot, so he changed his name from William Galbraith Cobb to William Gustavis Carr; and re-enlisted in the army under the second name and served three years under that name and never saw his family again.

The cousin, Miriam Cobb Wallace right away sent me the Xerox copies of 75 letters written during the Civil War and part of them were my grandfather's. After three big battles in Missouri, his general was killed - General Lyons and many of the young fellows deserted.

My grandfather and his two brothers were all in the Civil War. His eldest brother, Nathaniel Oliver Cobb was killed in service, but the second brother, John Cotton Haskell Cobb became a Captain in the Union Army and outlived them all.

My cousin, Miriam Cobb Wallace or Dot, always wanted to have the Civil War letters published, so she started talking about us doing a book on the Cobb-Carr families. Lucile Craig wrote the history for her grandfather, John Cotton Haskell Cobb; Miriam wrote on her great grandfather, Nathaniel Oliver Cobb and I wrote the history of my grandfather, William Galbraith Cobb or William Gustavis Carr. It was to me like writing about two different men. We had the pictures on each family and genealogy, so we looked to find someone to publish a book that we could afford. So I wrote to many publishing houses and finally settled on one in Iowa. I found myself typing pages getting ready to send to the printers.
Miriam or Dot started getting sick and they went from one doctor to another and finally her husband took her to the medical center in Denver and they found she had cancer of the brain. She wouldn't let them give her chemotherapy or operate, so they just kept her comfortable and she didn't live six months after that. I went to Boulder to see her and she gave me her photo album to bring home as she didn't know who the people were in most of them. I took pictures of pictures and sent them back to Ohio to see if Lucile could identify any of them.

I learned to take pictures of old pictures with my camera. I wanted to fly back to Elyria, Ohio and see my cousin, Lucile Craig but I couldn't get anybody to go with me, so eventually I went to the Mesa Travel Bureau to see what I could do and I flew in and out of Cleveland, Ohio on a super saver ticket. I had told Lucile I would stay at a hotel and see her when she felt like having me. (She and her husband were in their eighties). But Lucile had her daughter-in-law, Peg meet me at the plane and take me directly to her house where she didn't let me out of her sight for a solid week. I knew Lucile had fourteen family Bibles and pictures of the family, but I wasn't prepared for all the heirlooms she had.

She had the biggest spinning wheel I had ever seen and it was in mint condition. She had my grandmother's sterling silverware with her initials on it (L.H) for Lucy Haskell. When I saw all those Bibles and five of them were of our family of Cotton, Cobb, Haskell, I couldn't believe it. The Cobb family Bible gave that William G. Cobb was missing in action as they didn't want anybody to know he had deserted from the Army.

I took pictures of old pictures with my camera while I was in Ohio. I would get the names and addresses of cousins, aunts and uncles everywhere and would write and tell them I was doing a book on the Cobb-Carr family and wanted their genealogy to go in it. They sent me pictures and more of the Civil War letters also. The genealogy was complete with references, so all I had to do was send it in to have the work done for my own people.

Miriam died before we got the book to the printers. She was going to furnish half the money to publish the book, but she died before we got that far. I was about to give up the project when Miriam died as I couldn't finance it alone. About that time cousins everywhere started writing and wanting to know the price of the book, and they would send me the money for however many books they wanted. (They didn't know I was having trouble in financing it). By the time I was ready to send it to the publishers, I had the other half of the money in this way.

When I came back from Ohio I went to work combining the book and getting it ready to go to the printers. I was working at the Mesa County Department of Social Services where I had been for four years, as I wasn't quite 62 years yet to retire. I sent the manuscript to the publishers on Saturday the last of August 1978 and went back to work Monday morning and was fired from my job for not doing all the work they gave me. The timing was perfect.

