

March 15th 1976

“For some time Charlotte has been after me to write a story of my life so here goes for a start. The first things I can remember is when my Dad used to help me put on my overalls and finish dressing me. When I was five years old Jack and Emily Tooth, my half sister, came up from Burley to work for Dad. Emily had a little black and white dog that would sit up and do some tricks, a sorta house dog. They had just been there a sort time, the dog and I became good friends. Emily didn't like this as Bosco, the dog, followed me instead of her. I can remember her chasing us all over the place but we were just too fast for her to catch us.”

“My first years of school were in Yost. They had just built a two-room schoolhouse. The first teachers I can remember were Mr. Walkins the principal, and La Rue Bruham, which later married Hanzel Yates. La Rue was my first teacher. One night she was invited home to stay over night. She had me on her lap and I told her I didn't think I'd ever like a homely teacher, but I sure liked her. She often reminded me of that saying.”

“My first years of school we lived in Johnson Creek where Arland Thompson now lives. There was Leo, Emma, Millie and I went to school in a one-horse buggy. I can remember Leo and Emma used to quarrel and fight most of the way going and coming from school. Two years later, Edith, my youngest sister started school. She was two years younger than I. We were close to each other. Later on Dad gave us each a saddle horse and riding outfit, we rode them to school. Those days the winters were a lot worse than we have now. All the lanes and roads were filled to the top of the fences. We would have to go through the fields, any way we could to get to school. Dad had between ten and twelve milk cows, which at the time was a big herd. Edith and I got the job of milking them. We had to use a coil oil lantern in the winter. The cows all had calves on them, we would have to let the calves have their share first then run them out and finish milking the cows. We also had to feed the cows, both milk cows and range cows. Lots of mornings we could hardly see to feed, it was so dark, but we had to do it that way in order to get to school. The minute school was out we were the first to leave the school grounds in order to get night chores done before dark. When I was

eight years old I was baptized in Emer Taylor's pond. That is just east of where Tom Teeter lives now. Mother used to take us to primary in a two-seated white-top buggy. That was also the way we went to church, until the Model T Fords were made. Dad got a Model T Ford Sedan, we really thought we were rich. He didn't know how to run it and wouldn't let nobody else try. He about wrecked it and finally let Leo drive it. That was one way to get Leo to go to church."

"In 1922 & 23 the winters were so cold, Dad bought a house in Ogden. We moved there and went to school. The first school was the Washington school, which wasn't so bad. The next year he bought a house on Adams. We had to go to the Lewis School. We were two weeks late getting started. I didn't like the teacher or the kids, in fact the whole school. I told Dad I wouldn't go there and if he didn't bring me back to Yost I would run away. So he brought me back to Yost. Leo had married Virginia Wright and was taking care of the place and cattle so I lived with them and went to school the rest of that year. The next year Dad bought a house out on 35th. We moved down and went to the Birch Creek School. It was a country school. I liked it pretty good. I went there two years. Then they built another room on the Yost School. I went to the 9th and 10th grade in Yost. That was the end of my school years. The last two years of school Dad took me out of school around the 1st of April. I had to herd the range cattle and keep them off the alfalfa. I had to study what I could at nights at home to finish those two grades. The next two years which was 1927-28, my main jobs was herdin' cattle in the Spring and Summer and feeding them in the winter. Dad run between 300 and 400 head of cattle. Jess Tracy and I rode and gathered cattle for about a month then had to drive them to Kelton to the rail-road station and shipped them to Ogden. We went from there to Park Valley and rode another two weeks gathering cattle that had drifted that way with the Park Valley cattle. The next year Dad decided to feed out a herd of cows. We had to drive them to Kelton around the 1st of November. It took a week to get them from Yost to Kelton. We went from Kelton to Park Valley that time and gathered cattle that was missed on the first round-up. We had around seventy-five head. Some were pretty weak. We brought them over the mountain. We left Park Valley early in the morning and we got on top of the mountain about

sundown. We got into snow drifts from six to ten feet deep. I had the best horse so I had to go ahead and break trail through the drifts. We finally got them to the bottom of the canyon. I was wet and about frozen. Dad was there with a team and sleigh. He had made about three trips with hay. He had some quilts and horse blankets. I was ever glad. He wrapped me up and brought us home. The next day we went back and finally got the cows home. I spent the rest of that winter feeding cattle. We had one herd of cattle here at Oliver where we now live. I hauled them one big load a day. We had another bunch down below Wallace Spencer's field known as the Fred Chadwick field. I hauled them a load a day and the rest on the home place, which was a load a day. So I didn't have any time off. I had two good teams of horses. The wagons in those days were iron which were rough riding and hard to pull."