My concern this time was that I was 60 years old and who was going to hire me as I was nearing retirement. I had good references and work experience but that didn't help. I couldn't collect unemployment unless I hired a lawyer and met with them and the Attorney General and it would have cost more than it was worth, besides I wanted to work. So the only Unemployment
I collected was what the state paid and I collected it during December, January and February 1978-1979. It was the coldest and icy a period as I had ever seen in Grand Junction. I paid my tithing on it any way.

Tom had just put me in a new gas furnace and during this time the gas meter broke — it wasn't registering any gas, but I was warm as I was getting gas thru the meter — it just wasn't registering. During December the gas meter reading was $6.00 for gas so it was broke then; during January they had to estimate it and it was $35.00. About this time they fixed it and February was $35.00 for gas. Kathie said to me about this time, "Don't you complain to me about a thing with the way the Lord looks after you.

By this time I was 61 years old and no job. When spring came Duane was having some difficulty with his teaching job in Fruits, so we fasted and prayed about both situations. A man in my ward at church was in charge of the CETA program in several states. He told me one Sunday to go to Colorado Employment and tell them to put me on CETA, which they did because of my age.

Duane had told me I would find a job where I could walk to work and I would just love it. He also found a job with more money but they moved to Moab, Utah in the meantime.

I went in several times to see about jobs but one Monday morning I went in and they asked me if I hadn't worked for the Boy Scouts at one time. I said, "Yes, I had many years previously." They gave me a card sending me to see John Thurston at the Boy Scouts. Of course he hired me and Duane was right, I just loved it. CETA paid my salary for that year and by January, 1980 I was 62 years old so I put in for my Federal retirement and Social Security, so Boy Scouts couldn't pay me a full salary. I dearly loved all of them and especially the Thurston family. They were a great bunch to work with and this was a wonderful experience for me.

In the spring of 1982 I decided to quit working and finish another book I had started and researched on Wallace and Carr or the rest of Grandpa Carr's family and my grandma Carr's family also. I didn't know how I would finance this one. But I hadn't any more than come home when Clem Schurr, my neighbor across the alley told me I could get Railroad Retirement now as they had changed the law. So I went down and put in for it and the man told me I wouldn't hear from it for about five months. Six months went by and I hadn't heard anything so I went back down to the man and talked to him. He told me he would call the Railroad Retirement Board when he got back to Denver and would let me know. He called and told me they had made me out a check for five months and then I would get it monthly from then on.

I went ahead and finished the book and sent the estimate sheet to the company on what it would cost for what I wanted done. They sent it back that it would cost $1500 for what I wanted them to do. I still didn't know how I was going to finance the book only borrow from my savings.

I went to Provo, Utah to a Gibson family reunion and when I came back the railroad check was here. It was for $1630 for the five months so I sent the manuscript on the book and the $1500. When the company gets through with the publishing, binding the book and shipping it back to me, they send me a bill for the remainder. Would you believe it was...
for $160.00. That took care of the $1630 very nicely. So when I got the books they were paid for and mine, so I could be as generous as I pleased with them.

After a time I was bored at being at home and needed to be out with people so I went back to work for John Thurston and the Boy Scouts two days a week as registrar. It was soon after this that the church divided Grand Junction into two stakes involving 13 wards, so it took a lot of work to register all the units involved and divide all the boys and adults off. One day John said to me "This is a special calling for you isn't it?". He realized how much work this was for me.

As time went on I started getting sick and they thought I was having heart attacks, but after a session for a time with Dr. Webel, a heart specialist, they came to the conclusion most of my trouble was my gall bladder. So after an operation I slowly improved.

John Thurston got a job in the National Office of the Boy Scouts of America in Texas, so the Thurstons moved to Texas and we had a new executive, Karl Rowley. Eventually I retired altogether and came home to do a book on the Gibson family.

Children of Raymond LeRoy and Blanche Haskell Gibson Matlock are:

1. Clinton Thomas Matlock was born June 21, 1940 in Mancos, Colorado. He went to the Boy Scout Jamboree in 1953 at Irving Ranch, Calif. and went to school in Grand Junction, Colo. graduating from high School in 1958, and went one year to the Colorado School of Mines. Then he went on a mission for the L.D.S. Church to South Brazil coming home in Feb. 1963 and went back to school at Mesa College where he met Mary Ann Schroeder. They were married Aug. 19, 1964 in the Salt Lake Temple and went to B.Y.U where he graduated and is teaching math in Jr. High at Orem, Utah. The children of Tom and Mary Ann Matlock are: Donna Ruth, Diane Rebecca and Nicholas Thomas Matlock.

2. Raymond Duane Matlock was born July 19, 1943 in Leadville, Colo. We came to Grand Junction when he was three months old. He went to Boy Scout Jamboree in 1957 at Valley Forge, Pa. He graduated from high school in 1962 and went one year to school at Ft. Lewis College in Durango. Then he was called on a mission to the Gulf States in Mississippi, Louisiana and Tennessee.

When he returned he was inducted into service; so he went into the Navy for four years. He was on the Constellation loading the planes with bombs for Viet Nam. He was sent to Jacksonville, Fla for training for a short period of time and when he came home on leave, Kathie Davis met him here. They had gone together since they were sixteen years old. They decided it was time they got married, so when he came home on leave they were married in the Salt Lake Temple Dec. 6, 1965. After his tour of duty was over they came back and he went to Mesa College and then to Ft. Lewis College where he graduated. He then taught school in Fruita for seven years, then to Moab, Utah where he has worked for Rio Algom for seven years. Their children are: Sandra Christine and Tracie Lynn Matlock.
Blanche Haskell Gibson at graduation 1936

Blanche Gibson and old Shep

Blanche H. Matlock from my badge at the AEC

Clarissa and Blanche as children.
Duane & Tom Matlock as children

Tom Matlock and his bagpipes and kilts of the Campbell clan.

Tom and Blanche Matlock on Temple Square just before he left for South Brazil

Tom Matlock as a missionary to South Brazil
Duane Matlock in the Navy

Ray and Blanche Matlock in Grand Junction, Colorado

Ray and Duane Matlock in San Diego when Duane was in the Navy.

Elder Moss and Duane Matlock as missionaries in Gulf States Mission.
The children of Tom and Mary Ann Matlock: Donna, Diane and Nicholas.

Children of Duane & Kathic Matlock are: Sandie and Tracie Matlock.
## Ancestor Chart

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Ancestor</th>
<th>Relation</th>
<th>Birth Date</th>
<th>Birth Place</th>
<th>Marital Status</th>
<th>Spouse</th>
<th>Death Date</th>
<th>Death Place</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Anna Eliza Campbell</td>
<td>6 Nov. 1887</td>
<td>Woodbine, Harrison, IA</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>25 June 1968</td>
<td>Durango, LaPlata, Colo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Martin Luther Matlock</td>
<td>16 Apr. 1849</td>
<td>Burlington, Des Moines, IA</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>12 Dec. 1933</td>
<td>Montrose, Montrose, CO</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Laura Isabelle Dixon</td>
<td>10 Feb 1852</td>
<td>Lowell, Henry, IA</td>
<td>Married</td>
<td></td>
<td>30 Jan 1905</td>
<td>Delta, Delta, CO</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Cumming Campbell</td>
<td>16 Feb 1857</td>
<td>Melborn, Quebec, Canada</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>18 Nov 1941</td>
<td>Mancos, Montezuma, Colo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>Eliza Ward</td>
<td>17 Nov 1866</td>
<td>Richmond Jct., Quebec, Can.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>17 Nov 1941</td>
<td>Mancos, Montezuma, CO</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td></td>
<td>3 Sept 1826</td>
<td>Ohio</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>1 Dec 1916</td>
<td>LaManda Park, Los Angeles, Calif.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>Edmond Dixon</td>
<td>1803</td>
<td>Virginia</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>1848</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td></td>
<td>21 Sept 1818</td>
<td>Floyd County, IND</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>26 Apr 1884</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>Kenneth Campbell</td>
<td>1 Jan 1805</td>
<td>Rossshire, Scotland</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>1887</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>Jonathan Ward</td>
<td>1831 (Census)</td>
<td>London, England</td>
<td>Married</td>
<td>Sarah Holmes</td>
<td>1914</td>
<td>Cleveland, Quebec, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td></td>
<td>1834 (Census)</td>
<td>London, England</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>1884</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Ray's history tells about this check from Climax, Colorado.