"Dad decided to build a large crane derrick, which was fifty feet off the ground, which was the high end. After he got it built and up none of the men had . . . or were brave enough to crawl out to the end to thread it. So he turned to me and said, "I guess it is up to you." I tried to get out of it, but when he said crawl up, he meant it. I was the little kid that took the orders, or else. As I got to the end to start to put the rope through, a big whirlwind came through and turned the top about two-thirds the way around, which scared me so bad that I never grew any more. That's the reason I'm so short now."

"In those days there used to be a swimming pool in Almo. All the young people went quite often over there to swim. The west side was around four feet deep but the east end was between six and seven feet. They had a cable across with several ropes and rings hanging down for ones that couldn't swim, and I was one that couldn't swim. One time I jumped from the side for a rope and missed it and went to the bottom. I'd give a hard jump and come up to the top. About the time I'd open my mouth to call for help I'd get a mouth full of water and down I'd go. I was all but gone when I happened to feel the wall. It was all I could do to pull my head above water. At that time Leo happened to see me and come to my rescue. I soon learnt to swim after that. At this time I had never learned to dance. I'll never forget my first dance and the woman I danced with. It was Irene Hall; she was a Mother as well as a dance teacher. She gave me a few instructions on how to dance. But when the music stopped I just left her in the middle of the

floor and run to the bench. She came right after me and taught me a good lesson on how to show a woman to her seat.”

“When I was between fifteen and sixteen years of age Dad leased his ranch to Frank Lee for one year; so he hired me to work for him for \$15 a month during the summer; it was from daylight to dark. I worked ‘till school started. I’ve still got my wages coming. Maybe I’ll collect it in the next world. The next year Dad took the ranch back. My job was herding cows. I had the understanding that I was to keep them off the alfalfa, that was all that I was supposed to do. So, one day everything was under control. Dad and some of his hired men were filling in a wash with brush and rocks. I rode over to see what was going on. Right now he gave me a job which I didn’t like. When I didn’t do it just the way he wanted me to he started to give me holy hell. I jumped off the wagon and run for my horse. He tried to catch me but wasn’t fast enough. I run the horse for home and gathered up my clothes and bed, what I could load on the horse, and took down the road. Mother tried to talk me out of going, but I didn’t listen.”

“I just went over the hill about 1 ½ miles to Mr. Blyth’s place and asked for a job. He put me on the next day. He told me \$60 a month was the best he could do. That included board (meals) and a place to sleep. That was top wages those days, was I ever happy. After three months there Mr. Blyth took all the men on the place out to lamb his sheep, but me he left me there to run the ranch and put me in boss over the place. I worked there for two years. He got sick and leased the ranch to Frank Lee. He took the place over the first of the year, 1925, so I took down the road again.”

“I went to Jack Tooth’s, my brother-in-law, and started working for him lambing sheep and milking cows by hand. I helped him ‘till Spring then went to work for Clarence Cranmer, another brother-in-law, Millie’s husband. He had a band of sheep of 1600 head, the wages was good but I got the job nobody else wanted and that was the drop herd. I had to live and sleep right with them and the rattle snakes, which was plentiful. While we were lambing my younger sister Edith got killed in an auto accident. Edith was the only one home with Ma and Dad. Soon after her death Dad started writing me letters wanting me to come home and help him, offering me part of the place, or any kind of deal I wanted. Clarence had offered me a steady job with

the sheep, with good wages. I helped him finish lambing then quit and went home which was in Little Cotton Wood Canyon, south of Salt Lake City. We had a small farm and milked cows. That lasted for one year. Dad was offered twice what he paid for it, so he sold out. We moved back to Oliver Springs, Idaho in the spring of 1929. Mr. Blyth had 120 acres of land right in the middle of ours so we had to lease it for three years with the option to buy.”