Ray and the two boys Tom and Duane when they were small.

Ray playing with the boys, Tom & Duane when they were small.

Tom fishing on the bridge at Grandma Gibson's house.
RAYMOND LEROY MATLOCK was born December 9, 1910 at Roubidoux, Delta, Colorado. He was the third child of nine born to Clinton Thomas and Anna Eliza Campbell Matlock. Their children were: Hugh Clinton, Elgie Anna, Raymond LeRoy, Kenneth, Gladys Louise, Irwin Elwood, Laura Belle, Nellie Eliza and Ada Evelyn Matlock.

Raymond went to school in a one room school house with several grades all together. He was quite bright and learned his lessons and some of the others too. Many times he went to school barefoot for a while until it got too cold. He remembered going with his father in the team and wagon to cut a Christmas tree and bringing it back to their house to decorate with popcorn and cranberries and such. He also remembered his grandparents, Cumming and Eliza Campbell and others putting in the waterwheels to pump the water up where they wanted it to run to irrigate the crops. This always fascinated him and he had pictures of many of the water wheels, but the venture failed as it was too expensive to operate.

When Ray was eleven or twelve years old the Matlock family moved to Mancos, Colorado where his grandparents, Cumming and Eliza Campbell had already moved. He went to school in Mancos and played basketball.

He was in the CCC during the depression that brought some money home. His parents had separated and Ray farmed and milked cows, worked at the Mesa Verde National Park to help raise the younger brother and sisters.

As he said, at fifteen years of age he became smarter than the teachers so he left school and went to Denver and worked for his room and board and went to school - Opportunity School. He lived on 14th and Madison in Denver. I also lived on 14th and Madison eleven years later. After we were married we got to arguing about the arrangement of the house in which we lived, as I worked for my room and board also on 14th and Madison. We sat down and drew off the rooms of the house and finally came to the conclusion the two houses were across the alley from each other and were built by the same plan. One of the things he studied at Denver Opportunity was art.

At sixteen years of age he joined the Army and was subsequently sent to Panama with the Corps of Engineers. After a few months of this he got homesick and wrote to his parents and they sent his birth certificate and he was sent home. (Underage for the Army). He went back to school and graduated from high school in Mancos, Colorado.

When Ray came back from Panama, he went to Colorado Springs looking for work. He was hired by a family by the name of Henry to work on their dairy farm. They also had range cows. They lived about sixteen miles out of Colorado Springs. He helped gather the corn and stayed about a year. Part of that time he worked just for his room and board.

Ray worked for the Bureau of Roads summers - building the Knife Edge Road back at Mesa Verde National Park many times, as it would slide down the mountain. I believe that section has been abandoned now. He helped build the water tank at Mesa Verde - helping with the cement work.

Ray adored his Grandma Campbell and one day he took me down this winding road, almost to nowhere it seemed. But at the end of this road down McElmo Canyon in Mancos, his grandparents lived. His grandmother was a very sweet
little lady and his grandfather Campbell talked of history of Scotland, as his parents were right out of Scotland to Canada. But he was getting very forgetful and would get started telling me something interesting about his parents or Scotland history and then would forget and I couldn't get him back on it again.

Ray and I were married Oct. 12, 1938 in Farmington, New Mexico. Ray had been farming and he had some milk cows on Bill Menefee's land west of Mancos so we went back to this house where Ray's mother also lived. We spent the winter there with coal oil lamps, wood stoves, and carrying water into the house, washing on the board and ironing with flat irons.

The next year Bill Menefee decided he wanted somebody else to farm his land, so we moved to the School Section above Uncle Carl Bauer's place just south of Mancos. We lived in a little shack of a house and hauled our water from town or melted snow for water. Ray went on working for the Bureau of Roads when he could. Tom was born in this little house June 20, 1940.

When Tom was still a baby we moved down over the hill near a creek in a little house that belonged to Uncle Carl Bauer and we spent the winter there. We then took out a Homestead still south of Uncle Carl Bauer's house. We built a little house on the land. Ray still worked at the Park and later at Vallecito Dam near Bayfield; he worked in the cement part again. Tom and I stayed in Mancos at our little house.

By the time World War II had started and we didn't find that much work in Mancos or the area. Ray's brother, Hugh and family, sisters, Gladys and Ralph Leonhardy and Laura (Tot) and Delbert Halliday had all gone to work at Climax and they talked us into moving to Leadville, so Ray went to work at Climax too. This was 1941.

We lived in two different houses in Leadville and were they loaded with antiques. We slept in a brass bed in one house. We had running water in the house with an outhouse. We had a coal stove. I think we paid something like $50.00 for the house and sublet the front for $25.00.

Ray was working at Climax and they were working seven days a week and ten hour days mining molybdenum and Ray got tired and took a couple days off, so he got the Victory check showing how much more he would have gotten if he hadn't taken time off.

One other time Ray came off shift at 3:00 P.M. and Oscar Leonhardy relieved him and Oscar was killed at 5:00 p.m. by a falling rock working at the same spot where Ray had worked all day. Ray went back to work at that same spot but his brother-in-law, Ralph Leonhardy saw to it that Ray was put to driving the train to bring the ore out of the mine, and this is what he did the rest of the time he was at Climax.

Leadville was a place where even the dirt stunk. Duane was born there July 19, 1943 and when it was too high for him to survive, I went to Clarissa and Earl Brown's with two children, one of them they weren't sure would make it. Ray went to Grand Junction looking for work, so we moved again. We were to bring Duane down out of the altitude gradually, so from here we were going on to California.
We couldn't find anything to rent as it was still war time and the town was full of working people. We finally found this house that some people were trying to sell as the woman's husband was working in Utah. Ray went to work as a carmen helper on the railroad for about half what he was making at Climax, something like $125.00 a month. He wanted to be a brakeman or fireman, but he was color blind. We moved into the house with hot and cold water, a bath, but we had coal stoves. We didn't have any living room furniture for quite some time.

By the time Duane was five years old, I could see where our marriage was falling apart, so we were separated off and on and finally divorced when Duane was in high school and Tom was on a mission to Brazil.

Ray worked nights and would come and eat breakfast with Duane when he was in high school. I had already gone to work. Duane wouldn't let his dad stay out of contact. He would ride his bicycle out to the ranch and tell his dad to come have dinner with us or whatever. He had bought some property out on North First Street or 26 Road and built a basement house on it.

As time went on, Tom and Duane were both missionaries for the L.D.S. Church, Tom going to South Brazil and Duane to the Gulf States; they both graduated from college, married and had families of their own. Tom settled in Orem, Utah and Duane moved to Fruita and taught school at Fruita Elementary in the fifth grade for seven years.

Sandie used to talk of going out to pop's ranch with him - she was something like three years old. They would go out and irrigate the garden and he would let her pick cherry tomatoes and then take her down into the basement house and fix a sandwich out of potted meat. She thought potted meat was the most wonderful stuff in the whole wide world until she got older and read on the can what was in it and then she wouldn't eat it. She had a whole sandwich made out of it and Frances Bechtold said, "Do you know what that's made out of Sandie?" She read on the can and took her sandwich and fed it to the dog, and the dog wouldn't eat it. She said, "I can't believe Pop Pop fed me that stuff."

Duane and Kathie had asked Ray to come over and see the kids in their Halloween costumes and when he came he was sick so they kept him and he was there from then on for three years. He had emphysema from smoking since he was a little kid and also diabetes. As Duane said, "When pop was there with us for three years, we had a captive audience. He wasn't going anywhere and he told us many things he didn't tell before. He was quite a philosopher.