“We started out with an old one-bottom plow, some other horse machinery and a few old work horses and a house that would roast you in the Summer and freeze you in the Winter.”

“Those winters were cold, in fact it was so cold Mother and Dad moved to Ogden in the winter and I watched it and fed the cows and horses. Karl Oman was the mail carrier those days, he went through three days a week. He would stop each trip to see if I was still alive in the winter months. He carried mail a lot of time with team and sleigh. I took care of one of his teams. We started a pond in the fall, when it was so I could, I worked on the pond most of the winter.”

“Morris Smith was the Yost merchant at that time. He was good to stop and bring me supplies and see how I was coming or getting along.”

“We had a crooked road that wound through our field about two miles, so Dad decided to change it. We really had a fight on our hands. I spent a lot of time with four horses on a rail then plow and scrapper, etc. We finally got the Utah Commissioners and Idaho Commissioners together and got it changed to where it is now. We sure had a struggle with most of the Yost people.”

“After leasing the Blyth place for three years we decided we had to buy it to improve the place. My Dad spent all of his time taking care of the water, I did the other farm work.”

“In 1932 and 33 we had a depression. The government bought cattle from \$6 to \$18 a head. Then we had to shoot them and drag them off into a wash. Sheep sold for \$1.50 a head. About the only thing that kept us going was the milk cows. I’ve been in the dairy business ever since. I decided later, or about 1940, to get a few sheep but soon found out they were more trouble than they were worth so I leased them to Don Mecham in Park Valley and gave him money to buy feed for them. He run them for three years. All I got was promises, he couldn’t make ends meet, then to top it all off

While deer hunting he got shot with a stray bullet in the heart. I went over and sold what sheep he had left to John Carter and that ended the sheep business.”

Unfortunately Wallace never did finish his story so I must complete it as best I can from the little bits I picked up from my association with him from 1972 to 1993.

I first met Wallace in the spring of 1972. His son Harold had invited me to the ranch to see if I could consider living there. As I drove into the place I saw coming toward me a little man on a little track cat with dozer. He had a big engaging smile. We liked each other instantly. When I returned home my mother said she believed that I was more in love with Harold's dad than with Harold.

Wallace stood barely 5 feet tall and was all muscle not an ounce of extra fat. He always worked from sun up to noon, took a nap, then worked from about 2:00 to dark. Our girls liked to work with him because he made work almost fun. He was very hard working, honest and always paid his debts as promised. He took his church jobs seriously, was a devoted Home Teacher with his companion Wesley Ward, they took good care of their families. Wallace was the Bishop of the Yost Ward being set apart by Elder Mark E. Peterson and December 3rd 1961. He served until October of

1967 or about six years. During his time as Bishop he directed the construction of the new Yost Ward Building which was completed in 1964. He was a hands on leader and provided equipment and labor for digging the foundation. Harold remembers running the cat. The new building consisted of a very large room with a tile-on-cement floor, great for dancing, with a stage and rest rooms in the back end and a modest kitchen and Bishop's office in the front with a small foyer between. The large front door opened to the West. The building was used by the whole community for holiday celebrations, home comings, weddings, Sunday Meetings, Relief Society, Primary, family reunions and dinners. It is now, 2009, the residence of Em Scott the widow of Bill Scott.

He always had a nice car that he kept well maintained. He paid cash for his cars. I think his first car was a model T Ford that he would drive to N. Ogden to go courting.

The 23rd of January 1940 he married Viola Chatelain in her grandmother's parlor in North Ogden, Utah.

She was just a couple of weeks shy of her 20th birthday at the time. Viola was the oldest of seven children. She had five brothers and one sister. Vi enjoyed working outside and that suited Wallace fine as he was always looking for more hands to help with the place. When he brought his bride home they moved in with his parents in a small 3 roomed house constructed of re-cycled logs. There was a small unfinished basement under the house they poured a cement floor and the newly weds claimed it as their space. It was cool in the summer and cooler in the winter. They hauled the house water from a nearby well. The out-house was just about 50 feet from the back door. There was no electricity and of course no telephone. By and by they acquired a kerosene powered refrigerator and a wind generator that provided inconsistent electricity to the house and barn. They cooked on a wood stove that also provided heat for the house.

In August of 1941 their first son was born. They named him Wallace Kent. In Oct. 1943 their second son and last child, Harold Lee was born. Both boys were born in Ogden, Weber, Utah. Wallace & Viola & the boys were "sealed" in the Logan Temple 24th of Feb 1947. By this time the paternal grand parents had retired and moved to Oakley. Wallace bought the place from his father, William E. Tracy and his mother MaryAnn Holden. William E. died in Oakley, Idaho 12 May, 1948 and is buried in Yost, Utah. Mary Ann died in 1959 and is also buried in Yost.

Wallace continued to work the place with Viola's capable help. As the boys grew they joined their parents in the fields and the milk barn. They tried everything they could to keep a going . They raised turkeys, pigs, beef, chickens, red potatoes and alfalfa seed. The men also did some custom work for neighbors with the equipment Wallace purchased on his excellent credit. He was always looking for ways to improve the place and in about 1955 or 1957 he installed a sprinkling system to irrigate about 150 acres. The whole family packed pipe to get a little water over a lot of ground.

The water was pumped from ponds into the sprinkling systems portable main line. The power to run the pump was generated by a small Cat Crawler Tractor. A few years later the portable line was replaced by a buried main line that was protected by a tar coating inside and out. Harold remembers the difficulty of welding connections to that pipe. The water from the springs was eventually collected in two ditches , one on either side and high on the table top hill, and brought around to a box and from there dropped into a pipe directly into the main line. This fall gave enough pressure to run the sprinklers. What a huge improvement.

In 1976 Wallace and his son Harold were given an award “for outstanding accomplishment in the conservation of soil, water and related resources.” Presented by East Cassia Soil Conservation District.

I found a telephone service agreement with Albion Telephone Company dated March 25th, 1963 and signed by Mildred Redmon, President and Wallace Tracy, Customer. It may be safe to say that telephones were installed in that year.

Wallace had words to live by, some that I remember are: “If you do something make sure you do it right.”

“Honesty is the best policy.” “Pay tithing.” “Keep the Sabbath.” “Keep your word.” Harold remembers: “If you don’t start a habit, you won’t have to break it”.

Wallace called his clever and unorthodox repairs “Kobwashes”. For example repairing a horizontal break in a water pipe with string, a strip of inner- tube and a clamp. It worked !

When he or anyone made a mistake he would say “Well that was a stupid kid’s trick!”

Wallace was a very hard worker. He would cajole my girls into “Helping for a few minutes”. They would return to the house red-faced, dirty and dog tired and dying of thirst hours later. Only to fall for it again the next time. It was hard to tell Grandpa no.

Granddaughter, Rosemary remembers Grandpa: “Jennie and I would be heading to the house after the 4:00AM milking so tired and hungry. We could smell the pancakes. Often Grandpa would intercept us on his way to his strawberry patch and convince us that we needed to help him pick the berries before the birds got ‘em.” “Grandpa’s old horse, Buck, would leave him in the field to come in by the house to stand in the shade. Grandpa would holler and yahoo. So I would lead the horse back and Grandpa was always happy to see us coming.”

Granddaughter Gloria Tracy Leal remembers: She and her Dad coming out to the ranch to select a Christmas tree when the tree was finally selected they would tie someone’s neck scarf on the tree to mark it. She also enjoyed the four wheeler rides. She remembers Grandpa as always kind and caring. Once or twice he left Grandma to her shopping and came out to their house to visit. Occasionally he would give the girls \$5.00 each. He always brought them an especially good, real Christmas tree.

One young neighbor, Colin Barnes, recalls that he was very organized and took really good care of his tools and things.

I remember that friends would want to buy his cars when he decided to trade because they knew they were well maintained. His life was not easy and so he learned to be frugal, very, frugal.

He could double and triple the life of his hat with bailing twine. He could do the same for his watering apron and the saddle cinch and the garden hose and etc, etc.

He was caring, considerate and lived by a strict code of conduct and expected others to do the same. I could lovingly call him a “Tough Old Bird”. He died of bone cancer, which I am told, is extremely painful. He bore his pain quietly to the bitter end without the aid of prescription drugs.

We love him and miss him a lot.

By Charlotte L. Judd Tracy a daughter-in-law

See also:Memories of Grandpa Wallace Tracy by grand-daughter Christy Lynne Tracy Williamson