When Tracie would do something wrong, she knew they were wrong but pop was her champion. Pop would never take their part, he would just listen and talk to them. Both Sandie and Tracie would go into pop and they knew mom wouldn't dare go in there.

Ray would always give Sandie and Tracie some M&M's every time they did something for him. They would clean his breathing machine or do something in the house and he'd give them a big handful. They said if they took more than he told them he knew it. They thought he counted them. He had a big square medicine cardboard box and he kept the candy in the drawer of the dresser grandma bought when Sandie was born. It had the two little drawers in the top and he kept the box in one of those drawers. Whenever it would get low, he
would give Kathie the money to go down and buy him a pound of M&M's or whatever it would take to fill that box up. He never ran out, he always had M&M's for the kids.

One time Sandie and Tracie were here at my house, I was baby sitting for some reason and I was feeding them lunch. Sandie decided she wasn't going to eat the food and Tracie backed her up; she wasn't going to eat it. In the middle of this, in the back door comes Pop and in his kind way he let them know that was no way to treat grandma and before very long they decided to eat the food and do what grandma wanted done.

The fish stories with Tracie started on an Easter weekend when they all went to Lake Powell with the Davis grandparents for Easter. They were all camping down there. Kathie tells the story from here: Dad used live bait for bass fishing and he had gone down to the marina and got a bucket of these water dogs or salamanders (mudpuppies). They are really ugly little things but they are kinda cute as they have little hands in front or it looks like little arms. Tracie was about three. They really fascinated her and she would stand and watch them swimming around in the bucket. When we came back from that fishing trip Pop was asking Tracie how she had enjoyed it. Tracie started telling him about this friend she had met down there. So Pop encouraged her, "Well, who was your friend?" She said, "The fish came up out of the water and came up by the fire to warm its little hands." Pop went on and encouraged her, "Well, did your friend have a name?" She thought for a minute and she said, "Yeah, its name was Julie." So this was the beginning of Tracie's friend. It lasted for a long time. She would tell all these things that she and this little friend had done together. She talked Julie.

On her birthday that year we went to Buckeye Reservoir and Pop was fascinated by these stories and he wrote them down on the margin of newspapers, on envelopes and all kinds of things. The Fourth of July weekend, we went up to Buckeye Reservoir, a whole bunch of us; the Bechtels were up there with us. Dad had his boat up there and it was pulled up into a grassy area, kinda like a marshy wet area. Everybody had gone down to the boat. Dad was going to take all the kids for a ride in the boat. Tracie didn't want to go. She stood down there until they got into the boat; she played around for a minute. Pretty soon she started walking up toward camp. She was walking really slow. She had her head down. She had something in her hand up against her chest. She just was talking to it all the way; with her little voice I couldn't hear what she was saying, but she was just talking and laughing, giggling. I turned around and I thought she brought something. I was afraid to even know what she had in her hand and I said, "Tracie, what do you have?" She thought and she looked up and her eyes were really big and she said, "I don't know mom, but it crawls." We went down to see what it was and it was a water dog or salamander and I had never seen any up there before ever. This was a good sized salamander, kinda spotted colored. She said, "Mom, its Julie." She was convinced that Julie had come for her birthday party. Danny Bechtel went and got a bucket, put some rocks in it, some grass and some water and Tracie put Julie down in the bucket and Julie stayed at camp. Tracie was going to bring her home, I had to talk like a Dutch uncle to convince her that if she took Julie home that Julie's mom would be very upset and cry because she had taken Julie.
Sigman Julie - I don't know where the Sigman came from; Signal Julie. When she took the salamander back to the water, Tracie came back and said, "Julie's mom said thanks mom."

Pop was at home, he didn't go fishing, he was almost an invalid by this time; he didn't leave the house except to go to the doctor. This entertained him; I'm sure that he encouraged the stories. He always asked Tracie if she saw Julie this time and she always added to the story (with her child imagination). Tracie would spend hours in there by pop's bed and they would have the darndest story telling time you ever heard.

Tracie was about three years old, just before she turned four. Pop was staying with us and he had the little bedroom just across from the bathroom. He was between Duane and Kathie's bedroom and the girls. Tracie got up to go to the bathroom and the next morning she asked about the lady in light that was in pop's room. Kathie said, "The lady in light" and she said, "Yes, the lady in light standing talking to pop pop." Kathie asked her, "You mean the lady dressed in white?" because that was all she could figure out and then Tracie said, "No, mom, it was a lady in light." Kathie asked "Where was she?" and she showed her mother right where the lady was standing right there at the foot of pop's bed talking to him. Kathie said "It was something I couldn't explain to her but I think somebody was getting ready to come and get pop. It was very close to the time that he died. Tracie turned four the 5th of July and he died the 18th of July."

One time when Ray was in the Mesa Manor I went to visit him and he had always said, "When you're dead, your dead; there is nothing after this life." This time he was talking about the Pearly Gates - The night nurse was there and she asked him if he was ever two people. He said, "Yes, I had walked quite a ways ahead, and my body was back here." She asked him why he came back and he said, "I could hear my grandchildren and I couldn't stand it."

Ray greatly loved history and good books; he always read the classics and the best of literature and instilled this in his children. He loved good music also.

Ray died July 18, 1975 at St. Marys Hospital and is buried at Elmwood Cemetery at Fruita, Colorado.

Ray didn't leave a will as such, but he did write down on pieces of paper everything he had, where it was to be found, and what he wanted Duane to do with it. He had several insurance policies and he told where they were and who the beneficiary was.

The ranch was left to Duane; Tom got the credit union account. He left a whiskey sour to my friend Peggy Robinson, but she died with cancer of the lungs shortly after he did, so that wasn't paid. (She had smoked for many years also).

To his cousin, Lorene Blandin, a five pound box of Whitman Sampler chocolates. Both of these was a bet that had been made years before and he was paying up. We didn't know where Lorene Blandin was or how to contact her, but as of this writing we have discovered she lives in Grand Junction, so we are paying the five pound box of chocolates.
This was taken from Ray's notebook that he told what to do with what he had left.

He also left five silver dollars to his grandchildren but he only had four granddaughters at the time - Nicholas was born after he died. Money for a tether ball for Scooters kids. It seemed to mean a great deal to Ray to leave an inheritance to his family.

A few days after pop's funeral, the show Cinderella or one of the children's movies was playing at the Mesa Theater. Some of the neighborhood kids wanted to go to the movie. So Kathie gathered up the Tomkins kids, the Grebs girls and her own. She had a big car load. The kids were sitting clear in the back of the station wagon. Tracie pipes up and said "Since we planted pop in the ground, if we water him real good, is he going to grow us a new pop pop?" Kathie almost drove off in the borrow pit. Sandie was sitting right there and she looked at Tracie and reached over and put her arm around her shoulders and said, "Now Tracie, it doesn't work that way", and then she proceeded to explain to Tracie that pop was gone - she handled it - it was wonderful. Tracie never had a question about it. That was it, it was all taken care of.
REFERENCES

1. A Story of the Centennial State by Dan Roberts
2. History of the State of Colorado by Frank Hall (Chicago; Blakely Printing Company, 1889-1895, IV pages 91, 92, 93)
5. The Life and Ministry of John Morgan by Arthur Richardson and Nicholas G. Morgan Sr.
12. Film 02733 – Manassa, Colorado L.D.S. Membership Records to 1941. Film 02717 – Eastdale Colorado L.D.S. Church Records

Illustrations:
Grandma Gibson's house – Charlotte Oiler Gibson – was done by Mary Ann Matlock
Home of Charles Henry and Bertha Hayes Carr Gibson drawn by Kathie Matlock.